

# THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR.

by

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

Based on the Folio Text of 1623

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# Shakespeare: First Folio

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## The Tragedie of King Lear

qq2

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### *Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.*

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2 *Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmond.*

3 *Kent.*

4 I thought the King had more affected the  
5 Duke of *Albany*, then *Cornwall*.

6 *Glou.* It did alwayes seeme so to vs: But  
7 now in the diuision of the Kingdome, it ap-peares  
8 not which of the Dukes hee valewes  
9 most, for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in nei-ther,  
10 can make choise of eithers moity.

11 *Kent.* Is not this your Son, my Lord?

12 *Glou.* His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I haue  
13 so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am  
14 braz'd too't.

15 *Kent.* I cannot conceiue you.

16 *Glou.* Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could; where-vpon  
17 she grew round womb'd, and had indeede (Sir) a  
18 Sonne for her Cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed.  
19 Do you smell a fault?

20 *Kent.* I cannot wish the fault vndone, the issue of it,  
21 being so proper.

22 *Glou.* But I haue a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some  
23 yeere elder then this; who, yet is no deerer in my ac-count,  
24 though this Knaue came somthing sawcily to the  
25 world before he was sent for: yet was his Mother fayre,  
26 there was good sport at his making, and the horson must  
27 be acknowledged. Doe you know this Noble Gentle-man,  
28 *Edmond*?

29 *Edm.* No, my Lord.

30 *Glou.* My Lord of Kent:

31 Remember him heereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

32 *Edm.* My seruices to your Lordship.

33 *Kent.* I must loue you, and sue to know you better.

34 *Edm.* Sir, I shall study deseruing.

35 *Glou.* He hath bin out nine yeares, and away he shall  
36 againe. The King is comming.

37 *Sennet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Re-gan,*  
38 *Cordelia, and attendants.*

39 *Lear.* Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, Gloster.

40       *Glou.* I shall, my Lord. *Exit.*  
 41       *Lear.* Meane time we shal expresse our darker purpose.  
 42       Giue me the Map there. Know, that we haue diuided  
 43       In three our Kingdome: and 'tis our fast intent,  
 44       To shake all Cares and Businesse from our Age,  
 45       Conferring them on yonger strengths, while we  
 46       Vnburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of *Cornwal*,  
 47       And you our no lesse louing Sonne of *Albany*,  
 48       We haue this houre a constant will to publish  
 49       Our daughters seuerall Dowes, that future strife  
 50       May be preuented now. The Princes, *France & Burgundy*,  
 51       Great Riuals in our yongest daughters loue,  
 52       Long in our Court, haue made their amorous soiourne,  
 53       And heere are to be answer'd. Tell me my daughters  
 54       (Since now we will diuest vs both of Rule,  
 55       Interest of Territory, Cares of State)  
 56       Which of you shall we say doth loue vs most,  
 57       That we, our largest bountie may extend  
 58       Where Nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*,  
 59       Our eldest borne, speake first.  
 60       *Gon.* Sir, I loue you more then word can weild y matter,  
 61       Deerer then eye- sight, space, and libertie,  
 62       Beyond what can be valewed, rich or rare,  
 63       No lesse then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor:  
 64       As much as Childe ere lou'd, or Father found.  
 65       A loue that makes breath poore, and speech vnable,  
 66       Beyond all manner of so much I loue you.  
 67       *Cor.* What shall *Cordelia* speake? Loue, and be silent.  
 68       *Lear.* Of all these bounds euen from this Line, to this,  
 69       With shadowie Forrests, and with Champains rich'd  
 70       With plenteous Riuers, and wide- skirted Meades  
 71       We make thee Lady. To thine and *Albanies* issues  
 72       Be this perpetuall. What sayes our second Daughter?  
 73       Our deerest *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall*?  
 74       *Reg.* I am made of that selfe- mettle as my Sister,  
 75       And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,  
 76       I finde she names my very deede of loue:  
 77       Onely she comes too short, that I professe  
 78       My selfe an enemy to all other ioyes,  
 79       Which the most precious square of sense professes,  
 80       And finde I am alone felicitate  
 81       In your deere Highnesse loue.  
 82       *Cor.* Then poore *Cordelia*,  
 83       And yet not so, since I am sure my loue's  
 84       More ponderous then my tongue.  
 85       *Lear.* To thee, and thine hereditarie euer,

86    Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome,  
 87    No lesse in space, validitie, and pleasure  
 88    Then that conferr'd on *Gonerill*. Now our Ioy,  
 89    Although our last and least; to whose yong loue,  
 90    The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie,  
 91    Striue to be interest. What can you say, to draw  
 92    A third, more opilent then your Sisters? speake.  
 93       *Cor.* Nothing my Lord.  
 94       *Lear.* Nothing? [qq2v  
 95       *Cor.* Nothing.  
 96       *Lear.* Nothing will come of nothing, speake againe.  
 97       *Cor.* Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue  
 98    My heart into my mouth: I loue your Maiesty  
 99    According to my bond, no more nor lesse.  
 100       *Lear.* How, how *Cordelia*? Mend your speech a little,  
 101    Least you may marre your Fortunes.  
 102       *Cor.* Good my Lord,  
 103    You haue begot me, bred me, lou'd me.  
 104    I returne those duties backe as are right fit,  
 105    Obey you, Loue you, and most Honour you.  
 106    Why haue my Sisters Husbands, if they say  
 107    They loue you all? Happily when I shall wed,  
 108    That Lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry  
 109    Halfe my loue with him, halfe my Care, and Dutie,  
 110    Sure I shall neuer marry like my Sisters.  
 111       *Lear.* But goes thy heart with this?  
 112       *Cor.* I my good Lord.  
 113       *Lear.* So young, and so vtender?  
 114       *Cor.* So young my Lord, and true.  
 115       *Lear.* Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dowre:  
 116    For by the sacred radience of the Sunne,  
 117    The misteries of *Heccat* and the night:  
 118    By all the operation of the Orbes,  
 119    From whom we do exist, and cease to be,  
 120    Heere I disclaime all my Paternall care,  
 121    Propinquity and property of blood,  
 122    And as a stranger to my heart and me,  
 123    Hold thee from this for euer. The barbarous *Scythian*,  
 124    Or he that makes his generation messes  
 125    To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosome  
 126    Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and releeu'd,  
 127    As thou my sometime Daughter.  
 128       *Kent.* Good my Liege.  
 129       *Lear.* Peace *Kent*,  
 130    Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath,  
 131    I lou'd her most, and thought to set my rest

132 On her kind nursery. Hence and avoid my sight:  
 133 So be my graue my peace, as here I giue  
 134 Her Fathers heart from her; call *France*, who stirres?  
 135 Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albanie*,  
 136 With my two Daughters Dowres, digest the third,  
 137 Let pride, which she cal's plainnesse, marry her:  
 138 I doe inuest you ioyntly with my power,  
 139 Preheminance, and all the large effects  
 140 That troope with Maiesty. Our selfe by Monthly course,  
 141 With reseruatiō of an hundred Knights,  
 142 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode  
 143 Make with you by due turne, onely we shall retaine  
 144 The name, and all th' addition to a King: the Sway,  
 145 Reuennew, Execution of the rest,  
 146 Beloued Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,  
 147 This Coronet part betweene you.  
 148 *Kent.* Royall *Lear*,  
 149 Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,  
 150 Lou'd as my Father, as my Master follow'd,  
 151 As my great Patron thought on in my praiers.  
 152 *Le.* The bow is bent & drawne, make from the shaft.  
 153 *Kent.* Let it fall rather, though the forke inuade  
 154 The region of my heart, be *Kent* vnmanly,  
 155 When *Lear* is mad, what wouldest thou do old man?  
 156 Think'st thou that dutie shall haue dread to speake,  
 157 When power to flattery bowes?  
 158 To plainnesse honour's bound,  
 159 When Maiesty falls to folly, reserue thy state,  
 160 And in thy best consideration checke  
 161 This hideous rashnesse, answere my life, my iudgement:  
 162 Thy yongest Daughter do's not loue thee least,  
 163 Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sounds  
 164 Reuerbe no hollownesse.  
 165 *Lear.* *Kent*, on thy life no more.  
 166 *Kent.* My life I neuer held but as pawne  
 167 To wage against thine enemies, nere feare to loose it,  
 168 Thy safety being motiue.  
 169 *Lear.* Out of my sight.  
 170 *Kent.* See better *Lear*, and let me still remaine  
 171 The true blanke of thine eie.  
 172 *Lear.* Now by *Apollo*,  
 173 *Kent.* Now by *Apollo*, King  
 174 Thou swear'st thy Gods in vaine.  
 175 *Lear.* O Vassall! Miscreant.  
 176 *Alb. Cor.* Deare Sir forbear.  
 177 *Kent.* Kill thy Physition, and thy fee bestow

178 Vpon the foule disease, reuoke thy guift,  
 179 Or whil'st I can vent clamour from my throate,  
 180 Ile tell thee thou dost euill.  
 181 *Lea.* Heare me recreant, on thine allegeance heare me;  
 182 That thou hast sought to make vs breake our vowes,  
 183 Which we durst neuer yet; and with strain'd pride,  
 184 To come betwixt our sentences, and our power,  
 185 Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare;  
 186 Our potencie made good, take thy reward.  
 187 Fiue dayes we do allot thee for prouision,  
 188 To shield thee from disasters of the world,  
 189 And on the sixt to turne thy hated backe  
 190 Vpon our kingdome: if on the tenth day following,  
 191 Thy banisht trunk be found in our Dominions,  
 192 The moment is thy death, away. *By Iupiter,*  
 193 This shall not be reuok'd,  
 194 *Kent.* Fare thee well King, sith thus thou wilt appeare,  
 195 Freedome liues hence, and banishment is here;  
 196 The Gods to their deere shelter take thee Maid,  
 197 That iustly think'st, and hast most rightly said:  
 198 And your large speeches, may your deeds approue,  
 199 That good effects may spring from words of loue:  
 200 Thus *Kent,* O Princes, bids you all adew,  
 201 Hee'l shape his old course, in a Country new. *Exit.*  
 202 *Flourish. Enter Gloster with France, and Bur-gundy,*  
 203 *Attendants.*  
 204 *Cor.* Heere's *France* and *Burgundy,* my Noble Lord.  
 205 *Lear.* My Lord of *Burgundie,*  
 206 We first addresse toward you, who with this King  
 207 Hath riuald for our Daughter; what in the least  
 208 Will you require in present Dower with her,  
 209 Or cease your quest of Loue?  
 210 *Bur.* Most Royall Maiesty,  
 211 I craue no more then hath your Highnesse offer'd,  
 212 Nor will you tender lesse?  
 213 *Lear.* Right Noble *Burgundy,*  
 214 When she was deare to vs, we did hold her so,  
 215 But now her price is fallen: Sir, there she stands,  
 216 If ought within that little seeming substance,  
 217 Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,  
 218 And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,  
 219 Shee's there, and she is yours.  
 220 *Bur.* I know no answer.  
 221 *Lear.* Will you with those infirmities she owes,  
 222 Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,  
 223 Dow'rd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,

224 Take her or, leaue her. [qq3  
 225 *Bur.* Pardon me Royall Sir,  
 226 Election makes not vp in such conditions.  
 227 *Le.* Then leaue her sir, for by the powre that made me,  
 228 I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,  
 229 I would not from your loue make such a stray,  
 230 To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you  
 231 T' auert your liking a more worthier way,  
 232 Then on a wretch whom Nature is asham'd  
 233 Almost t' acknowledge hers.  
 234 *Fra.* This is most strange,  
 235 That she whom euen but now, was your obiect,  
 236 The argument of your praise, balme of your age,  
 237 The best, the deerest, should in this trice of time  
 238 Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle  
 239 So many folds of fauour: sure her offence  
 240 Must be of such vnnaturall degree,  
 241 That monsters it: Or your fore- voucht affection  
 242 Fall into taint, which to beleue of her  
 243 Must be a faith that reason without miracle  
 244 Should neuer plant in me.  
 245 *Cor.* I yet beseech your Maiesty.  
 246 If for I want that glib and oylie Art,  
 247 To speake and purpose not, since what I will intend,  
 248 Ile do't before I speake, that you make knowne  
 249 It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulennesse,  
 250 No vnchaste action or dishonoured step  
 251 That hath depriu'd me of your Grace and fauour,  
 252 But euen for want of that, for which I am richer,  
 253 A still solliciting eye, and such a tongue,  
 254 That I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,  
 255 Hath lost me in your liking.  
 256 *Lear.* Better thou had'st  
 257 Not beene borne, then not t'haue pleas'd me better.  
 258 *Fra.* Is it but this? A tardinesse in nature,  
 259 Which often leaues the history vnspoke  
 260 That it intends to do: my Lord of *Burgundy*,  
 261 What say you to the Lady? Loue's not loue  
 262 When it is mingled with regards, that stands  
 263 Aloofe from th' intire point, will you haue her?  
 264 She is herselfe a Dowrie.  
 265 *Bur.* Royall King,  
 266 Giue but that portion which your selfe propos'd,  
 267 And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,  
 268 Dutchesse of *Burgundie*.  
 269 *Lear.* Nothing, I haue sworne, I am firme.

270 *Bur.* I am sorry then you haue so lost a Father,  
 271 That you must loose a husband.  
 272 *Cor.* Peace be with *Burgundie*,  
 273 Since that respect and Fortunes are his loue,  
 274 I shall not be his wife.  
 275 *Fra.* Fairest *Cordelia*, that art most rich being poore,  
 276 Most choise forsaken, and most lou'd despis'd,  
 277 Thee and thy vertues here I seize vpon,  
 278 Be it lawfull I take vp what's cast away.  
 279 Gods, Gods! 'Tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect  
 280 My Loue should kindle to enflam'd respect.  
 281 Thy dowrelesse Daughter King, throwne to my chance,  
 282 Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France*:  
 283 Not all the Dukes of watrish *Burgundy*,  
 284 Can buy this vnpriz'd precious Maid of me.  
 285 Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though vnkinde,  
 286 Thou loosest here a better where to finde.  
 287 *Lear.* Thou hast her *France*, let her be thine, for we  
 288 Haue no such Daughter, nor shall euer see  
 289 That face of hers againe, therefore be gone,  
 290 Without our Grace, our Loue, our Benizon:  
 291 Come Noble *Burgundie*. *Flourish. Exeunt.*  
 292 *Fra.* Bid farwell to your Sisters.  
 293 *Cor.* The Iewels of our Father, with wash'd eies  
 294 *Cordelia* leaues you, I know you what you are,  
 295 And like a Sister am most loth to call  
 296 Your faults as they are named. Loue well our Father:  
 297 To your professed bosomes I commit him,  
 298 But yet alas, stood I within his Grace,  
 299 I would prefer him to a better place,  
 300 So farewell to you both.  
 301 *Regn.* Prescribe not vs our dutie.  
 302 *Gon.* Let your study  
 303 Be to content your Lord, who hath receiu'd you  
 304 At Fortunes almes, you haue obedience scanted,  
 305 And well are worth the want that you haue wanted.  
 306 *Cor.* Time shall vnfold what plighted cunning hides,  
 307 Who couers faults, at last with shame derides:  
 308 Well may you prosper.  
 309 *Fra.* Come my faire *Cordelia*. *Exit France and Cor.*  
 310 *Gon.* Sister, it is not little I haue to say,  
 311 Of what most neerely appertaines to vs both,  
 312 I thinke our Father will hence to night.  
 313 *Reg.* That's most certaine, and with you: next moneth |(with vs.  
 314 *Gon.* You see how full of changes his age is, the ob-seruation  
 315 we haue made of it hath benee little; he alwaies

316 lou'd our Sister most, and with what poore iudgement he  
 317 hath now cast her off, appeares too grossely.  
 318 *Reg.* 'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath euer but  
 319 slenderly knowne himselfe.  
 320 *Gon.* The best and soundest of his time hath bin but  
 321 rash, then must we looke from his age, to receiue not a-lone  
 322 the imperfections of long ingraffed condition, but  
 323 therewithall the vnruely way- wardnesse, that infirme and  
 324 cholericke yeares bring with them.  
 325 *Reg.* Such vnconstant starts are we like to haue from  
 326 him, as this of *Kents* banishment.  
 327 *Gon.* There is further complement of leaue- taking be-tweene  
 328 *France* and him, pray you let vs sit together, if our  
 329 Father carry authority with such disposition as he beares,  
 330 this last surrender of his will but offend vs.  
 331 *Reg.* We shall further thinke of it.  
 332 *Gon.* We must do something, and i'th' heate. *Exeunt.*

---

### *Scena Secunda.*

---

334 *Enter Bastard.*  
 335 *Bast.* Thou Nature art my Goddess, to thy Law  
 336 My seruices are bound, wherefore should I  
 337 Stand in the plague of custome, and permit  
 338 The curiosity of Nations, to depriue me?  
 339 For that I am some twelue, or fourteene Moonshines  
 340 Lag of a Brother? Why Bastard? Wherefore base?  
 341 When my Dimensions are as well compact,  
 342 My minde as generous, and my shape as true  
 343 As honest Madams issue? Why brand they vs  
 344 With Base? With basenes Bastardie? Base, Base?  
 345 Who in the lustie stealth of Nature, take  
 346 More composition, and fierce qualitie,  
 347 Then doth within a dull stale tyred bed  
 348 Goe to th' creating a whole tribe of Fops  
 349 Got 'twene a sleepe, and wake? Well then,  
 350 Legitimate *Edgar*, I must haue your land,  
 351 Our Fathers loue, is to the Bastard *Edmond*,  
 352 As to th' legitimate: fine word: Legitimate. [qq3v  
 353 Well, my Legittimate, if this Letter speed,  
 354 And my inuention thriue, *Edmond* the base  
 355 Shall to'th' Legitimate: I grow, I prosper:  
 356 Now Gods, stand vp for Bastards.  
 357 *Enter Gloucester.*

358 *Glo.* Kent banish'd thus? and France in choller parted?  
 359 And the King gone to night? Prescrib'd his powre,  
 360 Confin'd to exhibition? All this done  
 361 Vpon the gad? *Edmond*, how now? What newes?  
 362 *Bast.* So please your Lordship, none.  
 363 *Glou.* Why so earnestly seeke you to put vp y Letter?  
 364 *Bast.* I know no newes, my Lord.  
 365 *Glou.* What Paper were you reading?  
 366 *Bast.* Nothing my Lord.  
 367 *Glou.* No? what needed then that terrible dispatch of  
 368 it into your Pocket? The quality of nothing, hath not  
 369 such neede to hide it selfe. Let's see: come, if it bee no-thing,  
 370 I shall not neede Spectacles.  
 371 *Bast.* I beseech you Sir, pardon mee; it is a Letter  
 372 from my Brother, that I haue not all ore- read; and for so  
 373 much as I haue perus'd, I finde it not fit for your ore- loo-king.  
 375 *Glou.* Giue me the Letter, Sir.  
 376 *Bast.* I shall offend, either to detaine, or giue it:  
 377 The Contents, as in part I vnderstand them,  
 378 Are too blame.  
 379 *Glou.* Let's see, let's see.  
 380 *Bast.* I hope for my Brothers iustification, hee wrote  
 381 this but as an essay, or taste of my Vertue.  
 382 *Glou. reads.* *This policie, and reuerence of Age, makes the*  
 383 *world bitter to the best of our times: keepes our Fortunes from*  
 384 *vs, till our oldnesse cannot rellish them. I begin to finde an idle*  
 385 *and fond bondage, in the oppression of aged tyranny, who swayes*  
 386 *not as it hath power, but as it is suffer'd. Come to me, that of*  
 387 *this I may speake more. If our Father would sleepe till I wak'd*  
 388 *him, you should enioy halfe his Reuennew for euer, and liue the*  
 389 *beloued of your Brother.* Edgar.  
 390 Hum? Conspiracy? Sleepe till I wake him, you should  
 391 enioy halfe his Reuennew: my Sonne *Edgar*, had hee a  
 392 hand to write this? A heart and braine to breede it in?  
 393 When came you to this? Who brought it?  
 394 *Bast.* It was not brought mee, my Lord; there's the  
 395 cunning of it. I found it throwne in at the Casement of  
 396 my Closset.  
 397 *Glou.* You know the character to be your Brothers?  
 398 *Bast.* If the matter were good my Lord, I durst swear  
 399 it were his: but in respect of that, I would faine thinke it  
 400 were not.  
 401 *Glou.* It is his.  
 402 *Bast.* It is his hand, my Lord: but I hope his heart is  
 403 not in the Contents.  
 404 *Glo.* Has he neuer before sounded you in this busines?

405 *Bast.* Neuer my Lord. But I haue heard him oft main-taine  
 406 it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers  
 407 declin'd, the Father should bee as Ward to the Son, and  
 408 the Sonne manage his Reuennew.

409 *Glou.* O Villain, villain: his very opinion in the Let-ter.  
 410 Abhorred Villaine, vnnaturall, detested, brutish  
 411 Villaine; worse then brutish: Go sirrah, seeke him: Ile  
 412 apprehend him. Abhominable Villaine, where is he?

413 *Bast.* I do not well know my L[ord]. If it shall please you to  
 414 suspend your indignation against my Brother, til you can  
 415 deriue from him better testimony of his intent, you shold  
 416 run a certaine course: where, if you violently proceed a-gainst  
 417 him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great  
 418 gap in your owne Honor, and shake in peeces, the heart of  
 419 his obedience. I dare pawne downe my life for him, that  
 420 he hath writ this to feele my affection to your Honor, &  
 421 to no other pretence of danger.

422 *Glou.* Thinke you so?

