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 Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and  
 a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional  
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        <note type="citation">STC (2nd ed.), 22273</note>
        <note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. & West, A.J. "The Shakespeare
First Folios a

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descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.</note>  
<note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the  
First Folio of  
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<note type="citation">West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare First  
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With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1  
(March  
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<hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES</hi>

<lb/>COMEDIES, <lb/>HISTORIES, & <lb/>TRAGEDIES.

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<p>[18], 303, [1], 46, 49-100, [2], 69-232, [2], 79-80, [26], 76, 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.; fol.</p>

<p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58; p.59 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered 151; p.161 misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165 misnumbered 163; p. 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250 misnumbered 252; p. 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in some copies; p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count: p.165-166 numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 -- 5th count: p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308 misnumbered 38; p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>

</foliation>  
<collation>

<p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman:  $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1) [\pi B^2]$ ,  $2A-2B^6$   
 $2C^2 a-g^6 \chi gg^8 h-v^6 x^4 \chi 1.2$  [para.]-2[para.]<sup>6</sup> 3[para.]<sup>1</sup> aa-ff<sup>6</sup> gg<sup>2</sup> Gg<sup>6</sup> hh<sup>6</sup> kk-bbb<sup>6</sup>; 2. West:  $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2)^2 A-2B^6 2C^2 a-g^6 {}^2g^8$   
 $h-v^6 x^4$   
 $'gg3.4' (\pm'gg3')$  [para.]-2[para.]<sup>6</sup> 3[para.]<sup>1</sup> 2a-2f<sup>6</sup> 2g<sup>2</sup> 2G<sup>6</sup> 2h<sup>6</sup> 2k-2v<sup>6</sup> x<sup>6</sup> 2y-3b<sup>6</sup>.</p>

<p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; <sup>3</sup>gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>

<p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aal1 recto.</p>

</collation>  
<condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the reader".

The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.</condition>

</supportDesc>

<layoutDesc>

<layout>

<p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>

<p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>

<p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed.

Blount, I.

Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623."</p>

<p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.</p>

</layout>

</layoutDesc>

</objectDesc>

<decoDesc>

<decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>

<decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed:

"Martin-

Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The

earlier

state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with

the

jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the

plate

in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the

earlier

state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

</decoNote>

</decoDesc>

<additions>

<p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was

seen".

2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor annotations

on

leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added

after

leaving the Library.</p>

</additions>

<bindingDesc>

<p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound

for the

Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth

ties, red

sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the

head

of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine.

Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S.

Gibson in  
out  
waste from  
between  
see: Bod.

Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent  
on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed  
a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet,  
1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work  
see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.

</bindingDesc>  
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<history>  
<origin>  
<p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman,  
Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford,  
1963.

</p>  
</origin>  
<acquisition>  
<p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It  
was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on <date  
when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library  
Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey  
at  
shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date  
when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the  
publication  
of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by  
the  
newer <bibl>  
<title>Third Folio</title> (<date  
when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records  
to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of  
"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard  
Davis</persName>, a  
bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum  
of <num value="24">£24</num>.</p>  
<p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered  
Hall,  
the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston  
Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the  
family's possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it  
was  
reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num  
value="3000">£3000</num>,  
and  
raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery  
purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson,

The

Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)

For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see <http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/> and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.

Digital facsimile images available at:

<http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/>

The Tragedie of King Lear.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[Act 1, Scene 1]

Enter Kent,

Gloucester, and Edmond.

Kent.

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

Glou.

It did alwayes seeme so to 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-

<lb/>ther, can  
make choise of eithers moity.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<p>Is not this your Son, my Lord?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
<p>His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I haue <lb/>so often  
blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am  
<lb/>braz'd too't.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<p>I cannot conceiue you.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
<p>Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could; wherevpon <lb/>she  
grew round womb'd, and had indeede (Sir) a <lb/>Sonne  
for her Cradle, ere she had <gap/> husband for her bed.  
<lb/>Do you smell a fault?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<p>I cannot wish the fault vndone, the issue of it, <lb/>being so  
proper.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
<p>But I haue a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some <lb/>yeere elder  
then this; who, yet is no deerer in my ac-count,  
<lb/>though this Knaue came something sawcily to the <lb/>world  
before he was sent for: yet was his Mother fayre, <lb/>there  
was good sport at his making, and the horson must <lb/>be  
acknowledged. Doe you know this Noble Gentle-man,  
<lb/>  
<hi rend="italic">Edmond</hi>?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Edm.</speaker>  
<p>No, my Lord.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
<p>My Lord of Kent: <lb/>Remember him heereafter, as my  
Honourable  
Friend.</p>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edm.</speaker>  
   <p>My seruices to your Lordship.</p>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
   <p>I must loue you, and sue to know you better.</p>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edm.</speaker>  
   <p>Sir, I shall study deseruing.</p>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
   <p>He hath bin out nine yeares, and away he shall <lb/>again. The  
 King is comming.</p>  
 </sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Sennet.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King Lear, Cornwall,  
 Albany, Gonerill, Re&#x00AD;<lb/>gan, Cordelia,<gap/>and  
 attendants.</stage>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <p>Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, Gloster</p>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
   <p>I shall, my Lord.</p>  
 </sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <l>Meane time we shal expresse our darker purpose.</l>  
   <l>Giue me the Map there. Know, that we haue diuided</l>  
   <l>In three our Kingdome: and 'tis our fast intent,</l>  
   <l>To shake all Cares and Businesse from our Age,</l>  
   <l>Conferring them on yonger strengths, while we</l>  
   <l>Vnburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of <hi  
 rend="italic">Cornwal,</hi>  
   </l>  
   <l>And you our no lesse louing Sonne of <hi  
 rend="italic">Albany</hi>,</l>  
   <cb n="2"/>  
   <l>We haue this houre a constant will to publish</l>  
   <l>Our daughters seuerall Dowes, that future strife</l>  
   <l>May be preuented now. The Princes, <hi rend="italic">France</hi>  
 & <hi rend="italic">Burgundy</hi>,</l>  
   <l>Great Riuals in our yongest daughters loue,</l>  
   <l>Long in our Court, haue made their amorous soiourne,</l>  
   <l>And heere are to be answer'd. Tell me my daughters</l>

<|>(Since now we will diest vs both of Rule,</l>  
 <|>Interest of Territory, Cares of State)</l>  
 <|>Which of you shall we say doth loue vs most,</l>  
 <|>That we, our largest bountie may extend</l>  
 <|>Where Nature doth with merit challenge. <hi  
 rend="italic">Gon<gap/>rill</hi>,</l>  
 <|>Our eldest borne, speake first.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
 <|>Sir, I loue you more then word can weild y matter,</l>  
 <|>Deerer then eye-sight, space, and libertie,</l>  
 <|>Beyond what can be valewed, rich or rare,</l>  
 <|>No lesse then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor:</l>  
 <|>As much as Childe ere lou'd, or Father found.</l>  
 <|>A loue that makes breath poore, and speech vnable,</l>  
 <|>Beyond all manner of so much I loue you.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
 <|>What shall <hi rend="italic">Cordelia</hi> speake? Loue, and be  
 silent.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <|>Of all these bounds euen from this Line, to this,</l>  
 <|>With shadowie Forrests, and with Champains  
 rich'd</l>  
 <|>With plenteous Riuers, and wide-skirted Meades</l>  
 <|>We make thee Lady. To thine and <hi rend="italic">Albanies</hi>  
 issues</l>  
 <|>Be this perpetuall. What sayes our second Daughter?</l>  
 <|>Our deere <hi rend="italic">Regan,</hi> wife of <hi  
 rend="italic">Cornwall?</hi>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <|>I am made of that selfe-mettle as my Sister,</l>  
 <|>And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,</l>  
 <|>I finde she names my very deede of loue:</l>  
 <|>Onely she comes too short, that I professe</l>  
 <|>My selfe an enemy to all other ioyes,</l>  
 <|>Which the most precious square of sense professes,</l>  
 <|>And finde I am alone felicitate</l>  
 <|>In your deere Highnesse loue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
 <|>Then poore <hi rend="italic">Cordelia</hi>,</l>

<l>And yet not so, since I am sure my loue's</l>  
 <l>More ponderous then my tongue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <l>To thee, and thine hereditarie euer,</l>  
   <l>Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome,</l>  
   <l>No lesse in space, validitie, and pleasure</l>  
   <l>Then that confer'd on <hi rend="italic">Gonerill</hi>. Now  
 our Ioy,</l>  
   <l>Although our last and least; to whose yong loue,</l>  
   <l>The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie,</l>  
   <l>Striue to be interest. What can you say, to draw</l>  
   <l>A third, more opilent then your Sisters? Speake.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
   <p>Nothing my Lord.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <p>Nothing?</p>  
 </sp>  
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 <sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
   <p>Nothing.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <p>Nothing will come of nothing, speake againe.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
   <l>Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue</l>  
   <l>My heart into my mouth: I loue your Maiesty</l>  
   <l>According to my bond, no more nor lesse.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <l>How, how <hi rend="italic">Cordelia</hi>? Mend your speech a  
 little,</l>  
   <l>Least you may marre your Fortunes.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>

<l>Good my Lord,</l>  
<l>You haue begot me, bred me, lou'd me.</l>  
<l>I returne those duties backe as are right fit,</l>  
<l>Obey you, Loue you, and most Honour you.</l>  
<l>Why haue my Sisters Husbands, if they say</l>  
<l>They loue you all? Happily when I shall wed,</l>  
<l>That Lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry</l>  
<l>Halfe my loue with him, halfe my Care, and Dutie,</l>  
<l>Sure I shall neuer marry like my Sisters.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<p>But goes thy heart with this?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-cor">

<speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>

<p>I my good Lord.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<p>So young, and so vtender?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-cor">

<speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>

<p>So young my Lord, and true.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<l>Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dowre:</l>

<l>For by the sacred radience of the Sunne,</l>

<l>The miseries of <hi rend="italic">Heccat</hi> and the night:</l>

<l>By all the operation of the Orbes,</l>

<l>From whom we do exist, and cease to be,</l>

<l>Heere I disclaime all my Paternall care,</l>

<l>Propinquity and property of blood,</l>

<l>And as a stranger to my heart and me,</l>

<l>Hold thee from this for euer. The barbarous <hi rend="italic">Scythian</hi>,</l>

<l>Or he that makes his generation messes</l>

<l>To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosome</l>

<l>Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and releu'd,</l>

<l>As thou my sometime Daughter.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-ken">

<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>

<p>Good my Liege.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<l>Peace <hi rend="italic">Kent,</hi>

</l>  
<l>Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath,</l>  
<l>I lou'd her most, and thought to set my  
rest</l>  
<l>On her kind nursery. Hence and avoid my sight:</l>  
<l>So be my graue my peace, as here I giue</l>  
<l>Her Fathers heart from her; call <hi rend="italic">France,</hi>  
who stirres?</l>  
<l>Call <hi rend="italic">Burgundy, Cornwall</hi>, and <hi  
rend="italic">Albanie</hi>,</l>  
<l>With my two Daughters Dowres, digest the third,</l>  
<l>Let pride, which she cal's plainnesse, marry her:</l>  
<l>I doe inuest you ioyntly with my power,</l>  
<l>Preheminance, and all the large effects</l>  
<l>That troope with Maiesty. Our selfe by Monthly course,</l>  
<l>With reseruatiō of an hundred Knights,</l>  
<l>By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode</l>  
<l>Make with you by due turne, onely we shall retaine</l>  
<l>The name, and all th'additiō to a King: the Sway,</l>  
<l>Reuennue, Execution of the rest,</l>  
<l>Beloued Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,</l>  
<l>This Coronet part betweene you.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<l>Royall <hi rend="italic">Lear,</hi>  
</l>  
<l>Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,</l>  
<l>Lou'd as my Father, as my Master  
follow'd,</l>  
<l>As my great Patron thought on in my praiers.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Le.</speaker>  
<l>The bow is bent & drawne, make from the shaft.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<l>Let it fall rather, though the forke inuade</l>  
<l>The region of my heart, be <hi rend="italic">Kent</hi>  
vnmannerly,</l>  
<l>When <hi rend="italic">Lear</hi> is mad, what wouldest thou  
do old man?</l>  
<l>Think'st thou that dutie shall haue dread to  
speake,</l>  
<l>When power to flattery bowes?</l>  
<l>To plainnesse honour's bound,</l>  
<l>When Maiesty falls to folly, reserue thy state,</l>  
<l>And in thy best consideration checke</l>  
<cb n="2"/>

<l>This hideous rashnesse, answere my life, my<gap/>iudgement:</l>  
 <l>Thy yongest Daughter do's not loue thee  
 least,</l>  
 <l>Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sounds</l>  
 <l>Reuerbe no hollownesse.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <p>  
 <hi rend="italic">Kent</hi>, on thy life no more.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
 <l>My life I neuer held but as pawne</l>  
 <l>To wage against thine enemies, nere feare to loose it,</l>  
 <l>Thy safety being motiue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <p>Out of my sight.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
 <l>See better Lear, and let me still remaine</l>  
 <l>The true blanke of thine eie.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kear.</speaker>  
 <p>Now by <hi rend="italic">Apollo</hi>.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lent.</speaker>  
 <l>Now by <hi rend="italic">Apollo</hi>, King</l>  
 <l>Thou swear'st thy Gods in vaine.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <p>O Vassall! Miscreant.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
 <p>Cor. Deare Sir forbear.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
 <l>Kill thy Physition, and thy fee bestow</l>  
 <l>Vpon the foule disease, reuoke thy guift,</l>  
 <l>Or whil'st I can vent clamour from my throate,</l>  
 <l>Ile tell thee thou dost euill.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lea.</speaker>  
 <l>Heare me recreant, on thine alleageance heare me;</l>  
 <l>That thou hast sought to make vs breake our vowes,</l>  
 <l>Which we durst neuer yet; and with strain'd  
 pride,</l>  
 <l>To come betwixt our sentences, and our power,</l>  
 <l>Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare;</l>  
 <l>Our potencie made good, take thy reward.</l>  
 <l>Fiue dayes we do allot thee for prouision,</l>  
 <l>To shield thee from disasters of the world,</l>  
 <l>And on the sixt to turne thy hated backe</l>  
 <l>Vpon our kingdome: if on the tenth day following,</l>  
 <l>Thy banisht trunke be found in our Dominions,</l>  
 <l>The moment is thy death, away. By <hi  
 rend="italic">Iupiter</hi>,</l>  
 <l>This shall not be reuok'd,</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
 <l>Fare thee well King, sith thus thou wilt appeare,</l>  
 <l>Freedome liues hence, and banishment is here;</l>  
 <l>The Gods to their deere shelter take thee Maid,</l>  
 <l>That iustly think'st, and hast  
 most rightly said:</l>  
 <l>And your large speeches, may your deeds approue,</l>  
 <l>That good effects may spring from words of loue:</l>  
 <l>Thus <hi rend="italic">Kent</hi>, O Princes, bids you all  
 adew,</l>  
 <l>Hee'l shape his old course, in a Country new.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flourish.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gloster with  
 France, and Bur-gundy, <b>Attendants.</b></stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
 <p>Heere's <hi rend="italic">France</hi> and <hi  
 rend="italic">Burgundy</hi>, my Noble Lord.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <l>My Lord of <hi rend="italic">Burgundie</hi>,</l>  
 <l>We first addresse toward you, who with this King</l>  
 <l>Hath riuald for our Daughter; what in the least</l>  
 <l>Will you require in present Dower with her,</l>  
 <l>Or cease your quest of Loue?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-bur">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bur.</speaker>

<\/>Most Royall Maiesty,<\/>  
<\/>I craue no more then hath your Highnesse  
offer'd,<\/>  
<\/>Nor will you tender lesse?<\/>  
<\/sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.<\/speaker>  
<\/>Right Noble <hi rend="italic">Burgundy<\/hi>,<\/>  
<\/>When she was deare to vs, we did hold her so,<\/>  
<\/>But now her price is fallen: Sir, there she stands,<\/>  
<\/>If ought within that little seeming substance,<\/>  
<\/>Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,<\/>  
<\/>And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,<\/>  
<\/>Shee's there, and she is yours.<\/>  
<\/sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-bur">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bur.<\/speaker>  
<p>I know no answer.<\/p>  
<\/sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.<\/speaker>  
<\/>Will you with those infirmities she owes,<\/>  
<\/>Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,<\/>  
<\/>Dow'rd with our curse, and stranger'd with  
our oath,<\/>  
<\/>Take her or, leaue her.<\/>  
<\/sp>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">  
<hi rend="italic">Bur.<\/hi>  
Par-<\/fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0795-0.jpg" n="285"\/>  
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.<\/fw>  
<cb n="1"\/>  
<sp who="#F-lr-bur">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bur.<\/speaker>  
<\/>Pardon me Royall Sir,<\/>  
<\/>Election makes not vp in such conditions.<\/>  
<\/sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Le.<\/speaker>  
<\/>Then leaue her sir, for by the powre that made me,<\/>  
<\/>I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,<\/>  
<\/>I would not from your loue make such a stray,<\/>  
<\/>To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you<\/>  
<\/>T'auert your liking a more worthier way,<\/>  
<\/>Then on a wretch whom Nature is asham'd<\/>  
<\/>Almost t'acknowledge hers.<\/>  
<\/sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-fra">  
<speaker rend="italic">Fra.<\/speaker>

<|>This is most strange,</|>  
<|>That she whom euen but now, was your object,</|>  
<|>The argument of your praise, balme of your age,</|>  
<|>The best, the deerest, should in this trice of

time</|>

<|>Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle</|>  
<|>So many folds of fauour: sure her offence</|>  
<|>Must be of such vnnaturall degree,</|>  
<|>That monsters it: Or your fore-voucht

affection</|>

<|>Fall into taint, which to beleue of her</|>  
<|>Must be a faith that reason without miracle</|>  
<|>Should neuer plant in me.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-cor">

<speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>

<|>I yet beseech your Maiesty.</|>  
<|>If for I want that glib and oylie Art,</|>  
<|>To speake and purpose not, since what I will intend,</|>  
<|>Ile do't before I speake, that you make knowne</|>  
<|>It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulennesse,</|>  
<|>No vchaste action or dishonoured step</|>  
<|>That hath depriu'd me of your Grace and fauour,</|>  
<|>But euen for want of that, for which I am richer,</|>  
<|>A still solliciting eye, and such a tongue,</|>  
<|>That I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,</|>  
<|>Hath lost me in your liking.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<|>Better thou had'st<gap/>

</|>

<|>Not beene borne, then not t'haue pleas'd me

better.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-fra">

<speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>

<|>Is it but this? A tardinesse in nature,</|>  
<|>Which often leaues the history vnspoke</|>  
<|>That it intends to do: my Lord of <hi

rend="italic">Burgundy</hi>,</|>

<|>What say you to the Lady? Loue's not loue</|>  
<|>When it is mingled with regards, that stands</|>  
<|>Aloofe from th'intire point, will you haue her?</|>  
<|>She is herselfe a Dowrie.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-bur">

<speaker rend="italic">Bur.</speaker>

<|>RoyallKing,</|>

<|>Giue but that portion which your selfe propos'd,</|>

<l>And here I take <hi rend="italic">Cordelia</hi> by the hand,</l>  
 <l>Dutchesse of <hi rend="italic">Burgundie.</hi>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <p>Nothing, I haue sworne, I am firme.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-bur">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bur.</speaker>  
 <l>I am sorry then you haue so lost a Father,</l>  
 <l>That you must loose a husband.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
 <l>Peace be with <hi rend="italic">Burgundie</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Since that respect and Fortunes are his loue,</l>  
 <l>I shall not be his wife.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-fra">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>  
 <l>Fairest <hi rend="italic">Cordelia,</hi> that art  
 most rich being poore,</l>  
 <l>Most choise forsaken, and most lou'd  
 despis'd,</l>  
 <l>Thee and thy vertues here I seize vpon,</l>  
 <l>Be it lawfull I take vp what's cast away.</l>  
 <l>Gods, Gods! 'Tis strange, that from their  
 cold'st neglect  
 </l>  
 <l>My Loue should kindle to enflame'd  
 respect.</l>  
 <l>Thy dowrelesse Daughter King, throwne to my chance,</l>  
 <l>Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire <hi  
 rend="italic">France</hi>:</l>  
 <l>Not all the Dukes of watrish <hi rend="italic">Burgundy</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Can buy this vnpriz'd precious Maid of me.</l>  
 <l>Bid them farewell <hi rend="italic">Cordelia</hi>, though  
 vnkinde,</l>  
 <l>Thou loolest here a better where to finde.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <l>Thou hast her <hi rend="italic">France</hi>, let her be  
 thine, for we</l>  
 <l>Haue no such Daughter, nor shall euer see</l>  
 <l>That face of hers againe, therefore be gone,</l>  
 <l>Without our Grace, our Loue, our Benizon:</l>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <l>Come Noble <hi rend="italic">Burgundie.</hi>

</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flo<gap/>ri<gap/>h.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-fra">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>  
   <p>Bid farwell to your Sisters.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
   <l>The Iewels of our Father, with wash'd eies</l>  
   <l>  
     <hi rend="italic">Cordelia</hi> leaues you, I know you what you  
 are,</l>  
   <l>And like a Sister am most loth to call</l>  
   <l>Your faults as they are named. Loue well our Father:</l>  
   <l>To your professed bosomes I commit him,</l>  
   <l>But yet alas, stood I within his Grace,</l>  
   <l>I would prefer him to a better place,</l>  
   <l>So farewell to you both.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Regn.</speaker>  
   <p>Prescribe not vs our dutie.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
   <l>Let your study</l>  
   <l>Be to content your Lord, who hath receiu'd you</l>  
   <l>At Fortunes almes, you haue obedience scanted,</l>  
   <l>And well are worth the want that you haue wanted.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
   <l>Time shall vnfold what plighted cunning hides,</l>  
   <l>Who couers faults, at last with shame derides:</l>  
   <l>Well may you prosper.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-fra">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>  
   <p>Come my faire <hi rend="italic">Cordelia.</hi>  
   </p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit France and  
 Cor.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
   <l>Sister, it is not little I haue to say,</l>  
   <l>Of what most neerely appertaines to vs both,</l>  
   <l>I thinke our Father will hence to night. with vs.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <p>That's most certaine, and with you: next moneth</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
 <p>You see how full of changes his age is, the ob-seruation  
<lb/>we haue made of it hath beene little; he always  
<lb/>lou'd our Sister most, and with what  
poore iudgement he <lb/>hath now cast her off,  
appeares too grossely.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <p>'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath euer but  
<lb/>slenderly knowne himself.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
 <p>The best and soundest of his time hath bin but  
<lb/>rash, then must we looke from his age, to receiue  
not a-lone <lb/>the imperfections of long  
Ingrasfed condition, but <lb/>therewithall the vnruely  
way-wardnesse, that infirme and <lb/>cholericke  
yeares bring with them.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <p>Such vnconstant starts are we like to haue from  
<lb/>him, as this of <hi rend="italic">Kents</hi>  
banishment.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
 <p>There is further complement of leaue-taking  
be-tweene <lb/>  
 <hi rend="italic">France</hi> and him,  
pray you let vs sit together, if our <lb/>Father carry  
authority with such disposition as he beares, <lb/>this  
last surrender of his will but offend vs.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <p>We shall further thinke of it.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
 <p>We must do something, and i'th' heate.</p>  
</sp>

```

    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2">
  <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bastard.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-lr-bas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
    <l>Thou Nature art my Goddess, to thy Law</l>
    <l>My seruices are bound, wherefore should I</l>
    <l>Stand in the plague of custome, and permit</l>
    <l>The curiosity of Nations, to depriue me?</l>
    <l>For that I am some twelue, or fourteene Moonshines</l>
    <l>Lag of a Brother? Why Bastard? Wherefore base?</l>
    <l>When my Dimensions are as well compact,</l>
    <l>My minde as generous, and my shape as true</l>
    <l>As honest Madams issue? Why brand they vs</l>
    <l>With Base? With basenes Bastardie? Base, Base?</l>
    <l>Who in the lustie stealth of Nature, take</l>
    <l>More composition, and fierce qualitie,</l>
    <l>Then doth within a dull stale tyred bed</l>
    <l>Goe to th' creating a whole tribe of Fops</l>
    <l>Got 'twene a sleepe, and wake? Well then,</l>
    <l>Legitimate <hi rend="italic">Edgar</hi>, I must haue your
land,</l>
    <l>Our Fathers loue, is to the Bastard <hi
rend="italic">Edmond</hi>,</l>
    <l>As to th'legitimate: fine word: Legitimate.</l>
    <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">qq3</fw>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Well</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0796-0.jpg" n="286"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>Well, my Legittimate, if this Letter speed,</l>
    <l>And my inuention thriue, <hi rend="italic">Edmond</hi> the
base</l>
    <l>Shall to'th'Legitimate: I grow, I prosper:</l>
    <l>Now Gods, stand vp for Bastards.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Gloucester.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-lr-glo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
    <l>Kent banish'd thus? and France in choller parted?</l>
    <l>And the King gone to night? Prescrib'd his powre,</l>
    <l>Confin'd to exhibition? All this done</l>
    <l>Vpon the gad? <hi rend="italic">Edmond</hi>, how now? What
newes?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-lr-bas">

```

*Bast.*

So please your Lordship, none.

*Glou.*

Why so earnestly seeke you to put vp y Letter?

*Bast.*

I know no newes, my Lord.

*Glou.*

What Paper were you reading?

*Bast.*

Nothing my Lord.

*Glou.*

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

*Bast.*

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

*Glou.*

Giue me the Letter, Sir.

*Bast.*

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

*Glou.*

Let's see, let's see.

*Bast.*

I hope for my Brothers iustification, hee wrote

<lb/>this but as an essay, or taste of my Vertue.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Glou.reads.</speaker>  
<p>  
<hi rend="italic">This policie, and reuerence of Age, makes  
the</hi>  
<lb/>  
<hi rend="italic">world bitter to the best  
of our times: keeps our Fortunes from</hi>  
<lb/>  
<hi rend="italic">vs, till our oldnesse cannot rellish them. I begin  
to finde an idle</hi>  
<lb/>  
<hi rend="italic">and fond  
bondage, in the oppression of aged tyranny, who sw ayes</hi>  
<lb/>  
<hi rend="italic">not as it hath power, but as it is  
suffer'd. Come to me, that of</hi>  
<lb/>  
<hi rend="italic">this I may speake more. If our Father would sleepe  
till I wak'd</hi>  
<lb/>  
<hi rend="italic">him, you should  
enioy halfe his Reuennew for euer, and liue the</hi>  
<lb/>  
<hi rend="italic">beloued of your Brother.</hi> Edgar. <lb/>Hum?  
Conspiracy? Sleepe till I wake him, you should <lb/>enioy halfe  
his Reuennew: my Sonne <hi rend="italic">Edgar</hi>, had hee a  
<lb/>hand to write this? A heart and braine to breede it in?  
<lb/>When came you to this? Who brought it?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
<p>It was not brought mee, my Lord; there's the <lb/>cunning  
of it. I found it throwne in at the Casement of <lb/>my  
Closset.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
<p>You know the character to be your Brothers?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
<p>If the matter were good my Lord, I durst swear <lb/>it  
were his: but in respect of that, I would faine thinke it  
<lb/>were not.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>

<p>It is his.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <p>It is his hand, my Lord: but I hope his heart is <lb/>not in the
 Contents.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
 <p>Has he neuer before sounded you in this busines?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <p>Neuer my Lord. But I haue heard him oft main-taine
 <lb/>it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and
 Fathers <lb/>declin'd, the Father should bee as Ward to
 the Son, and <lb/>the Sonne manage his Reuennew.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>
 <p>O Villain, villain: his very opinion in the Let-ter.
 <lb/>Abhorred Villaine, vnaturall, detested, brutish
 <lb/>Villaine; worse then brutish: Go sirrah, seeke him: Ile
 <lb/>apprehend him. Abhominable Villaine, where is he?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <p>I do not well know my L. If it shall please you to <lb/>suspend
 your indignation against my Brother, til you can
 <lb/>deriue from him better testimony of his intent, you
 shold <lb/>run a certaine course: where, if you violently
 proceed a-against <lb/>him, mistaking his
 purpose, it would make a great <lb/>gap in your owne Honor, and
 shake in peeces, the heart of</p>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <p>his obedience. I dare pawne downe my life for him, that <lb/>he
 hath writ this to feele my affection to your Honor,
 & <lb/>to no other pretence of danger.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>
 <p>Thinke you so?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <p>If your Honor iudge it meete, I will place you <lb/>where you
 shall heare vs conferre of this, and by an Auri-cular
 <lb/>assurance haue your satisfaction, and that without
 <lb/>any further delay, then this very Euening.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
 <p>He cannot bee such a Monster. <hi rend="italic">Edmond</hi>  
 seeke <lb/>him out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the  
 Bu-sinesse <lb/>after your owne wisdom. I would  
 vnstate my <lb/>selfe, to be in a due resolution.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
 <p>I will seeke him Sir, presently: conuey the bu-sinesse  
 <lb/>as I shall find meanes, and acquaint you  
 withall.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
 <p>These late Eclipses in the Sun and Moone por-tend <lb/>no  
 good to vs: though the wisdom of Nature can <lb/>reason it  
 thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it selfe scourg'd  
 <lb/>by the sequent effects. Loue cooles,  
 friendship falls off, <lb/>Brothers diuide. In Cities,  
 mutinies; in Countries, dis-cord; <lb/>in Pallaces,  
 Treason; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt <lb/>Sonne  
 and Father. This villaine of mine comes vnder the  
 <lb/>prediction; there's Son against  
 Father, the King fals from <lb/>byas of Nature, there's Father  
 against Childe. We haue <lb/>seene the best of our  
 time. Machinations, hollownesse, <lb/>treacherie, and all  
 ruinous disorders follow vs disquietly <lb/>to our Graues. Find  
 out this Villain, <hi rend="italic">Edmond</hi>, it shall lose  
 <lb/>thee nothing, do it carefully: and the Noble &  
 true-har-ted <lb/>Kent banish'd; his  
 offence, honesty. 'Tis strange.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
 <p>This is the excellent foppery of the world, that <lb/>when we  
 are sicke in fortune, often the surfets of our own  
 <lb/>behaiour, we make guilty of our disasters, the Sun,  
 the <lb/>Moone, and Starres, as if we were villaines on  
 necessitie, <lb/>Fooles by heauenly compulsion, Knaues,  
 Theeues, and <lb/>Trachers by Sphericall predominance.  
 Drunkards, Ly-ars, <lb/>and Adulterers by an  
 inforc'd obedience of Planatary <lb/>influence;  
 and all that we are euill in, by a diuine  
 thru-sting <lb/>on. An admirable euasion of  
 Whore-master-man, <lb/>to lay his Goatish  
 disposition on the charge of a Starre, <lb/>My father  
 compounded with my mother vnder the Dra-gons <lb/>taile,  
 and my Natiuity was vnder <hi rend="italic">Vrsa Maior</hi>, so

<lb/>that it follows, I am rough and Leacherous. I should  
<lb/>haue bin that I am, had the maidenlest Starre in the  
Fir-mament <lb/>twinkled on my bastardizing.</p>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Edgar.</stage>  
<p>Pat: he comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comedie: <lb/>my  
Cue is villanous Melancholly, with a sighe like <hi rend="italic">Tom</hi>  
<lb/>o'Bedlam. ——— O these Eclipses do portend  
these diui-sions. <lb/>Fa, Sol, La, Me.</p>  
<sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
<p>How now Brother <hi rend="italic">Edmond</hi>, what serious  
con-templation <lb/>are you in?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
<p>I am thinking Brother of a prediction I read this  
<lb/>other day, what should follow these Eclipses.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
<p>Do you busie your selfe with that?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
<p>I promise you, the effects he writes of, succede  
<lb/>vnhappily.</p>  
<p>When saw you my Father last?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
<p>The night gone by.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
<p>Spake you with him?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
<p>I, two houres together.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
<p>Parted you in good termes? Found you no dis-pleasure  
<lb/>in him, by word, nor countenance?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
<p>None at all,</p>  
</sp>

*Bast.*  
Bethink your self wherein you may haue offen-ded  
him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, vntill  
some little time hath quailfied the heat of his  
displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him,  
that with the mis-chiefe  
The Tragedie of King Lear.  
chiefe of your person, it would scarsely alay.

*Edg.*  
Some Villaine hath done me wrong.

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

*Edg.*  
Arm'd, Brother?

*Bast.*  
*Edm.*  
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.

*Edg.*  
Edg.  
Shall I heare from you anon?

Exit.

*Bast.*  
*Edm.*  
I do serue 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 practises ride easie: I see the businesse.  
Let me, if not by birth, haue lands by wit,

<l>All with me's meete, that I can fashion fit.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="3">  
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 3]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gonerill, and  
 Steward.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
 <p>Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chi-ding  
 <lb/>of his Foole?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ste.</speaker>  
 <p>I Madam.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
 <l>By day and night, he wrongs me, euey howre</l>  
 <l>He flashes into one grosse crime, or other,</l>  
 <l>That sets vs all at ods: Ile not endure it;</l>  
 <l>His Knights grow riotous, and himselfe vpbraides vs</l>  
 <l>On euey trifle. When he returnes from hunting,</l>  
 <l>I will not speake with him, say I am sicke,</l>  
 <l>If you come slacke of former seruices,</l>  
 <l>You shall do well, the fault of it Ile answer.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ste.</speaker>  
 <p>He's comming Madam, I heare him.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
 <l>Put on what weary negligence you please,</l>  
 <l>You and your Fellowes: I'de haue it come to  
 question;</l>  
 <l>If he distaste it, let him to my Sister,</l>  
 <l>Whose mind and mine I know in that are one,</l>  
 <l>Remember what I haue said.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ste.</speaker>  
 <p>Well Madam.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
 <p>And let his Knights haue colder lookes among <lb/>you: what  
 growes of it no matter, aduise your fellowes <lb/>so, Ile write

straight to my Sister to hold my course;  
pre-pare <lb/>for dinner.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="4">
<head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 4]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Kent.</stage>
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>
<l>If but as will I other accents borrow,</l>
<l>That can my speech defuse, my good intent</l>
<l>May carry through it selfe to that full issue</l>
<l>For which I raiz'd my likenesse. Now banisht <hi
rend="italic">Kent</hi>,</l>
<l>If thou canst serue where thou dost stand condemn'd,</l>
<l>So may it come, thy Master whom thou
lou'st,</l>
<l>Shall find thee full of labours.</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Hornes within.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lear and
Attendants.</stage>
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
<p>Let me not stay a iot for dinner, go get it rea-dy:
<lb/>how now, what art thou?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>
<p>A man Sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
<p>What dost thou professe? What would'st thou
<lb/>with vs?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>
<p>I do professe to be no lesse then I seeme; to serue <lb/>him
truely that will put me in trust, to loue him that is
<lb/>honest, to conuerse with him that is wise and saies
little, to <lb/>feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot
choose, and to <lb/>eate no fish.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
<p>What art thou?</p>
</sp>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<p>A very honest hearted Fellow, and as poore as <lb/>the  
King.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<p>If thou be'st as poore for a subiect, as  
hee's for a <lb/>King, thou art poore enough. What  
wouldst thou?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<p>Seruice.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<p>Who wouldst thou serue?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<p>You.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<p>Do'st thou know me fellow?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<p>No Sir, but you haue that in your countenance, <lb/>which I  
would faine call Master.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<p>What's that?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<p>Authority.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<p>What seruices canst thou do?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<p>I can keepe honest counsaile, ride, run, marre a  
<lb/>curious tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine message  
<lb/>bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am

qual-lified **in**, and the best of me, is  
Dilligence.

