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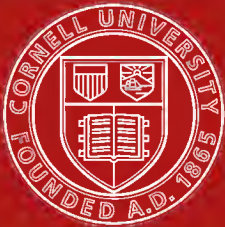
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THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES,
AND TRAGEDIES OF MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE

As presented at the Globe and Blackfriars
Theatres, circa 1591-1623

*Being the text furnished the Players, in parallel
pages with the first revised folio text,
with Critical Introductions*

The Bankside Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN



NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
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The Bankside Shakespeare

X.

KING LEAR



*(The Players' Text of 1608, with the
Heminges and Condell Text
of 1623)*

With an Introduction touching the Priority
of the Pide Bull Quarto, the Dependence
of the Folio Text upon the original
Sketch of the Play, and sundry
Points of textual Criticism

BY

ALVEY AUGUSTUS ADEE, A. M. (YALE)

*A Member of the Shakespeare Society of New York ; A Member
of the New Shakspeare Society, etc.*

NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

1890

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To

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,

WHOSE RIPE SCHOLARSHIP, POETIC INSIGHT, AND GENTLE NATURE
FIT HIM, AMONG THE BEST OF OUR TIME, TO BE, AS HE IS,
A REVERENT AND EARNEST LOVER OF

SHAKESPEARE,

This Volume is Dedicated

BY PERMISSION.

A. A. A.

INTRODUCTION

I.

DATE OF COMPOSITION AND REPRESENTATION.

CARRYING out the policy of "frauds and stealthes," of which Heminge and Condell so emphatically complained, Simon Stafford, a notable literary pirate of his day, appeared before the Stationers' Company on the 8th of May, 1605, paid his fee of sixpence, and

Entred for his Copie vnder th andes of the Wardens A booke called the Tragecall historie of. kinge Leir and his Three Daughters &c. As it was latelie Acted.¹

The same day an assignment of the same book was entered "from Simon Stafford and by consent of Master Leake" to John Wright, another "iniurious impostor," provided, however, "that Simon Stafford shall haue the printinge of this booke."

This was not Shakespeare's *Lear*, but the older Chronicle History previously entered 14 May, 1594, of which no printed copy earlier than Stafford's imprint of 1605 is known. That Stafford and Wright revived it as "latelie Acted" is suggestive of a contemporaneous interest in the drama of *Lear*, which could hardly have been due to the recent performance and current popularity of the dull old play, already clapper-clawed and staled by eleven years of stage-life, which they thus laid before the public. Malone first, in 1790, surmised that a fraud was intended; that it was extremely probable that Shakespeare's *Lear* was performed for the first time in March or

¹ Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 289.

April of 1605, and that Wright and Stafford, "finding Shakespeare's play successful, hoped to palm the spurious one on the public for his."¹

This supposition on Malone's part was sound, in view of what we know of the copyright methods of those days, and of the impositions so frequently resorted to. Dramatic authorship and stage property had little or no protection. The stationer who first entered and printed a play owned it in book form and reaped the benefits of its popularity. How he obtained his copy was of little moment. Ingenious devices of theft were common. When a surreptitious text could not be bought or purloined, a rude system of short-hand was employed, and the writing-tables of the critics, which, as we learn from the allusions of Ben Jonson² and others, were in common use among the audience, did duty to supply a copy more or less maimed and deformed for the thievish printers. Actors, even, were accessible to bribes, and sometimes memorized their own parts and those of their associates, to be written out for the press. That none of these methods was in this case resorted to is fortunate, else we might be indebted to Wright and Stafford for a Quarto *Lear* less perfect of limbs, perhaps, than the 1603 *Hamlet*.

Malone, very happily, backed up his conjecture by internal evidence, citing Edgar's doggerel:—

. . . fie, foh, and fumme,
I fmell the blood of a Brittiſh man. (Fo. 1957.)

instead of the traditional reading, an *Englishman*, as invariably found in the printed versions of the jingle in 1596 and thereabouts. King James, on 13th May, 1603, issued a proclamation declaring that, "until a complete union" he "held, and esteemed the two

¹ Malone's *Shakespeare*, i. 352.

² *Every Man Out of His Humour*, Act 2; see also *Woman Hater* and *Malecontent*.

realms as presently united, and as one kingdom." On the 24th of October, 1604, James was proclaimed King of Great Britain. Hence the plausible argument that the changed phrase, "Brittish man," fitted a recent event, so that either 1603 or 1604 may be assigned as a date immediately prior to the composition of the play.¹ That the drama was written after 1603 is fixed by the publication in that year of Dr. Harsnet's *Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures*, from which the names of Edgar's vexatious fiends are taken.

That it was *then* written does not necessarily follow. Wright sets the date of its composition as late as the autumn and winter of 1605, in consequence of Gloucester's reference to "These late Eclipses in the Sun and Moone," (Fo. 431) — which points to the lunar eclipse in September, 1605, followed on the 2d of October by an almost total obscuration of the sun; and, moreover, he, as many critics before him, discerned in the ensuing dismal recital of "Machinations, hollowneffe, treacherie, and all ruinous disorders" then rife, a distinct allusion to the Gunpowder Plot of November 5, 1605. The eclipse argument is, however, inconclusive, for there were similar pairs of eclipses in 1598 and the winter of 1601. The latest authority, Fleay, on metrical tests decides that *Lear* is in Shakespeare's third style, and could not, therefore, have overlapped *Pericles*, written in 1606, and "certainly in his fourth manner." He unhesitatingly declares that "the play *was* written before May 8, 1605;" and very forcibly argues that the old play of *Leir*, written *circa* 1588, and played by the Queen's and Sussex's men at the Rose in 1593, hav-

¹ It is to be noted that the phrase "Englith party" of the 1623 Folio (l. 2684) is rendered "*Britifh* partie" in the 1608 Quarto (l. 2443). This is a point in favor of the real priority of the Folio text over the amended prompt-copy of the Quarto, which is advocated in this paper.

ing a happy ending and being styled a *Chronicle History*, could not, when printed or reprinted by Stafford and Wright in May, 1605, have been entitled as it was a *Tragical History*, unless for the purpose of palming it off as Shakespeare's *Tragical History*, then lately acted.¹

For my part, I see no difficulty in stringing the formation of *Lear* along the time between March or April, 1605, when, as may be safely assumed, it was first acted, and the 26th of December, 1606, when it was again acted, doubtless in substantially the form in which it appears in the Quartos of 1608. Under the constant exigencies of stage representation plays are, and always have been, strangely mutable; supposed unpalatable allusions to the authorities are weeded out; gags, oftenest due to the players rather than the author, creep in; and *Lear* was in all likelihood subjected to these changes. The differences between the Folio and Quarto texts strengthen this assumption, and it is rational to conjecture that had *Lear* been printed as first written and performed in the early part of 1605, the text would have been found in tolerably close conformity with the Folio.

On the whole, we may concur with Malone and Fleay in regarding *Lear* as having been substantially completed in March or April of 1605; and we may further assume that it was thereafter subjected to minor changes up to the time the Quarto appeared.

II.

THE QUARTO TEXTS OF 1608.

Arber's *Transcript*, under date of the 26th November, 1607, gives the following entry in the Stationers' Registers:—

¹ *Robinson's Epitome of Literature*, 1 August, 1879.

NATHANIEL BUTTER Entred for their copie vnder th andes
 JOHN BUSBY. of Sir George Buck knight and Th
 wardens A booke called. Master Wil-
 liam Shakespeare his hiftorye of Kinge
 Lear as yt was played before the kinges
 maiestie at Whitehall vppon Sainct Ste-
 phens night at Christmas Laft by his
 maiesties seruantes playenge vfually at
 the Globe on the Bankfyde. vjd

Furness notes,¹ as an illustration of the strict censorship of the press at that time, "that it was necessary to cite the authority for the license not only of the Wardens, but also of Sir George Buck, the Master of the Revels." If we could take a peep at the manuscript of the play so presented for entry, we would probably find that Sir George's approval dates back to his revisal of the play before its performance at court.

Under this license, Butter published, but not until some time, probably early, in the following year, 1608, *two* Quarto editions of the play. Why two? Competition suggests sufficient motive for the publication of the Roberts and Fisher Quartos of *Midsummer Night's Dream* in 1600, and of the rival editions of the *Merchant of Venice* by Roberts and Heyes in the same year, but not for conflicting issues by the same stationer, as in this case. Few questions of bibliography have more intricately disturbed the critics than to determine which of these twins was first born; but, after long discussion, the red thread, like that which served to distinguish between Tamar's sons, rests finally on the hand of Zarah, priority being given by common consent to the edition which was "/ Printed for *Nathaniel Butter*, and are to be fold at his shop in *Pauls* / Church-yard at the signe of the Pide Bull neere / *S^t. Austins Gate*. 1608 /

The other, or Pharez-twin, omits the designation of Butter's shop at the Pide Bull, and hence is known simply as the N. Butter edition. Its title-page closely follows, in other respects, the Pide Bull copy, but with a different printer's vignette, and reads thus:—

/ M. VWilliam Shake-speare, / HIS / True Chronicle Hif-
tory of the life / and death of King *Lear*, and his / *three*
Daughters. / *With the vnfortunate life of EDGAR*, / Ionne
and heire to the Earle of *Glocefter*, and / *his fullen and af-*
sumed humour of TOM / of Bedlam. / *As it was plaid before*
the Kings Maiefty at White-Hall, vp- / pon S. Stephens night,
in Christmas Hollidaies. / By his Maiesties Seruants, playing
vfually at the / *Globe on the Banck-side.* / (Vignette.) / Printed
for *Nathaniel Butter.* / 1608. /

Of the Pide Bull Quarto, Halliwell-Phillipps, in his preface to the Ashbee *facsimile*, asserts the existence of twelve copies, and adds, "No two copies have yet been found which agree with each other." Six of these were collated by Clark and Wright in the preparation of the Cambridge edition, and are described as: 1, the copy in Capell's collection; 2, the Duke of Devonshire's copy; 3, a perfect copy in the British Museum; 4, an imperfect copy in the British Museum; 5 and 6, two copies, both slightly imperfect, in the Bodleian collection. I have endeavored to ascertain the present resting-place of the remaining six with but partial success. One, formerly in Heber's collection, is now in the Lenox Library in New York. Another, also Heber's, belonged for a time to Mr. Almon W. Griswold, of New York, but passed out of his possession into the hands of Mr. Ch. H. Kalbfleisch, also of that city, who in turn parted with it to Mr. Brayton Ives, one of the founders of the Grolier Club of New York. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps wrote me from his Brighton home, in April, 1887, that he then had "a largish fragment of one," but where the others were he could

not inform me. I believe one of them is in Mr. Huth's library at Kensington, and I have been told of another at Edinburgh, in the University Library, possibly one among the "forty to fifty quartos before 1660" which Halliwell gave to the Scotch collection,¹ but I have had no chance to verify their situs or condition. Mr. Quaritch, too, had a *Pide Bull Lear* in his Exhibition Collection, recently shown in New York.

By a curious piece of good fortune, the variations in the several copies of the *Pide Bull Lear* determine its rank as the First Quarto. The ten sheets of which the volume consists were, according to a too common fashion of the time, corrected while passing through the press. The printed sheets, corrected and uncorrected, seem to have been indiscriminately jumbled by the binder, so that each copy known, so far as collated, is made up of the two classes in varying proportion, no two alike, with the exception of the perfect copy in the British Museum, and the second Malone-Bodleian copy without title-page. These "agree throughout, and are the best copies; having only one uncorrected sheet, K., in their composition."² The imperfect copy in the British Museum, according to the same authority, "is the only one which has the corrected sheet K." The Praetorius *facsimile*, under Daniel's careful editing, while taken entirely from the perfect copy of the British Museum, very conveniently adds the corrected sheet K, so that the fortunate possessor of a copy has, so to speak, two Quartos to turn to.

But, whether corrected or uncorrected, Q¹. is one of the most puzzling typographical productions of all the Shakespearean Quartos. Many of its words and phrases are the veriest nonsense in the uncor-

¹ Winsor, *Bibliography*, 13.

² Praetorius *Lear*, Daniel's Introduction, xi.

rected sheets, so much so that, as Daniel says, one is tempted to believe that the printer "was a foreigner, imperfectly acquainted with English." Of this conjecture, more anon. The list of its blunders is most amusing, and at times they become almost incredible. To mention only a few of the best known, we find "three fnyted" for *three suited*; "aufrent" for *ancient*; "crulentious" for *contentious*; "a nell-thu night more" for *he met the night mare*; "beneflicted" for *benefitted*; "the bornet and beniz" for *the bounty and the benizon*; "coren boffom" for *common bosom*; and, most intricate of all, "My foote vfurps my body," which the corrected sheet gives as *A foole vfurps my bed*, and which the twin Quarto intelligently renders, *My foote vfurps my head*.

The second, or N. Butter 1608 Quarto, is declared by Daniel to be "evidently printed from a copy having the uncorrected sheets D. G. & H." He adds, "It is much to be wished that other copies of Q1, if there are others in existence, could be examined: I think it highly probable that the sheets B. I. L., of which at present we only know one state, would be found to be, like the rest, in two, and might perhaps reveal the origin of the few readings contained in Q2, which at present have the appearance of independent authority."¹

There can scarcely be a reasonable doubt of the soundness of Mr. Daniel's conclusion that the Pide Bull was the earlier in press-work, and that the Cambridge editors, who throughout their text of the play style it Q², were right in subsequently assigning it the first place. To review the evidence, the text of the Pide Bull copy begins with signature B, a natural thing to do when the printer may have been uncertain

¹ Praetorius *Lear*, Q¹, Intro., xi. The general editor reports that, upon collation, the Lenox Library copy shows no variants in sheets B, I, and L. It is without the comma in "lubbers, length," and sheets G and K are in the uncorrected state.

whether a preface or prologue was to follow the title, and so left a vacant signature to the last. The N. Butter copy begins, as a reprint almost certainly would, with sheet A, of which the title is the first page. In the second place, where the N. Butter issue varies from the Pide Bull, it is in the direction of intelligent, if not always successful conjectural amendment, — *miscræant* as a substitute for “aufrent” being a palpable case of ingenious failure. Now it is quite impossible to conceive of the retrograde corruption which would be involved in the supposition that the Pide Bull text was set up from the comparatively pure readings of the N. Butter copy, and that signatures E, F, and K could subsequently have undergone such singular degradation as they show in what we call the uncorrected sheets. It is beyond credulity to accept such a genesis for “crulentious” from *tempestious*, or “the bornet and beniz” from *the bounty and the benison*. Blunders like these might occur in the attempt of a foreigner to decipher a crabbed English manuscript, but hardly with clear type before the eye of the compositor or of the reader whose voice the type-setter of those days often followed. But I must confess, parenthetically, that my confidence in this part of the argument falters when I recall that Jane Bell’s compositors, forty-seven years later, setting up the Third Quarto from the earlier printed text, contrived many senseless changes, even to transmuting the simple words “Sound a Sennet” of the stage-direction (Q¹, 32) into *Sunday a Cornet*. A third alternative, that of independent composition of Q¹ and Q² from the same or from two different manuscripts, is disposed of by their coincidence in many minor errors of typography and orthography. The chances are millions to one against a sustained series of parallel chance-blunders. In nothing is the personal equation so manifest as in

type-setting, or the startling possibilities of individual misreading so infinite.

III.

THE TYPOGRAPHY OF THE QUARTOS.

The Pide Bull and N. Butter Quartos bear different vignetted devices on their titles. In the first, it is "that of a firm of printers at Frankfort, A. Wechelum and his successors,"¹ and, as appears from Bagford's collection of title-pages in the British Museum, it was used by them between 1575 and 1630. That it ever belonged distinctively and of right to any English printer cannot be ascertained, for, while Wechelum's house was so using it, it appears on the title-page of the 1622 Quarto *Othello*, printed by N(icholas) O(kes), and later is repeated on the title of the Second Folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, printed by J. Macock in 1659. Furness, from this identity of the title-device, was led to surmise that Nicholas Okes might have printed the Pide Bull *Lear* in 1608; and Daniel adds that Okes is first catalogued as a printer in 1606, whence it might be inferred that he was still getting his hand in when the *Lear* was printed in 1608. But the font of the *Lears* does not seem to be that of Okes' press, for certain upper-case Italic types, such as the long-tailed *G*, the capital Greek *E*, the *D* with a top curl, and the long *C* of the Butter imprints are not found in the *Othello*.

The title of the N. Butter Quarto shows a device bearing the initials R. and I. on either side in the ornamental border. It seems to have been floating property. It was first used by Richard Johnes, Jhones, or Jones, whose name it fits, and who, as Daniel

¹ Praetorius Q¹, Intro., iv.

says, "appears to have been at work between 1571 and 1597." It next appears on the title of the 1600 *Merchant of Venice*, printed by J. Roberts, whose name it also fits. No book printed by Roberts is catalogued of later date than 1606, whence it would seem that Roberts could not have been the printer of the N. Butter *Lear*. In 1619 the device was appropriated by the anonymous printer of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and afterwards, in 1634 and 1640, was used by Tho. Cotes. Who used it in 1608 cannot presently be ascertained. It is, as far as I can judge, of German design, probably engraved at Frankfort, and finding its way thence to England, along with much of the "furniture" of the British presses of that day.

The dependence of English printers on German supplies continued long after Caxton's time. The founderies of Frankfort and Amsterdam supplied the London fonts until as late as 1720, when the first type was cast in England by Caslon. Germany and the Lowlands furnished many journeymen to the London market. The relations of the two countries, and especially of Holland, with England were intimate; the superficial acquisition of the English tongue by the Netherlander was as easy then as now, by reason of the structural analogies of the two idioms. Dutchmen swarmed to England in search of employment, as witness Dekker's *Northward Ho*, 1607. The poverty of the establishment from which the Pide Bull Quarto issued is conspicuous on glancing over its pages. "Wrong font" characters are common. Devices to supply the place of run-out types are often seen, as the inversion of a semicolon to serve as an interrogation-point. There is a decidedly Continental look about the composition, in spots. The contraction-mark above the \bar{m} , \bar{n} , \bar{e} , \bar{o} , and \bar{u} , a feature which clung to Gothic typography after it fell into disuse

in English printing, is as common in the Pide Bull as it is uncommon in the twin issue. The clumsy devices to which an untrained type-setter might naturally resort are frequent, as the marginal stage-direction, "*Enter Edgar*" (Q¹, 412, 799) is twice clean outside the page-form. Two short speeches are frequently crowded into one line. 'Prentice-work is evident throughout.

It is not a violent stretch of fancy to conjecture that the thrifty Nathaniel, "iniurious impostor" that he doubtless was, having probably secured his manuscript copy of the play by fraud, had it printed by stealth in the nameless and ill-equipped shop of some adventurous German artisans, possibly apprentices of Wechelum himself, who, in their migration from Frankfort, had perhaps brought with them a cast of Wechelum's device-die as a neat and handy tool of trade. Grant this, and the mysterious nonsense of the uncorrected Pide Bull text is accounted for. There seem to have been at least two compositors at work on it, to judge from the "takes," of which some are much worse set-up than those immediately preceding and following them.¹ One of the 'prentices, possibly a Fleming, had, I fancy, an ignorant smattering of the French tongue besides; enough to invent the semi-gallicism of "pinqueues" for *Pin, squints*.²

One can almost picture the despair of the good Butter as the printed sheets came to him in their first state, and his efforts, aided by his manuscript and his Teutonic proof-reader, to torture sense out

¹ Two different lengths of "stick" are used, the shorter (about $3\frac{3}{8}$ inches) generally comprises the more correctly set-up "takes" The longer "stick" measures $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches.

² The compositor of the Second Quarto is even more Gallic in this place, for he twists the two words into the unrecorded noun "pinqueuer," possibly conjecturing that "the pinqueuer the eye" might refer to one who, in the idiom of Shakespeare's day, *pinked* the eye, that is, held the lids nearly closed.

of the jargon set before him. Credit may be given him for much success in his corrections,—although indeed very humble powers of conjecture might suggest that Pins, and not Pies, were stricken by Bedlam beggars in their numb'd and mortified bare arms, and many such like emendations.

We may find in the theory of foreign type-setters being employed a plausible explanation of the numerous cases where rhyme and blank verse are set up as prose. This feature may be largely due to the custom, then quite common, of composing by ear from the voice of an assistant who read the manuscript. There are many evident and curious instances of phonetic blundering which become apparent when contrasted with the true reading of the Folio. Goneril's "pray lets hit together" (Q. 298) for *let vs fit*; Goneril's "great pallace" (Q. 671) for *grac'd Pallace*; Kent's "Stopping his meffenger" (Q. 1019) for *Stocking* him; the Fool's "shall haue a corne cry woe" (Q. 1460) for *Shall of a Corne*; Edgar's "O light" (Q. 1632) for *a-light*; Lear's "a dogge, fo bade in office" (Q. 2366) for *a Dogg's obey'd*; and, most characteristic of all, Lear's "a rat of life" (Q. 2968) for *a Rat haue life*, are a few among many examples. On the other hand, "accent" (Q. 699) for *cadent*; "warbling" (Q. 817) for *mumbling*; ¹ "flechuent" (Q. 1009) for *fleshment*; "feruice" (Q. 1079) for *Farmes*; "Iuftice" (Q. 1158) for *fetches*; "and now" (Q. 2190) for *Edmund*, are apparently eye-blunders, where the reader stumbled when he saw, and the compositor's help was invoked to puzzle out some crabbed word. Still another class of blunders suggests that the reader

¹ Suppose the Folio had also given "accent" and "warbling"—how the advocates of "Shakespeare's undisturbed text" would have found aptness in those words, and resented a conjectural change to *cadent* and *mumbling*!

was an illiterate fellow, some "poore vnfortunate bagger," from the rural districts, retaining a twang of provincialism in his utterance, such as "a" for *he*, which frequently occurs in the speeches of educated personages, "A would not" (Q. 524) for *He would not*; "a followes" (Q. 1249) for *he followes*; "a fought my life" (Q. 1673) for *he fought*. A remarkable case of complicated blundering is Lear's suggestion "to shoot a troupe of horse with fell" (Q. 2382) for *to shoo a Troope of Horse with Felt*.

Another hypothesis, a trifle wild perhaps for acceptance, but still worthy a passing glance, may be alternatively presented. May not the book have been printed bodily on the Continent, perhaps at Wechelum's own press at Frankfort? The continental printers were equal to such demands, and their services were at times invoked. The German poet, Georg Rudolph Weckherlin, who afterwards resided for forty years in England, where he held an office much like that of Under Secretary of State in our day, wrote a work in English in 1616, and invited the "Gentle reader" thereof to "Behold here a small booke written in English by a German, and printed in Germanie." Rye says of it,¹ "the Stuttgart printer deserves an award of praise also for typographical accuracy"—which is more than can be said of the "onlie begetter" of the *Pide Bull*. This hypothesis, however, does not account for the evidently hurried process of correction while passing through the press as satisfactorily as the conditions of a surreptitious London impression do, and I am disposed to dismiss it, unless an examination of Wechelum's authentic issues should disclose identities of workmanship or equal poverty in the appointments of the Frankfort press with that which stamps the first mangled *Lear*.

¹ *England as Seen by Foreigners*, 1865, cxxxvi.

I have spoken persistently of the Pide Bull Quarto as surreptitious, and this leads to a guess with some chances in its favor. I much doubt that the Pide Bull text was actually printed in pursuance of the license entered in November, 1607. Secretly set up, as a piratical venture, perhaps at a poor anonymous printing shop, with the intent to enter it when it should be ready for the stalls, its manifold shortcomings may have led to its being cast aside, in the sheets, and to a new and better imprint being undertaken, under due entry and license, at the shop of the printer, whoever he was, who then used Richard Johnes' emblem.¹ The typography of the N. Butter issue appears to be a trifle better, the word-contractions disappear, the spacing is more uniform, and the font is less mixed. In this way the second attempt may actually have been the first edition to find its way to sale, and, proving popular, the really earlier born, who, Zarah-wise, first put forth the hand on which the scarlet thread is bound, may have been revived, stitched together pell-mell under a new title-page, and foisted on the public. The added announcement that it was to be sold at the sign of the Pide Bull looks like an afterthought, and suggests that of the two title-pages that of Q¹ was in fact the later printed.

The manuscript source from which the 1608 Quartos were printed was most probably a surreptitiously obtained copy. Shakespeare's company, then the King's, had been travelling in the provinces most of the time since the early part of 1606. On the 7th of September, 1607,² it played at Oxford, and in 1608 was still on the road. Unscrupulous publish-

¹ Perhaps at the shop of Richard Johnes himself, whose evident struggles with the English form of his name lead me to suspect that he too may have been a German, called Johannes in his own land, in the then common Latinized form affected by printers.

² Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines*, 7th ed. i. 221.

ers were taking advantage, apparently, of Shakespeare's absence to expose spurious plays under his name. The *Yorkshire Tragedy* was so gotten out by Thomas Pavier in that year. *Lear* had been revived upon St. Stephen's night (December 26th) 1606, and having seen perhaps this solitary performance before King James was again shelved. The coast was clear for Nathaniel Butter, who probably had no difficulty in bribing some hanger-on of the Globe, on whom the eye of the master no longer rested, to loan him the prompt-copy of the play, thus brought down with its interpolations and acting-cuts to the state in which the Master of the Revels approved it for acting before the King. The original manuscript may not unreasonably be supposed to have been taken by Shakespeare to the provinces, whither the King's company returned after the Whitehall function, although no record survives of *Lear's* having been played during the tour. All the internal evidence points to Nathaniel Butter's having somehow obtained the acting copy of 1606,—the business is carefully attended to, the entrances and exits are tolerably accurate, and the continuity of the action is such as to preclude the idea of a short-hand or imperfectly memorized theft, as Schmidt surmises it to be.¹ Thumbed and worn, interlined, crossed-out and marginally noted, this prompt-copy must have been a puzzle to the compositors, doubtless leading them to wish that the foul fiend had placed more comfortable halters in their "pue" and led them over less rickety "four-icht bridges."

¹ Schmidt's *Lear*, Berlin, 1879, p. 11. Fleay says "The Quarto *Lear* abounds with errors of ear, and was clearly surreptitiously taken down by notes at the theatre." (*Manual*, 62.)

IV.

THE RELATION OF THE QUARTOS TO THE FOLIO TEXT.

The question whether the Folio is in any way dependent on the Quartos for its text has long been mooted. It naturally comes to the fore on considering that, in common with *Richard III.*, *Lear* is marked by the omission in the Folio of a large number of lines which the Quartos contain, and by the inclusion of many lines and parts of lines which are not in the Quartos. Are these excisions and expansions the result of later intelligent revision, by Shakespeare's hand, or another's, — or do the two impressions spring from different manuscript texts? Johnson thought the Folio showed the author's riper but hasty revision with a view to shortening the action for stage representation.¹ Knight concurred, deeming that the omitted passages of the Folio, in greater part "purely descriptive," were cut out by Shakespeare himself, who "sternly resolved to let the effect of this wonderful drama depend entirely upon its action."² Staunton held that the additions were undoubtedly Shakespeare's later work, but suspended judgment as to the authorship of the excisions. If these high authorities are right, the hypothesis which founds the Quarto text on a stage copy of the play as ripened for acting before the King at Whitehall necessarily topples. Delius, in an exhaustive paper,³ held that the omissions of the Quartos were due, in part, to printers' blunders and, in other part, to clumsy editing; while those of the Folio, relatively much more numerous, were abridg-

¹ *Variorum*, 1821, x. 179. Elsewhere, p. 149, Johnson speaks confidently of "the author's revision."

² *Pict. Ed. Tragedies*, i. 393.

³ *Trans. N. S. Soc'y*, 1875-6, pp. 125-147.

ments made after Shakespeare had left the company and retired to Stratford, and that this latter was "the work of the actors, not of the poet." Professor Delius' judgment on this point agrees with what we know of Shakespeare in his intermittent Stratford life, wherein he displays strictly business habits, as a local magnate, and is careful in many things, especially tithes and malt, letting his plays already staged go to the dogs, as indeed he had to, for they belonged to the theatres which had bought and paid for them. Fleay decides for the later-bridgment-by-the-actors theory. In 1866 Clark and Wright thought the Folio "was printed from an independent manuscript,"¹ a dictum which Daniel accepts with an important modification. While admitting as obvious that "the origin of the F^o. text was a manuscript copy of the play preserved in the library of the theatre," and "equally obvious is it that it was a shortened version," he adds his belief "that the F^o. text is indeed in many places affected by its passage to the press through the medium of one of the quartos: the 'copy' supplied to its printers having been one of the quartos altered in accordance with the independent MS. in the possession of the Theatre."² In support of this, he adduces an elaborate showing that the surviving errors of the Folio are due to careless pen-correction of a Quarto, as "copy" for the Folio type-setters, from the authentic manuscript, and fixes on a copy of the Pide Bull containing the three uncorrected sheets E, H, and K as having been so made use of. But he sadly weakens his plausible case by giving seven similar analytical examples to show that Q³. may in fact have been the basis of correction. This leaves the problem in somewhat of a muddle, and does not

¹ *Cambridge Ed.* vii., xvi.

² Praetorius Q¹. xvi.

touch the question how the authentic manuscript by which the pen-corrector worked in making his Quarto into printers' copy came to be redundant in parts and short in others.

I must confess that the theory of a pen-corrected Quarto as the origin of the Folio text does not strike me forcibly. Letting alone the difficulties of interlining the passages not found in the Pide Bull, there remains the incredible labor of making blank verse out of the Quarto's mangled and halting prose-setting. If any verbal dependence on the earlier print appears in the Folio, it is easier to fancy that the later compositor may have had in his pocket a copy of the Pide Bull (apprentices so carried favorite books and spouted play-scrap in idle moments), and with its aid eked out sense when the "copy" was hard to follow. As to what this authentic copy was, the children of this world can hardly hope to be wiser in their generation than the children of light — the light of that priceless original manuscript which we could wish were yet somewhere lurking in the teeming wallet at Time's back among its store of oblivion's alms. And as to the authorship of its changes, it is much to be doubted whether Heminge and Condell themselves, with the manuscript before them, had the vaguest thought whether any alterations were Shakespeare's or no; and they probably enough did not stop to bother their heads with a study of the internal evidence so dear to modern critics.

After all, as little more than this same internal evidence is left to go upon, a cursory examination, in such wise as can be followed with the aid of *THE BANKSIDE'S* dual texts, may not be out of place. Counting the lines in which the Quarto or the Folio respectively exceed each other is dull work, and no two men will count alike; so that a discrepancy is

not surprising, even such as that between Furness,¹ who says that "the Folios contain fifty lines not to be found in the quartos," and Koppel, who is cited by Furness² as having found "one hundred and ten lines in the Folio which are wanting in the Quarto." My count gives to the Folio, over the Quarto, 84 words scattered singly or in pairs, 35 half-lines of three to six syllables each, and 88 full lines, counting metrically when metre is intended. This substantially agrees with Koppel's computation.

The Quartos exceed the Folio by some 50 scattered words, 25 half-lines, and 242 metrical lines. Furness says 175, Koppel 287.

Minute and prolonged confrontation of the two texts leads me to a result which differs so widely from any I have seen, that I hesitate to give it. But it has the advantage of following a natural sequence of events, and of being in practical conformity with what we know of the progress of plays, from the desk to the stage and thence into print. For convenience the conclusion may be first enunciated and the premises examined in detail. This method savors a little of framing a theory and fitting facts to it, but if all the facts agree it is not a bad way.

The play, in its closet state, as has been seen, was probably composed in the winter of 1604-5, for performance in March or April, 1605. Being the author's manuscript, the text was doubtless written out with a due regard to metrical structure, and with the lines correctly footed, for poets do not, as a rule, write their verse as prose. The next step was, of course, the preparation of a prompt-copy, from which in turn the actors' parts were made up. In such perfunctory work a careless transcriber has full swing, and omissions of words here and there, as

¹ *Variorum Lear*, 359.

² *Ibid.*, 364.

well as of a line or two, or of a passage ending by repeating a word previously used near by where it may catch the eye, are to be expected.

Then begins the era of stage alteration. Redundant speeches are pruned, matter deemed necessary to explain the situation or make the action continuous is added by the author, and, worst of all, actors' "gags" creep in. The original manuscript, locked away in the library of the "Gloabe, by the Banck-side" registers few if any of these gradual changes, — they grow from day to day in the prompt-copy while the play holds the stage, until *Lear* is appointed to be played on December 26, 1606, at Whitehall, before King James, with, probably, a few censorial touches by Sir George Buck, the Master of the Revels. Now, this prompt-copy, I take it, brought down to this date when it was "latelie" acted, was purloined or surreptitiously borrowed to use in printing Butter's Quartos. The original manuscript, meanwhile, gathered dust and perhaps a few additions, such as the "Eclipses of the Sun and Moone" passage after the phenomena of the autumn of 1605, and fell, as many of the plays doubtless did, into the hands of Heminge and Condell, Shakespeare's fellow actors and business associates in the enterprise of the Globe. So, by natural course, it does no violence to *a priori* theory to assume the Folio as following the original manuscript, received from its author with scarce a blot, and the Quartos as printed from the stage-book as the last performance left it. There is no contemporary record of the play having been again staged after the special revival at Whitehall. Shakespeare's company soon afterwards quitted London anew, and within a year or two Shakespeare himself is found back at Stratford for a season. For the next few years, the poet's fresh dramas, joined to the marvellous flood of popular plays from other

“good pens,” supplied the needs of the time. The *Lear* had become “staled” by representation. No new adaptation or abridgment for stage purposes is likely to have occurred during Shakespeare’s lifetime. It may have slumbered until revived at the Lincoln’s Inn Fields Theatre, between 1662 and 1665.¹ It is strange that Pepys, that inveterate theatre-goer, notes no performance of *Lear*, although between 1659 and 1669 he saw *Hamlet*, *Midsummer Night’s Dream* (the most insipid ridiculous play that ever he saw in his life), the *Tempest*, *Merry Wives*, *Macbeth*, the *Henry* histories, and *Othello*, which last seemed to him a mean thing beside the *Adventures of Five Hours*.

The cases where the Folio contains matter not in the Quartos are of the first importance, for by them can we best judge whether the Folio text shows signs of later abridgment and revision. The instances of omission of single words, however, are comparatively insignificant, except so far as they serve to bear out the generally greater accuracy of the Folio. It is more rational to assume that words necessary to the metre or matter may have dropped out in the double process of mechanical prompt-book copying and Quarto type-setting, than that they were added by way of correction after the drama had seen its day. The omitted passages may be considered in detail:—

1. *Lear*. while we
 Vnburthen’d crawl toward death. Our fon of *Cornwal*,
 And you our no leffe louing Sonne of *Albany*,
 We haue this houre a constant will to publish
 Our daughters feuerall Dowers, that future strife
 May be preuented now. (Fo. 44-49.)

is probably an actor’s omission, crossed out in the prompt-book. It seems essential to the original composition.

¹ Downes, *Roscius Anglicanus*, 26.

2. (Since now we will diueft vs both of Rule,
Interest of Territory, Cares of State) (Fo. 53, 54.)

is parenthetical.

3. . . . and with Champains rich'd
With plenteous Riuers, (Fo. 68, 69.)

Probably this is a printer's blundering omission, due to the *ductus literarum* of the recurring "and."

4. The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie,
Striue to be interest. (Fo. 89, 90.)

These omitted lines follow and continue Lear's touching reference to Cordelia, "our Ioy . . . to whose yong loue" the Vines and Milke aspire. The prompt-book copyist, having perversely written "laft, not leaft in our deere loue," probably regarded the rest as nonsense.

5. *Lear*. Nothing?
Cor. Nothing. (Fo. 93, 94.)

A delicate acting-touch, which either copyist or type-setter missed. Perhaps the *ductus literarum* explains it, as "Nothing" occurs in the lines immediately preceding and following. Delius says of these words that they "must have been contained in the original text, and have been either wilfully or carelessly omitted by the compositor of the Quarto."¹

6. *Alb. Cor*. Deare Sir forbear. (Fo. 175.)

Doubtless stricken out by the actor, as a hindrance to the rapid action of the quarrel between Lear and Kent.

7. . . . and reuerence. . . . (Fo. 380.)

The omission of these two words from Edmund's forged letter looks like the actor's work, for the thing he emphasized was that "*This policie*" of age was to make the world bitter to grown-up sons, in contrast with the policy of young manhood to enjoy the "*Reuennew*."

¹ *Trans. N. S. Soc'y*, 1865-6, 135.

8. This villaine of mine comes vnder the prediction; there's Son against Father, the King fals from by as of Nature, there's Father against Childe. We haue feene the best of our time. Machinations, hollowneffe, treacherie, and all ruinous diforders follow vs difquietly to our Graues.
(Fo. 437-442.)

Fleay shows¹ that this passage, "innocent perhaps originally, but liable to misconstruction by the Court," may have been "carefully left out" on the occasion of playing before King James, who "was popularly supposed to be on anything but good terms with Prince Henry;" and who would hardly relish hearing that "We haue feene the best of our time." But how are we to reconcile this hypothesis with the circumstance that much the same matter appears on the next page of the Quarto, where it has no counterpart in the Folio? It may have been cut out in the first instance where it occurred in the prompt-book; and the passage on the next page substituted, the better to describe the effects of the prediction Edmund had read this other day, touching the late eclipses. Fleay finds in the substituted passage nothing which would be disagreeable to the King. These references to the eclipses are confusing wherever they occur, because clearly added at some time after the original composition.

9. . . . Fa, Sol, La, Me. (Fo. 464.)

Perhaps struck out by the actor because careless singing, such as these notes imply, did not comport with his business of "ferious contemplation."

10. I pray you haue 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,

(Fo. 485-489.)

¹ Quoted by Furness, *Variorum Lear*, 371.

This long digression from Edmund's stage business impedes the action, which naturally joins "That's my feare" to the by-play where Edmund "is no honest man, if ther be any good meaning toward" his confiding brother.

11. *Edg.* Arm'd, Brother? (Fo. 490.)

The actor's elision: Edmund wanted to have all this bit to himself.

12. So may it come, . . . (Fo. 532.)

One of the many parentheses in this play which fared badly at the actors' hands.

13. *Alb.* Pray Sir be patient. (Fo. 770.)

This interruption of Lear's violent outburst against Goneril, while one of those purposed touches to make the future king, Albany, a favorite with the audience, was probably cut out by the Lear-actor, Burbadge.¹

14. . . . Ha? Let it be so. (Fo. 819.)

The actor seems to have substituted "yea, i't come to this?" probably having his own ideas as to how Lear's conflicting emotions should be portrayed.

15. Pray you content. What *Oswald*, hoa? (Fo. 829.)

Perhaps these words suggested to Goneril no adequate stage-play, and she substituted the more emphatic "Come fir no more," of the Quarto.

16. *Gon.* This man hath had good Counfell,
A hundred Knights?

'Tis politike, and safe to let him keepe

At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on euerie dreame,

Each buz, each fancie, each complaint, dislike,

He may enguard his dotage with their powres,

And hold our liues in mercy. *Oswald*, I say.

Alb. Well, you may feare too farre.

¹ See the Elegy on the Death of Burbadge, Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines*, 7th ed. ii. 88.

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 vtter'd I haue writ my Sifter :
 If she sustaine him, and his hundred Knights
 When I haue shew'd th'vnfitnesse. (Fo. 838-851.)

I fancy this long cut of Goneril's common-sense argument against the dangers of Lear's maintaining a large independent force may have been censured by the Master of the Revels as being little calculated to please King James. His wholesale knighting, in 1603-4, of several hundred of his needy Scotch followers still rankled in the popular mind, and was a common subject of stage ridicule. Fleay, too, sees political grounds for omitting the passage, in view of the notoriously corrupt negotiation of the Spanish peace, "not six months old" in 1604-5.

17. *Kent.* By Iuuo I fweare I. (Fo. 1289.)

The Quarto type-setter was "crowding" badly hereabouts, as witness the six speeches on three lines immediately preceding.

18. *Foole.* Winters not gon yet, if the wil'd Geefe fly that way,
 Fathers that weare rags, do make their Children blind,
 But Fathers that beare bags, shall fee their children kind.
 Fortune that arrant whore, nere turns the key toth' poore.
 But for all this thou shalt haue as many Dolors for thy
 Daughters, as thou canst tell in a yeaere.

(Fo. 1315-1320.)

To the actor who plays Lear, and who is visibly incubating insanity just now, the Fool's gibes are irrelevant because not involving acting-dialogue, as later on. The egotism of Burbadge, who wants to keep all the best business to himself, is evident in this cut.

19. *Glo.* Well my good Lord, I haue inform'd them fo.
Lear. Inform'd them? Do'st thou vnderstand me man.
 (Fo. 1366, 1367.)

Possibly a player's elision, as delaying the business

between Gloucester's reference to the fiery quality of the Duke and Lear's angry reply. It seems more likely to have been cut by the actor than to have been interpolated by the poet as a ripe afterthought.

20. Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood:
Fiery? The (Fo. 1372.)

Probably written by the prompt-copyist as one line, and left out by the Quarto printer.

21. *Lear.* Say? How is that?
Reg. I cannot thinke my Sifter in the leaft
Would faile her Obligation. If Sir perchance
She haue restrained the Riots of your Followres,
'Tis on fuch ground, and to fuch wholefome end,
As cleeres her from all blame. (Fo. 1412-1417.)

The Lear-actor is in a hurry to get to the cursing, and Regan's icy argument, although a fine closet touch, delays his outbreak.

22. *Corn.* Whether is he going?
Glo. He cals to Horfe, (Fo. 1592, 1593.)

Cut, probably under the actor's impression that Cornwall's suggestion to give him way refers to Lear's rage. Note that Cornwall's reply is given to Regan in the prompt-quarto.

23. Who haue, as who haue not, that their great Starres
Thron'd and fet high; Seruants, who feeme no leffe,
Which are to France the Spies and Speculations
Intelligent of our State. What hath bin feene,
Either in snuffes, and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne
Against the old kinde King; or something deeper,
Whereof (perchance) thefe are but furnifhings.
(Fo. 1623-1630.)

Undoubtedly stricken from Kent's speech by Shakespeare as involved and tame, and the spirited twelve-line passage of the Quarto (1406-1417) substituted, which in this case bears the ear-mark of later re-

vision. Fleay attributes the change to political censorship.

24. . . . in which your pain (Fo. 1643.)

I venture, diffidently, to suggest that the true word is *path*, not *pain*, as better fitting Kent's practical speech. But, in the manuscript, it looked like *pain*, and so the phrase, misunderstood by the copyist, went by the board.

25. *Foole*. This is a braue night to coole a Curtizan:
 Ile speake a Prophecie 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 euery Cafe in Law, is right;
 No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;
 When Slanders do not liue in Tongues;
 Nor Cut-purses come not to throngs;
 When Vfurers tell their Gold i'th'Field,
 And Baudes, and whores, do Churches build,
 Then shal the Realme of *Albion*, come to great confusion:
 Then comes the time, who liues to see't,
 That going shalbe vs'd with feet.
 This prophecie *Merlin* shall make, for I liue before his time.
 (Fo. 1725-1740.)

Critics so generally condemn the Fool's Merlin prophecy as spurious that one hesitates to find in it even a gleam of Shakespeare's genius. But, however it may have crept in, at some time prior to the Whitehall performance, it needs no ghost to come from the grave to tell us that the censor condemned it as unmeet for the ears of the King's Majesty. The mere allusion to the "poore Knight" in debt was enough for Sir George Buck, and he said "Out with it!" Fleay notes that any allusion to the cut-purse who "came to the throng" during King James' first progress is known to have been very obnoxious to him.

26. . . . in such a night,
To shut me out? Poure on, I will endure :

(Fo. 1786, 1787.)

Omitted by the Quarto printer — a clear case of *ductus literarum*, for the next line repeats “In such a night.” We writers, who have so often suffered by copyists and printers skipping whole paragraphs between repeated words or phrases, can understand this phenomenon only too well.

27. In Boy, go first. You houfeleffe pouertie,
Nay get thee in; Ile pray, and then Ile sleepe.

(Fo. 1796, 1797.)

This Lear-actor seems all along to have been intolerant of anything that interrupted his “heavy business,” as this exquisite touch, to his selfish mind, doubtless seemed to do. Of course the words “You houfeleffe pouertie” begin the apostrophe to the “Poore naked wretches” which follows, and Lear checks himself to repeat his command to the Fool. But the actor probably thought, with Doctor Johnson, that Lear thus describes his jester.

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

(Fo. 1808.)

Cut by the Edgar-actor, who, like most of his craft, was not partial to a speech behind the scene not actable in the sight of the approving two-penny stalls.

29. . . . O do, de, do, de, do de, . . . (Fo. 1828.)

Was this one of Shakespeare’s mature additions, on “later revision,” or did Tom or the printer cut it?

30. . . . button heere. (Fo. 1878.)

“Come on” was, evidently, as far as Master But-ter’s Dutchman got without stumbling. “Button heere” was a hopeless puzzle, so he left a blank to be filled in on further advisement, — and forgot it.

31. *Foole.* No, he’s a Yeoman, that ha’s a Gentleman to

his Sonne: for hee's a mad Yeoman that sees his Sonne a Gentleman before him. (Fo. 1997-1999.)

I cannot quite make up my mind that is a mere cut of the Lear-actor, impatient to get on with the heavy work. There is good possibility that an allusion, of which the pith has disappeared, may have been well understood in relation to some noted Knights of James' dubbing, some of whom may have been yeomen's sons, and gentlemen before their fathers. Bacon, by the way, was one of the famous batch of 1603; would he have tolerated this allusion, or written it?

32. *Foole*. And Ile go to bed at noone. (Fo. 2030.)

May not this cut have been intended to remove a distressing anti-climax to Burbadge's solemn profundity?

33. Welcome then,
Thou vnsubstantiall ayre that I embrace:
The Wretch that thou haft blowne vnto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blafts. (Fo. 2169-2172.)

Possibly cut out by the actor, who had no action handy to fit it.

34. And yet I muſt: (Fo. 2228.)

An actor's cut, the aside being interrupted by Gloucester's "Come hither fellow."

35. Oh, the difference of man, and man, (Fo. 2279.)

A parenthetic aside; no other reason appears for cutting it.

36. . . . with a white beard? (Fo. 2524.)

We moderns are satisfied that Lear's "dull fight" or lunacy mistook Gloucester for Regan; but somebody then knew better, struck out the phrase, and substituted Regan's name in the Quarto text.

37. Place finnes with Gold, and
the ſtrong Lance of Iuſtice, hurtleſſe breakes: Arme it in
ragges, a Pigmies ſtraw do's pierce it. None do's offend,

none, I fay none, Ile able 'em; take that of me my Friend,
who haue the power to feale th'accufers lips.

(Fo. 2589-2593.)

Another unpalatable allusion, James having restocked the bench in 1603 and 1604 with his own following, and hints of venality were more than whispered. I doubt if any pruning ever made this play very acceptable to royalty. Oldys notes that "The play of Lear is said to have been prohibited acting by Lord Dorset in King Williams Reign."¹ But this was Tate's version.

38. . . . Daughter — (Fo. 2613.)

This single-word omission may be here noticed, because it is clear that it dropped out at the end of a Quarto "take."

39. . . . Sa, fa, fa, fa. (Fo. 2626.)

Another ripe addition in the poet's Stratford retirement?

40. Not an houre more, nor leffe : (Fo. 2796.)

This phrase, to which sound criticism has so strongly objected, was, I think, in the original draft as an illustration of Lear's matter and impertinency mixed; but was stricken out by the author after a night or two had shown its weakness for stage-effect.

41. And machination ceafes. (Fo. 2869.)

Crowded out, I think, by the Quarto printer, who crammed in Albany's "Stay till I haue read the letter" on the same line, to finish his stickful.

42. *Glo.* And that's true too. (Fo. 2914.)

Perhaps the Edgar-actor, who seems to have been rather an important personage, may have thought, like Artemus Ward, that "this is sarkasm," and tended to distract attention from the characteristic platitude of his which ends the scene in the Quarto version.

¹ 300 *Fresh Allusions*, New Shaks. Soc'y, 1886, 323, note.

43. Dispose of them, of me, the walls is thine :
(Fo. 2996.)

Perhaps the prompt-copyist or the printer may have found this saying as hard as the commentators since. Of course Schmidt is right, — Regan's immaculate fortress surrendered at discretion.

44. *Gon.* An enterlude. (Fo. 3012.)
45. Let the Trmpet found : (Fo. 3014.)

It is Albany's turn to cut out two interruptions to a bit of solid declamation.

46. . . . my priuiledge, . . . (Fo. 3060.)

Many good editors, our own Furness, Rolfe, and Hudson among them, omit these words and thereby restore the halting verse. I think they are right; the Folio printer, who seems to have grown careless toward the end of this play, probably repeated "the priuiledge," and the proofreader corrected the first *the* to *my*.

47. What safe, and nicely I might well delay, (Fo. 3077.)

Probably the Quarto printer's careless omission. The poor fellow was drudging by sight on this stickful, for there are three eye-blunders in these four lines, — "being" for *tongue*; "hatedly" for *hated lye*; and "oreturnd" for *ore-whelme*, — the final *e* of the manuscript having, as White somewhere remarks, an upward flourish that often confounded it with *d*.

48. . . . O she's dead. (Fo. 3152.)

Both Quarto and Folio break off the Gentleman's speech and omit Goneril's name; the knife smokes "from the heart of ———" The Quarto makes Albany strike in with "Who man, speake?" — which looks like an intelligent stage change to quicken the action.

49. This is a dull fight. (Fo. 3224.)

The actor doubtless balked at this, as critics have since done. For the player's difficulties in crucial passages are greater than the reader's, in that he has to suit the action to the word. Perhaps Burbadge tried pointing to Cordelia's body as a "dull fight" — and abandoned *any* reading.

50. Do you see this? Looke on her? Looke her lips,
Looke there, looke there. (Fo. 3259, 3260.)

No explanation seems adequate to fit this case. It is incredible that the actor should not have discerned that Lear's last flickering thought is that Cordelia may still breathe, that the mirror may yet be misted or the feather stirred if held to those dear lips of hers. That accursed Quarto printer was evidently crowding to avoid overrunning, and to get room on this last page for the welcome *Finis*. Could this have led him to substitute "O, o, o, o," so as to make room on the same line for Edgar's "He faints my Lord, my Lord?"

Of these fifty omissions from the Folio, only one, the Fool's Merlin prophecy, is at all inconsistent with the hypothesis of the manuscript from which it was set up being the author's original draft. On the other hand, many of them suggest and corroborate the priority of the Folio text. Its comparative purity is evident throughout. It is careful in the composition until near the end, when some metrical passages are crowded into prose, and several bad type-errors occur. It is decently edited as to stage business, evidently by a later hand; the division into acts and scenes runs to the end, and the stage-directions are full and appropriate, as befits the editorial hand of Ben Jonson, if he were, as some suppose, the editor.

Of the converse instances where matter is found in the Quartos which is not in the Folio, several single words are manifestly printers' blunders, and

at least one phrase is clearly so, — *i. e.*, the second “that she may feele” (Q¹. 702) being a repetition. The rest, words, short phrases, and sustained dialogues, without exception, round out the scene, give the players good acting speeches, or serve to explain the situation and fill rude gaps in the narrative which their non-existence would occasion. Most of them are in Shakespeare’s style, although good critics unite in pronouncing several to be the additions of a weaker hand. Edgar’s speech, “When we our betters fee bearing our woes:” (Q¹. 1793–1806), is a good type of the disputed passages. It contains, indeed, the pithy phrase, “He childed as I fathered,” which has a delusive Shakespearean twang about it, but is in reality rather feeble if it be read as it was doubtless meant — “He *is* childed as I *am* fathered.” It is, however, something like the Fool’s gibe, “thou mad’st thy Daughters thy Mothers” (Fo. 681, 682).

To analyze the Folio omissions: There are eight short isolated phrases of a few words each, seven of which help the action. The eighth — “and for you her owne for *Venter*,” at the end of Goneril’s letter to Edmund (Q¹. 2459) — is left out by the best modern editors; and unless it be some blunder of the printer irremediably clouding some meaning clause, we cannot suppose it to have ever been in the original.

There are twenty-six passages and bits of quick dialogue which seem to be padding supplied to meet the clamors of the actors who craved fuller parts with more stage opportunities. We find among these, eleven lines of sweet and bitter word-fencing between Lear and the Fool (Q¹. 589–599), and again thirty lines between Lear, Edgar, and the Fool (Q¹. 1726–1755), introducing the arraignment scene. Edgar is treated, or has treated himself, to three generous pads. The first, “When we our betters fee” (Q¹. 1793–1806), and the third, “This would haue

feemd a periode to such " (Q¹. 2865-2878), seem to be mere interpolations of the actor, — if in reality added by Shakespeare, they are among the most striking instances of degeneracy in rhyming passages which the plays present. The second, giving a catalogue of the five fiends in poor Tom at once (Q¹. 1977-1981), is taken directly from Harsnet's *Popish Impostures*, a source from which the play largely drew in other places. The popularity of Doctor Harsnet's book, a second edition of which appeared in 1605, probably justified adding familiar allusions from it. Albany, who seems to have been a favorite with the poet, has his part swelled by three interpolations, summing up thirty-two lines (at Quarto lines 2029, 2059, 2597 *et seq.*). Two of these passages give opportunity for effective scenes with Goneril, and all, by rounding Albany's character and emphasizing the nobleness of his nature, prepare the audience to accept his eventual triumph as Britain's rightful monarch. The Bastard's speeches are expanded in four places (Q¹. 421-425, 2585-2587, 2607, and 2714-2718), but not importantly. Lear, Gloucester, Goneril, Kent, the Doctor, and the Captain have among them eleven short additions to their parts, nearly all of which help the stage business, while none of them suggests any special cause for omission in a revision for the sake of abridging the action.