423 *Bast.* If your Honor iudge it meete, I will place you  
 424 where you shall heare vs conferre of this, and by an Auri-cular  
 425 assurance haue your satisfaction, and that without  
 426 any further delay, then this very Euening.

427 *Glou.* He cannot bee such a Monster. *Edmond* seeke  
 428 him out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the Bu-sinesse  
 429 after your owne wisdom. I would vnstate my  
 430 selfe, to be in a due resolution.

431 *Bast.* I will seeke him Sir, presently: conuey the bu-sinesse  
 432 as I shall find meanes, and acquaint you withall.

433 *Glou.* These late Eclipses in the Sun and Moone por-tend  
 434 no good to vs: though the wisdom of Nature can  
 435 reason it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it selfe scourg'd  
 436 by the sequent effects. Loue cooles, friendship falls off,  
 437 Brothers diuide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, dis-cord;  
 438 in Pallaces, Treason; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt  
 439 Sonne and Father. This villaine of mine comes vnder the  
 440 prediction; there's Son against Father, the King fals from  
 441 byas of Nature, there's Father against Childe. We haue  
 442 seene the best of our time. Machinations, hollownesse,  
 443 treacherie, and all ruinous disorders follow vs disquietly  
 444 to our Graues. Find out this Villain, *Edmond*, it shall lose  
 445 thee nothing, do it carefully: and the Noble & true- har-ted  
 446 Kent banish'd; his offence, honesty. 'Tis strange. *Exit*

447 *Bast.* This is the excellent foppery of the world, that  
 448 when we are sicke in fortune, often the surfets of our own  
 449 behaiour, we make guilty of our disasters, the Sun, the  
 450 Moone, and Starres, as if we were villaines on necessitie,

451 Fooles by heauenly compulsion, Knaues, Theeues, and  
 452 Treachers by Sphericall predominance. Drunkards, Ly-ars,  
 453 and Adulterers by an inforc'd obedience of Planatary  
 454 influence; and all that we are euill in, by a diuine thru-sting  
 455 on. An admirable euasion of Whore- master- man,  
 456 to lay his Goatish disposition on the charge of a Starre,  
 457 My father compounded with my mother vnder the Dra-gons  
 458 taile, and my Natiuity was vnder *Vrsa Maior*, so  
 459 that it followes, I am rough and Leacherous. I should  
 460 haue bin that I am, had the maidenlest Starre in the Fir-mament  
 461 twinkled on my bastardizing.  
 462 *Enter Edgar.*  
 463 Pat: he comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comedie:  
 464 my Cue is villanous Melancholly, with a sighe like *Tom*  
 465 o' Bedlam. — O these Eclipses do portend these diui-sions.  
 466 Fa, Sol, La, Me.  
 467 *Edg.* How now Brother *Edmond*, what serious con-templation  
 468 are you in?  
 469 *Bast.* I am thinking Brother of a prediction I read this  
 470 other day, what should follow these Eclipses.  
 471 *Edg.* Do you busie your selfe with that?  
 472 *Bast.* I promise you, the effects he writes of, succede  
 473 unhappily.  
 474 When saw you my Father last?  
 475 *Edg.* The night gone by.  
 476 *Bast.* Spake you with him?  
 477 *Edg.* I, two houres together.  
 478 *Bast.* Parted you in good termes? Found you no dis-pleasure  
 479 in him, by word, nor countenance?  
 480 *Edg.* None at all,  
 481 *Bast.* Bethink your selfe wherein you may haue offen-ded  
 482 him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, vntill  
 483 some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure,  
 484 which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mis-chiefe [qq4  
 485 of your person, it would scarsely alay.  
 486 *Edg.* Some Villaine hath done me wrong.  
 487 *Edm.* That's my feare, I pray you haue a continent  
 488 forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower: and as  
 489 I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will  
 490 fitly bring you to heare my Lord speake: pray ye goe,  
 491 there's my key: if you do stirre abroad, goe arm'd.  
 492 *Edg.* Arm'd, Brother?  
 493 *Edm.* Brother, I aduise you to the best, I am no honest  
 494 man, if ther be any good meaning toward you: I haue told  
 495 you what I haue seene, and heard: But faintly. Nothing  
 496 like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.

497 *Edg.* Shall I heare from you anon? *Exit.*  
 498 *Edm.* I do serue you in this businesse:  
 499 A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble,  
 500 Whose nature is so farre from doing harmes,  
 501 That he suspects none: on whose foolish honestie  
 502 My practises ride easie: I see the businesse.  
 503 Let me, if not by birth, haue lands by wit,  
 504 All with me's meete, that I can fashion fit. *Exit.*

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### *Scena Tertia.*

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506 *Enter Gonerill, and Steward.*  
 507 *Gon.* Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chi-ding  
 508 of his Foole?  
 509 *Ste.* I Madam.  
 510 *Gon.* By day and night, he wrongs me, euery howre  
 511 He flashes into one grosse crime, or other,  
 512 That sets vs all at ods: Ile not endure it;  
 513 His Knights grow riotous, and himselfe vpbraides vs  
 514 On euery trifle. When he returnes from hunting,  
 515 I will not speake with him, say I am sicke,  
 516 If you come slacke of former seruices,  
 517 You shall do well, the fault of it Ile answer.  
 518 *Ste.* He's comming Madam, I heare him.  
 519 *Gon.* Put on what weary negligence you please,  
 520 You and your Fellowes: I'de haue it come to question;  
 521 If he distaste it, let him to my Sister,  
 522 Whose mind and mine I know in that are one,  
 523 Remember what I haue said.  
 524 *Ste.* Well Madam.  
 525 *Gon.* And let his Knights haue colder lookes among  
 526 you: what growes of it no matter, aduise your fellowes  
 527 so, Ile write straight to my Sister to hold my course; pre-pare  
 528 for dinner. *Exeunt.*

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### *Scena Quarta.*

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530 *Enter Kent.*  
 531 *Kent.* If but as will I other accents borrow,  
 532 That can my speech defuse, my good intent  
 533 May carry through it selfe to that full issue  
 534 For which I raiz'd my likeness. Now banisht *Kent,*

535 If thou canst serue where thou dost stand condemn'd,  
 536 So may it come, thy Master whom thou lou'st,  
 537 Shall find thee full of labours.  
 538 *Hornes within. Enter Lear and Attendants.*  
 539 *Lear.* Let me not stay a iot for dinner, go get it rea-dy:  
 540 how now, what art thou?  
 541 *Kent.* A man Sir.  
 542 *Lear.* What dost thou professe? What would'st thou  
 543 with vs?  
 544 *Kent.* I do professe to be no lesse then I seeme; to serue  
 545 him truely that will put me in trust, to loue him that is  
 546 honest, to conuerse with him that is wise and saies little, to  
 547 feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot choose, and to  
 548 eate no fish.  
 549 *Lear.* What art thou?  
 550 *Kent.* A very honest hearted Fellow, and as poore as  
 551 the King.  
 552 *Lear.* If thou be'st as poore for a subiect, as hee's for a  
 553 King, thou art poore enough. What wouldst thou?  
 554 *Kent.* Seruice.  
 555 *Lear.* Who wouldst thou serue?  
 556 *Kent.* You.  
 557 *Lear.* Do'st thou know me fellow?  
 558 *Kent.* No Sir, but you haue that in your countenance,  
 559 which I would faine call Master.  
 560 *Lear.* What's that?  
 561 *Kent.* Authority.  
 562 *Lear.* What seruices canst thou do?  
 563 *Kent.* I can keepe honest counsaile, ride, run, marre a  
 564 curious tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine message  
 565 bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qual-lified  
 566 in, and the best of me, is Dilligence.  
 567 *Lear.* How old art thou?  
 568 *Kent.* Not so young Sir to loue a woman for singing,  
 569 nor so old to dote on her for any thing. I haue yeares on  
 570 my backe forty eight.  
 571 *Lear.* Follow me, thou shalt serue me, if I like thee no  
 572 worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner  
 573 ho, dinner, where's my knaue? my Foole? Go you and call  
 574 my Foole hither. You you Sirrah, where's my Daughter?  
 575 *Enter Steward.*  
 576 *Ste.* So please you— *Exit.*  
 577 *Lear.* What saies the Fellow there? Call the Clot-pole  
 578 backe: wher's my Foole? Ho, I thinke the world's  
 579 asleepe, how now? Where's that Mungrell?  
 580 *Knigh.* He saies my Lord, your Daughters is not well.

581     *Lear.* Why came not the slaue backe to me when I  
582 call'd him?  
583     *Knigh.* Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he  
584 would not.  
585     *Lear.* He would not?  
586     *Knigh.* My Lord, I know not what the matter is,  
587 but to my iudgement your Highnesse is not entertain'd  
588 with that Ceremonious affection as you were wont,  
589 theres a great abatement of kindnesse appeares as well in  
590 the generall dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also, and  
591 your Daughter.  
592     *Lear.* Ha? Saist thou so?  
593     *Knigh.* I beseech you pardon me my Lord, if I bee  
594 mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent, when I thinke  
595 your Highnesse wrong'd.  
596     *Lear.* Thou but remembrest me of mine owne Con-ception,  
597 I haue perceiued a most faint neglect of late,  
598 which I haue rather blamed as mine owne ieaalous curio-sitie,  
599 then as a very pretence and purpose of vkindnesse;  
600 I will looke further intoo't: but where's my Foole? I  
601 haue not seene him this two daies.  
602     *Knigh.* Since my young Ladies going into *France* [qq4v  
603 Sir, the Foole hath much pined away.  
604     *Lear.* No more of that, I haue noted it well, goe you  
605 and tell my Daughter, I would speake with her. Goe you  
606 call hither my Foole; Oh you Sir, you, come you hither  
607 Sir, who am I Sir?  
608 *Enter Steward.*  
609     *Ste.* My Ladies Father.  
610     *Lear.* My Ladies Father? my Lords knaue, you whor-son  
611 dog, you slaue, you curre.  
612     *Ste.* I am none of these my Lord,  
613 I beseech your pardon.  
614     *Lear.* Do you bandy lookes with me, you Rascal?  
615     *Ste.* Ile not be strucken my Lord.  
616     *Kent.* Nor tript neither, you base Foot- ball plaier.  
617     *Lear.* I thanke thee fellow.  
618 Thou seru'st me, and Ile loue thee.  
619     *Kent.* Come sir, arise, away, Ile teach you differences:  
620 away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length a-gaine,  
621 tarry, but away, goe too, haue you wisdome, so.  
622     *Lear.* Now my friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's  
623 earnest of thy seruice.  
624 *Enter Foole.*  
625     *Foole.* Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcombe.  
626     *Lear.* How now my pretty knaue, how dost thou?

627 *Foole.* Sirrah, you were best take my Coxcombe.  
 628 *Lear.* Why my Boy?  
 629 *Foole.* Why? for taking ones part that's out of fauour,  
 630 nay, & thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch  
 631 colde shortly, there take my Coxcombe; why this fellow  
 632 ha's banish'd two on's Daughters, and did the third a  
 633 blessing against his will, if thou follow him, thou must  
 634 needs weare my Coxcombe. How now Nunckle? would  
 635 I had two Coxcombes and two Daughters.  
 636 *Lear.* Why my Boy?  
 637 *Fool.* If I gaue them all my liuing, I'd keepe my Cox-combes  
 638 my selfe, there's mine, beg another of thy  
 639 Daughters.  
 640 *Lear.* Take heed Sirrah, the whip.  
 641 *Foole.* Truth's a dog must to kennell, hee must bee  
 642 whipt out, when the Lady Brach may stand by'th' fire  
 643 and stinke.  
 644 *Lear.* A pestilent gall to me.  
 645 *Foole.* Sirha, Ile teach thee a speech.  
 646 *Lear.* Do.  
 647 *Foole.* Marke it Nuncle;  
 648 Haue more then thou showest,  
 649 Speake lesse then thou knowest,  
 650 Lend lesse then thou owest,  
 651 Ride more then thou goest,  
 652 Learne more then thou trowest,  
 653 Set lesse then thou throwest;  
 654 Leaue thy drinke and thy whore,  
 655 And keepe in a dore,  
 656 And thou shalt haue more,  
 657 Then two tens to a score.  
 658 *Kent.* This is nothing Foole.  
 659 *Foole.* Then 'tis like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer,  
 660 you gaue me nothing for't, can you make no vse of no-thing  
 661 Nuncle?  
 662 *Lear.* Why no Boy,  
 663 Nothing can be made out of nothing.  
 664 *Foole.* Prythee tell him, so much the rent of his land  
 665 comes to, he will not beleeuue a Foole.  
 666 *Lear.* A bitter Foole.  
 667 *Foole.* Do'st thou know the difference my Boy, be-tweene  
 668 a bitter Foole, and a sweet one.  
 669 *Lear.* No Lad, teach me.  
 670 *Foole.* Nunckle, giue me an egge, and Ile giue thee  
 671 two Crownes.  
 672 *Lear.* What two Crownes shall they be?

673 *Foole.* Why after I haue cut the egge i'th' middle and  
 674 eate vp the meate, the two Crownes of the egge: when  
 675 thou clouest thy Crownes i'th' middle, and gau'st away  
 676 both parts, thou boar'st thine Asse on thy backe o're the  
 677 durt, thou hadst little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou  
 678 gau'st thy golden one away; if I speake like my selfe in  
 679 this, let him be whipt that first findes it so.  
 680 Fooles had nere lesse grace in a yeere,  
 681 For wisemen are growne foppish,  
 682 And know not how their wits to weare,  
 683 Their manners are so apish.  
 684 *Le.* When were you wont to be so full of Songs sirrah?  
 685 *Foole.* I haue vsed it Nunckle, ere since thou mad'st  
 686 thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gau'st them  
 687 the rod, and put'st downe thine owne breeches, then they  
 688 For sodaine ioy did weepe,  
 689 And I for sorrow sung,  
 690 That such a King should play bo- peepe,  
 691 And goe the Foole among.  
 692 Pry'thy Nunckle keepe a Schoolemaster that can teach  
 693 thy Foole to lie, I would faine learne to lie.  
 694 *Lear.* And you lie sirrah, wee'l haue you whipt.  
 695 *Foole.* I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are,  
 696 they'l haue me whipt for speaking true: thou'lt haue me  
 697 whipt for lying, and sometimes I am whipt for holding  
 698 my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing then a foole,  
 699 and yet I would not be thee Nunckle, thou hast pared thy  
 700 wit o' both sides, and left nothing i'th' middle; heere  
 701 comes one o'the parings.  
 702 *Enter Gonerill.*  
 703 *Lear.* How now Daughter? what makes that Frontlet  
 704 on? You are too much of late i'th' frowne.  
 705 *Foole.* Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no  
 706 need to care for her frowning, now thou art an O with-out  
 707 a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Foole,  
 708 thou art nothing. Yes forsooth I will hold my tongue, so  
 709 your face bids me, though you say nothing.  
 710 Mum, mum, he that keepes nor crust, nor crum,  
 711 Weary of all, shall want some. That's a sheal'd Pescod.  
 712 *Gon.* Not only Sir this, your all- lycenc'd Foole,  
 713 But other of your insolent retinue  
 714 Do hourelly Carpe and Quarrell, breaking forth  
 715 In ranke, and (not to be endur'd) riots Sir.  
 716 I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you,  
 717 To haue found a safe redresse, but now grow fearefull  
 718 By what your selfe too late haue spoke and done,

719 That you protect this course, and put it on  
 720 By your allowance, which if you should, the fault  
 721 Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleepe,  
 722 Which in the tender of a wholesome weale,  
 723 Mighty in their working do you that offence,  
 724 Which else were shame, that then necessitie  
 725 Will call discreet proceeding.  
 726 *Foole.* For you know Nunckle, the Hedge- Sparrow  
 727 fed the Cuckoo so long, that it's had it head bit off by it  
 728 young, so out went the Candle, and we were left dark-ling.  
 730 *Lear.* Are you our Daughter?  
 731 *Gon.* I would you would make vse of your good wise-|(dome  
 732 (Whereof I know you are fraught), and put away  
 733 These dispositions, which of late transport you  
 734 From what you rightly are. [qq5  
 735 *Foole.* May not an Asse know, when the Cart drawes  
 736 the Horse?  
 737 Whoop Iugge I loue thee.  
 738 *Lear.* Do's any heere know me?  
 739 This is not *Lear*:  
 740 Do's *Lear* walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his eies?  
 741 Either his Notion weakens, his Discernings  
 742 Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so?  
 743 Who is it that can tell me who I am?  
 744 *Foole.* *Lears* shadow.  
 745 *Lear.* Your name, faire Gentlewoman?  
 746 *Gon.* This admiration Sir, is much o'th' sauour  
 747 Of other your new pranckes. I do beseech you  
 748 To vnderstand my purposes aright:  
 749 As you are Old, and Reuerend, should be Wise.  
 750 Heere do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires,  
 751 Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold,  
 752 That this our Court infected with their manners,  
 753 Shewes like a riotous Inne; Epicurisme and Lust  
 754 Makes it more like a Tauerne, or a Brothell,  
 755 Then a grac'd Pallace. The shame it selfe doth speake  
 756 For instant remedy. Be then desir'd  
 757 By her, that else will take the thing she begges,  
 758 A little to disquantity your Traine,  
 759 And the remainders that shall still depend,  
 760 To be such men as may besort your Age,  
 761 Which know themselues, and you.  
 762 *Lear.* Darknesse, and Diuels.  
 763 Saddle my horses: call my Traine together.  
 764 Degenerate Bastard, Ile not trouble thee;  
 765 Yet haue I left a daughter.

766 *Gon.* You strike my people, and your disorder'd rable,  
 767 make Seruants of their Betters.  
 768 *Enter Albany.*  
 769 *Lear.* Woe, that too late repents:  
 770 Is it your will, speake Sir? Prepare my Horses.  
 771 Ingratitude! thou Marble- hearted Fiend,  
 772 More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a Child,  
 773 Then the Sea- monster.  
 774 *Alb.* Pray Sir be patient.  
 775 *Lear.* Detested Kite, thou lvest.  
 776 My Traine are men of choice, and rarest parts,  
 777 That all particulars of dutie know,  
 778 And in the most exact regard, support  
 779 The worships of their name. O most small fault,  
 780 How vgly did'st thou in *Cordelia* shew?  
 781 Which like an Engine, wrencht my frame of Nature  
 782 From the fixt place: drew from my heart all loue,  
 783 And added to the gall. O *Lear, Lear, Lear!*  
 784 Beate at this gate that let thy Folly in,  
 785 And thy deere Iudgement out. Go, go, my people.  
 786 *Alb.* My Lord, I am guiltlesse, as I am ignorant  
 787 Of what hath moued you.  
 788 *Lear.* It may be so, my Lord.  
 789 Heare Nature, heare deere Goddesses, heare:  
 790 Suspend thy purpose, if thou did'st intend  
 791 To make this Creature fruitfull:  
 792 Into her Wombe conuey stirrility,  
 793 Drie vp in her the Organs of increase,  
 794 And from her derogate body, neuer spring  
 795 A Babe to honor her. If she must teeme,  
 796 Create her childe of Spleene, that it may liue  
 797 And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her.  
 798 Let it stampe wrinkles in her brow of youth,  
 799 With cadent Teares fret Channels in her cheekes,  
 800 Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefits  
 801 To laughter, and contempt: That she may feele,  
 802 How sharper then a Serpents tooth it is,  
 803 To haue a thanklesse Childe. Away, away. *Exit.*  
 804 *Alb.* Now Gods that we adore,  
 805 Whereof comes this?  
 806 *Gon.* Neuer afflict your selfe to know more of it:  
 807 But let his disposition haue that scope  
 808 As dotage giues it.  
 809 *Enter Lear.*  
 810 *Lear.* What fiftie of my Followers at a clap?  
 811 Within a fortnight?

812 *Alb.* What's the matter, Sir?  
 813 *Lear.* Ile tell thee:  
 814 Life and death, I am asham'd  
 815 That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,  
 816 That these hot teares, which breake from me perforce  
 817 Should make thee worth them.  
 818 Blastes and Fogges vpon thee:  
 819 Th' vntented woundings of a Fathers curse  
 820 Pierce euerie sense about thee. Old fond eyes,  
 821 Beweepe this cause againe, Ile plucke ye out,  
 822 And cast you with the waters that you loose  
 823 To temper Clay. Ha? Let it be so.  
 824 I haue another daughter,  
 825 Who I am sure is kinde and comfortable:  
 826 When she shall heare this of thee, with her nailes  
 827 Shee'l flea thy Woluish visage. Thou shalt finde,  
 828 That Ile resume the shape which thou dost thinke  
 829 I haue cast off for euer. *Exit*  
 830 *Gon.* Do you marke that?  
 831 *Alb.* I cannot be so partiall *Gonerill*,  
 832 To the great loue I beare you.  
 833 *Gon.* Pray you content. What *Oswald*, hoa?  
 834 You Sir, more Knaue then Foole, after your Master.  
 835 *Foole.* Nunkle *Lear*, Nunkle *Lear*,  
 836 Tarry, take the Foole with thee:  
 837 A Fox, when one has caught her,  
 838 And such a Daughter,  
 839 Should sure to the Slaughter,  
 840 If my Cap would buy a Halter,  
 841 So the Foole followes after. *Exit*  
 842 *Gon.* This man hath had good Counsell,  
 843 A hundred Knights?  
 844 'Tis politike, and safe to let him keepe  
 845 At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on euerie dreame,  
 846 Each buz, each fancie, each complaint, dislike,  
 847 He may enguard his dotage with their powres,  
 848 And hold our liues in mercy. *Oswald*, I say.  
 849 *Alb.* Well, you may feare too farre.  
 850 *Gon.* Safer then trust too farre;  
 851 Let me still take away the harmes I feare,  
 852 Not feare still to be taken. I know his heart,  
 853 What he hath vtter'd I haue writ my Sister:  
 854 If she sustaine him, and his hundred Knights  
 855 When I haue shew'd th' vnfitnesse.  
 856 *Enter Steward.*  
 857 How now *Oswald*?

