

THE TRAGEDIE OF  
KING LEAR

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*Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.*

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*Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmond.**Kent.*

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

*Glou.* It did alwayes seeme to us: But now  
in the division of the Kingdome, it appeares not  
which of the Dukes he values most, for qualities are so  
weigh'd, that curiosity in neither, can make choise of ei-  
thers 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; where-  
upon she grew round womb'd, and had indeed (Sir) a  
Sonne for her Cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed.  
Doe 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 dearer in my ac-  
count, though this Knave came something sawcily to the  
world before hee was sent for: yet was his Mother faire,  
there was good sport at his making, and the whorson must  
be acknowledged. Doe you know this Nobleman,  
*Edmund*?

*Edm.* No, my Lord.

*Glou.* My Lord of Kent:  
Remember him hereafter, as my honourable Friend.

*Edm.* My services to your Lordship.

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

*Edm.* Sir, I shall study deserving.

*Glou.* He hath been out nine yeares, and away he shall  
again. The King is comming.

*Sennet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Re-  
gan, 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 crawl toward death. Our son of *Cornwall*,  
And you our no lesse loving Sonne of *Albany*,

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We have this houre a constant will to publish  
Our Daughters severall Dowes, 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 sojourn,  
And here 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 bounty may extend  
Where Nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*,  
Our eldest borne, speake first.

*Gir.* Sir, I love you more then word can weild the  
Deerer then eye-sight, space, and liberty, (matter,  
Beyond what can be valued, 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 shadowy 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 dearest *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 hereditary ever,  
Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome,  
No lesse in space, validity, 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 *Burgundy*,  
Strive to be inteest. What can you say, to draw  
A third, more opulent then your Sisters? speake.

*Cor.* Nothing my Lord.

*Lear.* Nothing?

*Cor.*

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*Cor.* Nothing.

*Lear.* Nothing will come of nothing, speake againe.

*Cor.* Unhappy 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,

Obeey 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 Duty,

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 radiance of the Sunne,

The mysteries of *Hecat* and the night:

By all the operations 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 releiv'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 avoyd 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 *Albany*,

With my two Daughters Dowres, digest the third,

Let pride, which she calls plainnesse, marry her:

I doe invest you [jontly] 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.

*Lear.* 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 doe old man?

Think'st thou that duty 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

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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 lose 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.

*Lear*. Now by *Apollo*,

*Kent*. Now by *Apollo*, King  
Thou [swear.st] thy Gods in vaine.

*Lear*. O Vassall [!] Miscreant.

*Alb. Cor.* Deare Sir forbear.

*Kent*. Kill thy Physitian, and thy fee bestow  
Upon the foule disease, revoke thy gift,  
Or whil'st I can vent clamour from my throate,  
Ile tell thee thou dost evill.

*Lea*. Heare me recreant, on thine allegiance 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, and our power,  
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare;  
Our potency 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 the tenth day following,  
Thy banisht trunk 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 adieu,  
Hee'l shape his old course, in a Countrey new. *Exit*.

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

[*Cor.*] Heere's *France* and *Burgundy*, my Noble Lord.

*Lear*. My Lord of *Burgundy*,  
We first addresse toward you, who with this King  
Hath rival'd for our Daughter; what in the least  
Will you require in present Dower with her,  
Or cease your quest of Love?

*Bur*. Most Royall Majestie,  
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,  
Shée'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-*

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*Bur.* Pardon me Royall Sir,  
Election makes not up in such conditions.

*Le.* Then leave her sir, for by the powre that made  
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King, (me,  
I would not from your love make such a stray,  
To match you where I hate, therefore beseech 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 best object,  
The argument of your praise, balme of your age,  
The best, the dearest, 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 beleieve 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 foulennesse,  
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 solliciting 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 doe: 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 Dowry.

*Bur.* Royall King,  
Give but that portion which your selfe propos'd,  
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,  
Dutchesse of *Burgundy*.

*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 *Burgundy*,  
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 unkind,  
Thou loosest here a better where to find.

*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:

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Come Noble *Burgundy*. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

*Fra.* Bid farewell to your Sisters.

*Cor.* The Jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes  
*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 duty.