Besides these, there are five passages, all descriptive and serving to make the historical narrative continuous and clear. The Gentleman's account of Lear in the storm (Q¹. 1389-1397) is so in keeping with the whole context that it is hard to conceive of it as an afterthought. Kent's allusion to the secret emissaries of France (Q¹. 1406-1417), which is wholly different from the corresponding Folio passage, Goneril's speech containing the line "*France* spreads his banners in our noyfeles land," (Q¹. 2050-2055), the

entire scene of fifty-four lines between Kent and the Gentleman (Q¹. 2095 *et seq.*), and the subsequent short dialogue between the same characters (Q¹. 2561 *et seq.*), are explanatory and read like our modern "carpenter's scenes." If, as seems probable, these passages were not in the first sketch of the drama, it is not easy to see how the audience could well have understood the threatening movement to place Cordelia and her alien husband, the French king, on the British throne. I believe them to be accretions upon the original draft, added after the first performances for the same reasons that Albany's part was swelled, to emphasize the danger of the French invasion, and to point the patriotic justice of its defeat by British arms, even though the catastrophe entailed the death of Cordelia and Lear. Cordelia had doubtless become a favorite with the public, and the stern need of involving her in the promised end was probably not discernible to the groundlings, who craved a happy ending such as Nahum Tate gave them seventy-five years later. The original sketch hurried on to the event, satisfying justice by the overthrow and extinction of all the human vermin of the play, the despicable Cornwall, the devilish Bastard, and the Pelican Daughters, — while its most precious square of sense professed due reverence to patriotism and sturdy Anglican teachings by bestowing the crown in the natural order of things on Albany, a native prince, whose moral worth and kinglike qualities had been steadily kept in sight and in constant increase. But, as to Cordelia, the poet's gentler nature could not permit him to yield up this loved child of his brain to the inevitable doom, without lavishing upon her the manifold treasures of his fancy, and seeking to endear her to his hearers as to himself; and to this may we owe the exquisite description of Cordelia's sweetly mingled love for her father and grief

for his woes. If the passage be, as I think, an after-math, Heaven be praised, for it is one of the ripest and richest on English pages. Is it allowable to hope that the Gentleman, to whom this master part is given, may have been played by Shakespeare himself? I, for one, would gladly believe it.

On the whole, I hold that there is sufficient ground for regarding the narrative scenes between Kent and the Gentleman as having been added very soon after the first performance in 1605, and while the drama was still taking form in Shakespeare's mind.

It may be objected that this theory involves the lengthening of the play during its stage life, whereas the normal course is toward curtailment. There is, however, no great difficulty on this score. The drama is not, in fact, much expanded by the added passages. It is not an excessively long tragedy, as things ran in those days. In the *Globe* edition, according to Furnivall's count,¹ it contains 3304 lines, and this bulk, be it remembered, is the result of editorial fusion of everything contained in the Folio and Quarto texts. In the acted Quarto form, by the *Globe* counting, it would sum up a little less than 3200 lines. Eight of the plays, *Hamlet*, *Richard III.*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *2 Henry IV.*, *Coriolanus*, *Henry V.*, *Cymbeline*, and *Othello*, are longer. We are told that *Hamlet* came to be enlarged to "almost as much againe as it was," so that it now counts 3931 lines. Many of the Elizabethan dramas are longer still. Tediousness was no drawback. Plays began early after nightfall, and, as many allusions of the time suggest, the audience came prepared to make a night of it. A performance was an Adventure of Five Hours. Those that came to

. . . see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours,

¹ *Trans. New Shaks. Soc'y*, 1880-5, Pt. II., App. I.

could hardly have done so with any of the Shakespeare plays, except possibly *Macbeth* in the curtailed form in which it has come down to us, 2108 lines ; although it may be parenthetically said that this passage in the Prologue to *Henry VIII.* is not conclusive as to the time of performance, but refers to the habit of the curled gallants of the time, who dropped in and took the choicest seats only "to see a show or two." The "two-hours' traffic of our stage" in the Prologue to *Romeo and Juliet* probably refers to that particular play, one of the shortest in the canon, and probably still more shortened in acting. On December 28, 1666, dear old Pepys sat out *Henry the Fifth*, "till twelve at night, and then up, and a most horrid cold night it was, and frosty, and moonshine."

So, to sum the case, I find no satisfying indications that the Folio text is the result of later abridgment. All the comparative proofs suggest, rather, the gradual formation of the Quarto text therefrom by accretion and elision. I conclude, therefore, that the Folio is in substantial accord with the first manuscript sketch, and that the two hundred lines or so by which the Quarto exceeds it are in the main legitimate acting additions. There is comfort in this conclusion, for it supports the modern eclectic versions of *Lear*, combining Quarto and Folio texts in one (even to the extent of retaining both an original passage and its substitute) as giving us the tragedy in a practically complete form, and commends to us the judgment of the Cambridge editors and Furness in leaning to the variant readings of the Quarto. But, if a better hypothesis should arise, I am open to a contrary conviction — I am not argue-proof.

V.

THE ORIGINS OF THE PLOT.

As in many of the plays, plots derived from widely separated sources here run together into one action, and so skilfully that, even when turned seamy side out, the sutures show no raggedness. The main thread, the story of Lear and his daughters, is traceable to a very remote antiquity, in the days when the Hebrew prophets wrote. Authorities agree with Robert Chester, who says :—

Leyre the sonne of *Baldud* being admitted,
 To beare the burden of the *Britifh* fway,
 A Prince with *Natures* glorie being fitted,
 At what time *Ioas* raigned King of *Iuda*,
 To make his new got Fame to laft for aye,
 By *Sore* he built the Towne of *Caerleir*,
 That to this day is called *Leycefter*.
 (*Loues Martyr*, New Shaks. Soc'y's ed., p. 26.)

The earliest vernacular record of the story is found in the Saxon Chronicle, Layamon's *Brut*,¹ but its Latin original is earlier still, in Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia Britonum*, from which Holinshed adopted it in the form now best known to us, and probably to Shakespeare too. It recurs in the *Gesta Romanorum*² in two wholly different versions. This chronicle exists in two forms, the well-known printed book, and a manuscript in the Harleian collection, No. 7333. In the first is recounted the history of "Kynge Leyre" and his "thre daughters; the name of the fyrfte daughter was Gonorylle; the seconde was Regane; the thride Cordelle, that was beffe taughte, and wifefte." They respectively espoused Managles the kynge of Scotlonde, Hanemos, erle of Corn-

¹ Madden's ed., i. 123-158.

² Madden's ed., 450-453.

waylle, and Agape, kynge of Fraunce. The Harleian MS. tells the tale of Theodosius, "a wys emperour in the cite of Rome, and mighti he was of power." The names of the daughters and their husbands are not given, but we are told that the eldest, who loved her father more than she did herself, was married "to a riche and myghti kyng"; the second, who loved her sire as much as herself, was rewarded with a "duc"; while the third, whose response was Cordelia-like, "fforfoth, quod she, as moche as ye beth worthi, and no more," was put off with a mere "erle." Subsequently, the emperor being defeated by the King of Egypt, and having "no place to abide ynne," applied to his daughters in turn, with scant tender of hospitality from the elder two, who cut down his retinue to "V knyghts"; but the youngest, with the erle's aid, "gaderid a grete ofte," and, overcoming the Egyptian king, set her father again on the imperial throne, where at his death she succeeded him; as to all these veracious facts, however, history is strangely silent. Douce reprinted this manuscript version in his *Illustrations*. Knight evidently confounds the Harleian MS. with the better known *Gesta Romanorum*, and White follows his error.

The story of *Lear* also appears in Fabyan's *Chronicle*; in Camden's *Britannia*; in Robert of Gloucester; in Warner's *Albion's England* (1602), and elsewhere. Crossing the Channel, it is sea-changed in an old French romance, — "La tres elegante delicieuse melliflue et tres plaisante hystoire du tres victorieux & excellentissime Roy Perceforest Roy de la grant Bretagne;" and the plot is utilized in one of Hans Sachs' 208 dramas. In poetical form, it occurs in the *Faerie Queene*, 1583 (Book II., Canto X.); in the *Mirroure for Magistrates*, 1587; in a ballad of uncertain date printed by Bishop Percy, and in other forms.

Besides these, we possess "*The True Historie of King Leir and his three daughters, Gonorill, Ragan and Cordella,*" the play which Wright and Stafford hurried into print in 1605. White¹ and Furness find in this older drama² material from which Shakespeare may have slightly drawn. The latter says, "that in reading this old drama, every now and then there comes across us an incident, or a line, or a phrase, that reminds us of Shakespeare's *Lear*, and that this cannot be said of Holinshed's story."³ The parallelisms, as pointed out by these two critics, are not numerous, but are certainly appropriate. In the old *Leir*, Perillus, the faithful courtier, intervenes in Cordella's cause, and the King answers, "Vrge this no more and if thou loue thy life," a good mate to Lear's "*Kent*, on thy life no more" (Fo. 164). The earlier Cordella, in stage asides, abhors her sisters' flattery, a trick, also, of our Cordelia. Both Leir and Lear speak of "yong bones" in connection with Goneril. Perillus calls Leir "the mirroure of mild patience." Lear is self-described as "the patterne of all patience," (Fo. 1680). Both Leir and Lear attempt to kneel to Cordelia (Fo. 2792). White finds — as who will not — in Lear's "*Pellicane Daughters*" (Fo. 1845) an echo of the forgotten dramatists'

"I am as kind as is the Pellican,
That kills it selfe, to faue her young ones liues."

In fact, no one can read the older *Leir* without constantly recurring suggestions of the later drama. In Perillus we find a prototype of Kent; in the Messenger, who devotes "this head, this heart, thefe

¹ *Shakespeare's Works*, xi. 202.

² Is it irrelevant to wonder whether some future Donnelly may not discover in the earlier *Leir* cipher-proof that it, too, came from Verulam's pen? Toward the end of it, a lively dialogue between two watchmen on Dover coast, is devoted to a significant string of puns on *Beacon* and *Bacon*, the words being capitalized.

³ *Variorum Lear*, 384.

hands, armes, legs, tripes, bowels, and all the members elle whatsoever" to Goneril's service is something of Kent's "other Messenger" (Fo. 1307) Oswald, — and Leir's "Ah, cruell *Ragan* did I give the all," seems more than distantly echoed in Lear's cry, "I gaue you all" (Fo. 1540). But I can nowhere find in Shakespeare's play more than such fitting memories as one might readily have carried away from a single performance of the old drama. The *Leir* was assuredly not in "Shakespeare's Library." We need look no farther than the poet's well-thumbed Holinshed for the material origin of the main plot, even to the names of its personages. The minor plot, the story of Gloucester and his two sons, including the blinding, is adapted from "The pitifull fstate and storie of the Paphalgonian vnkinde King, and his kind sonne" in Sydney's *Arcadia*, 1598. Did Shakespeare merely read this, or did he copy from it in any wise? Sydney's "so extreame and foule a storme, that never any winter (I thinke) brought forth a fouler child," seems to have swept into the tragedy, — Kent never remembered to have heard "such burfts of horrid Thunder, Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine" (Fo. 1689) as Lear's "dreadful pudder"; and the "certaine hollow rocke" in which the blind king and the good son, Leonatus, took shelter, reappears as Edgar's hut. The "toppe of this rock," to which the king craved to be led by Leonatus, "with meaning to free him from so serpentine a companion," is Dover Cliff. There are textual resemblances too. This passage — "And I take witness of that sunne which you see (with that he cast up his blind eyes, as if he would hunt for light)" — suggests Gloucester's reply to Lear — "Were all thy letters Sunnes, I could not see" (Fo. 2565). Shakespeare may have copied, but he stood in little need of this. He may have heard the tale

from Sydney's own lips, in one of the wit-combats at the Mermaid, or some such place, where the bloods of that time were wont to consort with the jovial actor-crew. It seems to me that we may look to the intimacies begotten of these tavern-bouts for many a stray hint of future dramatic triumphs. Shakespeare was on singularly good terms, it would appear, with his patron Southampton, a hot questrist after pleasure in those days, and doubtless too with the young lord's companions. Why discuss Shakespeare's knowledge or ignorance of the Continental tongues, and marvel at his appropriation of plots only extant in choice Italian, or his conveyance of ideas from Montaigne's *Essays*, when we recall that the very translator of those writings, John Florio, an Italian dictionary maker and general writer, was a tutor in Southampton's train, and reasonably Shakespeare's associate? I shrewdly suspect this Florio, "the resolute John Florio," as he signed himself in the preface to the *World of Words*, had much hand in supplying Shakespeare with the world of foreign allusions in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and in arranging, eight years later in 1605, for the production of that play "at my Lord of Southamptons." ¹ I take little stock in Warburton's theory that Shakespeare had satirized Florio as the pedant, Holofernes, and that the dictionary-preface was levelled at him in revenge. "H. S." was aimed at, not our W. S. Rather, with Halliwell-Phillipps, may we hold that "Florio and Shakespeare, moreover, both acknowledged the same patron in Lord Southampton, and they were more probably friends than enemies." ² Having Florio often at his elbow, is it needful to assert, as White does, that "Shakespeare was, without a doubt, quite able to read the Italian or the French versions" of Bandello's *novels*,

¹ Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines*, 7th ed., i. 153; ii. 83.

² Memoranda on *Love's Labour's Lost*, 1879, p. 13.

in quest of the stories on which *Twelfth Night* and other plays turn?¹ Given the light which Florio's dictionary throws on the archaisms and foreign idioms of Shakespeare, the poet's unexplained familiarity with Continental — especially Italian — scenes, customs, laws even, and there is room for a plausible hypothesis touching John Florio's collaboration, which may be left to some future student to work up.

VI.

THE CRUCES.

Cruces Shakespearianæ are in general limited only by the fertility of the critic's invention, or the itch for conjectural change from what reads fair enough as it stands. Had the Quarto *Lear* alone come to us, the opportunities for enlightenment would have abounded — but the comparatively pure text of the Folio saves much of this, and the Quarto blunders remain only to provoke a smile, except in the rare cases where they correct an evident blunder of the Folio printer, or afford an alternative reading of equal value in the light of analysis.

The editors of the Globe mark with a dagger but three passages as hopeless.

1. *Kent*. . . . I know 'tis from *Cordelia*,
 Who hath most fortunately beene inform'd
 Of my obscured courfe. And shall finde time
 From this enormous State, seeking to giue
 Loffes their remedies. (Fo. 1236-1240.)

The conscientious, but forgotten Jennens (1770), many of whose apt stage-directions might profitably be revived, makes Kent open and read parts of Cordelia's letter. Steevens, Collier, and White follow him, and are, I think, right in so doing, — but Henry

¹ White's *Shakespeare*, v. 150.

Irving's edition does not adopt the suggestion. A favorite conjecture is that Kent speaks of Cordelia as engaged in "enormous state-seeking." So, this was the sly minx's game, it seems. After seeking and winning the French throne, she sought the crowns of her sisters as well.¹

2. . . . *France* spreads his banners in our noyfeles land,
 With plumed helme, thy state begins thereat
 Whil'ft thou a morall foole fits still and cries
 Alack why does he so ? (Q¹. 2052-2055.)

Omitted in Folio — So in corrected sheet H. The uncorrected sheet, and Q², read, "thy slayer begin threats," which the *Globe* edition follows. Jennens reads, "With plumed helm thy state begins to threat." Furness notes Jennens' partiality for the Quartos, and it may be interesting to remark that Jennens appears to have worked upon a copy of the *Pide Bull* (which he shrewdly calls "the older edition of the two") containing, as I think, the uncorrected sheets G and K, and perhaps F, which copy is not one of the six collated by the Cambridge editors. We may safely follow Jennens until a better conjecture arises.

3. *Gent.* . . . you haue feene,
 Sun shine and raine at once, her smiles and teares,
 Were like a better way those happie smilets,
 That playd on her ripe lip seeme not to know,
 What guests were in her eyes which parted thence,
 As pearles from diamonds dropt . . . (Q¹. 2111-2116.)

Another Quarto passage not in the Folios. Jennens adopted Warburton's wild conjecture — "Were like a wetter May." Boaden supplied Singer with the punctuation ". . . her smiles and tears were like : a better way" — and Hudson takes up this thread. But the latest editions suggest simply that Cordelia's smiles and tears "were like a better way" of expres-

¹ See Staunton, iii. 76, and Kinnear, *Cruces Shakespearianæ*, 418.

sion than rage, patience, or sorrow. I incline to the ingenious and sensible comment of Perring,¹ that though the beautiful phenomenon of sunshine and rain at once was the best comparison the Gentleman "could think of to convey some idea of the expression of Cordelia's countenance, *it did not adequately represent it*; her smiles and tears were like it, but in a better fashion."

On the whole, in the combined light of Quarto texts and the Folio, Lear offers few difficulties "t'intrince t'vnloofe." The variant readings of the Cambridge edition and the Furness *Variorum* show the value which eclectic judgment may assign to the Quartos as a means of correcting the Folio text. THE BANKSIDE parallel pages afford the chance to pick out these agreements and disagreements, and decide whenever "equalities are fo weighed, that curiositie in neither, can make choife of eithers moytie" (Q¹. 8), and it is noteworthy that, in case of difference, where the Quarto text is that of a corrected sheet, it is often more commendable than the Folio. To take but a few examples: "the most precious square of fence *possesses*" (Q¹. 67) for *professes* of the Folio, which White regards as a *ductus literarum* from the immediately preceding use of "professe";² "Majesty *sloops* to folly" (Q¹. 140) for the Folio *falls*; and "*Friendship* liues hence, and banishment is here" (Q¹. 174) for the *Freedome* of the Folios; (note that Kent speaks paradoxically,—sith the King will *thus* appear, to live here in the royal disfavor is as banishment, to live hence, friendship, because no longer bound by moral duty to oppose the King's will.) But the path of comparison is made thorny by the many eye-and-ear blunders of the printer of the Quarto.

¹ *Hard Knots in Sh.*, 1886, 417.

² *Studies in Sh.*, 1886, 190.

It may be proper, perhaps adventurous, to note a few passages by way of original comment or conjecture.

Lear. The King would speak with *Cornewal*, the deare father
Would with his daughter speake, commands her feruice,
(Q¹. 1167-1168.)

So the corrected sheet E, followed by most editors. The uncorrected sheet reads, "come and tends feruife"; the Folio "commands, tends, feruice." I think it is nearly right in the earliest Quarto form, with which the Folio blunderingly agrees, and that the true reading is, "comes and tends service." Lear begins this speech as a King, commanding his subject Cornwall; but the memory of his abdication of royal powers to Regan's hands comes upon him, — and the "deare father," now become his daughter's subject, humbly tends service and craves audience. In the next lines he flashes back to kingliness for a moment, and then lapses into the incoherency which pervades the whole speech, and foreshadows the insanity to come.

If Wolues had at thy Gate how'd that sterne time,
Thou should'ft haue said, good Porter turne the Key:
All Cruels elfe subscribe : but I shall see
The winged Vengeance ouertake fuch Children.

(Fo. 2121-2124.)

I confess to reading with weariness of spirit the various comments upon this crux, "more puzzling, even," says Furness, "than 'runaway's eyes' or 'the dram of eale.'" Taking the words in their simplest sense, assuming "Cruels" to mean *cruelties* or *cruel things*, "subscribe" to mean *allow* or *permit* in the sense of condone — the root-idea being of signing a pardon, and "but" as equivalent to *yet*, an intelligible reading is reached without any change save of punctuation. The wolf-passage, ending with "turn the key," is an echo of Lear's "to oppofe the bolt

Against my comming in" (Fo. 1453), and finds parallels where Cordelia says, —

Mine Enemies dogge though he had bit me,
Should haue stood that night against my fire,
(Fo. 2764, 2765.)

and where the Fool says "Fortune that arrant whore, nere turns the key toth' poore." (Fo. 1318). To paraphrase — Had wolves thronged your gate on such a night, pity would have prompted you to give them shelter from the stern tempest. Even though all other cruel beings be pardoned by the Gods, yet will their avenging ministers punish such children as you. We find the "winged Vengeance" again in Albany's words (Q¹. 2044): —

If that the heauens doe not their visible spirits
Send quickly downe to tame this vild offences, . . .

In this light, is the Folio *subscribe* or the Quarto *subscrib'd* the preferable reading? The upward tail-flourish of the terminal MS. *e*, accounts for the confusion of indicative and participial forms to the printer's eye. Although the general authority of the Folio is greater, *subscrib'd* in this case seems the better.

Gon. My most deere Gloster.
Oh, the difference of man, and man,
To thee a Womans seruices are due,
My Foole vsurpes my body. (Fo. 2278–2281.)

So all the Folios, followed by most editions. Malone, Stevens, Eccles, Boswell, and Hudson adopt a combination of the two texts — "My fool usurps my bed" — and White inclines to it, miscalling it a Quarto reading. I would prefer the Pide Bull text, "A foole vsurps my bed." It fits all the context. Goneril regards Albany as simply an usurping fool contrasted with such a man as Edmund, to whom a woman's services are due. It fits, too, Goneril's let-

ter — “*then am I the Prisoner, and his bed, my Gaole,*” (Fo. 2700). See also her subsequent speech beginning “*Milke-liuer'd man*” (Fo. 2288), where, by the way, “*a head for wrongs*” is an unnoticed allusion to the horns of the cuckold.

VII.

PLACKETS.

There is a certain temptation about the indelicate allusions of the old dramatists, for their pertinency is so often lost in far-off archaism that the antiquarian finds in them a rich field, and the richer because not publicly delved. They are like “*a fop oth' Moonshine,*” to be hunted for in secret. To ignore them utterly is not the function of the conscientious student; to explain them as purely innocent of forbidden meaning is the part of prudery, — witness Warburton's comment on “*yond simpring Dame, whose face betweene her Forkes prefages Snow*” (Fo. 2544) — that it means, “*her hand held before her face in sign of modesty, with the fingers spread out, forky,*” or Johnson's “*I believe that the forks were two prominences of the ruff rising on each side of the face.*” The picture of a simpering face, crowned by locks verging on grayness, and appearing between “*forks,*” may be satisfactory, to some; but are we shocked by Edwards' apt parallel from *Timon of Athens* touching the power of that delicate wooer, gold, “*whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow that lies in Dian's lap*”? (IV., iii., 386, 387.)

Shakespeare was, for his plain-spoken day, a comparatively pure writer, — but in *Lear*, and especially the scenes where the Fool takes part, equivoque and *sous entendu* abound. Their intelligent study is curious and interesting, but the student dare not

openly confess his results, or indulge in questionable exegesis. Quijote's caution to his squire, "peor es meneallo, amigo Sancho," is applicable and deterrent.

Some stirring, however, seems admissible with regard to Edgar's injunction "Keep . . . thy hand out of Plackets" (Fo. 1865), and White has investigated it to good purpose, as is seen by eight solid pages in his article on *Glossaries and Lexicons*.¹ His conclusion is that "A placket was originally a pocket," — "not a pouch attached to an article of dress, and within it, but an article by itself, a small bag, or large purse, which was tied about the waist, or suspended from the shoulder," and, although often worn outside the outer garment (a fashion, by the way, lately revived), was also worn "as remotely withinside as possible." "In fact" he adds "it was tied about the waist, immediately over the smock or chemise, and, hanging down in front of the wearer's person, was reached by her through a hole in her outer garment, which was therefore called the placket-hole." White's copious citations prove this use of the word, and also the successive changes by which it acquired a metaphorical meaning, as defined in Halliwell's *Archaic and Provincial Dictionary*. That it *had* this latter significance, the countless equivoques of the old dramatists only too plainly show. But, was the placket *originally* a pocket? Etymology negatives the supposition. Whatever it was, the earliest placket must have been something having as its essential component a small plate or shield of metal. White derives the word from *plack*, in North English a small piece of money. But *plack* the ancient small coin of Flanders (Littre, *in voc.*) in turn was so called because it was a thin disk of metal.

Now it is a curious fact that, up to the seventeenth

¹ *Studies in Sh.*, 1886, pp. 342-350.

century, a commonly enforced safeguard of maiden honor existed, known as a "*Ceinture de Chasteté*." Its origin runs back to the earliest feudal ages. A fine specimen is in the Musée de Cluny in Paris, catalogued under the number 6599 in the department of *Costumes Civils*. It is composed of two plates or *plaques*, of wrought iron, engraved and damasquined with gold inlaying, and is of early Italian workmanship. The catalogue describes it as "serving a double use; the anterior section is united to the posterior part by a hinge at the lower end, and above by a slender belt of iron, wrought in open-work, *destinée à fermer les deux issues*. This *ceinture* has at the lower end, in front, an oblong aperture with toothed edges, and on the other side, an opening shaped like a trefoil. On the front plate are engraved the figures of Adam and Eve, with maskers and arabesques. The rear plate is similarly decorated. Along the edges of the two *plaques* and the belt are small holes whereby the padded lining was stitched on." This *ceinture*, which is of great antiquity to judge from its engraving, belonged to Prosper Mérimée, and was by him given to the Cluny Collection. Another specimen, in the same museum (No. 6598), has a single plate of ivory, attached to a steel belt by a flat padlock.¹ The curious in these matters may further consult the rare pamphlet, "*Plaidoyer de M. Freydier, avocat à Nismes, contre l'introduction des Cadenats ou Ceintures de Chasteté*," printed at Montpellier in 1750. That these guards of purity were probably the earliest plackets (*plaquettes*) is a reasonable conjecture. The thing having passed out of use, the name remained, gravitating

¹ Was this cincture ever called, in England, a "closer?" —

Cas. As I take it, madam,

Your maidenhead lies not in that cabinet;

You have a closer, and you keep the key too:

Beaumont & Fletcher, *A Wife for a Month*, I., ii.

to various objects, but always with a suggestiveness of locality. White's pocket-placket worn like a Highlander's sporran, hanging from a belt, in front, but under the outer garment, usurped the place of the older *Ceinture de Chasteté* so completely as to aptly inherit its name—and might have been the placket on which Edgar's equivoque rests. There may, however, be a real allusion to the old *Ceinture* in Regan's "fore-fended place" (Fo. 2838).

VIII.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Of æsthetic criticism, we have too much, after its kind, and not enough of the right kind. The world must ever regret that the great masters of later days, the intellects of co-Shakepearean mould, have not admitted us to their higher level, and shown us the Master as seen by his fit associates. Read the living, breathing words of Coleridge, and think what might have been ours had Tennyson and Browning but shaken to us the superflux of their wealth. But there is a tamer, more practical field of criticism, which deals with Shakespeare's plays as belonging to periods or epochs in the poet's life, finds analogies between dramas of the same period, and analytically confirms their place in the great groups into which the accepted works may be classed. There is a matter-of-fact suggestiveness about Furnivall's thought "that down each side-edge of every one of Shakspeare's plays are several hooks and eyes of special patterns, which, as soon as their play is put in its right place, will find a set of eyes and hooks of the same pattern on the adjoining play to fit into."¹

When *Lear* was written, Shakespeare, then forty

¹ *Leopold Shakspeare*, Intro., cxix.

or forty-one years old, was in his prime of success and power. His indisposed and sickly fit was past, his greatness was a-ripening, and *Lear* fitly falls, in date and breadth of treatment, with the masterpieces, the plays of the so-called Third Period, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Measure for Measure*, *Macbeth*, *Antony*, and *Coriolanus*.

The conspicuous theme in *Lear*, the row of hooks and eyes that links it to its forerunner, *Hamlet*, is the introduction of contrasted madness, real and feigned. For this contrast is intended, if not fully worked out, in Hamlet himself, and to the fact that upon genuine melancholy mania and irresolution is gratified a deliberate assumption of madness, the better to cover the never-executed purpose of vengeance, we owe the mystery of Hamlet's character. The alternating and not easily separable phases of Hamlet's veritable and simulated mental phenomena are subtly self-contrasted, and both together are set in better contrast with Ophelia's malady. Will the actor ever arise who can visibly set these shifting phases before us (as perhaps Betterton did), showing us Hamlet, now in a lucid interval but shrewdly putting an antic disposition on, and now a prey to the delusive mania that fancies itself sane?

In *Lear*, the contrast between true and mock insanity is simple — or should be on the scene, but I have yet to see the stage Edgar willing to subordinate his madness to the King's. They who act this part seem not to discern that the spuriousness of their portrayed madness should be evident beside the real thing. The scene on the heath is not, or should not be, a competitive test of the players' ability to depict lunacy; yet Edgar is applauded as the naturalness of his mania rivals Lear's. He should "daub it" — not strive to paint with a master hand. His is the superficial show of alienation that might well

pass among the "low Farmes, Poore pelting Villages, Sheeps-Coates, and Milles" where Bedlam beggars, with roaring voices, were objects of fear and avulsive pity rather than of keen scientific investigation. But Lear's insanity is true, and worthy the careful study of the professional alienist, from its first inception in the fruitful soil of the old King's "more headier will" (the best and soundest of his time hath been but rash), to its last flickering phases when the life of the sturdy monarch, fourscore and upward, who has borne what younger strengths could not have withstood, burns fitfully to the socket. Salvini and Forrest were right; at no time is Lear "a puny little dotard." Even at the last, he kills the slave that is a-hanging Cordelia. To Salvini's thinking, "the audience should be made to understand first how *Lear*, even in his generosity, is always the royal autocrat, noble, august, irascible, and violent in the first act; in the second, how, feeling bitterly the ingratitude that has doubled upon itself, he becomes more a father than a king; and finally, in the third act, how, worn with troubles of the body, he forgets for a season those of the mind, and, more than father, more than king, stands forth a man reacting upon rebellious nature."¹ The closet-analyst reaches the same result; "a strong predisposition to the disease" is "rapidly developed under the application of an adequate exciting cause."²

As we first see Lear, in Dr. Bucknill's "prodromic period of the disorder," his emotions are perverted while reason remains intact. Shakespeare's intuition seized this fine point, and Lear's graduated test of his daughters' affection, transplanted from the crude soil of the old chronicles, becomes a marvellous study of emotional perversion, culminating in the disown-

¹ Salvini, *Cent. Mag.* Feb. 1884. (The translation does little justice to the great actor's vigorous Tuscan.)

² Ray, *Am. Journ. of Insanity*, April, 1847.

ment of Cordelia and the banishment of Kent. That way, madness lies.

On another side-edge, the hooks and eyes link into Othello's jealous rage — as truly a phase of perverted emotional insanity as Lear's madness. Any modern jury, knowing how Iago's devilry has worked upon the Moor, would acquit him of Desdemona's murder on the ground of temporary insanity.

In another aspect *Lear* stands by itself, as Furnivall says, "the first Ingratitude and Cursing Play," although here a third row of his hooks and eyes joins another side-edge, in part, to what may be styled (after his composite nomenclature) the Vexed with Human Nature and Scolding like a Wet Hen Play — *Timon*. The *fact* of filial ingratitude comes from the chronicles, the *motive* is not so apparent. Lear is under no thick cloud of malevolent misrepresentation and treachery, to poison the minds of his daughters against him, as Gloucester's mind is turned against his son by Edmund's machinations, or as Othello is stung to madness by Iago's craft. Even Iago, devil as he is, has a shred or two of plausible motive assigned for his acts, resentment of Cassio's promotion, envy of the daily beauty in Cassio's life, and suspicion that the Moor has invaded his own marital rights. Did Shakespeare entertain an intelligent design of making Goneril and Regan devils, pure and simple, without other motive than innate devilry? It is hard to concede this. The exigencies of the legend required them to be cruelly ungrateful,—the audiences of that day craved strong portrayals on the scene, and the playwright Shakespeare gave them their desire, even to making Regan accessory to the "extrusion" of Gloucester's eyes.

But, with that strange insight, intuitive, not studied, which makes Shakespeare a problem to all time, Lear and his three daughters are moulded of one

self-metal. Regan, Goneril, and even Cordelia herself in a lesser degree show hereditary traits. Like Lear, they are abundant in emotions and apt to their perverted exercise, as well as strong in will and reason. Cordelia's obstinate humoring of her father's misunderstanding of her ambiguous reply, her stage-asides, her bitter farewell speech to her sisters, and her acceptance of an alien crown are indications of self-will akin to Lear's. Withal, she is rational in whatever she does, reason in her does not clash with the emotions — any more than they would in Lear, were he Cordelia's age. Even Lear's intellectual powers hold out, there is a vast deal of matter mixed with his impertinency in his wildest paroxysms of emotional insanity, — as in the speech, "O I have tane Too little care of this," which Vehse thinks the key-note of the drama, and in his powerful arraignment of venal justice — "Plate sins with gold." So, too, with Goneril and Regan, their judgments run side by side with their emotions. They reason out their replies to their father's questions with cold calculation, fitting them shrewdly to Lear's humor; Lear's "poor judgment" in casting off Cordelia appears only "too grossly" to them; they "hit together" to offset the anticipated invasion of their authority by their hot-headed father; they calmly argue touching the evils of divided power, and deliberately circumscribe Lear's sway and retinue for the avowed purpose of averting civil disorders. All this is good statecraft, but abominably unfilial from the sentimental point of view. They have their emotions too, mostly animal-like, vindictive, selfish, headstrong. Goneril's hinted infidelity with her steward Oswald (of which we have a broader glimpse in the old chronicle play of *Leir*), and the dual intrigue of the two sisters with Edmund, vouch for their passions. But they can reason even as to their misguided impulses,

— they shrewdly see that popular sympathy turns to Gloucester after his expulsion, blinded and helpless, to smell his way to Dover, “he moues all hearts againft us”; and they admit that the rigor of their state has forced many to Lear’s side. Even when they stand openly averred rivals for the Bastard’s affections they coldly

Combine together 'gainst the Enemie :
 For these domesticke and particurlar broiles,
 Are not the question heere. (Fo. 2849-2851.)

The more this point is studied the more aptly the character given to Regan and Goneril is fitted, as I have elsewhere noted, to bring about the catastrophe, the defeat of the French invasion by their combined generalship, and the unification of the divided kingdom under the native Briton sceptre of Albany. The “poetic justice” of the old Chronicles, which crowned invasion with success, and eventually set Cordelia on the throne with an alien consort-king, is overcome by Shakespeare’s stern patriotic justice. In Robertson’s comedy, *School*, in answer to the question, “By whom were the Britons first conquered?” Naomi replies, “They *never* were conquered; they’d sooner *die!*” Something of this sturdy perennial British sentiment assuredly led Shakespeare to end the play as he did. Sentiment and romance could not swerve him. A large fatality irresistibly controls the rounded whole, and in its inexorable torrent Cordelia and Lear are swept away. “Cordelia assails the established State.” “The consequence of her deed is death.”¹

The appointed end could not logically be reached by making Goneril and Regan mere purposeless demons in human shape. “Boarish phangs” and lustful natures are not their only attributes, they have ample powers of judgment as well. My good

¹ Snider, *System of Shakespeare’s Dramas*, 1877, i. 131 *et seq.*

friend the general editor of THE BANKSIDE writes me: "As daughters they were detestable, but as queens they declined to have an irresponsible authority within their realms. It would have resulted like the disorders between the King's troops and Richelieu's."

However, enough of æsthetic criticism; it is out of place in an edition such as this.

I have only to add that the text of the Pide Bull Quarto herein given agrees with the perfect copy in the British Museum, on which the Prætorius *facsimile* rests as an acknowledged standard, but has been proof-read by the Lenox Library copy. The Folio text agrees with Booth's singularly accurate reprint, but has in turn been proof-read by the Phoenix First Folio in the Library of Columbia College.¹

My thanks are due to the Editor-in-chief for his collation of the Lenox Pide Bull, and for the paralleling of the texts, labors which my arduous duties precluded me from attempting.

ALVEY A. ADEE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *January*, 1890. .

¹ The Phoenix Folio is followed in the reading *H e dis*. (line 3260). Mr. Furness's copy reads *He dies*. — agreeing with Wright's (1806) and Booth's reprints. Staunton's *facsimile* reads *He dis*. We here seem to find confirmation of Dr. Ingleby's statement that the First Folio exists in at least three states.



WE, the undersigned, a Committee appointed by *The Shakespeare Society of New York* to confer and report upon a Notation for *The Bankside Edition* of the plays of William Shakespeare, hereby certify that the *Notation* of the present volume: of which five hundred copies only are printed, of which this copy is No. _____: is that resolved upon by us, and reported by us to, and adopted by, *The Shakespeare Society of New York*.

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M. William Shakſpeare:

HIS

True Chronicle Historie of the life and
death of King L E A R and his three
Daughters.

*With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, ſonne
and heire to the Earle of Gloſter, and his
fullen and affumed humor of
T O M of Bedlam :*

*As it was played before the Kings Maieſtie at Whitehall vpon
S. Stephans night in Christmas Hollidayes.*

By his Maieſties ſeruants playing vſually at the Gloabe
on the Banckeſide.



L O N D O N,

Printed for *Nathaniel Butter*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in *Pauls
Church-yard* at the ſigne of the *Pide Bull* neere

S^t. Auſtins Gate. 1608



THE
TRAGEDIAE OF KING LEAR.





M. William Shakſpeare

HIS Hiftorie, of King Lear.

1 1 *Enter Kent, Gloſter, and Baſtard.*

2 *Kent.*

3 I Thought the King had more affected the Duke of *Al-*
4 *bany* then *Cornwell*.

5 *Gloſt.* It did all waies ſeeme ſo to vs, but now in the
6 diuifion of the kingdomes, it appears not which of
7 the Dukes he values moſt, for equalities are ſo weighed, that cu-
8 rioſitie in neither, can make choiſe of eithers moytie.

9 *Kent.* Is not this your ſonne my Lord ?

10 *Gloſt.* His breeding ſir hath beene at my charge, I haue ſo of-
11 ten bluſht to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to it.

14 12 *Kent.* I cannot conceiue you.

13 *Gloſt.* Sir, this young fellowes mother Could, wherupon ſhee
14 grew round wombed, and had indeed Sir a ſonne for her cradle,
15 ere ſhe had a huſband for her bed, doe you ſmell a fault ?

16 *Kent.* I cannot wiſh the fault vndone, the iſſue of it being fo
17 proper.



THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmond. 1

Kent. 2



Thought the King had more affected the
Duke of *Albany*, then *Cornwall*. 3 4

Glou. It did alwayes seeme so to vs: But
now in the diuision of the Kingdome, it ap-
peares not which of the Dukes hee valewes
most, for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in nei-
ther, can make choise of eithers moity. 5 6 7 8 9

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord? 10

Glou. His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I haue
so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am
braz'd too't. 11 12 13

Kent. I cannot conceiue you. 14

Glou. Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could; where-
vpon she grew round womb'd, and had indeede (Sir) a
Sonne for her Cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed.
Do you smell a fault? 15 16 17 18

Kent. I cannot with the fault vndone, the issue of it,
being so proper. 19 20

18 *Gloft.* But I haue fir a fonne by order of Law, fome yeare el-
 22 19 der then this, who yet is no deerer in my account, though this
 20 knaue came fomething fawcely into the world before hee was
 21 font for, yet was his mother faire, there was good fport at his

22 makeing &the whorefon must be acknowledged, do you know
 23 this noble gentleman *Edmund*?

24 *Bast.* No my Lord.

25 *Gloft.* My Lord of Kent, remember him hereafter as my ho-
 26 norable friend..

27 *Bast.* My seruices to your Lordship.

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

33 29 *Bast.* Sir I shall study deseruing.

30 *Gloft.* Hee hath beene out nine yeares, and away hee shall
 31 againe, the King is comming.

32 *Sound a Sennet, Enter one bearing a Coronet, then Lear, then the*
 33 *Dukes of Albany, and Cornwell, next Gonorill, Regan, Cor-*
 34 *delia, with followers.*

35 *Lear.* Attend my Lords of France and Burgundy, *Gloster.*

36 *Gloft.* I shall my Leige.

37 *Lear.* Meane time we will expresse our darker purposes,

38 The map there ; know we haue diuided

39 In three, our kingdome ; and tis our firft intent,

40 To shake all cares and bufines of our state,

44 41 Confirming them on yonger yeares,

42 The two great Princes *France* and *Burgundy*,

43 Great ryuals in our youngeft daughters loue,

44 Long in our Court haue made their amorous foiourne,

52 45 And here are to be anſwerd, tell me my daughters,

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

Edm. No, my Lord.

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

Edm. My seruices to your Lordship.

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

Edm. Sir, I shall study deferuing.

Glou. He hath bin 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.
Giue me the Map there. Know, that we haue diuided
In three our Kingdome: and 'tis our fast intent,
To shake all Cares and Bufinesse from our Age,
Conferring them on yonger strenghts, while we
Vnburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of *Cornwal*,
And you our no lesse louing Sonne of *Albany*,
We haue this houre a constant will to publish
Our daughters seuerall Dowes, that future strife
May be preuented now. The Princes, *France & Burgundy*,
Great Riuals in our yongest daughters loue,
Long in our Court, haue made their amorous sojourne,
And heere are to be answer'd. Tell me my daughters
(Since now we will diuest vs both of Rule,
Interest of Territory, Cares of State)

- 55 46 Which of you shall we say doth loue vs most,
 47 That we our largest bountie may extend,
 48 Where merit doth most challenge it,
 49 *Gonorill* our eldest borne, speake first ?
 50 *Gon.* Sir I do loue you more then words can weild the
 51 Dearer then eye-sight, fpace or libertie, (matter,
 52 Beyond what can be valued rich or rare,
 53 No lesse then life ; with grace, health, beautie, honour,
 54 As much a child ere loued, or father friend,
 55 A loue that makes breath poore, and fpeech vnable,
 56 Beyond all manner of fo much I loue you.
 57 *Cor.* What shall *Cordelia* doe, loue and be filent.
 58 *Lear.* Of al these bounds, euen from this line to this,
- 69 59 With fhady forrests, and wide skirted meades,
 60 We make thee Lady, to thine and *Albaines* issue,
 61 Be this perpetuall, what saies our second daughter ?
 62 Our deereft *Regan*, wife to *Cornwell*, speake ?
 63 *Reg.* Sir I am made of the selfe same mettall that my sifter is,
 64 And prize me at her worth in my true heart,
 65 I find she names my very deed of loue, onely she came short,
 66 That I professe my selfe an enemie to all other ioyes,
- 78 67 Which the most precious square of fence possesses,
 68 And find I am alone felicitate, in your deere highnes loue.
- 69 *Cord.* Then poore *Cord.* & yet not so, since I am sure
 70 My loues more richer then my tongue.
 71 *Lear.* To thee and thine hereditarie euer
 72 Remaine this ample third of our faire kingdome,
 73 No lesse in fpace, validity, and pleafure,
 74 Then that confirm'd on *Gonorill*, but now our ioy,
 75 Although the last, not least in our deere loue,
- 91 76 What can you say to win a third, more opulent
 77 Then your sifers.

Which of you shall we say doth loue vs most,	55
That we, our largest bountie may extend	56
Where Nature doth with merit challenge. <i>Gonerill,</i>	57
Our eldest borne, speake first.	58
<i>Gon.</i> Sir, I loue you more then word can weild y ^e matter,	59
Deerer then eye-fight, space, and libertie,	60
Beyond what can be valewed, rich or rare,	61
No lesse then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor :	62
As much as Childe ere lou'd, or Father found.	63
A loue that makes breath poore, and speech vnable,	64
Beyond all manner of so much I loue you.	65
<i>Cor.</i> What shall <i>Cordelia</i> speake ? Loue, and be silent.	66
<i>Lear.</i> Of all these bounds euen from this Line, to this,	67
With shadowie Forrests, and with Champains rich'd	68
With plenteous Riuers, and wide-skirted Meades	69
We make thee Lady. To thine and <i>Albanies</i> issues	70
Be this perpetuall. What sayes our second Daughter ?	71
Our deereft <i>Regan</i> , wife of <i>Cornwall</i> ?	72
<i>Reg.</i> I am made of that selfe-mettle as my Sister,	73
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,	74
I finde she names my very deede of loue :	75
Onely she comes too short, that I professe	76
My selfe an enemy to all other ioyes,	77
Which the most precious square of sense professes,	78
And finde I am alone felicitate	79
In your deere Highnesse loue.	80
<i>Cor.</i> Then poore <i>Cordelia</i> ,	81
And yet not so, since I am sure my loue's	82
More ponderous then my tongue.	83
<i>Lear.</i> To thee, and thine hereditarie euer,	84
Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome,	85
No lesse in space, validitie, and pleasure	86
Then that conferr'd on <i>Gonerill</i> . Now our Ioy,	87
Although our last and least ; to whose yong loue,	88
The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie,	89
Striue to be interest. What can you say, to draw	90
A third, more opilent then your Sisters ? speake.	91

78 *Cord.* Nothing my Lord. (again.

79 *Lear.* How, nothing can come of nothing, speake

80 *Cord.* Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue my heart into my
81 mouth, I loue your Maiestie according to my bond, nor more nor
82 leffe.

83 *Lear.* Goe to, goe to, mend your speech a little,

84 Least it may mar your fortunes.

85 *Cord.* Good my Lord,

86 You haue begot me, bred me, loued me,

87 I returne those duties backe as are right fit,

104 88 Obey you, loue you, and most honour you,

89 Why haue my sifters husbands if they say they loue you all,

90 Happely when I shall wed, that Lord whose hand

91 Muft take my plight, shall cary halfe my loue with him,

92 Halfe my care and duty, sure I shall neuer

109 93 Mary like my sifters, to loue my father all.

94 *Lear.* But goes this with thy heart?

95 *Cord.* I good my Lord.

96 *Lear.* So yong and so vtender.

97 *Cord.* So yong my Lord and true.

98 *Lear.* Well let it be so, thy truth then be thy dower,

115 99 For by the sacred radience of the Sunne,

100 The mistresse of *Heccat*, and the might,

101 By all the operation of the orbs,

102 From whome we doe exist and cease to be

103 Heere I disclaime all my paternall care,

104 Propinquitie and property of blood,

121 105 And as a stranger to my heart and me

106 Hould thee from this for euer, the barbarous *Scythyan*,

107 Or he that makes his generation

108 Messes to gorge his appetite

109 Shall bee as well neighbour'd, pittied and relieued

110 As thou my fometime daughter.

<i>Cor.</i> Nothing my Lord.	92
<i>Lear.</i> Nothing ?	93
<i>Cor.</i> Nothing.	94
<i>Lear.</i> Nothing will come of nothing, speake againe.	95
<i>Cor.</i> Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue	96
My heart into my mouth : I loue your Maiesty	97
According to my bond, no more nor leffe.	98
<i>Lear.</i> How, how <i>Cordelia</i> ? Mend your speech a little,	99
Leaft you may marre your Fortunes.	100
<i>Cor.</i> Good my Lord,	101
You haue begot me, bred me, lou'd me.	102
I returne those duties backe as are right fit,	103
Obeie you, Loue you, and most Honour you.	104
Why haue my Sisters Husbands, if they say	105
They loue you all? Happily when I shall wed,	106
That Lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry	107
Halfe my loue with him, halfe my Care, and Dutie,	108
Sure I shall neuer marry like my Sisters.	109
<i>Lear.</i> But goes thy heart with this ?	110
<i>Cor.</i> I my good Lord.	111
<i>Lear.</i> So young, and so vtender ?	112
<i>Cor.</i> So young my Lord, and true.	113
<i>Lear.</i> Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dowre :	114
For by the sacred radience of the Sunne,	115
The miserie of <i>Heccat</i> and the night :	116
By all the operation of the Orbes,	117
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,	118
Heere I difclaime all my Paternall care,	119
Propinquity and property of blood,	120
And as a stranger to my heart and me,	121
Hold thee from this for euer. The barbarous <i>Scythian</i> ,	122
Or he that makes his generation messes	123
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosome	124
Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and releu'd,	125
As thou my sometime Daughter.	126

111 *Kent.* Good my Liege. (his wrath,

129 112 *Lear.* Peace *Kent*, come not between the Dragon &
 113 I lou'd her most, and thought to fet my rest
 114 On her kind nurcery, hence and auoide my fight ?
 115 So be my graue my peace as here I giue,
 116 Her fathers heart from her, call *France*, who stirres ?
 117 Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwell*, and *Albany*,
 118 With my two daughters dower digest this third,
 119 Let pride, which she cals plainnes, marrie her :
 137 120 I doe inuest you iointly in my powre,
 121 Preheminance, and all the large effects
 122 That troope with Maiestie, our selfe by monthly course
 123 With referuation of an hundred knights,
 124 By you to be sustayn'd, shall our abode
 125 Make with you by due turnes, onely we still retaine
 126 The name and all the additions to a King,
 127 The fway, reuenue, execution of the rest,
 128 Beloued fonnes be yours, which to confirme,
 129 This Coronet part betwixt you.

147 130 *Kent.* Royall *Lear*,
 131 Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,
 132 Loued as my Father, as my maister followed,
 133 As my great patron thought on in my prayers.
 134 *Lear.* The bow is bēt & drawn make from the shaft,
 135 *Kent.* Let it fall rather,
 136 Though the forke inuade the region of my heart,
 153 137 Be *Kent* vnmanly when *Lear* is man,
 138 What wilt thou doe ould man, think'ft thou that dutie
 139 Shall haue dread to speake, when power to flatterie bowes,
 140 To plainnes honours bound when Maiefty stoops to folly,

141 Reuerse thy doome, and in thy best confideration
 142 Checke this hideous rashnes, answere my life
 161 143 My iudgement, thy yongest daughter does not loue thee least,
 144 Nor are those empty harted whose low, found
 145 Reuerbs no hollownes.

<i>Kent.</i> Good my Liege.	127
<i>Lear.</i> Peace <i>Kent</i> ,	128
Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath,	129
I lou'd her most, and thought to fet my rest	130
On her kind nurfery. Hence and avoid my fight :	131
So be my graue my peace, as here I giue	132
Her Fathers heart from her ; call <i>France</i> , who stirres ?	133
Call <i>Burgundy</i> , <i>Cornwall</i> , and <i>Albanie</i> ,	134
With my two Daughters Dowres, digest the third,	135
Let pride which she cals plainnesse, marry her :	136
I doe inuest you ioyntly with my power,	137
Preheminence, and all the large effects	138
That troope with Maiefty Our selfe by Monthly course,	139
With referuation of an hundred Knights,	140
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode	141
Make with you by due turne, onely we shall retaine	142
The name, and all th'addition to a King : the Sway,	143
Reuennew, Execution of the rest,	144
Beloued Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,	145
This Coronet part betweene you.	146
<i>Kent.</i> Royall <i>Lear</i> ,	147
Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,	148
Lou'd as my Father, as my Master follow'd,	149
As my great Patron thought on in my praier.	150
<i>Le.</i> The bow is bent & drawne, make from the shaft.	151
<i>Kent.</i> Let it fall rather, though the forke inuade	152
The region of my heart, be <i>Kent</i> vnmanly,	153
When <i>Lear</i> is mad, what wouldest thou do old man ?	154
Think'ft thou that dutie shall haue dread to speake,	155
When power to flattery bowes ?	156
To plainnesse honour's bound,	157
When Maiefty falls to folly, referue thy state,	158
And in thy best consideration checke	159
This hideous rashnesse, answere my life, my iudgement :	160
Thy yongest Daughter do's not loue thee least,	161
Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sounds	162
Reuerbe no hollownesse.	163

- 146 *Lear.* *Kent* on thy life no more.
 147 *Kent.* My life I neuer held but as a pawne
 148 To wage againſt thy enemies, nor feare to loſe it
 167 149 Thy fafty being the motiue.
 150 *Lear.* Out of my fight.
 151 *Kent.* See better *Lear* and let me ſtill remaine,
 152 The true blanke of thine eye.
 171 153 *Lear.* Now by *Appollo*,
 154 *Kent.* Now by *Appollo* King thou ſweareſt thy Gods

 155 *Lear.* Vaffall, recreant. (in vaine.

 156 *Kent.* Doe, kill thy Phyſician,
 177 157 And the fee beſtow vpon the foule diſeaſe,
 158 Reuoke thy doome, or whilſt I can vent clamour
 159 From my throat, ile tell thee thou doſt euill.
 160 *Lear.* Heare me, on thy allegiance heare me ?
 161 Since thou haſt fought to make vs breake our vow,
 162 Which we durſt neuer yet ; and with ſtraied pride,
 163 To come betweene our ſentence and our powre,
 164 Which nor our nature nor our place can beare,
 165 Our potency made good, take thy reward,
 166 Foure dayes we doe allot thee for prouiſion,
 187 167 To ſhield thee from diſeaſes of the world,
 168 And on the fift to turne thy hated backe
 169 Vpon our kingdome, if on the tenth day following,
 170 Thy baniſht truncke be found in our dominions,
 171 The moment is thy death, away, by *Jupiter*
 172 This ſhall not be reuokt. (appeare,
 173 *Kent.* Why fare thee well king, ſince thus thou wilt
 194 174 Friendſhip liues hence, and baniſhment is here,
 175 The Gods to their protection take the maide,
 176 That rightly thinks, and haſt moſt iuſtly ſaid,
 197 177 And your large ſpeeches may your deedes approue,
 178 That good effects may ſpring from wordes of loue :
 179 Thus *Kent* O Princes, bids you all adew,
 180 Heele ſhape his old courſe in a countrie new.