858 What haue you writ that Letter to my Sister?  
 859 *Stew.* I Madam.  
 860 *Gon.* Take you some company, and away to horse,  
 861 Informe her full of my particular feare,  
 862 And thereto adde such reasons of your owne,  
 863 As may compact it more. Get you gone, [qq5v  
 864 And hasten your returne; no, no, my Lord,  
 865 This milky gentlenesse, and course of yours  
 866 Though I condemne not, yet vnder pardon  
 867 You are much more at task for want of wisdom,  
 868 Then prais'd for harmefull mildnesse.  
 869 *Alb.* How farre your eies may pierce I cannot tell;  
 870 Striuing to better, oft we marre what's well.  
 871 *Gon.* Nay then—  
 872 *Alb.* Well, well, th' euent. *Exeunt*

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***Scena Quinta.***

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874 *Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole.*  
 875 *Lear.* Go you before to *Gloster* with these Letters;  
 876 acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you  
 877 know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter,  
 878 if your Dilligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore  
 879 you.  
 880 *Kent.* I will not sleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered  
 881 your Letter. *Exit.*  
 882 *Foole.* If a mans braines were in's heeles, wert not in  
 883 danger of kybes?  
 884 *Lear.* I Boy.  
 885 *Foole.* Then I prythee be merry, thy wit shall not go  
 886 slip- shod.  
 887 *Lear.* Ha, ha, ha.  
 888 *Fool.* Shalt see thy other Daughter will vse thee kind-ly,  
 889 for though she's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an  
 890 Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.  
 891 *Lear.* What can'st tell Boy?  
 892 *Foole.* She will taste as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a  
 893 Crab: thou canst, tell why ones nose stands i'th' middle  
 894 on's face?  
 895 *Lear.* No.  
 896 *Foole.* Why to keepe ones eyes of either side 's nose,  
 897 that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.  
 898 *Lear.* I did her wrong.  
 899 *Foole.* Can'st tell how an Oyster makes his shell?

900 *Lear.* No.  
 901 *Foole.* Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snaile ha's  
 902 a house.  
 903 *Lear.* Why?  
 904 *Foole.* Why to put's head in, not to giue it away to his  
 905 daughters, and leaue his hornes without a case.  
 906 *Lear.* I will forget my Nature, so kind a Father? Be  
 907 my Horsses ready?  
 908 *Foole.* Thy Asses are gone about 'em; the reason why  
 909 the seuen Starres are no mo then seuen, is a pretty reason.  
 910 *Lear.* Because they are not eight.  
 911 *Foole.* Yes indeed, thou would'st make a good Foole.  
 912 *Lear.* To tak't againe perforce; Monster Ingratitude!  
 913 *Foole.* If thou wert my Foole Nunckle, Il'd haue thee  
 914 beaten for being old before thy time.  
 915 *Lear.* How's that?  
 916 *Foole.* Thou shouldst not haue bin old, till thou hadst  
 917 bin wise.  
 918 *Lear.* O let me not be mad, not mad sweet Heauen:  
 919 keepe me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are  
 920 the Horses ready?  
 921 *Gent.* Ready my Lord.  
 922 *Lear.* Come Boy.  
 923 *Fool.* She that's a Maid now, & laughs at my departure,  
 924 Shall not be a Maid long, vnlesse things be cut shorter.  
 925 *Exeunt.*

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***Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.***

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927 *Enter Bastard, and Curan, seuerally.*  
 928 *Bast.* Saue thee *Curan.*  
 929 *Cur.* And you Sir, I haue bin  
 930 With your Father, and giuen him notice  
 931 That the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Duchesse  
 932 Will be here with him this night.  
 933 *Bast.* How comes that?  
 934 *Cur.* Nay I know not, you haue heard of the newes a-broad,  
 935 I meane the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but  
 936 ear- kissing arguments.  
 937 *Bast.* Not I: pray you what are they?  
 938 *Cur.* Haue you heard of no likely Warres toward,  
 939 'Twi'th the Dukes of *Cornwall*, and *Albany*?  
 940 *Bast.* Not a word.  
 941 *Cur.* You may do then in time,

942 Fare you well Sir. *Exit.*  
 943 *Bast.* The Duke be here to night? The better best,  
 944 This weaves it selfe perforce into my businesse,  
 945 My Father hath set guard to take my Brother,  
 946 And I haue one thing of a queazie question  
 947 Which I must act, Briefenesse, and Fortune worke.  
 948 *Enter Edgar.*  
 949 Brother, a word, descend; Brother I say,  
 950 My Father watches: O Sir, fly this place,  
 951 Intelligence is giuen where you are hid;  
 952 You haue now the good aduantage of the night,  
 953 Haue you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of *Cornewall*?  
 954 Hee's comming hither, now i'th' night, i'th' haste,  
 955 And *Regan* with him, haue you nothing said  
 956 Vpon his partie 'gainst the Duke of *Albany*?  
 957 Aduise your selfe.  
 958 *Edg.* I am sure on't, not a word.  
 959 *Bast.* I heare my Father comming, pardon me:  
 960 In cunning, I must draw my Sword vpon you:  
 961 Draw, seeme to defend your selfe,  
 962 Now quit you well.  
 963 Yeeld, come before my Father, light hoa, here,  
 964 Fly Brother, Torches, Torches, so farewell.  
 965 *Exit Edgar.*  
 966 Some blood drawne on me, would beget opinion  
 967 Of my more fierce endeauour. I haue seene drunkards  
 968 Do more then this in sport; Father, Father,  
 969 Stop, stop, no helpe?  
 970 *Enter Gloster, and Seruants with Torches.*  
 971 *Glo.* Now *Edmund*, where's the villaine?  
 972 *Bast.* Here stood he in the dark, his sharpe Sword out,  
 973 Mumbling of wicked charmes, coniuring the Moone  
 974 To stand auspicious Mistris.  
 975 *Glo.* But where is he?  
 976 *Bast.* Looke Sir, I bleed.  
 977 *Glo.* Where is the villaine, *Edmund*?  
 978 *Bast.* Fled this way Sir, when by no meanes he could.  
 979 *Glo.* Pursue him, ho: go after. By no meanes, what?  
 980 *Bast.* Perswade me to the murther of your Lordship, [qq6  
 981 But that I told him the reuenging Gods,  
 982 'Gainst Paricides did all the thunder bend,  
 983 Spoke with how manifold, and strong a Bond  
 984 The Child was bound to'th' Father; Sir in fine,  
 985 Seeing how lothly opposite I stood  
 986 To his vnnaturall purpose, in fell motion  
 987 With his prepared Sword, he charges home

988 My vnprouided body, latch'd mine arme;  
 989 And when he saw my best alarum'd spirits  
 990 Bold in the quarrels right, rous'd to th' encounter,  
 991 Or whether gasted by the noyse I made,  
 992 Full sodainely he fled.  
 993 *Glost.* Let him fly farre:  
 994 Not in this Land shall he remaine vncaught  
 995 And found; dispatch, the Noble Duke my Master,  
 996 My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,  
 997 By his authoritie I will proclaime it,  
 998 That he which finds him shall deserue our thanks,  
 999 Bringing the murderous Coward to the stake:  
 1000 He that conceales him death.  
 1001 *Bast.* When I disswaded him from his intent,  
 1002 And found him pight to doe it, with curst speech  
 1003 I threaten'd to discouer him; he replied,  
 1004 Thou vnpossessing Bastard, dost thou thinke,  
 1005 If I would stand against thee, would the reposall  
 1006 Of any trust, vertue, or worth in thee  
 1007 Make thy words faith'd? No, what should I denie,  
 1008 (As this I would, though thou didst produce  
 1009 My very Character) I'd turne it all  
 1010 To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practise:  
 1011 And thou must make a dullard of the world,  
 1012 If they not thought the profits of my death  
 1013 Were very pregnant and potentiall spirits  
 1014 To make thee seeke it. *Tucket within.*  
 1015 *Glo.* O strange and fastned Villaine,  
 1016 Would he deny his Letter, said he?  
 1017 Harke, the Dukes Trumpets, I know not wher he comes;  
 1018 All Ports Ile barre, the villaine shall not scape,  
 1019 The Duke must grant me that: besides, his picture  
 1020 I will send farre and neere, that all the kingdome  
 1021 May haue due note of him, and of my land,  
 1022 (Loyall and naturall Boy) Ile worke the meanes  
 1023 To make thee capable.  
 1024 *Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.*  
 1025 *Corn.* How now my Noble friend, since I came hither  
 1026 (Which I can call but now,) I haue heard strangenesse.  
 1027 *Reg.* If it be true, all vengeance comes too short  
 1028 Which can pursue th' offender; how dost my Lord?  
 1029 *Glo.* O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.  
 1030 *Reg.* What, did my Fathers Godsonne seeke your life?  
 1031 He whom my Father nam'd, your *Edgar*?  
 1032 *Glo.* O Lady, Lady, shame would haue it hid.  
 1033 *Reg.* Was he not companion with the riotous Knights

1034 That tended vpon my Father?  
1035 *Glo.* I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.  
1036 *Bast.* Yes Madam, he was of that consort.  
1037 *Reg.* No maruaile then, though he were ill affected,  
1038 'Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,  
1039 To haue th' expence and wast of his Reuenues:  
1040 I haue this present euening from my Sister  
1041 Beene well inform'd of them, and with such cautions,  
1042 That if they come to soiourne at my house,  
1043 Ile not be there.  
1044 *Cor.* Nor I, assure thee *Regan*;  
1045 *Edmund*, I heare that you haue shewne your Father  
1046 A Child- like Office.  
1047 *Bast.* It was my duty Sir.  
1048 *Glo.* He did bewray his practise, and receiu'd  
1049 This hurt you see, striuing to apprehend him.  
1050 *Cor.* Is he pursued?  
1051 *Glo.* I my good Lord.  
1052 *Cor.* If he be taken, he shall neuer more  
1053 Be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpose,  
1054 How in my strength you please: for you *Edmund*,  
1055 Whose vertue and obedience doth this instant  
1056 So much commend it selfe, you shall be ours,  
1057 Nature's of such deepe trust, we shall much need:  
1058 You we first seize on.  
1059 *Bast.* I shall serue you Sir truely, how euer else.  
1060 *Glo.* For him I thanke your Grace.  
1061 *Cor.* You know not why we came to visit you?  
1062 *Reg.* Thus out of season, thredding darke ey'd night,  
1063 Occasions Noble *Gloster* of some prize,  
1064 Wherein we must haue vse of your aduise.  
1065 Our Father he hath writ, so hath our Sister,  
1066 Of differences, which I best thought it fit  
1067 To answere from our home: the seuerall Messengers  
1068 From hence attend dispatch, our good old Friend,  
1069 Lay comforts to your bosome, and bestow  
1070 Your needfull counsaile to our businesses,  
1071 Which craues the instant vse.  
1072 *Glo.* I serue you Madam,  
1073 Your Graces are right welcome. *Exeunt. Flourish.*

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*Scena Secunda.*

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- 1075 *Enter Kent, and Steward seuerally.*  
 1076 *Stew.* Good dawning to thee Friend, art of this house?  
 1077 *Kent.* I.  
 1078 *Stew.* Where may we set our horses?  
 1079 *Kent.* I'th' myre.  
 1080 *Stew.* Prythee, if thou lou'st me, tell me.  
 1081 *Kent.* I loue thee not.  
 1082 *Ste.* Why then I care not for thee.  
 1083 *Kent.* If I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold, I would make  
 1084 thee care for me.  
 1085 *Ste.* Why do'st thou vse me thus? I know thee not.  
 1086 *Kent.* Fellow I know thee.  
 1087 *Ste.* What do'st thou know me for?  
 1088 *Kent.* A Knaue, a Rascall, an eater of broken meates, a  
 1089 base, proud, shallow, beggerly, three- suited- hundred  
 1090 pound, filthy woosted- stocking knaue, a Lilly- liuered,  
 1091 action- taking, whoreson glasse- gazing super- seruiceable  
 1092 finicall Rogue, one Trunke- inheriting slaue, one that  
 1093 would'st be a Baud in way of good seruice, and art no-thing  
 1094 but the composition of a Knaue, Begger, Coward,  
 1095 Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrill Bitch,  
 1096 one whom I will beate into clamours whining, if thou  
 1097 deny'st the least sillable of thy addition.  
 1098 *Stew.* Why, what a monstrous Fellow art thou, thus  
 1099 to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor  
 1100 knowes thee?  
 1101 *Kent.* What a brazen- fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny  
 1102 thou knowest me? Is it two dayes since I tript vp thy  
 1103 heeles, and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue, [qq6v  
 1104 for though it be night, yet the Moone shines, Ile make a  
 1105 sop oth' Moonshine of you, you whoreson Cullyenly  
 1106 Barber- monger, draw.  
 1107 *Stew.* Away, I haue nothing to do with thee.  
 1108 *Kent.* Draw you Rascall, you come with Letters a-gainst  
 1109 the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part, a-gainst  
 1110 the Royaltie of her Father: draw you Rogue, or  
 1111 Ile so carbonado your shanks, draw you Rascall, come  
 1112 your waies.  
 1113 *Ste.* Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.  
 1114 *Kent.* Strike you slaue: stand rogue, stand you neat  
 1115 slaue, strike.  
 1116 *Stew.* Helpe hoa, murther, murther.  
 1117 *Enter Bastard, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Seruants.*  
 1118 *Bast.* How now, what's the matter? Part.

1119 *Kent.* With you goodman Boy, if you please, come,  
 1120 Ile flesh ye, come on yong Master.  
 1121 *Glo.* Weapons? Armes? what's the matter here?  
 1122 *Cor.* Keepe peace vpon your liues, he dies that strikes  
 1123 againe, what is the matter?  
 1124 *Reg.* The Messengers from our Sister, and the King?  
 1125 *Cor.* What is your difference, speake?  
 1126 *Stew.* I am scarce in breath my Lord.  
 1127 *Kent.* No Maruell, you haue so bestir'd your valour,  
 1128 you cowardly Rascall, nature disclaimes in thee: a Taylor  
 1129 made thee.  
 1130 *Cor.* Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man?  
 1131 *Kent.* A Taylor Sir, a Stone- cutter, or a Painter, could  
 1132 not haue made him so ill, though they had bin but two  
 1133 yeares oth' trade.  
 1134 *Cor.* Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?  
 1135 *Ste.* This ancient Ruffian Sir, whose life I haue spar'd  
 1136 at sute of his gray- beard.  
 1137 *Kent.* Thou whoreson Zed, thou vnnecessary letter:  
 1138 my Lord, if you will giue me leaue, I will tread this vn-boulted  
 1139 villaine into mortar, and daube the wall of a  
 1140 Iakes with him. Spare my gray- beard, you wagtaile?  
 1141 *Cor.* Peace sirrah,  
 1142 You beastly knaue, know you no reuerence?  
 1143 *Kent.* Yes Sir, but anger hath a priuiledge.  
 1144 *Cor.* Why art thou angrie?  
 1145 *Kent.* That such a slaue as this should weare a Sword,  
 1146 Who weares no honesty: such smiling rogues as these,  
 1147 Like Rats oft bite the holy cords a twaine,  
 1148 Which are t' intrince, t' vnloose: smooth euery passion  
 1149 That in the natures of their Lords rebell,  
 1150 Being oile to fire, snow to the colder moodes,  
 1151 Reuenge, affirme, and turne their Halcion beakes  
 1152 With euery gall, and varry of their Masters,  
 1153 Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:  
 1154 A plague vpon your Epilepticke visage,  
 1155 Smoile you my speeches, as I were a Foole?  
 1156 Goose, if I had you vpon *Sarum* Plaine,  
 1157 I'd driue ye cackling home to *Camelot*.  
 1158 *Corn.* What art thou mad old Fellow?  
 1159 *Glost.* How fell you out, say that?  
 1160 *Kent.* No contraries hold more antipathy,  
 1161 Then I, and such a knaue.  
 1162 *Corn.* Why do'st thou call him Knaue?  
 1163 What is his fault?  
 1164 *Kent.* His countenance likes me not.

1165 *Cor.* No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers.  
 1166 *Kent.* Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine,  
 1167 I haue seene better faces in my Time,  
 1168 Then stands on any shoulder that I see  
 1169 Before me, at this instant.  
 1170 *Corn.* This is some Fellow,  
 1171 Who hauing beene prais'd for bluntnesse, doth affect  
 1172 A saucy roughnes, and constraines the garb  
 1173 Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he,  
 1174 An honest mind and plaine, he must speake truth,  
 1175 And they will take it so, if not, hee's plaine.  
 1176 These kind of Knaues I know, which in this plainnesse  
 1177 Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,  
 1178 Then twenty silly- ducking obseruants,  
 1179 That stretch their duties nicely.  
 1180 *Kent.* Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,  
 1181 Vnder th' allowance of your great aspect,  
 1182 Whose influence like the wreath of radiant fire  
 1183 On flickring *Phoebus* front.  
 1184 *Corn.* What mean'st by this?  
 1185 *Kent.* To go out of my dialect, which you discom-mend  
 1186 so much; I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that be-guild  
 1187 you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knaue, which  
 1188 for my part I will not be, though I should win your  
 1189 displeasure to entreat me too't.  
 1190 *Corn.* What was th' offence you gaue him?  
 1191 *Ste.* I neuer gaue him any:  
 1192 It pleas'd the King his Master very late  
 1193 To strike at me vpon his misconstruction,  
 1194 When he compact, and flattering his displeasure  
 1195 Tript me behind: being downe, insulted, rail'd,  
 1196 And put vpon him such a deale of Man,  
 1197 That worthied him, got praises of the King,  
 1198 For him attempting, who was selfe- subdued,  
 1199 And in the fleshment of this dead exploit,  
 1200 Drew on me here againe.  
 1201 *Kent.* None of these Rogues, and Cowards  
 1202 But *Ajax* is there Foole.  
 1203 *Corn.* Fetch forth the Stocks?  
 1204 You stubborne ancient Knaue, you reuerent Bragart,  
 1205 Wee'l teach you.  
 1206 *Kent.* Sir, I am too old to learne:  
 1207 Call not your Stocks for me, I serue the King.  
 1208 On whose imployment I was sent to you,  
 1209 You shall doe small respects, show too bold malice  
 1210 Against the Grace, and Person of my Master,

1211 Stocking his Messenger.  
 1212 *Corn.* Fetch forth the Stocks;  
 1213 As I haue life and Honour, there shall he sit till Noone.  
 1214 *Reg.* Till noone? till night my Lord, and all night too.  
 1215 *Kent.* Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,  
 1216 You should not vse me so.  
 1217 *Reg.* Sir, being his Knaue, I will. *Stocks brought out.*  
 1218 *Cor.* This is a Fellow of the selfe same colour,  
 1219 Our Sister speakes of. Come, bring away the Stocks.  
 1220 *Glo.* Let me beseech your Grace, not to do so,  
 1221 The King his Master, needs must take it ill  
 1222 That he so slightly valued in his Messenger,  
 1223 Should haue him thus restrained.  
 1224 *Cor.* Ile answere that.  
 1225 *Reg.* My Sister may recieue it much more worsse,  
 1226 To haue her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted.  
 1227 *Corn.* Come my Lord, away. *Exit.*  
 1228 *Glo.* I am sorry for thee friend, 'tis the Dukes pleasure,  
 1229 Whose disposition all the world well knowes  
 1230 Will not be rub'd nor stopt, Ile entreat for thee.  
 1231 *Kent.* Pray do not Sir, I haue watch'd and trauail'd hard,  
 1232 Some time I shall sleepe out, the rest Ile whistle:  
 1233 A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles: [rr1  
 1234 Giue you good morrow.  
 1235 *Glo.* The Duke's too blame in this,  
 1236 'Twill be ill taken. *Exit.*  
 1237 *Kent.* Good King, that must approue the common saw,  
 1238 Thou out of Heauens benediction com'st  
 1239 To the warme Sun.  
 1240 Approach thou Beacon to this vnder Globe,  
 1241 That by thy comfortable Beames I may  
 1242 Peruse this Letter. Nothing almost sees miracles  
 1243 But miserie. I know 'tis from *Cordelia*,  
 1244 Who hath most fortunately beene inform'd  
 1245 Of my obscured course. And shall finde time  
 1246 From this enormous State, seeking to giue  
 1247 Losses their remedies. All weary and o're- watch'd,  
 1248 Take vantage heaue eyes, not to behold  
 1249 This shamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight,  
 1250 Smile once more, turne thy wheele.  
 1251 *Enter Edgar.*  
 1252 *Edg.* I heard my selfe proclaim'd,  
 1253 And by the happy hollow of a Tree,  
 1254 Escap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place  
 1255 That guard, and most vnusall vigilance  
 1256 Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape

1257 I will preserue myselfe: and am bethought  
 1258 To take the basest, and most poorest shape  
 1259 That euer penury in contempt of man,  
 1260 Brought neere to beast; my face Ile grime with filth,  
 1261 Blanket my loines, else all my haire in knots,  
 1262 And with presented nakednesse out- face  
 1263 The Windes, and persecutions of the skie;  
 1264 The Country giues me prooffe, and president  
 1265 Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices,  
 1266 Strike in their num'd and mortified Armes.  
 1267 Pins, Wodden- prickes, Nayles, Sprigs of Rosemarie:  
 1268 And with this horrible obiect, from low Farmes,  
 1269 Poore pelting Villages, Sheeps- Coates, and Milles,  
 1270 Sometimes with Lunaticke bans, sometime with Praiers  
 1271 Inforce their charitie: poore *Turlygod* poore *Tom*,  
 1272 That's something yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit.*  
 1273 *Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman.*  
 1274 *Lea.* 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,  
 1275 And not send backe my Messengers.  
 1276 *Gent.* As I learn'd,  
 1277 The night before, there was no purpose in them  
 1278 Of this remoue.  
 1279 *Kent.* Haile to thee Noble Master.  
 1280 *Lear.* Ha? Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?  
 1281 *Kent.* No my Lord.  
 1282 *Foole.* Hah, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horses are  
 1283 tide by the heads, Dogges and Beares by'th' necke,  
 1284 Monkies by'th' loynes, and Men by'th' legs: when a man  
 1285 ouerlustie at legs, then he weares wodden nether- stocks.  
 1286 *Lear.* What's he,  
 1287 That hath so much thy place mistooke  
 1288 To set thee heere?  
 1289 *Kent.* It is both he and she,  
 1290 Your Son, and Daughter.  
 1291 *Lear.* No.  
 1292 *Kent.* Yes.  
 1293 *Lear.* No I say.  
 1294 *Kent.* I say yea.  
 1295 *Lear.* By *Iupiter* I sweare no.  
 1296 *Kent.* By *Iuno*, I sweare I.  
 1297 *Lear.* They durst not do't:  
 1298 They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse then murther,  
 1299 To do vpon respect such violent outrage:  
 1300 Resolue me with all modest haste, which way  
 1301 Thou might'st deserue, or they impose this vsage,  
 1302 Comming from vs.