*Lear.*  
How old art thou?

*Kent.*  
Not so young Sir to loue a woman for singing, **nor** so old to  
dote on her for any thing. I haue yeares on **my** backe forty  
eight.

*Lear.*  
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?

*Enter Steward.*  
*Ste.*  
So please you ———

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

*Knigh.*  
He saies my Lord, your Daughters is not well.

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

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

*Lear.*

<p>He would not?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-kni">  
<speaker rend="italic">Knight.</speaker>  
<p>My Lord, I know not what the matter is, <lb/>but to my iudgement  
your Highnesse is not entertain'd <lb/>with that  
Ceremonious affection as you were wont,  
<lb/>theres a great abatement of kindnesse appears as well in  
<lb/>the generall dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also, and  
<lb/>your Daughter.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<p>Ha<gap/> Saist thou so?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-kni">  
<speaker rend="italic">Knigh.</speaker>  
<p>I beseech you pardon me my Lord, if I bee <lb/>mistaken,  
for my duty cannot be silent, when I thinke <lb/>your Highnesse  
wrong'd.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<p>Thou but remembrest me of mine owne Con-ception,  
<lb/>I haue perceiued a most faint neglect of  
late, <lb/>which I haue rather blamed as mine owne iealous  
curio-sitie, <lb/>then as a very pretence and purpose of  
vnkindnesse; <lb/>I will looke further intoo't: but  
where's my Foole? I <lb/>haue not seene him this two  
daies.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-kni">  
<speaker rend="italic">Knight.</speaker>  
<p>Since my young Ladies going into <hi rend="italic">France</hi>  
</p>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Sir,</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0798-0.jpg" n="288"/>  
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.</fw>  
<cb n="1"/>  
<p>Sir, the Foole hath much pined away.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<p>No more of that, I haue noted it well, goe you <lb/>and tell my  
Daughter, I would speake with her. Goe you <lb/>call hither my  
Foole; Oh you Sir, you, come you hither <lb/>Sir, who am I  
Sir?</p>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Steward.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ste">

<speaker rend="italic">Ste.</speaker>  
 <p>My Ladies Father.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <p>My Ladies Father? my Lords knaue, you whor-son <lb/>dog,  
 you slaue, you curre.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ste.</speaker>  
 <l>I am none of these my Lord,</l>  
 <l>I beseech your pardon.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <p>Do you bandy lookes with me, you Rascall?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ste.</speaker>  
 <p>Ile not be strucken my Lord.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
 <p>Nor tript neither, you base Foot-ball plaier.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <l>I thanke thee fellow.</l>  
 <l>Thou seru'st me, and Ile loue thee.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
 <p>Come sir, arise, away, Ile teach you differences:  
 <lb/>away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length  
 a-gaine, <lb/>tarry, but away, goe too, haue you  
 wisdome, so.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <p>Now my friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's  
 <lb/>earnest of thy seruice.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Foole.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
 <p>Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcombe.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <p>How now my pretty knaue, how dost thou?</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
   <p>Sirrah, you were best take my Coxcombe.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <p>Why my Boy?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
   <p>Why? for taking ones part that's out of fauour, <b/>nay,  
 & thou canst not smile as the wind sits,  
 thou'lt catch <b/>colde shortly, there take my  
 Coxcombe; why this fellow <b/>ha's banish'd two  
 on's Daughters, and did the third a <b/>blessing against  
 his will, if thou follow him, thou must <b/>needs weare  
 my Coxcombe. How now Nunckle? would <b/>I had two Coxcombes  
 and two Daughters.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <p>Why my Boy?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Fool.</speaker>  
   <p>If I gaue them all my liuing, I'd keepe my  
 Cox-combes <b/>my selfe, there's mine, beg  
 another of thy <b/>Daughters.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <p>Take heed Sirrah, the whip.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
   <p>Truth's a dog must to kennell, hee must bee  
 <b/>whipt out, when the Lady Brach may stand  
 by'th' fire <b/>and stinke.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <p>A pestilent gall to me.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
   <p>Sirha, Ile teach thee a speech.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<p>Do.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
<l>Marke it Nuncle;</l>  
<l>Haue more then thou showest,</l>  
<l>Speake lesse then thou knowest,</l>  
<l>Lend lesse then thou owest,</l>  
<l>Ride more then thou goest,</l>  
<l>Learne more then thou trowest,</l>  
<l>Set lesse then thou throwest;</l>  
<l>Leaue thy drinke and thy whore,</l>  
<l>And keepe in a dore,</l>  
<l>And thou shalt haue more,</l>  
<l>Then two tens to a score.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<p>This is nothing Foole.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
<p>Then 'tis like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, <lb/>you  
gaue me nothing for't, can you make no vse of  
no-thing <lb/>Nuncle?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<l>Why no Boy,</l>  
<l>Nothing can be made out of nothing.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
<p>Prythee tell him, so much the rent of his land <lb/>comes to, he  
will not beleue a Foole.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<p>A bitter Foole.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
<p>Do'st thou know the difference my Boy,  
bet-weene <lb/>a bitter Foole, and a sweet one.</p>  
</sp>  
<cb n="2"/>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<p>No Lad, teach me.</p>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
     <p>Nunckle, giue me an egge, and Ile giue thee <lb/>two  
 Crownes.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
     <p>What two Crownes shall they be?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
     <p>Why after I haue cut the egge i'th' middle and  
 <lb/>eate vp the meate, the two Crownes of the egge: when  
 <lb/>thou clouest thy Crownes i'th' middle,  
 and gau'st away <lb/>both parts, thou  
 boar'st thine Asse on thy backe o're the  
 <lb/>durt, thou had'st little wit in thy bald  
 crowne, when thou <lb/>gau'st thy golden one away;  
 if I speake like my selfe in <lb/>this, let him be whipt that  
 first findes it so.</p>  
     <l>Fooles had nere lesse grace in a yeere,</l>  
     <l>For wisemen are growne foppish,</l>  
     <l>And know not how their wits to weare,</l>  
     <l>Their manners are so apish.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Le.</speaker>  
     <p>When were you wont to be so full of Songs sirrah?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
     <p>I haue vsed it Nunckle, ere since thou mad'st  
 <lb/>thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou  
 gau'st them <lb/>the rod, and put'st  
 downe thine owne breeches, then they</p>  
     <l>For sodaine ioy did weepe,</l>  
     <l>And I for sorrow sung,</l>  
     <l>That such a King should play bo-peepe,</l>  
     <l>And goe the Foole among.</l>  
     <l>Pry'thy Nunckle keepe a Schoolemaster that can teach  
 <lb/>thy Foole to lie, I would faine learne to lie.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
     <p>And you lie sirrah, wee'l haue you whipt.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
     <p>I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are,  
 <lb/>they'l haue me whipt for speaking true:

thou'lt haue me <lb/>whipt for lying, and sometimes I am  
whipt for holding <lb/>my peace. I had rather be any kind  
o'thing then a foole, <lb/>and yet I would not be thee  
Nunckle, thou hast pared thy <lb/>wit o'both  
sides, and left nothing i'th' middle; here  
<lb/>comes one o'the parings.</p>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gonerill.</stage>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<p>How now Daughter? what makes that Frontlet <lb/>on? You are too  
much of late i'th' frowne.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-foo">

<speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>

<p>Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no  
<lb/>need to care for her frowning, now thou art an O  
with-out <lb/>a figure, I am better then thou art  
now, I am a Foole, <lb/>thou art nothing. Yes forsooth I will  
hold my tongue, so <lb/>your face bids me, though you say  
nothing.</p>

<l>Mum, mum, he that keepes nor crust, nor crum,</l>

<l>Weary of all, shall want some. That's a sheal'd

Pescod.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-gon">

<speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>

<l>Not only Sir this, your all-lycenc'd Foole,</l>

<l>But other of your insolent retinue</l>

<l>Do hourelly Carpe and Quarrell, breaking forth</l>

<l>In ranke, and (not to be endur'd) riots Sir.</l>

<l>I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you,</l>

<l>To haue found a safe redresse, but now grow fearefull</l>

<l>By what your selfe too late haue spoke and done,</l>

<l>That you protect this course, and put it on</l>

<l>By your allowance, which if you should, the fault</l>

<l>Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleepe,</l>

<l>Which in the tender of a wholesome weale,</l>

<l>Mighty in their working do you that offence,</l>

<l>Which else were shame, that then necessitie</l>

<l>Will call di<gap extent="1"

unit="chars"

agent="inking"

reason="inkedSpacemaker"/>screeet<note resp="#PW">Unusually, a

spacemaker appears in a medial position in this word. It has been inked, presumably  
erroneously.</note> proceeding.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-foo">

<speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>

<p>For you know Nunckle, the Hedge-Sparrow <lb/>fed the

Cuckoo so long, that it's had it head bit off by it  
<b/>young, so out went the Candle, and we were left  
dark-ling.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<p>Are you our Daughter?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-gon">

<speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>

<l>I would you would make vse of your good wise-dome

<b/>(Whereof I know you are fraught), and put away</l>

<l>These dispositions, which of late transport you</l>

<l>From what you rightly are.</l>

</sp>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">

<hi rend="italic">Foole.</hi>

May</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0799-0.jpg" n="289"/>

<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<sp who="#F-lr-foo">

<speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>

<p>May not an Asse know, when the Cart drawes <b/>the Horse?</p>

<p>Whoop Iugge I loue thee.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<l>Do's any heere know me?</l>

<l>This is not Lear:</l>

<l>Do's <hi rend="italic">Lear</hi> walke thus? Speake thus?

Where are his eies?</l>

<l>Either his Notion weakens, his Discernings</l>

<l>Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so?</l>

<l>Who is it that can tell me who I am?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-foo">

<speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>

<p>

<hi rend="italic">Lears</hi> shadow.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<p>Your name, faire Gentlewoman?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-gon">

<speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>

<l>This admiration Sir, is much o'th' sauour</l>

<l>Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you</l>

<l>To vnderstand my purposes aright:</l>

<|>As you are Old, and Reuerend, should be Wise.</|>  
<|>Heere do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires,</|>  
<|>Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold,</|>  
<|>That this our Court infected with their manners,</|>  
<|>Shewes like a riotous Inne; Epicurisme and Lust</|>  
<|>Makes it more like a Tauerne, or a Brothell,</|>  
<|>Then a grac'd Pallace. The shame it selfe doth speake</|>  
<|>For instant remedy. Be then desir'd</|>  
<|>By her, that else will take the thing she begges,</|>  
<|>A little to disquantity your Traine,</|>  
<|>And the remainders that shall still depend,</|>  
<|>To be such men as may besort your Age,</|>  
<|>Which know themselues, and you.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<|>Darknesse, and Diuels.</|>

<|>Saddle my horses: call my Traine together.</|>

<|>Degenerate Bastard, Ile not trouble thee;</|>

<|>Yet haue I left a daughter.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-gon">

<speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>

<p>You strike my people, and your disorder'd rable,

<b/>make Seruants of their Betters.</p>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Albany.</stage>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<|>Woe, that too late repents:</|>

<|>Is it your will, speake Sir? Prepare my Horses.</|>

<|>Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend,</|>

<|>More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a Child,</|>

<|>Then the Sea-monster.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-alb">

<speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>

<p>Pray Sir be patient.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<|>Detested Kite, thou lvest.</|>

<|>My Traine are men of choice, and rarest parts,</|>

<|>That all particulars of dutie know,</|>

<|>And in the most exact regard, support</|>

<|>The worships of their name. O most small fault,</|>

<|>How vgly did'st thou in <hi rend="italic">Cordelia</hi> shew?</|>

<|>Which like an Engine, wrencht my frame of Nature</|>

<|>From the fixt place: drew from my heart all loue,</|>

<|>And added to the gall. O <hi rend="italic">Lear, Lear,

Lear</hi>!</l>

<l>Beate at this gate that let thy Folly in,</l>  
<l>And thy deere Iudgement out. Go, go, my people.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-alb">

<speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>

<l>My Lord, I am guiltlesse, as I am ignorant</l>  
<l>Of what hath moued you.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<l>It may be so, my Lord.</l>  
<l>Heare Nature, heare deere Goddesse, heare:</l>  
<l>Suspend thy purpose, if thou did'st intend</l>  
<l>To make this Creature fruitfull:</l>  
<l>Into her Wombe conuey stirrility,</l>  
<l>Drie vp in her the Organs of increase,</l>  
<l>And from her derogate body, neuer spring</l>  
<l>A Babe to honor her. If she must teeme,</l>  
<l>Create her childe of Spleene, that it may lieu</l>  
<l>And be a thwart disnature'd torment to her.</l>  
<l>Let it stampe wrinkles in her brow of youth,</l>  
<l>With cadent Teares fret Channels in her cheekes,</l>  
<cb n="2"/>  
<l>Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefits</l>  
<l>To laughter, and contempt: That she may feele,</l>  
<l>How sharper then a Serpents tooth it is,</l>  
<l>To haue a thanklesse Childe. Away, away.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-lr-alb">

<speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>

<l>Now Gods that we adore,</l>  
<l>Whereof comes this?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-gon">

<speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>

<l>Neuer afflict your selfe to know more of it:</l>  
<l>But let his disposition haue that scope</l>  
<l>As dotage giues it.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lear.</stage>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<l>What fiftie of my Followers at a clap?</l>  
<l>Within a fortnight?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-alb">

<speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>

<p>What's the matter, Sir?</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <l>Ile tell thee:</l>  
   <l>Life and death, I am asham'd</l>  
   <l>That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,</l>  
   <l>That these hot teares, which breake from me perforce</l>  
   <l>Should make thee worth them.</l>  
   <l>Blastes and Fogges vpon thee:</l>  
   <l>Th'vntented woundings of a Fathers curse</l>  
   <l>Pierce euerie sense about thee. Old fond eyes,</l>  
   <l>Beweepe this cause againe, Ile plucke ye out,</l>  
   <l>And cast you with the waters that you loose</l>  
   <l>To temper Clay. Ha? Let it be so.</l>  
   <l>I haue another daughter,</l>  
   <l>Who I am sure is kinde and comfortable:</l>  
   <l>When she shall heare this of thee, with her nailes</l>  
   <l>Shee'l flea thy Woluish visage. Thou shalt  
 finde,</l>  
   <l>That Ile resume the shape which thou dost thinke</l>  
   <l>I haue cast off for euer.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
   <p>Do you marke that?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
   <l>I cannot be so partiall <hi rend="italic">Gonerill</hi>,</l>  
   <l>To the great loue I beare you.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
   <l>Pray you content. What <hi rend="italic">Oswald</hi>, hoa?</l>  
   <l>You Sir, more Knaue then Foole, after your Master.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
   <l>Nunkle <hi rend="italic">Lear</hi>, Nunkle <hi  
 rend="italic">Lear</hi>,</l>  
   <l>Tarry, take the Foole with thee:</l>  
   <l>A Fox, when one has caught her,</l>  
   <l>And such a Daughter,</l>  
   <l>Should sure to the Slaughte,</l>  
   <l>If my Cap would buy a Halter,</l>  
   <l>So the Foole followes after.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">

<speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
<l>This man hath had good Counsell,</l>  
<l>A hundred Knights?</l>  
<l>'Tis politike, and safe to let him keepe</l>  
<l>At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on euerie dreame,</l>  
<l>Each buz, each fancie, each complaint, dislike,</l>  
<l>He may enguard his dotage with their powres,</l>  
<l>And hold our liues in mercy. <hi rend="italic">Oswald</hi>, I  
say.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-alb">

<speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>

<p>Well, you may feare too farre.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-gon">

<speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>

<l>Safer then trust too farre;</l>

<l>Let me still take away the harmes I feare,</l>

<l>Not feare still to be taken. I know his heart,</l>

<l>What he hath vtter'd I haue writ my Sister:</l>

<l>If she sustaine him, and his hundred Knights</l>

<l>When I haue shew'd th'vnfitnessse.</l>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Steward.</stage>

<l>How now <hi rend="italic">Oswald</hi>?</l>

<l>What haue you writ that Letter to my Sister?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-ste">

<speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>

<l>I Madam.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-gon">

<speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>

<l>Take you some company, and away to horse,</l>

<l>Informe her full of my particular feare,</l>

<l>And thereto adde such reasons of your owne,</l>

<l>As may compact it more. Get you gone,</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0800-0.jpg" n="290"/>

<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>And hasten your returne; no, no, my Lord,</l>

<l>This milky gentlenesse, and course of yours</l>

<l>Though I condemne not, yet vnder pardon</l>

<l>You are much more at task for want of wisdome,</l>

<l>Then prais'd for harmefull mildnesse.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-alb">

<speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>

<l>How farre your eies may pierce I cannot tell;</l>

<l>Striuing to better, oft we marre what's well.</l>

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</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-gon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>
  <p>Nay then —————</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-alb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>
  <p>Well, well, th'euent.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="5">
  <head rend="italic center">Scena Quinta.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 5]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman,
and Foole.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-lr-lea">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
    <p>Go you before to Gloster with these Letters; <lb/>acquaint
my Daughter no further with any thing you <lb/>know, then comes
from her demand out of the Letter, <lb/>if your Dilligence be
not speedy, I shall be there afore <lb/>you.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-lr-ken">
    <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>
    <p>I will not sleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered <lb/>your
Letter.</p>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-lr-foo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>
    <p>If a mans braines were in's heeles, wert not in
<lb/>danger of kybes?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-lr-lea">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
    <p>I Boy.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-lr-foo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>
    <p>Then I prythee be merry, thy wit shall not go
<lb/>slip-shod.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-lr-lea">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
    <p>Ha, ha, ha.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-lr-foo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Fool.</speaker>
    <p>Shalt see thy other Daughter will vse thee kind-ly,

```

<lb/>for though she's as like this, as a Crabbe's  
like an <lb/>Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<p>What can'st tell Boy?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
<p>She will taste as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a  
<lb/>Crab: thou canst, tell why ones nose stands  
i'th' middle <lb/>on's face?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<p>No.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
<p>Why to keepe ones eyes of either side's nose, <lb/>that  
what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<p>I did her wrong.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
<p>Can'st tell how an Oyster makes his shell?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<p>No.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
<p>Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snaile ha's <lb/>a  
house.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<p>Why?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
<p>Why to put's head in, not to giue it away to his  
<lb/>daughters, and leaue his hornes without a case.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<p>I will forget my Nature, so kind a Father? Be <lb/>my Horsses ready?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-foo">

<speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>

<p>Thy Asses are gone about 'em; the reason why <lb/>the seuen Starres are no mo then seuen, is a pretty reason.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<p>Because they are not eight.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-foo">

<speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>

<p>Yes indeed, thou would'st make a good Foole.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<p>To tak't againe perforce; Monster Ingratitude!</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-foo">

<speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>

<p>If thou wert my Foole Nunckle, Il'd haue thee <lb/>beaten for being old before thy time.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<p>How's that?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-foo">

<speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>

<p>Thou shouldst not haue bin old, till thou hadst <lb/>bin wise.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<p>O let me not be mad, not mad sweet Heauen: <lb/>keepe me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are <lb/>the Horses ready?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-gen">

<speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>

<p>Ready my Lord.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<p>Come Boy.</p>

</sp>

<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-lr-foo">

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        <speaker rend="italic">Fool.</speaker>
        <l>She that's a Maid now, &amp; laughs at my departure,</l>
        <l>Shall not be a Maid long, vnlesse things be cut shorter.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="2">
    <div type="scene" n="1">
        <head rend="italic center">Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bastard, and
Curan, seuerally.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-lr-bas">
            <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
            <p>Saue thee <hi rend="italic">Curan</hi>.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-lr-cur">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cur.</speaker>
            <l>And you Sir, I haue bin</l>
            <l>With your Father, and giuen him notice</l>
            <l>That the Duke of <hi rend="italic">Cornwall</hi>, and <hi
rend="italic">Regan</hi> his Duchesse</l>
            <l>Will be here with him this night.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-lr-bas">
            <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
            <p>How comes that?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-lr-cur">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cur.</speaker>
            <p>Nay I know not, you haue heard of the newes a-broad,
<lb/>I meane the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but
<lb/>ear-kissing arguments.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-lr-bas">
            <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
            <p>Not I: pray you what are they?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-lr-cur">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cur.</speaker>
            <l>Haue you heard of no likely Warres toward,</l>
            <l>"Twixt the Dukes of <hi rend="italic">Cornwall</hi>, and
<hi rend="italic">Albany</hi>?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-lr-bas">
            <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
            <p>Not a word.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-lr-cur">

```

<speaker rend="italic">Cur.</speaker>  
 <l>You may do then in time,</l>  
 <l>Fare you well Sir.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
 <l>The Duke be here to night? The better best,</l>  
 <l>This weaues it selfe perforce into my businesse,</l>  
 <l>My Father hath set guard to take my Brother,</l>  
 <l>And I haue one thing of a queazie question</l>  
 <l>Which I must act, Briefenesse, and Fortune  
 worke.</l>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Edgar.</stage>  
 <l>Brother, a word, discend; Brother I say,</l>  
 <l>My Father watches: O Sir, fly this place,</l>  
 <l>Intelligence is giuen where you are hid;</l>  
 <l>You haue now the good aduantage of the night,</l>  
 <l>Haue you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of <hi  
 rend="italic">Cornewall</hi>?</l>  
 <l>Hee's comming hither, now i'th' night,  
 i'th' haste,</l>  
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Regan</hi> with him, haue you nothing  
 said</l>  
 <l>Vpon his partie 'gainst the Duke of <hi  
 rend="italic">Albany</hi>?</l>  
 <l>Aduise your selfe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <p>I am sure on't, not a word.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
 <l>I heare my Father comming, pardon me:</l>  
 <l>In cunning, I must draw my Sword vpon you:</l>  
 <l>Draw, seeme to defend your selfe,</l>  
 <l>Now quit you well.</l>  
 <l>Yeeld, come before my Father, light hoa, here,</l>  
 <l>Fly Brother, Torches, Torches, so farewell.</l>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Edgar.</stage>  
 <l>Some blood drawne on me, would beget opinion</l>  
 <l>Of my more fierce endeauour. I haue seene drunkards</l>  
 <l>Do more then this in sport; Father, Father,</l>  
 <l>Stop, stop, no helpe?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gloster, and  
 Seruants with Torches.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>

<p>Now <hi rend="italic">Edmund,</hi> where's the  
 villaine?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Here stood he in the dark, his sharpe Sword out,</l>
 <l>Mumbling of wicked charmes, coniuring the Moone</l>
 <l>To stand auspicious Mistris.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
 <p>But where is he?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <p>Looke Sir, I bleed.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
 <p>Where is the villaine, <hi rend="italic">Edmund</hi>?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <p>Fled this way Sir, when by no meanes he could.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
 <p>Pursue him, ho: go after. By no meanes, what?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Perswade me to the murther of your Lordship,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Gainst</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0801-0.jpg" n="291"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>But that I told him the reuenging Gods,</l>
 <l>'Gainst Paricides did all the thunder bend,</l>
 <l>Spoke with how manifold, and strong a Bond</l>
 <l>The Child was bound to'th' Father; Sir in  
 fine,</l>
 <l>Seeing how lothly opposite I stood</l>
 <l>To his vnnaturall purpose, in fell motion</l>
 <l>With his prepared Sword, he charges home</l>
 <l>My vnprouided body, latch'd mine arme;</l>
 <l>And when he saw my best alarum'd spirits</l>
 <l>Bold in the quarrels right, rouz'd to th'  
 encounter,</l>
 <l>Or whether gasted by the noyse I made,</l>
 <l>Full sodainely he fled.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>

<l>Let him fly farre:</l>

<l>Not in this Land shall he remaine vncaught</l>

<l>And found; dispatch, the Noble Duke my Master,</l>

<l>My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,</l>

<l>By his authoritie I will proclaime it,</l>

<l>That he which finds him shall deserue our thanks,</l>

<l>Bringing the murderous Coward to the stake:</l>

<l>He that conceales him death.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-bas">

<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>

<l>When I dissuaded him from his intent,</l>

<l>And found him pight to doe it, with curst speech</l>

<l>I threaten'd to discouer him; he replied,</l>

<l>Thou vnpossessing Bastard, dost thou thinke,</l>

<l>If I would stand against thee, would the reposall</l>

<l>Of any trust, vertue, or worth in thee</l>

<l>Make thy words faith'd? No, what should I denie,</l>

<l>(As this I would, though thou didst produce</l>

<l>My very Character) I'd turne it all</l>

<l>To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practise:</l>

<l>And thou must make a dullard of the world,</l>

<l>If they not thought the profits of my death</l>

<l>Were very pregnant and potentiall spirits</l>

<l>To make thee seeke it. <hi rend="italic">Tucket

wit<gap/>in.</hi>

</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>

<l>O strange and fastned Villaine,</l>

<l>Would he deny his Letter, said he?</l>

<l>Harke, the Dukes Trumpets, I know not wher he comes;</l>

<l>All Ports Ile barre, the villaine shall not scape,</l>

<l>The Duke must grant me that: besides, his

picture</l>

<l>I will send farre and neere, that all the kingdome</l>

<l>May haue due note of him, and of my land,</l>

<l>(Loyall and naturall Boy) Ile worke the meanes</l>

<l>To make thee capable.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.</stage>

<sp who="#F-lr-crn">

<speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>

<l>How now my Noble friend, since I came hither</l>

<l>(Which I can call but now,) I haue heard strangenesse.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <l>If it be true, all vengeance comes too short</l>  
 <l>Which can pursue th'offender; how dost my  
Lord<gap/>  
 </l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>  
 <p>O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <l>What, did my Fathers Godsonne seeke your life?</l>  
 <l>He whom my Father nam'd, your <hi rend="italic">Edgar</hi>?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>  
 <p>O Lady, Lady, shame would haue it hid.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <l>Was he not companion with the riotous Knights</l>  
 <l>That tended vpon my Father?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>  
 <p>I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
 <p>Yes Madam, he was of that consort.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <l>No maruaile then, though he were ill affected,</l>  
 <l>'Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,</l>  
 <l>To haue th'expencc and wast of his Reuenues:</l>  
 <l>I haue this present euening from my Sister</l>  
 <l>Beene well inform'd of them, and with such cautions,</l>  
 <l>That if they come to soiourne at my house,</l>  
 <l>Ile not be there.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
 <l>Nor I, assure thee Regan;</l>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Edmund,</hi> I heare that you haue shewne your

Father</l>

<l>A Child-like Office.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-bas">

<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>

<p>It was my duty Sir.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>

<l>He did bewray his practise, and receiu'd</l>

<l>This hurt you see, striuing to apprehend him.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-cor">

<speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>

<p>Is he pursued?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>

<p>I my good Lord.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-cor">

<speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>

<l>If he be taken, he shall neuer more</l>

<l>Be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpose,</l>

<l>How in my strength you please: for you <hi

rend="italic">Edmund</hi>,</l>

<l>Whose vertue and obedience doth this instant</l>

<l>So much commend it selfe, you shall be ours,</l>

<l>Nature's of such deepe trust, we shall much

need:</l>

<l>You we first seize on.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-bas">

<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>

<p>I shall serue you Sir truely, how euer else.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>

<p>For him I thanke your Grace.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-cor">

<speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>

<p>You know not why we came to visit you?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-reg">

<speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>

<l>Thus out of season, thredding darke ey'd night,</l>

<l>Occasions Noble <hi rend="italic">Glost er</hi> of some

prize,</l>

<l>Wherein we must haue vse of your aduise.</l>

<l>Our Father he hath writ, so hath our Sister,</l>  
 <l>Of differences, which I best thought it fit</l>  
 <l>To answere from our home: the seuerall Messengers</l>  
 <l>From hence attend dispatch, our good old Friend,</l>  
 <l>Lay comforts to your bosome, and bestow</l>  
 <l>Your needfull counsaile to our businesses,</l>  
 <l>Which craues the instant vse.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>  
   <l>I serue you Madam,</l>  
   <l>Your Graces are right welcome.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flourish.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="2">  
   <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>  
   <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Kent, and Steward  
 seuerally.</stage>  
   <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>  
     <p>Good dawning to thee Friend, art of this house?</p>  
   </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
     <p>I.</p>  
   </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>  
     <p>Where may we set our horses?</p>  
   </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
     <p>I'th' myre.</p>  
   </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>  
     <p>Prythee, if thou lou'st me, tell me.</p>  
   </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
     <p>I loue thee not.</p>  
   </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Ste.</speaker>  
     <p>Why then I care not for thee.</p>  
   </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-lr-ken">

<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
 <p>If I had thee in <hi rend="italic">Lipsbury</hi> Pinfeld, I would  
 make <lb/>thee care for me.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ste.</speaker>  
 <p>Why do'st thou vse me thus? I know thee not.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
 <p>Fellow I know thee.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ste.</speaker>  
 <p>Wha<gap/> do'st thou know me for?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
 <p>A Knaue, a Rascall, an eater of broken meates, a <lb/>base,  
 proud, shallow, beggerly, three-suited-hundred  
 <lb/>pound, filthy woosted-stocking  
 knaue, a Lilly-liuered,  
 <lb/>action-taking, whoreson glasse-gazing  
 super-seruiceable <lb/>finicall Rogue, one  
 Trunke-inheriting slaue, one that  
 <lb/>would'st be a Baud in way of good seruice,  
 and art no-thing <lb/>but the composition of a Knaue,  
 Begger, Coward, <lb/>Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a  
 Mungrill Bitch, <lb/>one whom I will beate into clamours  
 whining, if thou <lb/>deny'st the least  
 syllable of thy addition.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>  
 <p>Why, what a monstrous Fellow art thou, thus <lb/>to raile  
 on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor <lb/>knowes  
 thee?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
 <p>What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny  
 <lb/>thou knowest me? Is it two dayes since I tript vp  
 thy <lb/>heelles, and beate thee before the King? Draw you  
 rogue,</p>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">for</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0802-0.jpg" n="292"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <p>for though it be night, yet the Moone shines, Ile make a  
 <lb/>sop oth' Moonshine of you, you whoreson Cullyenly

<lb/>Barber-monger, draw.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
<speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>  
<p>Away, I haue nothing to do with thee.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<p>Draw you Rascall, you come with Letters a-gainst  
<lb/>the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part,  
a-gainst <lb/>the Royaltie of her Father: draw you  
Rogue, or <lb/>Ile so carbonado your shanks, draw you Rascall,  
come <lb/>your waies.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
<speaker rend="italic">Ste.</speaker>  
<p>Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<p>Strike you slaue: stand rogue, stand you neat  
<lb/>slaue, strike.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
<speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>  
<p>Helpe hoa, murther, murther.</p>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bastard,  
Cornewall, Regan, Gloster, Seruants.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
<p>How now, what's the matter? Part.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<l>With you goodman Boy, if you please, come,</l>  
<l>Ile flesh ye, come on yong Master.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>  
<p>Weapons? Armes? What's the matter here?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
<p>Keepe peace vpon your liues, he dies that strikes  
<lb/>again, what is the matter?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
<speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
<p>The Messengers from our Sister, and the King?</p>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
 <p>What is your difference, speake?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>  
 <p>I am scarce in breath my Lord.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
 <p>No Maruell, you haue so bestir'd your valour,  
<lb/>you cowardly Rascall, nature disclames in thee: a Taylor  
<lb/>made thee.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
 <p>Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
 <p>A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could  
<lb/>not haue made him so ill, though they had bin but two  
<lb/>yeares oth'trade.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
 <p>Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ste.</speaker>  
 <p>This ancient Ruffian Sir, whose life I haue spar'd  
<lb/>at sute of his gray-beard.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
 <p>Thou whoreson Zed, thou vnecessary letter: <lb/>my Lord, if you  
will giue me leaue, I will tread this vn-boulded  
<lb/>villaine into mortar, and daube the wall of a <lb/>lakes  
with him. Spare my gray-beard, you wagtaile?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
 <l>Peace sirrah,</l>  
 <l>You beastly knaue, know you no reuerence?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
 <p>Yes Sir, but anger hath a priuiledge.</p>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
<p>Why art thou angrie?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-ken">

<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>

<l>That such a slaue as this should weare a Sword,</l>

<l>Who weares no honesty: such smiling rogues as these,</l>

<l>Like Rats oft bite the holy cords a twaine,</l>

<l>Which are t'intrince, t'vnloose: smooth euery

passion</l>

<l>That in the natures of their Lords rebell,</l>

<l>Being oile to fire, snow to the colder moodes,</l>

<l>Reuenge, affirme, and turne their Halcion beakes</l>

<l>With euery gall, and varry of their Masters,</l>

<l>Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:</l>

<l>A plague vpon your Epilepticke visage,</l>

<l>Smoile you my speeches, as I were a Foole?</l>

<l>Goose, if I had you vpon <hi rend="italic">Sarum</hi> Plaine,</l>

<l>I'd driue ye cackling home to <hi rend="italic">Camelot</hi>.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-crn">

<speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>

<p>What art thou mad old Fellow?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glost.</speaker>

<p>How fell you out, say that?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-ken">

<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>

<l>No contraries hold more antipathy,</l>

<l>Then I, and such a knaue.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-crn">

<speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>

<l>Why do'st thou call him Knaue?</l>

<l>What is his fault?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-ken">

<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>

<p>His countenance likes me not.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-cor">

<speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>

<p>No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers<gap/>

</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-ken">

<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>

<l>Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine,</l>  
<l>I haue seene better faces in my Time,</l>  
<cb n="2"/>  
<l>Then stands on any shoulder that I see</l>  
<l>Before me, at this instant.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-crn">

<speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>

<l>This is some Fellow,</l>

<l>Who hauing beene prais'd for bluntnesse, doth

affect

</l>

<l>A saucy roughnes, and constrains the garb</l>  
<l>Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he,</l>  
<l>An honest mind and plaine, he must speake truth,</l>  
<l>And they will take it so, if not, hee's plaine.</l>  
<l>These kind of Knaues I know, which in this plainnesse</l>  
<l>Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,</l>  
<l>Then twenty silly-ducking obseruants,</l>  
<l>That stretch their duties nicely.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-ken">

<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>

<l>Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,</l>

<l>Vnder th'allowance of your great aspect,</l>

<l>Whose influence like the wreath of radiant fire</l>

<l>On flickring <hi rend="italic">Phoebus</hi>

front.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-crn">

<speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>

<p>What mean'st by this?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-ken">

<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>

<p>To go out of my dialect, which you discom-mend

<lb/>so much; I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that

be-guild <lb/>you in a plaine accent, was a plaine

Knaue, which <lb/>for my part I will not be, though I should

win your <lb/>displeasure to entreat me too't.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-crn">

<speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>

<p>What was th'offence you gaue him?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-ste">