<i>Lear. Kent,</i> on thy life no more.	164
<i>Kent.</i> My life I neuer held but as pawne	165
To wage againſt thine enemies, nere feare to loofe it,	166
Thy ſafety being motiue.	167
<i>Lear.</i> Out of my fight.	168
<i>Kent.</i> See better <i>Lear,</i> and let me ſtill remaine	169
The true blanke of thine cie.	170
<i>Kear.</i> Now by <i>Apollo,</i>	171
<i>Lent.</i> Now by <i>Apollo,</i> King	172
Thou ſwear'ſt thy Gods in vaine.	173
<i>Lear.</i> O Vaſſall ! Miſcreant.	174
<i>Alb. Cor.</i> Deare Sir forbear.	175
<i>Kent.</i> Kill thy Phyſition, and thy fee beſtow	176
Vpon the foule diſeaſe, reuoke thy guiſt,	177
Or whil'ſt I can vent clamour from my throate,	178
Ile tell thee thou doſt euill.	179
<i>Lea.</i> Heare me recreant, on thine allegiance heare me ;	180
That thou haſt fought to make vs breake our vowes,	181
Which we durſt neuer yet ; and with ſtrain'd pride,	182
To come betwixt our ſentences, and our power,	183
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare ;	184
Our potencie made good, take thy reward.	185
Fiue dayes we do allot thee for prouiſion,	186
To ſhield thee from diſaſters of the world,	187
And on the fixt to turne thy hated backe	188
Vpon our kingdome ; if on the tenth day following,	189
Thy baniſht trunk be found in our Dominions,	190
The moment is thy death, away. By <i>Iupiter,</i>	191
This ſhall not be reuok'd,	192
<i>Kent.</i> Fare thee well King, ſith thus thou wilt appeare,	193
Freedome liues hence, and baniſhment is here ;	194
The Gods to their deere ſhelter take thee Maid,	195
That iuſtly think'ſt, and haſt moſt rightly ſaid :	196
And your large ſpeeches, may your deeds approue,	197
That good effects may ſpring from words of loue :	198
Thus <i>Kent,</i> O Princes, bids you all adew,	199
Hee'l ſhape his old courſe, in a Country new. <i>Exit.</i>	200

181 *Enter France and Burgundie with Gloster.*

182 *Gloft.* Heers *France* and *Burgundie* my noble Lord.

183 *Lear.* My L. of *Burgūdie*, we first addres towards you,

184 Who with a King hath riuald for our daughter,

185 What in the leaft will you require in present

186 Dower with her, or ceafe your queft of loue?

209 187 *Burg.* Royall maiesty, I craue no more then what

188 Your highnes offered, nor will you tender leffe? (vs

189 *Lear.* Right noble *Burgundie*, when she was deere to

190 We did hold her so, but now her prife is fallen,

191 Sir there she stands, if ought within that little

192 Seeming substāce, or al of it with our displeasure peec'ft,

193 And nothing else may fitly like your grace,

218 194 Shees there, and she is yours.

195 *Burg.* I know no answer.

196 *Lear.* Sir will you with those infirmities she owes,

197 Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,

198 Couered with our curse, and stranger'd with our oth,

199 Take her or leaue her.

200 *Burg.* Pardon me royall sir, election makes not vp

225 201 On such conditions. (me

202 *Lear.* Then leaue her sir, for by the powre that made

203 I tell you all her wealth, for you great King,

204 I would not from your loue make such a stray,

205 To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you,

206 To auert your liking a more worthier way,

207 Then on a wretch whome nature is ashamed

232 208 Almost to acknowledge hers.

209 *Fra.* This is most strange, that she, that euen but now

210 Was your best obiect, the argument of your praise,

211 Balme of your age, most best, most deereft,

<i>Flourish. Enter Gloster with France, and Burgundy, Attendants.</i>	201
<i>Cor.</i> Heere's France and Burgundy, my Noble Lord.	203
<i>Lear.</i> My Lord of Bugundie,	204
We first addresse toward you, who with this King	205
Hath riuald for our Daughter ; what in the leaft	206
Will you require in present Dower with her,	207
Or ceafe your quest of Loue ?	208
<i>Bur.</i> Most Royall Maiefty,	209
I craue no more then hath your Highneffe offer'd,	210
Nor will you tender leffe ?	211
<i>Lear.</i> Right Noble <i>Burgundy</i> ,	212
When she was deare to vs, we did hold her fo,	213
But now her price is fallen : Sir, there she stands,	214
If ought within that little seeming substance,	215
Or all of it with our difpleasure piec'd,	216
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,	217
Shee's there, and she is yours.	218
<i>Bur.</i> I know no answer.	219
<i>Lear.</i> Will you with those infirmitie she owes,	220
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,	221
Dow'rd with our curfe, and stranger'd with our oath,	222
Take her or, leaue her.	223
<i>Bur.</i> Pardon me Royall Sir,	224
Election makes not vp in fuch conditions.	225
<i>Le.</i> Then leaue her fir, for by the powre that made me,	226
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,	227
I would not from your loue make fuch a fray,	228
To match you where I hate, therefore befeech you	229
T'auert your liking a more worthier way,	230
Then on a wretch whom Nature is afham'd	231
Almost t'acknowledge hers.	232
<i>Fra.</i> This is moft ftrange,	233
That she whom euen but now, was your obieft,	234
The argument of your praife, balme of your age,	235
The beft, the deereft, fhould in this trice of time	236

- 212 Should in this trice of time commit a thing,
 238 213 So monftrous to difmantell fo many foulds of fauour,
 214 Sure her offence muft be of fuch vnnaturall degree,
 215 That monfters it, or you for voucht affections
 216 Falne into taint, which to beleue of her
 217 Muft be a faith that reafon without miracle
 218 Could neuer plant in me.
- 244 219 *Cord.* I yet befeech your Maieftie,
 220 If for I want that glib and oyle Art,
 221 To fpeake and purpofe not, fince what I well entend
 222 Ile do't before I fpeake, that you may know
 223 It is no vicious blot, murder or foulnes,
 224 No vncleane action or difhonord ftep
 225 That hath depriu'd me of your grace and fauour,
- 251 226 But euen for want of that, for which I am rich,
 227 A ftill folliciting eye, and fuch a tongue ,
 228 As I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,
- 254 229 Hath loft me in your liking.
 230 *Leir.* Goe to, goe to, better thou hadft not bin borne,
 231 Then not to haue pleas'd me better.
- 232 *Fran.* Is it no more but this, a tardines in nature,
 233 That often leaues the historie vnfpoke that it intends to
 234 My Lord of *Burgundie*, what fay you to the Lady? (do,
- 235 Loue is not loue when it is mingled with refpects that
 236 Aloofe from the intire point wil you haue her? (ftãds
- 263 237 She is her felfe and dowre.
 238 *Burg.* Royall *Leir*, giue but that portion
 239 Which your felfe propofd, and here I take *Cordelia*
 240 By the hand, Dutches of *Burgundie*,
- 241 *Leir.* Nothing, I haue fworne.
 242 *Burg.* I am fory then you haue fo loft a father,
 243 That you muft loofe a hufband.
- 244 *Cord.* Peace be with *Burgundie*, fince that refpects
 245 Of fortune are his loue, I fhall not be his wife.

Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle	237
So many folds of favour : fure her offence	238
Must be of such unnaturall degree,	239
That monsters it : Or your fore-voucht affection	240
Fall into taint, which to beleue of her	241
Must be a faith that reason without miracle	242
Should neuer plant in me.	243
<i>Cor.</i> I yet beseech your Maiesty.	244
If for I want that glib and oylie Art,	245
To speake and purpose not, since what I will intend,	246
Ile do't before I speake, that you make knowne,	247
It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulness,	248
No vnchaste action or dishonoured step	249
That hath depriu'd me of your Grace and favour,	250
But euen for want of that, for which I am richer,	251
A still solliciting eye, and such a tongue,	252
That I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,	253
Hath lost me in your liking.	254
<i>Lear.</i> Better thou had'st,	255
Not bene borne, then not to haue pleas'd me better.	256
<i>Fra.</i> Is it but this ? A tardiness in nature,	257
Which often leaues the history vnspoke	258
That it intends to do : my Lord of <i>Burgundy</i> ,	259
What say you to the Lady ? Loue's not loue	260
When it is mingled with regards, that stands	261
Aloofe from th'intire point, will you haue her ?	262
She is herselfe a Dowrie.	263
<i>Bur.</i> Royall King,	264
Giue but that portion which your selfe propos'd,	265
And here I take <i>Cordelia</i> by the hand,	266
Dutcheffe of <i>Burgundie</i> .	267
<i>Lear.</i> Nothing, I haue sworne, I am firme.	268
<i>Bur.</i> I am sorry then you haue so lost a Father,	269
That you must loose a husband.	270
<i>Cor.</i> Peace be with <i>Burgundie</i> ,	271
Since that respect and Fortunes are his loue,	272
I shall not be his wife.	273

- 274 246 *Fran.* Fairest *Cordelia* that art most rich being poore,
 247 Most choise forsaken, and most loued despisd,
 248 Thee and thy vertues here I ceaze vpon,
 249 Be it lawfull I take vp whats cast away,
 250 Gods, Gods/ tis stränge, that from their couldst neglect,
 279 251 My loue should kindle to inflam'd respect,
 252 Thy dowreles daughter King throwne to thy chance,
 253 Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France* :
 282 254 Not all the Dukes in watrish *Burgundie*,
 255 Shall buy this vnprizd precious maide of me,
 256 Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though vnkind
 257 Thou loofest here, a better where to find.
 258 *Lear.* Thou hast her *France*, let her be thine,
 259 For we haue no such daughter, nor shall euer see
 260 That face of hers againe, therefore be gone, (*Burgundy.*)
 289 261 Without our grace, our loue, our benizon? come noble
 262 *Exit Lear and Burgundie.*
 263 *Fran.* Bid farewell to your sisters?
 264 *Cord.* The iewels of our father, (you are,
 265 With washt eyes *Cordelia* leaues you, I know you what
 266 And like a sister am most loath to call your faults
 267 As they are named, vse well our Father,
 296 268 To your professed bosoms I commit him,
 269 But yet alas stood I within his grace,
 270 I would preferre him to a better place :
 271 So farewell to you both?
 272 *Gonorill.* Prescribe not vs our duties?
 273 *Regan.* Let your study be to content your Lord,
 274 Who hath receaued you at Fortunes almes,
 275 You haue obedience scanted,
 276 And well are worth the worth that you haue wanted.
 305 277 *Cord.* Time shal vnfold what pleated cūning hides,
 278 Who couers faults, at last flame them derides :
 279 Well may you prosper.
 280 *Fran.* Come faire *Cordelia*? *Exit France & Cord.*
 281 *Gonor.* Sister, it is not a little I haue to say,

<i>Fra.</i> Fairest <i>Cordelia</i> , that art most rich being poore,	274
Most choise forsaken, and most lou'd despis'd,	275
Thee and thy vertues here I feize vpon,	276
Be it lawfull I take vp what's cast away.	277
Gods, Gods! 'Tis strange, that from their cold'ft neglect	278
My Loue should kindle to enflam'd respect.	279
Thy dowreleffe Daughter King, throwne to my chance,	280
Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire <i>France</i> :	281
Not all the Dukes of watriſh <i>Burgundy</i> ,	282
Can buy this vnpriz'd precious Maid of me.	283
Bid them farewell <i>Cordelia</i> , though vnkinde,	284
Thou loofest here a better where to finde.	285
<i>Lear.</i> Thou hast her <i>France</i> , let her be thine, for we	286
Haue no such Daughter, nor shall euer see	287
That face of hers againe, therefore be gone,	288
Without our Grace, our Loue, our Benizon:	289
Come Noble <i>Burgundie</i> . <i>Flourish.</i> <i>Exeunt.</i>	290
<i>Fra.</i> Bid farwell to your Sisters.	291
<i>Cor.</i> The Iewels of our Father, with wash'd eie s	292
<i>Cordelia</i> leaues you, I know you what you are,	293
And like a Sister am most loth to call	294
Your faults as they are named. Loue well our Father:	295
To your professed bosomes I commit him,	296
But yet alas, stood I within his Grace,	297
I would prefer him to a better place,	298
So farewell to you both.	299
<i>Regn.</i> Prescribe not vs our dutie.	300
<i>Gon.</i> Let your study	301
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiu'd you	302
At Fortunes almes, you haue obedience scanted,	303
And well are worth the want that you haue wanted.	304
<i>Cor.</i> Time shall vnfold what plighted cunning hides,	305
Who couers faults, at last with shame derides:	306
Well may you prosper.	307
<i>Fra.</i> Come my faire <i>Cordelia</i> . <i>Exit France and Cor.</i>	308
<i>Gon.</i> Sister, it is not little I haue to say,	309

282 Of what most neerely appertaines to vs both,

283 I thinke our father will hence to night.

312 284 *Reg.* Thats most certaine, and with you, next mon eth with vs.

285 *Gon.* You see how full of changes his age is the obseruation we
286 haue made of it hath not bin little ; hee alwaies loued our sifter
287 most, and with what poore iudgement hee hath now cast her
288 off, appeares too grosse.

289 *Reg.* Tis the infirmitie of his age, yet hee hath euer but flen-
290 derly knowne himselfe.

319 291 *Gono.* The best and foundest of his time hath bin but rash,
292 then must we looke to receiue from his age not alone the imper-
293 fection of long ingrafted condition, but therewithal vnruely way-
294 wardnes, that infirme and cholericke yeares bring with them.

295 *Rag.* Such vnconstant starts are we like to haue from him, as
296 this of *Kents* banishment.

326 297 *Gono.* There is further complement of leaue taking betweene
298 *France* and him, pray lets hit together, if our Father cary autho-
299 rity with such dispositions as he beares, this last surrender of his,
300 will but offend vs,

301 *Ragan.* We shall further thinke on't.

302 *Gon.* We must doe fomthing, and it'h heate. *Exeunt.*

303

Enter Bastard Solus.

333 304 *Bast.* Thou Nature art my Goddeffe, to thy law my seruices

305 are bound, wherefore should I stand in the plague of custome,
306 and permit the curiositie of nations to deprive me, for that I am
307 some twelue or 14. mooneshines lag of a brother, why bastard?

308 wherefore base, when my dementions are as well compact, my
340 309 mind as generous, and my shape as true as honest madams issue,

Of what most neerely appertaines to vs both,	310
I thinke our Father will hence to night. (with vs.	311
<i>Reg.</i> That's most certaine, and with you : next moneth	312
<i>Gon.</i> You see how full of changes his age is, the ob-	313
feruation we haue made of it hath beene little; he alwaies	314
lou'd our Sister most, and with what poore iudgement he	315
hath now cast her off, appeares too grossely.	316
<i>Reg.</i> 'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath euer but	317
slenderly knowne himselfe.	318
<i>Gon.</i> The best and foundest of his time hath bin but	319
rash, then must we looke from his age, to receiue not a-	320
lone the imperfections of long ingrafted condition, but	321
therewithall the vnruely way-wardnesse, that infirme and	322
cholericke yeares bring with them.	323
<i>Reg.</i> Such vnconstant starts are we like to haue from	324
him, as this of <i>Kents</i> banishment.	325
<i>Gon.</i> There is further complement of leaue-taking be-	326
tweene <i>France</i> and him, pray you let vs fit together, if our	327
Father carry authority with such disposition as he beares,	328
this last surrender of his will but offend vs.	329
<i>Reg.</i> We shall further thinke of it.	330
<i>Gon.</i> We must do something, and i'th' heate. <i>Exeunt.</i>	331

Scena Secunda.

<i>Enter Bastard.</i>	332
<i>Bast.</i> Thou Nature art my Goddesse, to thy Law	333
My seruices are bound, wherefore should I	334
Stand in the plague of custome, and permit	335
The curiosity of Nations, to deprivue me?	336
For that I am some twelue, or fourteene Moonshines	337
Lag of a Brother? Why Bastard? Wherefore base?	338
When my Dimensions are as well compact,	339
My minde as generous, and my shape as true	340

310 why brand they vs with bafe, bafe baftardie ? who in the lufty
 311 ftealth of nature, take more compofition and feirce quality, then
 312 doth within a ftale dull lyed bed, goe to the creating of a whole
 313 tribe of fops got tweene a fleepe and wake ; well the legitimate
 314 *Edgar*, I muft haue your land, our Fathers loue is to the baftard
 315 *Edmund*, as to the legitimate, well my legitimate, if this letter
 316 fpeede, and my inuention thriue, *Edmund* the bafe fhall tooth'le-

354 317 gitimate: I grow, I profper, now Gods ftand vp for Baftards.

318

Enter Glofter.

319 *Gloft.* *Kent* banifht thus, and *France* in choller parted, and
 320 the King gone to night, fubfcribd his power, confined to exhi-
 321 bition, all this donne vpon the gadde ; *Edmund* how now
 322 what newes ?

323 *Baft.* So please your Lordfhip, none :

361 324 *Gloft.* Why fo earnestly feeke you to put vp that letter ?

325 *Baft.* I know no newes my Lord.

326 *Gloft.* What paper were you reading ?

327 *Baft.* Nothing my Lord,

365 328 *Gloft.* No, what needes then that terribe difpatch of it into
 329 your pocket, the qualitie of nothing hath not fuch need to hide
 330 it felfe, lets fee, come if it bee nothing I fhall not neede fpecta-
 331 cles.

332 *Ba.* I befeech you Sir pardon me, it is a letter from my brother,
 371 333 that I haue not all ore read, for fo much as I haue perufed, I find it
 334 not fit for your liking.

335 *Gloft.* Giue me the letter fir.

336 *Baft,* I fhall offend either to detaine or giue it, the contents
 337 as in part I vnderftand them, are too blame.

As honest Madams issue? Why brand they vs 341
 With Base? With basenes Barstadie? Base, Base? 342
 Who in the lustie stealth of Nature, take 343
 More composition, and fierce qualitie, 344
 Then doth within a dull stale tyred bed 345
 Goe to th'creating a whole tribe of Fops 346
 Got 'twene a sleepe, and wake? Well then, 347
 Legitimate *Edgar*, I must haue your land, 348
 Our Fathers loue, is to the Bastard *Edmond*, 349
 As to th'legitimate: fine word: Legitimate. 350
 Well, my Legittimate, if this Letter speed, 351
 And my inuention thriue, *Edmond* the base 352
 Shall to'th'Legitimate: I grow, I prosper: 353
 Now Gods, stand vp for Bastards. 354

Enter Gloucester.

Glo Kent banish'd thus? and France in choller parted? 355
 And the King gone to night? Prescrib'd his powre, 357
 Confin'd to exhibition? All this done 358
 Vpon the gad? *Edmond*, how now? What newes? 359
Bast. So please your Lordship, none. 360
Glou. Why so earnestly seeke you to put vp y^e Letter? 361
Bast. I know no newes, my Lord. 362
Glou. What Paper were you reading? 363
Bast. Nothing my Lord. 364
Glou. No? what needed then that terrible dispatch of 365
 it into your Pocket? The quality of nothing, hath not 366
 such neede to hide it selfe. Let's see: come, if it bee no- 367
 thing, I shall not neede Spectacles. 368
Bast. I beseech you Sir, pardon mee; it is a Letter 369
 from my Brother, that I haue not all ore-read; and for so 370
 much as I haue perus'd, I finde it not fit for your ore-loo- 371
 king. 372
Glou. Giue me the Letter, Sir. 373
Bast. I shall offend, either to detaine, or giue it: 374
 The Contents, as in part I vnderstand them, 375
 Are too blame. 376

338 *Gloft.* Lets see, lets see ?

339 *Baſt.* I hope for my brothers iuftification, he wrot this but

379 340 as an eſſay, or taſt of my vertue. *A Letter.*

341 *Gloft.* This policie of age makes the world bitter to the beſt

342 of our times, keeps our fortunes from vs till our oldnes cannot

343 reliſh them, I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the op-

344 preſſion of aged tyranny, who ſwaies not as it hath power, but as

345 it is ſuffered, come to me, that of this I may ſpeake more, if our

346 father would ſleepe till I wakt him, you ſhould inioy halfe his

387 347 reueneue for euer , and liue the beloued of your brother *Ed-*

348 *gar.*

349 Hum, conſpiracie, ſlept till I wakt him, you ſhould enioy halfe

350 his reueneue, my ſonne *Edgar*, had hee a hand to write this, a

351 hart, and braine to breed it in, when came this to you, who

352 brought it ?

353 *Baſt.* It was not brought me my Lord, ther's the cunning of

354 it, I found it throwne in at the caſement of my cloſet.

355 *Gloft.* You know the Character to be your brothers ?

396 356 *Baſt.* If the matter were good, my Lord I durſt ſweare it were

357 his but in reſpect, of that I would faine thinke it were not,

358 *Gloft.* It is his ?

359 *Baſt.* It is his hand my Lord, but I hope his heart is not in

360 the contents.

402 361 *Gloft.* Hath he neuer heretofore ſounded you in this buſines ?

362 *Baſt.* Neuer my Lord, but I haue often heard him maintaine

363 it to be fit, that ſons at perfit age, & fathers declining, his father

364 ſhould be as ward to the ſonne, and the ſonne mannage the re-

365 ueneue.

366 *Gloft.* O villaine, villaine, his very opinion in the letter, ab-

367 horred villaine, vnnaturall deteſted brutiſh villaine, worſe then

368 brutiſh, go fir ſeeke him, I apprehend him, abhominable villaine

369 where is he ?

411 370 *Baſt.* I doe not well know my Lord, if it ſhall pleaſe you to

371 ſuſpend your indignation againſt my brother, til you can deriue

- Glou.* Let's fee, let's fee. 377
- Bast.* I hope for my Brothers iustification, hee wrote 378
this but as an essay, or taste of my Vertue. 379
- Glou. reads.* *This policie, and reuerence of Age, makes the* 380
world bitter to the best of our times : keepes our Fortunes from 381
vs, till our oldnesse cannot rellish them. I begin to finde an idle 382
and fond bondage, in the oppression of aged tyranny, who swayes 383
not as it hath power, but as it is suffer'd. Come to me, that of 384
this I may speake more. If our Father would sleepe till I wak'd 385
him, you should enioy halfe his Reuennew foreuer, and liue the 386
beloued of your Brother. Edgar. 387
- Hum? Conspiracy? Sleepe till I wake him, you should 388
enioy halfe his Reuennew : my Sonne *Edgar*, had hee a 389
hand to write this? A heart and braine to breede it in? 390
When came you to this? Who brought it? 391
- Bast.* It was not brought mee, my Lord; there's the 392
cunning of it. I found it throwne in at the Cafement of 393
my Cloffet. 394
- Glou.* You know the character to be your Brothers? 395
- Bast.* If the matter were good my Lord, I durst swear 396
it were his: but in respect of that, I would faine thinke it 397
were not. 398
- Glou.* It is his. 399
- Bast.* It is his hand, my Lord: but I hope his heart is 400
not in the Contents. 401
- Glo.* Has he neuer before founded you in this busines? 402
- Bast.* Neuer my Lord. But I haue heard him oft main- 403
taine it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers 404
declin'd, the Father should bee as Ward to the Son, and 405
the Sonne manage his Reuennew. 406
- Glou.* O Villain, villain: his very opinion in the Let- 407
ter. Abhorred Villaine, vnnaturall, detested, brutish 408
Villaine; worfe then brutish: Go firrah, seeke him: Ile 409
apprehend him. Abhominable Villaine, where is he? 410
- Bast.* I do not well know my L. If it shall please you to 411
suspend your indignation against my Brother, til you can 412

372 from him better testimony of this intent : you should run a cer-
 373 taine course, where if you violently proceed against him, mi-
 374 staking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your owne
 375 honour, & shake in peeces the heart of his obediēce, I dare pawn
 376 downe my life for him, he hath wrote this to seele my affection

419 377 to your honour, and to no further pretence of danger.

378 *Glost.* Thinke you so ?

379 *Bast.* If your honour iudge it meete, I will place you where
 380 you shall heare vs conferre of this, and by an aurigular assurance
 381 haue your satisfiſſation, and that without any further delay then
 382 this very euening.

383 *Glost.* He cannot be such a monster.

384 *Bast.* Nor is not fure.

385 *Glost.* To his father, that so tenderly and intirely loues him,
 386 heauen and earth ! *Edmund* seeke him out, wind mee into him, I
 427 387 pray you frame your busines after your own wisedome, I would
 388 vnitate my selfe to be in a due resolution.

389 *Bast.* I shall seeke him fir presently, conuey the busineſſe as I
 390 shall see meanes, and acquaint you withall.

391 *Glost.* These late eclipses in the Sunne and Moone portend
 392 no good to vs, though the wisedome of nature can reason thus

393 and thus, yet nature finds it selfe scourg'd by the sequent effects,
 435 394 loue cooles, friendship fals off, brothers diuide, in Citties mu-
 395 tinies, in Countries discords, Pallaces treason, the bond crackt

442 396 betweene sonne and father ; find out this villaine *Edmund*, it shal
 397 loofe thee nothing, doe it carefully, and the noble and true har-
 398 ted *Kent* banisht, his offence honest, strange strange !

399 *Bast.* This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when
 400 we are sicke in Fortune, often the surfeit of our owne behaiour,

deriue from him better testimony of his intent, you shold 413
 run a certaine course : where, if you violently proceed a- 414
 gainst him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great 415
 gap in your owne Honor, and shake in peeces, the heart of 416
 his obedience. I dare pawne downe my life for him, that 417
 he hath writ this to feele my affection to your Honor, & 418
 to no other pretence of danger. 419

Glou. Thinke you so ? 420

Bast. If your Honor iudge it meete, I will place you 421
 where you shall heare vs conferre of this, and by an Auri- 422
 cular assurance haue your satisfaction, and that without 423
 any further delay, then this very Euening. 424

Glou. He cannot bee such a Monster. *Edmond* seeke 425

him out : winde me into him, I pray you : frame the Bu- 426
 fineffe after your owne wifedome. I would vnstate my 427
 selfe to be in a due resolution. 428

Bast. I will seeke him Sir, presently : conuey the bu- 429
 fineffe as I shall find meanes, and acquaint you withall. 430

Glou. These late Eclipses in the Sun and Moone port- 431
 tend no good to vs : though the wifedome of Nature can 432
 reason it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it selfe scourg'd 433
 by the sequent effects. Loue cooles, friendship falls off, 434
 Brothers diuide. In Cities, mutinies ; in Countries, dif- 435
 cord ; in Pallaces, Treason ; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt 436
 Sonne and Father. This villaine of mine comes vnder the 437
 prediction ; there's Son against Father, the King fals from 438
 by as of Nature, there's Father against Childe. We haue 439
 feene the best of our time. Machinations, hollownesse, 440
 treacherie, and all ruinous diforders follow vs difquietly 441
 to our Graues. Find out this Villain *Edmond*, it shall lose 442
 thee nothing, do it carefully : and the Noble & true-har- 443
 ted Kent banish'd ; his offence, honesty. 'Tis strange. *Exit* 444

Bast. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that 445
 when we are sicke in fortune, often the sursets of our own 446

401 we make guiltie of our difasters, the Sunne, the Moone, and the
 402 Starres, as if we were Villaines by neceffitie, Fooles by heauen-
 449 403 ly compulsion, Knaues, Theeues, and Trecherers by spirituall
 404 predominance, Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an enforft
 405 obedience of planetary influence, and all that wee are euill in,

406 by a diuine thrufting on, an admirable euafion of whoremafter
 407 man, to lay his gotifh difpofition to the charge of Starres: my
 408 Father compounded with my Mother vnder the Dragons taile,
 456 409 and my natiuitie was vnder *Vrfa maior*, fo that it followes, I am
 410 rough and lecherous, Fut, I fhould haue beene that I am, had the
 411 maidenleft ftarre of the Firmament twinckled on my bafardy

Enter Edgar *Edgar*; and out hee comes like the Cataftrophe of the old Co-
 413 medy, mine is villanous melancholy, with a fith like them of
 414 Bedlam; O thefe eclipses doe portend thefe diuifions.

465 415 *Edgar*. How now brother *Edmund*, what ferious contempla-
 416 tion are you in?

417 *Baft*. I am thinking brother of a prediction I read this other
 418 day, what fhould follow thefe Eclipses.

419 *Edg*. Doe you bufie your felfe about that?

470 420 *Baft*. I promife you the effects he writ of, fucceed vn-
 happily,

421 as of vnnaturalneffe betweene the child and the parent, death,
 422 dearth, diffolutions of ancient amities, diuifions in ftate, mena-
 423 ces and maledictions againft King and nobles, needles diffiden-
 424 ces, banifhment of friëds, diffipation of Cohorts, nuptial breach-
 425 es, and I know not what.

426 *Edg*. How long haue you beene a feftary Astronomicall?

472 427 *Baft*. Come, come, when faw you my father laft?

428 *Edg*. Why, the night gon by.

429 *Baft*. Spake you with him?

behaviour, we make guilty of our difasters, the Sun, the 447
 Moone, and Starres, as if we were villaines on necessitie, 448
 Fooles by heauenly compulsion, Knaues, Theeues, and 449
 Treachers by Sphericall predominance. Drunkards, Ly- 450
 ars, and Adulterers by an inforc'd obedience of Planatary 451
 influence ; and all that we are euill in, by a diuine thru- 452
 fting on. An admirable euasion of Whore-master-man, 453
 to lay his Goatish disposition on the charge of a Starre, 454
 My father compounded with my mother vnder the Dra- 455
 gons taile, and my Natiuity was vnder *Vrsa Maior*, so 456
 that it followes, I am rough and Leacherous. I should 457
 haue bin that I am, had the maidenleft Starre in the Fir- 458
 mament twinkled on my bastardizing. 459

Enter Edgar. 460

Pat : he comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comedie : 461
 my Cue is villanous Melancholly, with a fighe like *Tom* 462
 o'Bedlam. ——— O these Eclipses do portend these diui- 463
 fions. Fa, Sol, La, Me. 464

Edg. How now Brother *Edmond*, what ferious con- 465
 templation are you in ? 466

Bast. I am thinking Brother of a prediction I read this 467
 other day, what should follow these Eclipses. 468

Edg. Do you busie your selfe with that ? 469

Bast. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succede 470
 vnhappily. 471

When saw you my Father last ? 472

Edg. The night gone by. 473

Bast. Spake you with him ? 474

430 *Edg.* Two houres together.

431 *Bast.* Parted you in good tearmes ? found you no displeasure
432 in him by word or countenance ?

433 *Edg.* None at all.

479 434 *Bast.* Bethinke your selfe wherein you may haue offended
435 him, and at my intreatie, forbear his prefence, till some little
436 time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this in-
437 stant fo rageth in him, that with the mischief, of your parson it
438 would scarce allay.

484 439 *Edg.* Some villaine hath done me wrong.

485 440 *Bast.* Thats my feare brother, I aduise you to the best, goe

441 arm'd, I am no honest man if there bee any good meaning to-
442 wards you, I haue told you what I haue seene & heard, but faint-
443 ly, nothing like the image and horror of it, pray you away !

444 *Edg.* Shall I heare from you anon :

496 445 *Bast.* I doe ferue you in this busines : *Exit Fdgar*

446 A credulous Father, and a brother noble,
447 Whose nature is so farre from doing harmes,
448 That he suspects none, on whose foolish honesty
449 My practises ride easie, I see the busines,
450 Let me if not by birth, haue lands by wit,

502 451 All with me's meete, that I can fashion fit. *Exit.*

452 *Enter Gonorill and Gentleman.*

504 453 *Gon.* Did my Father strike my gentleman for chiding of his
454 foole ?

<i>Edg.</i> I, two houres together.	475
<i>Bast.</i> Parted you in good termes? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, nor countenance?	476 477
<i>Edg.</i> None at all,	478
<i>Bast.</i> Bethink your selfe wherein you may haue offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his prefence, vntill some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person, it would scarcely alay.	479 480 481 482 483
<i>Edg.</i> Some Villaine hath done me wrong.	484
<i>Edm.</i> That's my feare, I pray you haue a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes flower: 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.	485 486 487 488 489
<i>Edg.</i> Arm'd, Brother?	490
<i>Edm.</i> Brother, I aduise you to the best, I am no honest man, if ther be any good meaning toward you: I haue told you, what I haue seene, and heard: But faintly. Nothing like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.	491 492 493 494
<i>Edg.</i> Shall I heare from you anon?	<i>Exit.</i> 495
<i>Edm.</i> I do ferue you in this businesse: A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble, Whose nature is so farre from doing harmes, That he suspects none: on whose foolish honestie My practifes ride easie: I see the businesse. Let me, if not by birth, haue lands by wit, All with me's meete, that I can fashion fit.	496 497 498 499 500 501 <i>Exit.</i> 502

Scena Tertia.

<i>Enter Gonerill, and Steward.</i>	503
<i>Gon.</i> Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chiding of his Foole?	504 505

455 *Gent.* Yes Madam.

456 *Gon.* By day and night he wrongs me,

457 Euery houre he flashe into one grosse crime or other

458 That sets vs all at ods, ile not indure it,

459 His Knights grow ryotous, and him selfe obrayds vs,

460 On euery trifell when he returnes from hunting,

512 461 I will not speake with him, say I am sicke,

462 If you come slacke of former seruices,

463 You shall doe well, the fault of it ile answere.

464 *Gent.* Hee's coming Madam I heare him.

465 *Gon.* Put on what wearie negligence you please, you and your

466 fellow seruants, i'de haue it come in question, if he dislike it, let

467 him to our sifter, whose mind and mine I know in that are one,

468 not to be ouerruld; idle old man that still would manage those

469 authorities that hee hath giuen away, now by my life old fooles

470 are babes again, & must be vs'd with checkes as flatteries, when

471 they are feene abusd, remember what I tell you.

521 472 *Gent.* Very well Madam.

473 *Gon.* And let his Knights haue colder looks among you, what

474 growes of it no matter, aduise your fellowes so, I would breed

475 from hence occasions, and I shall, that I may speake, ile write

476 straight to my sifter to hould my very course, goe prepare for

477 dinner.

Exit.

478

Enter Kent.

527 479 *Kent,* If but as well I other accents borrow, that can my speech

480 defuse, my good intent may carry through it selfe to that full if-

481 sue for which I raz'd my likenes, now banisht *Kent,* if thou canst

482 serue where thou dost stand condem'd, thy maister whom thou

483 louest shall find the full of labour.

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

Scena Quarta.

<i>Enter Kent.</i>	526
<i>Kent.</i> If but as will I other accents borrow,	527
That can my speech defuse, my good intent	528
May carry through it selfe so that full issue	529
For which I raiz'd my likeneffe. Now banisht <i>Kent,</i>	530
If thou canst serue where thou dost stand condemn'd,	531
So may it come, thy Master whom thou lou'ft,	532
Shall find thee full of labours.	533

484

Enter Lear.

535 485 *Lear.* Let me not stay a iot for dinner, goe get it readie, how
486 now, what art thou ?

487 *Kent.* A man Sir.

488 *Lear.* What dost thou professe ? what would'ft thou with vs ?

489 *Kent.* I doe professe to be no lesse then I seeme, to serue him
490 truly that will put me in trust, to loue him that is honest, to con-
491 uerfe with him that is wise, and sayes little, to feare iudgement,
544 492 to fight when I cannot chuse, and to eate no fishe.

493 *Lear.* What art thou ?

494 *Kent.* A very honest harted fellow, and as poore as the king.

495 *Lear.* If thou be as poore for a subiect, as he is for a King, thar't
496 poore enough, what would'ft thou ?

497 *Kent.* Seruice. *Lear.* Who would'ft thou serue ?

553 498 *Kent.* You. *Lear.* Do'ft thou know me fellow ?

499 *Kent.* No sir, but you haue that in your countenance, which
500 I would faine call Maister.

501 *Lear.* Whats that ? *Kent.* Authoritie.

502 *Lear.* What seruices canst doe ?

503 *Kent.* I can keepe honest counsaile, ride, run, mar a curious
504 tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine message bluntly, that
505 which ordinarie men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best
562 506 of me, is diligence.

507 *Lear.* How old art thou ?

508 *Kent.* Not so yong to loue a woman for finging, nor so old to
509 dote on her for any thing, I haue yeares on my backe fortie
510 eight.

511 *Lear.* Follow mee, thou shalt. serue mee, if I like thee no
512 worfe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet, dinner, ho din-
513 ner, wher's my knaue, my foole, goe you and call my foole he-
570 514 ther, you firra, whers my daughter ?

<i>Hornes within. Enter Lear and Attendants.</i>	534
<i>Lear.</i> Let me not stay a iot for dinner, go get it ready: hownow, what art thou?	535
<i>Kent.</i> A man Sir.	537
<i>Lear.</i> What dost thou professe? What would'st thou with vs?	538
<i>Kent.</i> I do professe to be no lesse then I seeme; to serue him truly that will put me in trust, to loue him that is honest, to conuerse with him that is wise and saies little, to feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot choose, and to eate no fish.	539
<i>Lear.</i> What art thou?	541
<i>Kent.</i> A very honest hearted Fellow, and as poore as the King.	542
<i>Lear.</i> If thou be'st as poore for a subiect, as hee's for a King, thou art poore enough. What wouldst thou?	543
<i>Kent.</i> Seruice.	544
<i>Lear.</i> Who wouldst thou serue?	545
<i>Kent.</i> You.	546
<i>Lear.</i> Do'st thou know me fellow?	547
<i>Kent.</i> No Sir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I would faine call Master.	548
<i>Lear.</i> What's that?	549
<i>Kent.</i> Authority.	550
<i>Lear.</i> What seruices canst thou do?	551
<i>Kent.</i> I can keepe honest counsaile, ride, run, marre a curious tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me, is Dilligence.	552
<i>Lear.</i> How old art thou?	553
<i>Kent.</i> Not so young Sir to loue a woman for fingering, nor so old to dote on her for any thing. I haue yeares on my backe forty eight.	554
<i>Lear.</i> Follow me, thou shalt serue me, if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, dinner, where's my knaue? my Foole? Go you and call my Foole hither. You you Sirrah, where's my Daughter?	555
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515 *Enter Steward.*

516 *Steward.* So please you,

517 *Lear.* What fay's the fellow there, call the clat-pole backe,
518 whers my foole, ho I thinke the world's asleepe, how now,
519 wher's that mungrel?

520 *Kent.* He fay's my Lord, your daughter is not well.

577 521 *Lear.* Why came not the flauē backe to mee when I cal'd
522 him?

523 *seruant.* Sir, hee answered mee in the roundest maner, hee
524 would not. *Lear.* A would not?

525 *seruant.* My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my
583 526 iudgemēt, your highnes is not ētertained with that ceremonious
527 affection as you were wont, ther's a great abatement, apeer's as

528 well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also,
529 and your daughter. *Lear.* Ha, fay'ft thou so?

530 *seruant.* I beseech you pardon mee my Lord, if I be mistaken,
531 for my dutie cannot bee silent, when I thinke your highnesse
591 532 wrong'd.

533 *Lear.* Thou but remember'ft me of mine owne conception, I
534 haue perceiued a most faint neglect of late, which I haue rather
535 blamed as mine owne ielous curiositie, then as a very pretence&

536 purport of vnkindnesse, I will looke further into't, but wher's
597 537 this foole? I haue not seene him this two dayes.

538 *seruant.* Since my yong Ladies going into *France* fir, the foole
599 539 hath much pined away.

540 *Lear.* No more of that, I haue noted it, goe you and tell my
541 daughter, I would speake with her, goe you cal hither my foole,
542 O you fir, you fir, come you hither, who am I fir?

543 *Steward.* My Ladies Father.

544 *Lear.* My Ladies father, my Lords knaue, you horefon dog,
545 you flauē, you cur.

Enter Steward.

- Ste.* So please you ——— *Exit.* 571
- Lear.* What faies the Fellow there? Call the Clot- 573
pole backe: wher's my Foole? Ho, I thinke the world's 574
afleepe, how now? Where's that Mungrell? 575
- Knight.* He faies my Lord, your Daughters is not well. 576
- Lear.* Why came not the flauie backe to me when I 577
call'd him? 578
- Knight.* Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he 579
would not. 580
- Lear.* He would not? 581
- Knight.* My Lord, I know not what the matter is, 582
but to my iudgement your Highnesse is not entertain'd 583
with that Ceremonious affection as you were wont, 584
theres a great abatement of kindnesse appears as well in 585
the generall dependants, as in the Duke himfelfe also, and 586
your Daughter. 587
- Lear.* Ha? Saist thou so? 588
- Knight.* I beseech you pardon me my Lord, if I bee 589
mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent, when I thinke 590
your Highnesse wrong'd. 591
- Lear.* Thou but remembrest me of mine owne Con- 592
ception, I haue perceiued a most faint neglect of late, 593
which I haue rather blamed as mine owne ieaious curio- 594
sitie, then as a very pretence and purpose of vnkindnesse; 595
I will looke further intoo't: but where's my Foole? I 596
haue not seene him this two daies. 597
- Knight.* Since my young Ladies going into *France* 598
Sir, the Foole hath much pined away. 599
- Lear.* No more of that, I haue noted it well, goe you 600
and tell my Daughter, I would speake with her. Goe you 601
call hither my Foole; O you Sir, you, come you hither 602
Sir, who am I Sir? 603
- Enter Steward.* 604
- Ste.* My Ladies Father. 605
- Lear.* My Ladies Father? my Lords knaue, you whor- 606
son dog, you flauie, you curre. 607

609 546 *Stew.* I am none of this my Lord, I beseech you pardon me.

547 *Lear.* Doe you bandie lookes with me you rascal?

548 *Stew.* Ile not be struck my Lord,

549 *Kent.* Nor tript neither, you base football player.

550 *Lear.* I thanke thee fellow, thou feru't me, and ile loue thee.

615 551 *Kent.* Come fir ile teach you differences, away, away, if
552 you will meafure your lubbers, length againe tarry, but away,
553 you haue wifedome.

554 *Lear.* Now friendly knaue I thanke thee, their's earnest of
555 thy feruice. *Enter Foole.*

556 *Foole.* Let me hire him too, heer's my coxcombe.

557 *Lear.* How now my prety knaue, how do'ft thou?

558 *Foole.* Sirra, you were best take my coxcombe.

624 559 *Kent.* Why Foole?

560 *Foole.* Why for taking on's part, that's out of fauour, nay and
561 thou can't not smile as the wind fits, thou't catch cold shortly,
562 there take my coxcombe; why this fellow hath banisht two
563 on's daughters, and done the third a blessing against his will, if
564 thou follow him, thou must needs weare my coxcombe, how

631 565 now nuncle, would I had two coxcombes, and two daughters.

566 *Lear.* Why my boy?

567 *Foole.* If I gaue them any liuing, id'e keepe my coxcombs
568 my selfe, ther's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

569 *Lear.* Take heede firra, the whip.

570 *Foole.* Truth is a dog that must to kenell, hee must bee whipt
639 571 out, when Ladie oth'e brach may stand by the fire and stincke.

572 *Lear.* A pestilent gull to mee.

573 *Foole.* Sirra ile teach thee a speech. *Lear.* Doe.

574 *Foole.* Marke it vnclie, haue more then thou shewest, speake

<i>Ste.</i> I am none of these my Lord,	608
I beseech your pardon.	609
<i>Lear.</i> Do you bandy lookes with me, you Rascal ?	610
<i>Ste.</i> Ile not be strucken my Lord.	611
<i>Kent.</i> Nor tript neither, you base Foot-ball plaier.	612
<i>Lear.</i> I thanke thee fellow.	613
Thou seru'ft me, and Ile loue thee.	614
<i>Kent.</i> Come sir, arife, away, Ile teach you differences :	615
away, away, if you will meafure your lubbers length a-	616
gaine, tarry, but away, goe too, haue you wifedome, fo.	617
<i>Lear.</i> Now my friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's	618
earnest of thy seruice.	619
<i>Enter Foole.</i>	620
<i>Foole.</i> Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcombe.	621
<i>Lear.</i> How now my pretty knaue, how dost thou ?	622
<i>Foole.</i> Sirrah, you were best take my Coxcombe.	623
<i>Lear.</i> Why my Boy ?	624
<i>Foole.</i> Why? for taking ones part that's out of fauour,	625
nay, & thou canst not smile as the wind fits, thou'lt catch	626
colde shortly, there take my Coxcombe ; why this fellow	627
ha's banish'd two on's Daughters, and did the third a	628
bleffing against his will, if thou follow him, thou must	629
needs weare my Coxcombe. How now Nunckle? would	630
I had two Coxcombes and two Daughters.	631
<i>Lear.</i> Why my Boy ?	632
<i>Fool.</i> If I gaue them all my liuing, I'd keepe my Cox-	633
combes my selfe, there's mine, beg another of thy	634
Daughters.	635
<i>Lear.</i> Take heed Sirrah, the whip.	636
<i>Foole.</i> Truth's a dog must to kennell, hee must bee	637
whipt out, when the Lady Brach may stand by'th'fire	638
and stinke.	639
<i>Lear.</i> A peffilent gall to me.	640
<i>Foole.</i> Sirha, Ile teach thee a speech,	641
<i>Lear.</i> Do.	642
<i>Foole.</i> Marke it Nunckle ;	643

575 leffe then thou knowest, lend leffe then thou owest, ride more
 576 then thou goest, learne more then thou trowest, fet leffe then
 577 thou throwest, leaue thy drinke and thy whore, and keepe in a
 653 578 doore, and thou shalt haue more, then two tens to a score.

579 *Lear.* This is nothing foole.

580 *Foole.* Then like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, you gaue
 581 me nothing for't, can you make no vse of nothing vnle ?

582 *Lear.* Why no boy, nothing can be made out of nothing.

583 *Foole.* Preethe tell him so much the rent of his land comes to,
 661 584 he will not beleeuue a foole.

585 *Lear.* A bitter foole.

586 *Foole.* Doo'ft know the difference my boy, betweene a bitter
 587 foole, and a fweete foole.

665 588 *Lear.* No lad, teach mee.

589 *Foole.* That Lord that counfail'd thee to giue away thy land,
 590 Come place him heere by mee, doe thou for him stand,
 591 The sweet and bitter foole will presently appeare,
 592 The one in mot ley here, the other found out there.

593 *Lear.* Do'ft thou call mee foole boy ?

594 *Foole.* All thy other Titles thou hast giuen away, tha thou
 595 wast borne with.

596 *Kent.* This is not altogether foole my Lord.

597 *Foole.* No faith, Lords and great men will not let me, if I had
 598 a monopolie out, they would haue part an't, and Ladies too, they
 599 will not let me haue all the foole to my selfe, they'l be snatching;
 666 600 giue me an egge Nuncle, and ile giue thee two crownes.

601 *Lear.* What two crownes shall they be ?

Haue more then thou showest,	644
Speake lesse then thou knowest,	645
Lend lesse then thou owest,	646
Ride more then thou goest,	647
Learne more then thou trowest,	648
Set lesse then thou throwest ;	649
Leaue thy drinke and thy whore,	650
And keepe in a dore,	651
And thou shalt haue more,	652
Then two tens to a score.	653
<i>Kent.</i> This is nothing Foole.	654
<i>Foole.</i> Then 'tis like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer,	655
you gaue me nothing for't, can you make no vse of no-	656
thing Nuncle ?	657
<i>Lear.</i> Why no Boy,	658
Nothing can be made out of nothing.	659
<i>Foole.</i> Prythee tell him, so much the rent of his land	660
comes to, he will not beleeeue a Foole.	661
<i>Lear.</i> A bitter Foole.	662
<i>Foole.</i> Do'st thou know the difference my Boy, be-	663
tweene a bitter Foole, and a sweet one.	664
<i>Lear.</i> No Lad, teach me.	665

Foole. Nunckle, giue me an egge, and Ile giue thee two Crownes. 666

Lear. What two Crownes shall they be ? 668

602 *Foole.* Why, after I haue cut the egge in the middle and eate
 603 vp the meate, the two crownes of the egge ; when thou cloueft
 604 thy crowne it'h middle, and gaueft away both parts, thou boreft
 605 thy affe at'h backe or'e the durt, thou had'ft little wit in thy bald

606 crowne, when thou gaueft thy golden one away, if I fpeake like
 675 607 my felfe in this, let him be whipt that firft finds it fo.

608 Fooles had nere leffe wit in a yeare,
 609 For wife men are growne foppifh,
 610 They know not how their wits doe weare,

679 611 Their manners are fo apifh.

612 *Lear.* When were you wont to be fo full of fongs firra ?

613 *Foole.* I haue vs'd it nuncle, euer fince thou mad'ft thy daugh-
 682 614 ters thy mother, for when thou gaueft them the rod, and put'ft
 615 downe thine own breeches, then they for fudden ioy did weep,

616 and I for forrow fung, that fuch a King fould play bo-peepe,

617 and goe the fooles among : prethe Nunckle keepe a fchoolema-
 618 fter that can teach thy foole to lye, I would faine learne to lye.

690 619 *Lear.* And you lye, weele haue you whipt.

620 *Foole.* I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l
 621 haue me whipt for fpeaking true, thou wilt haue mee whipt for
 622 lying, and fometime I am whipt for holding my peace, I had
 623 rather be any kind of thing then a foole, and yet I would not bee

624 thee Nunckle, thou haft pared thy wit a both fides, & left nothing
 697 625 in the middle, here comes one of the parings.

626 *Enter Gonorill.*

627 *Lear.* How now daughter, what makes that Frontlet on,
 628 Me thinks you are too much alate i t'h frowne.

629 *Foole.* Thou waft a prettie fellow when thou had'ft no need
 630 to care for her frowne, now thou art an O without a figure, I am

704 631 better then thou art now, I am a foole, thou art nothing, yes for-

Foole. Why after I haue cut the egge i'th'middle and
 eate vp the meate, the two Crownes of the egge : when
 thou clouest thy Crownes i'th'middle, and gau'ft away
 both parts, thou boar'ft thine Affe on thy backe o're the
 durt, thou had'ft little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou
 gau'ft thy golden one away ; if I ſpeake like my ſelfe in
 this, let him be whipt that firſt findes it fo.

Fooles had nere leſſe grace in a yeere,
 For wifemen are growne foppish,
 And know not how their wits to weare,
 Their manners are fo apiſh.

Le. When were you wont to be ſo full of Songs firrah ?

Foole. I haue viſed it Nunckle, ere ſince thou mad'ft
 thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gau'ft them
 the rod, and put'ft downe thine owne breeches, then they
 For fodaine ioy did weepe,

And I for ſorrow fung,
 That ſuch a King ſhould play bo-peepe,
 And goe the Foole among.

Pry'thy Nunckle keepe a Schoolemaſter that can teach
 thy Foole to lie, I would faine learne to lie.

Lear. And you lie firrah, wee'l haue you whipt.

Foole. I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are,
 they'l haue me whipt for ſpeaking true : thou'lt haue me
 whipt for lying, and ſometimes I am whipt for holding
 my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing then a foole,
 and yet I would not be thee Nunckle, thou haſt pared thy
 wit o'both ſides, and left nothing i'th'middle ; heere
 comes one o'the parings.

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now Daughter ? what makes that Frontlet
 on ? You are too much of late i'th'frowne.

Foole. Thou waſt a pretty fellow when thou hadſt no
 need to care for her frowning, now thou art an O with-
 out a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Foole,
 thou art nothing. Yes forfooth I will hold my tongue, fo

632 footh I will hould my tongue, fo your face bids mee, though
633 you fay nothing.

706 634 Mum, mum, he that keepes neither cruft nor crum,
635 Wearie of all, fhall want fome. That's a sheald pefcod.

708 636 *Gon.* Not onely fir this, your all-licene'd foole, but other of
637 your infolent retinue do hourelly carpe and quarrell, breaking
638 forth in ranke & (not to be indured riots,) Sir I had thought by
639 making this well knowne vnto you, to haue found a fafe redres,
640 but now grow fearefull by what your felfe too late haue fpoke
641 and done, that you protect this courfe, and put on by your al-

717 642 lowance, which if you fhould, the fault would not fcape cenfure,
643 nor the redreffe, fleepe, which in the tender of a wholfome
644 weale, might in their working doe you that offence, that elfe
645 were fhame, that then neceffitie muft call difcreet proceedings.

722 646 *Foole.* For you trow nuncle, the hedge fparrow fed the Coo-
647 kow fo long, that it had it head bit off beit young, fo out went
648 the candle, and we were left darkling.

649 *Lear.* Are you our daughter?

727 650 *Gon.* Come fir, I would you would make vfe of that good
651 wifedome whereof I know you are fraught, and put away thefe
652 difpofitions, that of late transforme you from what you rightly
653 are.

654 *Foole.* May not an Affe know when the cart drawes the horfe,

655 whoop *Iug* I loue thee.