*Gon.* Let your study

Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you  
At fortunes almes, you have obedience scantied,  
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 ob-  
servation we have made of it hath beene little; he alwayes  
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 beene but  
rash, then must we looke from his age, to receive not a-  
lone the imperfections of long ingrafted 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 be-  
tweene *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 doe something, and I'th'heate. *Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Secunda*

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*Enter Bastard.*

*Bast.* Thou Nature art my Goddess, 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 basenesse Bastardy? Base, Base?  
Who in the lusty stealth of Nature, take  
More composition, and fierce quality,  
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.

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Well

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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 power,  
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 that Let-

*Bast.* I know no newes, my Lord. (ter?

*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 no-  
thing, 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 detain, 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, he wrote  
this but as an essay or taste of my Vertue.

*Glou reads. This policy, and reverence of Age, makes the  
world bitter to best of our times: keepes our Fortunes from us,  
till our oldnesse cannot relish them. I begin to find 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 belo-  
ved of your Brother.* *Edgar.*

Hum? Conspiracy? Sleepe till I wake him, you should  
enjoy halfe his Revennew: my Sonne *Edgar*, had he 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 main-  
taine it to [befit], that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers  
declind, the Father should be as Ward to the Son, and  
the Sonne manage his Revennew.

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

*Bast.* I doe not well know my L. If it shall please you  
to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you  
can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you  
should run a certaine course: where, if you violently pro-  
ceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a  
great gap in your honor, and shake in peeeces, the heart of

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his obedience. I dare pawne downe my life for him, that he hath writ this to seeke my affection to your honor, and 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 be such a Monster. *Edmond* seeke him out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the Businesse after your owne wisdom. 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 wisdom of Nature can reason it this, and thus, yet Nature finds it selfe scour'd by the frequent effects. Love cooles, friendship falls off, Brothers divide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, discord; in Palaces, 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 Villaine *Edmond*, it shall lose thee nothing, doe it carefully: and the Noble and true harted Kent banish'd; his offence, honesty. Tis strange. *Exit.*

*Bast.* This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune, often the surfets of our owne behaviour, we make guilty of our disasters, the Sun the Moone, and Starres, as if we were villaines on necessity, Fooles by heavenly compulsion, Knaves, Theeves, and Treachers by Sphericall predominance. Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an inforc'd obedience of Planetary 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 Lecherous. 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.* Doe you busie your selfe with that?

*Bast.* I promise, the effects he writes of, succede 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 tearmes? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, nor countenance?

*Edg.* None at all,

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



chiefe of your person, it would scarcely 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 there 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 doe 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 honesty  
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.*

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*Scoena Tertia.*

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*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, every 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 doe 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 looks among  
you: what growes of it no matter, advise your fellowes  
so, Ile write straight to my Sister to hold my course; pre-  
pare for dinner. *Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Quarta.*

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*Enter Kent.*

*Kent.* If but as well 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 likeness. 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.

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*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 sayes 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 he'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 Diligence.

*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.*

*Stew.* So please you----- *Exit.*

*Lear.* What sayes the Fellow there? Call the Clot-pole backe: wheres my Foole? Ho, I thinke the worlds 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 mee 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 curiosity, then as a very pretence and purpose of unkindnesse; I will looke further into't: but where's my Foole? I have not seene him this two dayes.

*Knight.* Since my young Ladies going into France  
f f 2 Sir,

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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 stricken my Lord.

*Kent.* Nor tript neither, you base Foot-ball player.

*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 againe, tarry, but away, goe too, have you wisdom, 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, and thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou't 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'd keepe my Coxcombes my selfe, theres mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

*Lear.* Take heed Sirrah, the whip.

*Foole.* Truth's a dog must to kennell, he 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.* Doe.

*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 beleieve a Foole.

*Lear.* A bitter Foole.

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

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*Lear.* No Lad, teach me.

*Foole.* Nunckle, give me an egger, and Ile give thee two Crownes.

*Lear.* What two Crownes shall they be?

*Fool.* 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 sirra?

*Foole.* I have used it Nunckle, ere since thou mad'st thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gav'st them the rod, and putst 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.  
Prethy Nunckle keepe a Schoolmaster that can teach thy Foole to lye, I would faine learne to lye.

*Lear.* And you lye 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; [heare] 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  
Doe hourelly 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 doe you that offence,  
Which else were shame, that then necessity  
Will call discreet proceeding.

*Foole.* For you know Nunckle, the Hedge-Sparrow fed the Cuckoos so long, that it had its head bit off by it young, so out went the Candle, and we were left darkling.

