THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmond.

Kent.

I Thought the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany,* then *Cornwall.*

Glou. It did alwayes seeme so to us: But now in the division of the Kingdome, it appeares not which of the Dukes hee valewes most, for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither, can make choise of eithers moity.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

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

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glou. Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could; whereupon she grew round womb'd, and had indeede (Sir) a Sonne for her Cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it, being so proper.

Glou. But I have a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some yeere elder then this; who, yet is not deerer in my account, though this Knave came something sawcily to the world before he was sent for: yet was his Mother fayre, there was good sport at his making, and the horson must be acknowledged. Doe you know this Noble Gentleman, *Edmund?*

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glou. My Lord of Kent:
Remember him heereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

Edm. My service to your Lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

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

Sennet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and attendants.

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

Glou. I shall, my Lord. *Exit.*

Lear. Meane time we shal expresse our darker purpose.
Give me the Map there. Know, that we have divided
In three our Kingdome: and 'tis our fast intent,
To shake all Cares and Businesse from our Age,
Conferring them on yonger strengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawle toward death. Our son of *Cornwal,*
And you our no lesse loving Sonne of *Albany,*

We have this houre a constant will to publish
Our daughters severall Dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The Princes, *France* & *Burgundy,*
Great Rivals in our yongest daughters love,
Long in our Court, have made their amorous sojourne,
And heere are to be answer'd. Tell me my daughters
(Since now we will divest us both of Rule,
Interest of Territoty, Cares of State)
Which of you shall we say doth love us most,
That we, our largest bountie may extend
Where Nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill,*
Our eldest borne, speake first.
Gir. Sir, I love you more then word can weilt [ye] matter,
Deerer then eye-sight, space, and libertie,
Beyond what can be valewed, rich or rare,
No lesse then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor;
As much as Childe ere lov'd, or Father found.
A love that makes breath poore, and speech unable,
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.
Cor. What shall *Cordelia* speake? Love and be silent.
Lear. Of all these bounds even from this Line, to this,
With shadowie Forrests, and with Champains rich'd
With plenteous Rivers, and wide-skirted Meades
We make thee Lady. To thine and *Albanies* issues
Be this perpetuall. What sayes our second Daughter?
Our deerest *Regan,* wife of *Cornwall?*
Reg. I am made of that selfe-mettle as my Sister,
And prize me at her worth, In my true heart,
I finde she names my very deede of love:
Onely she comes too short, that I professe
My selfe an enemy to all other joyes,
Which the most precious square of sense professes,
And finde I am alone felicitate
In your deere Highnesse love.
Cor. Then poore *Cordelia,*
And yet not so, since I am sure my love's
More ponderous then my tongue.
Lear. To thee, and thine hereditarie ever,
Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome,
No lesse in space, validitie, and pleasure
Then that conferr'd on *Gonerill.* Now our Joy,
Although our last and least; to whose yong love,
The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie,
Strive to be inteest. What can you say, to draw
A third, more opilent then your Sisters? speake.
Cor. Nothing my Lord.
Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, speake againe.
Cor. Unhappie that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth[.] I love your Majesty
According to my bond, no more nor lesse.
Lear. How, how *Cordelia?* Mend your speech a little,
Least you may marre your Fortunes.
Cor. Good my Lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me.
I returne those duties backe as are right fit,
Obey you, Love you, and most Honour you.
Why have my Sisters Husbands, if they say
They love you all? Happily when I shall wed,
That Lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Halfe my love with him, halfe my Care, and Dutie,
Sure I shall never marry like my Sisters.
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
Cor. I my good Lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender?
Cor. So young my Lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dowre:
For by the sacred radience of the Sunne,
The [miseries] of *Heccat* and the night:
By all the operation of the Orbes,
From whom we do exist; and cease to be,
Heere I disclaime all my Paternall care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous *Scythian,*
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosome
Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and releev'd
As thou my sometime Daughter.
Kent. Good my Liege.
Lear. Peace *Kent,*
Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath,
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. Hence and avoid my sight:
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her Fathers heart from her; call *France,* who stirres?
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall,* and *Albanie,*
With my two Daughters Dowres, digest the third,
Let pride, which she cals plannesse, marry her:
I doe invest you joyntly with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troope with Majesty. Our selfe by Monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turne, onely we shall retaine
The name, and all th'addition to a King: the Sway,
Revennew[,] Execution of the rest,
Beloved Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
This Coronet part betweene you.
Kent. Royall *Lear,*
Whom I have ever honor'd as my King,
Lov'd as my Father, as my Master follow'd,
As my great Patron thought on in my praiers.
Le. The bow is bent & drawne, make from the shaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forke invade
The region of my heart, be *Kent* unmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad, what wouldest thou do old man?
Think'st thou that dutie shall have dread to speake?
When power to flattery bowes?
To plainnesse honour's bound,
When Majesty falls to folly, reserve thy state,
And in thy best consideration checke

This hideous rashnesse, answere my life, my judgement:
Thy yongest Daughter do's not love thee least,
Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sounds
Reverbe no hollownesse.
Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as pawne
To wage against thine enemies, nere feare to loose it,
Thy safety being motive.
Lear. Out of my sight.
Kent. See better *Lear,* and let me still remaine
The true blanke of thine eie.
[*Kear*]. Now by *Apollo,*
[*Lent*]. Now by *Apollo,* King
Thou [swear.st] thy Gods in vaine.
Lear. O Vassall [!] Miscreant.
Alb. Cor. Deare Sir forbeare.
Kent. Kill thy Physition, and thy fee bestow
Upon the foule disease, revoke thy guift,
Or whil'st I can vent clamour from my throate,
Ile tell thee thou dost evill.
Lea. Heare me recreant, on thine allegeance heare me;
That thou hast sought to make us breake our vowes,
Which we durst never yet; and with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence[s,] and our power,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare;
Our potencie made good, take thy reward.
Five dayes we do allot thee for provision,
To shield thee from disasters of the world,
And on the sixt to turne thy hated backe
Upon our kingdome: if on the tenth day following,
Thy banisht trunke be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away. By *Jupiter,*
This shall not be revok'd,
Kent. Fare thee well King, sith thus thou wilt appeare,
Freedome lives hence, and banishment is here;
The Gods to their deere shelter take thee Maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said:
And your large speeches, may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love:
Thus *Kent,* O Princes, bids you all adew,
Hee'l shape his old course, in a Country new. *Exit.*

Flourish. Enter Gloster with France, and Burgundy, Attendants.

[*Cor.*] Heere's *France* and *Burgundy,* my Noble Lord.
Lear. My Lord of *Burgundie,*
We first addresse toward you, who with this King
Hath rivald for our Daughter; what in the least
Will you require in present Dower with her,
Or cease your quest of Love?
Bur. Most Royall Majesty,
I crave no more then hath your Highnesse offer'd,
Nor will you tender lesse?
Lear. Right Noble *Burgundy,*
When she was deare to us, we did hold her so,
But now her price has fallen: Sir, there she stands,
If ought within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,
Shee's there, and she is yours.
Bur. I know no answer.
Lear. Will you with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dow'rd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her or, leave her.

Ber. Par-

Bur. Pardon me Royall Sir,
Election makes not up in such conditions.
Le. Then leave her sir, for by the powre that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beseeh you
T'avert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whom Nature is asham'd
Almost t'acknowledge hers.
Fra. This is most strange,
That she whom even but now, was your object,
The argument of your praise, balme of your age,
The best, the deerest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour: sure her offence
Must be of such unnaturall degree,
That monsters it: Or your fore-voucht affection
Fall into taint, which to beleeve of her
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.
Cor. I yet beseech your Majesty.
If for I want that glib and oylie Art,
To speake and purpose not, since what I will intend,
Ile do't before I speake, that you make knowne
It is not vicious blot, murther, or foulenesse,
No unchaste action or dishonoured step
That hath depriv'd me of you Grace and favour,
But even for want of that, for which I am richer,
A still soliciting eye, and such a tongue,
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.
Lear. Better thou had'st
Not beene borne, then not [t have] pleas'd me better.
Fra. Is it but this? A tardinesse in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do: my Lord of *Burgundy,*
What say you to the Lady? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards, that stands
Aloofe from th'intire point, will you have her?
She is herselfe a Dowrie.
Bur. Royall King,
Give but that portion which your selfe propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutchesse of *Burgundie.*
Lear. Nothing, I have sworne, I am firme.
Bur, I am sorry then you have so lost a Father,
That you must loose a husband.
Cor. Peace be with *Burgundie,*
Since that respect and Fortunes are his love,
I shall not be his wife.
Fra. Fairest *Cordelia,* that art most rich being poore,
Most choise forsaken, and most lov'd despis'd,
Thee and thy vertues here I seize upon,
Be it lawfull I take up what's cast away.
Gods, Gods! 'Tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My Love shold kindle to enflam'd respect.
Thy dowrelesse Daughter King, throwne to my chance,
Is Queene of us, of ours, and our faire *France:*
Not all the Dukes of watrish *Burgundy,*
Can buy this unpriz'd precious Maid of me.
Bid them farewell *Cordelia,* though unkinde,
Thou loosest here a better where to finde.
Lear. Thou hast her *France,* let her be thine, for we
Have no such Daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers againe, therefore be gone,
Without our Grace, our Love, our Benizon:

Come Noble *Burgundie.* *Flourish.* *Exeunt.*
Fra. Bid farewell to your Sisters.
Cor. The Jewels of our Father, with wash'd eies
Cordelia leaves you, I know you what you are,
And like a Sister am most loth to call
Your faults as they are named. Love well our Father:
To your professed bosomes I commit him,
But yet alas, stood I within his Grace,
I would prefer him to a better place,
So farewell to you both.
Regn. Prescribe not us our dutie.
Gon. Let your study
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you
At Fortunes almes, you have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.
Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides,
Who covers faults, at last with shame derides:
Well may you prosper.
Fra. Come my faire *Cordelia.* *Exit France and Cor.*
Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say,
Of what most neerely appertaines to us both,
I thinke our Father will hence to night. (with us.
Reg. That's most certaine, and with you: next moneth
Gon. You see how full of changes his age is, the observation we have made of it hath beene little; he alwaies lov'd our Sister most, and with what poore judgement he hath now cast her off, appears too grossely.
Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath ever but slenderly knowne himselfe.
Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath bin but rash, then must we looke from his age, to receive not alone the imperfections of long ingraffed condition, but therewithall the unruly way-wardnesse, that infirme and cholericke yeares bring with them.
Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of *Kent's* banishment.
Gon. There is further complement of leave-taking betweene *France* and him, pray you let us sit together, if our Father carry authority with such disposition as he beares, this last surrender of his will but offend us.
Reg. We shall further thinke of it.
Gon. We must do something, and I'th'heate. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Thou Nature art my Goddesse, to thy Law
My services are bound, wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custome, and permit
The curiosity of Nations, to deprive me?
For that I am some twelve, or fourteene Moonshines
Lag of a Brother? Why Bastard? Wherefore base?
When my Dimensions are a well compact,
My minde as generous, and my shape as true
As honest Madams issue? Why brand they us
With Base? With basenes [Barstadie]? Base, Base?
Who in the lustie stealth of Nature, take
More composition, and fierce qualitie,
Then doth within a dull stale tyred bed
Goe to th'creating a whole tribe of Fops
Got 'tweene a sleepe, and wake? Well then,
Legitimate *Edgar,* I must have your land,
Our Fathers love, is to the Bastard *Edmund,*
As to th'legitimate: fine word: Legitimate.

Well, my Legittimate, if this Letter speed,
And my invention thrive, *Edmond* the base
Shall to'th'Legitimate: I grow, I prosper:
Now Gods, stand up for Bastards.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus? and France in choller parted?
And the King gone to night? Prescrib'd his powre,
Confin'd to exhibition? All this done
Upon the gad? *Edmond,* how now? What newes?

Bast. So please your Lordship, none.

Glou. Why so earnestly seeke you to put up [yt] Letter?

Bast. I know no newes, my Lord.

Glou. What paper were you reading?

Bast. Nothing my Lord.

Glou. No? what needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your Pocket? The quality of nothing, hath not such neede to hide it selfe. Let's see: come, if it bee nothing, I shall not need Spectacles.

Bast. I beseech you Sir, pardon mee; it is a Letter from my Brother, that I have not all ore-read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I finde it not fit for your ore-looking.

Glou. Give me the Letter, Sir.

Bast. I shall offend, either to detaine, or give it:
The Contents, as in part I understand them,
Are too blame.

Glou. Let's see, let's see.

Bast. I hope for my Brothers justification, hee wrote this but as an essay or taste of my Vertue.

Glou reads. This policie, and reverence of Age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times: keepes our Fortunes from us, till our oldnesse cannot rellish them. I begin to finde an idle and fond bondage, in the oppression of aged tyranny, who swayes not as it hath power, but as it is suffer'd. Come to me, that of this I may speake more. If our Father would sleepe till I wak'd him, you should enjoy halfe his Revennew for ever, and live the beloved of your Brother. Edgar.

Hum? Conspiracy? Sleepe till I wake him, you should enjoy halfe his Revennew: my Sonne *Edgar,* had hee a hand to write this? A heart and braine to breede it in? When came you to this? Who brought it?

Bast. It was not brought mee, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it throwne in at the Casement of my Closset.

Glou. You know the character to be your Brothers?

Bast. If the matter were good my Lord, I durst swear it were his: but in respect of that, I would faine thinke it were not.

Glou. It is his.

Bast. It is his hand, my Lord: but I hope his heart is not in the Contents.

Glo. Has he never before sounded you in this busines?