735 656 *Lear.* Doth any here know mee? why this is not *Lear*, doth

657 *Lear* walke thus? fpeake thus? where are his eyes, either his no-
658 tion, weaknes, or his discernings are lethergie, fleeping, or wake-

739 659 ing; ha! fure tis not fo, who is it that can tell me who I am? *Lears*

your face bids me, though you fay nothing. 705

Mum, mum, he that keepes nor cruft, not crum, 706

Weary of all, fhall want fome. That's a fheal'd Pefcod. 707

Gon. Not only Sir this, your all-lycenc'd Foole, 708

But other of your infolent retinue 709

Do hourelly Carpe and Quarrell, breaking forth 710

In ranke, and (not to be endur'd) riots Sir. 711

I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you, 712

To haue found a fafe redrefse, but now grow fearefull 713

By what your felfe too late haue fpoke and done, 714

That you protect this courfe, and put it on 715

By your allowance, which if you fhould, the fault 716

Would not fcape cenfure nor the redreffes fleepe, 717

Which in the tender of a wholefome weale, 718

Might in their working do you that offence, 719

Which elfe were fhame, that then neceffitie 720

Will call difcreet proceeding. 721

Foole. For you know Nunckle, the Hedge-Sparrow 722

fed the Cuckoo fo long, that it's had it head bit off by it 723

young, fo out went the Candle, and we were left dark- 724

ling. 725

Lear. Are you our Daughter? (dome 726

Gon. I would you would make vfe of your good wife- 727

(Whereof I know you are fraught), and put away 728

Thefe difpofitions, which of late tranfport you 729

From what you rightly are. 730

Foole. May not an Affe know, when the Cart drawes 731

the Horfe? 732

Whoop Iugge I loue thee. 733

Lear. Do's any heere know me? 734

This is not *Lear*: 735

Do's *Lear* walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his eies? 736

Either his Notion weakens, his Difcernings 737

Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not fo? 738

Who is it that can tell me who I am? 739

660 shadow? I would learne that, for by the markes of foueraintie,
 661 knowledge, and reafon, I should bee falfe perfwaded I had
 662 daughters.

663 *Foole.* Which they, will make an obedient father.

741 664 *Lear.* Your name faire gentlewoman?

665 *Gon.* Come fir, this admiration is much of the fauour of other
 666 your new pranks, I doe befeech you vnderstand my purpofes
 667 aright, as you are old and reuerend, fhould be wife, here do you
 668 keepe a 100. Knights and Squires, men fo difordred, fo deboift

748 669 and bold, that this our court infected with their manners, fhoves
 670 like a riotous Inne, epicurifme, and luft make more like a tauerne
 671 or brothell, then a great pallace, the fhame it felfe doth fpeake
 672 for instant remedie, be thou defired by her, that elfe will take the
 673 thing fhée begs, a little to difquantitie your traine, and the re-

756 674 mainder that fhall fill, depend, to bee fuch men as may befert
 675 your age, that know themfelues and you.

759 676 *Lear.* Darkenes, and Deuils! faddle my horfes, call my traine
 677 together, degenerate bastard, ile not trouble thee, yet haue I left
 678 a daughter.

679 *Gon.* You ftrike my people, and your difordred rabble, make
 763 680 feruants of their betters. *Enter Duke.*

681 *Lear.* We that too late repent's, O fir, are you come? is it your
 682 will that wee prepare any horfes, ingratitude! thou marble har-
 683 ted fiend, more hideous when thou fheweft thee in a child, then

769 684 the Sea-monfter, detefted kite, thou lift my traine, and men of
 685 choife and rareft parts, that all particulars of dutie knowe, and

Foole. *Lears* shadow. 740

Lear. Your name, faire Gentlewoman? 741

Gon. This admiration Sir, is much o'th'fauour 742

Of other your new pranks. I do befeech you 743

To vnderstand my purpofes aright: 744

As you are Old, and Reuerend, fhould be Wife. 745

Heere do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires, 746

Men fo diforder'd, fo debofh'd, and bold, 747

That this our Court infected with their manners, 748

Shewes like a riotous Inne; Epicurifme and Luft 749

Makes it more like a Tauerne, or a Brothell, 750

Then a grac'd Pallace. The fhame it felfe doth fpeake 751

For infant remedy. Be then defir'd 752

By her, that elfe will take the thing fhe begges, 753

A little to difquantity your Traine, 754

And the remainders that fhall ftill depend, 755

To be fuch men as may befory your Age, 756

Which know themfelues, and you. 757

Lear. Darkneffe, and Diuels. 758

Saddle my horfes: call my Traine together. 759

Degenerate Bastard, Ile not trouble thee; 760

Yet haue I left a daughter. 761

Gon. You ftrike my people, and your diforder'd rable, 762

make Seruants of their Betters. 763

Enter Albany. 764

Lear. Woe, that too late repents: 765

Is it your will, fpeake Sir? Prepare my Horfes. 766

Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend, 767

More hideous when thou fhew'ft thee in a Child, 768

Then the Sea-monfter. 769

Alb. Pray Sir be patient. 770

Lear. Detefted Kite, thou lyeft. 771

686 in the most exact regard, support the worships of their name, O
776 687 most small fault, how vgly did'st thou in *Cordelia* shewe, that

688 like an engine wrencht my frame of nature from the fixt place,
689 drew from my heart all loue and added to the gall, O *Lear. Lear!*
690 beat at this gate that let thy folly in, and thy deere iudgement
691 out, goe goe, my people?

782 692 *Duke*, My Lord, I am gittles as I am ignorant.

693 *Leir*. It may be fo my Lord, harke *Nature*, heare deere God-
694 deffe, suspend thy purpofe, if thou did'st intend to make this

695 creature fruitful into her wombe, conuey sterility, drie vp in hir
789 696 the organs of increafe, and from her derogate body neuer spring
697 a babe to honour her, if shee must teeme, create her childe of

698 spleene, that it may liue and bee a thourt difuetur'd torment to
699 her, let it stampe wrinckles in her brow of youth, with accent

700 teares, fret channels in her cheeks, turne all her mothers paines
701 and benefits to laughter and contempt, that shee may feele, that
702 she may feele, how sharper then a serpens tooth it is, to haue a
799 703 thankelesse child, goe, goe, my people?

704 *Duke*. Now Gods that we adore, whereof comes this!

705 *Gon*. Neuer afflict your selfe to know the cause, but let his
706 disposition haue that scope that dotage giues it.

806 707 *Lear*. What, fittie of my followers at a clap, within a fortnight?

My Traine are men of choice, and rareſt parts,	772
That all particulars of dutie know,	773
And in the moſt exact regard, ſupport	774
The worſhips of their name. O moſt ſmall fault,	775
How vgly did'ſt thou in <i>Cordelia</i> ſhew ?	776
Which like an Engine, wrenched my frame of Nature	777
From the fixt place: drew from my heart all loue,	778
And added to the gall. O <i>Lear, Lear, Lear</i> !	779
Beate at this gate that let thy Folly in,	780
And thy deere Iudgement out. Go, go, my people.	781
<i>Alb.</i> My Lord, I am guiltleſſe, as I am ignorant	782
Of what hath moued you.	783
<i>Lear.</i> It may be ſo, my Lord.	784
Heare Nature, heare deere Goddeſſe, heare :	785
Suſpend thy purpoſe, if thou did'ſt intend	786
To make this Creature fruitfull :	787
Into her Wombe conuey ſtirrility,	788
Drie vp in her the Organs of increaſe,	789
And from her derogate body, neuer ſpring	790
A Babe to honor her. If ſhe muſt teeme,	791
Create her childe of Spleene, that it may liue	792
And be a thwart diſnatur'd torment to her.	793
Let it ſtampe wrinkles in her brow of youth,	794
With cadent Teares fret Channels in her cheekes,	795
Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefits	796
To laughter, and contempt: That ſhe may feele,	797
How ſharper then a Serpents tooth it is,	798
To haue a thankleſſe Childe. Away, away. <i>Exit.</i>	799
<i>Alb.</i> Now Gods that we adore,	800
Whereof comes this ?	801
<i>Gon.</i> Neuer afflic't your ſelfe to know more of it :	802
But let his diſpoſition haue that ſcope	803
As dotage giues it.	804
 <i>Enter Lear.</i>	 805
<i>Lear.</i> What fiftie of my Followers at a clap ?	806
Within a fortnight ?	807

708 *Duke.* What is the matter fir ?

709 *Lear.* Ile tell thee, life and death! I am asham'd that thou haft
710 power to shake my manhood thus, that these hot teares that

814 711 breake from me perforce, should make the worst blasts and fogs
712 vpon the vntented woundings of a fatherscurffe, pierce euery
713 fence about the old fond eyes, beweepe this cause againe, ile
714 pluck you out, & you cast with the waters that you make to tem-

715 per clay, yea, i't come to this? yet haue I left a daughter, whom
716 I am sure is kind and comfortable, when shee shall heare this of

717 thee, with her nailes shee'l flea thy woluisish visage, thou shalt
718 find that ile resume the shape, which thou dost thinke I haue cast
825 719 off for euer, thou shalt I warrant thee.

720 *Gon.* Doe you marke that my Lord?

721 *Duke.* I cannot bee so partiall *Gonorill* to the great loue I
722 beare you,

830 723 *Gon.* Come fir no more, you, more knaue. then foole, after
724 your matter?

831 725 *Foole.* Nunckle *Lear*, Nunckle *Lear*, tary and take the foole
726 with a fox when one has caught her, and such a daughter should

727 sure to the slaughter, if my cap would buy a halter, so the foole
837 728 followes after.

<i>Alb.</i> What's the matter, Sir?	808
<i>Lear.</i> Ile tell thee :	809
Life and death, I am afham'd	810
That thou haft power to fhake my manhood thus,	811
That thefe hot teares, which breake from me perforce	812
Should make thee worth them.	813
Blaftes and Fogges vpon thee :	814
Th'vntented woundings of a Fathers curfe	815
Pierce euerie fenfe about thee. Old fond eyes,	816
Beweepe this caufe againe, Ile plucke ye out,	817
And caft you with the waters that you loofe	818
To temper Clay. Ha? Let it be fo.	819
I haue another daughter,	820
Who I am fure is kinde and comfortable :	821
When ſhe fhall heare this of thee, with her nailes	822
Shee'l flea thy Woluifh vifage. Thou fhalt finde,	823
That Ile refume the ſhape which thou doft thinke	824
I haue caft off for euer.	<i>Exit</i> 825
<i>Gon.</i> Do you marke that?	826
<i>Alb.</i> I cannot be fo partiall <i>Gonerill</i> ,	827
To the great loue I beare you.	828
<i>Gon.</i> Pray you content. What <i>Oſwald</i> , hoa?	829
You Sir, more Knaue then Foole, after your Maſter.	830
<i>Foole.</i> Nunkle <i>Lear</i> , Nunkle <i>Lear</i> ,	831
Tarr y, take the Foole with thee :	832
A Fox, when one has caught her,	833
And fuch a Daughter,	834
Should fure to the Slaughte,	835
If my Cap would buy a Halter,	836
So the Foole followes after.	<i>Exit</i> 837
<i>Gon.</i> This man hath had good Counfell,	838
A hundred Knights?	839
'Tis politike, and fafe to let him keepe	840
At point a hundred Knights : yes, that on euerie dreame,	841
Each buz, each fancie, each complaint, diflike,	842
He may enguard his dotage with their powes,	843

- 853 729 *Gon.* What *Oswald*, ho. *Oswald.* Here Madam.
 730 *Gon.* What haue you writ this letter to my sifter?
 731 *Osw.* Yes Madam.
 732 *Gon.* Take you some company, and away to horse, informe
 733 her full of my particular feares, and thereto add such reasons of
 859 734 your owne, as may compact it more, get you gon, & hasten your
 735 returne now my Lord, this milkie gentlenes and course of yours
 736 though I dislike not, yet vnder pardon y'are much more attaskt
 737 for want of wisedome, then praife for harmful mildnes.
- 865 738 *Duke.* How farre your eyes may pearce I cannot tell, striuing
 739 to better ought, we marre whats well.
- 868 740 *Gon.* Nay then. *Duke.* Well, well, the euent, *Exeunt*

741

Enter Lear.

742 *Lear.* Goe you before to *Gloster* with these letters, acquaint
 743 my daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes

And hold our liues in mercy. <i>Oswald</i> , I say.	844
<i>Alb.</i> Well, you may feare too farre.	845
<i>Gon.</i> Safer then trust too farre ;	846
Let me still take away the harmes I feare,	847
Not feare still to be taken. I know his heart,	848
What he hath vtter'd I haue writ my Sifter :	849
If she sustaine him, and his hundred Knights	850
When I haue shew'd th'vnfitnesse.	851

Enter Steward. 852

How now <i>Oswald</i> ?	853
What haue you writ that Letter to my Sifter ?	854
<i>Stew.</i> I Madam.	855
<i>Gon.</i> Take you some company, and away to horse,	856
Informe her full of my particular feare,	857
And thereto adde such reasons of your owne,	858
As may compact it more. Get you gone,	859
And hasten your returne ; no, no, my Lord,	860
This milky gentlenesse, and course of yours	861
Though I condemne not, yet vnder pardon	862
You are much more at task for want of wifedome,	863
Then prai'sd for harmefull mildnesse.	864
<i>Alb.</i> How farre your eies may pierce I cannot tell ;	865
Striuing to better, oft we marre what's well.	866
<i>Gon.</i> Nay then ——	867
<i>Alb.</i> Well, well, the'uent. <i>Exeunt</i>	868

Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole. 869

Lear. Go you before to *Gloster* with these Letters ; 870
acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you 871

744 from her demand out of the letter, if your diligence be not spee-
873 745 die, I shall be there before you.

746 *Kent.* I will not sleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered your
747 letter. *Exit.*

748 *Foole.* If a mans braines where in his heeles, wert not in dan-
878 749 ger of kibes! *Lear.* I boy.

750 *Foole.* Then I prethe be mery, thy wit shal nere goe slipshod.

751 *Lear.* Ha ha ha.

883 752 *Foole.* Shalt see thy other daughter will vse thee kindly, for
753 though shees as like this, as a crab is like an apple, yet I con, what
754 I can tel.

755 *Lear.* Why what canst thou tell my boy?

756 *Foole.* Sheel taft as like this, as a crab doth to a crab, thou
757 canst not tell why ones nose stande in the middle of his face?

890 758 *Lear.* No.

759 *Foole.* Why, to keep his eyes on either side's nose, that what
760 a man cannot smell out, a may spie into.

761 *Lear.* I did her wrong.

762 *Foole.* Canst tell how an Oyfter makes his shell. *Lear.* No.

763 *Foole.* Nor I neither, but I can tell why a Inayle has a houfe.

764 *Lear.* Why?

900 765 *Foole.* Why, to put his head in, not to giue it away to his
766 daughter, and leaue his hornes without a cafe.

767 *Lear.* I will forget my nature, so kind a father; be my horses
768 readie!

769 *Foole.* Thy Affes are gone about them, the reason why the
770 feuen starres are no more then feuen, is a prettie reason.

771 *Lear.* Because they are not eight.

772 *Foole.* Yes thou wouldst make a good foole.

907 773 *Lear.* To tak't againe perforce, Monster, ingratitude!

know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter,	872
if your Dilligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore	873
you.	874
<i>Kent.</i> I will not sleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered	875
your Letter.	<i>Exit.</i> 876
<i>Foole.</i> If a mans braines were in's heeles, wert not in	877
danger of kybes?	878
<i>Lear.</i> I Boy.	879
<i>Foole.</i> Then I prythee be merry, thy wit shall not go	880
flip-fhod.	881
<i>Lear.</i> Ha, ha, ha.	882
<i>Fool.</i> Shalt see thy other Daughter will vse thee kind-	883
ly, for though she's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an	884
Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.	885
<i>Lear.</i> What can't tell Boy?	886
<i>Foole.</i> She will taste as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a	887
Crab: thou canst tell why ones nose stands i'th'middle	888
on's face?	889
<i>Lear.</i> No.	890
<i>Foole.</i> Why to keepe ones eyes of either side's nose,	891
that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.	892
<i>Lear.</i> I did her wrong.	893
<i>Foole.</i> Can't tell how an Oyfter makes his shell?	894
<i>Lear.</i> No.	895
<i>Foole.</i> Nor I, neither; but I can tell why a Snaile ha's	896
a house.	897
<i>Lear.</i> Why?	898
<i>Foole.</i> Why to put's head in, not to giue it away to his	899
daughters, and leaue his hornes without a case.	900
<i>Lear.</i> I will forget my Nature, so kind a Father? Be	901
my Horffes ready?	902
<i>Foole.</i> Thy Affes are gone about 'em; the reason why	903
the feuen Starres are no mo then feuen, is a pretty reason,	904
<i>Lear.</i> Because they are not eight.	905
<i>Foole.</i> Yes indeed, thou would'ft make a good Foole.	906
<i>Lear.</i> To tak't againe perforce; Monster Ingratitude!	907

774 *Fool.* If thou wert my foole Nunckle, id'e haue thee beatē for
775 being old before thy time.

776 *Lear.* Hows that ?

911 777 *Foole.* Thou shouldst not haue beene old, before thou hadst
778 beenewife.

779 *Lear.* O let me not be mad sweet heauen! I would not be mad,
780 keepe me in temper, I would not be mad, are the horfes readie ?

781 *Seruant.* Readie my Lord. *Lear.* Come boy. *Exit.*

782 *Foole.* Shee that is maide now, and laughs at my departure,
919 783 Shall not be a maide long, except things be cut shorter. *Exit*

921 784

Enter Bast. and Curan meeting.

785 *Bast.* Saue thee *Curan.*

786 *Curan.* And you Sir, I haue beene with your father, and giuen

787 him notice, that the Duke of *Cornwall* and his Dutches will bee
788 here with him to night.

789 *Bast.* How comes that ?

790 *Curan.* Nay, I know not, you haue heard of the newes abroad,
791 I meane the whifperd ones, for there are yet but eare-buffing ar-

930 792 guments.

793 *Bast.* Not, I pray you what are they ?

794 *Curan.* Haue you heard of no likely warres towards, twixt
795 the two Dukes of *Cornwall* and *Albany* ?

796 *Bast.* Not a word.

797 *Curan.* You may then in time, fare you well fir.

937 798 *Bast.* The Duke be here to night! the better best, this weaues

<i>Foole.</i> If thou wert my Foole Nunckle, Il'd haue thee	908
beaten for being old before thy time.	909
<i>Lear.</i> How's that?	910
<i>Foole.</i> Thou shouldst not haue bin old, till thou hadst	911
bin wife.	912
<i>Lear.</i> O let me not be mad, not mad sweet Heauen :	913
keepe me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are	914
the Horfes ready ?	915
<i>Gent.</i> Ready my Lord.	916
<i>Lear.</i> Come Boy.	917
<i>Fool.</i> She that's a Maid now, & laughs at my departure,	918
Shall not be a Maid long, vnlesse things be cut shorter.	919
<i>Exeunt.</i>	920

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

<i>Enter Bastard, and Curan, seuerally.</i>	921
<i>Bast.</i> Saue thee <i>Curan.</i>	922
<i>Cur.</i> And your Sir, I haue bin	923
With your Father, and giuen him notice	924
That the Duke of <i>Cornwall</i> , and <i>Regan</i> his Duchesse	925
Will be here with him this night.	926
<i>Bast.</i> How comes that ?	927
<i>Cur.</i> Nay I know not, you haue heard of the newes a-	928
broad, I meane the whispher'd ones, for they are yet but	929
eare-kissing arguments.	930
<i>Bast.</i> Not I: pray you what are they ?	931
<i>Cur.</i> Haue you heard of no likely Warres toward,	932
'Twixt the Dukes of <i>Cornwall</i> , and <i>Albany</i> ?	933
<i>Bast.</i> Not a word.	934
<i>Cur.</i> You may do then in time.	935
Fare you well Sir.	<i>Exit.</i> 936
<i>Bast.</i> The Duke be here to night ? The better best,	937

Enter Edgar it selfe perforce into my busines, my father hath set gard to take
800 my brother, and I haue one thing of a queisie question, which

801 must aske briefnes and fortune helpe ; brother, a word, discend
944 802 brother I say, my father watches, O flie this place, intelligence
803 is giuen where you are hid, you haue now the good aduantage

804 of the night, haue you not spoken gainst the Duke of *Cornwall*
805 ought, hee's coming hether now in the night, it'h haft, and *Re-*
806 *gan* with him, haue you nothing said vpon his partie against the
951 807 Duke of *Albany*, aduise your --

808 *Edg.* I am sure on't not a word.

809 *Bast.* I heare my father coming, pardon me in crauing, I must
810 draw my sword vpon you, seeme to defend your selfe, now quit
811 you well, yeeld, come before my father, light here, here, flie
812 brother flie, torches, torches, so farwell ; some blood drawne
813 on mee would beget opinion of my more fierce indeuour, I

962 814 haue seene drunckards doe more then this in sport, father, father,
815 stop, stop, no, helpe ! *Enter Glost.*

965 816 *Glost.* Now *Edmund* where is the villaine !

817 *Bast.* Here stood he in the darke, his sharpe sword out, warb-
818 ling of wicked charms, coniuring the Moone to stand's auspici-
819 ous Mistris. *Glost.* But where is he ?

820 *Bast.* Looke sir, I bleed.

971 821 *Glost.* Where is the villaine *Edmund* ?

This weaves it selfe perforce into my businesse, 938
 My Father hath set guard to take my Brother, 939
 And I have one thing of a queasie question 940
 Which I must act, Briefenesse, and Fortune worke. 941

Enter Edgar. 942

Brother, a word, descend; Brother I say, 943
 My Father watches : O Sir, fly this place, 944
 Intelligence is giuen where you are hid ; 945
 You have now the good aduantage of the night, 946
 Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of *Cornewall* ? 947
 Hee's comming hither, now i'th'night, i'th'haste, 948
 And *Regan* with him, have you nothing said 949
 Vpon his partie 'gainst the Duke of *Albany* ? 950
 Aduise your selfe. 951

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word. 952

Bast. I heare my Father comming, pardon me : 953
 In cunning, I must draw my Sword vpon you : 954
 Draw, seeme to defend your selfe, 955
 Now quit you well. 956
 Yeeld, come before my Father, light ho, here, 957
 Fly Brother, Torches, Torches, so farewell. 958

Exit Edgar. 959

Some blood drawne on me, would beget opinion 960
 Of my more fierce endeauour. I have seene drunkards 961
 Do more then this in sport ; Father, Father, 962
 Stop, stop, no helpe ? 963

Enter Gloster, and Seruants with Torches. 964

Glo. Now *Edmund*, where's the villaine ? 965

Bast. Here stood he in the dark, his sharpe Sword out, 966
 Mumbling of wicked charmes, coniuring the Moone 967
 To stand auspicious Miftris. 968

Glo. But where is he ? 969

Bast. Looke Sir, I bleed. 970

Glo. Where is the villaine, *Edmund* ? 971

- 822 *Bast.* Fled this way fir, when by no meanes he could ---
 973 823 *Gloft.* Purfue him, go after, by no meanes, what ?
 824 *Bast.* Perfwade me to the murder of your Lordship, but that
 825 I told him the reuengiue Gods, gainft Paracides did all their
 826 thunders bend, fpoke with how many fould and ftrong a bond
 827 the child was bound to the father, fir in a fine, feeing how loath-
- 980 828 ly oppofite I flood, to his vnnaturall purpofe, with fell motion
 829 with his prepared fword, hee charges home my vnprovided bo-
 830 dy, lancht mine arme, but when he faw my beft alarumd fpirits,
 831 bould in the quarrels, rights. roud to the encounter, or whether
 832 gasted by the noyfe I made, but fodainly he fled.
- 987 833 *Gloft,* Let him flie farre, not in this land fhall hee remaine vn-
- 834 caught and found, difpatch, the noble Duke my maifter, my
 835 worthy Arch and Patron, comes to night, by his authoritie I will
 836 proclaime it, that he which finds him fhall deferue our thankes,
 837 bringing the murderous caytife to the ftake, hee that conceals
 994 838 him, death.
- 839 *Bast.* When I difswaded him from his intent, and found him
 840 pight to doe it, with curft fpeech I threatned to difcouer him, he
 841 replyed, thou vnpoftreffing Bastard, doft thou thinke, if I would
- 999 842 ftand againft thee, could the repofure of any trust, vertue, or
 843 worth in thee make thy words fayth'd?no. what I fhould denie,
 844 as this I would, I, though thou didft produce my very character,
 845 id'e turne it all to thy fuggeftion, plot, and damned pretence,
- 846 and thou muft make a dullard of the world, if they not thought
 847 the profits of my death, were very pregnant and potentiall
 1008 848 fpurres to make thee feeke it.

<i>Bast.</i> Fled this way Sir, when by no meanes he could.	972
<i>Glo.</i> Purfue him, ho: go after. By no meanes, what?	973
<i>Bast.</i> Perfwade me to the murther of your Lordship,	974
But that I told him the reuenging Gods,	975
'Gainst Paricides did all the thunder bend,	976
Spoke with how manifold, and strong a Bond	977
The Child was bound to'th'Father; Sir in fine,	978
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood	979
To his vnnaturall purpose, in fell motion	980
With his prepared Sword, he charges home	981
My vnprouided body, latch'd mine arme;	982
And when he saw my best alarum'd spirits	983
Bold in the quarrels right, rous'd to th'encounter,	984
Or whether gasted by the noyfe I made,	985
Full sodainely he fled	986
<i>Gloft.</i> Let him fly farre:	987
Not in this Land shall he remaine vncaught	988
And found; dispatch, the Noble Duke my Master,	989
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,	990
By his authoritie I will proclaime it,	991
That he which finds him shall deserue our thanks,	992
Bringing the murderous Coward to the stake:	993
He that conceales him death.	994
<i>Bast.</i> When I diffwaded him from his intent,	995
And found him pight to doe it, with curst speech	996
I threaten'd to discouer him; he replied,	997
Thou vnpossessing Bastard, dost thou thinke,	998
If I would stand against thee, would the repofall	999
Of any trust, vertue, or worth in thee	1000
Make thy words faith'd? No, what should I denie,	1001
(At this I would, though thou didst produce	1002
My very Character) I'd turne it all	1003
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practise:	1004
And thou must make a dullard of the world,	1005
If they not thought the profits of my death	1006
Were very pregnant and potentiall spirits	1007
To make thee seeke it.	<i>Tucket within.</i> 1008

849 *Gloft.* Strong and faſtned villaine, would he denie his letter,
 850 I neuer got him, harke the Dukes trumpets, I know not why he
 851 comes, all Ports ile barre, the villaine ſhall not ſcape, the Duke
 852 muſt grant mee that, beſides, his picture I will fend farre and
 853 neere, that all the kingdome may haue note of him, and of my

854 land loyall and naturall boy, ile worke the meanes to make thee
 1017 855 capable.

856

Enter the Duke of Cornwall.

857 *Corn.* How now my noble friend, ſince I came hether, which
 858 I can call but now, I haue heard ſtrange newes.

1021 859 *Reg.* If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort which can
 860 purſue the offender, how doſt my Lord ?

861 *Gloft.* Madam my old heart is crackt, is crackt.

862 *Reg.* What, did my fathers godſon ſeeke your life ? he whom
 863 my father named your *Edgar* ?

864 *Gloft.* I Ladie, Ladie, ſhame would haue it hid.

865 *Reg.* Was he not companion with the ryotous knights, that
 1028 866 tends vpon my father ?

867 *Gloft.* I know not Madam, tis too bad, too bad.

868 *Baſt.* Yes Madam, he was.

869 *Reg.* No maruaile then though he were ill affected,

870 Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,

871 To haue the waſt and ſpoyle of his reuenues :

872 I haue this preſent euening from my ſiſter,

873 Beene well inform'd of them, and with ſuch cautions,

1037 874 That if they come to ſoiourne at my houſe, ile not be there.

875 *Duke.* Nor I, affure thee *Regan* ; *Edmund*, I heard that you
 876 haue ſhewen your father a child-like office.

877 *Baſt.* Twas my dutie Sir.

Glo. O strange and fastned Villaine, 1009
 Would he deny his Letter, said he? 1010
 Harke, the Dukes Trumpets, I know not wher he comes; 1011
 All Ports Ile barre, the villaine shall not scape, 1012
 The Duke must grant me that: besides, his picture 1013
 I will fend farre and neere, that all the kingdome 1014
 May haue due note of him, and of my land, 1015
 (Loyall and naturall Boy) Ile worke the meanes 1016
 To make thee capable. 1017

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants. 1018

Corn. How now my Noble friend, since I came hither 1019
 (Which I can call but now,) I haue heard strangeness. 1020
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short 1021
 Which can pursue th'offender; how dost my Lord? 1022
Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd. 1023
Reg. What, did my Fathers Godsonne seeke your life? 1024
 He whom my Father nam'd, your *Edgar*? 1025
Glo. O Lady, Lady, shame would haue it hid. 1026
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights 1027
 That tended vpon my Father? 1028
Glo. I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad. 1029
Bast. Yes Madam, he was of that confort. 1030
Reg. No maruaile then, though he were ill affected, 1031
 'Tis they haue put him on the old mans death, 1032
 To haue th'expence and waft of his Reuenues: 1033
 I haue this present euening from my Sister 1034
 Beene well inform'd of them, and with such cautions, 1035
 That if they come to foiourne at my house, 1036
 Ile not be there. 1037
Cor. Nor I, assure thee *Regan*; 1038
Edmund, I heare that you haue shewne yout Father 1039
 A Child-like Office. 1040
Bast. It was my duty Sir. 1041

878 *Gloft.* He did betray his practife, and receiued
 879 This hurt you fee, ftriuing to apprehend him.
 880 *Duke.* Is he perfued? *Gloft.* I my good Lord.

1046 881 *Duke.* If he be taken, he fhall neuer more be feard of doing
 882 harme, make your own purpofe how in my ftrength you pleafe,
 883 for you *Edmund*, whose vertue and obedience, doth this infant
 884 fo much commend it felfe, you fhall bee ours, natures of fuch
 885 deepe truft, wee fhall much need you, we firft feaze on.

886 *Baft.* I fhall ferue you truly, how euer elfe.

887 *Gloft.* For him I thanke your grace.

888 *Duke.* You know not why we came to vifit you?

1056 889 *Regan.* Thus out of feafon, threatning darke ey'd night,
 890 Ocafions noble *Glofter* of fome poyle,
 891 Wherein we muft haue vfe of your aduife,
 892 Our Father he hath writ, fo hath our fifter,
 893 Of diferences, which I left thought it fit,
 894 To anfwer from our home, the feueral meffengers
 895 From hence attend difpatch, our good old friend,
 896 Lay comforts to your bofome, & beftow your needfull counsell

897 To our bufines, which craues the infant vfe. (*Exeunt.*)

1067 898 *Gloft.* I ferue you Madam, your Graces are right welcome.

899 *Enter Kent, and Steward.*

900 *Steward.* Good euen to thee friend, art of the houfe?

1071 901 *Kent.* I. *Stew.* Where may we fet our horfes?

<i>Glo.</i> He did bewray his practife, and receiu'd	1042
This hurt you fee, ftriuing to apprehend him.	1043
<i>Cor.</i> Is he purfued ?	1044
<i>Glo.</i> I my good Lord.	1045
<i>Cor.</i> If he be taken, he fhall neuer more	1046
Be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpofe,	1047
How in my ftrength you please : for you <i>Edmund</i> ,	1048
Whofe vertue and obedience doth this instant	1049
So much commend it felfe, you fhall be ours,	1050
Nature's of fuch deepe trust, we fhall much need :	1051
You we firft feize on.	1052
<i>Baft.</i> I fhall ferue you Sir truely, how euer elfe.	1053
<i>Glo.</i> For him I thanke your Grace.	1054
<i>Cor.</i> You know not why we came to vifit you ?	1055
<i>Reg.</i> Thus out of feafon, thredding darke ey'd night,	1056
Occafions Noble <i>Glofter</i> of fome prize,	1057
Wherein we muft haue vfe of your aduife.	1058
Our Father he hath writ, fo hath our Sifter,	1059
Of differences, which I beft thought it fit	1060
To anfwere from our home : the feuerall Meffengers	1061
From hence attend difpatch, our good old Friend,	1062
Lay comforts to your bofome, and beftow	1063
Your needfull counfaile to our bufineffes,	1064
Which craues the instant vfe.	1065
<i>Glo.</i> I ferue you, Madam,	1066
Your Graces are right welcome. <i>Exeunt. Flourifh.</i>	1067

Scena Secunda.

<i>Enter Kent, aad Steward feuerally.</i>	1068
<i>Stew.</i> Good dawning to thee Friend, art of this houfe ?	1069
<i>Kent.</i> I.	1070
<i>Stew.</i> Where may we fet our horfes ?	1071

- 1073 902 *Kent.* It'h mire. *Stew.* Prethee if thou loue me, tell me.
- 903 *Kent.* I loue thee not. *Stew.* Why then I care not for thee.
- 1076 904 *Kent.* If I had thee in Lipfburie pinfold, I would make thee
905 care for mee.
- 906 *Stew.* Why dost thou vse me thus? I know thee not.
- 907 *Kent.* Fellow I know thee.
- 908 *Stew.* What dost thou know me for?
- 909 *Kent.* A knaue, a rascall, an eater of broken meates, a base,
910 proud, shallow, beggerly, three shewted hundred pound, filthy
911 worsted-stocken knaue, a lilly lyuer'd action taking knaue, a
1084 912 whorfon glassegazing superfinicall rogue, one truncke inheri-
913 ting slaue, one that would't bee a baud in way of good seruice,
914 and art nothing but the composition of a knaue, begger, cow-
915 ard, pander, and the sonne and heire of a mungrell bitch, whom
916 I will beat into clamorous whyning, if thou denie the least filla-
917 ble of the addition.
- 1091 918 *Stew.* What a monstros fellow art thou, thus to raile on one,
919 that's neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee.
- 920 *Kent.* What a brazen fac't varlet art thou, to deny thou
921 knowest mee, is it two dayes agoe since I beat thee, and tript vp
922 thy heeles before the King? draw you rogue, for though it be
923 night the Moone shines, ile make a fop of the moone-shine a'you,
924 draw you whorfon cullyonly barber-munger, draw?
- 925 *Stew.* Away, I haue nothing to doe with thee.
- 1101 926 *Kent.* Draw you raseall, you bring letters against the King,
927 and take Vanitie the puppets part, against the royaltie of her
928 father, draw you rogue or ile fo carbonado your shankes, draw
929 you rascall, come your wayes.
- 930 *Stew.* Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

- Kent.* I'th'myre. 1072
- Stew.* Prythee, if thou lou'ft me, tell me. 1073
- Kent.* I loue thee not. 1074
- Ste.* Why then I care not for thee. 1075
- Kent.* If I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold, I would make 1076
thee care for me. 1077
- Ste.* Why do'ft thou vfe me thus? I know thee not. 1078
- Kent.* Fellow I know thee. 1079
- Ste.* What do'ft thou know me for? 1080
- Kent.* A Knaue, a Rascall, an eater of broken meates, a 1081
bafe, proud, shallow, beggerly, three-fuited-hundred 1082
pound, filthy woofed-ftocking knaue, a Lilly-liuered, 1083
action-taking, whorefon glaffe-gazing fuper-feruiceable 1084
finicall Rogue, one Trunke-inheriting flauue, one that 1085
would'ft be a Baud in way of good feruice, and art no- 1086
thing but the compofition of a Knaue, Begger, Coward, 1087
Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrill Bitch, 1088
one whom I will beate into clamours whining, if thou 1089
deny'ft the leaft fillable of thy addition. 1090
- Stew.* Why, what a monftrous Fellow art thou, thus 1091
to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor 1092
knowes thee? 1093
- Kent.* What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny 1094
thou knoweft me? Is it two dayes fince I tript vp thy 1095
heelles, and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue, 1096
for though it be night, yet the Moone fhines, Ile make a 1097
fop oth' Moonfhine of you, you whorefon Cullyenly 1098
Barber-monger, draw. 1099
- Stew.* Away, I haue nothing to do with thee. 1100
- Kent.* Draw you Rascall, you come with Letters a- 1101
gainft the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part, a- 1102
gainft the Royaltie of her Father: draw you Rogue, or 1103
Ile fo carbonado your fhanks, draw you Rascall, come 1104
your waies. 1105
- Ste.* Helpe, ho, murther, helpe. 1106

931 *Kent.* Strike you flaue, stand rogue, stand you neate flaue,
1109 932 strike? *Stew.* Helpe ho, murther, helpe.

933 *Enter Edmund with his rapier drawne, Gloster the Duke
934 and Dutcheffe.*

935 *Bast.* How now, whats the matter?

936 *Kent.* With you goodman boy, and you please come, ile
937 fleash you, come on yong maister.

1114 938 *Gloft.* Weapons, armes, whats the matter here?

939 *Duke.* Keepe peace vpon your liues, hee dies that strikes a-
940 gaine, what's the matter?

941 *Reg.* The messengers from our sifter, and the King.

942 *Duke.* Whats your difference, speake?

943 *Stew.* I am scarce in breath my Lord.

1120 944 *Kent.* No maruaile you haue so bestir'd your valour, you
945 cowardly rascall, nature disclaimes in thee, a Tayler made thee.

946 *Duke.* Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man.

947 *Kent.* I, a Tayler sir; a Stone-cutter, or a Painter could not
948 haue made him so ill, though hee had beene but two houres at
949 the trade.

950 *Gloft.* Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

951 *Stew.* This ancient ruffen sir, whose life I haue spar'd at sute
952 of his gray-beard.

1130 953 *Kent.* Thou whorson Zedd, thou vnneccessarie letter, my
954 Lord if you'l giue mee leaue, I will tread this vnbolted villaine
955 into mortar, and daube the walles of a iaques with him, spare
956 my gray beard you wagtayle.

957 *Duke.* Peace sir, you beaftly Knaue you haue no reuerence.

958 *Kent.* Yes sir, but anger has a priuiledge.

1137 959 *Duke.* Why art thou angry?

960 *Kent.* That such a flaue as this should weare a sword,
961 That weares no honesty, such smiling roges as these,
962 Like Rats oft bite those cordes in twaine,
963 Which are to intrench, to inloofe smoothe euery passion

- Kent.* Strike you flauē : stand rogue, stand you neat 1107
flauē, frike. 1108
Stew. Helpe hoā, murther, murther. 1109
- Enter Bastard, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Seruants.* 1110
Bast. How now, what's the matter ? Part. 1111
Kent. With you goodman Boy, if you please, come, 1112
Ile flesh ye, come on yong Master. 1113
Glo. Weapons ? Armes ? what's the matter here ? 1114
Cor. Keepe peace vpon your liues, he dies that strikes 1115
agaīne, what is the matter ? 1116
Reg. The Messengers from our Sister, and the King ? 1117
Cor. What is your difference, speake ? 1118
Stew. I am scarce in breath my Lord. 1119
Kent. No Maruell, you haue so bestir'd your valour, 1120
you cowardly Rascall, nature disclaimes in thee: a Taylor 1121
made thee. 1122
Cor. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man ? 1123
Kent. A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could 1124
not haue made him so ill, though they had bin but two 1125
yeares oth' trade. 1126
Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell ? 1127
Ste. This ancient Ruffian Sir, whose liue I haue spar'd 1128
at fute of his gray-beard. 1129
Kent. Thou whorefon Zed, thou vnneccessary letter : 1130
my Lord, if you will giue me leaue, I will tread this vn- 1131
boulded villaine into mortar, and daube the wall of a 1132
Iakes with him. Spare my gray-beard, you wagtaile ? 1133
Cor. Peace firrah, 1134
You beaftly knaue, know you no reuerence ? 1135
Kent. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priuiledge. 1136
Cor. Why art thou angrie ? 1137
Kent. That such a flauē as this should weare a Sword, 1138
Who weares no honesty : such smiling rogues as these, 1139
Like Rats oft bite the holy cords a twaine, 1140
Which are t'intrince, t'vnloofe : smoothe euery passion 1141

- 1142 964 That in the natures of their Lords rebell,
 965 Bring oyle to fir, fnow to their colder-moods,
 966 Reneag, affirme, and turne their halcion beakes
 967 With euery gale and varie of their maifters, (epeliptick
 968 Knowing nought like dayes but following, a plague vpon your

 969 Vifage, fmoyle you my fpeeches, as I were a foole :
 1149 970 Goofe and I had you vpon Sarum plaine,
 971 Id'e fend you cackling home to Camulet . ,
 972 *Duke*, What art thou mad old fellow !
 973 *Gloft.* How fell you out, fay that !
 974 *Kent.* No contraries hold more, antipathy,
 975 Then I and fuch a knaue.
 1156 976 *Duke.* Why doft thou call him knaue, what's his offence.

 977 *Kent.* His countenance likes me not.
 978 *Duke.* No more perchance does mine, or his, or hers.
 979 *Kent.* Sir tis my occupation to be plaine,
 980 I haue feene better faces in my time
 981 That ftands on any fhoulder that I fee
 982 Before me at this instant.
 983 *Duke.* This is a fellow who hauing beene prayfd
 1164 984 For bluntnes doth affect a fawcy ruffines,

 985 And conftaines the garb quite from his nature,
 986 He cannot flatter he, he muft be plaine,
 987 He muft fpeake truth, and they will tak't fo,
 988 If not he's plaine, thefe kind of knaues I know
 989 Which in this plainnes harbour more craft,
 990 And more corrupter ends, then twentie filly ducking
 1172 991 Obseruants, that ftretch their duties nifely.
 992 *Kent.* Sir in good footh, or in fincere veritie,
 993 Vnder the allowance of your ground aspect.
 994 Whofe influence like the wreath of radiant fire
 995 In flitkering *Phæbus* front.
 996 *Duke.* What mean'ft thou by this ?

That in the natures of their Lords rebell,	1142
Being oile to fire, fnow to the colder moodes,	1143
Reuenge, affirme, and turne their Halcion beakes	1144
With euery gall, and varry of their Masters,	1145
Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:	1146
A plagúe vpon your Epilepticke vifage,	1147
Smoile you my fpeeches, as I were a Foole?	1148
Goofe, if I had you vpon <i>Sarum</i> Plaine,	1149
I'd driue ye cackling home to <i>Camelot</i> .	1150
<i>Corn.</i> What art thou mad old Fellow?	1151
<i>Gloft.</i> How fell you out, fay that?	1152
<i>Kent.</i> No contraries hold more antipathy,	1153
Then I, and fuch a knaue.	1154
<i>Corn.</i> Why do'ft thou call him Knaue?	1155
What is his fault?	1156
<i>Kent.</i> His countenance likes me not.	1157
<i>Cor.</i> No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers.	1158
<i>Kent.</i> Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine,	1159
I haue feene better faces in my time,	1160
Then ftands on any fhoulder that I fee	1161
Before me, at this infant.	1162
<i>Corn.</i> This is fome Fellow,	1163
Who hauing beene prais'd for bluntnesse, doth affect	1164
A faucy roughnes, and conftaines the garb	1165
Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he,	1166
An honeft mind and plaine, he muft fpeake truth,	1167
And they will take it fo, if not, hee's plaine.	1168
Thefe kind of Knaues I know, which in this plainneffe	1169
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,	1170
Then twenty filly-ducking obferuants,	1171
That ftretch their duties nicely.	1172
<i>Kent.</i> Sir, in good faith, in ficere verity,	1173
Vnder th'allowance of your great affect,	1174
Whofe influence like the wreath of radiant fire	1175
On flicking <i>Phæbus</i> front.	1176
<i>Corn.</i> What mean'ft by this?	1177

997 *Kent.* To goe out of my dialogue which you difcommend fo
 998 much, I know fir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild you in a plain
 999 accent, was a plaine knaue, which for my part I will not bee,
 1000 though I should win your difpleafure, to intreat mee too't.

1001 *Duke.* What's the offence you gaue him ?

1184 1002 *Stew.* I neuer gaue him any, it pleas'd the King his maifter

1003 Very late to ftrike at me vpon his mifconffruktion,
 1004 When he coniunct and flattering his difpleafure
 1005 Tript me behind, being downe, infulted, rayld,
 1006 And put vpon him fuch a deale of man, that,
 1190 1007 That worthied him, got prayfes of the King,
 1008 For him attempting who was felfe fubdued,
 1009 And in the flechuent of this dread exploit,
 1010 Drew on me here againe.

1011 *Kent.* None of thefe roges & cowards but *A'Iax* is their foole.

1196 1012 *Duke.* Bring forth the ftockes ho ?

1013 You ftubburne mifcreant knaue, you reuerent bragart,
 1014 Weele teach you.

1015 *Kent.* I am too old to learne, call not your ftockes for me,
 1200 1016 I ferue the King, on whofe employments I was fent to you,

1017 You fould doe fmall refpect, fhew too bold malice
 1018 Againft the Grace and perfon of my maifter,
 1019 Stopping his meffenger.

1020 *Duke.* Fetch forth the ftockes? as I haue life and honour,
 1206 1021 There fhall he fit till noone.

1022 *Reg.* Till noone, till night my Lord, and all night too.

1023 *Kent.* Why Madam, if I were your fathers dogge, you could
 1024 not vfe me fo.

1025 *Reg.* Sir being his knaue, I will.

1026 *Duke.* This is a fellow of the felfe fame nature,
 1027 Our fifter fpeake of, come bring away the ftockes ?

1213 1028 *Gloft.* Let me befcech your Grace not to doe fo,

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you difcom- 1178
mend fo much ; I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that be- 1179
guld you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knaue, which 1180
for my part I will not be, though I should win your 1181
difpleafure to entreat me too't. 1182

Corn. What was th'offence you gaue him ? 1183

Ste. I neuer gaue him any : 1184

It pleas'd the King his Mafter very late 1185
To ftrike at me vpon his mifconfftruction, 1186
When he compact, and flattering his difpleafure 1187
Tript me behind : being downe, infulted, rail'd, 1188
And put vpon him fuch a deale of Man, 1189
That worthied him, got praifes of the King, 1190
For him attempting, who was felfe-subdued, 1191
And in the flefhment of this dead exploit, 1192
Drew on me here againe. 1193

Kent. None of thefe Rogues, and Cowards 1194
But *Aiæx* is there Foole. 1195

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks ? 1196

You ftubborne ancient Knaue, you reuerent Bragart, 1197
Wee'l teach you. 1198

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learne : 1199

Call not your Stocks for me, I ferue the King. 1200
On whofe employment I was fent to you, 1201
You fhall doe fmall refpects, show too bold malice 1202
Againft the Grace, and perfon of my Mafter, 1203
Stocking his Mefenger. 1204

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks ; 1205

As I haue life and Honour, there fhall he fit till Noone. 1206

Reg. Till noone ? till night my Lord, and all night too. 1207

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog, 1208

You fhould not vfe me fo. 1209

Reg. Sir, being his Knaue, I will. *Stocks brought out.* 1210

Cor. This is a Fellow of the felfe fame colour, 1211

Our Sifter fpeakes of. Come, bring away the Stocks. 1212

Glo. Let me befeech your Grace, not to do fo, 1213

1029 His fault is much, and the good King his maister
 1030 VVill check him for't, your purpofst low corrección
 1031 Is fuch, as bafest and temneft wretches for pilfrings
 1032 And moft common trespaffes are punisht with,
 1033 The King muft take it ill, that hee's fo flightly valued
 1216 1034 In his meffenger, should haue him thus restrained.

1035 *Duke.* Ile anfwer that.

1036 *Reg.* My fifter may receiue it much more worfe,
 1037 To haue her Gentlemen abus'd, affalted
 1038 For following her affaires, put in his legges,
 1220 1039 Come my good Lord away?

1040 *Gloft.* I am fory for thee friend, tis the Dukes pleafure,
 1041 VVhose difpofition all the world well knowes
 1042 VVill not be rubd nor ftopt, ile intreat for thee.

1043 *Kent.* Pray you doe not fir, I haue watcht and trauaild
 1044 Sometime I fhall sleepe ont, the rest ile whistle, (hard,
 1045 A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles,
 1046 Giue you good morrow.

1229 1047 *Gloft.* The Dukes to blame in this, twill be ill tooke.

1048 *Kent.* Good King that muft approue the cōmon law,
 1049 Thou out of heauens benediction comest
 1050 To the warme Sunne.

1051 Approach thou beacon to this vnder gloabe,
 1052 That by thy comfortable beames I may
 1053 Perufe this letter, nothing almoft fees my wracke

1054 But miferie, I know tis from *Cordelia*,
 1055 VVho hath moft fortunately bin informed
 1056 Of my obfcured courfe, and fhall find time

1057 From this enormous flate, seeking to giue
 1058 Loffes their remedies, all wearie and ouerwatch
 1059 Take vantage heaue eyes not to behold

1060 This shamefull lodging, Fortune goodnight,
 1243 1061 Smile, once more turne thy wheele.

fleepes.

The King his Master, needs must take it ill	1214
That he so slightly valued in his Messenger,	1215
Should haue him thus restrained.	1216
<i>Cor.</i> Ile answere that.	1217
<i>Reg.</i> My Sister may recieue it much more worffe,	1218
To haue her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted.	1219
<i>Corn.</i> Come my Lord, away.	<i>Exit.</i> 1220
<i>Glo.</i> I am sorry for thee friend, 'tis the Duke pleasure,	1221
Whose disposition all the world well knowes	1222
Will not be rub'd nor stopt, Ile entreat for thee.	1223
<i>Kent.</i> Pray do not Sir, I haue watch'd and trauail'd hard,	1224
Some time I shall sleepe out, the rest Ile whistle :	1225
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles :	1226
Giue you good morrow.	1227
<i>Glo.</i> The Duke's too blamein this,	1228
'Twill be ill taken.	<i>Exit.</i> 1229
<i>Kent.</i> Good King, that must approue the common law,	1230
Thou out of Heauens benediction com'ft	1231
To the warme Sun.	1232
Approach thou Beacon to this vnder Globe,	1233
That by thy comfortable Beames I may	1234
Peruse this Letter. Nothing almost sees miracles	1235
But miserie. I know 'tis from <i>Cordelia</i> ,	1236
Who hath most fortunately beene inform'd	1237
Of my obscured course. And shall finde time	1238
From this enormous State, seeking to giue	1239
Losses their remedies. All weary and o're-watch'd,	1240
Take vantage heauie eyes, not to behold	1241
This shamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight,	1242
Smile once more, turne thy wheele.	1243

1062

Enter Edgar.

1063 *Edg.* I heare my selfe proclaim'd,
 1064 And by the happie hollow of a tree
 1065 Escapt the hunt, no Port is free, no place
 1248 1066 That guard, and most vnusuall vigilence
 1067 Dost not attend my taking while I may scape,
 1068 I will preferue my selfe, and am bethought
 1069 To take the basest and most poorest shape,
 1070 That euer penury in contempt of man,
 1253 1071 Brought neare to beast, my face ile grime with filth,
 1072 Blanket my loynes, else all my haire with knots,
 1073 And with presented nakednes outface,
 1074 The wind, and persecution of the skie,
 1075 The Countrie giues me prooue and president
 1258 1076 Of Bedlam beggers, who with roring voyces,
 1077 Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare armes,
 1078 Pins, wodden prickes, nayles, sprigs of rosemary,
 1079 And with this horrible obiect from low seruice,
 1080 Poore pelting villages, sheep-coates, and milles,
 1081 Sometime with lunaticke bans, sometime with prayers
 1082 Enforce their charitie, poore *Turlygod*, poore *Tom*,
 1265 1083 That's something yet, *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit*

1084

Enter King.

1085 *Lear.* Tis strange that they should so depart from
 1086 And not fend backe my messenger. (hence,
 1270 1087 *Knight.* As I learn'd, the night before there was
 1088 No purpose of his remoue.
 1089 *Kent.* Hayle to thee noble maister.
 1273 1090 *Lear.* How, mak'ft thou this shame thy pastime?
 1091 *Foole.* Ha ha, looke he weares crewell garters,
 1092 Horfes are tide by the heeles, dogges and beares

Enter Edgar.

1244

Edg. I heard my selfe proclaim'd, 1245
 And by the happy hollow of a Tree, 1246
 Escap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place 1247
 That guard, and most vnusall vigilance 1248
 Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape 1249
 I will preferue my selfe : and am bethought 1250
 To take the basest, and most poorest shape 1251
 That euer penury in contempt of man, 1252
 Brought neere to beaſt ; my face Ile grime with filth, 1253
 Blanket my loines, elfe all my haire in knots, 1254
 And with presented nakedneſſe out-face 1255
 The Windes, and perſecutions of the ſkie ; 1256
 The Country giues me prooſe, and preſident 1257
 Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices, 1258
 Strike in their num'd and mortified Armes, 1259
 Pins, Wodden-prickes, Nayles, Sprigs of Roſe Marie : 1260
 And with this horrible obieſt, from low Farmes, 1261
 Poore pelting Villages, Sheeps-Coates, and Milles. 1262
 Sometimes with Lunaticke bans, ſometime with Praiers 1263
 Inforce their charitie : poore *Turlygod*, poore *Tom*, 1264
 That's ſomething yet : *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit.* 1265

Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman.

1266

Lea. 'Tis ſtrange that they ſhould ſo depart from home, 1267
 And not ſend backe my Meſſengers. 1268
Gent. As I learn'd, 1269
 The night before, there was no purpoſe in them 1270
 Of this remoue. 1271
Kent. Haile to thee Noble Maſter. 1272
Lear. Ha ? Mak'ſt thou this ſhame ahy paſtime ? 1273
Kent. No my Lord. 1274
Foole. Hah, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horſes are 1275
 tide by the heads, Dogges and Beares, by'th'necke, 1276

1093 Byt'h necke, munkies bit'h loynes, and men
 1094 Byt'h legges, when a mans ouer lufty at legs,
 1095 Then he weares wooden neatherstockes.

1280 1096 *Lear.* Whats he, that hath so much thy place mistooke to fet
 1097 thee here ?

1098 *Kent.* It is both he and shee, your sonne & daughter.

1099 *Lear.* No. *Kent.* Yes.

1100 *Lear.* No I fay, *Kent.* I fay yea.

1101 *Lear.* No no, they would not. *Kent.* Yes they haue.