*Lear.* Are you our Daughter? (dome

*Gon.* I would you would make use of your good wisdom (Whereof I know you are fraught) and put away These dispositions, which of late transport you From what you rightly are.

*Foole.*

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*Foole.* May not an Asse know, when the Cart drawes  
the Horse?

Whoop Juggle I love thee.

*Lear.* Dos any heere know me?

This is not *Lear*:

Do's *Lear* walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his eyes?

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 oth'savour

Of other your new pranks. I doe beseech you

To understand 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 rabble.  
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'st thee in a Child,

Then the Sea-monster.

*Alb.* Pray Sir be patient.

*Lear.* Detested Kite, thou lvest.

My Traine are men of choyce, and rarest parts,

That all particulars of duty 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. Goe, goe, 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 Goddesses, heare:

Suspend thy purpose, if thou did'st intend

To make this Creature fruitfull:

Into her Wombe convey sterility,

Dry 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,

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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 every 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  
Shée'l flea thy Wolvish visage. Thou shalt finde,  
That Ile resume the shape which thou dost thinke  
I have cast off for ever.

*Gon.* Doe 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 every dreame,  
Each buz, each fancy, 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 feare 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'unfittesne.

*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,

f f 3                      And

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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 taske for want of wisdom,  
 Then prai'sd for harmefull mildnesse.

*Alb.* How farre your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;  
 Striving to better, oft we marre what's well.

*Gon.* Nay then-----

*Alb.* Well, well, the 'vent.

*Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Quinta.*

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*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 your diligence 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 goe  
 slip-shod.

*Lear.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Fool.* Shalt see thy other Daughter will use thee kind-  
 ly, for though shes as like this, as a Crabbe's like an Ap-  
 ple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

*Lear.* What canst 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 sides 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.

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

*Exeunt.*

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*Actus Secundus. Scoena Pria.*

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*Enter Bastard, and Curan, severally.*

*Bast.* Save the *Curan*.

*Cur.* And you 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 doe then in time,  
Fare you well Sir. *Exit.*

*Bast.* The Duke be here to night? the better best,  
This weaves it selfe prforce into my businesse,  
My father hath set guard to take my brother,  
And I have one thing of a queazy question  
Which I must act, briefenesse, and Fortune worke.

*Enter Edgar.*

Brother, a word, descend; brother I say,  
My father watches: O Sir, fly this place,  
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 party 'gainst the Duke of *Albany*?  
Advise 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  
Doe 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 darke, 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: goe after. By no meanes, what?

*Bast.* Perswade me to the murther of your Lordship,

Gainst

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But that I told him the revenging Gods,  
Gainst Parricides 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, rous'd to th'encounter,  
Or whether gasted by the noyse I made,  
Full sodainely he fled.

*Glost.* Let him flye 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 authority I will proclaime it,  
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,  
Bringing the murderous Coward to the stake:  
He that conceales him, death.

*Bast.* When I dissuaded 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 deny,  
(As this I would, though thou didst produce  
My very Character) I'd turne it al  
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?  
Hearke, the Duke's Trumpets, I know not where 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'expeince 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*;

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*Edmond*, 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: as 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, thredde darke ey'd night,  
Occasions Noble *Gloster* of some prize,  
Wherein we must have use of your advice.  
Our Father he hath writ, so hath our Sister,  
Of differences, which I best thought it fit  
To answer 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.*

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*Scoena Secunda.*

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*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.* Prethee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.

*Kent.* I love thee not.

*Stew.* Why then I care not for thee.

*Kent.* If I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold, I would make  
thee care for me.

*Stew.* Why do'st thou use me thus? I know thee not.

*Kent.* Fellow I know thee.

*Stew.* 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  
heelles, and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue,  
for

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For though it be night, yet the Moone shines, Ile make a  
sop oth' Mooneshine of your, you whoreson Cullyenly  
Barber-monger, draw.

*Stew.* Away, I have nothing to doe with thee.

*Kent.* Draw you Rascall, you come with Letters a-  
gainst the King, and take Vanity the puppets part, a-  
gainst the Royalty of her father: draw you Rogue, or  
Ile so carbonado your shankes, draw you Rascall, come  
your wayes.

*Ste.* Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

*Kent.* Strike you slave: stand rogue, stand you neat  
slave, strike.

*Stew.* Helpe ha, murther, murther.

*Enter Bastard, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Servant.*

*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 dyes that strikes  
again, 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?

*Stew.* 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-  
boulded 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 angry?