<speaker rend="italic">Ste.</speaker>

<l>I neuer gaue him any:</l>

<l>It pleas'd the King his Master very late</l>

<l>To strike at me vpon his misconstruction,</l>

<\/>When he compact, and flattering his displeasure<\/>  
<\/>Tript me behind: being downe, insulted, rail'd,<\/>  
<\/>And put vpon him such a deale of Man,<\/>  
<\/>That worthied him, got praises of the King,<\/>  
<\/>For him attempting, who was selfe-subdued,<\/>  
<\/>And in the fleshment of this dead exploit,<\/>  
<\/>Drew on me here againe.<\/>  
<\/sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.<\/speaker>  
<\/>None of these Rogues, and Cowards<\/>  
<\/>But <hi rend="italic">Ajax<\/hi> is there Foole.<\/>  
<\/sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-crn">  
<speaker rend="italic">Corn.<\/speaker>  
<\/>Fetch forth the Stocks?<\/>  
<\/>You stubborne ancient Knaue, you reuerent Bragart,<\/>  
<\/>Wee'l teach you.<\/>  
<\/sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.<\/speaker>  
<\/>Sir, I am too old to learne:<\/>  
<\/>Call not your Stocks for me, I serue the King.<\/>  
<\/>On whose imployment I was sent to you,<\/>  
<\/>You shall doe small respects, show too bold malice<\/>  
<\/>Against the Grace, and Person of my Master,<\/>  
<\/>Stocking his Messenger.<\/>  
<\/sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-crn">  
<speaker rend="italic">Corn.<\/speaker>  
<\/>Fetch forth the Stocks;<\/>  
<\/>As I haue life and Honour, there shall he sit till Noone.<\/>  
<\/sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
<speaker rend="italic">Reg.<\/speaker>  
<\/>Till noone? till night my Lord, and all night too.<\/p>  
<\/sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.<\/speaker>  
<\/>Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,<\/>  
<\/>You should not vse me so.<\/>  
<\/sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
<speaker rend="italic">Reg.<\/speaker>  
<\/>Sir, being his Knaue, I will. <hi rend="italic">Stocks brought  
out.<\/hi>  
<\/p>  
<\/sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cor.<\/speaker>

<l>This is a Fellow of the selfe same colour,</l>  
 <l>Our Sister speakes of. Come, bring away the Stocks.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>  
   <l>Let me beseech your Grace, not to do so,</l>  
   <l>The King his Master, needs must take it ill</l>  
   <l>That he so slightly valued in his Messenger,</l>  
   <l>Should haue him thus restrained.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
   <p>Ile answere that.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
   <l>My Sister may recieue it much more worsse,</l>  
   <l>To haue her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-crn">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
   <p>Come my Lord, away.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>  
   <l>I am sorry for thee friend, 'tis the Dukes pleasure,</l>  
   <l>Whose disposition all the world well knows</l>  
   <l>Will not be rub'd nor stopt, Ile entreat for  
 thee.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
   <l>Pray do not Sir, I haue watch'd and trauail'd  
 hard,</l>  
   <l>Some time I shall sleepe out, the rest Ile  
 whistle:</l>  
   <l>A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles:</l>  
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Giue</fw>  
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0803-0.jpg" n="293"/>  
   <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.</fw>  
   <cb n="1"/>  
   <l>Giue you good morrow.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>  
   <l>The Duke's too blame in this,</l>  
   <l>'Twill be ill taken.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

*Kent.*  
Good King, that must approue the common saw,  
Thou out of Heauens benediction com'st  
To the warme Sun.  
Approach thou Beacon to this vnder Globe,  
That by thy comfortable Beames I may  
Peruse this Letter. Nothing almost sees miracles  
But miserie. I know 'tis from *Cordelia*,  
Who hath most fortunately beene inform'd  
Of my obscured course. And shall finde time  
From this enormous State, seeking to giue  
Losses their remedies. All weary and  
o're-watch'd,  
Take vantage heauie eyes, not to behold  
This shamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight,  
Smile once more, turne thy wheele.

[Act 2, Scene 3]  
Enter Edgar.  
*Edg.*  
I heard my selfe proclaim'd,  
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,  
Escap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place  
That guard, and most vnusall vigilance  
Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape  
I will preserue my selfe: and am bethought  
To take the basest, and most poorest shape  
That euer penury in contempt of man,  
Brought neere to beast; my face Ile grime with  
filth,

Blanket my loines, else all my haire in knots,  
And with presented nakednesse out-face  
The Windes, and persecutions of the skie;  
The Country giues me prooffe, and president  
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices,  
Strike in their num'd and mortified Armes.  
Pins, Wodden-prickes, Nayles, Sprigs of Rosemarie:  
And with this horrible obiect, from low Farmes,  
Poore pelting Villages, Sheeps-Coates, and Milles,  
Sometimes with Lunaticke bans, sometime with Praiers  
Inforce their charitie: poore *Turlygod*  
poore *Tom*,  
That's something yet: *Edgar* I  
nothing am.

*Exit.*

```

</div>
<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 4]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lear, Foole, and
Gentleman.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-lr-lea">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lea.</speaker>
    <l>'Tis strange that they should so depart from
home,</l>
    <l>And not send backe my Messengers.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-lr-gen">
    <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
    <l>As I learn'd,</l>
    <l>The night before, there was no purpose in them</l>
    <l>Of this remoue.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-lr-ken">
    <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>
    <p>Haile to thee Noble Master.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-lr-lea">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
    <p>Ha? Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-lr-ken">
    <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>
    <p>No my Lord.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-lr-foo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>
    <p>Hah, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horses are <lb/>tide by the
heads, Dogges and Beares by'th' necke,
<lb/>Monkies by'th' loynes, and Men
by'th' legs: when a man <lb/>ouerlustie at
legs, then he weares wodden nether-stocks.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-lr-lea">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
    <l>What's he,</l>
    <l>That hath so much thy place mistooke</l>
    <l>To set thee heere?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-lr-ken">
    <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>
    <l>It is both he and she,</l>
    <l>Your Son, and Daughter.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-lr-lea">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

```

<p>No.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>
 <p>Yes.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
 <p>No I say</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>
 <p>I say yea.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
 <p>By <hi rend="italic">Iupiter</hi> I swaere no.</p>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>
 <p>By Iuno, I swaere I.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
 <l>They durst not do't.</l>
 <l>They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse then
 murther,</l>
 <l>To do vpon respect such violent outrage:</l>
 <l>Resolue me with all modest haste, which way</l>
 <l>Thou might'st deserue, or they impose this
 vsage,</l>
 <l>Comming from vs.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord, when at their home</l>
 <l>I did commend your Highnesse Letters to them,</l>
 <l>Ere I was risen from the place, that shewed</l>
 <l>My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Poste,</l>
 <l>Stew'd in his haste, halfe breathlesse, painting
 forth</l>
 <l>From <hi rend="italic">Gonerill</hi> his Mistris,
 salutations;</l>
 <l>Deliuier'd Letters spight of intermission,</l>
 <l>Which presently they read; on those contents</l>
 <l>They summon'd vp their meiney, straight tooke
 Horse,</l>
 <l>Commanded me to follow, and attend</l>
 <l>The leisure of their answer, gaue me cold lookes,</l>

<l>And meeting heere the other Messenger,</l>  
 <l>Whose welcome I perceiu'd had poison'd mine,</l>  
 <l>Being the very fellow which of late</l>  
 <l>Displaid so sawcily against your Highnesse,</l>  
 <l>Hauing more man then wit about me, drew;</l>  
 <l>He rais'd the house, with loud and coward cries,</l>  
 <l>Your Sonne and Daughter found this trespasse worth</l>  
 <l>The shame which heere it suffers.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
 <l>Winters not gon yet, if the wil'd Geese fly that  
 <lb/>way, Fathers that weare rags, do make their Children  
 blind,</l>  
 <l>But Fathers that beare bags, shall see their children kind.</l>  
 <l>Fortune that arrant whore, nere turns the key toth'  
 poore.</l>  
 <l>But for all this thou shalt haue as many Dolors for thy</l>  
 <l>Daughters, as thou canst tell in a yeare.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <l>Oh how this Mother swels vp toward my heart!</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Historica passio,</hi> downe thou climbing  
 sorrow,</l>  
 <l>Thy Elements below where is this Daughter?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
 <p>With the Earle Sir, here within.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <p>Follow me not, stay here.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gen">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gen.</speaker>  
 <l>Made you no more offence,</l>  
 <l>But what you speake of?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
 <p>None: <lb/>How chance the King comes with so small a  
 number?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
 <p>And thou ha<gap/>st beene set i'th' Stockes

for that **question**, thoud'st well  
deseru'd it.

**Kent**

*Kent.*

Why Foole?

**Foole**

*Foole.*

Wee'l set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach **thee**

ther's no labouring i'th' winter. All that

follow their **noses**, are led by their eyes, but blinde men,

and there's **not** a nose among twenty, but can smell

him that's stink-ing; **let** go thy hold

when a great wheele runs downe a **hill**, least it

breake thy necke with following. But the **great** one that

goes vpward, let him draw thee after: **when** a w**iseman**

giues thee better counsell giue me mine **againe**, I would

haue none but knaues follow it, since a **Foole** giues

it.

*That Sir, which serues and seekes for gaine,*

*And followes but for forme,*

*Will packe, when it begins to raine,*

*And leaue thee in the storme,*

*But I will tarry, the Foole will stay,*

*And let the wiseman flie:*

*The knaue turnes Foole that runnes away,*

*The Foole no knaue perdie.*

*Enter Lear, and*

Gloster:

**Kent**

*Kent.*

Where learn'd you this Foole?

**Foole**

*Foole.*

Not i'th' Stocks Foole.

**Lear**

*Lear.*



*The Tragedie of King Lear.*

**1**

**Lear**

*Lear.*

*Deny to speake with me?*

*They are sicke, they are weary,*

*They haue trauail'd all the night? meere fetches,*

*The images of reuolt and flying off.*

Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My deere Lord,  
 You know the fiery quality of the Duke,  
 How vnremouable and fixt he is  
 In his owne course.

Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confusion:  
 Fiery? What quality? Why Gloster,  
 Gloster, I'd speake with the Duke of  
 Cornwall, and his wife.

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

Lear. Inform'd them? Do'st thou vnderstand me  
 man.

Glo. I my good Lord.

Lear. The King would speake with Cornwall,  
 The deere Father  
 Would with his Daughter speake, commands, tends,  
 uice, Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood:  
 Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that  
 No, but not yet, may be he is not well,  
 Infirmitie doth still neglect all  
 office,

Whereto our health is bound, we are not our selues,  
 When Nature being opprest, commands the mind  
 To suffer with the body; Ile forbear,  
 And am fallen out with my more headier will,  
 To take the indispose'd and sickly fit,  
 For the sound man. Death on my state: wherefore  
 Should he sit heere? This act perswades me,  
 That this remotion of the Duke and her  
 Is practise only. Giue me my Seruant forth;  
 Goe tell the Duke, and's wife, Il'd speake with them:  
 Now, presently: bid them come forth and heare me,

<l>Or at their Chamber doore Ile beate the Drum,</l>  
 <l>Till it crie sleepe to death.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>  
   <p>I would haue all well betwixt you.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <p>Oh me my heart! My rising heart! But downe.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
   <p>Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney did to the <lb/>Eeles, when  
 she put 'em i'th' Paste aliuie, she  
 knapt 'em <lb/>o'th' coxcombs with a  
 sticke, and cryed downe wantons, <lb/>downe; 'twas  
 her Brother, that in pure kindnesse to his <lb/>Horse buttered  
 his Hay.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cornwall, Regan,  
 Gloster, Seruants.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <p>Good morrow to you both.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-crn">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
   <p>Haile to your Grace. <hi rend="italic">Kent here set at  
 liberty.</hi>  
 </p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
   <p>I am glad to see your Highnesse.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <l>  
     <hi rend="italic">Regan,</hi> I thinke you are. I know what  
 reason</l>  
   <l>I haue to thinke so, if thou should'st not be  
 glad,</l>  
   <l>I would diuorce me from thy Mother Tombe,</l>  
   <l>Sepulchring an Adultresse. O are you free?</l>  
   <l>Some other time for that. Beloued <hi rend="italic">Regan</hi>,</l>  
   <l>Thy Sisters naught: oh <hi rend="italic">Regan,</hi> she  
 hath tied</l>  
   <l>Sharpe-tooth'd vnkindnesse, like a vulture

heere,</l>

<l>I can scarce speake to thee, thou'lt not beleeeue</l>

<l>With how depraud a quality. Oh <hi rend="italic">Regan</hi>.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-reg">

<speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>

<l>I pray you Sir, take patience, I haue hope</l>

<l>You lesse know how to value her desert,</l>

<l>Then she to scant her dutie.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<p>Say? How is that?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-reg">

<speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>

<l>I cannot thinke my Sister in the least</l>

<l>Would faile her Obligation. If Sir perchance</l>

<l>She haue restrained the Riots of your Followres,</l>

<l>'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,</l>

<l>As cleeres her from all blame.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<p>My curses on her.</p>

</sp>

<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-lr-reg">

<speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>

<l>O Sir, you are old,</l>

<l>Nature in you stands on the very Verge</l>

<l>Of his confine: you should be rul'd, and led</l>

<l>By some discretion, that discernes your state</l>

<l>Better then you your selfe: therefore I pray you,</l>

<l>That to our Sister, you do make returne,</l>

<l>Say you haue wrong'd her.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<l>Aske her forgiuenesse?</l>

<l>Do you but marke how this becomes the house?</l>

<l>Deere daughter, I confesse that I am old;</l>

<l>Age is vnecessary: on my knees I begge,</l>

<l>That you'l vouchsafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-reg">

<speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>

<l>Good Sir, no more: these are vnsightly trickes:</l>

<l>Returne you to my Sister.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <|>Neuer <hi rend="italic">Regan:</hi>  
 </l>  
 <|>She hath abated me of halfe my Traine;</l>  
 <|>Look'd blacke vpon me, strooke me with her  
 Tongue</l>  
 <|>Most Serpent-like, vpon the very Heart.</l>  
 <|>All the stor'd Vengeances of Heauen, fall</l>  
 <|>On her ingratefull top: strike her yong bones</l>  
 <|>You taking Ayres, with Lamenesse.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-crn">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
 <p>Fye sir, fie.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Le.</speaker>  
 <|>You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames</l>  
 <|>Into her scornfull eyes: Infect her Beauty,</l>  
 <|>You Fen-suck'd Fogges, drawne by the powrfull  
 Sunne,</l>  
 <|>To fall, and blister.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <|>O the blest Gods!</l>  
 <|>So will you wish on me, when the rash moode is on.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <|>No <hi rend="italic">Regan</hi>, thou shalt neuer haue my  
 curse:</l>  
 <|>Thy tender-hefted Nature shall not giue</l>  
 <|>Thee o're to harshnesse: Her eyes are fierce, but  
 thine</l>  
 <|>Do comfort, and not burne. 'Tis not in thee</l>  
 <|>To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my Traine,</l>  
 <|>To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,</l>  
 <|>And in conclusion, to oppose the bolt</l>  
 <|>Against my comming in. Thou better know'st</l>  
 <|>The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,</l>  
 <|>Effects of Curtesie, dues of Gratitude:</l>  
 <|>Thy halfe o'th' Kingdome hast thou not  
 forgot,</l>  
 <|>Wherein I thee endow'd.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <p>Good Sir, to'th' purpose. <hi rend="italic">Tucket

within.</hi>

</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<p>Who put my man i'th' Stockes?</p>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Steward.</stage>

<sp who="#F-lr-crn">

<speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>

<p>What Trumpet's that?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-reg">

<speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>

<l>I know't, my Sisters: this approues her Letter,</l>

<l>That she would soone be heere. Is your Lady come?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<l>This is a Slaue, whose easie borrowed pride</l>

<l>Dwels in the sickly grace of her he follows.</l>

<l>Out Varlet, from my sight.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-crn">

<speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>

<p>What means your Grace?</p>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gonerill.</stage>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<l>Who stockt my Seruant? <hi rend="italic">Regan,</hi> I haue  
good hope</l>

<l>Thou did'st not know on't.</l>

<l>Who comes here? O Heauens!</l>

<l>If you do loue old men; if your sweet sway</l>

<l>Allow Obedience; if you your selues are old,</l>

<l>Make it your cause: Send downe, and take my part.</l>

<l>Art not asham'd to looke vpon this Beard?</l>

<l>O <hi rend="italic">Regan</hi>, will you take her by the  
hand?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-gon">

<speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>

<l>Why not by'th' hand Sir? How haue I  
offended?</l>

<l>All's not offence that indiscretion  
findes,</l>

<l>And dotage termes so.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <l>O sides, you are too tough!</l>  
 <l>Will you yet hold?</l>  
 <l>How came my man i'th' Stockes?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-crn">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
 <l>I set him there, Sir: but his owne Disorders</l>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Deseru'd</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0805-0.jpg" n="295"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>Deseru'd much lesse aduancement</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <p>You? Did you?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <l>I pray you Father being weake, seeme so.</l>  
 <l>If till the expiration of your Moneth</l>  
 <l>You will returne and soiourne with my Sister,</l>  
 <l>Dismissing halfe your traine, come then to me,</l>  
 <l>I am now from home, and out of that prouision</l>  
 <l>Which shall be needfull for your entertainment.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <l>Returne to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?</l>  
 <l>No, rather I abiure all roofes, and chuse</l>  
 <l>To wage against the enmity oth' ayre,</l>  
 <l>To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle,</l>  
 <l>Necessities sharpe pinch. Returne with her?</l>  
 <l>Why the hot-bloodied <hi rend="italic">France</hi>, that  
 dowerlesse tooke</l>  
 <l>Our yongest borne, I could as well be brought</l>  
 <l>To knee his Throne, and Squire-like pension beg,</l>  
 <l>To keepe base life a foote; returne with her?</l>  
 <l>Perswade me rather to be slaue and sumpter</l>  
 <l>To this detested groome.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
 <p>At your choice Sir.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <l>I prythee Daughter do not make me mad,</l>  
 <l>I will not trouble thee my Child: farewell.</l>