1288 1102 *Lear.* By *Iupiter* I sweare no, they durft not do't,

1103 They would not, could not do't, tis worfe then murder,
 1104 To doe vpon respect such violent outrage,
 1105 Refolue me with all modeft hast, which way
 1106 Thou may'ft deferue, or they purpose this vfrage,
 1107 Coming from vs.

1296 1108 *Kent.* My Lord, when at their home
 1109 I did commend your highnes letters to them,
 1110 Ere I was rifen from the place that shewed
 1111 My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Post,
 1112 Stewd in his hast, halfe breathles, panting forth
 1113 From *Gonorill* his mistris, salutations,
 1302 1114 Deliuered letters spite of intermission,
 1115 Which presently they read, on whose contents
 1116 They fummond vp their men, straight tooke horse,
 1117 Commanded me to follow, and attend the leasure
 1118 Of their answere, gaue me cold lookes,
 1119 And meeting here the other messenger,
 1120 Whose welcome I perceau'd had poyson'd mine,
 1121 Being the very fellow that of late
 1122 Display'd so sawcily against your Highnes,

Monkies by'th'loynes, and Men by'th'legs: when a man 1277
ouerluftie at legs, then he weares wodden nether-ftocks. 1278

Lear. What's he, 1279
That hath fo much thy place miftooke 1280
To fet thee heere? 1281

Kent. It is both he and fhe, 1282
Your Son, and Daughter. 1283

Lear. No. 1284

Kent. Yes. 1285

Lear. No I fay. 1286

Kent. I fay yea. 1287

Lear. By *Iupiter* I fweare no. 1288

Kent. By *Iuuo*, I fweare I. 1289

Lear. They durft not do't: 1290

They could not, would not do't: 'tis worfe then murther, 1291

To do vpon refpect fuch violent outrage: 1292

Refolue me with all modeft hafte, which way 1293

Thou might'ft deferue, or they impofe this vfrage, 1294

Comming from vs. 1295

Kent. My Lord, when at their home 1296

I did commend your Highneffe Letters to them, 1297

Ere I was rifen from the place, that fhewed 1298

My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Poft, 1299

Stew'd in his hafte, halfe breathleffe, painting forth 1300

From *Gonerill* his Miftris, falutations; 1301

Deliuer'd Letters, fpight of intermiffion, 1302

Which prefently they read; on thofe contents 1303

They fummon'd vp their meiney, ftraight tooke Horfe, 1304

Commanded me to follow, and attend 1305

The leifure of their anfwer, gaue me cold lookes, 1306

And meeting heere the other Meffenger, 1307

Whofe welcome I perceiu'd had poifon'd mine, 1308

Being the very fellow which of late 1309

Displaid fo fawcily againft your Highneffe, 1310

1811 1123 Hauing more man then wit, about me drew,
 1124 He raifed the houle with loud and coward cries,
 1125 Your sonne and daughter found this trefpas worth
 1126 This fhamé which here it suffers.

1127 *Lear.* O how this mother fwels vp toward my hart,

1822 1128 *Historica passio* downe thou climing sorrow,
 1129 Thy element's below, where is this daughter ?

1130 *Kent.* With the Earle fir within,

1131 *Lear.* Follow me not, stay there ?

1132 *Knight.* Made you no more offēce then what you speake of ?

1133 *Kent.* No, how chance the King comes with so small a traine ?

1134 *Foole.* And thou hadst beene set in the stockes for that questi-
 1831 1135 on, thou ha'dst well deserued it.

1136 *Kent.* Why foole ?

1137 *Foole.* Weele set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's
 1138 no labouring in the winter, all that follow their noses, are led by
 1139 their eyes, but blind men, and ther's not a nose among a 100. but
 1140 can smell him thats stincking, let goe thy hold when a great
 1141 wheele runs downe a hill, leaft it breake thy necke with follow-
 1142 ing it, but the great one that goes vp the hill, let him draw thee
 1143 after, when a wife man giues thee better councell, giue mee mine

1341 1144 againe, I would haue none but knaues follow it, since a foole
 1145 giues it.

1146 That Sir that serues for gaine,

1147 And followes but for forme :

1148 Will packe when it begin to raine,

1149 And leaue thee in the storme.

Hauing more man then wit about me, drew ;	1311
He rais'd the houle, with loud and coward cries,	1312
Your Sonne and Daughter found this trespaffe worth	1313
The shame which heere it suffers.	(way, 1314
<i>Foole.</i> Winters not gon yet, if the wil'd Geefe fly that	1315
Fathers that weare rags, do make their Children blind,	1316
But Fathers that beare bags, shall see their children kind.	1317
Fortune that arrant whore, nere turns the key toth' poore.	1318
But for all this thou shalt haue as many Dolors for thy	1319
Daughters, as thou canst tell in a yeare.	1320
<i>Lear.</i> O how this Mother swels vp toward my heart !	1321
<i>Historica passio,</i> downe thou climing sorrow,	1322
Thy Elements below where is this Daughter ?	1323
<i>Kent.</i> Wirh the Earle Sir, here within.	1324
<i>Lear.</i> Follow me not, stay here.	<i>Exit.</i> 1325
<i>Gen.</i> Made you no more offence,	1326
But what you speake of ?	1327
<i>Kent.</i> None :	1328
How chance the the King comes with so small a number ?	1329
<i>Foole.</i> And thou hadst beene fet i'th'Stockes for that	1330
question, thoud'ft well deseru'd it.	1331
<i>Kent.</i> Why Foole ?	1332
<i>Foole.</i> Wee'l fet thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach	1333
thee ther's no labouring i'th'winter. All that follow their	1334
noses, are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's	1335
not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's flink-	1336
ing ; let go thy hold, when a greatwheele runs downe a	1337
hill, leaft it breake thy necke with following. But the	1338
great one that goes vpward, let him drawthee after :	1339
when a wifeman giues thee better counsell giue me mine	1340
again, I would hause none but knaues follow it, since a	1341
Foole giues it.	1342
That Sir, which serues and seekes for gaine,	1343
And follo wes but for forme ;	1344
Will packe, when it begins to raine,	1345
And leaue thee in the storme,	1346

1150 But I will tarie, the foole will stay,
 1151 And let the wife man flie :
 1152 The knaue turnes foole that runs away,
 1350 1153 The foole no knaue perdy
 1154 *Kent.* Where learnt you this foole ?
 1155 *Foole.* Not in the stockes.

1351 1156 *Enter Lear and Gloster.*

1157 *Lear.* Denie to speake with mee, th'are sicke, th'are
 1158 They traueled hard to night, meare Iustice, (weary,
 1159 I the Images of reuolt and flying off,
 1358 1160 Fetch mee a better anfwere.
 1161 *Gloft.* My deere Lord, you know the fierie qualitie of the
 1162 Duke, how vnremoueable and fixt he is in his owne Course.

 1163 *Lear.* Veng eance, death, plague, confusion, what fierie quality,
 1164 why *Gloster, Gloster,* id'e speake with the Duke of *Cornewall,* and
 1165 his wife.

 1166 *Gloft.* I my good Lord.
 1167 *Lear.* The King would speake with *Cornewal,* the deare father
 1168 Would with his daughter speake, commands her seruice,
 1373 1169 Fierie Duke, tell the hot Duke that *Lear,*
 1170 No but not yet may be he is not well,
 1171 Infirmitie doth still neglect all office, where to our health
 1172 Is bou'd, we are not our selues, when nature being oprest

 1173 Cōmand the mind to suffer with the bodie, ile forbear,
 1379 1174 And am fallen out with my more hedier will,

But I will tarry, the Foole will stay, 1347
 And let the wifeman flie : 1348
 The knaue turnes Foole that runnes away, 1349
 The Foole no knaue perdie. 1350

Enter Lear, and Gloster : 1351

Kent. Where learn'd you this Foole ? 1352

Foole. Not i'th'Stocks Foole. 1353

Lear. Deny to speake with me ? 1354

They are ficke, they are weary, 1355

They haue traueil'd all the night ? meere fetches, 1356

The images of reuolt and flying off. 1357

Fetch me a better answer. 1358

Glo. My deere Lord, 1359

You know the fiery quality of the Duke, 1360

How vnremoueaible and fixt he is 1361

In his owne course. 1362

Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confusion : 1363

Fiery ? What quality ? Why *Gloster, Gloster,* 1364

I'd speake with the Duke of *Cornewall,* and his wife. 1365

Glo. Well my good Lord, I haue inform'd them so. 1366

Lear. Inform'd them ? Do'ft thou vnderstand me man. 1367

Glo. I my good Lord. 1368

Lear. The King would speake with *Cornwall,* 1369

The deere Father 1370

Would with his Daughter speake, commands, tends, fer- 1371

Are they inform'd of this ? My breath and blood : (uice, 1372

Fiery ? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that — 1373

No, but not yet, may be he is not well, 1374

Infirmity doth still neglect all office, 1375

Whereto our health is bound, we are not our felues, 1376

When Nature being opprest, commands the mind 1377

To suffer with the body ; Ile forbear, 1378

And am fallen out with my more headier will, 1379

1175 To take the indispos'd and sickly fit, for the found man,
 1176 Death on my state, wherefore should he fit here?
 1177 This act perwades me, that this remotion of the Duke

1178 Is practise, only giue me my seruant forth, (& her
 1179 Tell the Duke and's wife, Ile speake with them
 1180 Now presently, bid them come forth and heare me,
 1181 Or at their chamber doore ile beat the drum,

1388 1182 Till it cry sleepe to death.

1183 *Gloft.* I would haue all well betwixt you.

1184 *Lear.* O my heart, my heart.

1185 *Foole.* Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cokney did to the eeles, when
 1186 she put vm it h pâst aliue, she rapt vm ath coxcombs with a stick,
 1187 and cryed downe wantons downe, twas her brother, that in pure

1395 1188 kindnes to his horfe buttered his hay.

1189 *Enter Duke and Regan.*

1190 *Lear.* Good morrow to you both.

1191 *Duke.* Hayle to your Grace.

1192 *Reg.* I am glad to see your highnes.

1193 *Lear. Regan* I thinke you are, I know what reafon

1194 I haue to thinke so, if thou shouldst not be glad,

1195 I would diuorfe me from thy mothers tombe

1403 1196 Sepulchring an aduultresse, yea are you free?

1197 Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan,*

1198 Thy sifter is naught, oh *Regan* she hath tyed,

1199 Sharpe tooth'd vnkindnes, like a vulture heare,

1200 I can scarce speake to thee, thout not belecue,

1408 1201 Of how depriued a qualitie, O *Regan.*

1202 *Reg.* I pray fir take patience, I haue hope

1203 You lesse know how to value her desert,

1204 Then she to slacke her dutie.

To take the indispos'd and sickly fit, 1380
 For the found man. Death on my state : wherefore 1381
 Should he sit heere ? This act perwades me, 1382
 That this remotion of the Duke and her 1383
 Is practise only. Giue me my Seruant forth ; 1384
 Goe tell the Duke, and's wife, Il'd speake with them : 1385
 Now, presently : bid them come forth and heare me, 1386
 Or at their Chamber doore Ile beate the Drum, 1387
 Till it crie sleepe to death. 1388

Glo. I would haue all well betwixt you. *Exit.* 1389

Lear. Oh me my heart ! my rising heart ! But downe. 1390

Foole. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney did to the 1391
 Eeles, when she put 'em i'th' Pafte aliue, she knapt 'em 1392
 o'th' coxcombs with a sticke, and cryed downe wantons, 1393
 downe ; 'twas her Brother, that in pure kindnesse to his 1394
 Horfe buttered his Hay. 1395

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Seruants. 1396

Lear. Good morrow to you both. 1397

Corn. Haile to your Grace. *Kent here set at liberty.* 1398

Reg. I am glad to see your Highnesse. 1399

Lear. *Regan,* I think you are. I know what reason 1400
 I haue to thinke so, if thou should'ft not be glad, 1401
 I would diorce me from thy Mother Tombe, 1402
 Sepulchring an Adulteresse. O are you free ? 1403
 Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan,* 1404
 Thy Sisters naught : oh *Regan,* she hath tied 1405
 Sharpe-tooth'd vnkindnesse, like a vulture heere, 1406
 I can scarce speake to thee, thou'lt not beleuee 1407
 With how deprau'd a quality. Oh *Regan.* 1408

Reg. I pray you Sir, take patience, I haue hope 1409
 You lesse know how to value her desert, 1410
 Then she to scant her dutie. 1411

Lear. Say ? How is that ? 1412

Reg. I cannot thinke my Sister in the least 1413
 Would faile her Obligation. If Sir perchance 1414

- 1205 *Lear.* My curffes on her.
 1419 1206 *Reg.* O Sir you are old, (fine,
 1207 Nature on you standes on the very verge of her con-
 1208 You should be rul'd and led by some discretion,
 1209 That discernes your state better thẽ you your selfe,

 1210 Therefore I pray that to our sifter, you do make returne,
 1425 1211 Say you haue wrong'd her Sir?
 1212 *Lear.* Aske her forgiuenes,
 1213 Doe you marke how this becomes the houle,
 1214 Deare daughter, I confesse that I am old,
 1215 Age is vnneccessarie, on my knees I beg,
 1430 1216 That you'l vouchsafe me rayment, bed and food.
 1217 *Reg.* Good sir no more, these are vnfightly tricks,
 1218 Returne you to my sifter.
 1219 *Lear.* No *Regan*,
 1220 She hath abated me of halfe my traine,
 1221 Lookt blacke vpon me, strooke mee with her tongue
 1222 Most Serpentlike vpon the very heart, (top,
 1223 All the stor'd vengeance of heauen fall on her ingratful

 1439 1224 Strike her yong bones, you taking ayrs with lamenes.
 1225 *Duke.* Fie fie fir.
 1226 You nimble lightnings dart your blinding flames,
 1227 Into her scornfull eyes, infect her beautie,
 1228 You Fen suckt fogs, drawne by the powrefull Sunne,
 1229 To fall and blast her pride.
 1230 *Reg.* O the blest Gods, so will you wish on me,
 1446 1231 When the rash mood---
 1232 *Lear.* No *Regan*, thou shalt neuer haue my curse,
 1233 The tẽder hefted nature shall not giue the or'e (burne
 1234 To harshnes, her eies are fierce, but thine do cõfort & not

She haue restrained the Riots of your Followres,	1415
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,	1416
As cleeres her from all blame.	1417
<i>Lear.</i> My curses on her.	1418
<i>Reg.</i> O Sir, you are old,	1419
Nature in you stands on the very Verge	1420
Of his confine : you should be rul'd, and led	1421
By some discretion, that discernes your state	1422
Better then you your selfe : therefore I pray you,	1423
That to our Sister, you do make returne,	1424
Say you haue wrong'd her.	1425
<i>Lear.</i> Aske her forgiveness ?	1426
Do you but marke how this becomes the house ?	1427
Deere daughter, I confesse that I am old ;	1428
Age is vnnecessary : on my knees I begge,	1429
That you'll vouchsafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food.	1430
<i>Reg.</i> Good Sir, no more : these are vnfligthy trickes :	1431
Returne you to my Sister.	1432
<i>Lear.</i> Neuer <i>Regan</i> :	1433
She hath abated me of halfe my Traine ;	1434
Look'd blacke vpon me, strooke me with her Tongue	1435
Most Serpent-like, vpon the very Heart.	1436
All the stor'd Vengeances of Heauen, fall	1437
On her ingratefull top : strike her yong bones	1438
You taking Ayres, with Lameness.	1439
<i>Corn.</i> Fye fir, fie.	1440
<i>Le.</i> You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames	1441
Into her scornfull eyes : Infect her Beauty,	1442
You Fen-suck'd Foggas, drawne by the powfull Sunne,	1443
To fall, and blister.	1444
<i>Reg.</i> O the blest Gods !	1445
So will you wish on me, when the rash moode is on.	1446
<i>Lear.</i> No <i>Regan</i> , thou shalt neuer haue my curse :	1447
Thy tender-hefted Nature shall not giue	1448
Thee o're to harshnesse : Her eyes are fierce, but thine	1449
Do comfort, and not burne. 'Tis not in thee	1450

1235 Tis not in thee to grudge my pleasures, to cut off my
 1236 To bandy hafty words, to scant my sizes, (traine,
 1237 And in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
 1238 Against my coming in, thou better knowest,
 1455 1239 The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,
 1240 Effects of curtesie, dues of gratitude,
 1241 Thy halfe of the kingdome, hast thou not forgot
 1242 Wherein I thee indow'd.
 1243 *Reg.* Good fir too'th purpose.
 1480 1244 *Lear.* Who put my man i'th stockes ?

1245 *Duke.* What trumpets that ? *Enter Steward.*
 1246 *Reg.* I know't my sisters, this approves her letters,
 1247 That she would soone be here, is your Lady come ?
 1248 *Lear.* This is a flauie, whose easie borrowed pride
 1249 Dwels in the fickle grace of her, a followes,
 1250 Out varlet, from my sight.
 1468 1251 *Duke.* What meanes your Grace ? *Enter Gon.*

1252 *Gon.* Who struck my seruant, *Regan* I haue good hope
 1253 Thou didst not know ant.
 1254 *Lear.* Who comes here ? O heauens !
 1255 If you doe loue old men, if you sweet sway allow
 1256 Obedience, if your selues are old, make it your cause,
 1257 Send downe and take my part,
 1258 Art not asham'd to looke vpon this beard ?
 1477 1259 O *Regan* wilt thou take her by the hand ?
 1260 *Gon.* Why not by the hand fir, how haue I offended ?
 1261 Als not offence that indiscretion finds,
 1262 And dotage tearmes so.
 1263 *Lear.* O sides you are too tough,
 1264 Will you yet hold ? how came my man it'h stockes ?

1265 *Duke.* I fet him there fir, but his owne diforders
 1266 Deferu'd much lesse aduancement,
 1486 1267 *Lear.* You, did you ?

To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my Traine,	1451
To bandy hafty words, to fcant my fizes,	1452
And in conclufion, to oppofe the bolt	1453
Againft my comming in. Thou better know'ft	1454
The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,	1455
Effects of Curtefie, dues of Gratitude :	1456
Thy halfe o'th'Kingdome haft thou not forgot,	1457
Wherein I thee endow'd.	1458
<i>Reg.</i> Good Sir, to'th'purpofe.	<i>Tucket within.</i> 1459
<i>Lear.</i> Who put my man i'th'Stockes ?	1460
<i>Enter Steward.</i>	1461
<i>Corn.</i> What Trumpet's that ?	1462
<i>Reg.</i> I know't, my Sifters : this approues her Letter,	1463
That ſhe would foone be heere. Is your Lady come ?	1464
<i>Lear.</i> This is a Slaue, whoſe eaſie borrowed pride	1465
Dwels in the fickly grace of her he followes.	1466
Out Varlet, from my fight.	1467
<i>Corn.</i> What meanes your Grace ?	1468
<i>Enter Gonerill.</i>	1469
<i>Lear.</i> Who ſtockt my Seruant ? <i>Regan,</i> I haue good hope	1470
Thou did'ſt not know on't.	1471
Who comes here ? O Heauens !	1472
If you do loue old men ; if your fweet fway	1473
Allow Obedience ; if you your felues are old,	1474
Make it your cauſe : Send downe, and take my part.	1475
Art not aſham'd to looke vpon this Beard ?	1476
O <i>Regan,</i> will you take her by the hand ?	1477
<i>Gon.</i> Why not by'th'hand Sir ? How haue I offended ?	1478
All's not offence that indifcretion findes,	1479
And dotage termes fo.	1480
<i>Lear.</i> O fides, you are too tough !	1481
Will you yet hold ?	1482
How came my man i'th'Stockes ?	1483
<i>Corn.</i> I fet him there, Sir : but his owne Diforders	1484
Deferu'd much leſſe aduancement.	1485
<i>Lear.</i> You ? Did you ?	1486

- 1268 *Reg.* I pray you father being weake feeme fo,
 1269 If till the expiration of your moneth,
 1270 You will returne and foiorne with my sifter,
 1271 Difmiffing halfe your traine, come then to me,
 1272 I am now from home, and out of that prouifion,
 1492 1273 Which fhall be needful for your entertainment.
 1274 *Lear.* Returne to her, and fiftie men difmift,
 1275 No rather I abiure all roofes, and chufe
 1276 To wage againft the enmitie of the Ayre,
 1277 To be a Comrade with the Woolfe and owle,
 1278 Necessities sharpe pinch, returne with her,
 1279 Why the hot bloud in *France*, that dowerles
 1280 Tooke our yongest borne, I could as well be brought
 1500 1281 To knee his throne, and Squire-like penfion bag,
 1282 To keepe bafe life afoot, returne with her,
 1283 Perfwade me rather to be flauē and fumter
 1284 To this detefted groome.
 1285 *Gon.* At your choife fir.
 1286 *Lear.* Now I pritheē daughter do not make me mad,
 1287 I will not trouble thee my child, farewell,
 1507 1288 Wee'le no more meete, no more fee one another.
 1289 But yet thou art my flefh, my bloud, my daughter,
 1290 Or rather a difeafe that lies within my flefh,
 1291 Which I muft needs call mine, thou art a bile,
 1292 A plague fore, an imboffed carbuncle in my
 1293 Corrupted bloud, but Ile not chide thee,
 1294 Let shame come when it will, I doe not call it,
 1295 I doe not bid the thunder bearer shoote,
 1515 1296 Nor tell tailes of thee to high Iudging *Ione*,
 1297 Mend when thou canft, be better at thy leafure,
 1298 I can be patient, I can ftay with *Regan*,
 1299 I and my hundred Knights.
 1300 *Reg.* Not altogether fo fir, I looke not for you yet,
 1301 Nor am prouided for your fit welcome,
 1302 Giue eare fir to my sifter, for thofe
 1303 That mingle reafon with your paffion,

<i>Reg.</i> I pray you Father being weake, seeme fo.	1487
If till the expiration of your Moneth	1488
You will returne and foiourne with my Sifter,	1489
Dismissing halfe your traine, come then to me,	1490
I am now from home, and out of that prouision	1491
Which shall be needfull for your entertainment.	1492
<i>Lear.</i> Returne to her? and fifty men dismis'd?	1493
No, rather I abiure all roofes, and chuse	1494
To wage against the enmity oth'ayre,	1495
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle,	1496
Necessities sharpe pinch. Returne with her?	1497
Why the hot-bloodied <i>France</i> , that dowerlesse tooke	1498
Our yongest borne, I could as well be brought	1499
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like pension beg,	1500
To keepe base life a foote; returne with her?	1501
Perfwade me rather to be slaue and lump ter	1502
To this detested groomme.	1503
<i>Gon.</i> At your choice Sir.	1504
<i>Lear.</i> I prythee Daughter do not make me mad,	1505
I will not trouble thee my Child: farewell:	1506
Wee'l no more meete, no more see one another.	1507
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my Daughter,	1508
Or rather a diseafe that's in my flesh,	1509
Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a Byle,	1510
A plague fore, or imbossed Carbuncle	1511
In my corrupted blood. But Ile not chide thee,	1512
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,	1513
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shoote,	1514
Nor tell tales of thee to high-iudging <i>Ioue</i> ,	1515
Mend when thou can't, be better at thy leifure,	1516
I can be patient, I can stay with <i>Regan</i> ,	1517
I and my hundred Knights.	1518
<i>Reg.</i> Not altogether fo,	1519
I look'd not for you yet, nor am prouided	1520
For your fit welcome, giue eare Sir to my Sifter,	1521
For those that mingle reason with your passion,	1522

- 1523 1304 Must be content to thinke you are old, and so,
 1305 But she knowes what shee does.
 1306 *Lear.* Is this well spoken now?
 1307 *Reg.* I dare auouch it fir, what fiftie followers,
 1308 Is it not well, what should you need of more,
 1309 Yea or so many, sith that both charge and danger
 1310 Speakes gainst so great a number, how in a house
 1530 1311 Should many people vnder two commands
 1312 Hold anytie, tis hard, almost impossible.
 1313 *Gon.* Why might not you my Lord receiue attendãce
 1314 From those that shee calls seruants, or from mine?
 1315 *Reg.* Why not my Lord! if then they chanc'ft to flacke you,
- 1536 1316 We could controwle them, if you will come to me,
 1317 For now I spie a danger, I intreat you,
 1318 To bring but fise and twentie, to no more
 1319 Will I giue place or notice.
 1320 *Lear.* I gaue you all.
- 1541 1321 *Reg.* And in good time you gaue it.
 1322 *Lear.* Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
 1323 But kept a referuation to be followed
 1324 With such a number, what, must I come to you
 1325 With fise and twentie, *Regan* said you so?
 1326 *Reg.* And speak't againe my Lord, no more with me.
- 1547 1327 *Lca.* Those wicked creatures yet do seem wel fauor'd
 1328 When others are more wicked, not being the worst
 1329 Stands in some ranke of prayse, Ile goe with thee,
 1330 Thy fifty yet doth double fise and twentie,
 1331 And thou art twice her loue.
 1332 *Gon.* Heare me my Lord,
 1333 What need you fise and twentie, tenne, or fise,
 1334 To follow in a house, where twife so many
 1335 Haue a commaund to tend you.
- 1556 1336 *Regan.* What needes one?
 1337 *Lear.* O reason not the deed, our basest beggers,
 1338 Are in the poorest thing superfluous,

Must be content to thinke you old, and so,	1523
But she knowes what she doe's.	1524
<i>Lear.</i> Is this well spoken?	1525
<i>Reg.</i> I dare auouch it Sir, what fifty Followers?	1526
Is it not well? What should you need of more?	1527
Yea, or so many? Sith that both charge and danger,	1528
Speake 'gainst so great a number? How in one house	1529
Should many people, vnder two commands	1530
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.	1531
<i>Gon.</i> Why might not you my Lord, receiue attendance	1532
From those that she calls Seruants, or from mine?	1533
<i>Reg.</i> Why not my Lord?	1534
If then they chanc'd to slacke ye,	1535
We could comptroll them; if you will come to me,	1536
(For now I spie a danger) I entreate you	1537
To bring but five and twentie, to no more	1538
Will I giue place or notice.	1539
<i>Lear.</i> I gaue you all.	1540
<i>Reg.</i> And in good time you gaue it.	1541
<i>Lear.</i> Made you my Guardians, my Depositaries,	1542
But kept a referuation to be followed	1543
With such a number? What, must I come to you	1544
With five and twenty? <i>Regan</i> , said you so?	1545
<i>Reg.</i> And I speak't againe my Lord, no more with me.	1546
<i>Lea.</i> Those wicked Creatures yet do look wel fauor'd	1547
When others are more wicked, not being the worst	1548
Stands in some ranke of praise, Ile go with thee,	1549
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,	1550
And thou art twice her Loue.	1551
<i>Gon.</i> Heare me my Lord;	1552
What need you five and twenty? Ten? Or five?	1553
To follow in a house, where twice so many	1554
Haue a command to tend you?	1555
<i>Reg.</i> What need one?	1556
<i>Lear.</i> O reason not the need: our basest Beggars	1557
Are in the poorest thing superfluous,	1558

- 1339 Allow not nature more then nature needes,
 1340 Mans life as cheape as beafts, thou art a Lady,
 1341 If onely to goe warme were gorgeous,
 1562 1342 Why nature needes not, what thou gorgeous wearest
 1343 Which scarcely keeps thee warme, but for true need,
 1344 You heauens giue me that patience, patience I need,
 1345 You see me here (you Gods) a poore old fellow,
 1346 As full of greefe as age, wretched in both,
 1347 If it be you that firres these daughters hearts
 1348 Against their Father, foole me not to much,
 1569 1349 To beare it lamely, touch me with noble anger,
 1350 O let not womens weapons, water drops
 1351 Stayne my mans cheekes, no you vnnaturall hags,
 1352 I will haue such reuenges on you both,
 1353 That all the world shall, I will doe such things,
 1574 1354 What they are yet I know not, but they shall be
 1355 The terrors of the earth, you thinke ile weepe,
 1356 No ile not weepe, I haue full cause of weeping,

 1578 1357 But this heart shall breake, in a 100. thousand flowes
 1358 Or ere ile weepe, O foole I shall goe mad.
 1359 *Exeunt Lear, Leister, Kent, and Foole.*
 1360 *Duke.* Let vs withdraw, twill be a storme.
 1361 *Reg.* This house is little the old man and his people,
 1362 Cannot be well bestowed.
 1363 *Gon.* Tis his own blame hath put himselfe from rest,
 1364 And must needs taste his folly.
 1365 *Reg.* For his particuler, ile receiue him gladly,
 1366 But not one follower.
 1367 *Duke.* So am I puspos'd, where is my Lord of *Gloster?* *Enter Glo.*

 1368 *Reg.* Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.

Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs :	1559
Mans life is cheape as Beastes. Thou are a Lady ;	1560
If onely to go warme were gorgeous,	1561
Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'ft,	1562
Which scarcely keeps thee warme, but for true need :	1563
You Heauens, giue me that patience, patience I need,	1564
You see me heere (you Gods)a poore old man,	1565
As full of grieffe as age, wretched in both,	1566
If it be you that stirres these Daughters hearts	1567
Against their Father, foole me not so much,	1568
To beare it tamely : touch me with Noble anger,	1569
And let not womens weapons, water drops,	1570
Staine my mans cheekes. No you vnnaturall Hags,	1571
I will haue such reuenges on you both,	1572
That all the world shall —— I will do such things,	1573
What they are yet, I know not, but they shall be	1574
The terrors of the earth? you thinke Ile weepe,	1575
No, Ile not weepe, I haue full cause of weeping,	1576
<i>Storme and Tempest.</i>	1577
But this heart shall break into a hundred thousand flaws	1578
Or ere Ile weep ; O Foole, I shall go mad. <i>Exeunt.</i>	1579

<i>Corn.</i> Let vs withdraw, 'twill be a Storme.	1580
<i>Reg.</i> This house is little, the old man an' ds people,	1581
Cannot be well bestow'd.	1582
<i>Gon.</i> 'Tis his owne blame hath put himselfe from rest,	1583
And must needs taste his folly.	1584
<i>Reg.</i> For his particular, Ile receiue him gladly,	1585
But not one follower.	1586
<i>Gon.</i> So am I purpos'd.	1587
Where is my Lord of <i>Gloster</i> ?	1588
<i>Enter Gloster.</i>	1589
<i>Corn.</i> Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.	1590
<i>Glo.</i> The King is in high rage.	1591
<i>Corn.</i> Whether is he going ?	1592

- 1369 *Glo.* The King is in high rage, & wil I know not whe-
 1594 1370 *Re.* Tis good to giue him way, he leads himfelfe.(ther.
 1371 *Gon.* My Lord, intreat him by no meanes to stay.
 1372 *Glo.* Alack the night comes on, and the bleak winds
 1373 Do forely ruffel, for many miles about ther's not a bush.

 1599 1374 *Reg.* O fir, to wilfull men
 1375 The iniuries that they themfelues procure,
 1376 Must be their schoolemasters, shut vp your doores,
 1377 He is attended with a desperate traine,
 1378 And what they may incense him to, being apt,
 1379 To haue his care abused, wisedome bids feare.
 1380 *Duke.* Shut vp your doores my Lord, tis a wild night,
 1381 My *Reg* counsails well, come out at'h storme. *Exeūt.*

1607 1382 *Enter Kent and a Gentleman at severall doores.*

- 1383 *Kent.* Whats here befide foule weather ?
 1384 *Gent.* One minded like the weather most vnquietly.
 1385 *Kent.* I know you, whers the King ?
 1386 *Gent.* Contending with the fretfull element,
 1387 Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
 1388 Or swell the curled waters boue the maine (haire,
 1614 1389 That things might change or cease, teares his white
 1390 Which the impetuous blasts with eyles rage
 1391 Catch in their furie, and make nothing of,
 1392 Striues in his little world of man to outcorne,
 1393 The too and fro conflicting wind and raine,
 1394 This night wherin the cub-drawne Beare would couch,
 1395 The Lyon, and the belly pinched Wolfe
 1396 Keepe their furre dry, vnbonneted he runnes,
 1397 And bids what will take all.

<i>Glo.</i> He calls to Horfe, but will I know not whether.	1593
<i>Corn.</i> 'Tis best to giue him way, he leads himselfe.	1594
<i>Gon.</i> My Lord, entreate him by no meanes to stay.	1595
<i>Glo.</i> Alacke the night comes on, and the high windes	1596
Do forely ruffle, for many Miles about	1597
There's scarce a Bush.	1598
<i>Reg.</i> O Sir, to wilfull men,	1599
The iniuries that they themfelues procure,	1600
Must be their Schoole-Masters : fhut vp your doores,	1601
He is attended with a desperate traine,	1602
And what they may incense him too, being apt,	1603
To haue his eare abus'd, wifedome bids feare.	1604
<i>Cor.</i> Shut vp your doores my Lord, 'tis a wil'd night,	1605
My <i>Regan</i> counfels well : come out oth'storme. <i>Exeunt.</i>	1606

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

<i>Storme still. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, seuerally.</i>	1607
<i>Kent.</i> Who's there besides foule weather ?	1608
<i>Gen.</i> One minded like the weather, most vnquietly.	1609
<i>Kent.</i> I know you : Where's the King ?	1610
<i>Gen.</i> Contending with the fretfull Elements ;	1611
Bids the winde blow the Earth into the Sea,	1612
Or swell the curled Waters 'boue the Maine,	1613
That things might change, or cease.	1614

- 1615 1398 *Kent.* But who is with him ?
 1399 *Gent.* None but the foole, who labours to out-iest
 1400 His heart strooke iniuries.
 1401 *Kent.* Sir I doe know you,
 1402 And dare vpon the warrant of my Arte,
 1403 Commend a deare thing to you, there is diuifion,
 1404 Although as yet the face of it be couer'd,
 1622 1405 With mutuall cunning, twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*
 1406 But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
 1407 Into this fcattered kingdome, who already wife in our
 1408 Haue secret feet in some of our best Ports, (negligēce,
 1409 And are at point to shew their open banner,
 1410 Now to you, if on my credit you dare build so farre,
 1411 To make your speed to Douer, you shall find
 1412 Some that will thanke you, making iust report
 1413 Of how vnnaturall and bemadding forrow
 1414 The King hath cause to plaine,
 1415 I am a Gentleman of blood and breeding,
 1416 And from some knowledge and assurance,
 1417 Offer this office to you.
 1631 1418 *Gent.* I will talke farther with you.
 1419 *Kent.* No doe not,
 1420 For confirmation that I much more
 1421 Then my out-wall, open this purfe and take
 1422 VVhat it containes, if you shall see *Cordelia*,
 1423 As feare not but you shall, shew her this ring,
 1637 1424 And she will tell you who your fellow is,
 1425 That yet you doe not know, fie on this forme,
 1426 I will goe seeke the King.
 1427 *Gent.* Giue me your hand, haue you no more to say ?

 1428 *Kent.* Few words but to effect more then all yet :
 1429 That when we haue found the King.
 1430 He this way, you that, he that first lights
 1645 1431 On him, hollow the other. *Exeunt.*

<i>Kent.</i> But who is with him ?	1615
<i>Gent.</i> None but the Foole, who labours to out-ieft His heart-strooke iniuries.	1616 1617
<i>Kent.</i> Sir, I do know you, And dare vpon the warrant of my note Commend a deere thing to you. There is diuifion (Although as yet the face of it is couer'd With mutuall cunning) 'twixt Albany, and Cornwall : Who haue, as who haue not, that their great Starres Thron'd and fet high ; Seruants, who feeme no leffe, Which are to France the Spies and Speculations Intelligent of our State. What hath bin feene, Either in snuffes, and packings of the Dukes, Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne Against the old kinde King ; or fomething deeper, Whereof (perchance) these are but furnishings.	1618 1619 1620 1621 1622 1623 1624 1625 1626 1627 1628 1629 1630
 <i>Gent.</i> I will talke further with you.	 1631
<i>Kent.</i> No, do not : For confirmation that I am much more Then my out-wall ; open this Purfe, and take What it contains. If you shall see <i>Cordelia</i> , (As feare not but you shall) shew her this Ring, And she will tell you who that Fellow is That yet you do not know. Fye on this Storme, I will go seeke the King.	1632 1633 1634 1635 1636 1637 1638 1639
<i>Gent.</i> Giue me your hand, Haue you no more to say ?	1640 1641
<i>Kent.</i> Few words, but to effect more then all yet ; That when we haue found the King, in which your pain That way, Ile this : He that first lights on him, Holla the other.	1642 1643 1644 1645
	<i>Exeunt.</i>

1432

Enter Lear and Foole.

1433 *Lear.* Blow wind & cracke your cheekes, rage, blow
 1434 You caterickes, & Hircanios spout til you haue drencht,
 1435 The steeple drown'd the cockes, you fulpherous and
 1436 Thought executing fires, vaunt-currers to
 1437 Oke-cleauing thunderboults, singe my white head,
 1438 And thou all shaking thunder, smite flat
 1439 The thicke Rotunditie of the world, cracke natures
 1440 Mold, all Germains spill at once that make

1655 1441 Ingratefull man.

1442 *Foole.* O Nunckle, Court holy water in a drie house
 1443 Is better then this raine water out a doore,
 1444 Good Nunckle in, and aske thy daughters blessing,
 1445 Heers a night pities nether wife man nor foole.

1660 1446 *Lear.* Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout raine,
 1447 Nor raine, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters,
 1448 I taske not you you elements with vnkindnes,
 1449 I neuer gaue you kingdome, cald you children,
 1450 You owe me no subcription, why then let fall your horrible
 1451 Here I flād your flauē, a poore infirme weak & (pleasure)

1452 Defpis'd ould man, but yet I call you feruile
 1453 Ministers, that haue with 2.pernituous daughters ioin'd
 1669 1454 Your high engēdred battel gainst a head fo old & white
 1455 As this, O tis foule.

1456 *Foole.* Hee that has a house to put his head in, has a good
 1457 headpeece, the Codpeece that will house before the head, has
 1458 any the head and hee shall lowse, fo beggers mary many, the

1459 man that makes his toe, what hee his heart should make, shall

Scena Secunda.

Storme still. *Enter Lear, and Foole.* 1646

Lear. Blow windes, & crack your cheeks ; Rage, blow 1647
 You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout, 1648
 Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cockes. 1649
 You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires, 1650
 Vaunt-curriours of Oake-cleauing Thunder-bolts, 1651
 Sindge my white head. And thou all-fhaking Thunder, 1652
 Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th'world, 1653
 Cracke Natures moulds, all germaines spill at once 1654
 That makes ingratefull Man. 1655

Foole. O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry houfe, is 1656
 better then this Rain-water out o'doore. Good Nunkle, 1657
 in, aske thy Daughters blessing, heere's a night pitties 1658
 neither Wifemen, nor Fooles. 1659

Lear. Rumble thy belly full : spit Fire, spowt Raine : 1660
 Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters ; 1661
 I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindneffe. 1662
 I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children ; 1663
 You owe me no subfcription. Then let fall 1664
 Your horrible pleafure. Heere I stand your Slaue, 1665
 A poore, infirme, weake, and difpis'd old man : 1666
 But yet I call you Seruile Ministers, 1667
 That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne 1668
 You high-engender'd Battailles, 'gainft a head 1669
 So old, and white as this. O, ho ! 'tis foule. 1670

Foole. He that has a houfe to put's head in, has a good 1671
 Head-peece : 1672
 The Codpiece that will houfe, before the head has any ; 1673
 The Head, and he fhall Lowfe : fo Beggers marry many. 1674
 The man y makes his Toe, what he his Hart fhould make, 1675

1460 haue a corne cry woe, and turne his sleepe to wake, for
 1677 1461 there was neuer yet faire woman but shee made mouthes in a
 1462 glaffe.

1463 *Lear.* No I will be the patterne of all patience *Enter Kent.*
 1464 I will fay nothing.

1465 *Kent.* Whofethere?

1456 *Foole.* Marry heers Grace, & a codpis, that's a wifeman and
 1467 a foole.

1685 1468 *Kent.* Alas fir, fit you here?

1469 Things that loue night, loue not fuch nights as these,

1470 The wrathfull Skies gallow, the very wanderer of the

1471 Darke, and makes them keepe their caues,

1472 Since I was man, fuch sheets of fire,

1473 Such burfts of horred thunder, fuch grones of

1474 Roaring winde, and rayne, I ne're remember

1475 To haue heard, mans nature cannot cary

1692 1476 The affliction, nor the force.

1477 *Lear.* Let the great Gods that keepe this dreadful

1478 Powther ore our heades, find out their enemies now,

1479 Tremble thou wretch that haft within thee

1480 Vndivulged crimes, vnwhipt of Iustice,

1481 Hide thee thou bloody hand, thou periur'd, and

1699 1482 Thou simular man of vertue that art incestious,

1483 Caytife in peeces shake, that vnder couert

1484 And conuenient feeming, haft practifed on mans life,

1485 Close pent vp guilts, rine your concealed centers,

1486 And cry these dreadfull fummoners grace,

1704 1487 I am a man more find againft their finning.

1488 *Kent.* Alacke bare headed, gracious my Lord, hard by here is

1489 a houell, fome friendship will it lend you gainft the tempeft, re-

1490 pose you there, whilst I to this hard houle, more hard then is

1491 the stone whereof tis rais'd, which euen but now demanding

Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turne his sleepe to wake. 1676
 For there was neuer yet faire woman, but shee made. 1677
 mouthes in a glaffe. 1678

Enter Kent. 1679

Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patience, 1680
 I will fay nothing. 1681

Kent. Who's there? 1682

Foole. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a 1683
 Wifeman, and a Foole. 1684

Kent. Alas Sir are you here? Things that loue night, 1685

Loue not fuch nights as thefe : The wrathfull Skies 1686
 Gallow the very wanderers of the darke 1687
 And make them keepe their Cauces : Since I was man, 1688
 Such sheets of Fire, fuch burfts of horrid Thunder, 1689
 Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I neuer 1690
 Remember to haue heard. Mans Nature cannot carry 1691
 Th'affliction, nor the feare. 1692

Lear. Let the great Goddes 1693

That keepe this dreadfull pudder o're our heads, 1694
 Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch, 1695
 That haft within thee vndivulged Crimes 1696
 Vnwhipt of Iuftice. Hide thee, thou Bloudy hand ; 1697
 Thou Periur'd, and thou Simular of Vertue 1698
 That art Inceftuous. Caytiffe, to peeces fhake 1699
 That vnder couert, and conuenient feeming 1700
 Ha's practis'd on mans life. Clofe pent-vp guilts, 1701
 Riue your concealing Continents, and cry 1702
 Thefe dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man, 1703
 More finn'd againft, then finning. 1704

Kent. Alacke, bare-headed ? 1705

Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Houell, 1706
 Some friendship will it lend you 'gainft the Tempeft : 1707
 Repofe you there, while I to this hard houfe, 1708
 (More harder then the ftones whereof 'tis rais'd, 1709
 Which euen but now, demanding after you, 1710

1492 after me, denide me to come in, returne and force their scanted
1493 curtesie.

1713 1494 *Lear.* My wit begins to turne,

1495 Come on my boy, how doft my boy, art cold ?

1496 I am cold my felfe, where is this straw my fellow,

1497 The art of our necessities is strange that can,

1498 Make vild things precious, come you houell poore,

1499 Foole and knaue, I haue one part of my heart

1500 That forrowes yet for thee.

1721 1501 *Foole.* Hee that has a little tine witte, with hey ho the wind

1502 and the raine, must make content with his fortunes fit, for the

1723 1503 raine, it raineth euery day.

1504 *Lear.* True my good boy, come bring vs to this houell ?

Deny'd me to come in) returne, and force	1711
Their scanted curtesie.	1712
<i>Lear.</i> My wits begin to turne.	1713
Come on my boy. How dost my boy? Art cold?	1714
I am cold my selfe. Where is this straw, my Fellow?	1715
The Art of our Necessities is strange,	1716
And can make vilde things precious. Come, your Houel;	1717
Poore Foole, and Knaue, I haue one part in my heart	1718
That's sorry yet for thee.	1719
<i>Foole.</i> He that has and a little-tyne wit,	1720
With heigh-ho, the Winde and the Raine,	1721
Must make content with his Fortunes fit,	1722
Though the Raine it raineth euery day.	1723
<i>Le.</i> True Boy: Come bring vs to this Houell. <i>Exit.</i>	1724
<i>Foole.</i> This is a braue night to coole a Curtizan:	1725
Ile speake a Prophecie ere I go:	1726
When Priests are more in word, then matter;	1727
When Brewers marre their Malt with water;	1728
When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors,	1729
No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Sutors;	1730
When euery Cafe in Law, is right;	1731
No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;	1732
When Slanders do not liue in Tongues;	1733
Nor Cut-purfs come not to throngs;	1734
When Vfurers tell their Gold i'th'Field,	1735
And Baudes, and whores, do Churches build,	1736
Then shal the Realme of <i>Albion</i> , come to great confusion:	1737
Then comes the time, who liues to fee't,	1738
That going shalbe vs'd with feet. (time.	1739
This prophecie <i>Merlin</i> shal make, for I liue before his	1740
<i>Exit.</i>	1741

1505

Enter Gloster and the Bastard with lights.

- 1743 1506 *Gloft.* Alacke alacke *Edmund* I like not this,
 1507 Vnnaturall dealing when I desir'd their leaue
 1508 That I might pittie him, they tooke me from me
 1509 The vse of mine owne house, charg'd me on paine
 1510 Of their displeasure, neither to speake of him,
 1747 1511 Intreat for him, nor any way sustaine him.
- 1512 *Bast.* Most sauage and vnnaturall. (the Dukes,
 1513 *Gloft.* Go toe fay you nothing, ther's a diuifio betwixt
 1514 And a worfe matter then that, I haue receiued
 1515 A letter this night, tis dangerous to be spoken,
 1516 I haue lockt the letter in my closet, these iniuries
 1517 The King now beares, will be reuenged home
 1518 Ther's part of a power already landed,
 1519 We must incline to the King, I will seeke him, and
 1520 Priuily releeue him, goe you and maintaine talke
 1756 1521 With the Duke, that my charity be not of him
 1522 Perceiued, if hee aske for me, I am ill, and gon
 1523 To bed, though I die for't, as no lesse is threatned me,
 1524 The King my old master must be releueed, there is
 1525 Some strange thing toward, *Edmund* pray you be careful. *Ex.*
 1526 *Bast.* This curtesie forbid thee, shal the Duke instaly
 1527 And of that letter to, this seems a faire deferuing (know
 1528 And must draw me that which my father looses, no lesse
 1765 1529 Then all, then yonger rises when the old doe fall. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gloster, and Edmund.

1742

Glo. Alacke, alacke *Edmund*, I like not this vnnaturall 1743
dealing ; when I desired their leaue that I might pity him, 1744
they tooke from me the vse of mine owne house, charg'd 1745
me on paine of perpetuall displeasure, neither to speake 1746

of him, entreat for him, or any way sustaine him. 1747

Bast. Most sauage and vnnaturall. 1748

Glo. Go too ; say you nothing. There is diuision be- 1749
tweene the Dukes, and a worffe matter then that : I haue 1750
receiued a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken, 1751
I haue lock'd the Letter in my Cloffet, these iniuries the 1752
King now beares, will be reuenged home ; ther is part of 1753

a Power already footed, we must incline to the King, I 1754
will looke him, and priuily relieue him ; goe you and 1755
maintaine talke with the Duke, that my charity be not of 1756
him perceiued ; If he aske for me, I am ill, and gone to 1757
bed, if I die for it, (as no lesse is threatned me) the King 1758
my old Master must be relieued. There is strange things 1759
toward *Edmund*, pray you be carefull. *Exit.* 1760

Bast. This Curtesie forbid thee, shall the Duke 1761
Instantly know, and of that Letter too ; 1762

This seemes a faire deseruing, and must draw me 1763

That which my Father looses : no lesse then all, 1764

The yonger rifes, when the old doth fall. *Exit.* 1765

1530 *Enter Lear, Kent, and foole.*

1531 *Kent.* Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter, the
1532 tyrannie of the open nights too ruffe for nature to indure.

1533 *Lear.* Let me alone. *Kent.* Good my Lord enter.

1534 *Lear.* Wilt breake my heart ;

1774 1535 *Kent.* I had rather breake mine owne, good my Lord enter.

1536 *Lear.* Thou think'ft tis much, that this tempestious storme

1537 Inuades vs to the skin, so tis to thee,

1538 But where the greater malady is fixt

1539 The lesfer is scarce felt, thoud'ft shun a Beare,

1540 But if thy flight lay toward the roring sea,

1780 1541 Thoud'ft meet the beare it'h mouth, whẽ the mind's free

1542 The bodies delicate, this tempest in my mind

1543 Doth from my fences take all feeling else

1544 Saue what beates their filiall ingratitude,

1545 Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand

1546 For lifting food to't, but I will punish fure,

1547 No I will weepe no more, in such a night as this !

1548 O *Regan, Gonorill,* your old kind father (lies,

1549 Whose franke heart gaue you all, O that way madnes

1550 Let me shun that, no more of that.

1792 1551 *Kent.* Good my Lord enter.

1552 *Lear.* Prethe goe in thy selfe, seeke thy one ease

1553 This tempest will not giue me leaue to ponder

1554 On things would hurt me more, but ile goe in,

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

1766

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter, 1767
 The tirrany of the open night's too rough 1768
 For Nature to endure. *Storme still* 1769

Lear. Let me alone. 1770

Kent. Good my Lord enter heere. 1771

Lear. Wilt breake my heart? 1772

Kent. I had rather breake mine owne, 1773
 Good my Lord enter. 1774

Lear. Thou think'ft 'tis much that this contentious 1775
 Inuades vs to the skinfo: 'tis to thee, (storme 1776

But where the greater malady is fixt, 1777

The lesfer is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a Beare, 1778

But if they flight lay toward the roaring Sea, 1779

Thou'dst meete the Beare i'th'mouth, when the mind's 1780

The bodies delicate: the tempest in my mind, free, 1781

Doth from my fences take all feeling elfe, 1782

Sauē what beates there, Filliall ingratitude, 1783

Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand 1784

For lifting food too't? But I will punish home; 1785

No, I will weepe no more; in such a night, 1786

To shut me out? Poure on, I will endure: 1787

In such a night as this? O *Regan, Gonerill,* 1788

Your old kind Father, whose franke heart gaue all, 1789

O that way madnesse lies, let me shun that: 1790

No more of that. 1791

Kent. Good my Lord enter here. 1792

Lear. Prythee go in thy selfe, seeke thine owne ease, 1793

This tempest will not giue me leaue to ponder 1794

On things would hurt me more, but Ile goe in, 1795

In Boy, go first. You houselesse pouertie, *Exit.* 1796

1555 Poore naked wretches where fo ere you are
 1799 1556 That bide the pelting of this pittiles night,
 1557 How shall your houfe-leffe heads, and vnfed sides,
 1558 Your loopt and windowed raggednes defend you
 1559 From feafons fuch as thefe, O I haue tane
 1560 Too little care of this, take phyficke pompe,
 1561 Expofe thy felfe to feele what wretches feele,
 1562 That thou mayft shake the superflux to them,
 1806 1563 And fhew the heauens more iuft.

1564 *Foole.* Come not in here Nunckle, her's a fpirit, helpe me, helpe
 1565 mee.

1566 *Kent.* Giue me thy hand, whose there.

1567 *Foole.* A fpirit, he fayes, his nam's poore *Tom*.

1568 *Kent.* What art thou that doft grumble there in the straw,
 1815 1569 come forth?

1570 *Edg.* Away, the fowle fiend followes me, thorough the sharpe
 1571 hathorne blowes the cold wind, goe to thy cold bed and warme
 1572 thee.

1573 *Lear.* Haft thou giuen all to thy two daughters, and art thou
 1574 come to this?