*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,  
[Reneg], affirme, and turne their Halcion beakes  
With every gall, and vary 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'd 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,

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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 roughnesse, and constrains 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, he'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 radiant fire  
On flicking *Phoebus* front.

*Corn.* What mean'st by this?

*Kent.* To goe 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 dis-  
pleasure 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 stubborn ancient Knave, you reverent Bragart,  
We'll 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 honor, 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 Stockes.

*Glo.* Let me beseech your Grace, not to doe so,  
The King his Master, needs must take it ill  
That he so slightly valued in his Messenger,  
Should have him thus restrained.

*Corn.* 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.

*Ken.* 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

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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 misery. 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 heavy 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 my selfe: 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 loynes, else all my haire in knots,

And with presented nakednesse out-face

The Windes, and persecutions of the sky;

The Country gives me prooffe, and president

of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voyces,

Strike in their numm'd and mortified Armes,

Pins, Wodden-prickes, Nayles, Sprigs of Rosmary:

And with this horrible object, from low Farmes,

Poor pelting Villages, Sheepes-Coates, and Milles,

Sometimes with Lunaticke bans, sometimes with Praiers

Inforce their charity: poore *Turlygod*, poore *Tom*.

That's something yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit.*

*Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman.*

*Lear.* 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 thy pastime?

*Kent.* No my Lord.

*Foole.* Hah, ha, he weares Cruell Garters; horses are  
tide by the heads, Dogges and Beares, by th'necke, Mon-  
kies by th'loynes, and Men by th'legs: when a man is o-  
verlusty at legs, then he weares wodden nether-stockes.

*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.

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*Kent.* By Juno, I swear 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 mightst 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 breathlesse, painting forth  
From *Gonerill* his Mistris, salutation;  
Deliver'd Letters spight of intermission,  
Which presently they read; on those contents  
They summon'd up their meiny, 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,  
Having more man then wit about me, drew;  
He rais'd the house, with loud and coward cryes,  
Your Sonne and Daughter found this trespassed worth  
The shame which heere it suffers. (way,

*Foole.* Winters not gone yet, if the wild 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 Dolours for thy deare  
Daughters, as thou canst tell in a yeare.

*Lear.* Oh how this [Mother] swells up toward my heart!  
*Historica passio*, downe thou climbing sorrow,  
Thy Elements below; where is this daughter?

*Kent.* With the Earle Sir, here within.

*Lear.* Follow me not, stay heere. *Exit.*

*Gen.* Made you no more offence,

But what you speake of?

*Kent.* None:

How chance 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.* We'll 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 theres not  
a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking; let  
goe thy hold, when a great wheele runs downe a hill,  
lest 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 againe,  
I would have 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 Glower:*

*Kent.* Where learn'd you this Foole?

*Foole.* Not I'th' Stocks Foole.

*Lear.*

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*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'll speak with the Duke of *Cornwall*, and his wife.

*Glo.* Well my good Lord, I have inform'd them so.

*Lear.* Inform'd them? Dost 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 forbear,  
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 onely. Give me my Servant forth;  
Goe tell the Duke, and's wife, I'll 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 Nuncle, as the Cockney did to the  
Eeles, when she put 'em I'th' Paste alive, she knapt 'em  
o'th' Coxcombs with a stick, and cryed downe wantons,  
downe; 'twas her brother, that in pure kindnesse to his  
horse buttered his Hey.

*Enter Cornwall, 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 you 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 you free?  
Some other time for that. Beloved *Regan*,  
Thy sisters naught: Oh *Regan*, she hath tyed  
Sharpe-tooth'd unkindnesse, like a vulture here,  
I can scarce speake to thee, thou'lt not beleieve  
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 duty.

*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.

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*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 forgiveness?  
Doe 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'll 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.

*Lear.* You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames  
Into her scornfull eyes: Infect her Beauty,  
You Fen-suck'd Foggies, drawne by the powerfull 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  
Doe 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 knowst  
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 appeoves 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

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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 choyce 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 doe not call it,  
I doe 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 calls 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 looke 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,

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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 Beggars  
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 goe warme were gorgeous,  
Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,  
Which scarcely keeps 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 grieve 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 womens 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 doe such things,  
What they are yet, I know not, but they shall be  
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 breake into a hundred thousand flawes  
Or ere I weepe; O foole, I shall go mad. *Exeunt.*

*Corn.* Let us withdraw, twill be a Storme.