Bast. Never my Lord. But I have heard him oft maintaine it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers declin'd, the Father should be as Ward to the Son, and the Sonne manage his Revennew.

Glou. O Villain, villain: his very opinion in the Letter. Abhorred Villaine, unnaturall, detested, brutish Villaine; worse then brutish: Go sirrah, seeke him: Ile apprehend him. Abhominable Villaine, where is he?

Bast. I do not well know my L. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, til you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shold run a certaine course: where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your owne Honor, and shake in peeces, the heart of

his obedience. I dare pawne downe my life for him, that he hath writ this to seeke my affection to your Honor, & to no other pretence of danger.

Glou. Thinke you so?

Bast. If your Honor judge it meete, I will place you where you shall heare us conferre of this, and by an Auricular assurance have your satisfaction, and that without any further delay, then this very Evening.

Glou. He cannot bee such a Monster. *Edmond* seeke him out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the Businesse after your owne wisedome. I would unstate my selfe, to be in a due resolution.

Bast. I will seeke him Sir, presently: couvey the businesse as I shall find meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Glou. These late Eclipses in the Sun and Moone portend no good to us: though the wisedome of Nature can reason it this, and thus, yet Nature finds it selfe scourg'd by the frequent effects. Love cooles, friendship falls off, Brothers divide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, discord; in Pallaces, Treason; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt Sonne and Father. This villaine of mine comes under the prediction; there's Son against Father, the King fals from by as of Nature, there's Father against Childe. We have seene the best of our time. Machinations, hollownesse, treacherie, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our Graves. Find out this Villain *Edmond,* it shall lose thee nothing, do it carefully: and the Noble & true-harted Kent banish'd; his offence, honesty. 'Tis strange. *Exit*

Bast. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sicke in fortune, often the surfets of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our disasters, the Sun the Moone, and Starres, as if we were villaines on necessitie, Fooles by heavenly compulsion, Knaves, Theeves, and Treachers by Sphericall predominance. Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an inforc'd obedience of Planatary influence; and all that we are evill in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of Whore-master-man, to lay his Goatish disposition on the charge of a Starre. My father compounded with my mother under the Dragons taile, and my Nativity was under *Ursa Major,* so that it followes, I am rough and Leacherous. I should have bin that I am, had the maidenlest Starre in the Firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

Enter Edgar.

Pat: he comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comedie: my Cue is villanous Melancholly, with a sigh like *Tom* o'Bedlam--------O these Eclipses do portend these divisions. Fa, Sol, La, Me.

Edg. How now Brother *Edmond,* what serious contemplation are you in?

Bast. I am thinking Brother of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these Eclipses.

Edg. Do you busie your selfe with that?

Bast. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeede unhappily.

When saw you my Father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Bast. Spake you with him?

Edg. I, two houres together.

Bast. Parted you in good termes? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, nor countenance?

Edg. None at all,

Bast. Bethink your selfe wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbeare his presence, untill some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mis-

chiefe

chiefe of your person, it would scarsely alay.

Edg. Some Villaine hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my feare, I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower: and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to heare my Lord speake: pray ye goe, there's my key: if you do stirre abroad, goe arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, Brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best, I am no honest man, if ther be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seene, and heard: But faintly. Nothing like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.

Edg. Shall I heare fom you anon? *Exit.*

Edm. I do serve you in this businesse:
A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble,
Whose nature is so farr from doing harmes,
That he suspects none: on whose foolish honestie
My practises ride easie: I see the businesse.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit,
All with me's meete, that I can fashion fit. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gonerill, and Steward.

Gon. Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chiding of his Foole?

Ste. I Madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me, eveery howre
He flashes into one grosse crime, or other,
That sets us all at ods: Ile not endure it;
His Knights grow riotous, and himselfe upbraides us
On every trifle. When he returnes from hunting,
I will not speake with him, say I am sicke,
If you come slacke of former services,
You shall do well, the fault of it Ile answer.

Ste. He's coming Madam, I heare him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your Fellowes: I'de have it come to question;
If he distaste it, let him to my Sister.
Whose mind and mine I know in that are one,
Remember what I have said.

Ste. Well Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights have colder lookes among you: what growes of it no matter, advise your fellowes so, Ile write straight to my Sister to hold my course; prepare for dinner. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as will I other accents borrow,
That can my speech devise, my good intent
May carry through it selfe to that full issue
For which I raiz'd my likenesse. Now banisht *Kent.*
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy Master whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Hornes within. Enter Lear and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner, go get it ready: how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What dost thou professe? What would'st thou with us?

Kent. I do professe to be no lesse then I seeme; to serve him truly that will put me in trust, to love him that is honest, to converse with him that is wise and saies little, to feare judgement, to fight when I cannot choose, and to eate no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest hearted Fellow, and as poore as the King.

Lear. If thou be'st as poore for a subject, as hee's for a King, thou art poore enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Do'st thou know me fellow?

Kent. No Sir, but you have that in your countenance, which I would faine call Master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honest counsaile, ride, run, marre a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plaine message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me, is Dilligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young Sir to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dot on her for any thing, I have yeares on my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serve me, if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, dinner, where's my knave? my Foole? Go you and call my Foole hither. You you Sirrah, where's my Daughter?

Enter Steward.

Ste. So please you---------- *Exit.*

Lear. What saies the Fellow there? Call the Clotpole backe: wher's my Foole? Ho, I thinke the world's asleepe, how now? Where's that Mungrell?

Knigh. He saies my Lord, your Daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave backe to me when I call'd him?

Knigh. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner. he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my judgement your Highnesse is not entertain'd with that Ceremonious affection as you were wont, theres a great abatement of kindnesse appears as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also, and your Daughter.

Lear. Ha? Saist thou so?

Knigh. I beseech you pardon me my Lord, if I bee mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent, when I thinke your Highnesse wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembrest me of mine owne Conception, I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine owne jealous curiositie, then as a very pretence and purpose of unkindnesse; I will looke further intoo't: but where's my Foole? I have not seene him this two daies.

Knight. Since my young Ladies going into *France* Sir,

Sir, the Foole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well, goe you and tell my Daughter, I would speake with her. Goe you call hither my Foole; Oh you Sir, you, come you hither Sir, who amd I Sir?

Enter Steward.

Ste. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies Father? my Lords knave, you whorson dog, you slave, you curre.

Ste. I am none of these my Lord,
I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy lookes with me, you Rascall?

Ste. Ile not be strucken my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base Foot-ball plaier.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow.
Thou serv'st me, and Ile love thee.

Kent. Come sir, arise, away, Ile teach you differences: away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length again, tarry, but away, goe too, have you wisedome, so.

Lear. Now my friendly knave I thanke thee, there's earnest of thy service.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knave, how dost thou?

Foole. Sirrah, you were best take my Coxcombe.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foole. Why? for taking ones part that's out of favour, nay, & thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch colde shortly, there take my Coxcombe; why this fellow ha's banish'd two on's Daughters, and did the thrid a blessing against his will, if thou follow him, thou must needs weare my Coxcombe. How now Nunckle? would I had two Coxcombes and two Daughters.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'ld keepe my Coxcombes my selfe, ther's mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed Sirrah, the whip.

Foole. Truth's a dog must to kennell, hee must bee whipt out, when the Lady Brach may stant by'th'fire and stinke.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Foole. Sirha, Ile teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Foole. Marke it Nuncle;
Have more then thou showest,
Speake lesse then thou knowest,
Lend lesse then thou owest,
Ride more then thou goest,
Learne more then thou trowest,
Set lesse then thou throwest;
Leave thy drinke and thy whore,
And keepe in a dore,
And thou shalt have more,
Then two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing Foole.

Foole. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfeed Lawyer, you gave me nothing for't, can you make no use of nothing Nuncle?

Lear. Why no Boy.
Nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Prythee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleeve a Foole.

Lear. A bitter Foole.

Foole. Do'st thou know the difference my Boy, betweene a bitter Foole, and a sweet one.

Lear. No Lad, teach me.
Foole. Nunckle, give me an egger, and Ile give thee two Crownes.
Lear. What two Crownes shall they be?
Foole. Why after I have cut the egge i'th'middle and eate up the meate, the two Crownes of the egge: when thou clovest thy Crownes I'th'middle, and gav'st away both parts, thou boar'st thine Asse on thy backe o're the durt, thou had'st little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gav'st thy golden one away; if I speake like my selfe in this, let him be whipt that first findes it so.
Fooles had nere lesse grace in a yeere,
For wisemen are growne foppish,
And know not how their wits to weare,
Their manners are so apish.
Le. When were you wont to be so full of Songs sirrah?
Foole. I have used it Nunckle, ere since thou mad'st thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gav'st them the rod, and put'st downe thine owne breeches, then they
For sodaine joy did weepe,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a King should play bo-peepe,
And goe the Foole among.
Pry'thy Nunckle keepe a Schoolmaster that can teach thy Foole to lie, I would faine learne to lie.
Lear. And you lie sirrah, wee'l have you whipt.
Foole. I marvell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l have me whipt for speaking true: thou'lt have me whipt for lying, and sometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing then a foole, and yet I would not be thee Nunckle, thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing I'th'middle; heere comes one o'the parings.

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now Daughter? what makes that Frontlet on? You are too much of late i'th'frowne.
Foole. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning, now thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Foole, thou art nothing. Yes forsooth I will hold my tongue, so your face bids me, though you say nothing.
Mum, mum, he that keepes nor crust, not crum,
Weary of all, shall want some. That's a sheal'd Pescod.
Gon. Not only Sir this, your all-lycenc'd Foole,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourely Carpe and Quarrell; breaking forth
In ranke, and not to be endur'd) riots Sir.
I had thought by making this well knowne unto you,
To have found a safe redresse, but now grow fearefull
By what your selfe too late have spoke and done
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance, which if you should, the fault
Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleepe,
Which in the tender of a wholesome weale,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessitie
Will call discreet proceeding.
Foole. For you know Nunckle, the Hedge-Sparrow fed the Cuckoo so long, that it's had it head bit off by it young, so out went the Candle, and we were left darkling.
Lear. Are you our Daughter?
Gon. I would you would make use of your good wisedome
(Whereof I know you are fraught) and put away
These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

Foole. May

Foole. May not an Asse know, when the Cart drawes
the Horse?
Whoop Jugge I love thee.
Lear. Do's any heere know me?
This is not *Lear:*
Do's *Lear* walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his eies?
Either his Notion weakens, his Discernings
Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so?
Who is it that can tell me who I am?
Foole. Lears shadow.
Lear. Your name, faire Gentlewoman?
Gon. This admiration Sir, is much o'th'savour
Of other your new prankes. I do beseech you
To unerstand my purposes aright:
As you are Old, and Reverend, should be Wise.
Heere do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires,
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd, and bold,
That this our Court infected with their manners,
Shewes like a riotous Inne; Epicurisme and Lust
Makes it more like a Taverne, or a Brothell,
Then a grac'd Pallace. The shame it selfe doth speake
For instant remedy. Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begges,
A little to disquantity your Traine,
And the remainders that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your Age,
Which know themselves, and you.
Lear. Darknesse, and Divels.
Saddle my horses: call my Traine together.
Degenerate Bastard, Ile not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.
Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rable.
make Servants of their Betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents:
Is it your will, speake Sir? Prepare my Horses.
Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous when thou shew'dst thee in a Child,
Then the Sea-monster.
Alb. Pray Sir be patient.
Lear. Detested Kite, thou lyest.
My Traine are men of choice, and rarest parts,
That all particulars of dutie know,
And in the most exact regard, support
The worships of their name. O most small fault,
How ugly did'st thou in *Cordelia* shew?
Which like an Engine, wrencht my frame of Nature
From the fixt place: drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O *Lear, Lear, Lear*!
Beate at this gate that let thy Folly in,
And thy deere Judgement out. Go, go, my people.
Alb. My Lord, I am guiltlesse, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.
Lear. It may be so, my Lord.
Heare Nature, heare deere Goddesse, heare:
Suspend thy purpose, if thou did'st intend
To make this Creature fruitfull:
Into her Wombe convey stirrility,
Drie up in her the Organs of increase,
And from her derogate body, never spring
A Babe to honor her. If she must teeme,
Create her childe of Spleene, that it may live
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her.
Let it stampe wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent Teares fret Channels in her cheekes,

Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefits
To laughter, and contempt: That she may feele,
How sharper then a Serpents tooth it is,
To have a thankelesse Childe. Away, away. *Exit.*
Alb. Now Gods that we adore,
Whereof comes this?
Gon. Never afflict your selfe to know more of it:
But let his disposition have that scope
As dotage gives it.

Enter Lear.

Lear. What fiftie of my Followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?
Alb. What's the matter, Sir?
Lear. Ile tell thee:
Life an death, I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,
That these hot teares, which breake from me perforce
Should make thee worth them.
Blastes and Fogges upon thee:
Th'untented woundings of a Fathers curse
Pierce everie sense about thee. Old fond eyes,
Beweepe this cause againe, Ile plucke ye out,
And cast you with the waters that you loose
To temper Clay. Ha? Let it be so.
I have another daughter,
Who I am sure is kinde and comfortable:
When she shall heare this of thee, with her nailes
Shee'l flea thy Wolvish visage. Thou shalt finde,
That Ile resume the shape which thou dost thinke
I have cast off for ever. *Exit*
Gon. Do you marke that?
Alb. I cannot be so partiall *Gonerill,*
To the great love I beare you.
Gon. Pray you content. What *Oswald,* hoa?
You Sir, more Knave then Foole, after your Master.
Foole. Nunkle *Lear,* Nunkle *Lear,*
tarry, take the Foole with thee:
A Fox, when one has caught her,
And such a Daughter,
Should sure to the Shaughter,
If my Cap would buy a Halter,
So the Foole followes after. *Exit.*
Gon. This man hath had good Counsell,
A hundred Knights?
'Tis politike, and safe to let him keepe
At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on everie dreame,
Each buz, each fancie, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powres,
And hold our lives in mercy. *Oswald,* I say.
Alb. Well, you may feare too farre.
Gon. Safer then trust too farre;
Let me still take away the harmes I feare,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart,
What he hath utter'd I have writ my Sister:
If she sustaine him, and his hundred Knights
When I have shew'd th'unfitnesse.