<\/>Wee'l no more meete, no more see one another.<\/>  
 <\/>But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my Daughter,<\/>  
 <\/>Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,<\/>  
 <\/>Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a Byle,<\/>  
 <\/>A plague sore, or imbossed Carbuncle<\/>  
 <\/>In my corrupted blood. But Ile not chide thee,<\/>  
 <\/>Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,<\/>  
 <\/>I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shoote,<\/>  
 <\/>Nor tell tales of thee to high-iudging <hi  
 rend="italic">Ioue<\/hi>,<\/>  
 <\/>Mend when thou can'st, be better at thy leisure,<\/>  
 <\/>I can be patient, I can stay with <hi rend="italic">Regan<\/hi>,<\/>  
 <\/>I and my hundred Knights.<\/>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.<\/speaker>  
 <\/>Not altogether so,<\/>  
 <\/>I look'd not for you yet, nor am prouided<\/>  
 <\/>For your fit welcome, giue eare Sir to my Sister,<\/>  
 <\/>For those that mingle reason with your passion,<\/>  
 <\/>Must be content to thinke you old, and so,<\/>  
 <\/>But she knowes what she doe's.<\/>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.<\/speaker>  
 <p>Is this well spoken?<\/p>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.<\/speaker>  
 <\/>I dare auouch it Sir, what fifty Followers?<\/>  
 <\/>Is it not well? What should you need of more?<\/>  
 <\/>Yea, or so many? Sith that both charge and danger,<\/>  
 <\/>Speake 'gainst so great a number? How in one  
 house<\/>  
 <\/>Should many people, vnder two commands<\/>  
 <\/>Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.<\/>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gon.<\/speaker>  
 <\/>Why might not you my Lord, receiue attendance<\/>  
 <\/>From those that she cal's Seruants, or from mine?<\/>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.<\/speaker>  
 <\/>Why not my Lord?<\/>  
 <\/>If then they chanc'd to slacke ye,<\/>  
 <\/>We could comptroll them; if you will come to me,<\/>  
 <\/>(For now I spie a danger) I entreate you<\/>  
 <\/>To bring but fīue and twentie, to no more<\/>  
 <\/>Will I giue place or notice.<\/>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <p>I gaue you all.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <p>And in good time you gaue it.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <l>Made you my Guardians, my Depositaries,</l>  
 <l>But kept a reseruatioun to be followed</l>  
 <l>With such a number? What, must I come to you</l>  
 <l>With fiue and twenty? <hi rend="italic">Regan</hi>, said  
you so?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <p>And speak't againe my Lord, no more with me.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lea.</speaker>  
 <l>Those wicked Creatures yet do look wel fauor'd</l>  
 <l>When others are more wicked, not being the worst</l>  
 <l>Stands in some ranke of praise, Ile go with thee,</l>  
 <l>Thy fifty yet doth double fiue and twenty,</l>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <l>And thou art twice her Loue.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
 <l>Heare me my Lord;</l>  
 <l>What need you fiue and twenty? Ten? Or fiue?</l>  
 <l>To follow in a house, where twice so many</l>  
 <l>Haue a command to tend you?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <p>What need one?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <l>O reason not the need: our basest Beggers</l>  
 <l>Are in the poorest thing superfluous.</l>  
 <l>Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs:</l>  
 <l>Mans life is cheape as Beastes. Thou art a Lady;</l>  
 <l>If onely to go warme were gorgeous,</l>  
 <l>Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,</l>  
 <l>Which scarcely keepes thee warme, but for true need:</l>

<l>You Heuens, giue me that patience, patience I need,</l>  
 <l>You see me heere (you Gods) a poore old man,</l>  
 <l>As full of grieffe as age, wretched in both,</l>  
 <l>If it be you that stirres these Daughters hearts</l>  
 <l>Against their Father, foole me not so much,</l>  
 <l>To beare it tamely: touch me with Noble anger,</l>  
 <l>And let not womens weapons, water drops,</l>  
 <l>Staine my mans cheekes. No you vnnaturall Hags,</l>  
 <l>I will haue such reuenges on you both,</l>  
 <l>That all the world shall —— I will do such things,</l>  
 <l>What they are yet, I know not, but they shalbe</l>  
 <l>The terrors of the earth? you thinke Ile weepe,</l>  
 <l>No, Ile not weepe, I haue full cause of weeping.</l>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Storme and  
 Tempest.</stage>  
 <l>But this heart shal break into a hundred thousand  
 flawes</l>  
 <l>Or ere Ile weepe; O Foole, I shall go mad. <hi  
 rend="italic">Exeunt.</hi>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-crn">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
 <p>Let vs withdraw, 'twill be a Storme.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <l>This house is little, the old man and's people,</l>  
 <l>Cannot be well bestow'd.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
 <l>'Tis his owne blame hath put himselfe from rest,</l>  
 <l>And must needs taste his folly.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <l>For his particular, Ile receiue him gladly,</l>  
 <l>But not one follower.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
 <l>So am I purpose'd,</l>  
 <l>Where is my Lord of <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi>?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gloster.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-crn">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
 <p>Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.</p>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>  
   <p>The King is in high rage.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-crn">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
   <p>Whether is he going?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>  
   <p>He cal's to Horse, but will I know not whether.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-crn">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
   <p>'Tis best to giue him way, he leads himself.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
   <p>My Lord, entreate him by no meanes to stay.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>  
   <l>Alacke the night comes on, and the high windes</l>  
   <l>Do sorely ruffle, for many Miles about</l>  
   <l>There's scarce a Bush.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
   <l>O Sir, to wilfull men,</l>  
   <l>The iniuries that they themselues procure,</l>  
   <l>Must be their Schoole-Masters: shut vp your  
 doores,</l>  
   <l>He is attended with a desperate traine,</l>  
   <l>And what they may incense him too, being apt,</l>  
   <l>To haue his eare abus'd, wisdoms bids feare.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
   <l>Shut vp your doores my Lord, 'tis a wil'd  
 night,</l>  
   <l>My <hi rend="italic">Regan</hi> counsels well: come out  
 oth'storme.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 </div>  
 <div type="act" n="3">  
   <div type="scene" n="1">  
     <head rend="italic center">Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.</head>  
     <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Storme still.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Kent, and a Gentleman,  
 seuerally.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
   <p>Who's there besides foule weather?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gen">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gen.</speaker>  
   <p>One minded like the weather, most vnquietly.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">rr2</fw>  
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Kent.</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0806-0.jpg" n="296"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
   <p>I know you: Where's the King?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gen">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>  
   <l>Contending with the fretfull Elements;</l>  
   <l>Bids the winde blow the Earth into the Sea,</l>  
   <l>Or swell the curled Waters 'boue the Maine,</l>  
   <l>That things might change, or cease.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
   <p>But who is with him?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gen">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>  
   <l>None but the Foole, who labours to out-iest</l>  
   <l>His heart-strooke iniuries.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
   <l>Sir, I do know you,</l>  
   <l>And dare vpon the warrant of my note</l>  
   <l>Commend a deere thing to you. There is diuision</l>  
   <l>(Although as yet the face of it is couer'd</l>  
   <l>With mutuall cunning) 'twixt Albany, and Cornwall:</l>  
   <l>Who haue, as who haue not, that their great Starres</l>  
   <l>Thron'd and set high; Seruants, who seeme no lesse,</l>  
   <l>Which are to France the Spies and Speculations</l>  
   <l>Intelligent of our State. What hath bin seene,</l>  
   <l>Either in snuffes, and packings of the Dukes,</l>  
   <l>Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne</l>  
   <l>Against the old kinde King; or something deeper,</l>

<l>Whereof (perchance) these are but furnishings.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-gen">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>  
<p>I will talke further with you.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<l>No, do not:</l>  
<l>For confirmation that I am much more</l>  
<l>Then my out-wall; open this Purse, and take</l>  
<l>What it containes. If you shall see <hi rend="italic">Cordelia</hi>,  
<lb/>(As feare not but you shall) shew her this  
Ring,</l>  
<l>And she will tell you who that Fellow is</l>  
<l>That yet you do not know. Fye on this Storme,</l>  
<l>I will go seeke the King.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-gen">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>  
<l>Giue me your hand,</l>  
<l>Haue you no more to say?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<l>Few words, but to effect more then all yet;</l>  
<l>That when we haue found the King, in which your pain</l>  
<l>That way, Ile this: He that first lights on him,</l>  
<l>Holla the other.</l>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
</div>  
<div type="scene" n="2">  
<head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>  
<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Storme still.</stage>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lear, and  
Foole.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<l>Blow windes, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow</l>  
<l>You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout,</l>  
<l>Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cockes.</l>  
<l>You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,</l>  
<l>Vaunt-curriers of Oake-cleauing  
Thunder-bolts,</l>  
<l>Sindge my white head. And thou all-shaking Thunder,</l>  
<l>Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th'  
world,</l>  
<l>Cracke Natures moulds, all germaines spill at once</l>

<l>That makes ingratefull Man.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
 <p>O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry house, is <lb/>better  
 then this Rain-water out o'doore. Good Nunkle,  
 <lb/>in, aske thy Daughters blessing, here's a night  
 pitties <lb/>neither Wisemen, nor Fooles.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <l>Rumble thy belly full: spit Fire, spowt Raine:</l>  
   <l>Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;</l>  
   <l>I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindnesse.</l>  
   <l>I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children;</l>  
   <l>You owe me no subscription. Then let fall</l>  
   <l>Your horrible pleasure. Heere I stand your Slaue,</l>  
   <l>A poore, infirme, weake, and dispis'd old man:</l>  
   <l>But yet I call you Seruile Ministers,</l>  
   <l>That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne</l>  
   <l>Your high-engender'd Battailes,  
 'gainst a head</l>  
   <cb n="2"/>  
   <l>So old, and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foule.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
   <l>He that has a house to put's head in, has a good</l>  
   <l>Head-peece:</l>  
   <l>The Codpiece that will house, before the head has any;</l>  
   <l>The Head, and he shall Lowse: so Beggars marry many.</l>  
   <l>The man y makes his Toe, what he his Hart shold make,</l>  
   <l>Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turne his sleepe to wake.</l>  
 <p>For there was neuer yet faire woman, but shee made <lb/>mouthes  
 in a glasse.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Kent.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <l>No, I will be the patterne of all patience,</l>  
   <l>I will say nothing.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
   <p>Who's there?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
   <p>Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a  
 <lb/>Wiseman, and a Foole.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-ken">

<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>

<|>Alas Sir are you here? Things that loue night,</|>

<|>Loue not such nights as these: The wrathfull Skies</|>

<|>Gallow the very wanderers of the darke</|>

<|>And make them keepe their Caues: Since I was man,</|>

<|>Such sheets of Fire, such bursts of horrid Thunder,</|>

<|>Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I neuer</|>

<|>Remember to haue heard. Mans Nature cannot carry</|>

<|>Th'affliction, nor the feare.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<|>Let the great Goddes</|>

<|>That keepe this dreadfull pudder o're our heads,</|>

<|>Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,</|>

<|>That hast within thee vndivulged Crimes</|>

<|>Vnwhipt of Iustice. Hide thee, thou Bloody hand;</|>

<|>Thou Periur'd, and thou Simular of Vertue</|>

<|>That art Incestuous. Caytiffe, to peeces shake</|>

<|>That vnder couert, and conuenient seeming</|>

<|>Ha'<gap/> practis'd on mans life. Close

pent-vp guilts,</|>

<|>Riue your concealing Continents, and cry</|>

<|>These dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man,</|>

<|>More sinn'd against, then sinning.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-ken">

<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>

<|>Alacke, bare-headed?</|>

<|>Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Houell,</|>

<|>Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the

Tempest:</|>

<|>Repose you there, while I to this hard house,</|>

<|>(More harder then the stones whereof 'tis

rais'd,</|>

<|>Which euen but now, demanding after you,</|>

<|>Deny'd me to come in) returne, and force</|>

<|>Their scanted curtesie.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<|>My wits begin to turne.</|>

<|>Come on my boy. How dost my boy? Art cold?</|>

<|>I am cold my selfe. Where is this straw, my Fellow?</|>

<|>The Art of our Necessities is strange,</|>

<|>And can make vilde things precious. Come, your Houel;</|>

<|>Poore Foole, and Knaue, I haue one part in my heart</|>

<|>That's sorry yet for thee.</|>

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</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-foo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>
  <l>He that has and a little-tyne wit,</l>
  <l>With heigh-ho, the Winde and the Raine,</l>
  <l>Must make content with his Fortunes fit,</l>
  <l>Though the Raine it raineth euery day.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Le.</speaker>
  <p>True Boy: Come bring vs to this Houell.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-lr-foo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>
  <l>This is a braue night to coole a Curtizan:</l>
  <l>Ile speake a Prophetie ere I go:</l>
  <l>When Priests are more in word, then matter;</l>
  <l>When Brewers marre their Malt with water;</l>
  <l>When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors,</l>
  <l>No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Sutors;</l>
  <l>When euery Case in Law, is right;</l>
  <l>No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;</l>
  <l>When Slanders do not liue in Tongues;</l>
  <l>Nor Cut-purses come not to throngs;</l>
  <l>When Vsurers tell their Gold i'th' Field,</l>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0807-0.jpg" n="297"/>
  <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>And Baudes, and whores, do Churches build,</l>
  <l>Then shal the Realme of <hi rend="italic">Albion</hi>, come to
great confusion:</l>
  <l>Then comes the time, who liues to see't,</l>
  <l>That going shalbe vs'd with feet.</l>
  <l>This prophecie <hi rend="italic">Merlin</hi> shall make, for I
liue before his time</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3">
  <head rend="italic center">Scœna Tertia.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gloster, and
Edmund.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-lr-glo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
    <p>Alacke, alacke <hi rend="italic">Edmund</hi>, I like not this
vnnaturall <lb/>dealing; when I desired their leaue that I
might pity him, <lb/>they tooke from me the vse of mine owne

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house, charg'd **<lb/>**me on paine of perpetuall  
displeasure, neither to speake **<lb/>**of him, entreat for him, or  
any way sustaine him.**</p>**

**</sp>**

**<sp who="#F-lr-bas">**

**<speaker rend="italic">**Bast.**</speaker>**

**<p>**Most sauage and vnnaturall.**</p>**

**</sp>**

**<sp who="#F-lr-glo">**

**<speaker rend="italic">**Glo.**</speaker>**

**<p>**Go too; say you nothing. There is diuision be-tweene

**<lb/>**the Dukes, and a worsse matter then that: I haue

**<lb/>**receiued a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be

spoken, **<lb/>**I haue lock'd the Letter in my Closset,

these iniuries the **<lb/>**King now beares, will be reuenged home;

ther is part of **<lb/>**a Power already footed, we must

incline to the King, I **<lb/>**will looke him, and priuily relieue

him; goe you and **<lb/>**maintaine talke with the Duke, that my

charity be not of **<lb/>**him perceiued; If he aske for me, I am

ill, and gone to **<lb/>**bed, if I die for it, (as no lesse is

threatned me) the King **<lb/>**my old Master must be

relieued. There is strange things **<lb/>**toward **<hi rend="italic">**Edmund**</hi>**, pray

you be carefull.**</p>**

**</sp>**

**<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">**Exit.**</stage>**

**<sp who="#F-lr-bas">**

**<speaker rend="italic">**Bast.**</speaker>**

**<l>**This Curtesie forbid thee, shall the Duke**</l>**

**<l>**Instantly know, and of that Letter too;**</l>**

**<l>**This seemes a faire deseruing, and must draw me**</l>**

**<l>**That which my Father looses: no lesse then all,**</l>**

**<l>**The yonger rises, when the old doth fall.**</l>**

**</sp>**

**<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">**Exit.**</stage>**

**</div>**

**<div type="scene" n="4">**

**<head rend="italic center">**Scena Quarta.**</head>**

**<head type="supplied">**[Act 3, Scene 4]**</head>**

**<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">**Enter Lear, Kent, and

Foole.**</stage>**

**<sp who="#F-lr-ken">**

**<speaker rend="italic">**Kent.**</speaker>**

**<l>**Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,**</l>**

**<l>**The tirrany of the open night's too rough**</l>**

**<l>**For Nature to endure. **<hi rend="italic">**Storme

still**</hi>**

**</l>**

**</sp>**

**<sp who="#F-lr-lea">**

**<speaker rend="italic">**Lear.**</speaker>**

<p>Let me alone.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<p>Good my Lord enter here.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<p>Wilt breake my heart?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<l>I had rather breake mine owne,</l>  
<l>Good my Lord enter.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<l>Thou think'st 'tis much that this  
contentious</l>  
<l>storme Inuades vs to the skin so: 'tis to thee,</l>  
<l>But where the greater malady is fixt,</l>  
<l>The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a  
Beare,</l>  
<l>But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,</l>  
<l>Thou'dst meete the Beare i'th' mouth,  
when the mind's</l>  
<l>free, The bodies delicate: the tempest in my mind,</l>  
<l>Doth from my senses take all feeling else,</l>  
<l>Saue what beates there, Filliall ingratitude,</l>  
<l>Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand</l>  
<l>For lifting food too't? But I will punish home;</l>  
<l>No, I will weepe no more; in such a night,</l>  
<cb n="2"/>  
<l>To shut me out? Poure on, I will endure:</l>  
<l>In such a night as this? O <hi rend="italic">Regan,  
Gonerill</hi>,</l>  
<l>Your old kind Father, whose franke heart gaue all,</l>  
<l>O that way madnesse lies, let me shun that:</l>  
<l>No more of that.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<p>Good my Lord enter here.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<l>Prythee go in thy selfe, seeke thine owne ease,</l>  
<l>This tempest will not giue me leaue to ponder</l>  
<l>On things would hurt me more, but Ile goe in,</l>  
<l>In Boy, go first. You houselesse pouertie,</l>

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<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<l>Nay get thee in; Ile pray, and then Ile sleepe.</l>
<l>Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are</l>
<l>That bide the pelting of this pittillesse storme,</l>
<l>How shall your House-lesse heads, and vnfed sides,</l>
<l>Your lop'd, and window'd raggednesse defend you</l>
<l>From seasons such as these? O I haue tane</l>
<l>Too little care of this: Take Physicke, Pompe,</l>
<l>Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele,</l>
<l>That thou maist shake the superflux to them,</l>
<l>And shew the Heauens more iust.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Edgar, and
Foole.</stage>
<sp who="#F-lr-edg">
  <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>
  <p>Fathom, and halfe, Fathom and halfe; poore <hi
rend="italic">Tom</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-foo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>
  <p>Come not in heere Nuncle, here's a spirit, helpe <lb/>me,
helpe me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>
  <p>Giue my thy hand, who's there?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-foo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>
  <p>A spirite, a spirite, he sayes his name's poore <lb/>
  <hi rend="italic">Tom.</hi>
  </p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>
  <p>What art thou that dost grumble there i'th'
<lb/>straw? Come forth.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-edg">
  <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>
  <p>Away, the foule Fiend followes me, through the <lb/>sharpe
Hauthorne blow the windes. Humh, goe to thy <lb/>bed and warme
thee.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
  <l>Did'st thou giue all to thy Daughters? And art
<lb/>thou come to this?</l>
</sp>

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

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

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

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

*Kent.*  
He hath no Daughters Sir.