*Reg.* This house is little, the old man and's 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 receive 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 calls 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  
Doe 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 care abus'd, wisdom bids feare.

*Cor.* Shut up your doores my Lord, tis a wil'd night,  
My *Regan* counsels well: come out oth'storme. *Exeunt.*

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*Actus Tertius. Scoena Prima*

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

*Kent.* Who's there besides foule weather?

*Gen.* One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

*Kent.*

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*Kent.* I know you: Where's the King?

*Gent.* Contending with the fretfull Elements;  
Bids the winde 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 doe 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 kind King; or something deeper,  
Whereof (perchange) these are but furnishings.

*Gent.* I will talke further with you.

*Kent.* No, doe not:  
For confirmation that I am much more  
Then my out-wall; open this Purse, and take  
What it contains. 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 goe 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 paine  
That way, Ile this: He that first lights on him,  
Holla the other. *Exeunt.*

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*Scena Secunda.*

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*Storme still. Enter Lear, and Foole.*

*Lear.* Blow windes, and crack your cheeks; Rage, blow  
You Cataracts, and Hurricano's spout,  
Till you have drench'd our Steeples, 'drowne the Cocks.  
You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing fires,  
Vaunt-curriers 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 germanes 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 Battailles, 'gainst a head

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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 Beggars marry many.  
The man [yt] makes his Toe, what he his heart shold make,  
Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turne his sleepe to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman, but she 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 gods  
That keepe this dreadfull pudder ore our heads,  
Find 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 scantied 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.

*Lear.* True Boy: Come bring us to this Hovell. *Exit.*

*Foole.* This is a brave night to coole a Curtizan:  
Ile speak a Prophetie ere I go:  
When Priests are more 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

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

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*Scena Tertia.*

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*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.* Goe 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 dye 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.*

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*Scoena Quarta.*

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*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 minds free  
The bodies delicate: the tempest in my mind,  
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,

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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 lyes, 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 poverty, *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 pittillesse storme,  
How shall your house-lesse heads, and unfed sides,  
Your lop'd, and window'd raggednesse defend you  
From seasons 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, helpe  
me, helpe me.

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

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

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

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

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

*Edg*. Who gives any thing to poore *Tom*? Whom  
the foule Fiend hath led through Fire, and through Flame  
through Sword, and Whirle-Poole, o're Bog, and Quag-  
mire, that hath laid Knives under his Pillow, and Halts  
in his Pue, set Rats-bane by his Porredge, made him  
Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting horse, over foure  
archt 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  
taking, doe poore *Tom* some charity, whom the foule  
fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and  
there againe, and there.

*Storme still.*

*Lear*. Has 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.

*Lear*. 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 [Daughter].

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

*Fool*. This cold night will turne us all to fooles, and  
Madmen.

*Edgar*. Take heed oth'fould fiend, obey thy Pa-  
rents, keepe thy word, justice, swear not, commit not,

t t with

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With mans sworn 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 mind; 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, and 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 hand: Hog in sloth, Foxe in stealth, Wolfe in greedinesse. Dog in madnesse, Lion 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 Hawthorne blowes the cold wind: Sayes fuum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy *Seffey*: let him trot by. *Storme still.*

*Lear.* Thou wert better in a Grave, then to answer with thy uncover'd body, this extremity 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 ons are sophisticated. Thou art the thing it selfe; unaccommodated man, is no more but such a poore, bare, forked Animal as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, unbutton heere.

*Enter Gloucester, with a Torch.*

*Fool.* Prythee Nunckle be contented, 'tis a naughty 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.

*Edga.* This is the foule Flibbertigibbet; he begins at Curfew, and walkes at first Cocke: He 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 ninefold;  
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 eats the swimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Neut, and the water: that in the fury 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 from Tything 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 vild, that it doth hate what gets it.

*Edg.* Poore Tom's a cold.

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

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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? *Storme 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 grieve 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 warme.  
*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.* Come, good Athenian.  
*Glou.* No words, no words, hush.  
*Edg.* Childe Rowland to the darke Tower came.  
 His word was still, fie, foh, and fum,  
 I smell the blood of a Brittish man. *Exeunt*

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*Scoena Quinta.*

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*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 Loyalty, something feares me 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 reprovabable badnesse  
 in himselfe.  
*Bast.* How malicious is my fortune, that I must re-  
 pent to be just? This is the Letter which he spoke of:  
 which approves him an intelligent party to the advanta-  
 ges of France. O Heavens! that this Treason were not:  
 or not I the detector.  
*Corn.* Goe with me to the Dutchesse.  
*Bast.* If the matter of this Paper be certain, you have  
 mighty businesse in hand.