Enter Steward.

How now *Oswald?*
What have you writ that Letter to my Sister?
Stew. I Madam.
Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse,
Informe her full of my particular feare,
And thereto adde such reasons of your owne,
As may compact it more. Get you gone,

And

And hasten your returne; no,no. my Lord,
This milky gentlenesse, and course of yours
Though I condemne not, yet under pardon
You are much more at task for want of wisedome,
Then prai'sd for harmefull mildnesse.
Alb. How farre your eies may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we marre what's well.
Gon. Nay then--------
Alb. Well, well, the 'vent. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole.

Lear. Go you before to *Gloster* with these Letters; acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter, if youy Dilligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.
Kent. I will not sleepe my Lord, till I have delivered your Letter. *Exit.*
Foole. If a mans braines were in's heeles, were not in danger of kybes?
Lear. I Boy.
Foole. Then I prythee be merry, thy with shall not go slip-shod.
Lear. Ha, ha, ha.
Fool. Shalt see thy other Daughter will use thee kindly, for though she's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.
Lear. What can'st tell Boy?
Foole. She will taste as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a Crab: thou canst tell why ones nose stands i'th'middle on's face?
Lear. No.
Foole. Why to keepe ones eyes of either side's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.
Lear. I did her wrong.
Foole. Canst tell how an Oyster makes his shell?
Lear. No.
Foole. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snaile ha's a house.
Lear. Why?
Foole. Why to put's head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his hornes without a case.
Lear. I will forget my Nature, so kind a Father? Be my Horses ready?
Foole. Thy Asses are gone about 'em; the reason why the seven Starres are no mo then seven, is a pretty reason.
Lear. Because they are not eight.
Foole. Yes indeed, thou would'st make a good Foole.
Lear. To tak't againe perforce; Monster Ingratitude!
Foole. If thou wert my Foole Nunckle, Il'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.
Lear. How's that?
Foole. Thou shouldst not have bin old, till thou hadst bin wise.
Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad sweet Heaven: Keepe me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are the Horses ready?
Gent. Ready my Lord.
Lear. Come Boy.

Fool. She that's a Maid now, & laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a Maid long, unlesse things be cut shorter.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Pria.

Enter Bastard, and Curan, severally.

Bast. Save the *Curan.*
Cur. And your Sir, I have bin
With your Father, and given him notice
That the Duke of *Cornwall,* and *Regan* his Duchesse
Will be here with him this night.
Bast. How comes that?
Cur. Nay I know not, you have heard of the newes a-
broad, I meane the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but
ear-kissing arguments.
Bast. Not I: pray you what are they?
Cur. Have you heard of no likely Warres toward,
'Twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall,* and *Albany?*
Bast. Not a word.
Cur. You may do then in time,
Fare you well Sir. *Exit.*
Bast. The Duke be here to night? The better best,
This weaves it selfe prrforce into my businesse,
My Father hath set guard to take my Brother,
And I have one thing of a queazie question
Which I must act, Briefenesse, and Fortune worke.
Enter Edgar.
Brother, a word, discend; Brother I say,
My Father watches: O Sir, fly this plae,
Intelligene is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night,
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of *Cornwall?*
Hee's comming hither, now i'th'night, i'th'haste,
And *Regan* with him, have you nothing said
Upon his partie 'gainst the Duke of *Albany?*
Advisd your selfe.
Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.
Bast. I heare my Father comming, pardon me:
In cunning, I must draw my Sword upon you:
Draw, seeme to defend your selfe,
Now quit you well.
Yeeld, come before my Father, light, hoa, here,
Fly Brother, Torches, Torches, so farewell.
Exit Edgar.
Some blood drawne on me would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeavour. I have seene drunkards
Do more then this in sport; Father, Father,
Stop, stop, no helpe?

Enter Gloster, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now *Edmund*, where's the villaine?
Bast. Here stood he in the dark, his sharpe Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charmes, conjuring the Moone
To stand auspicious Mistris.
Glo. But where is he?
Bast. Looke Sir, I bleed.
Glo. Where is the villaine, *Edmund?*
Bast. Fled this way Sir, when by no meanes he could.
Glo. Pursue him, ho: go after. By no meanes, what?
Bast. Perswade me to the murther of your Lordship.
Gainst,

But that I told him the revenging Gods,
'Gainst Paricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and strong a Bond
The Child was bound to'th'Father; Sir in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his unnaturall purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, latch'd mine arme;
And when he saw my best alarum'd spirits
Bold in the quarrels right, rouz'd to th'encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noyse I made,
Full sodainely he fled.
Glost. Let him fly farre;
Not in this Land shall he remaine uncaught
And found; dispatch, the Noble Duke my Master,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his authoritie I will proclaime it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thankes,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the stake:
He that conceales him death.
Bast. When I disswaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to doe it, with curst speech
I threatn'd to discover him; he replied,
Thou unpossessing Bastard, dost thou thinke
If I would stand against thee, would the reposall
Of any trust, vertue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No, what should I denie,
(As this I would, though thou didst produce
My very Character) I'ld turne it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practise:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potentiall spirits
To make thee seeke it. *Tucket within.*
Glo. O strange and fastned Villaine,
Would he deny his Letter, said he?
Harke, the Duke's Trumpets, I know not wher he comes;
All Ports Ile brre, the villaine shall not scape,
The Duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send farre and neere, that all the kingdome
May have due note of him, and of my land,
(Loyall and naturall Boy) Ile worke the meanes
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now my Noble friend, since I came hither
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard strangenesse.
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue th'offender; how dost my Lord?
Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.
Reg. What, did my Fathers Godsonne seeke your life?
He whom my Father nam'd, your *Edgar?*
Glo. O Lady, Lady, shame would have it hid.
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights
That tended upon my Father?
Glo. I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.
Bast. Yes Madam, he was of that consort.
Reg. No marvaile then, though he were ill affected,
'Tis they have put him on the old mans death,
To have th'expence and wast of his Revenues:
I have this present evening from my Sister
Beene well inform'd of them, and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourne at my house,
Ile not be there.
Cor. Nor I, assure thee *Regan;*

Endmond, I heare that you have shewne your Father
A Child-like Office.
Bast. It was my duty Sir.
Glo. He did bewray his practise, and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.
Cor. Is he pursued?
Glo. I my good Lord.
Cor. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpose,
How in my strength you please: for you *Edmond,*
Whose vertue and obedience doth this instant
So much command it selfe, you shall be ours,
Nature's of such deepe trust, we shall much need:
You we first seize on.
Bast. I shall seerve you Sir truly, how ever else.
Glo. For him I thanke your Grace.
Cor. You know not why we came to visit you?
Reg. Thus out of season, thredding darke ey'd night,
Occasions Noble *Gloster* of some prize,
Wherein we must have use of your advise.
Our Father he hath writ, so hath our Sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answere from our home: the severall Messengers
From hence attend dispatch, our good old Friend,
Lay comforts to your bosome, and bestow
Your needfull counsaile to our businesses,
Which craves the instant use.
Glo. I serve you Madam,
Your Graces are right welcome. *Exeunt. Flourish.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Kent, and Steward severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee Friend, art of this house?
Kent. I.
Stew. Where may we set our horses?
Kent. I'th'myre.
Stew. Prythee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.
Kent. I love thee not.
Ste. Why then I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold, I would make
thee care for me.
Ste. Why do'st thou use me thus? I know thee not.
Kent. Fellow I know thee.
Ste. What do'st thou know me for?
Kent. A Knave, a Rascall, an eater of broken meates, a
base, proud, shallow, beggerly, three-suited-hundred
pound, filthy woosted-stocking knave, a Lilly-livered,
action-taking, whoreson glasse-gazing super-serviceable
[finicall] Rogue, one Trunke-inheriting slave, one that
would'st be a Baud in way of good service, and art no-
thing but the composition of a Knave, Begger, Coward,
Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrill Bitch,
one whom I will beate into clamours whining, if thou
deny'st the least sillable of thy addition.
Stew. Why, what a monstrous Fellow art thou, thus
to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor
knowes thee?
Kent. What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny
thou knowest me? Is it two dayes since I tript up thy
heeles, and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue,
for

For though it be night, yet the Moone shines, Ile make a
sop oth' Moonshine of your, you whoreson Cullyenly
Barber-monger, draw.
Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.
Kent. Draw you Rascall, you come with Letters a-
gainst the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part, a-
gainst the Royaltie of her Father: draw you Rogue, or
Ile so carbonado your shanks, draw you Rascall, come
your waies.
Ste. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.
Kent. Strike you slave: stand rogue, stand you neat
slave, strike.
Stew. Helpe ha, murther, murther.

Enter Bastard, Cornewall, Regan, Gloster, Servants.

Bast. How now, what's the matter? Part.
Kent. With you goodman Boy, if you please, come,
Ile flesh ye, come on yong Master.
Glo. Weapons? Armes? what's the matter here?
Cor. Keepe peace upon your lives, he dies that strikes
againe, what is the matter?
Reg. The Messengers from our Sister, and the King?
Cor. What is your difference, speake?
Stew. I am scarce in breath my Lord.
Kent. No Marvell, you have so bestir'd your valour,
you cowardly Rascall, nature disclaimes in thee: a Taylor
made thee.
Cor. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man?
Kent. A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could
not have made him so ill, though they had bin but two
yeares oth'trade.
Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?
*Ste.*This anciant Ruffian Sir, whose life I have spar'd
at sute of his gray-beard.
Kent. Thou whoreson Zed, thou unnecessary letter:
my Lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this un-
boulted villaine into mortar, and daube the wall of a
Jakes with him. Spare my gray-beard, you wagtaile?
Cor. Peace sirrah,
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?
Kent. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priviledge.
Cor. Why art thou angrie?
Kent. That such a slave as this should weare a Sword,
Who weares no honsety: such smiling rogues as these,
Like Rats oft bite the holy cords a twaine,
Which are t'intrince, t'unloose: smooth every passion
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,
Being oile to fire, snow to the colder moodes,
Revenge, affirme, and turne their Halcion beakes
With every gall, and varry of their Masters,
Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:
A plague upon your Epilepticke visage,
Smoile you my speeches, as I were a Foole?
Goose, if I have you upon *Sarum* Plaine,
I'ld drive ye cackling home to *Camelot.*
Corn. What art thou mad old Fellow?
Glost. How fell you out, say that?
Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then I, and such a knave.
Corn. Why do'st thou call him Knave?
What is his fault?
Kent. His countenance likes me not.
Cor. No more perhance do's mine, nor his, nor hers.
Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine,
I have seene better faces in my time,

Then stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me, at this instant.
Corn. This is some Fellow,
Who having beene prais'd for bluntnesse, doth affect
A saucy roughnes, and constraines the garb
Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he,
An honest mind and plaine, he must speake truth,
And they will take it so, if not, hee's plaine.
These kind of Knaves I know, which in this plainnesse
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Then twenty silly-ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.
Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Under the'allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence like the wreath of radient fire
On flicking *Phoebus* front.
Corn. What mean'st by this?
Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discom-
mend so much; I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that be-
guild you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knave, which
for my part I will not be, though I should win your
displeasure to entreat me too't
Corn. What was th'offence you gave him?
Ste. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the King his Master very late
To strike at me upon his misconstruction,
When he compact, and flattering his displeasure
Tript me behind: being downe, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deale of Man,
That worthied him, got praises of the King,
For him attempting, who was selfe-subdued,
And in the fleshment of this dead exploit,
Drew on me here againe.
Kent. None of these Rogues and Cowards
But *Ajax* is there Foole.
Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks?
You stubborne ancient Knave, you reverent Bragart,
Wee'l teach you.
Kent. Sir, I am too old to learne:
Call not your Stocks for me, I serve the King.
On whose imployment I was sent to you,
You shall doe small respect, show too bold malice
Against the Grace, and Person of my Master,
Stocking his Messenger.
Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks;
As I have life and Honour, there shall he sit till Noone.
Reg. Till noone? till night my Lord, and all night too.
Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,
You should not use me so.
Reg. Sir, being his Knave, I will. *Stocks brought out.*
Cor. this is a Fellow of the selfe same colour,
Our Sister speakes of. Come, bring away the Stocks.
Glo. Let me beseech your Grace, not to do so,
The King his Master, needs must take it ill
That he so slightly valued in his Messenger,
Should have him thus restrained.
Cor. Ile answere that.
Reg. My Sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted.
Corn. Come my Lord, away. *Exit.*
Glo. I am sorry for thee friend, 'tis the Duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition all the world well knowes
Will not be rub'd nor stopt, Ile entreat for thee.
Kent. Pray do not Sir, I have watch'd and travail'd hard,
Some time I shall sleepe out, the rest Ile whistle:
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles:

Give

Give you good morrow.
Glo. The Duke's too blame in this,
'Twill be ill taken. *Exit.*
Kent. Good King, that must approve the common saw,
Thou out of Heavens benediction com'st
To the warme Sun.
Approach thou Beacon to this under Globe,
That by thy comfortable Beames I may
Peruse this Letter. Nothing almost sees miracles
But miserie. I know 'tis from *Cordelia,*
Who hath most fortunately beene inform'd
Of my obscured course. And shall finde time
From this enormous State, seeking to give
Losses their remedies. All weary and o're-watch'd,
Take vantage heavie eyes, not to behold
This shamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight,
Smile once more, turne thy wheele.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard my selfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place
That guard, and most unusall vigilance
Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape
I will preserve myselfe: and I am bethought
To take the basest, and most poorest shape
That ever penury in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beast; my face Ile grime with filth,
Blanket my loines, else all my haires in knots,
And with presented nakednesse out-face
The Windes, and persecutions of the skie;
The Country gives me proofe, and president
of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices,
Strike in their num'd and mortified Armes,
Pins, Wodden-prickes, Nayles, Sprigs of Rosmarie:
And with this horrible object, from low Farmes,
Poour pelting Villages, Sheeps-Coates, and Milles,
Sometimes with Lunaticke bans, sometime with Praiers
Inforce their charitie: poore *Turlygod,* poore *Tom,*
That's something yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit.*

Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman.