1821 1575 *Edg.* Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*, whome the foule
 1576 Fiende hath led, through fire, and through foord, and
 1577 whirli-poole, ore bog and quagmire, that has layd kniues vn-
 1578 der his pillow, and halters in his pue, fet ratsbane by his pottage,

1579 made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horfe ouer
 1580 foure incht bridges, to courfe his owne shadow for a traytor,
 1581 bleffe thy fiue wits, *Toms* a cold, bleffe thee from whirle-winds,

1830 1582 starre-blufing, and taking, doe poore *Tom* some charitie, whom

Nay get thee in ; Ile pray, and then Ile sleepe. 1797
 Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are 1798
 That bide the pelting of this pittileffe storme, 1799
 How shall your Houfe-leffe heads, and vnfed fides, 1800
 Your lop'd, and window'd raggednesse defend you 1801
 From seasons such as these ? O I haue tane 1802
 Too little care of this : Take Physicke, Pompe, 1803
 Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele, 1804
 That thou maist shake the superflux to them, 1805
 And shew the Heauens more iust. 1806

Enter Edgar, and Foole. 1807

Edg. Fathom, and halfe, Fathom and halfe ; poore *Tom.* 1808
Foole. Come not in heere Nuncle, here's a spirit, helpe 1809
 me, helpe me. 1810
Kent. Giue me thy hand, who's there ? 1811
Foole. A spirite, a spirite, he sayes his name's poore 1812
Tom. 1813
Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'th' 1814
 straw ? Come forth. 1815
Edg. Away, the foule Fiend followes me, through the 1816
 sharpe Hauthorne blow the windes. Humh, goe to thy 1817
 bed and warme thee. 1818
Lear. Did'st thou giue all to thy Daughters ? And art 1819
 thou come to this ? 1820
Edgar. Who giues any thing to poore *Tom* ? Whom 1821
 the foule fiend hath led though Fire, and through Flame, 1822
 through Sword, and Whirle-Poole, o're Bog, and Quag- 1823
 mire, that hath laid Kniues vnder his Pillow, and Halters 1824
 in his Pue, set Rats-bane by his Porredge, made him 1825
 Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting Horse, ouer foure 1826
 incht Bridges, to course his owne shadow for a Traitor, 1827
 Blisse thy five Wits, *Toms* a cold. O do, de, do, de, do de, 1828
 blisse thee from Whirle-Windes, Starre-blasting, and ta- 1829
 king, do poore *Tom* some charitie, whom the foule Fiend 1830

- 1583 the foule fiend vexes, there could I haue him now, and there, and
 1584 and there againe.
- 1585 *Lear.* What, his daughters brought him to this paffe,
 1586 Couldst thou faue nothing, didst thou giue them all ?
- 1587 *Foole.* Nay he referu'd a blanket, else we had beene all sham'd.
- 1588 *Lear.* Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
 1838 1589 Hang fated ore mens faults, fall on thy daughters.
- 1590 *Kent.* He hath no daughters fir.
- 1591 *Lear.* Death traytor, nothing could haue fubdued nature
 1592 To such a lownes, but his vnkind daughters,
 1593 Is it the fashon that discarded fathers,
 1594 Should haue thus little mercy on their flesh,
 1595 Iudicious punishment twas this flesh
 1845 1596 Begot those Pelicane daughters.
- 1597 *Edg.* Pilicock fate on pelicocks hill, a lo lo lo.
- 1598 *Foole.* This cold night will turne vs all to fooles & madmen.
- 1599 *Edg.* Take heede at'h foule fiend, obay thy parents, keep thy
 1600 words iustly, sware not, commit not with mans sworne spouse,
 1601 set not thy sweet heart on proud array, *Toms* a cold,
- 1602 *Lear.* What hast thou beene ?
- 1854 1603 *Edg.* A Seruingman, proud in heart and mind, that curld my
 1604 haire, wore gloues in my cap, ferued the lust of my mistress heart,
 1605 and did the act of darkenes with her, swore as many oaths as I
- 1858 1606 spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heauen, one
 1607 that slept in the contriuing of lust, and wakt to doe it, wine lo-
 1608 ued I deeply, dice deerely, and in woman out paromord the
 1609 Turke, false of heart, light of eare, bloudie of hand, Hog in sloth,
- 1610 Fox in stealth, VVoolfe in greedines,, Dog in madnes, Lyon
 1611 in pray, let not the creaking of shooes, nor the ruslings of silkes
 1612 betray thy poore heart to women, keepe thy foote out of bro-
 1613 thell, thy hand out of placket, thy pen from lenders booke,

vexes. There could I haue him now, and there, and there 1831
 againe, and there. *Storme still.* 1832

Lear. Ha's his Daughters brought him to this passe? 1833
 Could'st thou faue nothing? Would'st thou giue 'em all? 1834

Foole. Nay, he referu'd a Blanket, else we had bin all 1835
 sham'd. 1836

Lea. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre 1837
 Hang fated o're mens faults, light on thy Daughters. 1838

Kent. He hath no Daughters Sir. 1839

Lear. Death Traitor, nothing could haue subdu'd 1840
 To such a lowneffe, but his vnkind Daughters. (Nature 1841

Is it the fashion, that discarded Fathers, 1842

Should haue thus little mercy on their flesh: 1843

Iudicious punishment, 'twas this flesh begot 1844

Those Pelicane Daughters. 1845

Edg. Pillicock fat on Pillicock hill, alow: alow, loo, loo. 1846

Foole. This cold night will turne vs all to Fooles, and 1847
 Madmen. 1848

Edgar. Take heed o'th'foule Fiend, obey thy Pa- 1849
 rents, keepe thy words Iustice, sware not, commit not, 1850

with mans sworne Spouse; fet not thy Sweet-heart on 1851
 proud array. *Tom's* a cold. 1852

Lear. What hast thou bin? 1853

Edg. A Seruingman? Proud in heart, and minde; that 1854
 curl'd my haire, wore Gloues in my cap; feru'd the Lust 1855

of my Miftris heart, and did the acte of darkeneffe with 1856

her. Swore as many Oathes, as I spake words, & broke 1857

them in the sweet face of Heauen. One, that slept in the 1858

contriuing of Lust, and wak'd to doe it. Wine lou'd I 1859

deerely, Dice deerely; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd 1860

the Turke. Falso of heart, light of eare, bloody of hand; 1861

Hog in sloth, Foxe in stealth, Wolfe in greedineffe, Dog 1862

in madnes, Lyon in prey. Let not the creaking of shooes, 1863

Nor the rustling of Silkes, betray thy poore heart to wo- 1864

man. Keepe thy foote out of Brothels, thy hand out of 1865

Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and defye the 1866

1867 1614 and defie the foule fiend, still through the hathorne blowes the
 1615 cold wind, hay no on ny, Dolphin my boy, my boy, caefe
 1616 let him trot by.

1617 *Lear* Why thou wert better in thy graue, then to anfwere
 1618 with thy vncovered bodie this extremitie of the skies, is man no
 1619 more, but this cōsider him well, thou oweft the worme no filke,
 1620 the beaft no hide, the sheepe no wooll, the cat no perfume, her's

1875 1621 three ons are fo phifticated, thou art the thing it felfe, vnaccom-
 1622 odated man, is no more but fuch a poore bare forked Animall
 1623 as thou art, off off you lendings, come on

1624 *Foole*. Prithe Nunckle be content, this is a naughty night to
 1625 fwim in, now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old leachers
 1626 heart, a fmall fparke, all the reft in bodie cold, looke here comes
 1883 1627 a walking fire. *Enter Glofter.*

1628 *Edg.* This is the foule fiend *fliberdegibek*, hee begins at cur-
 1629 phew, and walks till the firft cocke, he giues the web, & the pin,
 1630 fquemes the eye, and makes the hare lip, mildewes the white
 1631 wheate, and hurts the poore creature of earth, fwithald footed

1632 thrice the old, he met the night mare and her nine fold bid her, O

1892 1633 light and her troth plight and arint thee, witch arint thee.

1634 *Kent*. How fares your Grace?

1635 *Lear*. Whats hee?

1636 *Kent*. Whofe there, what i'ft you feeke?

1637 *Gloft*. What are you there? your names?

1897 1638 *Edg.* Poore *Tom*, that eats the fwimming frog, the tode, the
 1639 tod pole, the wall-newt, and the water, that in the furie of his
 1640 heart, when the foule fiend rages, eats cow-dung for falllets, fwal-
 1641 lowes the old ratt, and the ditch dogge, drinks the greene man

foule Fiend. Still through the Hawthorne blowes the 1867
cold winde : Sayes fuum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, 1868
Boy *Sesey*: let him trot by. *Storme still.* 1869

Lear. Thou wert better in a Graue, then to anfwere 1870
with thy vnouer'd body, this extremitie of the Skies. Is 1871
man no more then this ? Consider him well. Thou ow'ft 1872
the Worme no Silke ; the Beaft, no Hide ; the Sheepe, no 1873
Wooll, the Cat, no perfume. Ha ? Here's three on's are 1874
fophifticated. Thou art the thing it felfe ; vnaccommo- 1875
dated man, is no more but fuch a poore, bare, forked A- 1876
nimall as thou art. Off, off you Lendings : Come, vn- 1877
button heere. 1878

Enter Gloucester, with a Torch. 1879

Foole. Prythee Nunckle be contented, 'tis a naughtie 1880
night to fwimme in. Now a little fire in a wilde Field, 1881
were like an old Letchers heart, a fmall fpark, all the reft 1882
on's body, cold : Looke, heere comes a walking fire. 1883

Edg. This is the foule Flibbertigibbet ; hee begins at 1884
Curfew, and walkes at firft Cocke : Hee giues the Web 1885
and the Pin, fquints the eye, and makes the Hare-lippe ; 1886
Mildewes the white Wheate, and hurts the poore Crea- 1887
ture of earth. 1888

Swithold footed thrice the old, 1889

He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold ; 1890

Bid her a-light, and her troth-plight, 1891

And aroynt thee Witch, aroynt thee. 1892

Kent. How fares your Grace ? 1893

Lear. What's he ? 1894

Kent. Who's there ? What is't you feeke ? 1895

Glou. What are you there ? Your Names ? 1896

Edg. Poore Tom, that eates the fwimming Frog, the 1897
Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Neut, and the water : that 1898
in the furie of his heart, when the foule Fiend rages, eats 1899
Cow-dung for Sallets ; fwallowes the old Rat, and the 1900
ditch-Dogge ; drinks the green Mantle of the ftanding 1901

- 1642 tle of the standing poole, who is whipt from tithing to tithing,
 1643 and stock-punisht and imprifoned, who hath had three futes to
 1644 his backe, fixe fhirts to his bodie, horfe to ride, and weapon
 1645 to weare.
 1906 1646 But mife and rats, and fuch fmall Deere,
 1647 Hath beene *Toms* foode for feuen long yeare.
 1648 Beware my follower, peace fñulbug, peace thou fiend.
 1649 *Gloft.* What hath your Grace no better company ?
 1650 *Edg.* The Prince of darkenes is a Gentleman, *modo* he's caled
 1651 and ma hu ---
 1652 *Gloft.* Our flesh and bloud is growne fo vild my Lbrd, that it
 1913 1653 doth hate what gets it.
 1654 *Edg.* Poore *Toms* a cold.
 1655 *Gloft.* Go in with me, my dutie cãnot fuffer to obay in all your

 1656 daughters hard commaunds, though their iniunçtion be to barre
 1657 my doores, and let this tyranous night take hold vpon you, yet
 1658 haue I venter'd to come feeke you out, and bring you where
 1920 1659 both food and fire is readie.
 1660 *Lear.* Firft let me talke with this Philofopher,
 1661 What is the caufe of thunder ?
 1662 *Kent.* My good Lord take his offer, goe into the houfe.

 1663 *Lear.* Ile talke a word with this moft learned Theban, what is
 1926 1664 your studie ? *
 1665 *Edg.* How to preuent the fiend, and to kill vermine.
 1666 *Lear.* Let me aske you one word in priuate.
 1667 *Kent.* Importune him to goe my Lord, his wits begin

 1668 *Gloft.* Canft thou blame him, (to vnsettle.
 1669 His daughters feeke his death, O that good *Kent*,
 1670 He faid it would be thus, poore banifht man,
 1934 1671 Thou fayeft the King growes mad, ile tell thee friend
 1672 I am almoft mad my felfe, I had a fonne
 1673 Now out-lawed from my bloud, a fought my life
 1674 But lately, very late, I lou'd him friend

Poole : who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and	1902
flockt, punish'd, and imprifon'd : who hath three Suites	1903
to his backe, fixe shirts to his body :	1904
Horfe to ride, and weapon to weare :	1905
But Mice, and Rats, and fuch small Deare,	1906
Haue bin Toms food, for feuen long yeare :	1907
Beware my Follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou Fiend.	1908
<i>Glou.</i> What hath your Grace no better company ?	1909
<i>Edg.</i> The Prince of Darkenefse is a Gentleman. <i>Modo</i>	1910
he's call'd, and <i>Mahu.</i>	1911
<i>Glou.</i> Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is growne fo	1912
vilde, that it doth hate what gets it.	1913
<i>Edg.</i> Poore Tom's a cold.	1914
<i>Glou.</i> Go in with me ; my duty cannot suffer	1915
T'obey in all your daughters hard commands :	1916
Though their Iniunction be to barre my doores,	1917
And let this Tyrannous night take hold vpon you,	1918
Yet haue I ventured to come seeke you out,	1919
And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.	1920
<i>Lear.</i> First let me talke with this Philosopher,	1921
What is the caufe of Thunder ?	1922
<i>Kent.</i> Good my Lord take his offer,	1923
Go into th'houfe.	1924
<i>Lear.</i> Ile talke a word with this fame lerned Theban :	1925
What is your study ?	1926
<i>Edg.</i> How to preuent the Fiend, and to kill Vermine.	1927
<i>Lear.</i> Let me aske you one word in priuate.	1928
<i>Kent.</i> Importune him once more to go my Lord,	1929
His wits begin t'vnsettle.	1930
<i>Glou.</i> Canst thou blame him ? <i>Storm still</i>	1931
His Daughters seeke his death : Ah, that good Kent,	1932
He faid it would be thus : poore banish'd man :	1933
Thou fayest the King growes mad, Ile tell thee Friend	1934
I am almost mad my felfe. I had a Sonne,	1935
Now out-law'd from my blood : he fought my life	1936
But lately : very late : I lou'd him (Friend)	1937

- 1675 No father his sonne deerer, true to tell thee,
 1939 1676 The greefe hath craz'd my wits,
 1677 What a nights this ? I doe befeech your Grace.
 1678 *Lear.* O crie you mercie noble Philosopher, your com-

 1679 *Edg.* *Toms* a cold. (pany.
 1680 *Gloft.* In fellow there, in't houell keepe thee warme.
 1681 *Lear.* Come lets in all.
 1682 *Kent.* This way my Lord.

 1948 1683 *Lear.* With him I wil keep stil, with my Philosopher.
 1684 *Ken.* Good my Lord footh him, let him take the fellow.

 1685 *Gloft.* Take him you on.
 1686 *Kent.* Sirah come on, goe along with vs ?
 1687 *Lear.* Come good Athenian.
 1688 *Gloft.* No words, no words, hush.
 1689 *Edg.* Child *Rowland*, to the darke towne come,
 1690 His word was still fy fo and fum,
 1957 1691 I smell the bloud of a Britifh man.

1692 *Enter Cornewell and Bastard.*

- 1693 *Corn.* I will haue my reuenge ere I depart the house.
 1694 *Bast.* How my Lord I may be cenfured, that nature thus giues
 1695 way to loyaltie, some thing feares me to thinke of.

 1963 1696 *Corn.* I now perceiue it was not altogether your brothers e-

 1697 uill difpofition made him feeke his death, but a prouoking merit,
 1698 fet a worke by a reproveable badnes in himfelfe.
 1699 *Bast.* How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to bee

No Father his Sonne deerer : true to tell thee,	1938
The greefe hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this ?	1939
I do beseech your grace.	1940
<i>Lear.</i> O cry you mercy, Sir :	1941
Noble Philosopher, your company.	1942
<i>Edg.</i> Tom's a cold.	1943
<i>Glou.</i> In fellow there, into th'Houel ; keep thee warm.	1944
<i>Lear.</i> Come, let's in all.	1945
<i>Kent.</i> This way, my Lord.	1946
<i>Lear.</i> With him ;	1947
I will keepe still with my Philosopher.	1948
<i>Kent.</i> Good my Lord, foorth him :	1949
Let him take the Fellow.	1950
<i>Glou.</i> Take him you on.	1951
<i>Kent.</i> Sirra, come on : go along with vs.	1952
<i>Lear.</i> Come, good Athenian.	1953
<i>Glou.</i> No words, no words, hush.	1954
<i>Edg.</i> Childe <i>Rowland</i> to the darke Tower came,	1955
His word was still, fie, foh, and fumme,	1956
I smell the blood of a Brittifh man.	<i>Exeunt</i> 1957

Scena Quinta.

<i>Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.</i>	1958
<i>Corn.</i> I will haue my reuenge, ere I depart his houfe.	1959
<i>Bafl.</i> How my Lord, I may be cenfured, that Nature	1960
thus giues way to Loyaltie, fomething feares mee to	1961
thinke of.	1962
<i>Cornw.</i> I now perceiue, it was not altogether your	1963
Brothers euill difpofition made him feeke his death : but	1964
a prouoking merit fet a-worke by a reprouable badneffe	1965
in himfelfe.	1966
<i>Bafl.</i> How malicious is my fortune, that I muft re-	1967
pent to be iuft? This is the Letter which hee fpoake of ;	1968

1700 iust? this is the letter he spoke of, which approues him an intelli-
 1701 gent partie to the aduantages of *France*, O heauens that his trea-
 1971 1702 son were, or not I the deteçter.

1703 *Corn.* Goe with me to the Dutches.

1704 *Bast.* If the matter of this paper be certaine, you haue mighty
 1705 bufines in hand.

1706 *Corn.* True or false, it hath made thee Earle of *Gloster*, seeke
 1707 out where thy father is, that hee may bee readie for our appre-
 1708 hension.

1709 *Bast.* If I find him comforting the King, it will stufte his suf-
 1710 pition more fully, I will perfeuere in my course of loyaltie,
 1711 though the conflict be fore betweene that and my blood.

1712 *Corn.* I will lay trust vpon thee, and thou shalt find a dearer
 1988 1713 father in my loue. *Exit.*

1714 *Enter Gloster and Lear, Kent, Foole, and Tom.*

1715 *Gloft.* Here is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully, I
 1716 will peece out the comfort with what addition I can, I will not be
 1717 long from you.

1988 1718 *Ken.* All the power of his wits haue giuen way to impatience,
 1719 the Gods deferue your kindnes.

1720 *Edg. Fretereto* cals me, and tels me *Nero* is an angler in the
 1721 lake of darknes, pray innocent beware the foule fiend.

1722 *Foole.* Prithe Nunckle tell me, whether a mad man be a Gen-
 1723 tleman or a Yeoman.

1724 *Lear.* A King, a King, to haue a thousand with red burning

which approues him an intelligent partie to the aduanta- 1969
ges of France. O Heauens! that this Treaſon were not ; 1970
or not I the detector. 1971

Corn. Go with me to the Dutcheſſe. 1972

Baſt. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you haue 1973
mighty buſineſſe in hand. 1974

Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earle of Glou- 1975
ceſter : ſeeke out where thy Father is, that hee may be 1976
ready for our apprehenſion. 1977

Baſt. If I finde him comforting the King, it will ſtuffe 1978
his ſuſpition more fully. I will perfeuer in my courſe of 1979
Loyalty, though the conflict be fore betweene that, and 1980
my blood. 1981

Corn. I will lay truſt vpon thee : and thou ſhalt finde 1982
a deere Father in my loue. *Exeunt.* 1983

Scena Sexta.

Enter Kent, and Glouceſter. 1984

Glou. Heere is better then the open ayre, take it thank- 1985
fully : I will peece out the comfort with what addition I 1986
can : I will not be long from you. *Exit* 1987

Kent. All the powre of his wits, haue giuen way to his 1988
impatience : the Gods reward your kindneſſe. 1989

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Foole. 1990

Edg. Fraterretto calſ me, and tells me *Nero* is an Ang- 1991
ler in the Lake of Darkneſſe : pray Innocent, and beware 1992
the foule Fiend. 1993

Foole. Prythee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be 1994
a Gentleman, or a Yeoman. 1995

Lear. A King, a King. 1996

- 2001 1725 spits come hissing in vpon them.
 1726 *Edg.* The foule fiend bites my backe,
 1727 *Foole.* He's mad, that trusts in the tamenes of a Wolfe, a hor-
 1728 fes health, a boyes loue, or a whores oath.
 1729 *Lear.* It shalbe done, I wil arraigne them straight,
 1730 Come sit thou here most learned Iustice
 1731 Thou sapient sit here, no you shee Foxes, --
 1732 *Edg.* Looke where he stands and glars, want thou eyes, at
 1733 tral madam come ore the broome *Bessy* to mee.
 1734 *Foole.* Her boat hath a leake, and she must not speake,
 1735 Why she dares not come, ouer to thee.
 1736 *Edg.* The foule fiend haüts poore *Tom* in the voyce of a nigh-
 1737 Hoppedance cries in *Toms* belly for two white herring, (tingale,
 1738 Croke not blacke Angell, I haue no foode for thee.
 1739 *Kent.* How doe you sit? stand you not so amazd, will you
 1740 lie downe and rest vpon the cushings?
 1741 *Lear.* Ile see their triall first, bring in their euidence, thou
 1742 robbed man of Iustice take thy place, & thou his yokefellow of
 1743 equity, bench by his side, you are ot'h commission, sit you too.
 1744 *Ed.* Let vs deale iustly sleepest or wakest thou iolly shepheard,
 1745 Thy sheepe bee in the corne, and for one blast of thy minikin
 1746 mouth, thy sheepe shall take no harme, Pur the cat is gray.
 1747 *Lear.* Arraigne her first tis *Gonoril*, I here take my oath before
 1748 this honorable assembly kickt the poore king her father.
 1749 *Foole.* Come hither mistriffe is your name *Gonorill*.
 1750 *Lear.* She cannot deny it.
 1751 *Fool.* Cry you mercy I tooke you for a ioyne stoole.
 1752 *Lear.* And heres another whose warpt lookes proclaime,
 1753 What store her hart is made an, stop her there,
 1754 Armes, armes, sword, fire, corruption in the place,
 1755 Falsc Iusticer why hast thou let her scape.
 2002 1756 *Edg.* Blessc thy five wits.

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

Lear. To haue a thoufand with red burning fpits
Come hizzing in vpon 'em.

Edg. Bleffe thy fiue wits.

2002

- 1757 *Kent.* O pity fir, where is the patience now,
 1758 That you fo oft haue boasted to retaine.
 1759 *Edg.* My teares begin to take his part fo much,
 1760 Theile marre my counterfeiting.
- 2007 1761 *Lear.* The little dogs and all
 1762 Trey, Blanch, and Sweet hart, see they barke at me.
 1763 *Edg.* *Tom* will throw his head at them, auant you curs,
 1764 Be thy mouth, or blacke, or white, tooth that poyfons if it bite,
 1765 Maftife, grayhoūd, mungril, grim-hoūd or ſpaniel, brach or him,
 1766 Bobtaile tike, or trūdletaile, *Tom* will make them weep & waile,
 1767 For with throwing thus my head, dogs leape the hatch and all
 1768 are fled, loudla doodla come march to wakes, and faires, and
- 1769 market townes, poore *Tom* thy horne is dry. (her
 1770 *Lear.* Then let them anotomize *Regan*, see what breeds about
- 2022 1771 Hart is there any caufe in nature that makes this hardnes,
 1772 You fir, I entertaine you for one of my hundred,
 1773 Only I do not like the fafhion of your garments youle fay,
 2025 1774 They are Perfian attire, but let them be chang'd.
- 1775 *Kent.* Now good my Lord lie here awhile.
 1776 *Lear.* Make no noife, make no noife, draw the curtains, fo, fo, fo,
 1777 Weele go to fupper it'h morning, fo, fo, fo, *Enter Gloſter.*
- 2032 1778 *Gloſt.* Come hither friend, where is the King my maifter.
 1779 *Kent.* Here fir, but trouble him not his wits are gon.
 1780 *Gloſt.* Good friend I prithy take him in thy armes,
 1781 I haue or'e heard a plot of death vpon him,
 1782 Ther is a Litter ready lay him in't, & driue towards Douer frend,
- 2038 1783 Where thou fhalt meet both welcome & protection, take vp thy

<i>Kent.</i> O pittie: Sir, where is the patience now	2003
That you so oft haue boasted to retaine?	2004
<i>Edg.</i> My teares begin to take his part so much,	2005
They marre my counterfetting.	2006
<i>Lear.</i> The little dogges, and all;	2007
Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart: see, they barke at me.	2008
<i>Edg.</i> Tom, will throw his head at them: Auauent you	2009
Curres, be thy mouth or blacke or white:	2010
Tooth that poysons if it bite:	2011
Mastiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim,	2012
Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym:	2013
Or Bobtaile tight, or Troudle taile,	2014
Tom will make him weepe and waile,	2015
For with throwing thus my head;	2016
Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.	2017
Do, de, de, de: fefe: Come, march to Wakes and Fayres,	2018
And Market Townes: poore Tom thy horne is dry,	2019
<i>Lear.</i> Then let them Anatomize <i>Regan</i> ; See what	2020
breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in Nature that	2021
make these hard-hearts. You sir, I entertaine for one of	2022
my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your gar-	2023
ments. You will say they are Persian; but let them bee	2024
chang'd.	2025
<i>Enter Gloster.</i>	2026
<i>Kent.</i> Now good my Lord, lye heere, and rest awhile.	2027
<i>Lear.</i> Make no noife, make no noife, draw the Cur-	2028
taines: so, so, wee'l go to Supper i'th'morning.	2029
<i>Foole.</i> And Ile go to bed at noone.	2030
<i>Glou.</i> Come hither Friend:	2031
Where is the King my Master?	2032
<i>Kent.</i> Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gon.	2033
<i>Glou.</i> Good friend, I prythee take him in thy armes;	2034
I haue ore-heard a plot of death vpon him:	2035
There is a Litter ready, lay him in't,	2036
And driue toward Douer friend, where thou shalt meete	2037
Both welcome, and protection. Take vp thy Master,	2038

- 1784 If thou should'ft dally halfe an houre, his life with thine (mafter,
 1785 And all that offer to defend him stand in assured losse,
 1786 Take vp the King and followe me, that will to some prouision
- 2043 1787 Giue thee quicke conduct.
 1788 *Kent.* Oppressed nature sleepest,
 1789 This rest might yet haue balm'd thy broken sinewes,
 1790 Which if conuenience will not allow stand in hard cure,
 1791 Come helpe to beare thy maister, thou must not stay behind.
- 2043 1792 *Gloft.* Come, come away. *Exit.*
 1793 *Edg.* When we our betters see bearing our woes : we scarcely
 1794 thinke, our miseries, our foes.
 1795 Who alone suffers suffers, most it'h mind,
 1796 Leauing free things and happy shoves behind,
 1797 But then the mind much sufferance doth or'e scip,
 1798 When griefe hath mates, and bearing fellowship :
 1799 How light and portable my paine seemes now,
 1800 When that which makes me bend, makes the King bow.
 1801 He childed as I fathered, *Tom* away,
 1802 Marke the high noyses and thy selfe bewray,
 1803 When false opinion whose wrong thoughts defile thee,
 1804 In thy iust prooue repeals and reconciles thee,
 1805 What will hap more to night, safe scape the King,
 1806 Lurke, lurke.
- 1807 *Enter Cornwall, and Regan, and Gonorill, and Bastard.* (letter
- 2046 1808 *Corn.* Post speedily to my Lord your husband shew him this
 1809 The army of France is landed, seeke out the vilaine *Gloster.*
- 1810 *Regan.* Hang him instantly.

If thou should'ft dally halfe an houre, his life	2039
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,	2040
Stand in affured loffe. Take vp, take vp,	2041
And follow me, that will to fome prouifion	2042
Giue thee quicke conduct. Come, come, away. <i>Exeunt</i>	2043

Scena Septima.

<i>Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Bastard,</i>	2044
<i>and Seruants.</i>	2045
<i>Corn.</i> Poste speedily to my Lord your husband, shew	2046
hin this Letter, the Army of France is landed: seeke out	2047
the Traitor Glouster.	2048
<i>Reg.</i> Hang him instantly.	2049

1811 *Gon.* Plucke out his eyes.

1812 *Corn.* Leauē him to my displeasure, *Edmūd* keep you our sifter
1813 (company.

1814 The reuenge we are bound to take vpon your trayterous father,

2053 1815 Are not fit for your beholding, aduise the Duke where you are

1816 To a most festuant preparatiō we are bound to the like, (going

1817 Our post shall be swift and intelligence betwixt vs,

1818 Farewell deere sifter, farewell my Lord of *Gloster*,

1819 How now whers the King? *Enter Steward.*

1820 *Stew.* My Lord of *Gloster* hath conueyd him hence,

1821 Some fīue or fixe and thirtie of his Knights hot questrits after

1822 him, met him at gate, who with some other of the Lords depen-

2064 1823 dants are gone with him towards Douer, where they boast to

1824 haue well armed friends.

1825 *Corn.* Get horses for your mistris.

1826 *Gon.* Farewell sweet Lord and sifter. *Exit Gon. and Bast.*

2068 1827 *Corn.* *Edmund* farewell. goe seeke the traytor *Gloster*.

1828 Pinion him like a theefe, bring him before vs,

1829 Though we may not passe vpon his life

1830 Without the forme of Iustice, yet our power

1831 Shall doe a curtesie to our wrath, which men may blame

2073 1832 But not controule, whose there, the traytor?

1833 *Enter Gloster brought in by two or three,*

1834 *Reg.* Ingratfull Fox tis hee.

1835 *Corn.* Bind fast his corkie armes.

1836 *Gloft.* What meanes your Graces, good my friends confider,

1837 You are my gefts, doe me no foule play friends.

2081 1838 *Corn.* Bind him I fay,

1839 *Reg.* Hard hard, O filthie traytor!

1840 *Gloft.* Vnmercifull Lady as you are, I am true.

1841 *Corn.* To this chaire bind him, villaine thou shalt find—

<i>Gon.</i> Plucke out his eyes.	2050
<i>Corn.</i> Leauē him to my displeasure. <i>Edmond</i> , keepe you our Sifter company : the reuenges wee are bound to take vpon your Traitorous Father, are not fit for your beholding. Aduice the Duke where you are going, to a moſt feſtiate preparation : we are bound to the like. Our Poſtes ſhall be ſwift, and intelligent betwixt vs. Fare- well deere Sifter, farewell my Lord of Gloufter.	2051 2052 2053 2054 2055 2056 2057
<i>Enter Steward.</i>	2058
How now ? Where's the King ?	2059
<i>Stew.</i> My Lord of Gloufter hath conuey'd him hence Some five or fix and thirty of his Knights Hot Queſtrifts after him, met him at gate, Who, with ſome other of the Lords, dependants, Are gone with him toward Douer ; where they boaſt To haue well armed Friends.	2060 2061 2062 2063 2064 2065
<i>Corn.</i> Get horſes for your Miſtris.	2066
<i>Gon.</i> Farewell ſweet Lord, and Sifter. <i>Exit</i>	2067
<i>Corn.</i> <i>Edmund</i> farewell : go ſeek the Traitor Gloſter, Pinnion him like a Theefe, bring him before vs : Though well we may not paſſe vpon his life Without the forme of Iuſtice : yet our power Shall do a curt'ſie to our wrath, which men May blame, but not comptroll.	2068 2069 2070 2071 2072 2073
<i>Enter Glouceſter ,and Seruants.</i>	2074
Who's there ? the Traitor ?	2075
<i>Reg.</i> Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he.	2076
<i>Corn.</i> Binde faſt his corky armes.	2077
<i>Glou.</i> What meanes your Graces ?	2078
Good my Friends confider you are my Ghefts : Do me no foule play, Friends.	2079 2080
<i>Corn.</i> Binde him I ſay.	2081
<i>Reg.</i> Hard, hard : O filthy Traitor.	2082
<i>Glou.</i> Vnmercifull Lady, as you are, I'me none.	2083
<i>Corn.</i> To this Chaire binde him, Villaine, thou ſhalt finde.	2084 2085

- 1842 *Gloft.* By the kind Gods tis moft ignobly done, to pluck me
 2088 1843 by the beard. *Reg.* So white and fuch a Traytor.
 1844 *Gloft* Naughty Ladie, thefe haire which thou doft rauifh from
 1845 Will quicken and accufe thee, I am your hoft. (my chin
 1846 With robbers hands, my hofpitable fauours
 1847 You fhould not ruffell thus, what will you doe.
 2095 1848 *Corn.* Come fir, what letters had you late from *France* ?
 1849 *Reg.* Be fimple anfwerer, for we know the truth.
 1850 *Corn.* And what confederacy haue you with the tratours late
 1851 footed in the kingdome ?
 1852 *Reg.* To whome hands you haue fent the lunatick King fpeake?
 2101 1853 *Gloft.* I haue a letter geffingly fet downe
 1854 Which came from one, that's of a neutrall heart,
 1855 And not from one oppos'd.
 1856 *Corn.* Cunning. *Reg.* And falfe.
 1857 *Corn.* Where haft thou fent the King ? *Gloft.* To Douer.
 1858 *Reg.* Wherefore to Douer ? waft thou not charg'd at perill—
 1859 *Corn.* Wherefore to Douer ? let him firft anfwere that.
 1860 *Gloft.* I am tide tot'h ftake, and I muft ftand the courfe.
 2113 1861 *Reg.* Wherefore to Douer fir ?
 1862 *Gloft.* Because I would not fee thy cruell nayles
 1863 Pluck out his poore old eyes, nor thy fierce fifter
 1864 In his annoynted flefh rash borifh phangs,
 1865 The Sea with fuch a ftorme on his lowd head
 1866 In hell blacke night indur'd, would haue bod vp
 1867 And quencht the ftelled fires, yet poore old heart,
 2120 1868 Hee holpt the heauens to rage,
 1869 If wolues had at thy gate heard that dearne time

<i>Glou.</i> By the kinde Gods, 'tis most ignobly done	2086
To plucke me by the Beard.	2087
<i>Reg.</i> So white, and such a Traitor ?	2088
<i>Glou.</i> Naughtie Ladie,	2089
These haire which thou dost rauish from my chin	2090
Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your Host,	2091
With Robbers hands, my hospitable fauours	2092
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do ?	2093
<i>Corn.</i> Come Sir.	2094
What Letters had you late from France ?	2095
<i>Reg.</i> Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.	2096
<i>Corn.</i> And what confederacie haue you with the Trai-	2097
tors, late footed in the Kingdome ?	2098
<i>Reg.</i> To whose hands	2099
You haue sent the Lunaticke King : Speake.	2100
<i>Glou.</i> I haue a Letter guesingly fet downe	2101
Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart,	2102
And not from one oppos'd.	2103
<i>Corn.</i> Cunning.	2104
<i>Reg.</i> And false.	2105
<i>Corn.</i> Where haft thou sent the King ?	2106
<i>Glou.</i> To Douer.	2107
<i>Reg.</i> Wherefore to Douer ?	2108
Was't thou not charg'd at perill.	2109
<i>Corn.</i> Wherefore to Douer ? Let him answer that.	2110
<i>Glou.</i> I am tyed to'th'Stake,	2111
And I must stand the Course.	2112
<i>Reg.</i> Wherefore to Douer ?	2113
<i>Glou.</i> Because I would not see thy cruell Nailes	2114
Plucke out his poore old eyes : nor thy fierce Sister,	2115
In his Annointed flesh, sticke boarish phangs.	2116
The Sea, with such a storme as his bare head,	2117
In Hell-blacke-night indur'd, would haue buoy'd vp	2118
And quench'd the Stelled fires :	2119
Yet poore old heart, he holpe the Heauens to raine.	2120
If Wolues had at thy Gate howl'd that sterne time,	2121

- 1870 Thou shouldst haue said, good Porter turne the key,
 1871 All cruels else subscribed but I shall see
 1872 The winged vengeance ouertake such children.
 1873 *Corn.* Seet shalt thou neuer, fellows hold the chaire,
 1874 Vpon those eyes of thine, Ile set my foote.
 1875 *Gloft.* He that will thinke to liue till he be old
 2128 1876 Giue me some helpe, O cruell, O ye Gods!
 1877 *Reg.* One side will mocke another, tother to.
 1878 *Corn.* If you see vengeance --
 1879 *Seruant.* Hold your hand my Lord
 1880 I haue seru'd euer since I was a child (you hold.
 1881 But better seruice haue I neuer done you, thē now to bid

 2135 1882 *Reg.* How now you dogge.
 1883 *Seru.* If you did weare a beard vpon your chin id'e shake it
 1884 on this quarrell, what doe you meane?
 1885 *Corn.* My villaine. *draw and fight.*
 1886 *Seru.* Why then come on, and take the chance of anger.
 1887 *Reg.* Giue me thy sword, a peasant stand vp thus.
 1888 *Shee takes a sword and runs at him behind.*
 1889 *Seruant.* Oh I am flaine my Lord, yet haue you one eye left to
 2143 1890 see some mischief on him, oh!
 1891 *Corn.* Least it see more preuent it, out vild Ielly
 1892 Where is thy lustre now?
 1193 *Glost.* All darke and comfortles, wher's my sonne *Edmund!*

 1924 *Edmuud* vnbridle all the sparks of nature, to quit this horred act.

 1895 *Reg.* Out villaine, thou calst on him that hates thee, it was he
 1896 that made the ouerture of thy treasons to vs, who is too good to
 2153 1897 pittie thee.
 1898 *Gloft.* O my follies, then *Edgar* was abus'd,
 1899 Kind Gods forgiue me that, and prosper him.
 1900 *Reg.* Goe thrust him out at gates, and let him smell his way to
 1901 Douer, how ist my Lord? how looke you?

Thou should'ft haue faid, good Porter turne the Key :	2122
All Cruels elfe fubfcribe : but I fhall fee	2123
The winged Vengeance ouertake fuch Children.	2124
<i>Corn.</i> See't fhalt thou neuer. Fellowes hold y ^e Chaire,	2125
Vpon thefe eyes of thine, Ile fet my foote.	2126
<i>Glou.</i> He that will thinke to liue, till he be old,	2127
Giue me fome helpe. ——— O cruell ! O you Gods.	2128
<i>Reg.</i> One fide will mocke another : Th'other too.	2129
<i>Corn.</i> If you fee vengeance.	2130
<i>Seru.</i> Hold your hand, my Lord :	2131
I haue feru'd you euer fince I was a Childe :	2132
But better feruice haue I neuer done you,	2133
Then now to bid you hold.	2134
<i>Reg.</i> How now, you dogge ?	2135
<i>Ser.</i> If you did weare a beard vpon your chin,	2136
I'd shake it on this quarrell. What do you meane ?	2137
<i>Corn.</i> My Villaine ?	2138
<i>Seru.</i> Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.	2139
<i>Reg.</i> Giue me thy Sword. A pezant ftand vp thus ?	2140
<i>Killes him.</i>	2141
<i>Ser.</i> Oh I am flaine : my Lord, you haue one eye left	2142
To fee fome mifchefe on him. Oh.	2143
<i>Corn.</i> Left it fee more, preuent it ; Out vilde gelly :	2144
Where is thy luftre now ?	2145
<i>Glou.</i> All darke and comfortleffe ?	2146
Where's my Sonne <i>Edmund</i> ?	2147
<i>Edmund,</i> enkindle all the fparkes of Nature	2148
To quit this horrid acte.	2149
<i>Reg.</i> Out treacherous Villaine,	2150
Thou call'ft on him, that hates thee. It was he	2151
That made the ouerture of thy Treafons to vs :	2152
Who is too good to pittie thee.	2153
<i>Glou.</i> O my Follies ! then <i>Edgar</i> was abus'd,	2154
Kinde Gods, forgiue me that, and profper him.	2155
<i>Reg.</i> Go thruft him out at gates, and let him fmell	2156
His way to Douer. <i>Exit with Gloufter.</i>	2157

- 1902 *Corn.* I haue receiu'd a hurt, follow me Ladie,
 1903 Turne out that eyles villaine, throw this flauē vpon
 1904 The dungell *Regan*, I bleed apace, vntimely
 2162 1905 Comes this hurt, giue me your arme. *Exit.*
 1906 *Seruant.* Ile neuer care what wickednes I doe,
 1907 If this man come to good.
 1908 2 *Seruant.* If she liue long, & in the end meet the old course
 1909 of death, women will all turne monstres.
 1910 1 *Ser.* Lets follow the old Earle, and get the bedlom
 1911 To lead him where he would, his madnes
 1912 Allows it selfe to any thing.
 1913 2 *Ser.* Goe thou, ile fetch some flaxe and whites of egges to
 1914 apply to his bleeding face, now heauen helpe him. *Exit.*

2163 1915

Enter Edgar.

- 1916 *Edg.* Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemnd,
 1917 Then still contemn'd and flattered to be worst,
 1918 The lowest and most deiected thing of Fortune
 1919 Stands still in experience, liues not in feare,
 1920 The lamentable change is from the best,
 1921 The worst returnes to laughter,

 1922 Who's here, my father parti,eyd, world, world, O world !

 1923 But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee,
 2177 1924 Life would not yeeld to age. *Enter Glost. led by an old man.*
 1925 *Old man* O my good Lord I haue beene your tenant, & your
 1926 fathers tenant this forecore --

How is't my Lord? How looke you?	2158
<i>Corn.</i> I haue receiu'd a hurt: Follow me Lady;	2159
Turne out that eyelesse Villaine: throw this Slaue	2160
Vpon the Dunghill: <i>Regan</i> , I bleed apace,	2161
Vntimely comes this hurt. Giue me your arme. <i>Exeunt</i> ,	2162

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Edgar. 2163

<i>Edg.</i> Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,	2164
Then still contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worst:	2165
The lowest, and most deiected thing of Fortune,	2166
Stands still in esperance, liues not in feare:	2167
The lamentable change is from the best,	2168
The worst returnes to laughter. Welcome then,	2169
Thou vnsubstantiall ayre that I embrace:	2170
The Wretch that thou hast blowne vnto the worst,	2171
Owes nothing to thy blasts.	2172

Enter Gloucester, and an Oldman. 2173

But who comes heere? My Father poorely led?	2174
World, World, O World!	2175
But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee,	2176
Life would not yeelde to age.	2177

<i>Oldm.</i> O my good Lord, I haue bene your Tenant,	2178
And your Fathers Tenant, these fourefcore yeares.	2179

- 2180 1927 *Gloft.* Away, get thee away, good friend be gon,
 1928 Thy comforts can doe me no good at all,
 1929 Thee they may hurt.
 1930 *Old man.* Alack fir, you cannot see your way,
 1931 *Gloft.* I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes,
 1932 I stumbled when I saw, full oft tis seene
 1933 Our meanes secure vs, and our meare defects
 1934 Proue our comodities, ah deere sonne *Edgar*,
 1935 The food of thy abused fathers wrath,
 1936 Might I but liue to see thee in my tuch,
 2190 1937 Id'e say I had eyes againe.
 1938 *Old man.* How now whose there ?
 1939 *Edg.* O Gods, who ist can say I am at the worst,
 1940 I am worfe then ere I was.
 1941 *Old man.* Tis poore mad *Tom*.
 1942 *Edg.* And worfe I may be yet, the worst is not.
 1943 As long as we can say ,this is the worst.
 1944 *Old man.* Fellow where goest ?
 1945 *Gloft.* Is it a begger man ?
 2199 1946 *Old man.* Mad man, and begger to.
 1947 *Gloft.* A has some reason, else he could not beg,
 1948 In the last nights storme I such a fellow saw,
 1949 Which made me thinke a man a worme, my sonne
 1950 Came then into my mind, and yet my mind (since,
 1951 Was then scarce friendes with him, I haue heard more

 2206 1952 As flies are toth' wanton boyes, are we toth' Gods,
 1953 They bitt vs for their sport.
 1954 *Edg.* How should this be, bad is the trade that must play the
 1955 foole to sorrow angring it selfe and others, blesse thee maister.

 2211 1956 *Gloft.* Is that the naked fellow ?
 1957 *Old man.* I my Lord.
 1958 *Gloft.* Then prethee get thee gon, if for my sake
 1959 Thou wilt oretake vs here a mile or twaine
 1960 Ith' way toward Douer, doe it for ancient loue

<i>Glou.</i> Away, get thee away : good Friend be gone,	2180
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,	2181
Thee, they may hurt.	2182
<i>Oldm.</i> You cannot see your way.	2183
<i>Glou.</i> I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes :	2184
I fumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seene,	2185
Our meanes secure vs, and our meere defects	2186
Proue our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne <i>Edgar</i> ,	2187
The food of thy abused Fathers wrath :	2188
Might I but liue to see thee in my touch,	2189
I'd say I had eyes againe.	2190
<i>Oldm.</i> How now ? who's there ?	2191
<i>Edg.</i> O Gods ! Who is't can say I am at the worst ?	2192
I am worfe then ere I was.	2193
<i>Old.</i> 'Tis poore mad Tom.	2194
<i>Edg.</i> And worfe I may be yet : the worst is not,	2195
So long as we can say this is the worst.	2196
<i>Oldm.</i> Fellow, where goest ?	2197
<i>Glou.</i> Is it a Beggar-man ?	2198
<i>Oldm.</i> Madman, and beggar too.	2199
<i>Glou.</i> He has some reason, else he could not beg.	2200
I'th'last nights storme, I such a fellow saw ;	2201
Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne	2202
Came then into my minde, and yet my minde	2203
Was then scarce Friends with him.	2204
I haue heard more since :	2205
As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th'Gods,	2206
They kill vs for their sport.	2207
<i>Edg.</i> How should this be ?	2208
Bad is the Trade that must play Foole to forrow,	2209
Ang'ring it selfe, and others. Blesse thee Master.	2210
<i>Glou.</i> Is that the naked Fellow ?	2211
<i>Oldm.</i> I, my Lord.	2212
<i>Glou.</i> Get thee away : If for my sake	2213
Thou wilt ore-take vs hence a mile or twaine	2214
I'th'way toward Douer, do it for ancient loue,	2215

- 1961 And bring some couering for this naked foule
 1962 Who Ile intreate to leade me.
- 2218 1963 *Old man.* Alack fir he is mad.
 1964 *Glost.* Tis the times plague, when madmen lead the
- 1965 Doe as I bid thee, or rather doe thy pleasure, (blind,
 2222 1966 About the rest, be gon.
 1967 *Old man.* Ile bring him the best parrell that I haue
 1968 Come on't what will.
 1969 *Glost.* Sirrah naked fellow.
 1970 *Edg.* Poore *Toms* a cold, I cannot dance it farther.
 1971 *Glost.* Come hither fellow.
- 1972 *Edg.* Blesse thy fweete eyes, they bleed.
 2230 1973 *Glost.* Knowst thou the way to Douer ?
 1974 *Edg.* Both stile and gate, horse-way, and foot-path,
 1975 Poore *Tom* hath beene scard out of his good wits,
 2233 1976 Blesse the good man from the foule fiend,
 1977 Fiue fiends haue beene in poore *Tom* at once,
 1978 Of lust, as *Obidicut*, *Hobbididence* Prince of dumbnes,
 1979 *Mahu* of stealing, *Modo* of murder, *Stiberdigebit* of
 1980 Mobing, & *Mohing* who since possesses chambermaids
 1981 And waiting women, so, blesse thee maister. (plagues.
 2234 1982 *Glost.* Here take this purse, thou whome the heuens
 1983 Haue humbled to all strokes, that I am wretched, makes
 1984 The happier, heuens deale so still, (thee
 1985 Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man
 1986 That stands your ordinance, that will not see
 1987 Because he does not feele, feele your power quickly,
 1988 So distribution should vnder exceffe,
- 2241 1989 And each man haue enough, dost thou know Douer ?
 1990 *Edg.* I maister.
 1991 *Glost.* There is a cliffe whose high & bending head
 1992 Lookes firmly in the confined deepe,
 1993 Bring me but to the very brimme of it
 1994 And ile repaire the misery thou dost beare

And bring some couering for this naked Soule,	2216
Which Ile intreate to leade me.	2217
<i>Old.</i> Alacke fir, he is mad.	2218
<i>Glou.</i> 'Tis the times plague,	2219
When Madmen leade the blinde :	2220
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleafure :	2221
Above the reft, be gone.	2222
<i>Oldm.</i> Ile bring him the beft Parrell that I haue	2223
Come on't, what will.	<i>Exit</i> 2224
<i>Glou.</i> Sirrah, naked fellow.	2225
<i>Edg.</i> Poore Tom's a cold. I cannot daub it further.	2226
<i>Glou.</i> Come hither fellow.	2227
<i>Edg.</i> And yet I muft :	2228
Bleffe thy fweete eyes, they bleede.	2229
<i>Glou.</i> Know'ft thou the way to Douer ?	2230
<i>Edg.</i> Both ftyle, and gate ; Horfeway, and foot-path :	2231
poore Tom hath bin fcarr'd out of his good wits. Bleffe	2232
thee good mans fonne, from the foule Fiend.	2233
<i>Glou.</i> Here take this purfe, y ^e whom the heau'ns plagues	2234
Haue humbled to all frokes : that I am wretched	2235
Makes thee the happier : Heauens deale fo ftill :	2236
Let the fuperfluous, and Luft-dieted man,	2237
That flaues your ordinance, that will not fee	2238
Because he do's not feele, feele your powre quickly :	2239
So diftribution fhould vndoo exceffe,	2240
And each man haue enough. Dof't thou know Douer ?	2241
<i>Edg.</i> I Mafter.	2242
<i>Glou.</i> There is a Cliffe, whofe high and bending head	2243
Lookes fearfully in the confined Deepe :	2244
Bring me but to the very brimme of it,	2245
And Ile repayre the mifery thou do'ft beare	2246

1995 With something rich about me,
1996 From that place I shal no leading need.

2250 1997 *Edg.* Giue me thy arme, poore *Tom* shall lead thee.

1998 *Enter Gonorill and Bastard.*

1999 *Gon.* Welcome my Lord, I maruaile our mild husband
2000 Not met vs on the way, now wher's your maister !

2001 *Enter Steward.*

2002 *Stew.* Madame within, but neuer man so chang'd, I told him
2003 of the army that was landed, he smild at it, I told him you were

2257 2004 coming, his anfwere was the worfe, of *Glosters* treacherie, and of
2005 the loyall seruice of his sonne when I enform'd him, then hee
2006 cald me fott, and told me I had turnd the wrong side out, what

2007 hee should most desire feemes pleafant to him, what like offen-
2008 siue.

2009 *Gon.* Then shall you goe no further,

2264 2010 It is the cowish terror of his spirit

2011 That dares not vndertake, hele not feele wrongs

2012 Which tie him to an anfwere, our wishes on the way

2013 May proue effects, backe *Edgar* to my brother,

2014 Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers

2015 I must change armes at home, and giue the distaffe

2016 Into my husbands hands, this trusty seruant

2017 Shall passe betweene vs, ere long you are like to heare

2272 2018 If you dare venture in your owne behalfe

2019 A mistresses command, weare this, spare speech,

2020 Decline your head : this kisse if it durst speake

2021 Would stretch thy spirits vp into the ayre,

2022 Conceau and far you well.

With something rich about me : from that place,	2247
I shall no leading neede.	2248
<i>Edg.</i> Giue me thy arme ;	2249
Poore Tom shall leade thee.	<i>Exeunt.</i> 2250

Scena Secunda.

<i>Enter Gonerill, Bastard, and Steward.</i>	2251
<i>Gon.</i> Welcome my Lord. I meruell our mild husband	2252
Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Master ?	2253
<i>Stew.</i> Madam within, but neuer man so chang'd :	2254
I told him of the Army that was Landed :	2255
He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming,	2256
His answer was, the worfe. Of Glosters Treachery,	2257
And of the loyall Seruice of his Sonne	2258
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot,	2259
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out :	2260
What most he should dislike, seemes pleafant to him ;	2261
What like, offensive.	2262
<i>Gon.</i> Then shall you go no further.	2263
It is the Coward terror of his spirit	2264
That dares not undertake : Hee'l not feele wrongs	2265
Which tie him to an answer : our wishes on the way	2266
May proue effects. Backe <i>Edmond</i> to my Brother,	2267
Hasten his Musters, and conduct his powres.	2268
I must change names at home, and giue the Distaffe	2269
Into my Husbands hands. This trustie Seruant	2270
Shall passe betweene vs : ere long you are like to heare	2271
(If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)	2272
A Mistresses command. Weare this ; spare speech,	2273
Decline your head. This kisse, if it durst speake	2274
Would stretch thy Spirits vp into the ayre :	2275
Conceiue, and fare thee well.	2276

- 2277 2023 *Bast.* Yours in the ranks of death. (are dew
 2024 *Gon.* My most deer *Gloster*, to thee a womans seruices
- 2025 A foole vsurps my bed.
 2026 *Stew.* Madam here comes my Lord. *Exit Stew.*
- 2027 *Gon.* I haue beene worth the whiffling. (rude wind .
 2028 *Alb.* O *Gonoril*, you are not worth the dust which the
- 2287 2029 Blowes in your face, I feare your difpofition
 2030 That nature which contemnes ith origin
 2031 Cannot be bordered certaine in it selfe,
 2032 She that her selfe will flouer and disbranch
 2033 From her materiall sap, perforce must wither,
 2034 And come to deadly vse.
 2035 *Gon.* No more, the text is foolish.
 2036 *Alb.* Wifedome and goodnes, to the vild seeme vild,
 2037 Filths fauor but themselues, what haue you done ?
 2038 Tigers, not daughters, what haue you perform'd ?
 2039 A father, and a gracious aged man
 2040 Whose reuerence euen the head-lugd beare would lick.
 2041 Most barbarous, most degenerate haue you madded,
 2042 Could my good brother suffer you to doe it ?
 2043 A man, a Prince, by him so benifted,
 2044 If that the heauens doe not their visible spirits (come
 2045 Send quickly downe to tame this vild offences, it will
 2046 Humanity must perforce pray on it self like monsters of
- 2288 2047 *Gon.* Milke liuerd man (the deepe.
 2048 That bearest a cheeke for bloes, a head for wrongs,
 2049 Who hast not in thy browes an eye deseruing thine honour,
 2291 2050 From thy suffering, that not know'ft, foolsdo those vilains pittie
 2051 Who are punisht ere they haue done their mischiefe,
 2052 Wher's thy drum? *France* spreds his banners in our noyfeles land,
 2053 With plumed helme, thy state begins thereat

<i>Bast.</i> Yours in the rankes of death.	<i>Exit.</i> 2277
<i>Gon.</i> My most deere Gloster.	2278
Oh, the difference of man, and man,	2279
To thee a Womans seruices are due,	2280
My Foole vsurpes my body.	2281
<i>Stew.</i> Madam, here come's my Lord.	2282
<i>Enter Albany.</i>	2283
<i>Gon.</i> I haue beene worth the whistle.	2284
<i>Alb.</i> Oh <i>Gonerill</i> ,	2285
You are not worth the dust which the rude winde	2286
Blowes in your face.	2287

<i>Gon.</i> Milke-Liuer'd man,	2288
That bear'ft a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs,	2289
Who hast not in thy browes an eye-difcerning	2290
Thine Honor, from thy suffering.	2291

- 2054 Whil'ft thou a morall foole fits ftill and cries
 2055 Alack why does he fo ?
- 2292 2056 *Alb.* See thy felfe deuill, proper deformity fhewes not in the
 2057 fiend, fo horrid as in woman.
- 2295 2058 *Gon.* O vaine foole !
 2059 *Alb.* Thou changed, and felfe-couerd thing for fhame
 2060 Be-monfter not thy feature, wer't my fitnes
 2061 To let thefe hands obay my bloud,
 2062 They are apt enough to diflecate and teare
 2063 Thy flefh and bones, how ere thou art a fiend,
 2064 A womans fhape doth fhield thee.
 2065 *Gon.* Marry your manhood mew ---
 2066 *Alb.* What newes. *Enter a Gentleman.*
- 2297 2067 *Gent.* O my good Lord the Duke of *Cornwals* dead, flaine by
 2068 his feruant, going to put out the other eye of *Glofter*.
- 2069 *Alb.* *Glosters* eyes?
 2070 *Gen.* A feruant that he bred, thrald with remorse,
 2071 Oppos'd againft the act, bending his fword
 2072 To his great maifter, who thereat intraged
 2073 Flew on him, and amongft them, feld him dead,
 2074 But not without that harmefull ftroke, which fince
 2306 2075 Hath pluckt him after.
- 2076 *Alb.* This fhewes you are aboute you Iuftifiers,
 2077 That thefe our nether crimes fo fpeedely can venge.
 2078 But O poore *Glofter* loft he his other eye. (anfwer,
- 2079 *Gent.* Both, both my Lord, this letter Madam craues a fpeedy
 2080 Tis from your fifter. *Gon.* One way I like this well,
- 2315 2081 But being widow and my *Glofter* with her,
 2082 May all the building on my fancie plucke,
 2083 Vpon my hatefull life, another way the newes is not fo tooke,
 2084 Ile reade and anfwer. *Exit.*

<i>Alb.</i> See thy selfe diuell :	2292
Proper deformitie seemes not in the Fiend	2293
So horrid as in woman.	2294
<i>Gon.</i> Oh vaine Foole.	2295

Enter a Messenger. 2296

<i>Mef.</i> Oh my good Lord, the Duke of <i>Cornwals</i> dead,	2297
Slaine by his Seruant, going to put out	2298
The other eye of Glouster.	2299

<i>Alb.</i> Glousters eyes.	2300
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<i>Mef.</i> A Seruant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,	2301
Oppos'd against the act : bending his Sword	2302
To his great Master, who, threat-enrag'd	2303
Flew on him, and among't them fell'd him dead,	2304
But not without that harmefull stroke, which since	2305
Hath pluckt him after.	2306

<i>Alb.</i> This shewes you are aboute	2307
You Iustices, that these our neather crimes	2308
So speedily can venge. But (O poore Glouster)	2309
Loft he his other eye ?	2310

<i>Mef.</i> Both, both, my Lord.	2311
This Leter Madam, craues a speedy answer :	2312
'Tis from your Sister.	2313

<i>Gon.</i> One way I like this well,	2314
But being widdow, and my Glouster with her,	2315
May all the building in my fancie plucke	2316
Vpon my hatefull life. Another way	2317
The Newes is not so tart. Ile read, and answer.	2318

2085 *Alb.* Where was his sonne when they did take his eyes.