*Corn.*

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

*Bast.* If I finde him comforting the King, it will stuffe his [supition] 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.*

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*Scena Sexta.*

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*Enter Kent, and Gloucester.*

*Glou.* Here 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.* *Frazeretto* 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 has a Gentleman to his Sonne: for hes 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 pittie: 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 Curses, 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 wale,  
For with throwing thus my head;  
Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de: sese: Come, march to Wakes and Faires,  
And Market Townes: poore Tom thy horne is dry. *Exit.*

*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: onely, 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 goe to supper i'th'morning.

*Foole.* And Ile goe to bed at noone.

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

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

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*Glou.* Good friend, I prethee take him in thy armes;  
I have oreheard 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*

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*Scoena Septima.*

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

*Corn.* Post speedily to my Lord your husband, shew  
him 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. Advise the Duke where you are going, to a  
most festinate 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: goe seeke 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 doe a curt'sie to our wrath, which men  
May blame, but not comptroll.

*Enter Gloucester, 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:

Doe me no foule play, friends.

*Corn.* Binde him I say.

*Reg.* Hard, hard: O filthy Traitor.

*Glou.* Unmercifull Lady, as you are, Ime none.

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

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

*Reg.* So white, and such a Traitor?

*Glou.* Naughty Lady,

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

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You should not ruffle thus. What will you doe?

*Corn.* Come Sir.

What Letters had you late from France?

*Reg.* Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.

*Corn.* And what confederacy 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 the 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 Child:

But better service have I never done you,

Then now to bid you hold.

*Reg.* How now, you dogge?

*Serv.* If you did weare a beard upon your chin,

Ild shake it on this quarrell. What doe 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.*

*Serv.* 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 pittie thee.

*Glou.* O my follies! then *Edgar* was abus'd,

Kind Gods, forgive me that, and prosper him.

*Reg.* Goe thrust him out at gates, and let him smell

His way to Dover.

*Exit with Gloster.*

How is't my Lord? How looke you?

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*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*,

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*Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.*

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*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 yeeld to age.

*Oldm.* O my good Lord, I have beene 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,  
Ild 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.

*Oldm.* 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.  
Ith' last nights storme, I such a fellow saw;  
Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne  
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind  
Was then scarce 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 [their] be?

Bad is the Trade that must [play to foole 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 naked Soule,  
Which Ile intreate to lead me.

*Old.* Alacke sir, he is mad.

*Glou.*

*Glou.* 'Tis the times plague,  
When Madmen leade the blinde:  
Doe as I bid thee, or rather doe 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 bleed.  
*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. (plagues  
*Glou.* Here take this purse, thou whom the heav'ns  
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 feelee, feelee your powre quickly:  
So distribution should undoe 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.*

---

*Scena Secunda.*

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*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 goe no further.  
It is the Cowish terror of his spirit  
That dares not undertake: heell not feelee 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 powers.  
I must change names at home, and give the Distaffe  
Into my Husbands hands. This trusty 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 ranks of death. *Exit.*  
*Gon.* My most deere Gloster.

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Oh, the difference of man, and man,  
To thee a Womans services are due,  
My foole usurpes my body.

*Stew:* Madam, heere comes my Lord.

*Enter Albany.*

*Gon.* I have beene worth the whistle.

*Alba.* Oh *Gonerill*,

You are not worth the dust which the rude winde  
Blowes in your face.

*Gon.* Milke-Liver'd man,  
That bear'st a cheek for blowes, a head for wrongs,  
Who hast not in thy browes an eye-discerning  
Thine honor, from thy suffering.

*Alba.* See thy selfe divell:  
Proper deformity 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 *Cornwalls* dead,  
Slaine by his Servant, going to put out  
The other eye of Glouster.

*Alba.* 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.

*Alba.* This shewes you are above  
You Justices, that tise our nether crimes  
So speedily can venge. But (O poore Gloster)  
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 Gloster with her,  
May all the building in my fancy 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.

*Alba.* He is not heere.

*Mes.* No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.

*Alba.* 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.