1303 *Kent.* My Lord, when at their home  
 1304 I did commend your Highnesse Letters to them,  
 1305 Ere I was risen from the place, that shewed  
 1306 My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Poste,  
 1307 Stew'd in his haste, halfe breathlesse, painting forth  
 1308 From *Gonerill* his Mistris, salutations;  
 1309 Deliuer'd Letters spight of intermission,  
 1310 Which presently they read; on those contents  
 1311 They summon'd vp their meiney, straight tooke Horse,  
 1312 Commanded me to follow, and attend  
 1313 The leisure of their answer, gaue me cold lookes,  
 1314 And meeting heere the other Messenger,  
 1315 Whose welcome I perceiu'd had poison'd mine,  
 1316 Being the very fellow which of late  
 1317 Displaid so sawcily against your Highnesse,  
 1318 Hauing more man then wit about me, drew;  
 1319 He rais'd the house, with loud and coward cries,  
 1320 Your Sonne and Daughter found this trespasse worth  
 1321 The shame which heere it suffers.  
 1322 *Foole.* Winters not gon yet, if the wil'd Geese fly that |(way,  
 1323 Fathers that weare rags, do make their Children blind,  
 1324 But Fathers that beare bags, shall see their children kind.  
 1325 Fortune that arrant whore, nere turns the key toth' poore.  
 1326 But for all this thou shalt haue as many Dolors for thy  
 1327 Daughters, as thou canst tell in a yeare.  
 1328 *Lear.* Oh how this Mother swels vp toward my heart!  
 1329 *Historica passio*, downe thou climing sorrow,  
 1330 Thy Elements below where is this Daughter?  
 1331 *Kent.* With the Earle Sir, here within.  
 1332 *Lear.* Follow me not, stay here. *Exit.*  
 1333 *Gen.* Made you no more offence,  
 1334 But what you speake of?  
 1335 *Kent.* None:  
 1336 How chance the King comes with so small a number?  
 1337 *Foole.* And thou hadst beene set i'th' Stockes for that  
 1338 question, thoud'st well deseru'd it.  
 1339 *Kent.* Why Foole?  
 1340 *Foole.* Wee'l set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach  
 1341 thee ther's no labouring i'th' winter. All that follow their  
 1342 noses, are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's  
 1343 not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stink-ing;  
 1344 let go thy hold when a great wheele runs downe a  
 1345 hill, least it breake thy necke with following. But the  
 1346 great one that goes vpward, let him draw thee after:  
 1347 when a wiseman giues thee better counsell giue me mine  
 1348 againe, I would haue none but knaues follow it, since a

1349 Foole giues it.  
 1350 That Sir, which serues and seekes for gaine,  
 1351 And followes but for forme;  
 1352 Will packe, when it begins to raine,  
 1353 And leaue thee in the storme,  
 1354 But I will tarry, the Foole will stay,  
 1355 And let the wiseman flie:  
 1356 The knaue turnes Foole that runnes away,  
 1357 The Foole no knaue perdie.  
 1358 *Enter Lear, and Gloster:*  
 1359 *Kent.* Where learn'd you this Foole?  
 1360 *Foole.* Not i'th' Stocks Foole. [rr1v  
 1361 *Lear.* Deny to speake with me?  
 1362 They are sicke, they are weary,  
 1363 They haue trauail'd all the night? meere fetches,  
 1364 The images of reuolt and flying off.  
 1365 Fetch me a better answer.  
 1366 *Glo.* My deere Lord,  
 1367 You know the fiery quality of the Duke,  
 1368 How vnremoueable and fixt he is  
 1369 In his owne course.  
 1370 *Lear.* Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confusion:  
 1371 Fiery? What quality? Why *Gloster, Gloster,*  
 1372 I'd speake with the Duke of *Cornwall,* and his wife.  
 1373 *Glo.* Well my good Lord, I haue inform'd them so.  
 1374 *Lear.* Inform'd them? Do'st thou vnderstand me man.  
 1375 *Glo.* I my good Lord.  
 1376 *Lear.* The King would speake with *Cornwall,*  
 1377 The deere Father  
 1378 Would with his Daughter speake, commands, tends, ser-|(uice,  
 1379 Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood:  
 1380 Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that—  
 1381 No, but not yet, may be he is not well,  
 1382 Infirmitie doth still neglect all office,  
 1383 Whereto our health is bound, we are not our selues,  
 1384 When Nature being opprest, commands the mind  
 1385 To suffer with the body; Ile forbear,  
 1386 And am fallen out with my more headier will,  
 1387 To take the indispos'd and sickly fit,  
 1388 For the sound man. Death on my state: wherefore  
 1389 Should he sit heere? This act perswades me,  
 1390 That this remotion of the Duke and her  
 1391 Is practise only. Giue me my Seruant forth;  
 1392 Goe tell the Duke, and's wife, Il'd speake with them:  
 1393 Now, presently: bid them come forth and heare me,  
 1394 Or at their Chamber doore Ile beate the Drum,

1395 Till it crie sleepe to death.  
 1396 *Glo.* I would haue all well betwixt you. *Exit.*  
 1397 *Lear.* Oh me my heart! My rising heart! But downe.  
 1398 *Foole.* Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney did to the  
 1399 Eeles, when she put 'em i'th' Paste aliue, she knapt 'em  
 1400 o'th' coxcombs with a sticke, and cryed downe wantons,  
 1401 downe; 'twas her Brother, that in pure kindnesse to his  
 1402 Horse buttered his Hay.  
 1403 *Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Seruants.*  
 1404 *Lear.* Good morrow to you both.  
 1405 *Corn.* Haile to your Grace. *Kent here set at liberty.*  
 1406 *Reg.* I am glad to see your Highnesse.  
 1407 *Lear.* *Regan,* I thinke you are. I know what reason  
 1408 I haue to thinke so, if thou should'st not be glad,  
 1409 I would diuorce me from thy Mother Tombe,  
 1410 Sepulchring an Adultresse. O are you free?  
 1411 Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan,*  
 1412 Thy Sisters naught: oh *Regan,* she hath tied  
 1413 Sharpe- tooth'd vnkindnesse, like a vulture heere,  
 1414 I can scarce speake to thee, thou'lt not beleeeue  
 1415 With how depraud a quality. Oh *Regan.*  
 1416 *Reg.* I pray you Sir, take patience, I haue hope  
 1417 You lesse know how to value her desert,  
 1418 Then she to scant her dutie.  
 1419 *Lear.* Say? How is that?  
 1420 *Reg.* I cannot thinke my Sister in the least  
 1421 Would faile her Obligation. If Sir perchance  
 1422 She haue restrained the Riots of your Followres,  
 1423 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,  
 1424 As cleeres her from all blame.  
 1425 *Lear.* My curses on her. [  
 1426 *Reg.* O Sir, you are old,  
 1427 Nature in you stands on the very Verge  
 1428 Of his confine: you should be rul'd, and led  
 1429 By some discretion, that discernes your state  
 1430 Better then you your selfe: therefore I pray you,  
 1431 That to our Sister, you do make returne,  
 1432 Say you haue wrong'd her.  
 1433 *Lear.* Aske her forgiuenesse?  
 1434 Do you but marke how this becomes the house?  
 1435 Deere daughter, I confesse that I am old;  
 1436 Age is vnecessary: on my knees I begge,  
 1437 That you'l vouchsafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food.  
 1438 *Reg.* Good Sir, no more: these are vnsgightly trickes:  
 1439 Returne you to my Sister.  
 1440 *Lear.* Neuer *Regan:*

1441 She hath abated me of halfe my Traine;  
 1442 Look'd blacke vpon me, strooke me with her Tongue  
 1443 Most Serpent- like, vpon the very Heart.  
 1444 All the stor'd Vengeances of Heauen, fall  
 1445 On her ingratefull top: strike her yong bones  
 1446 You taking Ayres, with Lamenesse.  
 1447 *Corn.* Fye sir, fie.  
 1448 *Le.* You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames  
 1449 Into her scornfull eyes: Infect her Beauty,  
 1450 You Fen- suck'd Fogges, drawne by the powfull Sunne,  
 1451 To fall, and blister.  
 1452 *Reg.* O the blest Gods!  
 1453 So will you wish on me, when the rash moode is on.  
 1454 *Lear.* No *Regan*, thou shalt neuer haue my curse:  
 1455 Thy tender- hefted Nature shall not giue  
 1456 Thee o're to harshnesse: Her eyes are fierce, but thine  
 1457 Do comfort, and not burne. 'Tis not in thee  
 1458 To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my Traine,  
 1459 To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,  
 1460 And in conclusion, to oppose the bolt  
 1461 Against my comming in. Thou better know'st  
 1462 The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,  
 1463 Effects of Curtesie, dues of Gratitude:  
 1464 Thy halfe o'th' Kingdome hast thou not forgot,  
 1465 Wherein I thee endow'd.  
 1466 *Reg.* Good Sir, to'th' purpose. *Tucket within.*  
 1467 *Lear.* Who put my man i'th' Stockes?  
 1468 *Enter Steward.*  
 1469 *Corn.* What Trumpet's that?  
 1470 *Reg.* I know't, my Sisters: this approues her Letter,  
 1471 That she would soone be heere. Is your Lady come?  
 1472 *Lear.* This is a Slaue, whose easie borrowed pride  
 1473 Dwels in the sickly grace of her he followes.  
 1474 Out Varlet, from my sight.  
 1475 *Corn.* What meanes your Grace?  
 1476 *Enter Gonerill.*  
 1477 *Lear.* Who stockt my Seruant? *Regan*, I haue good hope  
 1478 Thou did'st not know on't.  
 1479 Who comes here? O Heauens!  
 1480 If you do loue old men; if your sweet sway  
 1481 Allow Obedience; if you your selues are old,  
 1482 Make it your cause: Send downe, and take my part.  
 1483 Art not asham'd to looke vpon this Beard?  
 1484 O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?  
 1485 *Gon.* Why not by'th' hand Sir? How haue I offended?  
 1486 All's not offence that indiscretion findes,

1487 And dotage termes so.  
 1488 *Lear.* O sides, you are too tough!  
 1489 Will you yet hold?  
 1490 How came my man i'th' Stockes?  
 1491 *Corn.* I set him there, Sir: but his owne Disorders [rr2  
 1492 Deseru'd much lesse aduancement.  
 1493 *Lear.* You? Did you?  
 1494 *Reg.* I pray you Father being weake, seeme so.  
 1495 If till the expiration of your Moneth  
 1496 You will returne and soiourne with my Sister,  
 1497 Dismissing halfe your traine, come then to me,  
 1498 I am now from home, and out of that prouision  
 1499 Which shall be needfull for your entertainment.  
 1500 *Lear.* Returne to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?  
 1501 No, rather I abiure all roofes, and chuse  
 1502 To wage against the enmity oth' ayre,  
 1503 To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle,  
 1504 Necessities sharpe pinch. Returne with her?  
 1505 Why the hot- bloodied *France*, that dowerlesse tooke  
 1506 Our yongest borne, I could as well be brought  
 1507 To knee his Throne, and Squire- like pension beg,  
 1508 To keepe base life a foote; returne with her?  
 1509 Perswade me rather to be slaue and sumpter  
 1510 To this detested groome.  
 1511 *Gon.* At your choice Sir.  
 1512 *Lear.* I prythee Daughter do not make me mad,  
 1513 I will not trouble thee my Child; farewell:  
 1514 Wee'l no more meete, no more see one another.  
 1515 But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my Daughter,  
 1516 Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,  
 1517 Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a Byle,  
 1518 A plague sore, or imbossed Carbuncle  
 1519 In my corrupted blood. But Ile not chide thee,  
 1520 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,  
 1521 I do not bid the Thunder- bearer shoote,  
 1522 Nor tell tales of thee to high- iudging *Ioue*,  
 1523 Mend when thou can'st, be better at thy leisure,  
 1524 I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,  
 1525 I and my hundred Knights.  
 1526 *Reg.* Not altogether so,  
 1527 I look'd not for you yet, nor am prouided  
 1528 For your fit welcome, giue eare Sir to my Sister,  
 1529 For those that mingle reason with your passion,  
 1530 Must be content to thinke you old, and so,  
 1531 But she knowes what she doe's.  
 1532 *Lear.* Is this well spoken?

1533 *Reg.* I dare auouch it Sir, what fifty Followers?  
 1534 Is it not well? What should you need of more?  
 1535 Yea, or so many? Sith that both charge and danger,  
 1536 Speake 'gainst so great a number? How in one house  
 1537 Should many people, vnder two commands  
 1538 Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.  
 1539 *Gon.* Why might not you my Lord, receiue attendance  
 1540 From those that she cals Seruants, or from mine?  
 1541 *Reg.* Why not my Lord?  
 1542 If then they chanc'd to slacke ye,  
 1543 We could comptroll them; if you will come to me,  
 1544 (For now I spie a danger) I entreate you  
 1545 To bring but fiue and twentie, to no more  
 1546 Will I giue place or notice.  
 1547 *Lear.* I gaue you all.  
 1548 *Reg.* And in good time you gaue it.  
 1549 *Lear.* Made you my Guardians, my Depositories,  
 1550 But kept a reseruatiō to be followed  
 1551 With such a number? What, must I come to you  
 1552 With fiue and twenty? *Regan,* said you so?  
 1553 *Reg.* And speak't againe my Lord, no more with me.  
 1554 *Lea.* Those wicked Creatures yet do look wel fauor'd  
 1555 When others are more wicked, not being the worst  
 1556 Stands in some ranke of praise, Ile go with thee,  
 1557 Thy fifty yet doth double fiue and twenty,  
 1558 And thou art twice her Loue.  
 1559 *Gon.* Heare me my Lord;  
 1560 What need you fiue and twenty? Ten? Or fiue?  
 1561 To follow in a house, where twice so many  
 1562 Haue a command to tend you?  
 1563 *Reg.* What need one?  
 1564 *Lear.* O reason not the need: our basest Beggers  
 1565 Are in the poorest thing superfluous.  
 1566 Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs:  
 1567 Mans life is cheape as Beastes. Thou art a Lady;  
 1568 If onely to go warme were gorgeous,  
 1569 Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,  
 1570 Which scarcely keepes thee warme, but for true need:  
 1571 You Heauens, giue me that patience, patience I need,  
 1572 You see me heere (you Gods) a poore old man,  
 1573 As full of grieffe as age, wretched in both,  
 1574 If it be you that stirres these Daughters hearts  
 1575 Against their Father, foole me not so much,  
 1576 To beare it tamely: touch me with Noble anger,  
 1577 And let not womens weapons, water drops,  
 1578 Staine my mans cheekes. No you vnnaturall Hags,

1579 I will haue such reuenges on you both,  
 1580 That all the world shall— I will do such things,  
 1581 What they are yet, I know not, but they shalbe  
 1582 The terrors of the earth? you thinke Ile weepe,  
 1583 No, Ile not weepe, I haue full cause of weeping.  
 1584 *Storme and Tempest.*  
 1585 But this heart shal break into a hundred thousand flawes  
 1586 Or ere Ile weepe; O Foole, I shall go mad. *Exeunt.*  
 1587 *Corn.* Let vs withdraw, 'twill be a Storme.  
 1588 *Reg.* This house is little, the old man and's people,  
 1589 Cannot be well bestow'd.  
 1590 *Gon.* 'Tis his owne blame hath put himselfe from rest,  
 1591 And must needs taste his folly.  
 1592 *Reg.* For his particular, Ile receiue him gladly,  
 1593 But not one follower.  
 1594 *Gon.* So am I purpos'd,  
 1595 Where is my Lord of *Gloster*?  
 1596 *Enter Gloster.*  
 1597 *Corn.* Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.  
 1598 *Glo.* The King is in high rage.  
 1599 *Corn.* Whether is he going?  
 1600 *Glo.* He cals to Horse, but will I know not whether.  
 1601 *Corn.* 'Tis best to giue him way, he leads himselfe.  
 1602 *Gon.* My Lord, entreate him by no meanes to stay.  
 1603 *Glo.* Alacke the night comes on, and the high windes  
 1604 Do sorely ruffle, for many Miles about  
 1605 There's scarce a Bush.  
 1606 *Reg.* O Sir, to wilfull men,  
 1607 The iniuries that they themselues procure,  
 1608 Must be their Schoole- Masters: shut vp your doores,  
 1609 He is attended with a desperate traine,  
 1610 And what they may incense him too, being apt,  
 1611 To haue his eare abus'd, wisdoms bids feare.  
 1612 *Cor.* Shut vp your doores my Lord, 'tis a wil'd night,  
 1613 My *Regan* counsels well: come out oth' storme. *Exeunt.*

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***Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.***

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1615 *Storme still. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, seuerally.*  
 1616 *Kent.* Who's there besides foule weather?  
 1617 *Gen.* One minded like the weather, most vnquietly. [rr2v  
 1618 *Kent.* I know you: Where's the King?  
 1619 *Gent.* Contending with the fretfull Elements;  
 1620 Bids the winde blow the Earth into the Sea,

1621 Or swell the curled Waters 'boue the Maine,  
 1622 That things might change, or cease.  
 1623 *Kent.* But who is with him?  
 1624 *Gent.* None but the Foole, who labours to out- iest  
 1625 His heart- strooke iniuries.  
 1626 *Kent.* Sir, I do know you,  
 1627 And dare vpon the warrant of my note  
 1628 Commend a deere thing to you. There is diuision  
 1629 (Although as yet the face of it is couer'd  
 1630 With mutuall cunning) 'twixt Albany, and Cornwall:  
 1631 Who haue, as who haue not, that their great Starres  
 1632 Thron'd and set high; Seruants, who seeme no lesse,  
 1633 Which are to France the Spies and Speculations  
 1634 Intelligent of our State. What hath bin seene,  
 1635 Either in snuffes, and packings of the Dukes,  
 1636 Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne  
 1637 Against the old kinde King; or something deeper,  
 1638 Whereof (perchance) these are but furnishings.  
 1639 *Gent.* I will talke further with you.  
 1640 *Kent.* No, do not:  
 1641 For confirmation that I am much more  
 1642 Then my out- wall; open this Purse, and take  
 1643 What it containes. If you shall see *Cordelia*,  
 1644 (As feare not but you shall) shew her this Ring,  
 1645 And she will tell you who that Fellow is  
 1646 That yet you do not know. Fye on this Storme,  
 1647 I will go seeke the King.  
 1648 *Gent.* Giue me your hand,  
 1649 Haue you no more to say?  
 1650 *Kent.* Few words, but to effect more then all yet;  
 1651 That when we haue found the King, in which your pain  
 1652 That way, Ile this: He that first lights on him,  
 1653 Holla the other. *Exeunt.*

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### *Scena Secunda.*

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1655 *Storme still. Enter Lear, and Foole.*  
 1656 *Lear.* Blow windes, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow  
 1657 You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout,  
 1658 Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cockes.  
 1659 You Sulph'rous and Thought- executing Fires,  
 1660 Vaunt- curriors of Oake- cleauing Thunder- bolts,  
 1661 Sindge my white head. And thou all- shaking Thunder,  
 1662 Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th' world,