*Lear.*  
Death Traitor, nothing could haue subdue'd Nature  
To such a lownesse, but his vnkind Daughters.  
Is it the fashion, that discarded Fathers,  
Should haue thus little mercy on their flesh:  
Iudicious punishment, 'twas this flesh begot  
Those Pelicane Daughters.

*Edg.*

<p>Pillicock sat on Pillicock hill, alow: alow, loo, loo.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-foo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>
 <p>This cold night will turne vs all to Fooles, and
 </b>Madmen.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edgar.</speaker>
 <p>Take heed o'th' foule Fiend, obey thy
 Pa-rents, </b>keepe thy words Iustice, sweare
 not, commit not,</p>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">rr3</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">with</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0808-0.jpg" n="298"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <p>with mans sworne Spouse: set not thy Sweet-heart on
 </b>proud array. <hi rend="italic">Tom's</hi> a
 cold.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
 <p>What hast thou bin?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>
 <p>A Seruingman? Proud in heart, and minde; that </b>curl'd
 my haire, wore Gloues in my cap; seru'd the Lust
 </b>of my Mistris heart, and did the acte of
 darkenesse with </b>her. Swore as many Oathes, as I spake
 words, & broke </b>them in the sweet face of Heauen. One,
 that slept in the </b>contriuing of Lust, and
 wak'd to doe it. Wine lou'd I </b>deerely, Dice
 deerely; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd </b>the
 Turke. False of heart, light of eare, bloody of hand; </b>Hog
 in sloth, Foxe in stealth, Wolfe in greedinesse, Dog
 </b>in madnes, Lyon in prey. Let not the creaking of shooes,
 </b>Nor the rustling of Silkes, betray thy poore heart
 to wo-man. </b>Keepe thy foote out of Brothels, thy
 hand out of </b>Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and
 defye the </b>foule Fiend. Still through the Hawthorne blowes
 the </b>cold winde: Sayes suum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy,
 </b>Boy <hi rend="italic">Sesey</hi>: let him trot by.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Storme
 still.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
 <p>Thou wert better in a Graue, then to answeere </b>with thy

vncouer'd body, this extremitie of the Skies. Is  
<lb/>man no more then this? Consider him well. Thou  
ow'st <lb/>the Worme no Silke; the Beast, no  
Hide; the Sheepe, no <lb/>Wooll; the Cat, no perfume. Ha?  
Here's three on's are <lb/>sophisticated. Thou art  
the thing it selfe; vnaccommo-dated <lb/>man, is no more  
but such a poore, bare, forked A-nimall <lb/>as thou  
art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, vn-button  
<lb/>heere.</p>

</sp>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gloucester, with  
a Torch.</stage>

<sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
<p>Prythee Nunckle be contented, 'tis a naughtie <lb/>night  
to swimme in. Now a little fire in a wilde Field, <lb/>were  
like an old Letchers heart, a small spark, all the rest  
<lb/>on's body, cold: Looke, heere comes a walking  
fire.</p>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
<p>This is the foule Flibbertigibbet; hee begins at <lb/>Curfew,  
and walkes at first Cocke: Hee giues the Web  
<lb/>and the Pin, squints the eye, and makes the  
Hare-lippe; <lb/>Mildewes the white Wheate, and hurts  
the poore Crea-ture <lb/>of earth.</p>

<l>  
<hi rend="italic">Swithold</hi> footed thrice the old,</l>  
<l>He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold;</l>  
<l>Bid her a-light, and her troth-plaint,</l>  
<l>And aroynt thee Witch, aroynt thee.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<p>How fares your Grace?</p>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<p>What's he?</p>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<p>Who's there? What is't you seeke?</p>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
<p>What are you there? Your Names?</p>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-edg">

<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <p>Poore Tom, that eats the swimming Frog, the <lb/>Toad, the  
 Tod-pole, the wall-Neut, and the water: that  
 <lb/>in the furie of his heart, when the foule Fiend rages,  
 eats <lb/>Cow-dung for Sallets; swallowes the old Rat,  
 and the <lb/>ditch-Dogge; drinke the green Mantle of  
 the standing <lb/>Poole: who is whipt from Tything to  
 Tything, and <lb/>stockt, punish'd, and  
 imprison'd: who hath three Suites <lb/>to his backe, sixe  
 shirts to his body:</p>
 <l>Horse to ride, and weapon to weare:</l>  
 <l>But Mice, and Rats, and such small Deare,</l>  
 <l>Haue bin Toms food, for seuen long yeare:</l>  
 <l>Beware my Follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou Fiend.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
 <p>What, hath your Grace no better company?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <p>The Prince of Darkenesse is a Gentleman. <hi  
 rend="italic">Modo</hi>  
 <lb/>he's call'd, and <hi rend="italic">Mahu</hi>.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
 <p>Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is growne so <lb/>vilde,  
 that it doth hate what gets it.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <p>Poore Tom's a cold.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
 <l>Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer</l>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <l>T'obey in all your daughters hard commands:</l>  
 <l>Though their Iniunction be to barre my doores,</l>  
 <l>And let this Tyrannous night take hold vpon you,</l>  
 <l>Yet haue I ventured to come seeke you out,</l>  
 <l>And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <l>First let me talke with this Philosopher,</l>  
 <l>What is the cause of Thunder?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">

<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
 <l>Good my Lord take his offer,</l>  
 <l>Go into th'house.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <l>Ile talke a word with this same lerned Theban:</l>  
 <l>What is your study?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <p>How to preuent the Fiend, and to kill Vermine.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <p>Let me aske you one word in priuate.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
 <l>Importune him once more to go my Lord,</l>  
 <l>His wits begin t'vnsettle.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
 <l>Canst thou blame him?</l>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Storm  
 still</stage>  
 <l>His Daughters seeke his death: Ah, that good Kent,</l>  
 <l>He said it would be thus: poore banish'd man:</l>  
 <l>Thou sayest the King growes mad, Ile tell thee Friend</l>  
 <l>I am almost mad my selfe. I had a Sonne,</l>  
 <l>Now out-law'd from my blood: he sought my life</l>  
 <l>But lately: very late: I lou'd him (Friend)</l>  
 <l>No Father his Sonne deerer: true to tell thee,</l>  
 <l>The greefe hath craz'd my wits. What a night's  
 this?</l>  
 <l>I do beseech your grace.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <l>O cry you mercy, Sir:</l>  
 <l>Noble Philosopher, your company.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <p>Tom's a cold.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
 <p>In fellow there, into th'Houel; keep thee warm.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <p>Come, let's in all.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
   <p>This way, my Lord.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <l>With him;</l>  
   <l>I will keepe still with my Philosopher.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
   <l>Good my Lord, sooth him:</l>  
   <l>Let him take the Fellow.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
   <p>Take him you on.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
   <p>Sirra, come on: go along with vs.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <p>Come, good Athenian.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
   <p>No words, no words, hush.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
   <l>Childe <hi rend="italic">Rowland</hi> to the darke Tower  
 came,</l>  
   <l>His word was still, fie, foh, and fumme,</l>  
   <l>I smell the blood of a Brittitish man.</l>  
 </sp>  
   <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="5">  
   <head rend="italic center">Scena Quinta.</head>  
   <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 5]</head>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cornwall, and  
 Edmund.</stage>  
   <sp who="#F-lr-crn">

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

*Bast.*  
How my Lord, I may be censured, that Nature thus giues way to Loyaltie, something feares mee to thinke of.

*Cornw.*  
I now perceiue, it was not altogether your Brothers euill disposition made him seeke his death: but a prouoking merit set a-worke by a reprouable badnesse in himself.

*Bast.*  
How malicious is my fortune, that I must re-pent to be iust? This is the Letter which hee spoake of; which approues him an intelligent partie to the aduanta-ges of France. O Heauens! that this Treason were not; or not I the detector.

*Corn.*  
Go with me to the Dutchesse.

*Bast.*  
If the matter of this Paper be certain, you haue mighty businesse in hand.

*Corn.*



The Tragedie of King Lear.

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

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

<sp who="#F-lr-crn">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
 <p>I will lay trust vpon thee: and thou shalt finde  
 <lb/>a deere Father in my loue.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="6">  
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Sexta.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 6]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Kent, and  
 Gloucester.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
 <p>Heere is better then the open ayre, take it thank-fully:  
 <lb/>I will peece out the comfort with what addition I  
 <lb/>can: I will not be long from you.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
 <p>All the powre of his wits, haue giuen way to his  
 <lb/>impatience: the Gods reward your kindnesse.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lear, Edgar, and  
 Foole.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <p>  
 <hi rend="italic">Fratrerretto</hi> cals me, and tells me <hi  
 rend="italic">Nero</hi> is an Ang-ler <lb/>in the Lake  
 of Darknesse: pray Innocent, and beware <lb/>the foule  
 Fiend.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
 <p>Prythee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be <lb/>a Gentleman, or  
 a Yeoman.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <p>A King, a King.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
 <p>No, he's a Yeoman, that ha's a Gentleman to  
 <lb/>his Sonne: for hee's a mad Yeoman that sees his  
 Sonne a <lb/>Gentleman before him.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <l>To haue a thousand with red burning spits</l>  
 <l>Come hissing in vpon 'em.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <p>Blesse thy fiue wits.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
 <l>O pittie: Sir, where is the patience now</l>  
 <l>That you so oft haue boasted to retaine?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <l>My teares begin to take his part so much,</l>  
 <l>They marre my counterfetting.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <l>The little dogges, and all;</l>  
 <l>Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart: see, they barke at me.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <l>Tom, will throw his head at them: Auauant you</l>  
 <l>Curses, be thy mouth or blacke or white:</l>  
 <l>Tooth that poysons if it bite:</l>  
 <l>Mastiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim,</l>  
 <l>Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym:</l>  
 <l>Or Bobtaile tight, or Troudle taile,</l>  
 <l>Tom will make him weepe and waile,</l>  
 <l>For with throwing thus my head;</l>  
 <l>Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.</l>  
 <l>Do, de, de, de: sese: Come, march to Wakes and Fayres,</l>  
 <l>And Market Townes: poore Tom thy horne is dry,</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <p>Then let them Anatomize <hi rend="italic">Regan</hi>: See what  
 <lb/>breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in Nature that  
 <lb/>make these hard-hearts. You sir, I entertaine for  
 one of <lb/>my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your  
 gar-ments. <lb/>You will say they are Persian; but let  
 them bee <lb/>chang'd.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gloster.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
 <p>Now good my Lord, lye heere, and rest awhile.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <p>Make no noise, make no noise, draw the Cur-taines:  
 </b>so, so, wee'l go to Supper i'th'  
 morning.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
   <p>And Ile go to bed at noone.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
   <l>Come hither Friend:</l>  
   <l>Where is the King my Master?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
   <p>Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gon.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
   <l>Good friend, I prythee take him in thy armes;</l>  
   <l>I haue ore-heard a plot of death vpon him:</l>  
   <l>There is a Litter ready, lay him in't,</l>  
   <l>And driue toward Douer friend, where thou shalt meete</l>  
   <l>Both welcome, and protection. Take vp thy  
 Master,</l>  
   <l>If thou should'st dally halfe an houre, his life</l>  
   <l>With thine, and all that offer to defend him,</l>  
   <l>Stand in assured losse. Take vp, take vp,</l>  
   <l>And follow me, that will to some prouision</l>  
   <l>Giue thee quicke conduct. Come, come, away.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="7">  
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Septima.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 7]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cornwall, Regan,  
 Gonerill, Bastard, </b>and Seruants.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-crn">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
   <p>Poste speedily to my Lord your husband, shew </b>him this  
 Letter, the Army of France is landed: seeke out </b>the  
 Traitor Glouster.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>

<p>Hang him instantly.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>
 <p>Plucke out his eyes.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-crn">
 <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>
 <p>Leaue him to my displeasure. <hi rend="italic">Edmond</hi>,

keepe
 <lb/>you our Sister company: the reuenges wee are bound
 to <lb/>take vpon your Traitorous Father, are not fit
 for your <lb/>beholding. Aduice the Duke where you are going,
 to a <lb/>most festinate preparation: we are bound
 to the like. Our <lb/>Postes shall be swift, and
 intelligent betwixt vs. Fare-well <lb/>deere
 Sister, farewell my Lord of Glouster.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Steward.</stage>
 <p>How now? Where's the King?</p>
 <sp who="#F-lr-ste">
 <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord of Glouster hath conuey'd him hence</l>
 <l>Some fiue or six and thirty of his Knights</l>
 <l>Hot Questrists after him, met him at gate,</l>
 <l>Who, with some other of the Lords, dependants,</l>
 <l>Are gone with him toward Douer; where they boast</l>
 <l>To haue well armed Friends.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-crn">
 <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>
 <p>Get horses for your Mistris.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>
 <p>Farewell sweet Lord, and Sister.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
 <sp who="#F-lr-crn">
 <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Edmund</hi> farewell: go seek the Traitor
 Gloster,</l>
 <l>Pinnion him like a Theefe, bring him before vs:</l>
 <l>Though well we may not passe vpon his life</l>
 <l>Without the forme of Iustice: yet our power</l>
 <l>Shall do a curt'sie to our wrath, which men</l>
 <l>May blame, but not comptroll.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gloucester, and

Seruants.</stage>

<p>Who's there? the Traitor?</p>

<sp who="#F-lr-reg">

<speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>

<p>Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-crn">

<speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>

<p>Binde fast his corky armes.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>

<l>What meanes your Graces?</l>

<l>Good my Friends consider you are my Ghests:</l>

<l>Do me no foule play, Friends.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-crn">

<speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>

<p>Binde him I say.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-reg">

<speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>

<p>Hard, hard: O filthy Traitor.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>

<p>Vnmercifull Lady, as you are, I'me none.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-crn">

<speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>

<l>To this Chaire binde him,</l>

<l>Villaine, thou shalt finde.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>

<l>By the kinde Gods, 'tis most ignobly done</l>

<l>To plucke me by the Beard.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-reg">

<speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>

<p>So white, and such a Traitor?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>

<l>Naughty Ladie,</l>

<l>These haire which thou dost rauish from my chin</l>

<l>Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your Host,</l>

<l>With Robbers hands, my hospitable fauours</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">You</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0810-0.jpg" n="300"/>

<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.</fw>  
<cb n="1"/>  
<l>You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-crn">  
<speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
<l>Come Sir.</l>  
<l>What Letters had you late from France?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
<speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
<p>Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-crn">  
<speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
<p>And what confederacie haue you with the Trai-tors,  
<lb/>late footed in the Kingdome?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
<speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
<l>To whose hands</l>  
<l>You haue sent the Lunaticke King: Speake.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
<l>I haue a Letter guessingly set downe</l>  
<l>Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart,</l>  
<l>And not from one oppos'd.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-crn">  
<speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
<p>Cunning.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
<speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
<p>And false.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-crn">  
<speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
<p>Where hast thou sent the King?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
<p>To Douer.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
<speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
<l>Wherefore to Douer?</l>  
<l>Was't thou not charg'd at perill.</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-crn">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
   <p>Wherefore to Douer? Let him answer that.</p>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
   <l>I am tyed to'th' Stake,</l>  
   <l>And I must stand the Course.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
   <p>Wherefore to Douer?</p>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
   <l>Because I would not see thy cruell Nailles</l>  
   <l>Plucke out his poore old eyes: nor thy fierce  
 Sister,</l>  
   <l>In his Annoited flesh, sticke boarish phangs.</l>  
   <l>The Sea, with such a storme as his bare head,</l>  
   <l>In Hell-blacke-night indur'd, would haue  
 buoy'd vp</l>  
   <l>And quench'd the Stelled fires:</l>  
   <l>Yet poore old heart, he holpe the Heauens to raine.</l>  
   <l>If Wolues had at thy Gate howl'd that sterne  
 time,</l>  
   <l>Thou should'st haue said, good Porter turne the  
 Key:</l>  
   <l>All Cruels else subscribe: but I shall see</l>  
   <l>The winged Vengeance ouertake such Children.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-crn">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
   <l>See't shalt thou neuer. Fellowes hold y Chaire,</l>  
   <l>Vpon these eyes of thine, Ile set my foote.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
   <l>He that will thinke to liue, till he be old,</l>  
   <l>Giue me some helpe. ——— O cruell! O you Gods.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
   <p>One side will mocke another: Th' other too.</p>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-crn">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
   <p>If you see vengeance.</p>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-ser">