*Al.* Gloster, 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.*

---

*Scoena 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, 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 wisdom  
 In the restoring his bereaved Sense; he that helps 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,  
 Lest 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.*

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*Scoena Quarta.*

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*Enter Regan, and Steward.*

*Reg.* But are my Brothers Powers 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 pittie of his misery, to dispatch

His nighted life: Moreover to descry

The strength oth'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 duty 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 here,  
 She gave strange Iliads; and most speaking looks  
 To Noble *Edmund*. I know you are of her bosome.

*Stew.* I, Madam?

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*Reg.* I speake in understanding: Y<sup>r</sup>are: I know't,  
Therefore I doe 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 doe find him, pray you give him this;  
And when your Mistris heares thus much from you,  
I pray desire her call her wisdom to her.  
So fare you well:  
If you doe 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 doe follow.  
*Reg.* Fare thee well. *Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Quinta.*

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*Enter Gloucester, and Edgar.*  
*Glou.* When shall I come to th<sup>t</sup>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, doe 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<sup>r</sup>are much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd  
But in my Garments.  
*Glou.* Me thinkes y<sup>r</sup>are better spoken.  
*Edg.* Gome on Sir,  
Heeres the place: stand still: how fearefull  
And dizey tis, to cast ones eyes so low,  
The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre  
Shew scarce 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,  
Lest 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. Fairies, and gods  
Prosper it with thee. Goe 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 doe 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

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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.* Good 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 [arr] you Sir?

*Glou.* Away, and let me dye.

*Edg.* Had'st thou been ought

But Gozemore, feathers, and Ayre,

(So many fathome downe precipitating)

Thou'dst shiver'd like an Egge: but thou dost breath:

Hast heavy substance, bleedst not, speakst, art sound,

Then Masts at each, make not the altitude

Which thou hast perpendicularly fell,

Thy life's a Miracle. Speake yet againe.

*Glou.* But have I falne, or no?

*Edg.* From the dread Somnet of thie Chalky Bourne

Looke up a height, the shrill-gor'd Larke so farre

Cannot be seene, or heard: Doe 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 oth'Cliffe. What thing was that

Which parted from you?

*Glou.* A poore unfortunate Beggar.

*Edg.* As I stood here below, me thought his eyes

Were two full Moones: he had a thousand Noses,

Hornes wealk'd, and waded 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 accomodate

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. Theres your

Presse-money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crow-

keeper: draw me 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, ith'clout: Hewgh. Give the word.

*Edg.* Sweet Marjoram.

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*Lear.* Passe.

*Glou.* I know that voice.

*Lear.* Ha! *Gonerill* with a white beard? They flatter'd me like a Dogge, and told me 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 wind came to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found em, there I smelt em out. Goe too, they are not men o'their words; they told me, I was every thing: Tis a Lye, I am not Agu-prooffe.

*Glou.* The tricke of that voyce, I do well remember: Is't not the King?

*Lear.* I, every inch a King.

When I doe 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 Flye  
Do's letcher in my sight. Iet Copulation thrive:  
For Glousters bastard Son was kinder to his father,  
Then my Daughters got 'twene 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, and dos shake  
the head to heare of pleasures name. The Fitchew, nor  
the soyled Horse goes too't with a more riotous appe-  
tite: Downe from the waste they are Centaures, though  
Women all above: but to the Girdle do the Gods inhe-  
rit, beneath is all the fiends. There's hell, there's darke-  
nesse, there is the sulphurous pit; burning, scalding, stench,  
consumption: Fye, fie, fie; pah, pah: Give me an Ounce  
of Civit; good Apothecary sweeten my imagination:  
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 blind 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 eyes in your  
head, nor no mony in your purse? Your eyes are in a hea-  
vy 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 Far-  
mers 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 Authority, 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. Tho-

rough

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rough tatter'd cloathes great Vices doe 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 does pierce it: None does 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.

*Edga.* 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 Gloucester:  
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 shooe  
A Troope of Horse with felt: Ile put't in prooffe,  
And when I have stolne upon these Sonnes 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 will die bravely,  
like a smugge Bridegroom. 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.* Doe 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 hourelly 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 pittie. Give me your hand,  
Ile leade you to some biding.

*Glou.* Hearty thanks:

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

*Enter Steward.*

*Stew.* A proclaim'd prize: most happy:  
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 zwagged 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 body,  
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: he'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 are more lawfull.