1663 Cracke Natures moulds, all germanes spill at once  
 1664 That makes ingratefull Man.  
 1665 *Foole.* O Nunkle, Court holy- water in a dry house, is  
 1666 better then this Rain- water out o' doore. Good Nunkle,  
 1667 in, aske thy Daughters blessing, heere's a night pitties  
 1668 neither Wisemen, nor Fooles.  
 1669 *Lear.* Rumble thy belly full: spit Fire, spowt Raine:  
 1670 Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;  
 1671 I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindnesse.  
 1672 I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children;  
 1673 You owe me no subscription. Then let fall  
 1674 Your horrible pleasure. Heere I stand your Slaue,  
 1675 A poore, infirme, weake, and dispis'd old man:  
 1676 But yet I call you Seruile Ministers,  
 1677 That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne  
 1678 Your high- engender'd Battailes, 'gainst a head  
 1679 So old, and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foule.  
 1680 *Foole.* He that has a house to put's head in, has a good  
 1681 Head- peece:  
 1682 The Codpiece that will house, before the head has any;  
 1683 The Head, and he shall Lowse: so Beggers marry many.  
 1684 The man y makes his Toe, what he his Hart shold make,  
 1685 Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turne his sleepe to wake.  
 1686 For there was neuer yet faire woman, but shee made  
 1687 mouthes in a glasse.  
 1688 *Enter Kent.*  
 1689 *Lear.* No, I will be the patterne of all patience,  
 1690 I will say nothing.  
 1691 *Kent.* Who's there?  
 1692 *Foole.* Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a  
 1693 Wiseman, and a Foole.  
 1694 *Kent.* Alas Sir are you here? Things that loue night,  
 1695 Loue not such nights as these: The wrathfull Skies  
 1696 Gallow the very wanderers of the darke  
 1697 And make them keepe their Caues: Since I was man,  
 1698 Such sheets of Fire, such bursts of horrid Thunder,  
 1699 Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I neuer  
 1700 Remember to haue heard. Mans Nature cannot carry  
 1701 Th' affliction, nor the feare.  
 1702 *Lear.* Let the great Goddes  
 1703 That keepe this dreadfull pudder o're our heads,  
 1704 Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,  
 1705 That hast within thee vndivulged Crimes  
 1706 Vnwhipt of Iustice. Hide thee, thou Bloudy hand;  
 1707 Thou Periur'd, and thou Simular of Vertue  
 1708 That art Incestuous. Caytiffe, to peeces shake

1709 That vnder couert, and conuenient seeming  
 1710 Ha's practis'd on mans life. Close pent- vp guilts,  
 1711 Riue your concealing Continents, and cry  
 1712 These dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man,  
 1713 More sinn'd against, then sinning.  
 1714 *Kent.* Alacke, bare- headed?  
 1715 Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Houell,  
 1716 Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the Tempest:  
 1717 Repose you there, while I to this hard house,  
 1718 (More harder then the stones whereof 'tis rais'd,  
 1719 Which euen but now, demanding after you,  
 1720 Deny'd me to come in) returne, and force  
 1721 Their scanted curtesie.  
 1722 *Lear.* My wits begin to turne.  
 1723 Come on my boy. How dost my boy? Art cold?  
 1724 I am cold my selfe. Where is this straw, my Fellow?  
 1725 The Art of our Necessities is strange,  
 1726 And can make vilde things precious. Come, your Houel;  
 1727 Poore Foole, and Knaue, I haue one part in my heart  
 1728 That's sorry yet for thee.  
 1729 *Foole.* He that has and a little- tyne wit,  
 1730 With heigh- ho, the Winde and the Raine,  
 1731 Must make content with his Fortunes fit,  
 1732 Though the Raine it raineth euey day.  
 1733 *Le.* True Boy: Come bring vs to this Houell. *Exit.*  
 1734 *Foole.* This is a braue night to coole a Curtizan:  
 1735 Ile speake a Prophetie ere I go:  
 1736 When Priests are more in word, then matter;  
 1737 When Brewers marre their Malt with water;  
 1738 When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors,  
 1739 No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Sutors;  
 1740 When euey Case in Law, is right;  
 1741 No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;  
 1742 When Slanders do not liue in Tongues;  
 1743 Nor Cut- purses come not to throngs;  
 1744 When Vsurers tell their Gold i'th' Field, [rr3  
 1745 And Baudes, and whores, do Churches build,  
 1746 Then shal the Realme of *Albion*, come to great confusion:  
 1747 Then comes the time, who liues to see't,  
 1748 That going shalbe vs'd with feet.  
 1749 This prophecie *Merlin* shall make, for I liue before his |(time.  
 1750 *Exit.*

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***Scaena Tertia.***

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1752 *Enter Gloster, and Edmund.*

1753 *Glo.* Alacke, alacke *Edmund*, I like not this vnnaturall  
1754 dealing; when I desired their leaue that I might pity him,  
1755 they tooke from me the vse of mine owne house, charg'd  
1756 me on paine of perpetuall displeasure, neither to speake  
1757 of him, entreat for him, or any way sustaine him.

1758 *Bast.* Most sauage and vnnaturall.

1759 *Glo.* Go too; say you nothing. There is diuision be-tweene  
1760 the Dukes, and a worsse matter then that: I haue  
1761 receiued a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken,  
1762 I haue lock'd the Letter in my Closset, these iniuries the  
1763 King now beares, will be reuenged home; ther is part of  
1764 a Power already footed, we must incline to the King, I  
1765 will looke him, and priuily relieue him; goe you and  
1766 maintaine talke with the Duke, that my charity be not of  
1767 him perceiued; If he aske for me, I am ill, and gone to  
1768 bed, if I die for it, (as no lesse is threatned me) the King  
1769 my old Master must be relieued. There is strange things  
1770 toward *Edmund*, pray you be carefull. *Exit.*

1771 *Bast.* This Curtesie forbid thee, shall the Duke  
1772 Instantly know, and of that Letter too;  
1773 This seemes a faire deseruing, and must draw me  
1774 That which my Father looses: no lesse then all,  
1775 The yonger rises, when the old doth fall. *Exit.*

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***Scena Quarta.***

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1777 *Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.*

1778 *Kent.* Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,  
1779 The tirrorany of the open night's too rough  
1780 For Nature to endure. *Storme still*

1781 *Lear.* Let me alone.

1782 *Kent.* Good my Lord enter heere.

1783 *Lear.* Wilt breake my heart?

1784 *Kent.* I had rather breake mine owne,  
1785 Good my Lord enter.

1786 *Lear.* Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious |(storme  
1787 Inuades vs to the skin so: 'tis to thee,  
1788 But where the greater malady is fixt,  
1789 The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a Beare,  
1790 But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,

1791 Thou'dst meete the Beare i'th' mouth, when the mind's |(free,  
 1792 The bodies delicate: the tempest in my mind,  
 1793 Doth from my sences take all feeling else,  
 1794 Saue what beates there, Filliall ingratitude,  
 1795 Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand  
 1796 For lifting food too't? But I will punish home;  
 1797 No, I will weepe no more; in such a night,  
 1798 To shut me out? Poure on, I will endure:  
 1799 In such a night as this? O *Regan, Gonerill,*  
 1800 Your old kind Father, whose franke heart gaue all,  
 1801 O that way madnesse lies, let me shun that:  
 1802 No more of that.  
 1803 *Kent.* Good my Lord enter here.  
 1804 *Lear.* Prythee go in thy selfe, seeke thine owne ease,  
 1805 This tempest will not giue me leaue to ponder  
 1806 On things would hurt me more, but Ile goe in,  
 1807 In Boy, go first. You houselesse pouertie, *Exit.*  
 1808 Nay get thee in; Ile pray, and then Ile sleepe.  
 1809 Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are  
 1810 That bide the pelting of this pittillesse storme,  
 1811 How shall your House- lesse heads, and vnfed sides,  
 1812 Your lop'd, and window'd raggednesse defend you  
 1813 From seasons such as these? O I haue tane  
 1814 Too little care of this: Take Physicke, Pompe,  
 1815 Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele,  
 1816 That thou maist shake the superflux to them,  
 1817 And shew the Heauens more iust.  
 1818 *Enter Edgar, and Foole.*  
 1819 *Edg.* Fathom, and halfe, Fathom and halfe; poore *Tom.*  
 1820 *Foole.* Come not in heere Nuncle, here's a spirit, helpe  
 1821 me, helpe me.  
 1822 *Kent.* Giue my thy hand, who's there?  
 1823 *Foole.* A spirite, a spirite, he sayes his name's poore  
 1824 *Tom.*  
 1825 *Kent.* What art thou that dost grumble there i'th'  
 1826 straw? Come forth.  
 1827 *Edg.* Away, the foule Fiend followes me, through the  
 1828 sharpe Hawthorne blow the windes. Humh, goe to thy  
 1829 bed and warme thee.  
 1830 *Lear.* Did'st thou giue all to thy Daughters? And art  
 1831 thou come to this?  
 1832 *Edgar.* Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*? Whom  
 1833 the foule fiend hath led through Fire, and through Flame,  
 1834 through Sword, and Whirle- Poole, o're Bog, and Quag-mire,  
 1835 that hath laid Kniues vnder his Pillow, and Halters  
 1836 in his Pue, set Rats- bane by his Porredge, made him

1837 Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting Horse, ouer foure  
 1838 incht Bridges, to course his owne shadow for a Traitor.  
 1839 Blisse thy fiue Wits, *Toms* a cold. O do, de, do, de, do, de,  
 1840 blisse thee from Whirle- Windes, Starre- blasting, and ta-king,  
 1841 do poore *Tom* some charitie, whom the foule Fiend  
 1842 vexes. There could I haue him now, and there, and there  
 1843 againe, and there. *Storme still.*  
 1844 *Lear.* Ha's his Daughters brought him to this passe?  
 1845 Could'st thou saue nothing? Would'st thou giue 'em all?  
 1846 *Foole.* Nay, he reseru'd a Blanket, else we had bin all  
 1847 sham'd.  
 1848 *Lea.* Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre  
 1849 Hang fated o're mens faults, light on thy Daughters.  
 1850 *Kent.* He hath no Daughters Sir.  
 1851 *Lear.* Death Traitor, nothing could haue subdu'd |(Nature  
 1852 To such a lownesse, but his vnkind Daughters.  
 1853 Is it the fashion, that discarded Fathers,  
 1854 Should haue thus little mercy on their flesh:  
 1855 Iudicious punishment, 'twas this flesh begot  
 1856 Those Pelicane Daughters.  
 1857 *Edg.* Pillicock sat on Pillicock hill, alow: alow, loo, loo.  
 1858 *Foole.* This cold night will turne vs all to Fooles, and  
 1859 Madmen.  
 1860 *Edgar.* Take heed o'th' foule Fiend, obey thy Pa-rents,  
 1861 keepe thy words Iustice, sweare not, commit not, [rr3v  
 1862 with mans sworne Spouse: set not thy Sweet- heart on  
 1863 proud array. *Tom's* a cold.  
 1864 *Lear.* What hast thou bin?  
 1865 *Edg.* A Seruingman? Proud in heart, and minde; that  
 1866 curl'd my haire, wore Gloues in my cap; seru'd the Lust  
 1867 of my Mistris heart, and did the acte of darkenesse with  
 1868 her. Swore as many Oathes, as I spake words, & broke  
 1869 them in the sweet face of Heauen. One, that slept in the  
 1870 contriuing of Lust, and wak'd to doe it. Wine lou'd I  
 1871 deerely, Dice deerely; and in Woman, out- Paramour'd  
 1872 the Turke. False of heart, light of eare, bloody of hand;  
 1873 Hog in sloth, Foxe in stealth, Wolfe in greedinesse, Dog  
 1874 in madnes, Lyon in prey. Let not the creaking of shooes,  
 1875 Nor the rustling of Silkes, betray thy poore heart to wo-man.  
 1876 Keepe thy foote out of Brothels, thy hand out of  
 1877 Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and defye the  
 1878 foule Fiend. Still through the Hawthorne blowes the  
 1879 cold winde: Sayes suum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy,  
 1880 Boy *Sesey*: let him trot by. *Storme still.*  
 1881 *Lear.* Thou wert better in a Graue, then to answere  
 1882 with thy vncover'd body, this extremitie of the Skies. Is

1883 man no more then this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st  
 1884 the Worme no Silke; the Beast, no Hide; the Sheepe, no  
 1885 Wooll; the Cat, no perfume. Ha? Here's three on's are  
 1886 sophisticated. Thou art the thing it selfe; vnaccommodated  
 1887 man, is no more but such a poore, bare, forked Animal  
 1888 as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, vnbutton  
 1889 heere.

1890 *Enter Gloucester, with a Torch.*

1891 *Foole.* Prythee Nunckle be contented, 'tis a naughtie  
 1892 night to swimme in. Now a little fire in a wilde Field,  
 1893 were like an old Letchers heart, a small spark, all the rest  
 1894 on's body, cold: Looke, heere comes a walking fire.

1895 *Edg.* This is the foule Flibbertigibbet; hee begins at  
 1896 Curfew, and walkes at first Cocke: Hee giues the Web  
 1897 and the Pin, squints the eye, and makes the Hare-lippe;  
 1898 Mildewes the white Wheate, and hurts the poore Creature  
 1899 of earth.

1900 *Swithold* footed thrice the old,  
 1901 He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold;  
 1902 Bid her a-light, and her troth-plaint,  
 1903 And aroynt thee Witch, aroynt thee.

1904 *Kent.* How fares your Grace?

1905 *Lear.* What's he?

1906 *Kent.* Who's there? What is't you seeke?

1907 *Glou.* What are you there? Your Names?

1908 *Edg.* Poore Tom, that eats the swimming Frog, the  
 1909 Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Neut, and the water: that  
 1910 in the furie of his heart, when the foule Fiend rages, eats  
 1911 Cow-dung for Sallets; swallows the old Rat, and the  
 1912 ditch-Dogge; drinks the green Mantle of the standing  
 1913 Poole: who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and  
 1914 stockt, punish'd, and imprison'd: who hath three Suites  
 1915 to his backe, sixe shirts to his body:

1916 Horse to ride, and weapon to weare:

1917 But Mice, and Rats, and such small Deare,

1918 Haue bin Toms food, for seuen long yeare:

1919 Beware my Follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou Fiend.

1920 *Glou.* What, hath your Grace no better company?

1921 *Edg.* The Prince of Darkenesse is a Gentleman. *Modo*  
 1922 he's call'd, and *Mahu*.

1923 *Glou.* Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is growne so  
 1924 vilde, that it doth hate what gets it.

1925 *Edg.* Poore Tom's a cold.

1926 *Glou.* Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer

1927 T' obey in all your daughters hard commands:

1928 Though their Iniunction be to barre my doores,

1929 And let this Tyrannous night take hold vpon you,  
 1930 Yet haue I ventured to come seeke you out,  
 1931 And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.  
 1932 *Lear.* First let me talke with this Philosopher,  
 1933 What is the cause of Thunder?  
 1934 *Kent.* Good my Lord take his offer,  
 1935 Go into th' house.  
 1936 *Lear.* Ile talke a word with this same lerned Theban:  
 1937 What is your study?  
 1938 *Edg.* How to preuent the Fiend, and to kill Vermine.  
 1939 *Lear.* Let me aske you one word in priuate.  
 1940 *Kent.* Importune him once more to go my Lord,  
 1941 His wits begin t' vnsettle.  
 1942 *Glou.* Canst thou blame him? *Storm still*  
 1943 His Daughters seeke his death: Ah, that good Kent,  
 1944 He said it would be thus: poore banish'd man:  
 1945 Thou sayest the King growes mad, Ile tell thee Friend  
 1946 I am almost mad my selfe. I had a Sonne,  
 1947 Now out- law'd from my blood: he sought my life  
 1948 But lately: very late: I lou'd him (Friend)  
 1949 No Father his Sonne deerer: true to tell thee,  
 1950 The greefe hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this?  
 1951 I do beseech your grace.  
 1952 *Lear.* O cry you mercy, Sir:  
 1953 Noble Philosopher, your company.  
 1954 *Edg.* Tom's a cold.  
 1955 *Glou.* In fellow there, into th' Houel; keep thee warm.  
 1956 *Lear.* Come, let's in all.  
 1957 *Kent.* This way, my Lord.  
 1958 *Lear.* With him;  
 1959 I will keepe still with my Philosopher.  
 1960 *Kent.* Good my Lord, sooth him:  
 1961 Let him take the Fellow.  
 1962 *Glou.* Take him you on.  
 1963 *Kent.* Sirra, come on: go along with vs.  
 1964 *Lear.* Come, good Athenian.  
 1965 *Glou.* No words, no words, hush.  
 1966 *Edg.* Childe *Rowland* to the darke Tower came,  
 1967 His word was still, fie, foh, and fumme,  
 1968 I smell the blood of a Britnish man. *Exeunt*

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***Scena Quinta.***

---

1970 *Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.*

1971 *Corn.* I will haue my reuenge, ere I depart his house.

1972 *Bast.* How my Lord, I may be censured, that Nature

1973 thus giues way to Loyaltie, something feares mee to

1974 thinke of.

1975 *Cornw.* I now perceiue, it was not altogether your

1976 Brothers euill disposition made him seeke his death: but

1977 a prouoking merit set a- worke by a reprouable badnesse

1978 in himselfe.

1979 *Bast.* How malicious is my fortune, that I must re-pent

1980 to be iust? This is the Letter which hee spoake of;

1981 which approues him an intelligent partie to the aduanta-ges

1982 of France. O Heauens! that this Treason were not;

1983 or not I the detector.

1984 *Corn.* Go with me to the Dutchesse.

1985 *Bast.* If the matter of this Paper be certain, you haue

1986 mighty businesse in hand. [rr4

1987 *Corn.* True or false, it hath made thee Earle of Glou-cestre:

1988 seeke out where thy Father is, that hee may bee

1989 ready for our apprehension.

1990 *Bast.* If I finde him comforting the King, it will stuffe

1991 his suspition more fully. I will perseuer in my course of

1992 Loyalty, though the conflict be sore betweene that, and

1993 my blood.

1994 *Corn.* I will lay trust vpon thee: and thou shalt finde

1995 a deere Father in my loue. *Exeunt.*

---

***Scena Sexta.***

---

1997 *Enter Kent, and Gloucester.*

1998 *Glou.* Heere is better then the open ayre, take it thank-fully:

1999 I will peece out the comfort with what addition I

2000 can: I will not be long from you. *Exit*

2001 *Kent.* All the powre of his wits, haue giuen way to his

2002 impatience: the Gods reward your kindnesse.

2003 *Enter Lear, Edgar, and Foole.*

2004 *Edg. Fraterretto* cals me, and tells me *Nero* is an Ang-ler

2005 in the Lake of Darknesse: pray Innocent, and beware

2006 the foule Fiend.

2007 *Foole.* Prythee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be

2008 a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

2009 *Lear.* A King, a King.  
 2010 *Foole.* No, he's a Yeoman, that ha's a Gentleman to  
 2011 his Sonne: for hee's a mad Yeoman that sees his Sonne a  
 2012 Gentleman before him.  
 2013 *Lear.* To haue a thousand with red burning spits  
 2014 Come hizzing in vpon 'em.  
 2015 *Edg.* Blesse thy fiue wits.  
 2016 *Kent.* O pittie: Sir, where is the patience now  
 2017 That you so oft haue boasted to retaine?  
 2018 *Edg.* My teares begin to take his part so much,  
 2019 They marre my counterfetting.  
 2020 *Lear.* The little dogges, and all;  
 2021 Trey, Blanch, and Sweet- heart: see, they barke at me.  
 2022 *Edg.* Tom, will throw his head at them: Auauunt you  
 2023 Curses, be thy mouth or blacke or white:  
 2024 Tooth that poysons if it bite:  
 2025 Mastiffe, Grey- hound, Mongrill, Grim,  
 2026 Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym:  
 2027 Or Bobtaile tight, or Troudle taile,  
 2028 Tom will make him weepe and waile,  
 2029 For with throwing thus my head;  
 2030 Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.  
 2031 Do, de, de, de: sese: Come, march to Wakes and Fayres,  
 2032 And Market Townes: poore Tom thy horne is dry,  
 2033 *Lear.* Then let them Anatomize *Regan:* See what  
 2034 breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in Nature that  
 2035 make these hard- hearts. You sir, I entertaine for one of  
 2036 my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your gar-ments.  
 2037 You will say they are Persian; but let them bee  
 2038 chang'd.  
 2039 *Enter Gloster.*  
 2040 *Kent.* Now good my Lord, lye heere, and rest awhile.  
 2041 *Lear.* Make no noise, make no noise, draw the Cur-taines:  
 2042 so, so, wee'l go to Supper i'th' morning.  
 2043 *Foole.* And Ile go to bed at noone.  
 2044 *Glou.* Come hither Friend:  
 2045 Where is the King my Master?  
 2046 *Kent.* Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gon.  
 2047 *Glou.* Good friend, I prythee take him in thy armes;  
 2048 I haue ore- heard a plot of death vpon him:  
 2049 There is a Litter ready, lay him in't,  
 2050 And driue toward Douer friend, where thou shalt meete  
 2051 Both welcome, and protection. Take vp thy Master,  
 2052 If thou should'st dally halfe an houre, his life  
 2053 With thine, and all that offer to defend him,  
 2054 Stand in assured losse. Take vp, take vp,

2055 And follow me, that will to some prouision  
 2056 Giue thee quicke conduct. Come, come, away. *Exeunt*

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***Scena Septima.***

---

2058 *Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Bastard,*  
 2059 *and Seruants.*  
 2060 *Corn.* Poste speedily to my Lord your husband, shew  
 2061 him this Letter, the Army of France is landed: seeke out  
 2062 the Traitor Glouster.  
 2063 *Reg.* Hang him instantly.  
 2064 *Gon.* Plucke out his eyes.  
 2065 *Corn.* Leaue him to my displeasure. *Edmond,* keepe  
 2066 you our Sister company: the reuenges wee are bound to  
 2067 take vppon your Traitorous Father, are not fit for your  
 2068 beholding. Aduice the Duke where you are going, to a  
 2069 most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our  
 2070 Postes shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt vs. Fare-well  
 2071 deere Sister, farewell my Lord of Glouster.  
 2072 *Enter Steward.*  
 2073 How now? Where's the King?  
 2074 *Stew.* My Lord of Glouster hath conuey'd him hence  
 2075 Some fiue or six and thirty of his Knights  
 2076 Hot Questrists after him, met him at gate,  
 2077 Who, with some other of the Lords, dependants,  
 2078 Are gone with him toward Douer; where they boast  
 2079 To haue well armed Friends.  
 2080 *Corn.* Get horses for your Mistris.  
 2081 *Gon.* Farewell sweet Lord, and Sister. *Exit*  
 2082 *Corn. Edmund* farewell; go seek the Traitor Gloster,  
 2083 Pinnion him like a Theefe, bring him before vs:  
 2084 Though well we may not passe vpon his life  
 2085 Without the forme of Iustice: yet our power  
 2086 Shall do a curt'sie to our wrath, which men  
 2087 May blame, but not comptroll.  
 2088 *Enter Gloucester, and Seruants.*  
 2089 Who's there? the Traitor?  
 2090 *Reg.* Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he.  
 2091 *Corn.* Binde fast his corky armes.  
 2092 *Glou.* What meanes your Graces?  
 2093 Good my Friends consider you are my Ghests:  
 2094 Do me no foule play, Friends.  
 2095 *Corn.* Binde him I say.  
 2096 *Reg.* Hard, hard: O filthy Traitor.