Lea. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send backe my Messengers.
Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before, there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.
Kent. Haile to thee Noble Master.
Lear. Ha? Mak'st thou this shame [ahy] pastime?
Kent. No my Lord.
Foole. Hah, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horses are
tide by the heads, Dogges and Beares, by th'necke,
Monkies by'th'loynes, and Men by'th'legs: when a man
overlustie at legs, then he weares wodden nether-stocks.
Lear. What's he,
Tht hath so much thy place mistooke
To set thee heere?
Kent. It is both he and she,
Your Son, and Daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No I say.
Kent. I say yea.
Lear. By *Jupiter* I sweare no.

Kent. By *Juno,* I sweare I.
Lear. They durst not do't:
They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse then murther,
To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me with all modest haste, which way
Tou might'st deserve, or they impose this usage,
Comming from us.
Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highnesse Letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place, that shewed
My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Poste,
Stew'd in his haste, halfe breatlesse, painting forth
From *Gonerill* his Mistris, salutations;
Deliver'd Letters spight of intermission,
Which presently they read; on those contents
They summon'd up their meiney, straight tooke Horse,
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer, gave me cold lookes,
And meeting heere the other Messenger,
Whose welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Displaid so sawcily against your Highnesse,
Havingmore man then wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the house, with loud and coward cries,
Your Sonne and Daughter found this trespasse worth
The shame which heere it suffers. (way,
Foole. Winters not gon yet, if the wil'd Geese fly that
Fathers that weare rags, do make their Children blind,
But Fathers that beare bags, shall see their children kind.
Fortune that arrant whore, nere turns the key toth' poore.
But for all this thou shalt have as many Dolors for thy
Daughters, as thou canst tell in a yeare.
Lear. Oh how this [Mother] swels up toward my heart!
Historica passio, downe thou climing sorrow,
Thy Elements below[ ] where is this Daughter?
Kent. With the Earle Sir, here within.
Lear. Follow me not, stay here. *Exit.*
Gent. Made you no more offence,
But what you speake of?
Kent. None:
How chance the [the] King comes with so small a number?
Foole. And thou hadst beene set i'th'Stockes for that
question, thoud'st well deserv'd it.
Kent. Why Foole?
Foole. Wee'l set the to schoole to an Ant, to teach
thee there's no labouring i'th'winter. All that follow their
noses, are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's
not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stink-
ing; let go thy hold, when a great wheele runs downe a
hill, least it breake thy necke with following. But the
great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after:
when a wise man gives thee better counsell give me mine
again, I would [hause] none but knaves follow it, since a
Foole gives it.
That Sir, which serves and seekes for gaine,
And followes but for forme;
Will packe, when it begins to raine,
And leave thee in the storme.
But I will tarry, the Foole will stay,
And let the wiseman flie:
The knave turnes Foole that runnes away,
The Foole no knave perdie.

Enter Lear, and Gloster:

Kent. Where learn'd you this Foole?
Foole. Not I'th'Stocks Foole.

Lear. Deny to speake with me?
They are sicke, they are weary,
They have travail'd all the night? meere fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.
Glo. My deere Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How unremoveable and fixt he is
In his owne course.
Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confusion:
Fiery? What quality? Why *Gloster, Gloster,*
I'ld speak with the Duke of *Cornwall*, and his wife.
Glo. Well my good Lord, I have inform'd them so.
Lear. Inform'd them? Do'st thou understand me man.
Glo. I my good Lord.
Lear. The King would speake with *Cornwall,*
The deere Father
Would with his Daughter speake, commands, tends, ser-
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood: (vice,
Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that---------
No, but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound, we are not our selves,
When Nature being opprest, commands the mind
To suffer with the body; Ile forbeare,
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit,
For the sound man. Death on my state: wherefore
Should he sit heere? This act perswades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practise only. Give me my Servant forth;
Goe tell the Duke, and's wife, Il'd speake with them:
Now, presently: bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their Chamber doore Ile beate the Drum,
Till it crie sleepe to death.
Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. *Exit.*
Lear. Oh me my heart! My rising heart! But downe.
Foole. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney did to the
Eeles, when she put 'em I'th'Paste alive, she knapt 'em
o'th'coxcombs with a sticke, and cryed downe wantons,
downe; 'twas her Brother, that in pure kindnesse to his
Horse buttered his Hay.

Enter Cornewall, Regan, Gloster, Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Corn. Haile to your Grace. *Kent here set at Liberty.*
Reg. I am glad to see your Highnesse.
Lear. Regan, I thinke your are. I know what reason
I have to thinke so, if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy Mother Tombe,
Sepulchring an Adultresse. O are your free?
Some other time for that. Beloved *Regan,*
Thy Sisters naught: oh *Regan,* she hath tied
Sharpe-tooth'd unkindnesse, like a vulture heere,
I can scarce speake to thee, thou'lt not beleeve
With how deprav'd a quality. Oh *Regan,*
Reg. I pray you Sir, take patience, I have hope
You lesse know how to value her desert,
Then she to scant her dutie.
Lear. Say? How is that?
Reg. I cannot thinke my Sister in the least
Would faile her Obligation. If Sir perchance
She have restrained the Riots of your Followres,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As cleeres her from all blame.
Lear. My curses on her.

Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you stands on the very Verge
Of his confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discernes your state
Better then you your selfe: therefore I pray you,
That to our Sister, you do make returne,
Say you have wrong'd her.
Lear. Aske her forgivenesse?
Do you but marke how this becomes the house?
Deere daughter, I confesse that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I begge,
That you'l vouchsafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food.
Reg. Good Sir, no more: these are unsightly trickes:
Returne you to my Sister.
Lear. Never *Regan:*
She hath abated me of halfe my Traine;
Look'd blacke upon me, strooke me with her Tongue
Most Serpent-like, upon the very Heart.
All the stor'd Vengeances of Heaven, fall
On her ingratefull top: strike her yong bones
You taking Ayres, with Lamenesse.
Corn. Fye sir, fie.
Le. You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornfull eyes: Infect her Beauty,
You Fen-suck'd Fogges, drawne by the powrfull Sunne,
To fall, and blister.
Reg. O the blest Gods!
So will you wish on me, when the rash moode is on.
Lear. No *Regan,* thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy tender-hefted Nature shall not give
Thee o're to harshnesse: Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burne. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasure, to cut off my Traine,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my comming in. Thou better know'st
The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,
Effects of Curtesie, dues of Gratitude:
Thy halfe o'th'Kingdome hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.
Reg. Good Sir, to'th'purpose. *Tucket within.*
Lear. Who put my man i'th'Stockes?
Enter Steward.
Corn. What Trumpet's tht?
Reg. I know't, my Sisters: this appreoves her Letter,
That she would soone be heere. Is your Lady come?
Lear. This is a Slave, whose easie borrowed pride
Dwels in the sickly grace of her he followes.
Out Varlet, from my sight.
Corn. What meanes your Grace?
Enter Gonerill.
Lear. Who stockt my Servant? *Regan,* I have good hope
Thou did'st not know on't.
Who comes here? O Heavens!
If you do love old men; if your sweet sway
Allow Obedience; if you your selves are old,
Make it your cause: Send downe, and take my part.
Art not asham'd to looke upon this Beard?
O *Regan.* will you take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by'th'hand Sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion findes,
And dotage termes so.
Lear. O sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?
How came my man I'th'Stockes?
Corn. I set him there, Sir: but his owne Disorders
Deserv'd

Deserv'd much lesse advancement.
Lear. You? Did you?
Reg. I pray you Father being weake, seeme so.
If till the expiration of your Moneth
You will returne and sojourne with my Sister,
Dismissing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needfull for your entertainment.
Lear. Returne to her? and fifty men dismis'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofes, and chuse
To wage against the enmity oth'ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle,
Necessities sharpe pinch. Returne with her?
Why the hot-blooded *France,* that dowerlesse tooke
Our yongest borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like pension beg,
To keepe base life a foote; returne with her?
Perswade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groome.
Gon. At your choice Sir.
Lear. I prythee Daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my Child; fare well:
Wee'l no more meete, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my Daughter,
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a Byle,
A plague fore, or imbossed Carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But Ile not chide thee.
Let shame come when it will , I do not call it,
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shoote,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging *Jove.*
Mend when thou can'st, be better at thy leisure,
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan,*
I and my hundred Knights.
Reg. Not altogether so,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome, give care Sir to my Sister,
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to thinke you old, and so,
But she knowes what she doe's.
Lear. Is this well spoken?
Reg. I dare avouch it Sir, what fifty Followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? Sith that both charge and danger,
Speake 'gainst so great a nimber? How in one house
Should many people, under two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.
Gon. Why might not you my Lord, receive attendance
From those that she cals Servants, or from mine?
Reg. Why not my Lord?
If then they chanc'd to slack ye,
We could comptroll them; yf you will come to me,
(For now I spie a danger) I entreate you
To bring but five and twanty, to no more
Will I give place or notice.
Lear. I gave you all.
Reg. And in good time you gave it.
Lear. Made you my Guardians, my Depositaries,
But kept a resevation to be followed
With such a number? What, must I come to you
With five and twenty? *Regan,*said you so?
Reg. And speak't againe my Lord, no more with me.
Lea. Those wicked Creatures yet do look wel favor'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worst
Stands in some ranke of praise, Ile go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,

And thou art twice her Love.
Gon. Heare me my Lord;
What need you five and twenty? Ten? Or give?
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What need one?
Lear. O reason not the need: our basest Beggers
Are in the poorest thing superfluous,
Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs:
Mans life is cheape as Beastes. Thou art a Lady;
If onely to go warme were gorgeous,
Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keepes thee warme, but for true need:
You Heavens, give me that patience, patience I need;
You see me heere (you Gods) a poore old man,
As full of griefe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that stirres these Daughters hearts
Against their Father, foole me not so much,
To beare it tamely: touch me with Noble anger,
And let not wpmens weapons, water drops,
Staine my mans cheekes. No you unnaturall Hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall-------I will do such things,
What they are yet, I know not, but they shalbe
The terrors of the earth? you thinke Ile, weepe,
No, Ile not weepe, I have full cause of weeping,
Storme and Tempest.
But this heart shall break into a hundred thousand flawes
Or ere Ile weepe; O Foole, I shall go mad[s]. *Exeunt.*
Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a Storme.
Reg. This house is little, the old man an'ds people,
Cannot be well bestow'd.
Gon. 'Tis his owne blame hath put himselfe from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.
Reg. For his particular, Ile reeive him gladly,
But not one follower.
Gon. So am I purpos'd,
Where is my Lord of *Gloster?*
Enter Gloster.
Corn. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.
Glo. The King is in high rage.
Corn. Whether is he going?
Glo. He cals to Horse, but will I know not whether.
Corn. 'Tis best to give him way, he leads himselfe.
Gon. My Lord, entreate him by no meanes to stay.
Glo. Alacke the night comes on, and the high windes
Do sorely ruffle, for many Miles about
There's scarce a Bush.
Reg. O Sir, to wilfull men,
The injuries that they themselves procure,
Must be their Schoole-Masters: shut up your doores,
He is attended with a desperate traine,
And what they may incense him too, being apt,
To have his eare abus'd, wisedome bids feare.
Cor. Shut up your doores my Lord, 'tis a wil'd night,
My *Regan* counsels well: come out oth'storme. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. *Scena Prima*

Storme still. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, severally,

Kent. Who's there besides foule weather?
Gen. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you: Where's the King?
Gent. Contending with the fretfull Elements;
Bids the wind blow the Earth into the Sea,
Or swell the curled Waters 'bove the Maine,
That things might change, or cease.
Kent. But who is with him?
Gent. None but the Foole, who labours to out-jest
His heart-strooke injuries.
Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare upon the warrant of my note
Commend a deere thing to you. There is division
(Although as yet the face of it is coveer'd
With mutuall cunning) 'twixt Albany, and Cornwall:
Who have, as who have not, that their great Starres
Thron'd and set high; Servants, who seeme no lesse,
Which are to France the Spies and Specuations
Intelligent of our State. What hath bin seene,
Either in snuffes, and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne
Against the old kinde King; or something deeper,
Whereof (perchange) these are but furnishings.
Gent. I will talke further with you.
Kent. No, do not:
For confirmation that I am much more
Then my out-wall; open this Purse,and take
What it containes. If you shall see *Cordelia,*
(As feare not but you shall) shew her this Ring,
And she will tell you who that Fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fye on this Storme,
I will go seeke the King.
Gent. Give me your hand,
Have you no more to say?
Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet;
That when we have found the King, in which your pain
That way, Ile this: He that first lights on him,
Holla the other. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Storme still. *Enter Lear, and Foole.*