2086 *Gent.* Come with my Lady hither. *Alb.* He is not here.

2087 *Gent.* No my good Lord I met him backe againe.

2324 2088 *Alb.* Knowes he the wickednesse.

2089 *Gent.* I my good Lord twas he informd against him,

2090 And quit the house on purpose that there punishment

2091 Might haue the freer course.

(King,

2092 *Alb. Gloster* I liue to thanke thee for the loue thou shewedst the

2093 And to reuenge thy eyes, come hither friend,

2331 2094 Tell me what more thou knowest.

Exit.

2095 *Enter Kent and a Gentleman.*

2096 *Kent.* Why the King of *Fraunce* is so suddenly gone backe,

2097 know you no reason.

2098 *Gent.* Somethings he left imperfect in the state, which since his

2099 coming forth is thought of, which imports to the Kingdome,

2100 So much feare and danger that his personall returne was most re-

2101 quired and necessarie.

2102 *Kent.* Who hath he left behind him, General.

2103 *Gent.* The Marshall of *France* Monsieur *la Far.* (of griefe.

2104 *Kent.* Did your letters pierce the queene to any demonstratiō

2105 *Gent.* I say she tooke them, read them in my presence,

2106 And now and then an ample teare trild downe

2107 Her delicate cheekes, it seemed she was a queene ouer her passion,

2108 Who most rebell-like, fought to be King ore her.

2109 *Kent.* O then it moued her.

2110 *Gent.* Not to a rage, patience and forow streame,

2111 Who should expresse her goodliest you haue seene,

2112 Sun shine and raine at once, her smiles and teares,

2113 Were like a better way those happie smiles,

2114 That playd on her ripe lip seemed not to know,

2115 What guests were in her eyes which parted thence,

2116 As pearles from diamonds dropt in briefe,

2117 Sorow would be a raritie most beloued,

2118 If all could so become it.

<i>Alb.</i> Where was his Sonne,	2319
When they did take his eyes?	2320
<i>Mef.</i> Come with my Lady hither.	2321
<i>Alb.</i> He is not heere.	2322
<i>Mef.</i> No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.	2323
<i>Alb.</i> Knowes he the wickednesse?	2324
<i>Mef.</i> I my good Lord: 'twas he inform'd against him	2325
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment	2326
Might haue the freer course.	2327
<i>Alb.</i> Glouster, I liue	2328
To thanke thee for the loue thou shew'dst the King,	2329
And to reuenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend,	2330
Tell me what more thou know'st.	<i>Exeunt.</i> 2331

- 2119 *Kent.* Made she no verball question.
 2120 *Gent.* Faith once or twice she heau'd the name of father,
 2121 Pantinglyforth as if it prest her heart,
 2122 Cried sisters, sisters, shame of Ladies sisters :
 2123 *Kent.* father, sisters, what ith storme ith night,
 2124 Let pitie not be beleeft there she shooke,
 2125 The holy water from her heauenly eyes,
 2126 And clamour moystened her, then away she started,
 2127 To deale with grieffe alone.
 2128 *Kent.* It is the stars, the stars aboue vs gouerne our conditions,
 2129 Else one selfe mate and make could not beget,
 2130 Such different issues, you spoke not with her since.
 2131 *Gent.* No. *Kent.* Was this before the King returnd.
 2132 *Gent.* No, since.
 2133 *Kent.* Well sir, the poore distressed *Lear's* ith towne,
 2134 Who some time in his better tune remembers,
 2135 What we are come about, and by no meanes will yeeld to see his
 2136 *Gent.* Why good sir? (daughter.
 2137 *Kent.* A foueraigne shame so elbows him his own vnkindnes
 2138 That stript her from his benediction turnd her,
 2139 To forraine casualties gaue her deare rights,
 2140 To his dog-harted daughters, these things sting his mind,
 2141 So venomously that burning shame detaines him from *Cordelia.*
 2142 *Gent.* Alack poore Gentleman.
 2143 *Kent.* Of *Albanies* and *Cornewals* powers you heard not.
 2144 *Gent.* Tis so they are a foote.
 2145 *Kent.* Well sir, ile bring you to our maister *Lear,*
 2146 And leaue you to attend him some deere cause,
 2147 Will in concealement wrap me vp awhile,
 2148 When I am knowne aright you shall not grieue,
 2149 Lending me this acquaintance, I pray you go along with me.

2332 2150

*Enter Cordelia, Doctor and others.**Exit.*2151 *Cor.* Alack tis he, why he was met euen now,

2152 As mad as the vent fea finging aloud,

2153 Crownd with ranke femiter and furrow weedes,

2154 With hor-docks, hemlocke, netles, cookow flowers,

2155 Darnell and all the idle weedes that grow,

2156 In our fustayning, corne, a centurie is sent forth,

2340 2157 Search euery acre in the hie growne field,

2158 And bring him to our eye, what can mans wifdome

2159 In the restoring his bereued fence, he that can helpe him

2160 Take all my outward worth

2161 *Doct.* There is meanes Madame.

2162 Our foster nurse of nature is repose,

2163 The which he lackes that to prouoke in him,

2164 Are many simples operatiue whose power,

2348 2165 Will close the eye of anguish.

2166 *Cord.* All blest secrets all you vnpublisht vertues of the earth,

2167 Spring with my teares beaydant and remediat,

2168 In the good mans distresse, feeke, feeke, for him,

2169 Left his vngouernd rage diffolue the life.

2170 That wants the meanes to lead it. *Enter messenger.*2171 *Mes.* News Madam, the Brittish powers are marching hither-2172 *Cord.* Tis knowne before, our preparation stands, (ward.

2173 In expectation of them, ô deere father

2360 2174 It is thy busines that I go about, therefore great *France*

2175 My mourning and important teares hath pitied,

2176 No blowne ambition doth our armes in fight

Scena Tertia.

<i>Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen,</i>	2332
<i>and Souldiours.</i>	2333
<i>Cor.</i> Alacke, 'tis he : why he was met euen now	2334
As mad as the vext Sea, finging alowd,	2335
Crown'd with ranke Fenitar, and furrow weeds,	2336
With Hardokes, Hemlocke, Nettles, Cuckoo flowres,	2337
Darnell, and all the idle weedes that grow	2338
In our sustaining Corne. A Centery fend forth ;	2339
Search euery Acre in the high-growne field,	2340
And bring him to our eye. What can mans wifedome	2341
In the restoring his bereaued Sense ; he that helps him,	2342
Take all my outward worth.	2343
<i>Gent.</i> There is meanes Madam :	2344
Our foster Nurfe of Nature, is repofe,	2345
The which he lackes : that to prouoke in him	2346
Are many Simples operatiue, whose power	2347
Will clofe the eye of Anguifh.	2348
<i>Cord.</i> All blest Secrets,	2349
All you vnpublilh'd Vertues of the earth	2350
Spring with my teares ; be aydant, and remediate	2351
In the Goodmans defires : feeke, feeke for him,	2352
Leaft his vngouern'd rage, diffolue the life	2353
That wants the meanes to leade it,	2354
<i>Enter Meffenger.</i>	2355
<i>Mef.</i> Newes Madam,	2356
The Brittifh Powres are marching hitherward.	2357
<i>Cor.</i> 'Tis knowne before. Our preparation ftands	2358
In expectation of them. O deere Father,	2359
It is thy bufineffe that I go about : Therfore great France	2360
My mourning, and importun'd teares hath pittied :	2361
No blowne Ambition doth our Armes incite,	2362

2177 But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd fathers right,
2304 2178 Soone may I heare and see him. *Exit.*

2305 2179 *Enter Regan and Steward.*

2180 *Reg.* But are my brothers powers fet forth?

2181 *Stew.* I Madam. *Reg.* Himselfe in person?

2182 *Stew.* Madam with much ado, your fifter is the better foldier.

2183 *Reg.* Lord *Edmund* spake not with your Lady at home.

2184 *Stew.* No Madam.

2185 *Reg.* What might import my fifters letters to him?

2186 *Stew.* I know not Lady.

2375 2187 *Reg.* Faith he is posted hence on serious matter,

2188 It was great ignorance, *Glosters* eyes being out

2189 To let him liue, where he ariues he moues

2190 All harts against vs, and now I thinke is gone

2380 2191 In pitie of his misery to dispatch his nighted life,

2192 Moreouer to discrie the strength at'h army.

2193 *Stew.* I must needs after him with my letters

2194 *Reg.* Our troope fets forth to morrow stay with vs,

2195 The wayes are dangerous.

2196 *Stew.* I may not Madame, my Lady charg'd my dutie in this

2386 2197 bufines.

2198 *Reg.* Why should she write to *Edmuna*? might not you

2199 Transport her purposes by word, belike

2200 Some thing, I know not what, ile loue thee much,

2201 Let me vnfeale the letter.

2202 *Stew.* Madam I'd e rather --

2392 2203 *Reg.* I know your Lady does not loue her husband

2204 I am sure of that, and at her late being here

But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd Fathers Rite : 2363
 Soone may I heare, and see him. *Exeunt.* 2364

Scena Quarta.

Enter Regan, and Steward. 2365
Reg. But are my Brothers Powres fet forth? 2366
Stew. I Madam, 2367
Reg. Himselfe in person there? 2368
Stew. Madam with much ado : 2369
 Your Sifter is the better Souldier. 2370
Reg. Lord *Edmund* spake not with your Lord at home? 2371
Stew. No Madam. 2372
Reg. What might import my Sifters Letter to him? 2373
Stew. I know not, Lady. 2374
Reg. Faith he is poasted hence on ferious matter : 2375
 It was great ignorance, Glousters eyes being out 2376
 To let him liue. Where he arriues, he moues 2377
 All hearts against vs : *Edmund*, I thinke is gone 2378
 In pittie of his misery, to dispatch 2379
 His nighted life : Moreouer to descry 2380
 The strength o'th'Enemy. 2381
Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with my Letter. 2382
Reg. Our troopes fet forth to morrow, stay with vs : 2383
 The wayes are dangerous. 2384
Stew. I may not Madam : 2385
 My Lady charg'd my dutie in this busines. 2386
Reg. Why should she write to *Edmund*? 2387
 Might not you transport her purposes by word? Belike, 2388
 Some things, I know not what. Ile loue thee much 2389
 Let me vnfeale the Letter. 2390
Stew. Madam, I had rather ——— 2391
Reg. I know your Lady do's not loue her Husband, 2392
 I am sure of that : and at her late being heere, 2393

- 2205 Shee gaue frange aliads, and most fpeaking looks
 2206 To noble *Edmund*, I know you are of her bofome.
 2207 *Ste.* I Madam.
 2208 *Reg.* I fpeake in vnderftanding, for I know't,
 2209 Therefore I doe aduife you take this note,
 2399 2210 My Lord is dead, *Edmund* and I haue talkt,
 2211 And more conuenient is he for my hand
 2212 Then for your Ladies, you may gather more
 2213 If you doe find him, pray you giue him this,
 2214 And when your miftris heares thus much from you
 2215 I pray defire her call her wifedome to her, fo farewell,

 2406 2216 If you doe chance to heare of that blind traytor,
 2217 Preferment fals on him that cuts him off.
 2218 *Ste.* Would I could meet him Madam, I would fhew
 2219 What Lady I doe follow.
 2220 *Reg.* Fare thee well, *Exit.*

- 2411 2221 *Enter Glofter and Edmund.*
- 2222 *Gloft.* When fhall we come toth' top of that fame hill?
 2223 *Edg.* You do climbe it vponow, looke how we labour?
 2224 *Gloft.* Me thinks the ground is euen.
 2225 *Edg.* Horrible fteepe, harke doe you heare the fea ?

 2226 *Gloft.* No truly.
 2227 *Edg.* Why then your other fences grow imperfct
 2419 2228 By your eyes anguifh.
 2229 *Gloft.* So may it be indeed,
 2230 Me thinks thy voyce is altered, and thou fpeakeft
 2231 With better phrafe and matter then thou didft.
 2232 *Edg.* Y'ar much deceaued, in nothing am I chang'd
 2233 But in my garments.

She gaue frange Eliads, and most fpeaking looks	2394
To Noble <i>Edmund</i> . I know you are of her bofome.	2395
<i>Stew.</i> I, Madam ?	2396
<i>Reg.</i> I fpeake in vnderftanding : Y'are; I know't,	2397
Therefore I do aduife you take this note :	2398
My Lord is dead : <i>Edmond</i> , and I haue talk'd,	2399
And more conuenient is he for my hand	2400
Then for your Ladies : You may gather more :	2401
If you do finde him, pray you giue him this ;	2402
And when your Miftris heares thus much from you,	2403
I pray defire her call her wifedome to her.	2404
So fare you well :	2405
If you do chance to heare of that blinde Traitor,	2406
Preferment fals on him, that cuts him off.	2407
<i>Stew.</i> Would I could meet Madam, I fhould fhew	2408
What party I do follow.	2409
<i>Reg.</i> Fare thee well.	<i>Exeunt</i> 2410

Scena Quinta.

<i>Enter Gloucester, and Edgar.</i>	2411
<i>Glou.</i> When fhall I come to th'top of that fame hill ?	2412
<i>Edg.</i> You do climbe vp it now. Look how we labor.	2413
<i>Glou.</i> Me thinks the ground is eeuen.	2414
<i>Edg.</i> Horrible fteepe.	2415
Hearke, do you heare the Sea ?	2416
<i>Glou.</i> No truly.	2417
<i>Edg.</i> Why then your other Senfes grow imperfect	2418
By your eyes anguifh.	2419
<i>Glou.</i> So may it be indeed.	2420
Me thinks thy voyce is alter'd, and thou fpeak'ft	2421
In better phrafe, and matter then thou did'ft.	2422
<i>Edg.</i> Y'are much deceiu'd : In nothing am I chang'd	2423
But in my Garments.	2424

2234 *Gloft.* Me thinks y'ar better fpoken. (feareful
 2235 *Edg.* Come on fir, her's the place, stand still, how

2236 And dizi tis to caft ones eyes fo low
 2429 2237 The crowes and choghes that wing the midway ayre
 2238 Shew fcarce fo groffe as beetles, halfe way downe
 2239 Hangs one that gathers fampire, dreadfull trade,
 2240 Me thinks he feemes no bigger then his head,
 2241 The fifhermen that walke vpon the beach
 2242 Appeare like mife, and yon tall anchoring barke
 2243 Diminifht to her cock, her cock a boui
 2244 Almost too fmall for fight, the murmuring furge
 2245 That on the vnumbred idle peeble chaffes
 2246 Cannot be heard, its fo hie ile looke no more,
 2247 Least my braine turne, and the deficient fight
 2440 2248 Topple downe headlong.
 2249 *Gloft.* Set me where you stand ?
 2250 *Edg.* Giue me your hand, you are now within a foot
 2251 Of th'extr eame verge, for all beneath the Moone
 2252 Would I not leape vpright.
 2253 *Gloft.* Let goe my hand,
 2254 Here friend's another purffe, in it a iewell,
 2447 2255 Well worth a poore mans taking, Fairies and Gods
 2256 Profper it with thee, goe thou farther off,
 2257 Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.
 2258 *Edg.* Now fare you well good fir.
 2259 *Gloft.* VVith all my heart. (to cure it.
 2260 *Edg.* Why I do trifell thus with his difpaire is done

2454 2261 *Gloft.* O you mightie Gods, *He kneeles.*
 2262 This world I doe renounce, and in your fights
 2263 Shake patiently my great affliction off,
 2264 If I could beare it longer and not fall
 2265 To quarel with your great opposles wils
 2266 My fnurff and loathed part of nature should
 2460 2267 Burne it felfe out, if *Edgar* liue, O bleffe,
 2268 Now fellow fare thee well. *He fals.*

<i>Glou.</i> Me thinks y'are better spoken.	2425
<i>Edg.</i> Come on Sir,	2426
Heere's the place : stand still : how fearefull	2427
And dizie 'tis, to cast ones eyes so low,	2428
The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre	2429
Shew scarfe so grosse as Beetles. Halfe way downe	2430
Hangs one that gathers Sampire : dreadfull Trade :	2431
Me thinks he seemes no bigger then his head.	2432
The Fishermen, that walk'd vpon the beach	2433
Appere like Mice : and yond tall Anchoring Barke,	2434
Diminish'd to her Cocke : her Cocke, a Buoy	2435
Almost too small for fight. The murmuring Surge,	2436
That on th'vnumbred idle Pebble chafes	2437
Cannot be heard so high. Ile looke no more,	2438
Leaft my braine turne, and the deficient fight	2439
Topple downe headlong.	2440
<i>Glou.</i> Set me where you stand.	2441
<i>Edg.</i> Giue me your hand :	2442
You are now within a foote of th'extreme Verge :	2443
For all beneath the Moone would I not leape vpright.	2444
<i>Glou.</i> Let go my hand :	2445
Heere Friend's another purse : in it, a Iewell	2446
Well worth a poore mans taking. Fayrics, and Gods	2447
Prosper it with thee. Go thou further off,	2448
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.	2449
<i>Edg.</i> Now fare ye well, good Sir.	2450
<i>Glou.</i> With all my heart.	2451
<i>Edg.</i> Why I do trifle thus with his dispaire,	2452
Is done to cure it.	2453
<i>Glou.</i> O you mighty Gods !	2454
This world I do renounce, and in your fights	2455
Shake patiently my great affliction off :	2456
If I could beare it longer, and not fall	2457
To quarrell with your great oppofeleffe willes,	2458
My snuffe, and loathed part of Nature should	2459
Burne it selfe out. If <i>Edgar</i> liue, O bleffe him :	2460
Now Fellow, fare thee well.	2461

- 2269 *Edg.* Gon fir, farewell, and yet I know not how conceit my
 2270 robbe the treafurie of life, when life it felfe yealds to the theft,
 2271 had he beene where he thought by this had thought beene paff,
 2272 aliue or dead, ho you fir, heare you fir, fpeak, thus might he paffe
- 2469 2273 indeed, yet he reuiues, what are you fir ?
 2274 *Gloft.* Away and let me die.
 2275 *Edg.* Hadft thou beene ought but gofmore feathers ayre,
- 2276 So many fadome downe precipitating
 2277 Thou hadft fhiuerd like an egge, but thou doft breath
 2475 2278 Haft heauy fubftance, bleedft not, fpeakeft, art found,
 2279 Ten mafts at each, make not the altitude,
 2280 VVhich thou haft perpendicularly fell,
 2281 Thy lifes a miracle, fpeake yet againe.
 2282 *Gloft.* But haue I fallen or no l
- 2480 2283 *Edg.* From the dread fommons of this chalkie borne,
 2284 Looke vp a hight, the fhrill gorg'd larke fo farre
 2285 Cannot bee feene or heard, doe but looke vp ?
 2286 *Gloft.* Alack I haue no eyes
 2287 Is wretchednes depriu'd, that benefit
 2288 To end it felfe by death twas yet fome comfort
 2289 When misery could beguile the tyrants rage
 2290 And frustrate his proud will.
 2291 *Edg.* Giue me your arme ?
- 2489 2292 Vp, fo, how feele you your legges, you fland.
 2293 *Gloft.* Too well, too well.
 2294 *Edg.* This is aboue all frangenes
 2295 Vpon the crowne of the cliffe what thing was that
 2296 Which parted from you.
 2297 *Gloft.* A poore vnfortunate bagger.
 2298 *Edg.* As I flood here below me thoughts his eyes
 2299 VVere two full Moones, a had a thoufand nofes
 2300 Hornes, welk't and waued like the enridged fea,

<i>Edg.</i> Gone Sir, farewell :	2462
And yet I know not how conceit may rob	2463
The Treafury of life, when life it felfe	2464
Yeelds to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,	2465
By this had thought bin paft. Aliue, or dead ?	2466
Hoa, you Sir : Friend, heare you Sir, fpeake :	2467
Thus might he paffe indeed : yet he reuiues.	2468
What are you Sir ?	2469
<i>Glou.</i> Away, and let me dye.	2470
<i>Edg.</i> Had'ft thou beene ought	2471
But Gozemore, Feathers, Ayre,	2472
(So many fathome downe precipitating)	2473
Thou'dft fhiuer'd like an Egge : but thou do'ft breath :	2474
Haft heauy fubftance, bleed'ft not, fpeak'ft, art found,	2475
Ten Mafts at each, make not the altitude	2476
Which thou haft perpendicularly fell,	2477
Thy life's a Myracle. Speake yet againe.	2478
<i>Glou.</i> But haue I falne, or no ?	2479
<i>Edg.</i> From the dread Somnet of this Chalkie Bourne	2480
Looke vp a height, the shrill-gorg'd Larke fo farre	2481
Cannot be feene, or heard : Do but looke vp.	2482
<i>Glou.</i> Alacke, I haue no eyes :	2483
Is wretchedneffe depriu'd that benefit	2484
To end it felfe by death ? 'Twas yet fome comfort,	2485
When mifery could beguile the Tyrants rage,	2486
And frustrate his proud will.	2487
<i>Edg.</i> Giue me your arme.	2488
Vp, fo: How is't ? Feele you your Legges ? You ftand.	2489
<i>Glou.</i> Too well, too well.	2490
<i>Edg.</i> This is aboue all ftrangeneffe,	2491
Vpon the crowne o'th'Cliffe. What thing was that	2492
Which parted from you ?	2493
<i>Glou.</i> A poore vnfortunate Beggar.	2494
<i>Edg.</i> As I ftood heere below, me thought his eyes	2495
Were two full Moones : he had a thoufand Nofes,	2496
Hornes weak'd, and waued like the enraged Sea :	2497

2498 2301 It was some fiend, therefore thou happy father
 2302 Thinke that the cleereſt Gods, who made their honours
 2303 Of mens impoſſibilities, haue preferued thee.
 2304 *Gloſt.* I doe remember now, henceforth ile beare
 2502 2305 Affliction till it doe crie out it ſelfe
 2306 Enough, enough, and die that thing you ſpeake of,
 2307 I tooke it for a man, often would it ſay
 2308 The fiend the fiend, he led me to that place
 2309 *Edg.* Bare free & patient thoughts, but who comes here

2510 2310 The ſafer ſence will neare accommodate his maiſter thus.

2311

Enter Lear mad.

2312 *Lear.* No they cannot touch mee for coyning, I am the king

2313 *Edg.* O thou ſide pearcing ſight. (himſelfe.)

2314 *Lear.* Nature is about Art in that reſpect, ther's your preſſe

2315 money, that fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper, draw me

2316 a clothiers yard, looke, looke a mowſe, peace, peace, this toſted

2517 2317 cheefe will do it, ther's my gauntlet, ile proue it on a gyant, bring

2318 vp the browne-billes, O well flowne bird in the ayre, hagh, giue

2319 the word? *Edg.* Sweet Margerum.

2320 *Lear.* Paſſe.

Gloſt. I know that voyce.

2524 2321 *Lear.* Ha *Gonorill*, ha *Regan*, they flattered mee like a dogge,

2322 and tould me I had white haire in my beard, ere the black ones

2323 were there, to ſay I and no, to eury thing I faide, I and no toe,

2324 was no good diuinitie, when the raine cameto wet me once, and

2325 the winde to make mee chatter, when the thunder would not

2326 peace at my bidding, there I found them, there I ſmelt them out,

2327 goe toe, they are not men of their words, they told mee I was

2532 2328 eury thing, tis a lye, I am not argue-prooſe.

It was some Fiend : Therefore thou happy Father, 2498
 Thinke that the cleereſt Gods, who make them Honors 2499
 Of mens Impoſſibilities, haue preferued thee. 2500

Glou. I do remember now : henceforth Ile beare 2501
 Affliction, till it do cry out it ſelfe 2502

Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you ſpeake of, 2503
 I tooke it for a man : often 'twould fay 2504

The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place. 2505

Edgar. Beare free and patient thoughts. 2506

Enter Lear. 2507

But who comes heere ? 2508

The ſafer ſenſe will ne're accommodate 2509

His Maſter thus. 2510

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the 2511
 King himſelfe. 2512

Edg. O thou ſide-piercing fight ! 2513

Lear. Nature's aboue Art, in that reſpect. Ther's your 2514
 Preſſe-money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crow- 2515

keeper : draw mee a Cloathiers yard. Looke, looke, a 2516
 Mouſe : peace, peace, this peece of toaſted Cheeſe will 2517

doo't. There's my Gauntlet, Ile proue it on a Gyant. 2518
 Bring vp the browne Billes. O well flowne Bird : i'th' 2519

clout, i'th'clout : Hewgh. Giue the word. 2520

Edg. Sweet Mariorum. 2521

Lear. Paſſe. 2522

Glou. I know that voice. 2523

Lear. Ha! *Gonerill* with a white beard ? They flatter'd 2524
 me like a Dogge, and told mee I had the white hayres in 2525

my Beard, ere the blacke ones were there. To ſay I, and 2526
 no, to euery thing that I ſaid : I, and no too, was no good 2527

Diuinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the 2528
 winde to make me chatter : when the Thunder would not 2529

peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I ſmelt 'em 2530
 out. Go too, they are not men o'their words ; they told 2531

me, I was euery thing : 'Tis a Lye, I am not Agu-prooſe. 2532

2329 *Gloft.* The tricke of that voyce I doe well remember, ift not
2330 the King ?

2331 *Lear.* I euer inch a King when I do ftare, fee how the fubiect

2538 2332 quakes, I pardon that mans life, what was thy caufe, adultery?
2333 thou fhalt not die for adulterie, no the wren goes toot, and the
2334 fmal guilded flie doe letcher in my fight, let copulation thriue,
2335 for *Glofters* baftard fon was kinder to his father then my daugh-
2336 ters got tweene the lawfull fheets, toot luxurie, *pell, mell*, for I
2337 lacke fouldiers, behold yon fimpring dame whofe face between

2545 2338 her forkes prefageth fnow, that minces vertue, and do fhake the
2339 head heare of pleafores name to fichew nor the foyled horfe
2340 goes toot with a more riotous appetite, down frō the waft tha're
2341 centaures, though women all aboue, but to the girdle doe the
2342 gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends, thers hell, thers darkneffe,
2551 2343 ther's the fulphury pit, burning, fcalding, ftench, confumation,
2344 fie, fie, fie, pah, pah, Giue mee an ounce of Ciuet, good Apo-
2345 thocarie, to fweeten my imagination, ther's money for thee.

2346 *Gloft.* O let me kiffe that hand.

2347 *Lear.* Here wipe it firft, it fmels of mortalitie.

2348 *Gloft.* O ruind peece of nature, this great world fhould fo
2349 weare out to naught, do yon know me ?

2562 2350 *Lear.* I remember thy eyes well inough, doft thou fqiny on
2351 me, no do thy worft blind *Cupid*, ile not loue, reade thou that
2352 challenge, marke the penning oft.

2353 *Gloft.* Were all the letters funnes I could not fee one.

2354 *Edg.* I would not take this from report, it is, and my heart
2355 breakes at it. *Lear.* Read. *Gloft.* What ! with the cafe of eyes

<i>Glou.</i> The tricke of that voyce, I do well remember :	2533
Is't not the King ?	2534
<i>Lear.</i> I, euery inch a King.	2535
When I do stare, see how the Subiect quakes.	2536
I pardon that mans life. What was thy caufe ?	2537
Adultery ? thou shalt not dye : dye for Adultery ?	2538
No, the Wren goes too't, and the small gilded Fly	2539
Do's letcher in my fight. Let Copulation thriue :	2540
For Glousters bastard Son was kinder to his Father,	2541
Then my Daughters got 'twene the lawfull sheets.	2542
Too't Luxury pell-mell, for I lacke Souldiers.	2543
Behold yond simpring Dame, whose face betweene her	2544
Forkes prefaces Snow ; that minces Vertue, & do's shake	2545
the head to heare of pleasures name. The Fitchew, nor	2546
the soyled Horfe goes too't with a more riotous appe-	2547
tite : Down from the waste they are Centaures, though	2548
Women all aboue : but to the Girdle do the Gods inhe-	2549
rit, beneath is all the Fiends. There's hell, there's darke-	2550
nes, there is the sulphurous pit ; burning, scalding, stench,	2551
consumption : Fye, fie, fie ; pah, pah : Giue me an Ounce	2552
of Ciuet ; good Apothecary sweeten my imagination :	2553
There's money for thee.	2554
<i>Glou.</i> O let me kisse that hand.	2555
<i>Lear.</i> Let me wipe it first,	2556
It smelles of Mortality.	2557
<i>Glou.</i> O ruin'd peece of Nature, this great world	2558
Shall so weare out to naught.	2559
Do'st thou know me ?	2560
<i>Lear.</i> I remember thine eyes well enough : dost thou	2561
fquiny at me ? No, doe thy worst blinde Cupid, Ile not	2562
loue. Reade thou this challenge, marke but the penning	2563
of it.	2564
<i>Glou.</i> Were all thy Letters Sunnes, I could not see.	2565
<i>Edg.</i> I would not take this from report,	2566
It is, and my heart breakes at it.	2567
<i>Lear.</i> Read.	2568

2356 *Lear.* O ho, are you there with me, no eyes in your head, nor
 2357 no mony in your purse, your eyes are in a heauie case, your purse
 2573 2358 in a light, yet you see how this world goes.

2359 *Gloft.* I see it feelingly.

2360 *Lear.* What art mad, a man may see how the world goes with
 2361 no eyes, looke with thy eares, see how yon Iustice railes vpon
 2362 yon simple theefe, harke in thy eare handy, dandy, which is the

2363 theefe, which is the Iustice, thou hast seene a farmers dogge barke
 2364 at a begger. *Gloft.* I fir.

2582 2365 *Lear.* And the creature runne from the cur, there thou mightst
 2366 behold the great image of authoritie, a dogge, so bade in office,
 2367 thou rascall beadle hold thy bloody hand, why dost thou lash
 2368 that whore, strip thine owne backe, thy blood hotly lusts to vie

2369 her in that kind for which thou whipst her, the vsurer hangs the
 2588 2370 cofioner, through tottered raggs, smal vices do appeare, robes &

2371 furd-gownes hides all, get thee glasse eyes, and like a scurvey po-
 2372 litian seeme to see the things thou doest not, no now pull off
 2596 2373 my bootes, harder, harder, fo.

2598 2374 *Edg.* O matter and impertinencie mixt reason in madnesse,

2375 *Lear.* If thou wilt weepe my fortune take my eyes, I knowe
 2376 thee well inough thy name is *Gloster*, thou must be patient, we
 2377 came crying hither, thou knowest the first time that we smell the

2378 aire, we wayl and cry, I will preach to thee marke me.

2404 2379 *Gloft.* Alack alack the day.

- Glou.* What with the Cafe of eyes? 2569
- Lear.* Oh ho, are you there with me? No eies in your 2570
head, nor no mony in your purfe? Your eyes are in a hea- 2571
uy cafe, your purfe in a light, yet you fee how this world 2572
goes. 2573
- Glou.* I fee it feelingly. 2574
- Lear.* What, art mad? A man may fee how this world 2575
goes, with no eyes. Looke with thine eares: See how 2576
yond Iuftice railles vpon yond fimple theefe. Hearke in 2577
thine eare: Change places, and handy-dandy, which is 2578
the Iuftice, which is the theefe: Thou haft feene a Far- 2579
mers dogge barke at a Beggar? 2580
- Glou.* I Sir. 2581
- Lear.* And the Creature run from the Cur: there thou 2582
might'ft behold the great image of Authoritie, a Dogg's 2583
obey'd in Office. Thou, Rafcall Beadle, hold thy bloody 2584
hand: why doft thou lafh that Whore? Strip thy owne 2585
backe, thou hotly lufts to vfe her in that kind, for which 2586
thou whip'ft her. The Vfurer hangs the Cozener. Tho- 2587
rough tatter'd cloathes great Vices do appeare: Robes, 2588
and Furr'd gownes hide all. Place finnes with Gold, and 2589
the ftrong Lance of Iuftice, hurtleffe breakes: Arme it in 2590
ragges, a Pigmies ftraw do's pierce it. None do's offend, 2591
none, I fay none, Ile able 'em; take that of me my Friend, 2592
who haue the power to feale th'accufers lips. Get thee 2593
glaffe-eyes, and like a fcuruy Politician, feeme to fee the 2594
things thou doft not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my 2595
Bootes: harder, harder, fo. 2596
- Edg.* O matter, and impertinency'mixt, 2597
Reafon in Madneffe, 2598
- Lear.* If thou wilt weepe my Fortunes, take my eyes. 2599
I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloufter: 2600
Thou muft be patient; we came crying hither: 2601
Thou know'ft, the firft time that we fmell the Ayre 2602
We wawle, and cry. I will preach to thee: Marke. 2603
- Glou.* Alacke, alacke the day. 2604

2380 *Lear.* VVhen we are borne, we crie that wee are come to this
2381 great ftage of fooles, this a good blocke. It were a delicate fra-

2609 2382 tagem to fhoot a troupe of horfe with fell, & when I haue stole
2383 vpon thefe fonne in lawes, then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

2384 *Enter three Gentlemen.*

2385 *Gent.* O here he is, lay hands vpon him firs, your moft deere

2386 *Lear.* No refkue, what a prifoner, I am eene the naturall foole
2387 of Fortune, vfe me well you fhall haue ranfome, let mee haue a
2388 churgion I am cut to the braines.

2618 2389 *Gent.* You fhall haue any thing.

2390 *Lear.* No feconds, all my felfe, why this would make a man
2391 of falt to vfe his eyes for garden waterpots, I and laying Autums
2392 duft.

2393 *Lear.* I will die brauely like a bridegroome, what? I will be
2394 Iouiall, come, come, I am a King my maifters, know you that.

2624 2395 *Gent.* You are a royall one, and we obey you.

2396 *Lear.* Then theres life int, nay and you get it you fhall get it
2397 with running. *Exit King running.*

2398 *Gent.* A fight moft pitifull in the meaneft wretch, pafte fpea-
2399 king of in a king: thou haft one daughter who redeemes nature

2400 from the generall curfe which twaine hath brought her to.

2631 2401 *Edg.* Haile gentle fir.

2402 *Gent.* Sir fpeed you, whats your will.

2633 2403 *Edg.* Do you heare ought of a battell toward.

2404 *Gent.* Moft fure and vulgar euery one here's that

2405 That can diftinguifh fence.

2637 2406 *Edg.* But by your fauour how neers the other army.

2407 *Gent.* Neere and on fpeed fort the maine defcryes,

2408 Standft on the howerly thoughts.

2640 2409 *Edg.* I thanke you fir thats all.

Lear. When we are borne, we cry that we are come 2605
 To this great stage of Fooles. This a good blockke : 2606
 It were a delicate stratagem to shoo 2607
 A Troope of Horfe with Felt : Ile put't in prooffe, 2608
 And when I haue stolne vpon these Son in Lawes, 2609
 Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill. 2610

Enter a Gentleman. 2611

Gent. Oh heere he is : lay hand vpon him, Sir. 2612
 Your most deere Daughter ——— 2613

Lear. No rescue? What, a Prifoner? I am euen 2614
 The Naturall Foole of Fortune. Vse me well, 2615
 You shall haue ranfome. Let me haue Surgeons, 2616
 I am cut to'th'Brainses. 2617

Gent. You shall haue any thing. 2618

Lear. No Seconds? All my selfe? 2619
 Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt 2620

To vse his eyes for Garden water-pots. I wil die brauely, 2621
 Like a smugge Bridegroom. What? I wil be Iouiall : 2622
 Come, come, I am a King, Masters, know you that? 2623

Gent. You are a Royall one, and we obey you. 2624

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it, 2625
 You shall get it by running : Sa, fa, fa, fa. *Exit.* 2626

Gent. A fight most pittifull in the meanest wretch, 2627
 Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast a Daughter 2628
 Who redeemes Nature from the generall curse 2629
 Which twaine haue brought her to. 2630

Edg. Haile gentle Sir. 2631

Gent. Sir, speed you : what's your will? 2632

Edg. Do you heare ought (Sir) of a Battell toward. 2633

Gent. Most fure, and vulgar : 2634
 Euery one heares that, which can distinguisht found. 2635

Edg. But by your fauour : 2636
 How neere's the other Army? 2637

Gent. Neere, and on speedy foot : the maine defcry 2638
 Stands on the hourelly thought. 2639

Edg. I thanke you Sir, that's all. 2640

2410 *Gent.* Though that the Queene on fpeciall caufe is here,
2411 Hir army is moued on. *Edg.* I thanke you fir. *Exit.*

2412 *Gloft.* You euer gentle gods take my breath from me,
2413 Let not my worfer fpirit tempt me againe,
2647 2414 To dye before you pleafe. *Edg.* Well, pray you father.

2415 *Gloft.* Now good fir what are you.

2416 *Edg.* A moft poore man made lame by Fortunes blowes,
2417 Who by the Art of knowne and feeling forrowes
2418 Am pregnant to good pittie, giue me your hand
2419 Ile leade you to fome biding.

2420 *Gloft.* Hartie thankes, the bornet and beniz of heauen to
2421 faue thee. *Enter Steward.*

2658 2422 *Stew.* A proclaimed prize, moft happy, that eyles head of thine

2423 was framed flesh to rayfe my fortunes, thou moft vnhappy tray-
2424 tor, briefly thy felfe remember, the fword is out that muft de-
2425 froy thee.

2426 *Gloft.* Now let thy friendly hand put ftrength enough to't.

2427 *Stew.* VVherefore bould pefant durft thou fupport a publiht
2428 traytor, hence leaft the infection of his fortune take like hold on
2429 thee, let goe his arme?

2668 2430 *Edg.* Chill not let goe fir without cagion.

2431 *Stew.* Let goe flauie, or thou dieft.

2432 *Edg.* Good Gentleman goe your gate, let poore voke paffe,
2433 and chud haue beene fwaggar'd out of my life, it would not haue
2434 beene fo long by a fortnight, nay come not neare the old man,

2435 keepe out, cheuore ye, or ile trie whether your cofter or my bat-
2676 2436 tero be the harder, ile be plaine with you.

Gent. Though that the Queen on ſpecial cauſe is here 2641
Her Army is mou'd on. *Exit.* 2642

Edg. I thanke you Sir. 2643

Glou. You euer gentle Gods, take my breath from me, 2644
Let not my worfer Spirit tempt me againe 2645
To dye before you pleaſe. 2646

Edg. Well pray you Father. 2647

Glou. Now good ſir, what are you? 2648

Edg. A moſt poore man, made tame to Fortunes blows 2649
Who, by the Art of knowne, and feeling forrowes, 2650
Am pregnant to good pittie. Giue me your hand, 2651
Ile leade you to ſome biding. 2652

Glou. Heartie thanks: 2653

The bountie, and the benizon of Heauen 2654
To boot, and boot. 2655

Enter Steward. 2656

Stew. A proclaim'd prize: moſt happie 2657
That eyeleſſe head of thine, was firſt fram'd fleſh 2658
To raiſe my fortunes. Thou old, vnhappy Traitor, 2659
Breefely thy ſelfe remember: the Sword is out 2660
That muſt deſtroy thee. 2661

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand 2662
Put ſtrength enough too't. 2663

Stew. Wherefore, bold Pezant, 2664
Dar'ſt thou ſupport a publiſh'd Traitor? Hence, 2665
Leaſt that th'infection of his fortune take 2666
Like hold on thee. Let go his arme. 2667

Edg. Chill not let go Zir, 2668
Without vurther 'caſion. 2669

Stew. Let go Slaue, or thou dy'ſt. 2670

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poore 2671
volke paſſe: and 'chud ha 'bin zwaggerd out of my life, 2672
'twould not ha'bin zo long as 'tis, by a vortnight. Nay, 2673
come not neere th'old man: keepe out che vor'ye, or ice 2674
try whither your Coſtard, or my Ballow be the harder; 2675
chill be plaine with you. 2676

2437 *Stew.* Out dunghill, *they fight.*

2438 *Edg.* Chill pick your teeth fir, come, no matter for your foyns.

2439 *Stew.* Slaue thou hast flaine me, villaine take my purffe,

2440 If euer thou wilt thriue, burie my bodie,

2441 And giue the letters which thou find'ft about me

2442 To *Edmund Earle of Gloster*, seeke him out vpon

2443 The *British* partie, ô vntimely death! death.

He dies.

2685 2444 *Edg.* I know thee well, a seruiceable villaine,

2445 As dutious to the vices of thy mistres, as badnes would

2446 *Gloft.* What is he dead? (desire.

2447 *Edg.* Sit you down father, rest you lets see his pockets

2448 These letters that he speakes of may be my friends,

2449 Hee's dead, I am only forrow he had no other deathmã

2450 Let vs see, leaue gentle waxe, and manners blame vs not

2694 2451 To know our enemies minds wee'd rip their hearts,

2452 Their papers is more lawfull.

2453 Let your recipocall vowes bee remembered, you haue many

2454 opportunities to cut him off, if your will want not, time and place

2455 will be fruitfully offered, there is nothing done, If he returne the

2456 conquerour, then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gayle, from

2701 2457 the lothed warmth whereof deliuer me, and supply the place for

2458 your labour, your wife (so I would say) your affectionate seruant

2459 and for you her owne for *Venter, Gonorill.*

2460 *Edg.* O Indistinguisht space of womans wit,

2461 A plot vpon her vertuous husbands life.

2462 And the exchange my brother heere in the sands,

2708 2463 Thee ile rake vp, the post vn sanctified

2464 Of murtherous leachers, and in the mature time,

2465 With this vngratious paper strike the sight

2466 Of the death practis'd Duke, for him tis well,

2467 That of thy death and businesse I can tell.

<i>Stew.</i> Out Dunghill.	2677
<i>Edg.</i> Chill picke your teeth Zir : come, no matter vor your foynes.	2678 2679
<i>Stew.</i> Slaue thou hast flaine me : Villain, take my purfe ; If euer thou wilt thriue, bury my bodie, And giue the Letters which thou find'ft about me, To <i>Edmund</i> Earle of Glouster : seeke him out Vpon the English party. Oh vntimely death, death.	2680 2681 2682 2683 2684
<i>Edg.</i> I know thee well. A seruiceable Villaine, As duteous to the vices of thy Miftris, As badneffe would desire.	2685 2686 2687
<i>Glou.</i> What, is he dead ?	2688
<i>Edg.</i> Sit you downe Father : rest you. Let's see these Pockets ; the Letters that he speakes of May be my Friends : hee's dead ; I am onely sorry He had no other Death'sman. Let vs see : Leaue gentle waxe, and manners : blame vs not To know our enemies mindes, we rip their hearts, Their Papers is more lawfull.	2689 2690 2691 2692 2693 2694 2695
<i>Reads the Letter.</i>	2696
L <i>Et our reciprocall vowes be remembred. You haue manie 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, deliuer me, and sup- ply the place for your Labour.</i>	2697 2698 2699 2700 2701 2702
<i>Your (Wife, so I would say) affection- nate Seruant. Gonerill.</i>	2703 2704
Oh indinguish'd fpace of Womans will, A plot vpon her vertuous Husbands life, And the exchange my Brother : heere, in the sands Thee Ile rake vp, the poste vnfanctified Of murtherous Letchers : and in the mature time, With this vngracious paper strike the fight Of the death-practis'd Duke : for him 'tis well, That of thy death, and businesse, I can tell.	2705 2706 2707 2708 2709 2710 2711 2712

2468 *Gloſt.* The King is mad, how ſtiffe is my vild fence,

2469 That I ſtand vp and haue ingenious feeling

2470 Of my huge ſorowes, better I were diſtract,

2471 So ſhould my thoughts be fenced from my griefes,

2719 2472 And woes by wrong imaginations looſe

2473 The knowledge of themſelues. *A drum a farre off.*

2474 *Edg.* Giue me your hand far off me thinks I heare the beaten

2475 Come father ile beſtow you with a friend. *Exit.* (drum,

2476 *Enter Cordelia, Kent and Doct̃or.* (thy goodnes,

2727 2477 *Cord.* O thou good *Kent* how ſhall I liue and worke to match

2478 My life will be too ſhort and euery meafure faile me.

2479 *Kent.* To be acknowlegd madame is ore payd,

2731 2480 All my reports go with the modeſt truth,

2481 Nor more, nor clipt, but ſo.

2482 *Cor.* Be better ſuited theſe weeds are memories of thoſe

2483 Worſer howers, I priſe put them off.

2484 *Kent.* Pardon me deere madame,

2485 Yet to be knowne ſhortens my made intent,

2486 My boone I make it that you know me not,

2487 Till time and I thinke meete.

2741 2488 *Cord.* Then beet ſo, my good Lord how does the king.

2489 *Doct̃.* Madame ſleepes ſtill. (nature,

2490 *Cord.* O you kind Gods cure this great breach in his abuſed

<i>Glou.</i> The King is mad :	2713
How stiffe is my vilde fence	2714
That I stand vp, and haue ingenious feeling	2715
Of my huge Sorrowes? Better I were distract,	2716
So should my thoughts be feuer'd from my greefes,	2717
<i>Drum afarre off.</i>	2718
And woes, by wrong imaginations loofe	2719
The knowledge of themselues.	2720
<i>Edg.</i> Giue me your hand :	2721
Farre off methinkes I heare the beaten Drumme.	2722
Come Father, Ile bestow you with a Friend. <i>Exeunt.</i>	2723

Scæna Septima.

<i>Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.</i>	2724
<i>Cor.</i> O thou good <i>Kent</i> ,	2725
How shall I liue and worke	2726
To match thy goodnesse ?	2727
My life will be too short,	2728
And euery measure faile me.	2729
<i>Kent.</i> To be acknowledg'd Madam is ore-pai'd,	2730
All my reports go with the modest truth,	2731
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.	2732
<i>Cor.</i> Be better fuited,	2733
These weedes are memories of those worfer houres :	2734
I prythee put them off.	2735
<i>Kent.</i> Pardon deere Madam,	2736
Yet to be knowne shortens my made intent,	2737
My boone I make it, that you know me not,	2738
Till time, and I, thinke meet.	2739
<i>Cor.</i> Then be't so my good Lord :	2740
How do's the King?	2741
<i>Gent.</i> Madam sleepest still.	2742
<i>Cor.</i> O you kind Gods !	2743

- 2491 The vntund and hurrying fences, O wind vp
 2492 Of this child changed father.
 2493 *Doct.* So please your Maiestie that we may wake the king,
 2494 He hath slept long.
 2749 2495 *Cord.* Be governd by your knowledge and proceed,
 2496 Ith fway of your owne will is he arayd,

 2497 *Doct.* I madam, in the heauinesse of his sleepe,
 2753 2498 We put fresh garments on him,
 2499 *Gent.* Good madam be by, when we do awake him
 2500 I doubt not of his temperance.
 2501 *Cord.* Very well.
 2502 *Doct.* Please you draw neere, louder the musicke there,
 2503 *Cor.* O my deer father restoratiō hang thy medicin on my lips,

 2504 And let this kis repaire those violent harmes that my two sisters
 2759 2505 Haue in thy reuerence made.
 2506 *Kent.* Klnd and deere Princeffe,
 2507 *Cord.* Had you not bene their father these white flakes,
 2508 Had challengd pitie of them, was this a face
 2509 To be expofd against the warring winds,
 2510 To stand against the deepe dread bolted thunder,
 2511 In the most terrible and nimble stroke
 2512 Of quick croffe lightning to watch poore *Per du*,
 2764 2513 With this thin helme mine iniurious dogge,
 2514 Though he had bit me, should haue stood that night
 2515 Against my fire, and waft thou faine poore father,
 2516 To houill thee with swine and rogues forlorne,
 2517 In short and mustie straw, alack, alack,
 2518 Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
 2519 Had not concluded all, he wakes speake to him.
 2520 *Doct.* Madam doyou, tis fittest.
 2773 2521 *Cord.* How does my royall Lord, how fares your maiestie.

 2522 *Lear.* You do me wrong to take me out ath graue,

Cure this great breach in his abused Nature,	2744
Th'vntun'd and iarring fenfes, O winde vp,	2745
Of this childe-changed Father.	2746
<i>Gent.</i> So please your Maiefty,	2747
That we may wake the King, he hath slept long?	2748
<i>Cor.</i> Be gouern'd by your knowledge, and proceede	2749
I'th'fway of your owne will : is he array'd ?	2750
<i>Enter Lear in a chaire carried by Seruants</i>	2751
<i>Gent.</i> I Madam : in the heauineffe of sleepe,	2752
We put fresh garments on him.	2753
Be by good Madam when we do awake him,	2754
I doubt of his Temperance.	2755
<i>Cor.</i> O my deere Father, restauration hang	2756
Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kisse	2757
Repaire those violent harmes, that my two Sisters	2758
Haue in thy Reuerence made.	2759
<i>Kent.</i> Kind and deere Princeffe.	2760
<i>Cor.</i> Had you not bin their Father, these white flakes	2761
Did challenge pittie of them. Was this a face	2762
To be oppos'd against the iarring windes ?	2763
Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me,	2764
Should haue stood that night against my fire,	2765
And was't thou faine (poore Father)	2766
To houell thee with Swineand Rogues forlorne,	2767
In short, and musty straw ? Alacke, alacke,	2768
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once	2769
Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.	2770
<i>Gen.</i> Madam do you, 'tis fittest.	2771
<i>Cor.</i> How does my Royall Lord ?	2772
How fares your Maiefty ?	2773
<i>Lear.</i> You do me wrong to take me out o'th'graue,	2774

2523 Thou art a foule in bliffe, but I am bound
 2524 Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
 2525 Do scald like molten lead.
 2526 *Cord.* Sir know me.
 2527 *Lear.* Yar a spirit I know, where did you dye.
 2528 *Cord.* Still, still, farre wide.
 2529 *Doct.* Hees scarce awake, let him alone a while.

2784 2530 *Lear.* Where haue I bene, where am I faire day light,

2531 I am mightily abusd, I should ene dye with pitie,
 2532 To see another thus, I know not what to say,
 2533 I will not sweare these are my hands, lets see,
 2534 I feele this pin pricke, would I were assur'd of my condition.

2535 *Cord* O looke vpon me fir, and hold your hands in benedicti-

2536 on or'e me, no fir you must not kneele.