2097 *Glou.* Vnmercifull Lady, as you are, I'me none.  
 2098 *Corn.* To this Chaire binde him,  
 2099 Villaine, thou shalt finde.  
 2100 *Glou.* By the kinde Gods, 'tis most ignobly done  
 2101 To plucke me by the Beard.  
 2102 *Reg.* So white, and such a Traitor?  
 2103 *Glou.* Naughty Ladie,  
 2104 These haire which thou dost rauish from my chin  
 2105 Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your Host,  
 2106 With Robbers hands, my hospitable fauours [rr4v  
 2107 You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?  
 2108 *Corn.* Come Sir.  
 2109 What Letters had you late from France?  
 2110 *Reg.* Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.  
 2111 *Corn.* And what confederacie haue you with the Trai-tors,  
 2112 late footed in the Kingdome?  
 2113 *Reg.* To whose hands  
 2114 You haue sent the Lunaticke King: Speake.  
 2115 *Glou.* I haue a Letter guessingly set downe  
 2116 Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart,  
 2117 And not from one oppos'd.  
 2118 *Corn.* Cunning.  
 2119 *Reg.* And false.  
 2120 *Corn.* Where hast thou sent the King?  
 2121 *Glou.* To Douer.  
 2122 *Reg.* Wherefore to Douer?  
 2123 Was't thou not charg'd at perill.  
 2124 *Corn.* Wherefore to Douer? Let him answer that.  
 2125 *Glou.* I am tyed to'th' Stake,  
 2126 And I must stand the Course.  
 2127 *Reg.* Wherefore to Douer?  
 2128 *Glou.* Because I would not see thy cruell Nailes  
 2129 Plucke out his poore old eyes: nor thy fierce Sister,  
 2130 In his Annointed flesh, sticke boarish phangs.  
 2131 The Sea, with such a storme as his bare head,  
 2132 In Hell- blacke- night indur'd, would haue buoy'd vp  
 2133 And quench'd the Stelled fires:  
 2134 Yet poore old heart, he holpe the Heauens to raine.  
 2135 If Wolues had at thy Gate howl'd that sterne time,  
 2136 Thou should'st haue said, good Porter turne the Key:  
 2137 All Cruels else subscribe: but I shall see  
 2138 The winged Vengeance ouertake such Children.  
 2139 *Corn.* See't shalt thou neuer. Fellowes hold y Chaire,  
 2140 Vpon these eyes of thine, Ile set my foote.  
 2141 *Glou.* He that will thinke to liue, till he be old,  
 2142 Giue me some helpe. — O cruell! O you Gods.

2143 *Reg.* One side will mocke another: Th' other too.  
 2144 *Corn.* If you see vengeance.  
 2145 *Seru.* Hold your hand, my Lord:  
 2146 I haue seru'd you euer since I was a Childe:  
 2147 But better seruice haue I neuer done you,  
 2148 Then now to bid you hold.  
 2149 *Reg.* How now, you dogge?  
 2150 *Ser.* If you did weare a beard vpon your chin,  
 2151 I'd shake it on this quarrell. What do you meane?  
 2152 *Corn.* My Villaine?  
 2153 *Seru.* Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.  
 2154 *Reg.* Giue me thy Sword. A pezant stand vp thus?  
 2155 *Killes him.*  
 2156 *Ser.* Oh I am slaine: my Lord, you haue one eye left  
 2157 To see some mischefe on him. Oh.  
 2158 *Corn.* Lest it see more, preuent it; Out vilde gelly:  
 2159 Where is thy luster now?  
 2160 *Glou.* All darke and comfortlesse?  
 2161 Where's my Sonne *Edmund*?  
 2162 *Edmund,* enkindle all the sparkes of Nature  
 2163 To quit this horrid acte.  
 2164 *Reg.* Out treacherous Villaine,  
 2165 Thou call'st on him, that hates thee. It was he  
 2166 That made the ouerture of thy Treasons to vs:  
 2167 Who is too good to pittie thee.  
 2168 *Glou.* O my Follies! then *Edgar* was abus'd,  
 2169 Kinde Gods, forgiue me that, and prosper him.  
 2170 *Reg.* Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell  
 2171 His way to Douer. *Exit with Glouster.*  
 2172 How is't my Lord? How looke you?  
 2173 *Corn.* I haue receiu'd a hurt: Follow me Lady;  
 2174 Turne out that eyelesse Villaine: throw this Slaue  
 2175 Vpon the Dunghill: *Regan,* I bleed apace,  
 2176 Vntimely comes this hurt. Giue me your arme. *Exeunt.*

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***Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.***

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2178 *Enter Edgar.*  
 2179 *Edg.* Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,  
 2180 Then still contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worst:  
 2181 The lowest, and most delected thing of Fortune,  
 2182 Stands still in esperance, liues not in feare:  
 2183 The lamentable change is from the best,  
 2184 The worst returnes to laughter. Welcome then,

2185 Thou vnsubstantiall ayre that I embrace:  
 2186 The Wretch that thou hast blowne vnto the worst,  
 2187 Owes nothing to thy blasts.  
 2188 *Enter Glouster, and an Oldman.*  
 2189 But who comes heere? My Father poorely led?  
 2190 World, World, O world!  
 2191 But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee,  
 2192 Life would not yeelde to age.  
 2193 *Oldm.* O my good Lord, I haue bene your Tenant,  
 2194 And your Fathers Tenant, these fourescore yeares.  
 2195 *Glou.* Away, get thee away: good Friend be gone,  
 2196 Thy comforts can do me no good at all,  
 2197 Thee, they may hurt.  
 2198 *Oldm.* You cannot see your way.  
 2199 *Glou.* I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes:  
 2200 I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seene,  
 2201 Our meanes secure vs, and our meere defects  
 2202 Proue our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne *Edgar*,  
 2203 The food of thy abused Fathers wrath:  
 2204 Might I but liue to see thee in my touch,  
 2205 I'd say I had eyes againe.  
 2206 *Oldm.* How now? who's there?  
 2207 *Edg.* O Gods! Who is't can say I am at the worst?  
 2208 I am worse then ere I was.  
 2209 *Old.* 'Tis poore mad Tom.  
 2210 *Edg.* And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,  
 2211 So long as we can say this is the worst.  
 2212 *Oldm.* Fellow, where goest?  
 2213 *Glou.* Is it a Beggar- man?  
 2214 *Oldm.* Madman, and beggar too.  
 2215 *Glou.* He has some reason, else he could not beg.  
 2216 I'th' last nights storme, I such a fellow saw;  
 2217 Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne  
 2218 Came then into my minde, and yet my minde  
 2219 Was then scarce Friends with him.  
 2220 I haue heard more since:  
 2221 As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th' Gods,  
 2222 They kill vs for their sport.  
 2223 *Edg.* How should this be?  
 2224 Bad is the Trade that must play Foole to sorrow,  
 2225 Ang'ring it selfe, and others. Blesse thee Master.  
 2226 *Glou.* Is that the naked Fellow?  
 2227 *Oldm.* I, my Lord.  
 2228 *Glou.* Get thee away: If for my sake  
 2229 Thou wilt ore- take vs hence a mile or twaine  
 2230 I'th' way toward Douer, do it for ancient loue,

2231 And bring some couering for this naked Soule,  
 2232 Which Ile intreate to leade me.  
 2233 *Old.* Alacke sir, he is mad. [rr5  
 2234 *Glou.* 'Tis the times plague,  
 2235 When Madmen leade the blinde:  
 2236 Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure:  
 2237 About the rest, be gone.  
 2238 *Oldm.* Ile bring him the best Parrell that I haue  
 2239 Come on't what will. *Exit*  
 2240 *Glou.* Sirrah, naked fellow.  
 2241 *Edg.* Poore Tom's a cold. I cannot daub it further.  
 2242 *Glou.* Come hither fellow.  
 2243 *Edg.* And yet I must:  
 2244 Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleede.  
 2245 *Glou.* Know'st thou the way to Douer?  
 2246 *Edg.* Both style, and gate; Horseway, and foot- path:  
 2247 poore Tom hath bin scarr'd out of his good wits. Blesse  
 2248 thee good mans sonne, from the foule Fiend.  
 2249 *Glou.* Here take this purse, y whom the heau'ns plagues  
 2250 Haue humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched  
 2251 Makes thee the happier: Heauens deale so still:  
 2252 Let the superfluous, and Lust- dieted man,  
 2253 That slaues your ordinance, that will not see  
 2254 Because he do's not feele, feele your powre quickly:  
 2255 So distribution should vndoo excesse,  
 2256 And each man haue enough. Dost thou know Douer?  
 2257 *Edg.* I Master.  
 2258 *Glou.* There is a Cliffe, whose high and bending head  
 2259 Lookes fearfully in the confined Deepe:  
 2260 Bring me but to the very brimme of it,  
 2261 And Ile repayre the misery thou do'st beare  
 2262 With something rich about me: from that place,  
 2263 I shall no leading neede.  
 2264 *Edg.* Giue me thy arme;  
 2265 Poore Tom shall leade thee. *Exeunt.*

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### *Scena Secunda.*

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2267 *Enter Gonerill, Bastard, and Steward.*  
 2268 *Gon.* Welcome my Lord. I meruell our mild husband  
 2269 Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Master?  
 2270 *Stew.* Madam within, but neuer man so chang'd:  
 2271 I told him of the Army that was Landed:  
 2272 He smil'd at it. I told him you were comming,

2273 His answer was, the worse. Of Glosters Treachery,  
 2274 And of the loyall Seruice of his Sonne  
 2275 When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot,  
 2276 And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:  
 2277 What most he should dislike, seemes pleasant to him;  
 2278 What like, offensive.  
 2279 *Gon.* Then shall you go no further.  
 2280 It is the Cowish terror of his spirit  
 2281 That dares not vndertake: Hee'l not feele wrongs  
 2282 Which tye him to an answer: our wishes on the way  
 2283 May proue effects. Backe *Edmond* to my Brother,  
 2284 Hasten his Musters, and conduct his powres.  
 2285 I must change names at home, and giue the Distaffe  
 2286 Into my Husbands hands. This trustie Seruant  
 2287 Shall passe betweene vs: ere long you are like to heare  
 2288 (If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)  
 2289 A Mistresses command. Weare this; spare speech,  
 2290 Decline your head. This kisse, if it durst speake  
 2291 Would stretch thy Spirits vp into the ayre:  
 2292 Conceiue, and fare thee well.  
 2293 *Bast.* Yours in the rankes of death. *Exit.*  
 2294 *Gon.* My most deere Gloster.  
 2295 Oh, the difference of man, and man,  
 2296 To thee a Womans seruices are due,  
 2297 My Foole vsurpes my body.  
 2298 *Stew.* Madam, here come's my Lord.  
 2299 *Enter Albany.*  
 2300 *Gon.* I haue beene worth the whistle.  
 2301 *Alb.* Oh *Gonerill*,  
 2302 You are not worth the dust which the rude winde  
 2303 Blowes in your face.  
 2304 *Gon.* Milke- Liuer'd man,  
 2305 That bear'st a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs,  
 2306 Who hast not in thy browes an eye- discerning  
 2307 Thine Honor, from thy suffering.  
 2308 *Alb.* See thy selfe diuell:  
 2309 Proper deformitie seemes not in the Fiend  
 2310 So horrid as in woman.  
 2311 *Gon.* Oh vaine Foole.  
 2312 *Enter a Messenger.*  
 2313 *Mes.* Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwals* dead,  
 2314 Slaine by his Seruant, going to put out  
 2315 The other eye of *Glouster*.  
 2316 *Alb.* *Glousters* eyes.  
 2317 *Mes.* A Seruant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,  
 2318 Oppos'd against the act: bending his Sword

2319 To his great Master, who, threat- enrag'd  
 2320 Flew on him, and among'st them fell'd him dead,  
 2321 But not without that harmefull stroke, which since  
 2322 Hath pluckt him after.  
 2323 *Alb.* This shewes you are aboue  
 2324 You Iustices, that these our neather crimes  
 2325 So speedily can venge. But (O poore Glouster)  
 2326 Lost he his other eye?  
 2327 *Mes.* Both, both, my Lord.  
 2328 This Leter Madam, craues a speedy answer:  
 2329 'Tis from your Sister.  
 2330 *Gon.* One way I like this well.  
 2331 But being widdow, and my Glouster with her,  
 2332 May all the building in my fancie plucke  
 2333 Vpon my hatefull life. Another way  
 2334 The Newes is not so tart. Ile read, and answer.  
 2335 *Alb.* Where was his Sonne,  
 2336 When they did take his eyes?  
 2337 *Mes.* Come with my Lady hither.  
 2338 *Alb.* He is not heere.  
 2339 *Mes.* No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.  
 2340 *Alb.* Knowes he the wickednesse?  
 2341 *Mes.* I my good Lord: 'twas he inform'd against him  
 2342 And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment  
 2343 Might haue the freer course.  
 2344 *Alb.* Glouster, I liue  
 2345 To thanke thee for the loue thou shew'dst the King,  
 2346 And to reuenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend,  
 2347 Tell me what more thou know'st. *Exeunt.*

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***Scena Tertia.***

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2349 *Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen,*  
 2350 *and Souldiours.*  
 2351 *Cor.* Alacke, 'tis he: why he was met euen now  
 2352 As mad as the vext Sea, singing alowd.  
 2353 Crown'd with ranke Fenitar, and furrow weeds,  
 2354 With Hardokes, Hemlocke, Nettles, Cuckoo flowres, [rr5v  
 2355 Darnell, and all the idle weedes that grow  
 2356 In our sustaining Corne. A Centery send forth;  
 2357 Search euery Acre in the high- growne field,  
 2358 And bring him to our eye. What can mans wisdom  
 2359 In the restoring his bereaued Sense; he that helpes him,  
 2360 Take all my outward worth.

2361 *Gent.* There is meanes Madam:  
 2362 Our foster Nurse of Nature, is repose,  
 2363 The which he lackes: that to prouoke in him  
 2364 Are many Simples operatiue, whose power  
 2365 Will close the eye of Anguish.  
 2366 *Cord.* All blest Secrets,  
 2367 All you vnpublish'd Vertues of the earth  
 2368 Spring with my teares; be aydant, and remediate  
 2369 In the Goodmans desires: seeke, seeke for him,  
 2370 Least his vngouern'd rage, dissolue the life  
 2371 That wants the meanes to leade it.  
 2372 *Enter Messenger.*  
 2373 *Mes.* Newes Madam,  
 2374 The Britthish Powres are marching hitherward.  
 2375 *Cor.* 'Tis knowne before. Our preparation stands  
 2376 In expectation of them. O deere Father,  
 2377 It is thy businesse that I go about: Therfore great France  
 2378 My mourning, and importun'd teares hath pittied:  
 2379 No blowne Ambition doth our Armes incite,  
 2380 But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd Fathers Rite:  
 2381 Soone may I heare, and see him. *Exeunt.*

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### *Scena Quarta.*

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2383 *Enter Regan, and Steward.*  
 2384 *Reg.* But are my Brothers Powres set forth?  
 2385 *Stew.* I Madam.  
 2386 *Reg.* Himselfe in person there?  
 2387 *Stew.* Madam with much ado:  
 2388 Your Sister is the better Souldier.  
 2389 *Reg.* Lord *Edmund* spake not with your Lord at home?  
 2390 *Stew.* No Madam.  
 2391 *Reg.* What might import my Sisters Letter to him?  
 2392 *Stew.* I know not, Lady.  
 2393 *Reg.* Faith he is poasted hence on serious matter:  
 2394 It was great ignorance, Glousters eyes being out  
 2395 To let him liue. Where he arriues, he moues  
 2396 All hearts against vs: *Edmund*, I thinke is gone  
 2397 In pittie of his misery, to dispatch  
 2398 His nighted life: Moreouer to descry  
 2399 The strength o'th' Enemy.  
 2400 *Stew.* I must needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.  
 2401 *Reg.* Our troopes set forth to morrow, stay with vs:  
 2402 The wayes are dangerous.

2403 *Stew.* I may not Madam:  
 2404 My Lady charg'd my dutie in this busines.  
 2405 *Reg.* Why should she write to *Edmund*?  
 2406 Might not you transport her purposes by word? Belike,  
 2407 Some things, I know not what. Ile loue thee much  
 2408 Let me vnseale the Letter.  
 2409 *Stew.* Madam, I had rather—  
 2410 *Reg.* I know your Lady do's not loue her Husband,  
 2411 I am sure of that: and at her late being heere,  
 2412 She gaue strange Eliads, and most speaking lookes  
 2413 To Noble *Edmund*. I know you are of her bosome.  
 2414 *Stew.* I, Madam?  
 2415 *Reg.* I speake in vnderstanding: Y'are: I know't,  
 2416 Therefore I do aduise you take this note:  
 2417 My Lord is dead: *Edmond*, and I haue talk'd,  
 2418 And more conuenient is he for my hand  
 2419 Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:  
 2420 If you do finde him, pray you giue him this;  
 2421 And when your Mistris heares thus much from you,  
 2422 I pray desire her call her wisdom to her.  
 2423 So fare you well:  
 2424 If you do chance to heare of that blinde Traitor,  
 2425 Preferment fals on him, that cuts him off.  
 2426 *Stew.* Would I could meet Madam, I should shew  
 2427 What party I do follow.  
 2428 *Reg.* Fare thee well. *Exeunt*

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### *Scena Quinta.*

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2430 *Enter Gloucester, and Edgar.*  
 2431 *Glou.* When shall I come to th' top of that same hill?  
 2432 *Edg.* You do climbe vp it now. Look how we labor.  
 2433 *Glou.* Me thinks the ground is eeuen.  
 2434 *Edg.* Horrible steepe.  
 2435 Hearke, do you heare the Sea?  
 2436 *Glou.* No truly.  
 2437 *Edg.* Why then your other Senses grow imperfect  
 2438 By your eyes anguish.  
 2439 *Glou.* So may it be indeed.  
 2440 Me thinks thy voyce is alter'd, and thou speak'st  
 2441 In better phrase, and matter then thou did'st.  
 2442 *Edg.* Y'are much deceiu'd: In nothing am I chang'd  
 2443 But in my Garments.  
 2444 *Glou.* Me thinks y'are better spoken.