Lear. Blow windes, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow
You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout,
Till you have drench'd our Steeples, 'drown the Cockes.
You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,
Vaunt-curriors of Oake-cleaving Thunder-bolts,
Sindge my white head. And thou all-shaking Thunder,
Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th'world,
Cracke Natures moulds, all germaines spill at once
That makes ingratefull Man.
Foole. O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry house, is
better then this Rain-water out o'doore. Good Nunkle,
in, aske thy Daughters blessing, heere's a night pitties
neither Wisemen, nor Fooles.
Lear. Rumble thy belly full: spit Fire, spowt Raine:
Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
I taxe not you, you Elements with unkindnesse.
I never gave you Kingdome, call'd you Children;
You owe me no subsription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Heere I stand your Slave,
A poore, infirme, weake, and despis' old man:
But yet I call you Servile Ministers,
That will with two pernicious Daughters joyne
Your high-engender'd Battailes, 'gainst a head

So old, and white as this. O, ho! ‘tis foule.
Foole. He that has a house to put’s head in, has a good Head-peece:
The Codpiece that will house, before the head has any;
The Head, and he shall Lowse: so Beggers marry many.
The man [yt] makes his Toe, what he his Hart shold make,
Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turne his sleepe to wake.
For there was never yet fair woman, but shee made mouthes in a glasse.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patience,
I will say nothing.
Kent. Who’s there?
Foole. Marry here’s Grace, and a Codpiece, that’s a Wiseman, and a Foole.
Kent. Alas Sir are you here? Things that love night,
Love not such nights as these: The wrathfull Skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the darke
And make them keepe their Caves: Since I was man,
Such sheets of Fire, such bursts of horrid Thunder,
Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I never
Remember to have heard. Mans Nature cannot carry
Th’affliction, nor the feare.
Lear. Let the grat Goddes
That keepe this dreadfull pudder o’re our heads,
Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged Crimes
Unwhipt of Justice. Hide thee, thou Bloudy hand;
Thou Perjur’d, and thou Simular of Vertue
That art Incestuous. Caytiffe, to peeces shake
That under covert, and convenient seeming
Ha’s practis’d on mans life. Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing Continents, and cry
These dreadfull Summoners grace, I am a man,
More sinn’d against, then sinning.
Kent. Alacke, bare-headed?
Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Hovell,
Some friendship will it lend you ‘gainst the Tempest:
Repose you there, while I to this hard house,
(More harder then the stones whereof ‘tis rais’d,
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny’d me to come in) returne, and force
Their scanted curtesie.
Lear. My wits begin to turne.
Come on my boy. How dost my boy? Art cold?
I am cold my selfe. Where is this straw, my Fellow?
The Art of our Necessities is strange,
And can make vilde things precious. Come, your Hovel;
Poore Foole, and Knave, I have one part in my heart
That’s sorry yet for thee.
Foole. He that has and a little-tyne wit,
With heigh-ho, the Winde and the Raine,
Must make content with his Fortunes fit,
Though the Raine it raineth every day.
Le. True Boy: Come bring us to this Hovell. *Exit.*
Foole. This is a brave night to coole a Curtizan:
Ile speakd a Prophesie ere I go:
When Priests are mor in word, then matter;
When Brewers marre their Malt with water;
When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors,
No Heretiques burn’d, but wenches Sutors;
When every Case in Law, is right;
No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;
When Slanders do not live in Tongues;
Nor Cut-purses come not to throngs;
When Usurers tell their Gold I’th’Field,

And

And Baudes, and whores, do Churches build,
Then shal the Realme of *Albion*, come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shalbe us'd with feet. (time.
This prophecie *Merlin* shall make, for I live before his
Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gloster, and Edmund.

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

Bast. Most strange and unnaturall.

Glo. Go too; say you nothing. There is division betweene the Dukes, and a worse matter then that: I have received a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken, I have lock'd the Letter in my Closset, these injuries the King now beares, will be revenged home; there is part of a Power already footed, we must incline to the King, I will looke him, and privily relieve him; goe you and maintaine talke with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceived; If he aske for me, I am ill, and gone to bed, if I die for it, (as no lesse is threatened me) the King my old Master must be relieved. there is strange things toward *Edmund,* pray you be carefull. *Exit.*

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

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

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

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord enter heere.

Lear. Wilt breake my heart?

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

Lear. thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious
Invades us to the skin so : tis to thee, (storme
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a Beare,
But if they flight lay toward the roaring Sea,
Thou'dst meet the Beare i'th'mouth, when the mind's
The bodies delicate: the tempest in my mind, free,
Doth from my sences take all feeling else.
Save what beates there, Filliall ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand
For lifting food too't? But I will punish home;
No, I will weepe no more; in such a night,

To shut me out? Poure on, I will endure:
In such a night as this? O *Regan, Gonerill.*
Your old kind Father, whose franke heart gave all,
O that way madnesse lies, let me shun that:
No more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter here.

Lear. Prythee go in thy selfe, seeke thine owne ease,
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but Ile goe in,
In Boy, go first. You houselesse povertie, *Exit..*
Nay get thee in; Ile pray, and then Ile sleepe.
Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pittilesse storme,
How shall your House-lesse heads, and unfed sides,
Your lop'd, and window'd raggednesse defend you
From seasoons such as these? O I have tane
Too little care of this: Take Physicke, Pompe,
Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele,
Tht thou maist shake the superflux to them,
And shew the Heavens more just.

Enter Edgar and Foole.

Edg. Fathom, and halfe, Fathom and halfe, poore *Tom.*

Foole. Come not in heere Nuncle, here's a spirit, help me, helpe me.

Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there?

Foole. A spirite, a spirite, he sayes his name's poore *Tom.*

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there I'th' straw? Come forth.

Edg. Away, the foule Fiend followes me, through the sharpe Hauthorne blow the windes. Humh, goe to thy bed and warme thee.

Lear. Did'st thou give all to thy Daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edgar. Who gives any thing to poore *Tom?* Whom the foule fiend hath led [though] Fire, and through Flame, through Sword, and Whirle-Poole, o're Bog, and Quag-mire, that hath laid Knives under his Pillow, and Halters in his Pue, set Rats-bane by his Porredge, made him Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting Horse, over foure [incht] Bridges, to course his owne shadow for a Traitor. Blisse thy five Wits, *Toms* a cold. O do, de, do, de, do de, blisse thee from Whirle-Windes, Starre-blasting, and ta-king, do poore *Tom* some charitie, whom the foule Fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and there againe, and there. *Storme still.*

Lear. Ha's his Daughters brought him to this passe? Could'st thou save nothing? Would'st thou give 'em all?

Foole. Nay, he reserv'd a Blanket, else we had bin all sham'd.

Lea. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre Hang fated o're mens faults, light on thy Daughters.

Kent. He hath no Daughters Sir.

Lear. Death Traitor, nothing could have subdu'd
To such a lownesse, but his unkind Daughters. (Nature
It is the fashion, that discarded Fathers,
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh:
Judicious punishment, 'twas this flesh begot
Those Pelicane Daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock hill, alow: alow, loo, loo.

Foole. This cold night will turne us all to Fooles, and Madmen.

Edgar. Take heed o'th'fould Fiend, obey thy Pa-rents, keepe thy words Justice, sweare not, commit not,

With mans sworne Spouse: set not thy Sweet-heart on proud array. *Tom's* a cold.

Lear. What hast thou bin?

Edg. A Servingman? Proud in heart, and minde; that curl'd my haire, wore Gloves in my cap; serv'd the Lust of my Mistris heart, and did the acte of darkenesse with her. Swore as many Oathes, as I spake words, & broke them in the sweet face of Heaven. One, that slept in the contriving of Lust, and wak'd to doe it. Wine lov'd I deerely, Dice deerely; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd the Turke. False of heart, light of eare, bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, Foxe in stealth, Wolfe in greedinesse. Dog in madnes, Lyon in prey. Let not the creaking of shooes, Nor the rustling of Silkes, betray thy poore heart to women. Keepe thy foote out of Brothels, thy hand out of Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and defye the foule Fiend. Still through the Hauthorne blowes the cold winde: Sayes fuum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy *Sefey:* let him trot by. *Storme still.*

Lear. Thou wert better in a Grave, then to answere with thy uncover'd body, this extremitie of the Skies. Is man no more then this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the Worme no Silke; the Beast, no Hide; the Sheepe, no Wooll, the Cat, no perfume. Ha? Here's three on's are sophisticated. Thou art the thing it selfe; unaccommodated man, is no more but such a poore, bare, forked Animall as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, unbutton heere.

Enter Gloucester, with a Torch.

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

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

Swithold footed thrice the old,
He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her a-light, and her troth-plight.
And aroynt thee Witch, aroynt thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. What's he?

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

Glou. What are you there? Your Names?

Edg. Poore Tom, that eates the swimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Neut, and the water: that in the furie of his heart, when the foule Fiend rages, eats Cow-dung for Sallets; swallowes the old Rat, and the ditch-Dogge; drinkes the green Mantle of the standing Poole: who is whipt fromTything to Tything, and stockt, punish'd, and imprison'd: who hath three Suites to his backe, sixe shirts to his body:

Horse to ride, and weapon to weare:
But Mice, and Rats, and such small Deare,
Have bin Toms food, for seven long yeare:

Beware my Follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou Fiend.

Glou. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darknesse is a Gentleman. *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mahit.*

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

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold.

Glou. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer

T'obey in all your daughters hard commands:
Though their Injunction be to barre my doores,
And let this Tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventured to come seeke you out,
And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.
Lear. First let me talke with this Philosopher,
What is the cause of Thunder?
Kent. Good my Lord take his offer,
Go into th'house.
Lear. Ile talke a word with this same lerned Theban:
What is your study?
Edg. How to prevent the Fiend, and to kill Vermine.
Lear. Let me aske you one word in private.
Kent. Importune him once more to go my Lord,
His wits begin t'unsettle.
Glou. Canst thou blame him? *Storm still*
His Daughters seeke his death: Ah, that good Kent,
He said it would be thus: poore banish'd man:
Thou sayest the King growes mad, Ile tell thee Friend
I am almost mad my selfe. I had a Sonne,
Now out-law'd from my blood: he sought my life
But lately: very late: I lov'd him (Friend)
No Father his Sonne deerer: true to tell thee,
The greefe hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this?
I do beseech your grace.
Lear. O cry you mercy Sir:
Noble Philosopher, your company.
Edg. Tom's a cold.
Glou. In fellow there, into th'Hovel; keep thee warm.
Lear. Come, let's in all.
Kent. This way, my Lord.
Lear. With him;
I will keepe still with my Philosopher.
Kent. Good my Lord, sooth him:
Let him take the Fellow.
Glou. Take him you on.
Kent. Sirra, come on: go along with us.
Lear. Vome, good Athenian.
Glou. No words, no words, hush.
Edg. Childe *Rowland* to the darke Tower came.
His word was still, fie, foh, and fumme,
I smell the blood of a Brittish man. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cornwall and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.
Bast. How my Lord, I may be censured, that Nature thus gives way to Loyaltie, something feares mee to thinke of.
Cornw. I now perceive, it was not altogether your Brothers evill disposition made him seeke his death: but a provoking merit set a-worke by a reprovable badnesse in himselfe.
Bast. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just? This is the Letter which hee spoake of: which approves him an intelligent partie to the advantages of France. O Heavens! that this Treason were not: or not I the detector.
Corn. Go with me to the Dutchesse.
Bast. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you have mighty businesse in hand.

Corn

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earle of Gloucester: seeke out where thy Father is, that hee may bee ready for our apprehension.

Bast. If I finde him comforting the King, it will stuffe his suspition more fully. I will persever in my course of Loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that, and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee: and thou shalt finde a deere father in my Love. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Sexta.

Enter Kent, and Gloucester.

Glou. Heere is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully: I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you. *Exit*

Kent. All the powre of his wits, have given way to his impatience: the Gods reward your kindnesse.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. Fraterretto cals me, and tells me *Nero* is an Angler in the Lake of Darknesse: pray Innocent, and beware the foule Fiend.

Foole. Prythee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King.

Foole. No, he's a Yeoman, that ha's a Gentleman to his Sonne: for hee's a mad Yeoman that sees his Sonne a Gentleman before mim.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hizzing in upon 'em.

Edg. Blesse thy five wits.

Kent. O pitty: Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft have boasted to retaine?

Edg. My teares begin to take his part so much,
They marre my counterfetting.

Lear. The little dogges, and all;
Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart: see, they barke at me.

Edg. Tom, will throw his head at them: Avaunt you
Curres, be thy mouth or blacke or white:
Tooth that poysons if it bite:
Mastiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim.
Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym:
Or Bobtaile tight, or Troudle taile.
Tom will make him weepe and waile,
For with throwing thus my head;
Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.
Do, de, de, de: sese: Come, march to Wakes and Fayres,
And Market Townes: poore Tom thy horne is dry.

Lear. Then let them Anatomize *Regan:* See what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in Nature that make these hard-hearts. You sir, I entertaine for one of my hundred: only, I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they are Persian; but let them be chang'd.

Enter Gloster.

Kent. Now good my Lord, lye heere, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the Curtaines: so, so, wee'l go to Supper I'th'morning.

Foole. And Ile go to bed at noone.

Glou. Come hither Friend:
Where is the King my Master?

Kent. Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gon.