2793 2537 *Lear.* Pray doe not mocke,

2538 I am a very foolish fond old man,

2539 Fourescore and vpward, and to deale plainly

2540 I feare I am not in my perfect mind,

2541 Mee thinks I should know you, and know this man ;

2542 Yet I am doubtfull, for I am mainly ignorant

2543 What place this is, and all the skill I haue

2544 Remembers not these garments, nor I know not

2545 Where I did lodge last night, doe not laugh at me,

2546 For as I am a man, I thinke this Ladie

2805 2547 To be my child *Cordelia,* *Cord.* And so I am.

2548 *Lear.* Be your teares wet, yes faith, I pray weep not,

2549 If you haue poyson for mee I will drinke it,

2550 I know you doe not loue me, for your sifters

Thou art a Soule in bliffe, but I am bound	2775
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares	2776
Do fcal'd, like molten Lead.	2777
<i>Cor.</i> Sir, do you know me ?	2778
<i>Lear.</i> You are a spirit I know, where did you dye ?	2779
<i>Cor.</i> Still, still, farre wide.	2780
<i>Gen.</i> He's scarce awake,	2781
Let him alone a while.	2782
<i>Lear.</i> Where haue I bin ?	2783
Where am I ? Faire day light ?	2784
I am mightily abus'd ; I should eu'n dye with pittie	2785
To see another thus. I know not what to fay :	2786
I will not sweare these are my hands : let's see,	2787
I feele this pin pricke, would I were affur'd	2788
Of my condition.	2789
<i>Cor.</i> O looke vpon me Sir,	2790
And hold your hand in benediction o're me,	2791
You must not kneele,	2792
<i>Lear.</i> Pray do not mocke me :	2793
I am a very foolish fond old man,	2794
Fourescore and vpward,	2795
Not an houre more, nor lesse :	2796
And to deale plainely,	2797
I feare I am not in my perfect mind.	2798
Me thinkes I should know you, and know this man,	2799
Yet I am doubtfull : For I am mainly ignorant	2800
What place this is : and all the skill I haue	2801
Remembers not these garments : nor I know not	2802
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,	2803
For (as I am a man) I thinke this Lady	2804
To be my childe <i>Cordelia</i> .	2805
<i>Cor.</i> And so I am : I am.	2806
<i>Lear.</i> Be your teares wet ?	2807
Yes faith : I pray weepe not,	2808
If you haue poyson for me, I will drinke it :	2809
I know you do not loue me, for your Sisters	2810

- 2551 Haue as I doe remember, done me wrong,
 2812 2552 You haue some cause, they haue not.
 2553 *Cord.* No cause, no cause. *Lear.* Am I in France?
- 2554 *Kent.* In your owne kingdome sir.
 2555 *Lear.* Doe not abuse me?
- 2817 2556 *Docl.* Be comforted good Madame, the great rage you see is
 2557 cured in him, and yet it is danger to make him euen ore the time
 2558 hee has lost, desire him to goe in, trouble him no more till fur-
 2559 ther fetling: *Cord.* Wilt please your highnes walke?
- 2560 *Lear.* You must beare with me, pray now forget and forgiue,
 2823 2561 I am old and foolish. *Exeunt. Manet Kent and Gent.*
 2562 *Gent.* Holds it true sir that the Duke of *Cornwall* was so slaine?
 2563 *Kent.* Most certaine sir.
 2564 *Gent.* Who is conductor of his people?
 2565 *Kent.* As tis said, the bastard sonne of *Gloster*.
 2566 *Gent.* They say *Edgar* his banisht sonne is with the Earle of
 2567 *Kent* in *Germanie*.
 2568 *Kent.* Report is changeable, tis time to looke about,
 2569 The powers of the kingdome approach apace.
 2570 *Gent.* The arbiterment is like to be bloudie, fare you well sir.
 2571 *Kent.* My poynt and period will be throughly wrought,
 2572 Or well, or ill, as this dayes battels fought. *Exit.*
- 2573 *Enter Edmund, Regan, and their powers.*
- 2826 2574 *Bast.* Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,
 2575 Or whether since he is aduis'd by ought
 2576 To change the course, he's full of abdication
 2577 And selfe reprouing, bring his constant pleasure.
 2578 *Reg.* Our sisters man is certainly miscaried.

Haue (as I do remember) done me wrong.	2811
You haue some caufe, they haue not.	2812
<i>Cor.</i> No caufe, no caufe.	2813
<i>Lear.</i> Am I in France?	2814
<i>Kent.</i> In your owne kingdome Sir.	2815
<i>Lear.</i> Do not abufe me.	2816
<i>Gent.</i> Be comforted good Madam, the great rage	2817
You see is kill'd in him : defire him to go in,	2818
Trouble him no more till further fetling.	2819
<i>Cor.</i> Wilt please your Highneffe walke ?	2820
<i>Lear.</i> You muft beare with me :	2821
Pray you now forget, and forgiue,	2822
I am old and foolifh.	<i>Exeunt</i> 2823

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

<i>Enter with Drumme and Colours, Edmund, Regan.</i>	2824
<i>Gentlemen, and Souldiers.</i>	2825
<i>Bast.</i> Know of the Duke if his laft purpofe hold,	2826
Or whether fince he is aduis'd by ought	2827
To change the courfe, he's full of alteration,	2828
And felfereprouing, bring his conftant pleafure.	2829
<i>Reg.</i> Our Sifters man is certainly mifcarried.	2830

- 2579 *Bast.* Tis to be doubted Madam,
 2580 *Reg.* Now sweet Lord,
 2833 2581 You know the goodnes I intend vpon you,
 2582 Tell me but truly, but then speake the truth,
 2583 Doe you not loue my sifter ? *Bast.* I, honor'd loue.
- 2584 *Reg.* But haue you neuer found my brothers way,
 2585 To the forfended place? *Bast.* That thought abuses you.
 2586 *Reg.* I am doubtfull that you haue beene coniunct and bo-
 2587 fom'd with hir, as far as we call hers.
 2588 *Bast.* No by mine honour Madam. (with her.
 2589 *Reg.* I neuer shall indure hir, deere my Lord bee not familiar
- 2842 2590 *Bast.* Feare me not, shee and the Duke her husband.
- 2591 *Enter Albany and Gonorill with troupes.*
 2592 *Gono.* I had rather loofe the battaile, then that sifter should
 2593 loofen him nd mee.
 2844 2594 *Alb.* Ou^r very louing sifter well be-met
 2595 For this I heare the King is come to his daughter
 2596 With others, whome the rigour of our state
 2847 2597 Forst to crie out, where I could not be honest
 2598 I neuer yet was valiant, for this busines
 2599 It touches vs, as *France* inuades our land
 2600 Not bolds the King, with others whome I feare,
 2601 Most iust and heauy causes make oppose.
- 2848 2602 *Bast.* Sir you speake nobly. *Reg.* Why is this reason'd?
 2603 *Gono.* Combine together gainst the enemy,
 2604 For these domestique dore particulars
 2605 Are not to question here.
 2606 *Alb.* Let vs then determine with the auntient of warre on our
 2607 proceedings. *Bast.* I shall attend you presently at your tent.
 2608 *Reg.* Sifter you'l goe with vs ? *Gon.* No.
- 2856 2609 *Reg.* Tis most conuenient, pray you goe with vs.
 2610 *Gon.* O ho, I know the riddle, I will goe. *Enter Edgar*

<i>Bast.</i> 'Tis to be doubted Madam.	2831
<i>Reg.</i> Now fweet Lord,	2832
You know the goodneffe I intend vpon you :	2833
Tell me but truly, but then ſpeake the truth,	2834
Do you not loue my Sifter ?	2835
<i>Bast.</i> In honour'd Loue.	2836
<i>Reg.</i> But haue you neuer found my Brothers way,	2837
To the fore-fended place ?	2838
<i>Bast.</i> No by mine honour, Madam.	2839
<i>Reg.</i> I neuer ſhall endure her, deere my Lord	2840
Be not familiar with her.	2841
<i>Bast.</i> Feare not, ſhe and the Duke her husband.	2842
<i>Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Gonerill, Soldiers.</i>	2843
<i>Alb.</i> Our very louing Sifter, well be-met :	2844
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter	2845
With others, whom the rigour of our State	2846
Forc'd to cry out.	2847
<i>Regan.</i> Why is this reaſond ?	2848
<i>Gone.</i> Combine together 'gainſt the Enemy :	2849
For theſe domeſtick and particular broiles,	2850
Are not the queſtion heere.	2851
<i>Alb.</i> Let's then determine with th'ancient of warre	2852
On our proceeding.	2853
<i>Reg.</i> Sifter you'le go with vs ?	2854
<i>Gon.</i> No.	2855
<i>Reg.</i> 'Tis moſt conuenient, pray go with vs.	2856
<i>Gon.</i> Oh ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.	2857
<i>Exeunt both the Armies.</i>	2858

2611 *Edg.* If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore,
 2612 Heare me one word. *Exeunt.*

2613 *Alb.* Ile ouertake you, speake.

2863 2614 *Edg.* Before you fight the battell ope this letter,

2615 If you haue victorie let the trumpet found

2616 For him that brought it, wretched though I feeme,

2617 I can produce a champion that will proue

2618 What is auowched there, if you miscary,

2619 Your bufines of the world hath fo an end,

2620 Fortune loue you, *Alb.* Stay till I haue read the letter.

2621 *Edg.* I was forbid it, when time shall ferue let but the Herald

2622 cry and ile appeare againe. *Exit.*

2874 2623 *Alb.* Why fare thee well, I will ore-looke the paper.

2624 *Enter Edmund.*

2625 *Bast.* The enemies in vew, draw vp your powers

2626 Hard is the queffe of their great strength and forces

2627 By diligent discouery, but your haft is now vrg'd on you.

2880 2628 *Alb.* Wee will greet the time. *Exit.*

2629 *Bast.* To both these sifter haue I sworne my loue,

2630 Each iealous of the other as the sting are of the Adder,

2631 Which of them shall I take, both one or neither, neither can bee

2632 If both remaine aliuie, to take the widdow (inioy'd

2633 Exasperates, makes mad her sifter *Gonorill,*

2887 2634 And hardly shall I cary out my fide

2635 Her husband being aliuie, now then we'le vse

2636 His countenadce for the battaile, which being done

2637 Let her that would be rid of him deuife

2638 His speedie taking off, as for his mercy

2639 Which he entends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*:

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore,
Heare me one word.

Alb. Ile ouertake you, speake.

Edg. Before you fight the Battaile, ope this Letter :

If you haue victory, let the Trumpet sound

For him that brought it : wretched though I seeme,

I can produce a Champion, that will proue

What is auouched there. If you miscarry,

Your bufineffe of the world hath fo an end,

And machination ceafes. Fortune loues you.

Alb. Stay till I haue read the Letter.

Edg. I was forbid it :

When time fhall ferue, let but the Herald cry,

And Ile appeare againe. *Exit.*

Alb. Why farethee well, I will o're-looke thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

Bast. The Enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,

Heere is the gueffe of their true strength and Forces,

By dilligent difcouerie, but your haft

Is now vrg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. *Exit.*

Bast. To both thefe Sifters haue I fworne my loue :

Each ieaalous of the other, as the ftung

Are of the Adder. Which of them fhall I take ?

Both ? One ? Or neither ? Neither can be enioy'd

If both remaine aliuie : To take the Widdow,

Exasperates, makes mad her Sister *Gonerill,*

And hardly fhall I carry out my fide,

Her husband being aliuie. Now then, wee'l vfe

His countenance for the Battaile, which being done,

Let her who would be rid of him, deuife

His speedy taking off. As for the mercie

Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia,*

2640 The battaile done, and they within our power
 2641 Shall neuer see his pardon, for my state
 2895 2642 Stands on me to defend, not to debate. *Exit.*

2643 *Alarum. Enter the powers of France ouer the stage, Cordelia with*
 2644 *her father in her hand.*

2645 *Enter Edgar and Gloster.*

2899 2646 *Edg.* Here father, take the shaddow of this bush
 2647 For your good hoast, pray that the right may thriue
 2648 If euer I returne to you againe ile bring you comfort. *Exit*

2649 *Gloft.* Grace goe with you fir. *Alarum 'and retreat.*

2650 *Edg.* Away old man, giue me thy hand, away,
 2907 2651 King *Lear* hath loft, he and his daughter taine,
 2652 Giue me thy hand, come on.
 2653 *Gloft.* No farther fir, a man may rot euen here.
 2654 *Edg.* What in ill thoughts againe men muft indure,

2655 Their going hence, euen as their coming hither,
 2913 2656 Ripenes is all come on.

The Battaile done, and they within our power,	2893
Shall neuer see his pardon : for my fate,	2894
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.	<i>Exit.</i> 2895

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Lear, 2896
Cordelia, and Souldiers, ouer the Stage, and Exeunt. 2897

Enter Edgar, and Gloster. 2898

Edg. Heere Father, take the shadow of this Tree 2899
 For your good hoast : pray that the right may thriue : 2900
 If euer I returne to you againe, 2901
 Ile bring you comfort. 2902

Glo. Grace go with you Sir. *Exit.* 2903

Alarum and Retreat within. 2904

Enter Edgar. 2905

Egdar. Away old man, giue me thy hand, away : 2906
 King *Lear* hath loft, he and his Daughter tane, 2907
 Giue me thy hand : Come on. 2908

Glo. No further Sir, a man may rot euen heere. 2909

Edg. What in ill thoughts againe ? 2910
 Men must endure 2911

Their going hence, euen as their comming hither, 2912
 Ripeneffe is all come on. 2913

Glo. And that's true too. *Exeunt.* 2914

2657 *Enter Edmund, with Lear and Cordelia prisoners.*

2658 *Bast.* Some officers take them away, good guard

2659 Vntill their greater pleasures best be knowne

2660 That are to censure them. (incurd

2661 *Cor.* We are not the first who with best meaning haue

2662 The worst, for thee oppressed King am I cast downe,

2923 2663 My selfe could else outfrowne false Fortunes frowne,

2664 Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters ?

2665 *Lear.* No, no, come lets away to prison

2666 We two alone will sing like birds it'h cage,

2667 When thou dost aske me blessing, ile kneele downe

2668 And aske of thee forgiuenes, so weele liue

2669 And pray, and sing and tell old tales and laugh

2930 2670 At guilded butterflies, and heare poore rogues

2671 Talke of Court newes, and weele talke with them to,

2672 Who looses, and who wins, whose in, whose out,

2673 And take vpon's the mistery of things

2674 As if we were Gods spies, and weele weare out

2675 In a wal'd prison, packs and sects of great ones

2936 2676 That ebbe and flow bith' Moone.

2677 *Bast.* Take them away.

2678 *Lear.* Vpon such sacrifices my *Cordelia,*

2679 The Gods these felues throw incense, haue I caught thee?

2680 He that parts vs shall bring a brand from heauen,

2681 And fire vs hence like Foxes, wipe thine eyes,

2682 The good shall deuoure em, fleach and fell

2945 2683 Ere they shall make vs weepe ? wele see vm starue first,

2684 *Bast.* Come hither Captaine, harke. (come.

Scena Tertia.

Enter in conquest with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Lear, and Cordelia, as prisoners, Souldiers, Captaine. 2915
2916

Bast. Some Officers take them away: good guard, 2917
Vntill their greater pleasures first be knowne 2918
That are to censure them. 2919

Cor. We are not the first, 2920
Who with best meaning haue incurr'd the worst: 2921
For thee oppressed King I am cast downe, 2922
My selfe could else out-frowne false Fortunes frowne. 2923
Shall we not see these Daughters, and these Sisters? 2924

Lear. No, no, no, no: come let's away to prison, 2925
We two alone will sing like Birds i'th' Cage: 2926
When thou dost aske me blessing, Ile kneele downe 2927
And aske of thee forgiuenesse: So wee'l liue, 2928
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh 2929
At gilded Butterflies: and heere (poore Rogues) 2930
Talke of Court newes, and wee'l talke with them too, 2931
Who looses, and who wins; who's in, who's out; 2932
And take vpon's the mystery of things, 2933
As if we were Gods spies: And wee'l weare out 2934
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones, 2935
That ebbe and flow by th'Moone. 2936

Bast. Take them away. 2937

Lear. Vpon such sacrifices my *Cordelia*, 2938
The Gods themselues throw Incense. 2939
Haue I caught thee? 2940

He that parts vs, shall bring a Brand from Heauen, 2941
And fire vs hence, like Foxes: wipe thine eyes, 2942
The good yeares shall deuoure them, flesh and fell, 2943
Ere they shall make vs weepe? 2944

Weele see e'm staru'd first: come. *Exit.* 2945

Bast. Come hither Captaine, hearke. 2946

2685 Take thou this note, goe follow them to prifon,
 2686 And step, I haue aduanct thee, if thou dost
 2687 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
 2950 2688 To noble fortunes, know thou this that men
 2689 Are as the time is, to be tender minded
 2690 Does not become a sword, thy great imployment
 2691 Will not beare question, either say thou do't,
 2692 Or thrue by other meanes.
 2693 *Cap.* Ile do't my Lord.
 2956 2694 *Bast.* About it, and write happy when thou haft don,
 2695 Marke I say instantly, and carie it so
 2696 As I haue fet it downe.
 2697 *Cap.* I cannot draw a cart, nor eate dride oats,
 2698 If it bee mans worke ile do't.

2699 *Enter Duke, the two Ladies, and others.*

2700 *Alb.* Sir you haue shewed to day your valiant strain,
 2701 And Fortune led you well you haue the captiues
 2702 That were the opposites of this dayes strife,
 2703 We doe require then of you, so to vse them,
 2704 As we shall find their merits, and our fasty
 2965 2705 May equally determine.
 2706 *Bast.* Sir I thought it fit,
 2707 To saue the old and miserabable King to some retention,
 2708 Whose age has charmes in it, whose title more
 2709 To pluck the coren boffom of his side,
 2710 And turne our imprest launces in our eyes
 2711 Which doe commaund them, with him I sent the queen
 2712 My reason, all the fame and they are readie to morrow,
 2713 Or at further space, to appeare where you shall hold
 2974 2714 Your fession at this time, mee sweate and bleed,
 2715 The friend hath lost his friend, and the best quarrels
 2716 In the heat are curst, by those that feele their sharpes,
 2717 The question of *Cordelia* and her father
 2718 Requires a fitter place.

Take thou this note, go follow them to prifon,	2947
One step I haue aduanc'd thee, if thou do'ft	2948
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way	2949
To Noble Fortunes : know thou this, that men	2950
Are as the time is ; to be tender minded	2951
Do's not become a Sword, thy great imployment	2952
Will not beare question :either say thou'lt do't,	2953
Or thriue by other meanes.	2954
<i>Capt.</i> Ile do't my Lord.	2955
<i>Bast.</i> About it, and write happy, when th'haft done,	2956
Marke I say instantly, and carry it fo	2957
As I haue fet it downe. <i>Exit Captaine.</i>	2958

Flourish. *Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Soldiers.* 2959

<i>Alb.</i> Sir, you haue shew'd to day your valiant straine	2960
And Fortune led you well : you haue the Captiues	2961
Who were the opposites of this dayes strife :	2962
I do require them of you fo to vse them,	2963
As we shall find their merites, and our safety	2964
May equally determine.	2965
<i>Bast.</i> Sir, I thought it fit,	2966
To send the old and miserabie King to some retention,	2967
Whose age had Charmes in it, whose Title more,	2968
To plucke the common bosome on his side,	2969
And turne our imprest Launces in our eies	2970
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen :	2971
My reason all the fame, and they are ready	2972
To morrow, or at further space, t'appeare	2973
Where you shall hold your Session.	2974

- 2975 2719 *Alb.* Sir by your patience,
 2720 I hold you but a subiect of this warre, not as a brother.
- 2721 *Reg.* That's as we list to grace him,
 2722 Me thinks our pleafure should haue beene demanded
 2723 Ere you had fpoke fo farre, he led our powers,
 2724 Bore the commiffion of my place and perfon,
 2725 The which imediate may well stand vp,
 2726 And call it felfe your brother.
 2727 *Gono.* Not fo hot, in his owne grace hee doth exalt himfelfe
- 2986 2728 more then in your aduancement.
 2729 *Reg.* In my right by me inuefted he com-peers the beft.
- 2730 *Gon.* That were the moft, if hee should husband you.
 2731 *Reg.* Iesters doe oft proue Prophets.
 2732 *Gon.* Hola, hola, that eye that told you fo, lookt but a fquint.
- 2993 2733 *Reg.* Lady I am not well, els I should anfwere
 2734 From a full flowing ftomack, Generall
 2735 Take thou my fouldiers, prifoners, patrimonie,
- 2736 Witnes the world that I create thee here
 2737 My Lord and maifter.
 2738 *Gon.* Meane you to inioy him then ?
 2739 *Alb.* The let alone lies not in your good will.
- 3001 2740 *Bast.* Nor in thine Lord.
 2741 *Alb.* Halfe bloued fellow, yes.
 2742 *Bast.* Let the drum ftrike, and proue my title good.
 2743 *Alb.* Stay yet, heare reafon, *Edmund* I arrefte thee
 2744 On capitall treafon, and in thine attaint,
 2745 This gilded Serpent, for your claime faire fifter
 2746 I bare it in the intereft of my wife.
 2747 Tis ſhe is ſubcontracted to this Lord
- 3009 2748 And I her husband contradicte the banes,
 2749 If you will mary, make your loue to me,

<i>Alb.</i> Sir, by your patience,	2975
I hold you but a subiect of this Warre,	2976
Not as a Brother.	2977
<i>Reg.</i> That's as we list to grace him.	2978
Methinkes our pleasure might haue bin demanded	2979
Ere you had spoke so farre. He led our Powers,	2980
Bore the Commiffion of my place and person,	2981
The which immediacie may well stand vp,	2982
And call it selfe your Brother.	2983
<i>Gon.</i> Not so hot :	2984
In his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,	2985
More then in your addition.	2986
<i>Reg.</i> In my rights,	2987
By me inuested, he compeeres the best.	2988
<i>Alb.</i> That were the most, if he should husband you.	2989
<i>Reg.</i> Iesters do oft proue Prophets.	2990
<i>Gon.</i> Hola, hola,	2991
That eye that told you so, look'd but a squint.	2992
<i>Rega.</i> Lady I am not well, else I should answere	2993
From a full flowing stomack. Generall,	2994
Take thou my Souldiers, prisoners, patrimony,	2995
Dispose of them, of me, the walls is thine :	2996
Witnesse the world, that I create thee heere	2997
My Lord, and Master.	2998
<i>Gon.</i> Meane you to enioy him ?	2999
<i>Alb.</i> The let alone lies not in your good will.	3000
<i>Bast.</i> Nor in thine Lord.	3001
<i>Alb.</i> Halfe-blood ed fellow, yes.	3002
<i>Reg.</i> Let the Drum strike, and proue my title thine.	3003
<i>Alb.</i> Stay yet, heare reason : <i>Edmund</i> , I arrest thee	3004
On capitall Treason ;and in thy arrest,	3005
This guiled Serpent : for your claime faire Sisters,	3006
I bare it in the interest of my wife,	3007
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this Lord,	3008
And I her husband contradict your Banes.	3009
If you will marry, make your loues to me,	3010

2750 My Lady is bespoken, thou art arm'd *Gloster*,

2751 If none appeare to proue vpon thy head,

2752 Thy hainous, manifest, and many treasons,

2753 There is my pledge, ile proue it on thy heart

2754 Ere I tast bread, thou art in nothing lesse

3019 2755 Then I haue here proclaimed thee.

2756 *Reg.* Sicke, ô ficke.

2757 *Gon.* If not, ile ne're trust poyson.

2758 *Bast.* Ther's my exchange, what in the world he is,

2759 That names me traytor, villain-like he lies,

2760 Call by thy trumpet, he that dares approach,

3025 2761 On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine

2762 My truth and hon our firmly.

2763 *Alb.* A Herald ho. *Bast.* A Herald ho, a Herald.

2764 *Alb.* Trust to thy single vertue, for thy fouldiers

2765 All leuied in my name, haue in my name tooke their

3032 2766 *Reg.* This sicknes growes vpon me. (discharge.

2767 *Alb.* She is not well, conuey her to my tent,

2768 Come hether Herald, let the trumpet found,

2769 And read out this. *Cap.* Sound trumpet?

2770 *Her.* If any man of qualitie or degree, in the hoast of the

3038 2771 army, will maintaine vpon *Edmund* supposed Earle of *Gloster*,

2772 that he's a manifold traitour, let him appeare at the third found

2773 of the trumpet, he is bold in his defence.

2774 *Bast.* Sound? *Againe?*

My Lady is belpoke.	3011
<i>Gon.</i> An enterlude.	3012
<i>Alb.</i> Thou art armed <i>Gloster</i> ,	3013
Let the Trmpet found :	3014
If none appeare to proue vpon thy perfon,	3015
Thy heynous, manifest, and many Treafons,	3016
There is my pledge : Ile ma ke it on thy heart	3017
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing lesse	3018
Then I haue heere proclaim'd thee.	3019
<i>Reg.</i> Sicke, O sicke.	3020
<i>Gon.</i> If not, Ile nere trust medicine.	3021
<i>Bast.</i> There's my exchange, what in the world hes	3022
That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies,	3023
Call by the Trumpet : he that dares approach ;	3024
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine	3025
My truth and honor firmly.	3026

Enter a Herald. 3027

<i>Alb.</i> A Herald, ho.	3028
Trust to thy single vertue, for thy Souldiers	3029
All leuied in my name, haue in my name	3030
Tooke their discharge.	3031
<i>Regan.</i> My sickneffe growes vpon me.	3032
<i>Alb.</i> She is not well, conuey her to my Tent.	3033
Come hither Herald, let the Trumper found,	3034
And read out this. <i>A Trumpet sounds.</i>	3035

Herald reads. 3036

[<i>F any man of qualitie or degree, within the list s of the Ar-</i>	3037
<i>my, will maintaine vpon Edmund, supposed Earle of Gloster,</i>	3038
<i>that he is a manifold Traitor, let him appeare by the third</i>	3039
<i>found of the Trumpet: he is bold in his defence.</i>	1 Trumpet 3040
<i>Her.</i> Againe.	2 Trumpet. 3041
<i>Her.</i> Againe.	3 Trumpet. 3042
<i>Trumpet answers within.</i>	3043

2775 *Enter Edgar at the third sound, a trumpet before him.*

3045 2776 *Alb.* Aske him his purpofes why he appears

2777 Vpon this call oth' trumpet.

2778 *Her.* What are you ? your name and qualitie ?

2779 And why you anfwere this present fummons.

2780 *Edg.* O know my name is loft by treafons tooth.

2781 Bare-gnawne and canker-bitte; yet are I mou't

2782 Where is the aduerfarie I come to cope with all.

3054 2783 *Alb.* Which is that aduerfarie ? *(Gloster,*

2784 *Edg.* What's he that fpeakes for *Edmund* Earle of

2785 *Bast.* Him felfe, what faieft thou to him ?

2786 *Edg.* Draw thy fword.

2787 That if my fpeech offend a noble hart, thy arme

2788 May do thee Iuftice, here is mine.

2789 Behold it is the priuiledge of my tongue,

3062 2790 My oath and my profefion, I proteft,

2791 Maugure thy ftrengh, youth, place and eminence,

2792 Defpight thy victor, fword and fire new fortun'd,

2793 Thy valor and thy heart thou art a traytor.

2794 Falfe to thy Gods thy brother and thy Father,

2795 Confpicuate gainft this high illuftrious prince,

2796 And from the'xtreameft vpward of thy head,

3069 2797 To the defcent and duft beneath thy feet,

2798 A moft toad-fpotted traytor fay thou no

2799 This fword, this arme, and my beft fpirits,

2800 As bent to proue vpon thy heart whereto I fpeake thou lieft,

2801 *Baft.* In wifdome I fhould aske thy name,

2802 But fince thy outside lookes fo faire and warlike,

2803 And that thy being fome fay of breeding breathes,

3078 2804 By right of knighthood, I difdaine and fburne

Enter Edgar armed.

3044

Alb. Aske him his purposes, why he appears
Vpon this Call o'th'Trumpet. 3045

Her. What are you ? 3047

Your name, your quality, and why you answer
This present Summons ? 3048

Edg. Know my name is lost 3050

By Treasons tooth : bare-gnawne, and Canker-bit, 3051

Yet am I Noble as the Aduerfary 3052

I come to cope. 3053

Alb. Which is that Aduerfary ? 3054

Edg. What's he that speakes for *Edmund* Earle of Glo- 3055

Bast. Himselfe, what faist thou to him ? (ster ? 3056

Edg. Draw thy Sword, 3057

That if my speech offend a Noble heart, 3058

Thy arme may do thee Iustice, heere is mine : 3059

Behold it is my priuiledge, 3060

The priuiledge of mine Honours, 3061

My oath, and my profession. I protest, 3062

Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence, 3063

Despise thy victor-Sword, and fire new Fortune, 3064

Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor : 3065

Falfe to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father, 3066

Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious Prince, 3067

And from th'extremest vpward of thy head, 3068

To the discent and dust below thy foote, 3069

A most Toad-spotted Traitor. Say thou no, 3070

This Sword, this arme, and my best spirits are bent 3071

To proue vpon thy heart, whereto I speake, 3072

Thou lyest. 3073

Bast. In wifedome I should aske thy name, 3074

But since thy out-side lookes so faire and Warlike, 3075

And that thy tongue (some say) of breeding breathes, 3076

What safe, and nicely I might well delay, 3077

By rule of Knight-hood, I disdaine and spurne : 3078

2805 Heere do I toffe thofe treafons to thy head.
 2806 With the hell hatedly, oreturnd thy heart,
 2807 Which for they yet glance by and fcarcely brufe,
 2808 This fword of mine fhall giue them infant way
 2809 Where they fhall reft for euer, trumpets fpeake.

3084 2810 *Alb.* Saue him, faue him,
 2811 *Gon.* This is meere praetife *Glofter* by the law of armes
 2812 Thou art not bound to anfwere an vnknowne oppofite,
 2813 Thou art not vanquifht, but coufned and beguild,

2814 *Alb.* Stop your mouth dame, or with this paper fhall I ftope

2815 it, thou worfe then any thing, reade thine owne euill, nay no
 2816 tearing Lady, I perceiue you know't. (me for't.

2817 *Gon.* Say if I do, the lawes are mine not thine, who fhall arraine

3095 2818 *Alb.* Mofl monftrous know'ft thou this paper?

2819 *Gon.* Aske me not what I know. *Exit. Gonorill.*

2820 *Alb.* Go after her, fhee's defperate, gouerne her.

2821 *Baf.* What you haue chargd me with, that haue I don

2822 And more, much more, the time will bring it out.

2823 Tis paf, and fo am I, but what art thou

2824 That haft this fortune on me? if thou bee'ft noble

3103 2825 I doforgiue thee.

2826 *Edg.* Let's exchange charity,

2827 I am no leffe in bloud then thou art *Edmond*,

2828 If more, the more thou haft wrongd me.

2829 My name is *Edgar*, and thy fathers fonne,

2830 The Gods are iuft, and of our pleafant vertues.

2831 Make inftruments to fcouрге vs the darke and vitious

2832 Place where thee he gotte, coft him his eies.

3112 2833 *Baf.* Thou haft fpoken truth, the wheele is come

2834 full circled I am heere.

2835 *Alb.* Me thought thy very gate did prophecie,

Backe do I toffe these Treasons to thy head,	3079
With the hell-hated Lye, ore-whelme thy heart,	3080
Which for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,	3081
This Sword of mine shall giue them instant way,	3082
Where they shall rest for euer. Trumpets speake.	3083
<i>Alb.</i> Saue him, saue him.	<i>Alarums. Fights.</i> 3084
<i>Gon.</i> This is practise <i>Gloster</i> ,	3085
By th'law of Warre, thou wast not bound to answer	3086
An vnknowne opposite : thou art not vanquish'd,	3087
But cozen'd, and be guild.	3088
<i>Alb.</i> Shut your mouth Dame,	3089
Or with this paper shall I stop it : hold Sir,	3090
Thou worse then any name, reade thine owne euill :	3091
No tearing Lady, I perceiue you know it.	3092
<i>Gon.</i> Say if I do, the Lawes are mine not thine,	3093
Who can arraigne me for't ?	<i>Exit.</i> 3094
<i>Alb.</i> Most monstrous ! O, know'st thou this paper ?	3095
<i>Bast.</i> Aske me not what I know.	3096
<i>Alb.</i> Go after her, she's desperate, gouerne her.	3097
<i>Bast.</i> What you haue charg'd me with,	3098
That haue I done,	3099
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.	3100
'Tis past, and so am I : But what art thou	3101
That hast this Fortune on me ? If thou'rt Noble,	3102
I do forgiue thee.	3103
<i>Edg.</i> Let's exchange charity :	3104
I am no lesse in blood then thou art <i>Edmond</i> ,	3105
If more, the more th'hast wrong'd me.	3106
My name is <i>Edgar</i> and thy Fathers Sonne,	3107
The Gods are iust, and of our pleafant vices	3108
Make instruments to plague vs :	3109
The darke and vitious place where thee he got,	3110
Cost him his eyes.	3111
<i>Bast.</i> Th'hast spoken right, 'tis true,	3112
The Wheele is come full circle, I am heere.	3113
<i>Alb.</i> Me thought thy very gate did prophesie	3114

2836 A royall nobleneffe I muſt embrace thee.
 2837 Let forow ſplit my heart if I did euer hate thee or thy father.

2838 *Edg.* Worthy Prince I know't.

2839 *Alb.* Where haue you hid your ſelfe?

2840 How haue you knowne the miſeries of your father ?

2841 *Edg.* By nurſing them my Lord,

2842 Liſt a brieſe tale, and when tis told

2843 O that my heart would burſt the bloody proclamation

2844 To eſcape that followed me ſo neere,

2845 O our liues ſweetnes, that with the paine of death,

3126 2846 Would hourly die, rather then die at once.

2847 Taught me to ſhift into a mad-mans rags

2848 To aſſume a ſemblance that very dogges diſdain'd

2849 And in this habit met I my father with his bleeding rings,

2850 The precious ſtones new loſt became his guide,

2851 Led him, beg'd for him, ſau'd him from diſpaire,

2852 Neuer (O Father) reueald my ſelfe vnto him,

2853 Vntill ſome halfe houre paſt, when I was armed,

3134 2854 Not ſure, though hoping of this good ſucceſſe,

2855 I aſkt his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt,

2856 Told him my pilgrimage, but his flawd heart,

2857 Alacke too weake, the conflict to ſupport,

2858 Twixt two extreames of paſſion, ioy and grieſe,

2859 Burſt ſmillingly.

2860 *Baſt.* This ſpeech of yours hath moued me,

2861 And ſhall perchance do good, but ſpeake you on,

2862 You looke as you had ſomething more to ſay,

2863 *Alb.* If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,

3145 2864 For I am almoſt ready to diſſolue, hearing of this,

2865 *Edg.* This would haue ſeemd a periede to ſuch

2866 As loue not forow, but another to amplifie too much,

2867 Would make much more, and top extremitie

2868 Whil'ſt I was big in clamor, came there in a man,

2869 Who hauing ſeene me in my worſt eſtate,

A Royall Nobleneffe : I muſt embrace thee,	3115
Let ſorrow ſplit my heart, if euer I	3116
Did hate thee, or thy Father.	3117
<i>Edg.</i> Worthy Prince I know't.	3118
<i>Alb.</i> Where haue you hid your ſelfe ?	3119
How haue you knowne the miſeries of your Father ?	3120
<i>Edg.</i> By nurſing them my Lord. Lift a breefe tale,	3121
And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burſt.	3122
The bloody proclamation to eſcape	3223
That follow'd me ſo neere, (O our liues ſweetneſſe,	3124
That we the paine of death would hourelly dye,	3125
Rather then die at once) taught me to ſhift	3126
Into a mad-mans rags, t'assume a ſemblance	3127
That very Dogges diſdain'd : and in this habit	3128
Met I my Father with his bleeding Rings,	3129
Their precious Stones new loſt : became his guide,	3130
Led him, begg'd for him, ſau'd him from diſpaire.	3131
Neuer (O fault) reueal'd my ſelfe vnto him,	3132
Vntill ſome halfe houre paſt when I was arm'd,	3133
Not ſure, though hoping of this good ſucceſſe,	3134
I ask'd his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt	3135
Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart	3136
(Alacke too weake the conflict to ſupport)	3137
Twixt two extremes of paſſion, ioy and greefe,	3138
Burſt ſmilingly.	3139
<i>Bast.</i> This ſpeech of yours hath mou'd me,	3140
And ſhall perchance do good, but ſpeake you on,	3141
You looke as you had ſomething more to ſay.	3142
<i>Alb.</i> If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,	3143
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolue,	3144
Hearing of this.	3145

2870 Shund my abhord society, but then finding
 2871 Who twas that so indur'd with his strong armes
 2872 He fastened on my necke and bellowed out,
 2873 As hee'd burst heauen, threw me on my father,
 2874 Told the most pitious tale of *Lear* and him,
 2875 That euer eare receiued, which in recounting
 2876 His grieffe grew puiffant and the strings of life,
 2877 Began to cracke twice, then the trumpets sounded.
 2878 And there I left him traunft.

2879 *Alb.* But who was this.

2880 *Ed.* *Kent* fir, the banisht *Kent*, who in diguise,

2881 Followed his enemie king and did him seruice

2882 Improper for a flauie.

3146 2883 *Enter one with a bloudie knife,*

2884 *Gent.* Helpe, helpe, (knife?)

2885 *Alb.* What kind of helpe, what meanes that bloudy

2886 *Gent.* Its hot it smokes, it came euen from the heart of-

2887 *Alb.* Who man, speake?

2888 *Gent.* Your Lady fir, your Lady, and her sifter

2889 By her is poyfoned, she hath confest it.

2890 *Basf.* I was contracted to them both, all three

2891 Now marie in an instant.

2892 *Alb.* Produce their bodies, be they aliue or dead,

2893 This Iustice of the heauens that makes vs tremble,

3158 2894 Touches vs not with pity. *Edg.* Here comes *Kent* fir.

2895 *Alb.* O tis he, the time will not allow *Enter Kent*

2896 The complement that very manners vrges.

2897 *Kent.* I am come to bid my King and maister ay good night,

2898 Is he not here?

	<i>Enter a Gentleman.</i>	3146
<i>Gent.</i>	Helpe, helpe : O helpe.	3147
<i>Edg.</i>	What kinde of helpe ?	3148
<i>Alb.</i>	Speake man.	3149
<i>Edg.</i>	What meanes this bloody Knife ?	3150
<i>Gen.</i>	'Tis hot, it smoakes, it came euen from the heart	3151
of ———	O she's dead.	3152
<i>Alb.</i>	Who dead ? Speake man.	3153
<i>Gen.</i>	Your Lady Sir, your Lady ; and her Sifter	3154
By her is poyson'd :	she confesses it.	3155
<i>Bast.</i>	I was contracted to them both, all three	3156
Now marry in an instant.		3157
<i>Edg.</i>	Here comes <i>Kent</i> .	3158
	<i>Enter Kent.</i>	3159
<i>Alb.</i>	Produce the bodies, be they aliuē or dead ;	3160
	<i>Gonerill and Regans bodiesbrought out.</i>	3161
This iudgement of the Heauens that makes vs tremble.		3162
Touches vs not with pittie : O, is this he ?		3163
The time will not allow the complement		3164
Which very manners vrges.		3165
<i>Kent.</i>	I am come	3166
To bid my King and Master aye good night.		3167
Is he not here ?		3168

- 2899 *Duke.* Great thing of vs forgot,
 3170 2900 Speake *Edmund*, whers the king, and wher s *Cordelia*
 2901 Seest thou this obiect *Kent.* *The bodies of Gonorill and*
 2902 *Kent.* Alack why thus. *Regan are brought in.*
 2903 *Bast.* Yet *Edmund* was beloued,
 2904 The one the other poyfoned for my fake,
 3176 2905 And after flue her selfe. *Duke.* Euen fo, couer their faces.
- 2906 *Bast.* I pant for life, some good I meane to do,
 2907 Despight of my owne nature, quickly fend,
 2908 Be briefe, int toth' castle for my writ,
 3180 2909 Is on the life of *Lear* and on *Cordelia*,
 2910 Nay fend in time. *Duke.* Runne, runne, O runne.
- 2911 *Edg.* To who my Lord, who hath the office, fend
 2912 Thy token of repreeue.
 2913 *Bast.* Well thought on, take my fword the Captaine,
 3187 2914 Giue it the Captaine? *Duke.* Haft thee for thy life.
- 2915 *Bast.* He hath Commiffion from thy wife and me,
 2916 To hang *Cordelia* in the prison, and to lay
 2917 The blame vpon her owne despaire,
 2918 That she fordid her selfe.
 2919 *Duke.* The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.
- 3193 2920 *Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.*
 2921 *Lear.* Howle, howle, howle, howle, O you are men of stones,
 2922 Had I your tongues and eyes, I would vse them fo,
 2923 That heauens vault should cracke, shees gone for euer,
 2924 I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
 2925 Shees dead as earth, lend me a looking glasse,
 2926 If that her breath will mift or staine the stone,
 2927 Why then she liues. *Kent.* Is this the promift end.
- 3203 2928 *Edg.* Or image of that horror, *Duke.* Fall and ceafe.

<i>Alb.</i> Great thing of vs forgot,	3169
Speake <i>Edmund</i> , where's the King? and where's <i>Cordelia</i> ?	3170
Seeft thou this obiect <i>Kent</i> ?	3171
<i>Kent.</i> Alacke, why thus?	3172
<i>Bast.</i> Yet <i>Edmund</i> was belou'd:	3173
The one the other poifon'd for my fake,	3174
And after flew herfelfe.	3175
<i>Alb.</i> Euen fo: couer their faces.	3176
<i>Bast.</i> Ipant for life: fome good I meane to do	3177
Defpight of mine owne Nature. Quickly fend,	3178
(Be briefe in it) to'th'Castle, for my Writ	3179
Is on the life of <i>Lear</i> , and on <i>Cordelia</i> :	3180
Nay, fend in time.	3181
<i>Alb.</i> Run, run, O run.	3182
<i>Edg.</i> To who my Lord? Who ha's the Office?	3183
Send thy token of repreeue.	3184
<i>Bast.</i> Well thought on, take my Sword,	3185
Giue it the Captaine.	3186
<i>Edg.</i> Haft thee for thy life.	3187
<i>Bast.</i> He hath Commiffion from thy Wife and me,	3188
To hang <i>Cordelia</i> in the prifon, and	3189
To lay the blame vpon her owne difpaire,	3190
That fhe for-did her felfe.	3191
<i>Alb.</i> The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.	3192
<i>Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.</i>	3193
<i>Lear.</i> Howle, howle, howle: O your are men of ftones,	3194
Had I your tongues and eyes, Il'd vfe them fo,	3195
That Heauens vault fould crack: fhe's gone for euer.	3196
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,	3197
She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glaffe,	3198
If that her breath will mift or ftaine the ftone,	3199
Why then fhe liues.	3200
<i>Kent.</i> Is this the promis'd end?	3201
<i>Edg.</i> Or image of that horror.	3202
<i>Alb.</i> Fall and ceafe.	3203

2929 *Lear.* This feather stirs she liues, if it be so,
 2930 It is a chance which do's redeeme all forowes
 2931 That euer I haue felt. *Kent.* A my good maister.

2932 *Lear.* Prethe away? *Edg.* Tis noble *Kent* your friend.

3210 2933 *Lear.* A plague vpon your murderous traytors all,
 2934 I might haue faued her, now shees gone for euer,
 2935 *Cordelia, Cordelia,* stay a little, ha,
 2936 What ist thou sayest, her voyce was euer soft,
 2937 Gentle and low, an excellent thing in women,
 2938 I kild the slaue that was a hanging thee.
 2939 *Cap.* Tis true my Lords, he did.

3218 2940 *Lear.* Did I not fellow? I haue seene the day,
 2941 With my good biting Fauchon I would
 2942 Haue made them skippe, I am old now,
 2943 And these same crosses spoyle me, who are you?
 2944 Mine eyes are not othe best, ile tell you straight.
 2945 *Kent.* If Fortune bragd of two she loued or hated,

2946 One of them we behold. *Lear.* Are not you *Kent*?

3226 2947 *Kent.* The same your seruant *Kent*, where is your seruant *Caius*,

2948 *Lear.* Hees a good fellow, I can tell that,
 2949 Heele strike and quickly too, hees dead and rotten.
 2950 *Kent.* No my good Lord, I am the very man.

3230 2951 *Lear.* Ile see that straight.

2952 *Kent.* That from your life of difference and decay,
 2953 Haue followed your sad steps. *Lear.* You'r welcome hither.

2954 *Kent.* Nor no man else, als chearles, darke and deadly,

2955 Your eldest daughters haue foredoome themselues,
 3238 2956 And desperatly are dead. *Lear.* So thinke I to.

2957 *Duke.* He knowes not what he sees, and vaine it is,

<i>Lear.</i> This feather stirs, she lues : if it be so,	3204
It is a chance which do's redeeme all forrowes	3205
That euer I haue felt.	3206
<i>Kent.</i> O my good Master.	3207
<i>Lear.</i> Prythee away.	3208
<i>Edg.</i> 'Tis Noble <i>Kent</i> your Friend.	3209
<i>Lear.</i> A plague vpon you Murderors, Traitors all,	3210
I might haue fau'd her, now she's gone for euer :	3211
<i>Cordelia, Cordelia,</i> stay a little. Ha :	3212
What is't thou saist? Her voice was euer soft,	3213
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.	3214
I kill'd the Slaue that was a hanging thee.	3215
<i>Gent.</i> 'Tis true (my Lords) he did.	3216
<i>Lear.</i> Did I not fellow ?	3217
I haue seene the day, with my good biting Faulchion	3218
I would haue made him skip : I am old now,	3219
And these fame croffes spoile me. Who are you ?	3220
Mine eyes are not o'th'best, Ile tell you straight.	3221
<i>Kent.</i> If Fortune brag of two, she lou'd and hated,	3222
One of them we behold.	3223
<i>Lear.</i> This is a dull fight, are you not <i>Kent</i> ?	3224
<i>Kent.</i> The fame : your Seruant <i>Kent</i> ,	3225
Where is your Seruant <i>Caius</i> ?	3226
<i>Lear.</i> He's a good fellow, I can tell you that,	3227
He'le strike and quickly too, he's dead and rotten.	3228
<i>Kent.</i> No my good Lord, I am the very man.	3229
<i>Lear.</i> Ile see that straight.	3230
<i>Kent.</i> That from your first of difference and decay,	3231
Haue follow'd your sad steps.	3232
<i>Lear.</i> Your are welcome hither.	3233
<i>Kent.</i> Nor no man else :	3234
All's cheerlesse, darke, and deadly,	3235
Your eldest Daughters haue fore-done themselues,	3236
And desperately are dead	3237
<i>Lear.</i> I so I thinke.	3238
<i>Alb.</i> He knowes not what he saies, and vaine is it	3239
That we present vs to him.	3240

- 2958 That we present vs to him. *Edg.* Very bootleffe. *Enter*
 2959 *Capt.* *Edmond* is dead my Lord. *Captaine.*
 2960 *Duke.* That's but a trifle here, you Lords and noble friends,
 2961 Know our intent, what comfort to this decay may come, shall be
 2962 applied : for vs we will resigne during the life of this old maiesty,
 3250 2963 to him our absolute power, you to your rights with boot, and
 2964 such addition as your honor haue more then merited, all friends
 2965 shall taste the wages of their vertue, and all foes the cup of their de-
 3253 2966 seruings, O fee, fee.
 2967 *Lear.* And my poore foole is hang'd, no, no life, why should a
 2968 dog, a horse, a rat of life and thou no breath at all, O thou wilt
 2969 come no more, neuer, neuer, neuer, pray you vndo this button,
 2970 thanke you sir, O, o, o, o. *Edg.* He faints my Lord, my Lord.
 2971 *Lear.* Breake hart, I prethe breake. *Edgar.* Look vp my Lord.
 3264 2972 *Kent.* Vex not his ghost, O let him passe,
 2973 He hates him that would vpon the wracke,
 2974 Of this tough world stretch him out longer.
 2975 *Edg.* O he is gone indeed.
 2976 *Kent.* The wonder is, he hath endured so long,
 2977 He but vsurpt his life.
 3270 2978 *Duke.* Beare them from hence, our present busines
 2979 Is to generall woe, friends of my foule, you twaine
 2980 Rule in this kingdome, and the guard state sustaine.
 2981 *Kent.* I haue a iourney sir, shortly to go,
 2982 My maister calls, and I must not say no.
 2983 *Duke.* The waight of this sad time we must obey,

Enter a Messenger.

	3241
<i>Edg.</i> Very bootleffe.	3242
<i>Mess.</i> <i>Edmund</i> is dead my Lord.	3243
<i>Alb.</i> That's but a trifle heere :	3244
You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,	3245
What comfort to this great decay may come,	3246
Shall be appli'd. For vs we will resigne,	3247
During the life of this old Maiefty	3248
To him our absolute power, you to your rights,	3249
With boote, and such addition as your Honours	3250
Haue more then merited. All Friends shall	3251
Taste the wages of their vertue, and all Foes	3252
The cup of their deferuings : O see, see.	3253
<i>Lear.</i> And my poore Foole is hang'd : no, no, no life ?	3254
Why should a Dog, a Horfe, a Rat haue life,	3255
And thou no breath at all ? Thou'lt come no more,	3256
Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.	3257
Pray you vndo this Button. Thanke you Sir,	3258
Do you see this ? Looke on her ? Looke her lips,	3259
Looke there, looke there. <i>H e dis.</i>	3260
<i>Edg.</i> He faints, my Lord, my Lord.	3261
<i>Kent.</i> Breake heart, I prythee breake.	3262
<i>Edg.</i> Looke vp my Lord.	3263
<i>Kent.</i> Vex not his ghoft, O let him passe, he hates him,	3264
That would vpon the wracke of this tough world	3265
Stretch him out longer.	3266
<i>Edg.</i> He is gon indeed.	3267
<i>Kent.</i> The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long,	3268
He but vsurpt his life.	3269
<i>Alb.</i> Beare them from hence, our present businesse	3270
Is generall woe : Friends of my foule, you twaine,	3271
Rule in this Realme, and the gor'd state sustaine.	3272
<i>Kent.</i> I haue a iourney Sir, shortly to go,	3273
My Master calls me, I must not say no.	3274
<i>Edg.</i> The waight of this sad time we must obey,	3275

2984 Speake what we feele, not what we ought to fay,
2985 The oldest haue borne most, we that are yong,
3278 2986 Shall neuer see so much, nor liue so long.

FINIS.



Speake what we feele, not what we ought to fay : 3276

The oldest hath borne most, we that are yong, 3277

Shall neuer see so much, nor liue so long. 3278

Exeunt with a dead March. 3279

FINIS.



THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR.

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH
THE 1608 QUARTO AND THE FIRST FOLIO.

SIGNATURE.	THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE.	
	AT QUARTO LINE.	AT FOLIO LINE.
B	23	27
B ₂	99	115
B ₃	175	195
B ₃ (v.) or blank.	251	279
C	327	364
C ₂	403	449
C ₃	479	527
C ₃ (v.) or blank.	555	619
D	631	704
D ₂	707	806
D ₃	783	919
D ₃ (v.) or blank.	859	1021
E	935	1111
E ₂	1011	1195
E ₃	1087	1270
E ₃ (v.) or blank.	1163	1363
F	1239	1455
F ₂	1316	1536
F ₃	1392	none corresponding.
F ₃ (v.) or blank.	1468	1685
G	1544	1783
G ₂	1621	1875
G ₃	1697	1965
G ₃ (v.) or blank.	1773	2024
H	1849	2096
H ₂	1925	2178
H ₃	2001	2251
H ₃ (v.) or blank.	2077	2309
I	2153	2336
I ₂	2229	2420
I ₃	2305	2502
I ₃ (v.) or blank.	2381	2606
K	2457	2701
K ₂	2533	2787
K ₃	2609	2856
K ₃ (v.) or blank.	2685	2947
L	2761	3025
L ₂	2837	3117
L ₃	2913	3184
L ₃ (v.) or blank.	2986	3279

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH
THE FIRST FOLIO.

FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.	BANKSIDE LINE.	FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.	BANKSIDE LINE.
1st column, page 283	46	1st column, page 297	1786
2d " " 283	93	2d " " 297	1850
1st " " 284	159	1st " " 298	1915
2d " " 284	223	2d " " 298	1974
1st " " 285	289	1st " " 299	2033
2d " " 285	350	2d " " 299	2092
1st " " 286	416	1st " " 300	2158
2d " " 286	482	2d " " 300	2218
1st " " 287	533	1st " " 301	2278
2d " " 287	598	2d " " 301	2337
1st " " 288	664	1st " " 302	2396
2d " " 288	730	2d " " 302	2455
1st " " 289	795	1st " " 303	2521
2d " " 289	859	2d " " 303	2587
1st " " 290	917	1st " " 304	2653
2d " " 290	974	2d " " 304	2719
1st " " 291	1038	1st " " 305	2775
2d " " 291	1096	2d " " 305	2832
1st " " 292	1160	1st " " 306	2893
2d " " 292	1226	2d " " 306	2943
1st " " 293	1288	1st " " 307	3007
2d " " 293	1353	2d " " 307	3069
1st " " 294	1418	1st " " 308*	3135
2d " " 294	1484	2d " " 308*	3198
1st " " 295	1550	1st " " 309	3239
2d " " 295	1609	2d " " 309	3279
1st " " 296	1669		
2d " " 296	1735		

* So printed in the Folio.