2445 *Edg.* Come on Sir,  
 2446 Heere's the place: stand still: how fearefull  
 2447 And dizie 'tis, to cast ones eyes so low,  
 2448 The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre  
 2449 Shew scarce so grosse as Beetles. Halfe way downe  
 2450 Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade:  
 2451 Me thinkes he seemes no bigger then his head.  
 2452 The Fishermen, that walk'd vpon the beach  
 2453 Appeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,  
 2454 Diminish'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy  
 2455 Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge,  
 2456 That on th' vnnubred idle Pebble chafes  
 2457 Cannot be heard so high. Ile looke no more,  
 2458 Least my braine turne, and the deficient sight  
 2459 Topple downe headlong.  
 2460 *Glou.* Set me where you stand.  
 2461 *Edg.* Giue me your hand:  
 2462 You are now within a foote of th' extreme Verge:  
 2463 For all beneath the Moone would I not leape vpright.  
 2464 *Glou.* Let go my hand:  
 2465 Heere Friend's another purse: in it, a Jewell  
 2466 Well worth a poore mans taking. Fayries, and Gods  
 2467 Prosper it with thee. Go thou further off,  
 2468 Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.  
 2469 *Edg.* Now fare ye well, good Sir.  
 2470 *Glou.* With all my heart.  
 2471 *Edg.* Why I do trifle thus with his dispaire,  
 2472 Is done to cure it.  
 2473 *Glou.* O you mighty Gods!  
 2474 This world I do renounce, and in your sights [rr6  
 2475 Shake patiently my great affliction off:  
 2476 If I could beare it longer, and not fall  
 2477 To quarrell with your great opposelesse willes,  
 2478 My snuffe, and loathed part of Nature should  
 2479 Burne it selfe out. If *Edgar* liue, O blesse him:  
 2480 Now Fellow, fare thee well.  
 2481 *Edg.* Gone Sir, farewell:  
 2482 And yet I know not how conceit may rob  
 2483 The Treasury of life, when life it selfe  
 2484 Yeelds to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,  
 2485 By this had thought bin past. Aliue, or dead?  
 2486 Hoa, you Sir: Friend, heare you Sir, speake:  
 2487 Thus might he passe indeed: yet he reuiues.  
 2488 What are you Sir?  
 2489 *Glou.* Away, and let me dye.  
 2490 *Edg.* Had'st thou beene ought

2491 But Gozemore, Feathers, Ayre,  
 2492 (So many fathome downe precipitating)  
 2493 Thou'dst shiuier'd like an Egge: but thou do'st breath:  
 2494 Hast heauy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art sound,  
 2495 Ten Masts at each, make not the altitude  
 2496 Which thou hast perpendicularly fell,  
 2497 Thy life's a Myracle. Speake yet againe.  
 2498 *Glou.* But haue I falne, or no?  
 2499 *Edg.* From the dread Somnet of this Chalkie Bourne  
 2500 Looke vp a height, the shrill- gorg'd Larke so farre  
 2501 Cannot be seene, or heard: Do but looke vp.  
 2502 *Glou.* Alacke, I haue no eyes:  
 2503 Is wretchednesse depriu'd that benefit  
 2504 To end it selfe by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,  
 2505 When misery could beguile the Tyrants rage,  
 2506 And frustrate his proud will.  
 2507 *Edg.* Giue me your arme.  
 2508 Vp, so: How is't? Feele you your Legges? You stand.  
 2509 *Glou.* Too well, too well.  
 2510 *Edg.* This is about all strangenesse,  
 2511 Vpon the crowne o'th' Cliffe. What thing was that  
 2512 Which parted from you?  
 2513 *Glou.* A poore vnfortunate Beggar.  
 2514 *Edg.* As I stood heere below, me thought his eyes  
 2515 Were two full Moones: he had a thousand Noses,  
 2516 Hornes wealk'd, and waued like the enraged Sea:  
 2517 It was some Fiend: Therefore thou happy Father,  
 2518 Thinke that the cleerest Gods, who make them Honors  
 2519 Of mens Impossibilities, haue preserued thee.  
 2520 *Glou.* I do remember now: henceforth Ile beare  
 2521 Affliction, till it do cry out it selfe  
 2522 Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you speake of,  
 2523 I tooke it for a man: often 'twould say  
 2524 The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.  
 2525 *Edgar.* Beare free and patient thoughts.  
 2526 *Enter Lear.*  
 2527 But who comes heere?  
 2528 The safer sense will ne're accommodate  
 2529 His Master thus.  
 2530 *Lear.* No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the  
 2531 King himselfe.  
 2532 *Edg.* O thou side- piercing sight!  
 2533 *Lear.* Nature's about Art, in that respect. Ther's your  
 2534 Presse- money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crow-keeper:  
 2535 draw mee a Cloathiers yard. Looke, looke, a  
 2536 Mouse: peace, peace, this peece of toasted Cheese will

2537 doo't. There's my Gauntlet, Ile proue it on a Gyant.  
 2538 Bring vp the browne Billes. O well flowne Bird: i'th'  
 2539 clout, i'th' clout: Hewgh. Giue the word.  
 2540 *Edg.* Sweet Mariorum.  
 2541 *Lear.* Passe.  
 2542 *Glou.* I know that voice.  
 2543 *Lear.* Ha! *Gonerill* with a white beard? They flatter'd  
 2544 me like a Dogge, and told mee I had the white hayres in  
 2545 my Beard, ere the blacke ones were there. To say I, and  
 2546 no, to euery thing that I said: I, and no too, was no good  
 2547 Diuinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the  
 2548 winde to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not  
 2549 peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em  
 2550 out. Go too, they are not men o'their words; they told  
 2551 me, I was euery thing: 'Tis a Lye, I am not Agu- prooffe.  
 2552 *Glou.* The tricke of that voyce, I do well remember:  
 2553 Is't not the King?  
 2554 *Lear.* I, euery inch a King.  
 2555 When I do stare, see how the Subiect quakes.  
 2556 I pardon that mans life. What was thy cause?  
 2557 Adultery? thou shalt not dye: dye for Adultery?  
 2558 No, the Wren goes too't, and the small gilded Fly  
 2559 Do's letcher in my sight. Let Copulation thriue:  
 2560 For Glousters bastard Son was kinder to his Father,  
 2561 Then my Daughters got 'twene the lawfull sheets.  
 2562 Too't Luxury pell- mell, for I lacke Souldiers.  
 2563 Behold yond simpring Dame, whose face betweene her  
 2564 Forkes presages Snow; that minces Vertue, & do's shake  
 2565 the head to heare of pleasures name. The Fitchew, nor  
 2566 the soyled Horse goes too't with a more riotous appe-tite:  
 2567 Downe from the waste they are Centaures, though  
 2568 Women all aboue: but to the Girdle do the Gods inhe-rit,  
 2569 beneath is all the Fiends. There's hell, there's darke-nes,  
 2570 there is the sulphurous pit; burning, scalding, stench,  
 2571 consumption: Fye, fie, fie; pah, pah: Giue me an Ounce  
 2572 of Ciuet; good Apothecary sweeten my immagination:  
 2573 There's money for thee.  
 2574 *Glou.* O let me kisse that hand.  
 2575 *Lear.* Let me wipe it first,  
 2576 It smelles of Mortality.  
 2577 *Glou.* O ruin'd peece of Nature, this great world  
 2578 Shall so weare out to naught.  
 2579 Do'st thou know me?  
 2580 *Lear.* I remember thine eyes well enough: dost thou  
 2581 squiny at me? No, doe thy worst blinde Cupid, Ile not  
 2582 loue. Reade thou this challenge, marke but the penning

2583 of it.  
 2584 *Glou.* Were all thy Letters Sunnes, I could not see.  
 2585 *Edg.* I would not take this from report,  
 2586 It is, and my heart breakes at it.  
 2587 *Lear.* Read.  
 2588 *Glou.* What with the Case of eyes?  
 2589 *Lear.* Oh ho, are you there with me? No eies in your  
 2590 head, nor no mony in your purse? Your eyes are in a hea-uy  
 2591 case, your purse in a light, yet you see how this world  
 2592 goes.  
 2593 *Glou.* I see it feelingly.  
 2594 *Lear.* What, art mad? A man may see how this world  
 2595 goes, with no eyes. Looke with thine eares: See how  
 2596 yond Iustice railes vpon yond simple theefe. Hearke in  
 2597 thine eare: Change places, and handy- dandy, which is  
 2598 the Iustice, which is the theefe: Thou hast seene a Far-mers  
 2599 dogge barke at a Beggar?  
 2600 *Glou.* I Sir.  
 2601 *Lear.* And the Creature run from the Cur: there thou  
 2602 might'st behold the great image of Authoritie, a Dogg's  
 2603 obey'd in Office. Thou, Rascall Beadle, hold thy bloody  
 2604 hand: why dost thou lash that Whore? Strip thy owne  
 2605 backe, thou hotly lusts to vse her in that kind, for which  
 2606 thou whip'st her. The Vsurer hangs the Cozener. Tho-rough [rr6v  
 2607 tatter'd cloathes great Vices do appeare: Robes,  
 2608 and Furr'd gownes hide all. Place sinnes with Gold, and  
 2609 the strong Lance of Iustice, hurtlesse breakes: Arme it in  
 2610 raggess, a Pigmys straw do's pierce it. None do's offend,  
 2611 none, I say none, Ile able 'em; take that of me my Friend,  
 2612 who haue the power to seale th' accusers lips. Get thee  
 2613 glasse- eyes, and like a scuruy Politician, seeme to see the  
 2614 things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my  
 2615 Bootes: harder, harder, so.  
 2616 *Edg.* O matter, and impertinency mixt,  
 2617 Reason in Madnesse.  
 2618 *Lear.* If thou wilt weepe my Fortunes, take my eyes.  
 2619 I know thee well enough, thy name is Glouster:  
 2620 Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:  
 2621 Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the Ayre  
 2622 We wawle, and cry. I will preach to thee: Marke.  
 2623 *Glou.* Alacke, alacke the day.  
 2624 *Lear.* When we are borne, we cry that we are come  
 2625 To this great stage of Fooles. This a good blocke:  
 2626 It were a delicate stratagem to shoo  
 2627 A Troope of Horse with Felt: Ile put't in prooffe,  
 2628 And when I haue stolne vpon these Son in Lawes,

2629 Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.  
 2630 *Enter a Gentleman.*  
 2631 *Gent.* Oh heere he is: lay hand vpon him, Sir.  
 2632 Your most deere Daughter—  
 2633 *Lear.* No rescue? What, a Prisoner? I am euen  
 2634 The Naturall Foole of Fortune. Vse me well,  
 2635 You shall haue ransome. Let me haue Surgeons,  
 2636 I am cut to'th' Braines.  
 2637 *Gent.* You shall haue any thing.  
 2638 *Lear.* No Seconds? All my selfe?  
 2639 Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt  
 2640 To vse his eyes for Garden water- pots. I wil die brauely,  
 2641 Like a smugge Bridegroom. What? I will be Iouiall:  
 2642 Come, come, I am a King, Masters, know you that?  
 2643 *Gent.* You are a Royall one, and we obey you.  
 2644 *Lear.* Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it,  
 2645 You shall get it by running: Sa, sa, sa, sa. *Exit.*  
 2646 *Gent.* A sight most pittifull in the meanest wretch,  
 2647 Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast a Daughter  
 2648 Who redeemes Nature from the generall curse  
 2649 Which twaine haue brought her to.  
 2650 *Edg.* Haile gentle Sir.  
 2651 *Gent.* Sir, speed you: what's your will?  
 2652 *Edg.* Do you heare ought (Sir) of a Battell toward.  
 2653 *Gent.* Most sure, and vulgar:  
 2654 Euery one heares that, which can distinguish sound.  
 2655 *Edg.* But by your fauour:  
 2656 How neere's the other Army?  
 2657 *Gent.* Neere, and on speedy foot: the maine descry  
 2658 Stands on the hourelly thought.  
 2659 *Edg.* I thanke you Sir, that's all.  
 2660 *Gent.* Though that the Queen on special cause is here  
 2661 Her Army is mou'd on. *Exit.*  
 2662 *Edg.* I thanke you Sir.  
 2663 *Glou.* You euer gentle Gods, take my breath from me,  
 2664 Let not my worser Spirit tempt me againe  
 2665 To dye before you please.  
 2666 *Edg.* Well pray you Father.  
 2667 *Glou.* Now good sir, what are you?  
 2668 *Edg.* A most poore man, made tame to Fortunes blows  
 2669 Who, by the Art of knowne, and feeling sorrowes,  
 2670 Am pregnant to good pittie. Giue me your hand,  
 2671 Ile leade you to some biding.  
 2672 *Glou.* Heartie thanks:  
 2673 The bountie, and the benizon of Heauen  
 2674 To boot, and boot.

2675 *Enter Steward.*  
 2676 *Stew.* A proclaim'd prize: most happie  
 2677 That eyeslesse head of thine, was first fram'd flesh  
 2678 To raise my fortunes. Thou old, vnhappy Traitor,  
 2679 Breefely thy selfe remember: the Sword is out  
 2680 That must destroy thee.  
 2681 *Glou.* Now let thy friendly hand  
 2682 Put strength enough too't.  
 2683 *Stew.* Wherefore, bold Pezant,  
 2684 Dar'st thou support a publish'd Traitor? Hence,  
 2685 Least that th' infection of his fortune take  
 2686 Like hold on thee. Let go his arme.  
 2687 *Edg.* Chill not let go Zir,  
 2688 Without vurther 'casion.  
 2689 *Stew.* Let go Slaue, or thou dy'st.  
 2690 *Edg.* Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poore  
 2691 volke passe: and 'chud ha' bin zwaggerd out of my life,  
 2692 'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis, by a vortnight. Nay,  
 2693 come not neere th' old man: keepe out che vor' ye, or Ile  
 2694 try whither your Costard, or my Ballow be the harder;  
 2695 chill be plaine with you.  
 2696 *Stew.* Out Dunghill.  
 2697 *Edg.* Chill picke your teeth Zir: come, no matter vor  
 2698 your foynes.  
 2699 *Stew.* Slaue thou hast slaine me: Villain, take my purse;  
 2700 If euer thou wilt thriue, bury my bodie,  
 2701 And giue the Letters which thou find'st about me,  
 2702 To *Edmund* Earle of Glouster: seeke him out  
 2703 Vpon the English party. Oh vntimely death, death.  
 2704 *Edg.* I know thee well. A seruiceable Villaine,  
 2705 As duteous to the vices of thy Mistris,  
 2706 As badnesse would desire.  
 2707 *Glou.* What, is he dead?  
 2708 *Edg.* Sit you downe Father: rest you.  
 2709 Let's see these Pockets; the Letters that he speakes of  
 2710 May be my Friends: hee's dead; I am onely sorry  
 2711 He had no other Deathsman. Let vs see:  
 2712 Leauē gentle waxe, and manners: blame vs not  
 2713 To know our enemies mindes, we rip their hearts,  
 2714 Their Papers is more lawfull.  
 2715 *Reads the Letter.*  
 2716 *Let our reciprocall vowes be remembred. You haue manie*  
 2717 *opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and*  
 2718 *place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done. If hee*  
 2719 *returne the Conqueror, then am I the Prisoner, and his bed, my*  
 2720 *Gaole, from the loathed warmth whereof, deliuer me, and sup-ply*

2721 *the place for your Labour.*  
 2722 *Your (Wife, so I would say) affectio-nate*  
 2723 *Seruant. Gonerill.*  
 2724 Oh indistinguish'd space of Womans will,  
 2725 A plot vpon her vertuous Husbands life,  
 2726 And the exchange my Brother: heere, in the sands  
 2727 Thee Ile rake vp, the poste vnsanctified  
 2728 Of murtherous Letchers: and in the mature time,  
 2729 With this vngracious paper strike the sight  
 2730 Of the death- practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,  
 2731 That of thy death, and businesse, I can tell.  
 2732 *Glou.* The King is mad:  
 2733 How stiffe is my vilde sense  
 2734 That I stand vp, and haue ingenious feeling  
 2735 Of my huge Sorrowes? Better I were distract,  
 2736 So should my thoughts be seuer'd from my greefes,  
 2737 *Drum afarre off.*  
 2738 And woes, by wrong imaginations loose [ss1  
 2739 The knowledge of themselues.  
 2740 *Edg.* Giue me your hand:  
 2741 Farre off methinkes I heare the beaten Drumme.  
 2742 Come Father, Ile bestow you with a Friend. *Exeunt.*

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### *Scaena Septima.*

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2744 *Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.*  
 2745 *Cor.* O thou good *Kent*,  
 2746 How shall I liue and worke  
 2747 To match thy goodnesse?  
 2748 My life will be too short,  
 2749 And euery measure faile me.  
 2750 *Kent.* To be acknowledg'd Madam is ore- pai'd,  
 2751 All my reports go with the modest truth,  
 2752 Nor more, nor clipt, but so.  
 2753 *Cor.* Be better suited,  
 2754 These weedes are memories of those worsser houres:  
 2755 I prythee put them off.  
 2756 *Kent.* Pardon deere Madam,  
 2757 Yet to be knowne shortens my made intent,  
 2758 My boone I make it, that you know me not,  
 2759 Till time, and I, thinke meet.  
 2760 *Cor.* Then be't so my good Lord:  
 2761 How do's the King?  
 2762 *Gent.* Madam sleepes still.

2763 *Cor.* O you kind Gods!  
 2764 Cure this great breach in his abused Nature,  
 2765 Th' vntun'd and iarring senses, O winde vp,  
 2766 Of this childe- changed Father.  
 2767 *Gent.* So please your Maiesty,  
 2768 That we may wake the King, he hath slept long?  
 2769 *Cor.* Be gouern'd by your knowledge, and proceede  
 2770 I'th' sway of your owne will: is he array'd?  
 2771 *Enter Lear in a chaire carried by Seruants*  
 2772 *Gent.* I Madam: in the heauinesse of sleepe,  
 2773 We put fresh garments on him.  
 2774 Be by good Madam when we do awake him,  
 2775 I doubt of his Temperance.  
 2776 *Cor.* O my deere Father, restauratian hang  
 2777 Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kisse  
 2778 Repaire those violent harmes, that my two Sisters  
 2779 Haue in thy Reuerence made.  
 2780 *Kent.* Kind and deere Princesse.  
 2781 *Cor.* Had you not bin their Father, these white flakes  
 2782 Did challenge pittie of them. Was this a face  
 2783 To be oppos'd against the iarring windes?  
 2784 Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me,  
 2785 Should haue stood that night against my fire,  
 2786 And was't thou faine (poore Father)  
 2787 To houell thee with Swine and Rogues forlorne,  
 2788 In short, and musty straw? Alacke, alacke,  
 2789 'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once  
 2790 Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.  
 2791 *Gen.* Madam do you, 'tis fittest.  
 2792 *Cor.* How does my Royall Lord?  
 2793 How fares your Maiesty?  
 2794 *Lear.* You do me wrong to take me out o'th' graue,  
 2795 Thou art a Soule in blisse, but I am bound  
 2796 Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares  
 2797 Do scal'd, like molten Lead.  
 2798 *Cor.* Sir, do you know me?  
 2799 *Lear.* You are a spirit I know, where did you dye?  
 2800 *Cor.* Still, still, farre wide.  
 2801 *Gen.* He's scarce awake,  
 2802 Let him alone a while.  
 2803 *Lear.* Where haue I bin?  
 2804 Where am I? Faire day light?  
 2805 I am mightily abus'd; I should eu'n dye with pittie  
 2806 To see another thus. I know not what to say:  
 2807 I will not sweare these are my hands: let's see,  
 2808 I feele this pin pricke, would I were assur'd

2809 Of my condition.  
 2810 *Cor.* O looke vpon me Sir,  
 2811 And hold your hand in benediction o're me,  
 2812 You must not kneele.  
 2813 *Lear.* Pray do not mocke me:  
 2814 I am a very foolish fond old man,  
 2815 Fourescore and vpward,  
 2816 Not an houre more, nor lesse:  
 2817 And to deale plainely,  
 2818 I feare I am not in my perfect mind.  
 2819 Me thinkes I should know you, and know this man,  
 2820 Yet I am doubtfull: For I am mainly ignorant  
 2821 What place this is: and all the skill I haue  
 2822 Remembers not these garments: nor I know not  
 2823 Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,  
 2824 For (as I am a man) I thinke this Lady  
 2825 To be my childe *Cordelia*.  
 2826 *Cor.* And so I am: I am.  
 2827 *Lear.* Be your teares wet?  
 2828 Yes faith: I pray weepe not,  
 2829 If you haue poyson for me, I will drinke it:  
 2830 I know you do not loue me, for your Sisters  
 2831 Haue (as I do remember) done me wrong.  
 2832 You haue some cause, they haue not.  
 2833 *Cor.* No cause, no cause.  
 2834 *Lear.* Am I in France?  
 2835 *Kent.* In your owne kingdome Sir.  
 2836 *Lear.* Do not abuse me.  
 2837 *Gent.* Be comforted good Madam, the great rage  
 2838 You see is kill'd in him: desire him to go in,  
 2839 Trouble him no more till further setling.  
 2840 *Cor.* Wilt please your Highnesse walke?  
 2841 *Lear.* You must beare with me:  
 2842 Pray you now forget, and forgiue,  
 2843 I am old and foolish. *Exeunt*

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***Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.***

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2845 *Enter with Drumme and Colours, Edmund, Regan.*  
 2846 *Gentlemen, and Souldiers.*  
 2847 *Bast.* Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,  
 2848 Or whether since he is aduis'd by ought  
 2849 To change the course, he's full of alteration,  
 2850 And selfereprouing, bring his constant pleasure.