*Reads the Letter.*

*L.* *Et our reciprocall vowes be remembred. You have many  
opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and  
place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done. If hee  
returne the Conqueror, then am I the Prisoner, and his bed, my  
Gaole, from the loathed warmth whereof, deliver me, and sup-  
ply the place for your Labour.*

*Your (wife, so I would say) affectio-  
nate 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

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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.*

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*Scoena Septima.*

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*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-pay'd,  
All my reports goe with the modest truth,  
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.*Cor.* Be better suited,  
These weedes are memories of those worser houres:  
I prethee 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 dos the King:*Gent.* Madam sleepes still.*Cor.* O you kind Gods!  
Cure this great breach in his abused Nature,  
Th'untun'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 long?*Cor.* Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceepe  
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 pittie 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 doe me wrong to take me out oth'grave,  
Thou art a Soule in blisse, but I am bound

---

Upon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares  
 Doe scal'd, like molten Lead.  
*Cor.* Sir, doe you know me?  
*Lear.* You are a spirit I know, where did you dye?  
*Cor.* Still, still, farre wide.  
*Gen.* He's scarce 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 pittie  
 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 thinks 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. Doe not laugh at me,  
 For (as I am a man) I thinke this Lady  
 To be my child *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 doe 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.* Doe not abuse me.  
*Gent.* Be comforted good Madam, the great rage  
 You see is kill'd in him: desire him to goe in,  
 Trouble him no more till further settling.  
*Cor.* Wilt please your Highnesse walke?  
*Lear.* You must beare with me:  
 Pray you now forget, and forgive,  
 I am old and foolish. *Exeunt.*

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*Actus Quintus.    Scoena Prima.*

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*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, hes full of alteration,  
 And selfe reproving, bring in constant pleasure.  
*Reg.* Our Sisters man is certainly miscarried.  
*Bast.* Tis to be doubted Madam.  
*Reg.* Now sweet Lord,

You

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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 her husband.

*Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Gonerill, Souldiers.*

*Alba.* 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  
Fore'd to cry out.

*Regan.* Why is this reasond?

*Gone.* Combine, together 'gainst the Enemy:  
For these domesticke and particuular broiles,  
Are not the question heere.

*Alb.* Lets then determine with th'ancient of warre  
On our proceeding.

*Reg.* Sister youle goe with us?

*Gon.* No.

*Reg.* Tis most convenient, pray goe 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: wretch 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 fare thee 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, we'll 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 mercy  
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,  
The Battaile done, and they within our power;

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

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*Scoena Secunda.*

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*Alarum within. Enter with Drum and Colours, 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.*

---

*Scoena Tertia.*

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*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 forgiveness: So we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
At gilded Butterflies: and heare poore Rogues  
Talke of Court newes, and we'll talke with them too,  
Who looses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;  
And take upons 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 eye,  
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, goe 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

Does not become a Sword, thy 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.*

*Alba.* 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 strife:

I doe require them of you so to use them,

As we shall finde their merits, 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 eyes

Which doe command them. With him I sent the Queene

My reason all the same, and they are ready

To morrow, or at further space, t'appare

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 immediacy 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 stomach. Generall,

Take thou my Souldiers, prisoners, patrimony,

Dispose of them, of me, the walls are 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,

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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 Trumpet 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 lyes,  
Call by the Trumpet: he that dares approach;  
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine  
My truth and honor firmly.

*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 gods, 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 lvest.

*Bast.* In wisdom 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 disdain 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, and scarcely 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 beguiled.

*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 doe, 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.* Goe 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 doe 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 hourly dye,  
Rather then dye at once) taught me to shift  
Into a mad-mans ragges, 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

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Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart  
(Alacke too weake the conflict to support)  
Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grieve,  
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 pittie: O, is this [she]?  
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 doe  
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* in 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, I'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 murtherers, 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'll 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 hither.

*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 sayes, and vaine is it

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That we present us to him.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Edg.* Very bootlesse.

*Mess.* *Edmund* is dead my Lord.

*Alb.* That's but a trifle here:

You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,  
What comfort to this great decay may come,  
Shall be appli'd. For us we will resigne,  
During the life of this old Majesty  
To him our absolute power, you to your rights,  
With boot, 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,  
Doe you see this? Looke on her? Looke on her lips,  
Looke there, looke there. *He dyes.*

*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 gone 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 goe,  
My Master calls me, I must not say no. *Dyes.*

*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.*

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*F I N I S .*

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