Glou. Good friend, I prythee take him in thy armes;
I have ore-heard a plot of death upon him:
There is a Litter ready, lay him in't,
And drive toward Dover friend, where thou shalt meete
Both welcome, and protection. Take up thy Master,
If thou should'st dally halfe an houre, his life
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured losse. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quicke conduct. Come, come, away. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Bastard, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my Lord your husband, shew [hin] this Letter, the Army of France is landed: seeke out the Traitor Glouster.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. *Edmond,* keepe you our Sister company: the revenges wee are bound to take uppon your Traitorous Father, are not fit for your beholding. Advice the Duke where you are going, to a most festivate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our Postes shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Fare-well deere Sister, farewell my Lord of Glouster.

Enter Steward.

How now. Where's the King.

Stew. My Lord of Glouster hath convey'd hom hence
Some five or six and thirty of his Knights
Hot Questrists after him, met him at gate,
Who, with some other of the Lords, dependants,
Are gone with him toward Dover; where they boast
To have well armed Friends.

Corn. Get horses for your Mistris.

Gon. Farewell sweet Lord, and Sister. *Exit*

Corn. Edmund farewell: go seek the Traitor Gloster,
Pinnion him like a Theefe, bring him before us:
Though well we may not passe upon his life
Without the forme of Justice: yet our power
Shall do a curt'sie to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not comptroll.

Enter Glocester, and Servants.

Who's there? the Traitor?

Reg. Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he.

Corn. Binde fast his corky armes.

Glou. What meanes your Graces?
Good my Friends consider you are my Ghests:
Do me no foule play, Friends.

Corn. Binde him I say.

Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy Traitor.

Glou. Unmercifull Lady, as you are, I'me none.

Corn. To this Chaire bind him,
Villaine, thou shalt finde.

Glou. By the kinde Gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To plucke me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and such a Traitor?

Glou. Naughty Ladie,
These haires which thou dost ravish from my chin
Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your Host,
With Robbers hands, my hospitable favours

You

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come Sir.
What Letters had you late from France?
Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.
Corn. And what confederacie have you with the Traitors, late footed in the Kingome?
Reg. To whose hands
You have sent the Lunaticke King: Speake.
Glou. I have a Letter guessingly set downe
Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Cunning.
Reg. And false.
Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?
Glou, To Dover.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Was't thou not charg'd at perill.
Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.
Glou. I am tyed to th'Stake,
And I must stand the Course.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Glou. Because I would not see thy cruell Nailes
Plucke out his poore old eyes: nor thy fierce Sister,
In his Annointed flesh, sticke boarish phangs.
The Sea, with such a storme as his bare head,
In Hell-blacke-night indur'd, would have buoy'd up
And quench'd the Stelled fires:
Yet poore old heart, he holpe the Heavens to raine.
If Wolves had at thy Gate howl'd that sterne time,
Thou should'st have said, good Porter turne the Key:
All Cruels else subscribe: but I shall see
The winged Vengeance overtake such Children.
Corn. See't shalt thou never. Fellowes hold [ye] Chaire,
Upon these eyes of thine, Ile set my foote.
Glou. He that will thinke to live, till he be old,
Give me some helpe.------O cruell! O you Gods.
Reg. One side will mocke another: Th'other too.
Corn. If you see vengeance.
Serv. Hold your hand, my Lord:
I have serv'd you ever since I was a Childe:
But better service have I never done you,
Then now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dogge?
Ser. If you did weare a beard upon your chin,
I'ld shake it on this quarrell. What do you meane?
Corn. My Villaine?
Serv. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.
Reg. Give me thy Sword. A pezant stand up thus?
Killes him.
Ser. Oh I am slaine: my Lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischefe on him. Oh.
Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it; Out vilde gelly:
Where is thy luster now?
Glou. All darke and comfortlesse?
Where's my Sonne *Edmond?*
Edmond, enkindle all the sparkes of Nature
To quit this horrid acte.
Reg. Out treacherous Villaine,
Thou call'st on him, that hates thee. It was he
That made the overture of thy Treasons to us:
Who is too good to pitty thee.
Glou. O my Follies! then *Edgar* was abus'd,
Kinde Gods, forgive me that, and prosper him.
Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover. *Exit with Glouster*
How is't my Lord? How looke you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt: Follow me Lady;
Turne out that eyelesse Villaine: throw this Slave
Upon the Dunghill: *Regan,* I bleed apace,
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arme. *Exeunt,*

Actus Quartus. *Scena Prima.*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,
Then still contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worst:
The lowest, and most dejected thing of Fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in feare:
The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returnes to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantiall ayre that I embrace:
The Wretch that thou hast blowne unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Glouster, and an Oldman.

But who comes heere? My Father poorely led?
World, World, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yeelde to age.

Oldm. O my good Lord, I have bene your Tenant,
And your Fathers Tenant, these fourescore yeares.

Glou. Away, get thee away: good Friend be gone,
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee, they may hurt.

Oldm. You cannot see your way.

Glou. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seene,
Our meanes secure us, and our meere defects
Prove our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne *Edgar,*
The food of thy abused Fathers wrath:
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'ld say I had eyes againe.

Oldm. How now? who's there?

Edg. O Gods! Who is't can say I am at the worst?
I am worse then ere I was.

Old. 'Tis poore mad Tom.

Edg. And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,
So long as we can say this is the worst.

Oldm. Fellow, where goest?

Glou. Is it a Beggar-man?

Oldm. Madman, and beggar too.

Glou. He has some reason, eles he could not beg.
I'th'last nights storme, I such a fellow saw;
Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne
Came then into my minde, and yet my minde
Was then scarse Friends with him.
I have heard more since:
As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th'Gods,
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?
Bad is the Trade that must play Foole to sorrow,
Ang'ring it selfe, and others. Blesse thee Master.

Glou. Is that the naked Fellow?

Oldm. I, my Lord.

Glou. Get thee away: If for my sake
Thou wilt ore-take us hence a mile or twaine
I'th'way toward Dover, do it for ancient love,
And bring some covering for this nakedSoule,
Which Ile intreate to lead me.

Old. Alacke sir, he is mad.

Glou.

Glou. ‘Tis the times plague,
When Madmen leade the blinde:
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure:
Above the rest, be gone.
Oldm. Ile bring him the best Parrell that I have
Come on’t, what will. *Exit*
Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow.
Edg. Poore Tom’s a cold. I cannot daub it further.
Glou. Come hither fellow.
Edg. And yet I must:
Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleede.
Glou. Know’st thou the way to Dover?
Edg. Both style, and gate; Horseway, and foot-path:
poore Tom hath bin scarr’d our of his good wits. Blesse
thee good mans sonne, from the foule Fiend.
Glou. Here take this purse,[yu] whom the heav’ns plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier:Heavens deale so still:
Let the superfluous, and Lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he do’s not feele, feele your powre quickly:
So distribution should undoo excesse,
And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?
Edg. I Master.
Glou. There is a Cliffe, whose high and bending head
Lookes fearfully in the confined Deepe:
Bring me but to the very brimme of it,
And Ile repayre the misery thou do’st beare
With something rich about me: from that place,
I shall no leading neede.
Edg. Give me thy arme;
Poore Tom shall leade thee. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Gonerill, Bastard, and Steward.
Gon. Welcome my Lord, I mervell our mild husband
Not met us on the way. Now, where’s your Master?
Stew. Madam, within, but never man so chang’d:
I told him of the Army that was Landed:
He smil’d at it. I told him you were comming,
His answer was, the worse. Of Glosters Treachery,
And of the loyall Service of his Sonne
When I inform’d him, then he call’d me Sot,
And told me I had turn’d the wrong side out:
What most he should dislike, seemes pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.
Gon. Then shall you go no further.
It is the Cowish terror of his spirit
That dares not undertake: Hee’l not feele wrongs
Which tye him to an answer: our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back *Edmond* to my Brother,
Hasten his Musters, and conduct his powres.
I must change names at home, and give the Distaffe
Into my Husbands hands. This trustie Servant
Shall passe betweene us: ere long you are like to heare
(If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)
A Mistresses command. Weare this; spare speech,
Decline your head. This kisse, if it durst speake
Would stretch thy Spirits up into the ayre:
Conceive, and fare thee well.
Bast. Yours in the rankes of death. *Exit.*
Gon. My most deere Gloster.

Oh, the difference of man, and man,
To thee a Womans services are due,
My Foole usurpes my body.
Stew: Madam, here come's my Lord.
Enter Albany.
Gon. I have beene worth the whistle.
Alb. Oh *Gonerill,*
You are not worth the dust which the rude winde
Blowes in your face.
Gon. Milke-Liver'd man,
That abear'st a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who hast not in thy browes an eye-discerning
Thine Honor, from thy suffering.
Alb. See thy selfe divell:
Proper deformitie seemes not in the Fiend
So horrid as in woman.
Gon. Oh vaine Foole.
Enter a Messenger.
Mes. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwals* dead,
Slaine by his Servant, going to put out
The other eye of Glouster.
Alb. Glousters eyes.
Mes. A Servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act: bending his Sword
To his great Master, who, thereat-enrag'd
Flew on him, and among'st them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmefull stroke, which since
Hath pluckt him after.
Alb. This shewes you are above
You Justices, that thse our neather crimes
So speedily can venge. But (O poore Glouster)
Lost he his other eye?
Mes. Both, both, my Lord.
This Letter Madam, craves a speedy answer:
'Tis from your Sister.
Gon. One way I like this well.
But being widdow, and my Glouster with her,
May all the building in my fancie plucke
Upon my hatefull life. Another way
The Newes is not so tart. Ile read, and answer.
Alb. Where was his Sonne,
When they did take his eyes?
Mes. Come with my Lady hither.
Alb. He is not heere.
Mes. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.
Alb. Knowes he the wickednesse?
Mes. I my good Lord: 'twas he inform'd against him
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.
Alb. Glouster, I live
To thanke thee for the love thou shew'dst the King,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend,
Tell me what more thou know'st. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen, and Souldiours.
Cor. Alacke, 'tis he: why he was met even now
As mad as the vext Sea, singing alowd,
Crown'd with ranke Fenitar, and furrow weeds,
With Hardokes, Hemlocke, Nettles, Cuckoo flowres,
Darnell

Darnell, and all the idle weedes that grow
In our fustaining Corne. A Centery send forth;
Search every Acre in the high-growne field,
And bring him to our eye. What can mans wisedome
In the restoring his bereaved Sense; he that helpes him,
Take all my outward worth.
Gent. There is a meanes Madam:
Our softer Nurse of Nature, is repose,
The which he lackes: that to provoke in him
Are many Simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of Anguish.
Cord. All blest Secrets,
All you unpublish'd Vertues of the earth
Spring with my teares; be aydant, and remediate
In the Goodmans desires: seeke, seeke for him,
Least his ungovern'd rage, dissolve the life
That wants the meanes to leade it.
Enter Messenger.
Mes. Newes Madam,
The Brittish Powres are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis knowne before. Our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O deere Father,
It is thy businesse that I go about: Therefore great France
My mourning, and importun'd teares hath pittied:
No blowne Ambition doth our Armes incite,
But love, deere love, and our ag'd Fathers Rite:
Soone may I heare, and see him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Regan, and Steward.
Reg. But are my Brothers Powres set forth?
Stew. I Madam.
Reg. Himselfe in person there?
Stew. Madam with much ado:
Your Sister is the better Souldier.
Reg. Lord *Edmund* spake not with your Lord at home?
Stew. No Madam.
Reg. What might import my Sisters Letter to him?
Stew. I know not, Lady.
Reg. Faith he is poasted hence on serious matter:
It was great ignorance, Glousters eyes being out
To let him live. Where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us: *Edmund,* I thinke is gone
In pitty of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life: Moreover to descry
The strength o'th'Enemy.
Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.
Reg. Our troopes set forth to morrow, stay with us:
The wayes are dangerous.
Stew. I may not Madam:
My Lady charg'd my dutie in this busines.
Reg. Why should she write to *Edmund?*
Might not you transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Some things, I know not what. Ile love thee much
Let me unseale the Letter.
Stew. Madam, I had rather----------
Reg. I know your Lady do's not love her Husband,
I am sure of that: and at her late being heere,
She gave strange Eliads; and most speaking lookes
To Noble *Edmund.* I know you are of her bosome.
Stew. I, Madam?

Reg. I speake in understanding: Y'are: I know't,
Therefore I do advise you take this note:
My Lord is dead: *Edmund,* and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand
Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:
If you do finde him, pray you give him this;
And when your Mistris heares thus much from you,
I pray desire her call her wisedome to her.
So fare you well:
If you do chance to heare of that blinde Traitor,
Preferment fals on him, that cuts him off.
Stew. Would I could meet Madam, I should shew
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar.