2851 *Reg.* Our Sisters man is certainly miscarried.  
 2852 *Bast.* 'Tis to be doubted Madam.  
 2853 *Reg.* Now sweet Lord, [sslv  
 2854 You know the goodnesse I intend vpon you:  
 2855 Tell me but truly, but then speake the truth,  
 2856 Do you not loue my Sister?  
 2857 *Bast.* In honour'd Loue.  
 2858 *Reg.* But haue you neuer found my Brothers way,  
 2859 To the fore- fended place?  
 2860 *Bast.* No by mine honour, Madam.  
 2861 *Reg.* I neuer shall endure her, deere my Lord  
 2862 Be not familiar with her.  
 2863 *Bast.* Feare not, she and the Duke her husband.  
 2864 *Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Gonerill, Soldiers.*  
 2865 *Alb.* Our very louing Sister, well be- met:  
 2866 Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter  
 2867 With others, whom the rigour of our State  
 2868 Forc'd to cry out.  
 2869 *Regan.* Why is this reasond?  
 2870 *Gone.* Combine together 'gainst the Enemie:  
 2871 For these domesticke and particular broiles,  
 2872 Are not the question heere.  
 2873 *Alb.* Let's then determine with th' ancient of warre  
 2874 On our proceeding.  
 2875 *Reg.* Sister you'le go with vs?  
 2876 *Gon.* No.  
 2877 *Reg.* 'Tis most conuenient, pray go with vs.  
 2878 *Gon.* Oh ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.  
 2879 *Exeunt both the Armies.*  
 2880 *Enter Edgar.*  
 2881 *Edg.* If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore,  
 2882 Heare me one word.  
 2883 *Alb.* Ile ouertake you, speake.  
 2884 *Edg.* Before you fight the Battaile, ope this Letter:  
 2885 If you haue victory, let the Trumpet sound  
 2886 For him that brought it: wretched though I seeme,  
 2887 I can produce a Champion, that will proue  
 2888 What is auouched there. If you miscarry,  
 2889 Your businesse of the world hath so an end,  
 2890 And machination ceases. Fortune loues you.  
 2891 *Alb.* Stay till I haue read the Letter.  
 2892 *Edg.* I was forbid it:  
 2893 When time shall serue, let but the Herald cry,  
 2894 And Ile appeare againe. *Exit.*  
 2895 *Alb.* Why farethee well, I will o're- looke thy paper.  
 2896 *Enter Edmund.*

2897 *Bast.* The Enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,  
 2898 Heere is the guesse of their true strength and Forces,  
 2899 By dilligent discouerie, but your hast  
 2900 Is now vrg'd on you.  
 2901 *Alb.* We will greet the time. *Exit.*  
 2902 *Bast.* To both these Sisters haue I sworne my loue:  
 2903 Each iealous of the other, as the stung  
 2904 Are of the Adder. Which of them shall I take?  
 2905 Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enioy'd  
 2906 If both remaine aliuie: To take the Widdow,  
 2907 Exasperates, makes mad her Sister *Gonerill*,  
 2908 And hardly shall I carry out my side,  
 2909 Her husband being aliuie. Now then, wee'l vse  
 2910 His countenance for the Battaile, which being done,  
 2911 Let her who would be rid of him, deuise  
 2912 His speedy taking off. As for the mercie  
 2913 Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,  
 2914 The Battaile done, and they within our power,  
 2915 Shall neuer see his pardon: for my state,  
 2916 Stands on me to defend, not to debate. *Exit.*

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***Scena Secunda.***

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2918 *Alarum within. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Lear,*  
 2919 *Cordelia, and Souldiers, ouer the Stage, and Exeunt.*  
 2920 *Enter Edgar, and Gloster.*  
 2921 *Edg.* Heere Father, take the shadow of this Tree  
 2922 For your good hoast: pray that the right may thriue:  
 2923 If euer I returne to you againe,  
 2924 Ile bring you comfort.  
 2925 *Glo.* Grace go with you Sir. *Exit.*  
 2926 *Alarum and Retreat within.*  
 2927 *Enter Edgar.*  
 2928 *Edgar.* Away old man, giue me thy hand, away:  
 2929 King *Lear* hath lost, he and his Daughter tane,  
 2930 Giue me thy hand: Come on.  
 2931 *Glo.* No further Sir, a man may rot euen heere.  
 2932 *Edg.* What in ill thoughts againe?  
 2933 Men must endure  
 2934 Their going hence, euen as their comming hither,  
 2935 Ripenesse is all come on.  
 2936 *Glo.* And that's true too. *Exeunt.*

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*Scena Tertia.*

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2938 *Enter in conquest with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Lear,*  
 2939 *and Cordelia, as prisoners, Souldiers, Captaine.*

2940 *Bast.* Some Officers take them away: good guard,  
 2941 Vntill their greater pleasures first be knowne  
 2942 That are to censure them.

2943 *Cor.* We are not the first,  
 2944 Who with best meaning haue incurr'd the worst:  
 2945 For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,  
 2946 My selfe could else out- frowne false Fortunes frowne.  
 2947 Shall we not see these Daughters, and these Sisters?

2948 *Lear.* No, no, no, no: come let's away to prison,  
 2949 We two alone will sing like Birds i'th' Cage:  
 2950 When thou dost aske me blessing, Ile kneele downe  
 2951 And aske of thee forgiuenance: So wee'l liue,  
 2952 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
 2953 At gilded Butterflies: and heere (poore Rogues)  
 2954 Talke of Court newes, and wee'l talke with them too,  
 2955 Who looses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;  
 2956 And take vpon's the mystery of things,  
 2957 As if we were Gods spies: And wee'l weare out  
 2958 In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,  
 2959 That ebbe and flow by th' Moone.

2960 *Bast.* Take them away.

2961 *Lear.* Vpon such sacrifices my *Cordelia,*  
 2962 The Gods themselues throw Incense.  
 2963 Haue I caught thee?  
 2964 He that parts vs, shall bring a Brand from Heauen,  
 2965 And fire vs hence, like Foxes: wipe thine eyes,  
 2966 The good yeares shall deuoure them, flesh and fell, [ss2  
 2967 Ere they shall make vs weepe?

2968 Weele see 'em staru'd first: come. *Exit.*

2969 *Bast.* Come hither Captaine, hearke.  
 2970 Take thou this note, go follow them to prison,  
 2971 One step I haue aduanc'd thee, if thou do'st  
 2972 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way  
 2973 To Noble Fortunes: know thou this, that men  
 2974 Are as the time is; to be tender minded  
 2975 Do's not become a Sword, thy great imployment  
 2976 Will not beare question: either say thou'lt do't,  
 2977 Or thriue by other meanes.

2978 *Capt.* Ile do't my Lord.

2979 *Bast.* About it, and write happy, when th'hast done,  
 2980 Marke I say instantly, and carry it so  
 2981 As I haue set it downe. *Exit Captaine.*

2982 *Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Soldiers.*  
 2983 *Alb.* Sir, you haue shew'd to day your valiant straine  
 2984 And Fortune led you well: you haue the Captiues  
 2985 Who were the opposites of this dayes strife:  
 2986 I do require them of you so to vse them,  
 2987 As we shall find their merites, and our safety  
 2988 May equally determine.  
 2989 *Bast.* Sir, I thought it fit,  
 2990 To send the old and miserable King to some retention,  
 2991 Whose age had Charmes in it, whose Title more,  
 2992 To plucke the common bosome on his side,  
 2993 And turne our imprest Launces in our eies  
 2994 Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen:  
 2995 My reason all the same, and they are ready  
 2996 To morrow, or at further space, t' appeare  
 2997 Where you shall hold your Session.  
 2998 *Alb.* Sir, by your patience,  
 2999 I hold you but a subiect of this Warre,  
 3000 Not as a Brother.  
 3001 *Reg.* That's as we list to grace him.  
 3002 Methinkes our pleasure might haue bin demanded  
 3003 Ere you had spoke so farre. He led our Powers,  
 3004 Bore the Commission of my place and person,  
 3005 The which immediacie may well stand vp,  
 3006 And call it selfe your Brother.  
 3007 *Gon.* Not so hot:  
 3008 In his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,  
 3009 More then in your addition.  
 3010 *Reg.* In my rights,  
 3011 By me inuested, he compeeres the best.  
 3012 *Alb.* That were the most, if he should husband you.  
 3013 *Reg.* Iesters do oft proue Prophets.  
 3014 *Gon.* Hola, hola,  
 3015 That eye that told you so, look'd but a squint.  
 3016 *Rega.* Lady I am not well, else I should answere  
 3017 From a full flowing stomack. Generall,  
 3018 Take thou my Souldiers, prisoners, patrimony,  
 3019 Dispose of them, of me, the walls is thine:  
 3020 Witnesse the world, that I create thee heere  
 3021 My Lord, and Master.  
 3022 *Gon.* Meane you to enioy him?  
 3023 *Alb.* The let alone lies not in your good will.  
 3024 *Bast.* Nor in thine Lord.  
 3025 *Alb.* Halfe- blooded fellow, yes.  
 3026 *Reg.* Let the Drum strike, and proue my title thine.  
 3027 *Alb.* Stay yet, heare reason: *Edmund*, I arrest thee

3028 On capitall Treason; and in thy arrest,  
 3029 This gilded Serpent: for your claime faire Sisters,  
 3030 I bare it in the interest of my wife,  
 3031 'Tis she is sub- contracted to this Lord,  
 3032 And I her husband contradict your Banes.  
 3033 If you will marry, make your loues to me,  
 3034 My Lady is bespoke.  
 3035 *Gon.* An enterlude.  
 3036 *Alb.* Thou art armed *Gloster*,  
 3037 Let the Trumpet sound:  
 3038 If none appeare to proue vpon thy person,  
 3039 Thy heynous, manifest, and many Treasons,  
 3040 There is my pledge: Ile make it on thy heart  
 3041 Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing lesse  
 3042 Then I haue heere proclaim'd thee.  
 3043 *Reg.* Sicke, O sicke.  
 3044 *Gon.* If not, Ile nere trust medicine.  
 3045 *Bast.* There's my exchange, what in the world hes  
 3046 That names me Traitor, villain- like he lies,  
 3047 Call by the Trumpet: he that dares approach;  
 3048 On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine  
 3049 My truth and honor firmly.  
 3050 *Enter a Herald.*  
 3051 *Alb.* A Herald, ho.  
 3052 Trust to thy single vertue, for thy Souldiers  
 3053 All leuied in my name, haue in my name  
 3054 Tooke their discharge.  
 3055 *Regan.* My sicknesse growes vpon me.  
 3056 *Alb.* She is not well, conuey her to my Tent.  
 3057 Come hither Herald, let the Trumpet sound,  
 3058 And read out this. *A Trumpet sounds.*  
 3059 *Herald reads.*  
 3060 *If any man of qualitie or degree, within the lists of the Ar-my,*  
 3061 *will maintaine vpon Edmund, supposed Earle of Gloster,*  
 3062 *that he is a manifold Traitor, let him appeare by the third*  
 3063 *sound of the Trumpet: he is bold in his defence. 1 Trumpet.*  
 3064 *Her.* Againe. 2 *Trumpet.*  
 3065 *Her.* Againe. 3 *Trumpet.*  
 3066 *Trumpet answers within.*  
 3067 *Enter Edgar armed.*  
 3068 *Alb.* Aske him his purposes, why he appeares  
 3069 Vpon this Call o'th' Trumpet.  
 3070 *Her.* What are you?  
 3071 Your name, your quality, and why you answer  
 3072 This present Summons?  
 3073 *Edg.* Know my name is lost

3074 By Treasons tooth: bare- gnawne, and Canker- bit,  
 3075 Yet am I Noble as the Aduersary  
 3076 I come to cope.  
 3077 *Alb.* Which is that Aduersary?  
 3078 *Edg.* What's he that speakes for *Edmund* Earle of Glo-|(ster?  
 3079 *Bast.* Himselfe, what saist thou to him?  
 3080 *Edg.* Draw thy Sword,  
 3081 That if my speech offend a Noble heart,  
 3082 Thy arme may do thee Iustice, heere is mine:  
 3083 Behold it is my priuiledge,  
 3084 The priuiledge of mine Honours,  
 3085 My oath, and my profession. I protest,  
 3086 Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,  
 3087 Despise thy victor- Sword, and fire new Fortune,  
 3088 Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor:  
 3089 False to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,  
 3090 Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious Prince,  
 3091 And from th' extremest vpward of thy head,  
 3092 To the discent and dust below thy foote, [ss2v  
 3093 A most Toad- spotted Traitor. Say thou no,  
 3094 This Sword, this arme, and my best spirits are bent  
 3095 To proue vpon thy heart, where to I speake,  
 3096 Thou lyst.  
 3097 *Bast.* In wisdom I should aske thy name,  
 3098 But since thy out- side lookes so faire and Warlike,  
 3099 And that thy tongue (some say) of breeding breathes,  
 3100 What safe, and nicely I might well delay,  
 3101 By rule of Knight- hood, I disdain and spurne:  
 3102 Backe do I tosse these Treasons to thy head,  
 3103 With the hell- hated Lye, ore- whelme thy heart,  
 3104 Which for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,  
 3105 This Sword of mine shall giue them instant way,  
 3106 Where they shall rest for euer. Trumpets speake.  
 3107 *Alb.* Saue him, saue him. *Alarums. Fights.*  
 3108 *Gon.* This is practise *Gloster*,  
 3109 By th' law of Warre, thou wast not bound to answer  
 3110 An vnknowne opposite: thou art not vanquish'd,  
 3111 But cozend, and beguild.  
 3112 *Alb.* Shut your mouth Dame,  
 3113 Or with this paper shall I stop it: hold Sir,  
 3114 Thou worse then any name, reade thine owne euill:  
 3115 No tearing Lady, I perceiue you know it.  
 3116 *Gon.* Say if I do, the Lawes are mine not thine,  
 3117 Who can araigne me for't? *Exit.*  
 3118 *Alb.* Most monstrous! O, know'st thou this paper?  
 3119 *Bast.* Aske me not what I know.

3120 *Alb.* Go after her, she's desperate, gouerne her.  
 3121 *Bast.* What you haue charg'd me with,  
 3122 That haue I done,  
 3123 And more, much more, the time will bring it out.  
 3124 'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou  
 3125 That hast this Fortune on me? If thou'rt Noble,  
 3126 I do forgiue thee.  
 3127 *Edg.* Let's exchange charity:  
 3128 I am no lesse in blood then thou art *Edmond*,  
 3129 If more, the more th'hast wrong'd me.  
 3130 My name is *Edgar* and thy Fathers Sonne,  
 3131 The Gods are iust, and of our pleasant vices  
 3132 Make instruments to plague vs:  
 3133 The darke and vitious place where thee he got,  
 3134 Cost him his eyes.  
 3135 *Bast.* Th'hast spoken right, 'tis true,  
 3136 The Wheele is come full circle, I am heere.  
 3137 *Alb.* Me thought thy very gate did prophesie  
 3138 A Royall Noblenesse: I must embrace thee,  
 3139 Let sorrow split my heart, if euer I  
 3140 Did hate thee, or thy Father.  
 3141 *Edg.* Worthy Prince I know't.  
 3142 *Alb.* Where haue you hid your selfe?  
 3143 How haue you knowne the miseries of your Father?  
 3144 *Edg.* By nursing them my Lord. List a breefe tale,  
 3145 And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burst.  
 3146 The bloody proclamation to escape  
 3147 That follow'd me so neere, (O our liues sweetnesse,  
 3148 That we the paine of death would hourelly dye,  
 3149 Rather then die at once) taught me to shift  
 3150 Into a mad- mans rags, t' assume a semblance  
 3151 That very Dogges disdain'd: and in this habit  
 3152 Met I my Father with his bleeding Rings,  
 3153 Their precious Stones new lost: became his guide,  
 3154 Led him, begg'd for him, sau'd him from dispaire.  
 3155 Neuer (O fault) reueal'd my selfe vnto him,  
 3156 Vntill some halfe houre past when I was arm'd,  
 3157 Not sure, though hoping of this good successe,  
 3158 I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last  
 3159 Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart  
 3160 (Alacke too weake the conflict to support)  
 3161 Twixt two extremes of passion, ioy and greefe,  
 3162 Burst smilingly.  
 3163 *Bast.* This speech of yours hath mou'd me,  
 3164 And shall perchance do good, but speake you on,  
 3165 You looke as you had something more to say.

3166 *Alb.* If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,  
 3167 For I am almost ready to dissolue,  
 3168 Hearing of this.  
 3169 *Enter a Gentleman.*  
 3170 *Gen.* Helpe, helpe: O helpe.  
 3171 *Edg.* What kinde of helpe?  
 3172 *Alb.* Speake man.  
 3173 *Edg.* What meanes this bloody Knife?  
 3174 *Gen.* 'Tis hot, it smoakes, it came euen from the heart  
 3175 of— O she's dead.  
 3176 *Alb.* Who dead? Speake man.  
 3177 *Gen.* Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Sister  
 3178 By her is poyson'd: she confesses it.  
 3179 *Bast.* I was contracted to them both, all three  
 3180 Now marry in an instant.  
 3181 *Edg.* Here comes *Kent*.  
 3182 *Enter Kent.*  
 3183 *Alb.* Produce the bodies, be they aliue or dead;  
 3184 *Gonerill and Regans bodies brought out.*  
 3185 This iudgement of the Heauens that makes vs tremble.  
 3186 Touches vs not with pittie: O, is this he?  
 3187 The time will not allow the complement  
 3188 Which very manners vrges.  
 3189 *Kent.* I am come  
 3190 To bid my King and Master aye good night.  
 3191 Is he not here?  
 3192 *Alb.* Great thing of vs forgot,  
 3193 Speake *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia*?  
 3194 Seest thou this obiect *Kent*?  
 3195 *Kent.* Alacke, why thus?  
 3196 *Bast.* Yet *Edmund* was belou'd:  
 3197 The one the other poison'd for my sake,  
 3198 And after slew herselfe.  
 3199 *Alb.* Euen so: couer their faces.  
 3200 *Bast.* I pant for life: some good I meane to do  
 3201 Despight of mine owne Nature. Quickly send,  
 3202 (Be briefe in it) to'th' Castle, for my Writ  
 3203 Is on the life of *Lear*, and on *Cordelia*:  
 3204 Nay, send in time.  
 3205 *Alb.* Run, run, O run.  
 3206 *Edg.* To who my Lord? Who ha's the Office?  
 3207 Send thy token of repreeue.  
 3208 *Bast.* Well thought on, take my Sword,  
 3209 Giue it the Captaine.  
 3210 *Edg.* Hast thee for thy life.  
 3211 *Bast.* He hath Commission from thy Wife and me,

3212 To hang *Cordelia* in the prison, and  
 3213 To lay the blame vpon her owne dispaire,  
 3214 That she for- did her selfe.  
 3215 *Alb.* The Gods defend her, beare him hence awhile.  
 3216 *Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.*  
 3217 *Lear.* Howle, howle, howle: O you are men of stones,  
 3218 Had I your tongues and eyes, Il'd vse them so,  
 3219 That Heauens vault should crack: she's gone for euer.  
 3220 I know when one is dead, and when one liues,  
 3221 She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking- glasse, [ss3  
 3222 If that her breath will mist or staine the stone,  
 3223 Why then she liues.  
 3224 *Kent.* Is this the promis'd end?  
 3225 *Edg.* Or image of that horror.  
 3226 *Alb.* Fall and cease.  
 3227 *Lear.* This feather stirs, she liues: if it be so,  
 3228 It is a chance which do's redeeme all sorrowes  
 3229 That euer I haue felt.  
 3230 *Kent.* O my good Master.  
 3231 *Lear.* Prythee away.  
 3232 *Edg.* 'Tis Noble *Kent* your Friend.  
 3233 *Lear.* A plague vpon you Murderers, Traitors all,  
 3234 I might haue sau'd her, now she's gone for euer:  
 3235 *Cordelia, Cordelia,* stay a little. Ha:  
 3236 What is't thou saist? Her voice was euer soft,  
 3237 Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.  
 3238 I kill'd the Slaue that was a hanging thee.  
 3239 *Gent.* 'Tis true (my Lords) he did.  
 3240 *Lear.* Did I not fellow?  
 3241 I haue seene the day, with my good biting Faulchion  
 3242 I would haue made him skip: I am old now,  
 3243 And these same crosses spoile me. Who are you?  
 3244 Mine eyes are not o'th' best, Ile tell you straight.  
 3245 *Kent.* If Fortune brag of two, she lou'd and hated,  
 3246 One of them we behold.  
 3247 *Lear.* This is a dull sight, are you not *Kent*?  
 3248 *Kent.* The same: your Seruant *Kent*,  
 3249 Where is your Seruant *Caius*?  
 3250 *Lear.* He's a good fellow, I can tell you that,  
 3251 He'le strike and quickly too, he's dead and rotten.  
 3252 *Kent.* No my good Lord, I am the very man.  
 3253 *Lear.* Ile see that straight.  
 3254 *Kent.* That from your first of difference and decay,  
 3255 Haue follow'd your sad steps.  
 3256 *Lear.* You are welcome hither.  
 3257 *Kent.* Nor no man else:

3258 All's cheerlesse, darke, and deadly,  
 3259 Your eldest Daughters haue fore- done themselues,  
 3260 And desperately are dead  
 3261 *Lear.* I so I thinke.  
 3262 *Alb.* He knowes not what he saies, and vaine is it  
 3263 That we present vs to him.  
 3264 *Enter a Messenger.*  
 3265 *Edg.* Very bootlesse.  
 3266 *Mess.* *Edmund* is dead my Lord.  
 3267 *Alb.* That's but a trifle heere:  
 3268 You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,  
 3269 What comfort to this great decay may come,  
 3270 Shall be appli'd. For vs we will resigne,  
 3271 During the life of this old Maiesty  
 3272 To him our absolute power, you to your rights,  
 3273 With boote, and such addition as your Honours  
 3274 Haue more then merited. All Friends shall  
 3275 Taste the wages of their vertue, and all Foes  
 3276 The cup of their deseruings: O see, see.  
 3277 *Lear.* And my poore Foole is hang'd: no, no, no life?  
 3278 Why should a Dog, a Horse, a Rat haue life,  
 3279 And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,  
 3280 Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.  
 3281 Pray you vndo this Button. Thanke you Sir,  
 3282 Do you see this? Looke on her? Looke her lips,  
 3283 Looke there, looke there. *He dies.*  
 3284 *Edg.* He faints, my Lord, my Lord.  
 3285 *Kent.* Breake heart, I prythee breake.  
 3286 *Edg.* Looke vp my Lord.  
 3287 *Kent.* Vex not his ghost, O let him passe, he hates him,  
 3288 That would vpon the wracke of this tough world  
 3289 Stretch him out longer.  
 3290 *Edg.* He is gon indeed.  
 3291 *Kent.* The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long,  
 3292 He but vsurpt his life.  
 3293 *Alb.* Beare them from hence, our present busnesse  
 3294 Is generall woe: Friends of my soule, you twaine,  
 3295 Rule in this Realme, and the gor'd state sustaine.  
 3296 *Kent.* I haue a iourney Sir, shortly to go,  
 3297 My Master calls me, I must not say no.  
 3298 *Edg.* The waight of this sad time we must obey,  
 3299 Speake what we feele, not what we ought to say:  
 3300 The oldest hath borne most, we that are yong,  
 3301 Shall neuer see so much, nor liue so long.  
 3302 *Exeunt with a dead March.*

**FINIS.**

**3304 THE TRAGEDIE OF  
KING LEAR.**

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