Glou. When shall I come to th'top of that same hill?
Edg. You do climbe up it now. Look how we labor.
Glou. Me thinkes the ground is [eeven].
Edg. Horrible steepe.
Hearke, do you heare the Sea?
Glou. No truly.
Edg. Why then your other Senses grow imperfect
By your eyes anguish.
Glou. So may it be indeed.
Me thinkes thy voyce is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter then thou did'st.
Edg. Y'are much deceiv'd: In nothing am I chang'd
But in my Garments.
Glou. Me thinkes y'are better spoken.
Edg. Come on Sir,
Heere's the place: stand still: how fearefull
And dizie 'tis, to cast ones eyes so low,
The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre
Shew scarse so grosse as Beetles. Halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade:
Me thinkes he seemes no bigger then his head.
The Fishermen, that walk'd upon the beach
Appeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,
Diminish'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge,
That on th'unnumbred idle Pebble chases
Cannot be heard so high. Ile looke no more,
Least my braine turne, and the deficient sight
Topple downe headlong.
Glou. Set me where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand:
You are now within a foote of th'extremeVerge:
For all beneath the Moone would I not leape upright.
Glou. Let go my hand:
Heere Friend's another purse: in it, a Jewell
Well worth a poore mans taking. Fayries, and Gods
Prosper it with thee. Go thou further off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.
Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir.
Glou. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his dispaire,
Is done to cure it.
Glou. O you mighty Gods[!]
This world I do renounce, and in your sights

Shake

Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could beare it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great opposelesse willes,
My snuffe, and loathed part of Nature should
Burne it selfe out. If *Edgar* live, O blesse him:
Now Fellow, fare thee well.
Edg. Gone Sir, farewell:
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The Treasury of life, when life itselfe
Yeelds to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,
By this had thought bin past. Alive, or dead?
Hoa, you Sir: Friend, heare you Sir, speake:
Thus might he passe indeed: yet he revives.
What are you Sir?
Glou. Away, and let me dye.
Edg. Had'st thou been ought
But Gozemore, Feathers, Ayre,
(So many fathome downe precipitating)
Thou'dst shiver'd like an Egge: but thou do'st breath:
Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art sound,
Then Masts at each, make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell,
Thy life's a Myracle. Speake yet againe.
Glou. But have I falne, or no?
Edg. From the dread Somnet of thie Chalkie Bourne
Looke up a height, the shrill-gorg'd Larke so farre
Cannot be seene, or heard: Do but looke up.
Glou. Alacke, I have no eyes:
Is wretchednesse depriv'd that benefit
To end it selfe by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the Tyrants rage,
And frustrate his proud will.
Edg. Give me your arme.
Up, so: How is't? Feele you your Legges? You stand.
Glou. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all strangenesse,
Upon the crowne o'th'Cliffe. What thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glou. A poore unfortunate Beggar.
Edg. As I stood heere below, me thought his eyes
Were two full Moones: he had a thousand Noses,
Hornes wealk'd, and waved like the enraged Sea;
It was some Fiend: Therefore thou happy Father,
Thinke that the cleerest Gods, who make them Honors
Of mens Impossibilities, have preferved thee.
Glou. I do remember now: henceforth Ile beare
Affliction, till it do cry out it selfe
Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you speake of,
I tooke it for a man: often 'twould say
The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.
Edgar. Beare free and patient thoughts.
Enter Lear.
But who comes heere?
The safer sense will ne're accommodate
His Master thus.
Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the King himselfe.
Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!
Lear. Nature's above Art, in that respect. Ther's your Presse-money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crow-keeper: draw mee a Cloathiers yard. Looke, looke, a Mouse: peace, peace, this peece of toasted Cheese will doo't. There's my Gauntlet, Ile prove it on a Gyant. Bring up the browne Bulles. O well flowene Bird: I'th' clout, I'th'clout: Hewgh. Give the word.
Edg. Sweet Marjorum.

Lear. Passe.
Glou. I know that voice.
Lear. Ha! *Gonerill* with a white beard? They flatter'd me like a Dogge, and told mee I had the white hayres in my Beard, ere the blacke ones were there. To say I, and no, to every thing that I said: I, and no too, was no good Divinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the winde came to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go too, they are not men o'their words; they told me, I was every thing: 'Tis a Lye, I am not Agu-proofe.
Glou. The tricke of that voyce, I do well remember: Is't not the King?
Lear. I, every inch a King.
When I do stare, see how the Subject quakes.
I pardon that mans life. What was thy cause?
Adultry? thou shalt not dye: dye for Adultry?
No, the Wren goes too't, and the small gilded Fly
Do's letcher in my sight. Iet Copulation thrive:
For Glousters bastard Son was kinder to his Father,
Then my Daughters got 'tweene the lawfull sheets.
Too't Luxury pell-mell, for I lacke Souldiers.
Behold yond simpring Dame, whose face betweene her Forkes presages Snow; that minces Vertue, & do's shake the head to heare of pleasures name. The Fitchew, nor the soyled Horse goes too't with a more riotous appetite: Downe from the waste they are Centaures, though Women all above: but to the Girdle do the Gods inherit, beneath is all the Fiends. There's hell, there's darkenes, there is the sulphurous pit; burning, scalding[,] stench, consumption: Fye, fie, fie; pah, pah: Give me an Ounce of Civit; good Apothecary sweeten my immagination: There's money for thee.
Glou. O let me kisse that hand.
Lear. Let me wipe it first,
It smelles of Mortality.
Glou. O ruin'd peece of Nature, this great world
Shall so weare out to naught.
Do'st thou know me?
Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: dost thou squinny at me? No, doe thy worst blinde Cupid, Ile not love. Reade thou this challenge, marke but the penning of it.
Glou. Were all thy Letters Sunnes, I could not see.
Edg. I would not take this from report,
It is, and my heart breakes at it.
Lear. Read.
Glou. What with the Case of eyes?
Lear. Oh ho, are you there with me? No eies in your head, nor no mony in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light, yet you see how this world goes.
Glou. I see it feelingly.
Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Looke with thine eares: See how yond Justice railes upon yond simple theefe. Hearke in thine eare: Change places, and handy-dandy, which is the Justice, which is the theefe: Thou hast seen a Farmers dogge barke at a Beggar?
Glou. I sir.
Lear. And the Creature run from the Cur: there thou might'st behold the great image of Authoritie, a Dogg's obey'd in Office. Thou, Rascall Beadle, hold thy bloody hand: why dost thou lash that Whore? Strip thy owne backe, thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind, for which thou whip'st her. The Usurer hangs the Cozener. Thorough

rough tatter'd cloathes great Vices do appeare: Robes,
and Furr'd gownes hide all. Place sinnes with Gold, and
the strong Lance of Justice, hurtlesse breakes: Arme it in
ragges, a Pigmies straw do's pierce it: None do's offend,
none, I say none, Ile able 'em; take that of me my Friend,
who have the power to seale th'accusers lips. Get thee
glasse-eyes, and like a scurvy Politician, seeme to see the
things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my
Bootes: harder, harder, so.

Edg. O matte, and impertinency mixt,
Reason in Madnesse.

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my Fortunes, take my eyes.
I know the well enough, thy name is Glouster:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the Ayre
We wawle, and cry. I will preach to thee: Marke.

Glou. Alacke, alacke the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of Fooles. This a good blocke:
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoo
A Troope of Horse with Felt: Ile put't in proofe,
And when I have stolne upon these Son in Lawes,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. O heere he is: lay hand upon him, Sir.
Your most deere Daughter-------

Lear. No rescue? What, a Prisoner? I am even
The Naturall Foole of Fortune. Use me well,
You shall have ransome. Let me have Surgeons,
I am cut to'th'Braines.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No Seconds? All my selfe?
Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt
To use his eyes for Garden water-pots. I wil die bravely,
like a smugge Bridegroome. What? I will be Joviall:
Come, come, I am a King, Masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a Royall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it,
You shall get it by running: Sa, sa, sa, sa. *Exit.*

Gent. A sight most pittifull in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast a Daughter
Who redeemes Nature from the generall curse
Which twaine have brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you heare ought (Sir) of a Battell toward.

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar:
Every one heares that, which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But by your favour:
How neere's the other Army?

Gent. Neere, and on speedy foot: the maine descry
Stands on the hourely thought.

Edg. I thanke you Sir, that's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on special cause is here
Her Army is mov'd on. *Exit.*

Edg. I thanke you Sir.

Glou. You ever gentle Gods, take my breath from me,
Let not my worser Spirit tempt me againe
To dye before you please.

Edg. Well pray you Father.

Glou. Now good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poore man, made tame to Fortunes blows
Who, by the Art of knowne, and feeling sorrowes,
Am pregnant to good pitty. Give me your hand,
Ile leade you to some biding.

Glou. Heartie thankes:

The bountie, and the benizon of Heaven
To boot, and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize: most happie
That eyelesse head of thine, was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old, unhappy Traitor,
Breefely thy selfe remember: the Sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough too't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold Pezant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd Traitor? Hence,
Least that th'infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arme.

Edg. Chill not let go Zir,
Without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go Slave, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poore
volke passe: and 'chud ha'bin zwaggerd out of my life,
'twould not ha 'bin zo long as 'tis, by a vortnight. Nay,
come not neere th'old man: keepe out che vor'ye, or ice
try whither your Costard, or my Ballow be the harder;
chill be plaine with you.

Stew. Out Dunghill.

Edg. Chill picke your teeth Zir: come, no matter vor
your foynes.

Stew. Slave thou hast slaine me: Villain, take my purse;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my bodie,
And give the Letters which thou find'st about me,
To *Edmond* Earle of Glouster: seeke him out
Upon the English paarty. Oh untimely death, death.

Edg. I know thee well. A serviceable Villaine,
As duteous to the vices of thy Mistris,
As badnesse would desire.

Glou. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe Father: rest you.
Let's see these Pockets; the Letters that he speakes of
May be my Friends: hee's dead; I am onely sorry
He had no other Deathsman. Let us see:
Leave gentle waxe, and manners: blame us not
To know our enemies mindes, we rip their hearts,
Their Papers is more lawfull.

Reads the Letter.

L *Et our reciprocall vowes be remembred. You have manie opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothiing done. If hee returne the Conqueror, then am I the Prisoner, and his bed, my Gaole, from the loathed warmth whereof, deliver me, and supply the place for your Labour.*

Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate Servant. Gonerill.

O indinguish'd space of Womans will,
A plot upon her vertuous Husbands life,
And the exchange my Brother: heere in the sands
Thee Ile rake up, the poste unsanctified
Of murtherous Letchers: and in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death, and businesse, I can tell.

Glou. The King is mad:
How stiffe is my vilde sense
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge Sorrowes? Better I were distract,
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my greefes,

Drum afarre off.

And woes, by wrong imaginations loose

The

The knowledge of themselves.
Edg. Give my your hand:
Farre off methinkes I heare the beaten Drumme.
Come Father, Ile bestow you with a Friend. *Exeunt.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good *Kent,*
How shall I live and worke
To match thy goodnesse?
My life will be too short,
And every measure faile me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is ore-paid,
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.
Cor. Be better suited,
These weedes are memories of those worser houres:
I prythee put them off.
Kent. Pardon deere Madam,
Yet to be knowne shortens my made intent,
My boone I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I, thinke meet.
Car. Then be't so my good Lord:
How do's the King:
Gent. Madam sleepes still.
Cor. O you kind Gods!
Cure this great breach in his abused Nature,
Th'yntan'd and jarring senses, O winde up,
Of this childe-changed Father.
Gent. So please your Majesty,
That we may wake the King, he hath slept lonf?
Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceede
I'th'sway of your owne will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chaire carried by Servants

Gent. I Madam: in the heavinesse of sleepe,
We put fresh gaarments on him.
Be by good Madam when we do awake him,
I doubt of his Temperance.
Cor. O my deere Father, restauration hang
Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kisse
Repaire those violent harmes, that my two Sisters
Have in thy Reverence made.
Kent. Kind and deere Princesse.
Cor. Had you not bin their Father, these white flakes
Did challenbe pitty of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the jarring windes?
Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me,
Should have stood that night against my fire,
And was't thou faine (poore Father)
To hovell thee with Swine and Rogues forlorne,
In short, and musty straw? Alacke, alacke,
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.
Gen. Madam do you, 'tis fittest.
Cor. How does my Royall Lord?
How fares your Majesty?
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th'grave,
Thou art a Soule in blisse, but I am bound

Upon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do scal'd, like molten Lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a spirit I know, where did you dye?
Cor. Still, still, farre wide.
Gen. He's scarse awake,
Let him alone a while.
Lear.. Where have I bin?
Where am I? Faire day light?
I am mightily abus'd; I should ev'n dye with pitty
To see another thus. I know not what to say:
I will not sweare these are my hands: let's see,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were assur'd
Of my condition.
Cor. O looke upon me Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o're me,
You must not kneele.
Lear. Pray do not mocke me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourescore and upward,
Not an houre more, not lesse:
And to deale plainly,
I feare I am not in my perfect mind.
Me thinkes I should know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtfull: For I am mainely ignorant
What place this is and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments: nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For (as I am a man) I thinke this Lady
To be my childe *Cordelia.*
Cor. And so I am: I am.
Lear. Be your teares wet?
Yes faith: I pray weepe not,
If you have poyson for me, I will drinke it:
I know you do not love me, for your Sisters
Have (as I do remember) done me wrong.
You have some cause, they have not.
Car. No cause, no cause.
Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your owne kingdome Sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me.
Gent. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage
You see is kill'd in him: desire him to go in,
Trouble him no more till further setling.
Cor. Wilt please your Highnesse walke?
Lear. You must beare with me:
Pray you now forget, and forgive,
I am old and foolish. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. *Scena Prima.*

Enter with Drumme and Colours, Edmond, Regan, Gentlemen, and Souldiers.

Bast. Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advis'd by ought
To change the course, he's full of alteration,
And selfe reproving, bring in constant pleasure.
Reg. Our Sisters man is certainely miscarried.
Bast. 'Tis to be doubted Madam.
Reg. Now sweet lord,

You know the goodnesse I intend upon you:
Tell me but truly, but then speake the truth,
Do you not nove my Sister?
Bast. In honour'd Love.
Reg. But have you never found my Brothers way,
To the fore-fended place?
Bast. No, by mine honour, Madam.
Reg. I never shall endure her, deere my Lord
Be not familiar with her.
Bast. Feare not, she and the Duke heer husband.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Gonerill, Soldiers.

Alb. Our very loving Sister, well be-met:
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Forc'd to cry out.
Regan. Why is this reasond?
Gone. Combine, together 'gainst the Enemie:
For these domesticke and particuular broiles,
Are not the question heere.
Alb. Let's then determine with th'ancient of warre
On our proceeding.
Reg. Sister you'le go with us?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis most convenient, pray go with us.
Gen. Oh ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.
Exeunt both the Armies.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore,
Heare me one word.
Alb. Ile overtake you, speake.
Edg. Before you fight the Battaile, ope this Letter:
If you have victory, let the Trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seeme,
I can produce a Champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your businesse of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune loves you.
Alb. Stay till I have read the Letter.
Edg. I was forbid it:
When time shall serve, let but the Herald cry,
And Ile appeare againe. *Exit.*
Alb. Why farethee well, I will o're-looke thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

Bast. The Enemy's in view, draw up your powers,
Heere is the guesse of their true strength and Forces,
By dilligent discoverie, but your hast
Is now urg'd on you.
Alb. We will greet the time. *Exit.*
Bast. To both these Sisters have I sworne my love:
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the Adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd
If both remaine alive: To take the Widdow,
Exasperates, makes mad her Sister *Gonerill.*
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, wee'l use
His countenance for the Battaile, which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercie
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia,*
The Battaile done, and they within our power,

Shall never see his pardon: for my state,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter with Drumme and Colous, Lear, Cordelia, and Souldiers, over the Stage, and Exeunt.

Enter Edgar, and Gloster.

Edg. Heere Father, take the shadow of this Tree
For you good hoast: pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I returne to you againe,
Ile bring you comfort.
Glo. Grace go with you Sir. *Exit.*
Alarum and Retrat within.
Enter Edgar.
Edgar. Away old man, give me thy hand, away:
King *Lear* hath lost, he and his Daughter tane,
Give me thy hand: Come on.
Glo. No further Sir, a man may rot even heere.
Edg. What in ill thoughts againe?
Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their comming hither,
Ripenesse is all come on.
Glo. And that's true too. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

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

Bast. Some officers take them away: good guard,
Untill their greater pleasures first be knowne
That are to censure them.
Cor. We are not the first,
Who with best meaning have incurr'd the worst:
For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,
My selfe could else out-frowne false Fortunes frowne.
Shall we not see these Daughters, and these Sisters?
Lear. No, no, no, no: come let's away to prison,
We two alone will sing like Birds i'th'Cage:
When thou dost aske me blessing, Ile kneele downe
And aske of thee forgivenesse: So wee'l live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded Butterflies: and heere (poore Rogues)
Talke of Court newes, and wee'l talke with them too,
Who looses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: And wee'l weare out
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebbe and flow by th'Moone.
Bast. Take them away.
Lear. Upon such sacrifices my *Cordelia,*
The Gods themselves throw Incense.
Have I caught thee?
He that parts us, shall bring a Brand from Heaven,
And fire us hence, like Foxes: wipe thine eyes,
The good yeares shall devoure them, flesh and fell,
Ere

Ere they shall make us weepe?
Weele see e'm starv'd first: come.
Bast. Come hither Captaine, hearke.
Take thou this note, go follow them to prison,
One step I have advanc'd thee, if thou do'st
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To Noble Fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender minded
Do's not become a Sword, they great imployment
Will not bear question: either say thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other meanes.
Capt. Ile do't my Lord.
Bast. About it, and write happy, when th'hast done,
Marke I say instantly, and carry it so
As I have set it downe. *Exit Captaine.*

Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shew'd to day your valiant straine
And Fortune led you well: you have the Captives
Who were the opposites of this dayes strive:
I do require them of you so to use them,
As we shall finde their merites, and our safety
May equally determine.
Bast. Sir, I thought it fir,
To send the old and miserable King to some retention
Whose age had Charmes in it, whose Title more,
To plucke the common bosome on his side,
And turne our imprest Launces in our eies
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen:
My reason all the same, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further space, t'appeare
Where you shall hold you Session.
Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this Warre,
Not as a Brother.
Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinkes our pleasure might have bin demanded
Ere you had spoke so farre. He led our Powers,
Bore the Commission of my place and person,
The which immediacie may well stand up,
And call it selfe your Brother.
Gon. Not so hot:
In his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,
More then in your addition.
Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeeres the best.
Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.
Reg. Jesters do oft prove Prophets.
Gon. Hola, hola,
That eye that told you so, look'd but a squint.
Rega. Lady I am not well, else I should answeere
From a full flowing stomack. Generall,
Take thou my Souldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
Dispose of them, of me, the walls is thine:
Withesse the world, that I create thee heere
My Lord, and Master.
Gon. Meane you to enjoy him?
Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.
Bast. Nor in thine Lord.
Alb. Halfe-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. Let the Drum strike, and prove my title thine.
Alb. Stay yet, heare reason: *Edmund,* I arrest thee
On capitall Treason; and in thy arrest,
This guilded Serpent: for your claime faire Sisters,
I bare it in the interest of my wife,

‘Tis she is sub-contracted to this Lord,
And I her husband contradict your Banes.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My Lady is bespoke.
Gon. An enterlude.
Alb. Thou art armed *Gloster,*
Let the Trmpet sound:
If none appeare to prove upon thy person,
Thy heynous, manifest, and many Treasons,
There is my pledge: Ile make it on thy heart
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing lesse
Then I have heere proclaim’d thee.
Reg. Sicke, O sicke.
Gon. If not, Ile nere trust medicine.
*Bast.*There’s my exchange, what in the world hes
That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies,
Call by the Trumpet: he that dares approach;
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honor firmely.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. A Herald, ho.
Trust to thy single vertue, for thy Souldiers
All levied in my name, have in my name
Tooke their discharge.
Regan. My sicknesse growes upon me.
Alb. She is not well, convey her to my Tent.
Come hither Herald, let the Trumpet sound,
And read out this. *A Trumpet sounds.*
Herald reads.
I *F any man of qualitie or degree, within the lists of the Army, will maintaine upon Edmond, supposed Earle of Gloster, that he is a manifold Traitor, let him appeare by the third sound of the Trumpet: he is bold in his defence.* *1 Trumpet.*
Her. Againe. 2 *Trumpet.*
Her. Againe. *3 Trumpet.*
Trumpet answers within.

Enter Edgar armed.

Alb. Aske him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this Call o’th’Trumpet.
Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you answer
This present Summons?
Edg. Know my name is lost
By Treasons tooth: bare-gnawne, and Canker-bit,
Yet am I Noble as the Adversary
I come to cope.
Alb. Which is that Adversary?
Edg. What’s he that speakes for *Edmund* Earle of Glo-
Bast. Himselfe, what saist thou to him? (ster?
Edg. Draw thy Sword,
That if my speech offend a Noble heart,
Thy arme may do thee Justice, heere is mine:
Behold it is my privilege,
The priviledge of mine Honours,
My oath, an my profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Despise thy victor-word, and fire new Fortune,
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor:
False to thy God, thy Brother, and thy Father,
Conspirant ‘gainst this high illustrious Prince,
And from th’extremest upward of thy head,
To the discent and dust below thy foote,

A most Toad-spotted Traitor. Say thou no,
This Sword, this arem, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speake,
Thou lyest.
Bast. In wisedome I should aske thy name,
But since thy out-side lookes so faire and Warlike
And tht thy tongue (some say) of breeding breathes,
What safe, and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of Knight-hood, I disdaine and spurne:
Backe do I tosse these Treasons to thy head,
With the hell-hated Lye, ore-whelme thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by, ans scarcly bruise,
This Sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets speake.
Alb. Save him, save him. *Alarums. Fights.*
Gon. This is practise *Gloster,*
By th'law of Warre, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknowne opposite: thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozend, and beguild.
Alb. Shut your mouth Dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it: hold Sir,
Thou worse then any name, reade thine owne evill:
No tearing Lady, I perceive you know it.
Gon. Say if I do, the Lawes are mine not thine,
Who can arraigne me for't? *Exit.*
Alb. Most monstrous! O, know'st thou this paper?
Bast. Aske me not what I know.
Alb. Go after her, she's desperate, governe her.
Bast. What you have charg'd me with,
That have I done,
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou
That hast this Fortune on me? If thou'rt Noble,
I do forgive thee.
Edg. Let's exchange charity:
I am no lesse in blood then thou art *Edmond,*
If more, the more th'hast wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar* and thy Fathers Sonne.
The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The darke and vitious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.
Bast. Th'hast spoken right, 'tis true,
The Wheele is come full circle, I am heere.
Alb. Me thought thy very gate did prophesie
A Royall Noblenesse: I must embrace thee,
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy Father.
Edg. Worthy Prince I know't.
Alb. Where have you hid your selfe?
How have you knowne the miseries of your Father?
Edg. By nursing them my Lord. List a breefe tale,
And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burst.
The bloody proclamation to escape
That follow'd me so neere, (O our lives sweetnesse,
That we the paine of death would hourely dye,
Rather then die at once) taught me to shift
Into a mad-mans rags, t'assume a semblance
That very Dogges disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my Father with his bleeding Rings,
Their precious Stones new lost: became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from dispaire.
Never (O fault) reveal'd my selfe unto him,
Untill some halfe houre past when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping of this good successe,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last

Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart
(Alacke too weake the conflict to support)
Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and greefe,
Burst smilingly.
Bast. Thus speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall perchance do good, but speake you on,
You looke as you had something more to say.
Alb. If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. Helpe, helpe: O helpe.
Edg. What kinde of helpe?
Alb. Speake man.
Edg. What meanes this bloody Knife?
Gen. 'Tis hot, it smoakes, it came even from the heart
of---O she's dead.
Alb. Who dead? Speake man.
Gen. Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Sister
By her is poyson'd: she confesses it.
Bast. I was contracted to them both , all three
Now marry in an instant.
Edg. Here comes *Kent.*

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead;
Gonerill and Regans bodies brought out.
This judgement of the Heavens that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pitty: O, is this he?
The time will not allow the complement
Which very manners urges.
Kent. I am come
To bid my King and Master aye good night.
Is he not here?
Alb. Great thing of us forgot,
Speake *Edmund,* where's the King? and where's *Cordelia?*
Seest thou this object *Kent?*
Kent. Alacke, why thus?
Bast. Yet *Edmund* was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herselfe.
Alb. Even so: cover their faces.
Bast. I pant for life: some good I meane to do
Despight of mine own Nature. Quickly send,
(Be briefe in it) to'th'Castle, for my Writ
Is on the life of *Lear,* and on *Cordelia:*
Nay, send in time.
Alb. Run, run, O run.
Edg. To who my Lord? Who ha's the Office?
Sent thy token of repreeve.
Bast. Well thought on, take my Sword,
Give it the Captaine.
Edg. Hast thee for thy life.
Bast. He hath Commission from thy Wife and me,
To hang *Cordelia* I the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her owne dispaire,
That she for-did her selfe.
Alb. the Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Lear. Howle, howle, howle: O your are men of stones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, Il'd use them so,
That Heavens vault should crack: she's gone for ever.
I know when one is dead, and when one lives,
She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glasse,

If

If that her breath will mist or staine the stone,
Why then she lives.
Kent. Is this the promis'd end?
Edg. Or image of that horror.
Alb. Fall and cease.
Lear. This feather stirs, she lives: if it be so,
It is a chance which do's redeeme all sorrowes
That ever I have felt.
Kent. O my good Master.
Lear. Prythee away.
Edg. 'Tis Noble *Kent* your Friend.
Lear. A plague upon you Murderors, Traitors all,
I might have sav'd her, now she's gone for ever:
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha:
What is't thou saist? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the Slave that was a hanging thee.
Gent. 'Tis true (my Lords) he did.
Lear. Did I not fellow?
I have seene the day, with my good biting Faulchion
I would have made him skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoile me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o'th 'best, Ile tell you straight.
Kent. If Fortune brag of two, she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. This is a dull sight, are you not *Kent?*
Kent. The same: your Servant *Kent,*
Where is your Servant *Caius?*
Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He'le strike and quickly too, he's dead and rotten.
Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.
Lear. Ile see that straight.
Kent. That from your First of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.
Lear. Your are welcome hitheer.
Kent. Nor no man else:
All's cheerlesse, darke, and deadly,
Your eldest Daughters have fore-done themselves,
And desperately are dead
Lear. I so I thinke.
Alb. He knowes not what he saies, and vaine is it

That we present us to him.

Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootlesse.

Mess. Edmund is dead my Lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle heere:
You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be appli'd. Fur us we will resigne,
During the life of this old Majesty
To him our absolute power, you to your rights,
With boote, and such addition as your Honours
Have more then merited. All Friends shall
Taste the wages of their vertue, and all Foes
The cup of their deservings: O see, see.

Lear. And my poore Foole is hang'd: no,no,no life?
Why should a Dog, a Horse, a Rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never.
Pray you undo this Button. Thanke you Sir,
Do you see this? Looke on her? Looke her lips,
Looke there, looke there. *He dies.*

Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

Kent. Breake heart, I prythee breake.

Edg. Looke up my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost, O let him passe, he hates him,
That would upon the wracke of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gon indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long,
He but usurpt his life.

Alb. Beare them from hence, our present businesse
Is generall woe: Friends of my soule, you twaine,
Rule in this Realme, and the gor'd state sustaine.

Kent. I have a journey Sir, shortly to go,
My Master calls me, I must not say no.

Edg. The waight of this sad time we must obey,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to say:
The oldest hath borne most, we that are yong,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

Exeunt with a dead March.

F I N I S.