<speaker rend="italic">Seru.</speaker>  
 <l>Hold your hand, my Lord:</l>  
 <l>I haue seru'd you euer since I was a Childe:</l>  
 <l>But better seruice haue I neuer done you,</l>  
 <l>Then now to bid you hold.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <p>How now, you dogge?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ser">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>  
 <l>If you did weare a beard vpon your chin, <lb/>I'd shake  
 it on this quarrell. What do you meane?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-crn">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
 <p>My Villaine?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ser">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Seru.</speaker>  
 <p>Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <p>Giue me thy Sword. A pezant stand vp thus?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Killes him.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ser">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>  
 <l>Oh I am slaine: my Lord, you haue one eye left</l>  
 <l>To see some mischefe on him. Oh.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-crn">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
 <l>Lest it see more, preuent it; Out vilde gelly:</l>  
 <l>Where is thy luster now?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
 <l>All darke and comfortlesse?</l>  
 <l>Where's my Sonne <hi rend="italic">Edmund</hi>?</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Edmund</hi>, enkindle all the sparkes of  
 Nature</l>  
 <l>To quit this horrid acte.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <l>Out treacherous Villaine,</l>

<|>Thou call'st on him, that hates thee. It was he</|>  
 <|>That made the ouerture of thy Treasons to vs.</|>  
 <|>Who is too good to pittie thee.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
 <|>O my Follies! then <hi rend="italic">Edgar</hi> was  
 abus'd,</|>  
 <|>Kinde Gods, forgiue me that, and prosper him.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <|>Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell</|>  
 <|>His way to Douer.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit with  
 Gloucester.</stage>  
 <p>How is't my Lord? How looke you?</p>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-crn">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>  
 <|>I haue receiu'd a hurt: Follow me Lady;</|>  
 <|>Turne out that eyelesse Villaine: throw this Slaue</|>  
 <|>Vpon the Dunghill: <hi rend="italic">Regan</hi>, I bleed  
 apace,</|>  
 <|>Vntimely comes this hurt. Giue me your arme.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 </div>  
 <div type="act" n="4">  
 <div type="scene" n="1">  
 <head rend="italic center">Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Edgar.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <|>Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,</|>  
 <|>Then still contemn'd and flatter'd, to  
 be worst:</|>  
 <|>The lowest, and most dejected thing of  
 Fortune,</|>  
 <|>Stands still in esperance, liues not in feare:</|>  
 <|>The lamentable change is from the best,</|>  
 <|>The worst returnes to laughter. Welcome then,</|>  
 <|>Thou vnsubstantiall ayre that I embrace:</|>  
 <|>The Wretch that thou hast blowne vnto the worst,</|>  
 <|>Owes nothing to thy blasts.</|>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gloucester,  
 and an Oldman.</stage>

<l>But who comes heere? My Father poorely led?</l>  
 <l>World, World, O world!</l>  
 <l>But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee,</l>  
 <l>Life would not yeelde to age.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-old">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Oldm.</speaker>  
   <l>O my good Lord, I haue bene your Tenant,</l>  
   <l>And your Fathers Tenant, these fourescore yeares.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
   <l>Away, get thee away: good Friend be gone,</l>  
   <l>Thy comforts can do me no good at all,</l>  
   <l>Thee, they may hurt.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-old">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Oldm.</speaker>  
   <p>You cannot see your way.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
   <l>I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes:</l>  
   <l>I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seene,</l>  
   <l>Our meanes secure vs, and our meere defects</l>  
   <l>Proue our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne <hi  
 rend="italic">Edgar</hi>,</l>  
   <l>The food of thy abused Fathers wrath:</l>  
   <l>Might I but liue to see thee in my touch, <b/>I'd say I  
 had eyes againe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-old">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Oldm.</speaker>  
   <p>How now? who's there?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
   <l>O Gods! Who is't can say I am at the worst?</l>  
   <l>I am worse then ere I was.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-old">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Old.</speaker>  
   <p>'Tis poore mad Tom.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
   <l>And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,</l>  
   <l>So long as we can say this is the worst.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-old">

<speaker rend="italic">Oldm.</speaker>  
 <p>Fellow, where goest?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
 <p>Is it a Beggar-man?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-old">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Oldm.</speaker>  
 <p>Madman, and beggar too.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
 <l>He has some reason, else he could not beg.  
 </l>  
 <lb/>I'th' last nights storme, I such  
 a fellow saw;</l>  
 <l>Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne</l>  
 <l>Came then into my minde, and yet my minde</l>  
 <l>Was then scarce Friends with him.</l>  
 <l>I haue heard more since:</l>  
 <l>As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th'Gods,</l>  
 <l>They kill vs for their sport.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <l>How should this be?</l>  
 <l>Bad is the Trade that must play Foole to sorrow,</l>  
 <l>Ang'ring it selfe, and others. Blesse thee  
 Master.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
 <p>Is that the naked Fellow?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-old">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Oldm.</speaker>  
 <p>I, my Lord.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
 <l>Get thee away: If for my sake</l>  
 <l>Thou wilt ore-take vs hence a mile or twaine</l>  
 <l>I'th' way toward Douer, do it for ancient loue,</l>  
 <l>And bring some couering for this naked Soule,</l>  
 <l>Which Ile intreate to leade me.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-old">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Old.</speaker>  
 <p>Alacke sir, he is mad.</p>  
 </sp>

<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Glou.</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0811-0.jpg" n="301"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
   <l>'Tis the times plague,</l>  
   <l>When Madmen leade the blinde:</l>  
   <l>Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure:</l>  
   <l>Aboue the rest, be gone.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-old">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Oldm.</speaker>  
   <l>Ile bring him the best Parrell that I haue</l>  
   <l>Come on't what will.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
   <p>Sirrah, naked fellow.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
   <p>Poore Tom's a cold. I cannot daub it further.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
   <p>Come hither fellow.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
   <l>And yet I must:</l>  
   <l>Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleede.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
   <p>Know'st thou the way to Douer?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
   <p>Both stile, and gate; Horseway, and foot-path:  
 <lb/>poore Tom hath bin scar'd out of his good wits.  
 Blesse <lb/>thee good mans sonne, from the foule Fiend.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
   <l>Here take this purse, y whom the heau'ns plagues</l>  
   <l>Haue humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched</l>  
   <l>Makes thee the happier: Heauens deale so still:</l>  
   <l>Let the superfluous, and Lust-dieted man,</l>

<l>That slaues your ordinance, that will not see</l>  
<l>Because he do's not feele, feele your powre quickly:</l>  
<l>So distribution should vndoo excesse,</l>  
<l>And each man haue enough. Dost thou know Douer?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-edg">

<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>

<p>I Master.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>

<l>There is a Cliffe, whose high and bending head</l>

<l>Lookes fearfully in the confined Deepe:</l>

<l>Bring me but to the very brimme of it,</l>

<l>And Ile repayre the misery thou do'st beare</l>

<l>With something rich about me: from that place,</l>

<l>I shall no leading neede.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-edg">

<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>

<l>Giue me thy arme;</l>

<l>Poore Tom shall leade thee.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

</div>

<div type="scene" n="2">

<head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>

<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gonerill,  
Bastard, and Steward.</stage>

<sp who="#F-lr-gon">

<speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>

<l>Welcome my Lord. I meruell our mild husband</l>

<l>Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Master?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-ste">

<speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>

<l>Madam within, but neuer man so chang'd:</l>

<l>I told him of the Army that was Landed:</l>

<l>He smil'd at it. I told him you were comming,</l>

<l>His answer was, the worse. Of Glosters Treachery,</l>

<l>And of the loyall Seruice of his Sonne</l>

<l>When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot,</l>

<l>And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:</l>

<l>What most he should dislike, seemes pleasant to him;</l>

<l>What like, offensiue.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-gon">

<speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>

<l>Then shall you go no further.</l>

<l>It is the Cowish terror of his spirit</l>  
 <l>That dares not vndertake: Hee'l not feele wrongs</l>  
 <l>Which tye him to an answer: our wishes on the way</l>  
 <l>May proue effects. Backe Edmond to my Brother,</l>  
 <l>Hasten his Musters, and conduct his  
 powres.</l>  
 <l>I must change names at home, and giue the  
 Distaffe</l>  
 <l>Into my Husbands hands. This trustie Seruant</l>  
 <l>Shall passe betweene vs: ere long you are like to heare</l>  
 <l>(If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)</l>  
 <l>A Mistresses command. Weare this; spare speech,</l>  
 <l>Decline your head. This kisse, if it durst speake</l>  
 <l>Would stretch thy Spirits vp into the ayre:</l>  
 <l>Conceiue, and fare thee well.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
 <p>Yours in the ranks of death.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
 <l>My most deere Gloster.</l>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <l>Oh, the difference of man, and man,</l>  
 <l>To thee a Womans seruices are due,</l>  
 <l>My Foole vsurpes my body.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>  
 <p>Madam, here come's my Lord.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Albany.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
 <p>I haue beene worth the whistle.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
 <l>Oh Gonerill,</l>  
 <l>You are not worth the dust which the rude winde</l>  
 <l>Blowes in your face.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
 <l>Milke-Liuer'd man,</l>  
 <l>That bear'st a cheeke for blowes, a head for  
 wrongs,</l>  
 <l>Who hast not in thy browes an eye-discerning</l>

<|>Thine Honor, from thy sufferring.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
<speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
<|>See thy selfe diuell:</|>  
<|>Proper deformitie seemes not in the Fiend</|>  
<|>So horrid as in woman.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
<p>Oh vaine Foole.</p>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Messenger.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-lr-mes">  
<speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>  
<|>Oh my good Lord, the Duke of <hi rend="italic">Cornwals</hi>  
dead,</|>  
<|>Slaine by his Seruant, going to put out</|>  
<|>The other eye of Glouster.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
<speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
<p>Glousters eyes.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-mes">  
<speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>  
<|>A Seruant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,</|>  
<|>Oppos'd against the act: bending his  
Sword</|>  
<|>To his great Master, who, threat-enrage'd</|>  
<|>Flew on him, and among'st them fell'd him  
dead,</|>  
<|>But not without that harmefull stroke, which since</|>  
<|>Hath pluckt him after.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
<speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
<|>This shewes you are aboue</|>  
<|>You Iustices, that these our neather crimes</|>  
<|>So speedily can venge. But (O poore Glouster)</|>  
<|>Lost he his other eye?</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-mes">  
<speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>  
<|>Both, both, my Lord.</|>  
<|>This Leter Madam, craues a speedy answer:</|>  
<|>'Tis from your Sister.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>

<l>One way I like this well.</l>  
 <l>But being widdow, and my Glouster with her,</l>  
 <l>May all the building in my fancie plucke</l>  
 <l>Vpon my hatefull life. Another way</l>  
 <l>The Newes is not so tart. Ile read, and answer.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
   <l>Where was his Sonne,</l>  
   <l>When they did take his eyes?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-mes">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>  
   <p>Come with my Lady hither.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
   <p>He is not heere.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-mes">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>  
   <p>No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
   <p>Knowes he the wickednesse?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-mes">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>  
   <l>I my good Lord: 'twas he inform'd against  
 him</l>  
   <l>And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment</l>  
   <l>Might haue the freer course.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
   <l>Glouster, I liue</l>  
   <l>To thanke thee for the loue thou shew'dst the  
 King,</l>  
   <l>And to reuenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend,</l>  
   <l>Tell me what more thou know'st.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="3">  
   <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>  
   <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>  
   <note resp="#PW" type="textual">Act 4 Scene 3 in the quarto editions,  
 often described as set in "The French camp near Dover", and including a conversation  
 between Kent and a Gentleman, does not appear in the First Folio.</note>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen,  
</b/>and Souldiours.</stage>

<sp who="#F-lr-cor">

<speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>

<l>Alacke, 'tis he: why he was met euen now</l>

<l>As mad as the vext Sea, singing alowd.</l>

<l>Crown'd with ranke Fenitar, and furrow weeds,</l>

<l>With Hardokes, Hemlocke, Nettles, Cuckoo flowres,</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Darnell</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0812-0.jpg" n="302"/>

<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>Darnell, and all the idle weedes that grow</l>

<l>In our sustaining Corne. A Centery send forth;</l>

<l>Search euey Acre in the high-growne field,</l>

<l>And bring him to our eye. What can mans wisdom</l>

<l>In the restoring his bereaued Sense; he that helps

him,</l>

<l>Take all my outward worth.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-gen">

<speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>

<l>There is meanes Madam:</l>

<l>Our foster Nurse of Nature, is repose,</l>

<l>The which he lackes: that to prouoke in him</l>

<l>Are many Simples operatiue, whose power</l>

<l>Will close the eye of Anguish.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-cor">

<speaker rend="italic">Cord.</speaker>

<l>All blest Secrets,</l>

<l>All you vnpublish'd Vertues of the earth</l>

<l>Spring with my teares; be aydant, and remediate</l>

<l>In the Goodmans desires: seeke, seeke for him,</l>

<l>Least his vngouern'd rage, dissolve the life</l>

<l>That wants the meanes to leade it.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Messenger.</stage>

<sp who="#F-lr-mes">

<speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>

<l>Newes Madam,</l>

<l>The Brittish Powres are marching hitherward.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-cor">

<speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>

<l>'Tis knowne before. Our preparation stands</l>

<l>In expectation of them. O deere Father,</l>

<l>It is thy businesse that I go about: Therefore great France</l>

<l>My mourning, and importune'd teares hath pittied:</l>

<l>No blowne Ambition doth our Armes incite,</l>  
 <l>But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd Fathers Rite:</l>  
 <l>Soone may I heare, and see him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="4">  
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 4]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Regan, and  
 Steward.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <p>But are my Brothers Powres set forth?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>  
 <p>I Madam.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <p>Himselfe in person there?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>  
 <l>Madam with much ado:</l>  
 <l>Your Sister is the better Souldier.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <p>Lord <hi rend="italic">Edmund</hi> spake not with your Lord at  
 home?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>  
 <p>No Madam.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <p>What might import my Sisters Letter to him?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>  
 <p>I know not, Lady.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
 <l>Faith he is poasted hence on serious matter:</l>  
 <l>It was great ignorance, Glousters eyes being out</l>  
 <l>To let him liue. Where he arriues, he moues</l>

<\/>All hearts against vs: <hi rend="italic">Edmund<\/hi>, I  
 thinke is gone<\/l>  
 <\/>In pitty of his misery, to dispatch<\/l>  
 <\/>His nighted life: Moreouer to descry<\/l>  
 <\/>The strength o'th' Enemy.<\/l>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Stew.<\/speaker>  
 <p>I must needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.<\/p>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.<\/speaker>  
 <\/>Our troopes set forth to morrow, stay with vs:<\/l>  
 <\/>The wayes are dangerous.<\/l>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Stew.<\/speaker>  
 <\/>I may not Madam:<\/l>  
 <\/>My Lady charg'd my dutie in this busines.<\/l>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.<\/speaker>  
 <\/>Why should she write to <hi rend="italic">Edmund<\/hi>?<\/l>  
 <\/>Might not you transport her purposes by word? Belike,<\/l>  
 <\/>Some things, I know not what. Ile loue thee much<\/l>  
 <\/>Let me vnseale the Letter.<\/l>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Stew.<\/speaker>  
 <p>Madam, I had rather ——<\/p>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.<\/speaker>  
 <\/>I know your Lady do's not loue her Husband,<\/l>  
 <\/>I am sure of that: and at her late being heere,<\/l>  
 <\/>She gaue strange Eliads, and most speaking lookes<\/l>  
 <\/>To Noble <hi rend="italic">Edmund<\/hi>. I know you are of her  
 bosome.<\/l>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Stew.<\/speaker>  
 <p>I, Madam?<\/p>  
 <\/sp>  
 <cb n="2"\/>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Reg.<\/speaker>  
 <\/>I speake in vnderstanding: Y'are: I  
 know't,<\/l>  
 <\/>Therefore I do aduise you take this note:<\/l>  
 <\/>My Lord is dead: <hi rend="italic">Edmond<\/hi>, and I haue

talk'd, </l>

<l>And more conuenient is he for my hand</l>  
<l>Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:</l>  
<l>If you do finde him, pray you giue him this;</l>  
<l>And when your Mistris heares thus much from you,</l>  
<l>I pray desire her call her wisdom to her.</l>  
<l>So fare you well:</l>  
<l>If you do chance to heare of that blinde Traitor,</l>  
<l>Preferment fals on him, that cuts him off.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-ste">

<speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>

<l>Would I could meet Madam, I should shew</l>

<l>What party I do follow.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-reg">

<speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>

<p>Fare thee well.</p>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

</div>

<div type="scene" n="5">

<head rend="italic center">Scena Quinta.</head>

<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 5]</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gloucester, and

Edgar.</stage>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>

<p>When shall I come to th'top of that same hill?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-edg">

<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>

<p>You do climbe vp it now. Look how we labor.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>

<p>Me thinks the ground is eeuen.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-edg">

<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>

<l>Horrible steepe.</l>

<l>Hearke, do you heare the Sea?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>

<p>No truly.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-edg">

<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>

<l>Why then your other Senses grow imperfect

</l>

<l>By your eyes anguish.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>

<l>So may it be indeed.</l>

<l>Me thinkes thy voyce is alter'd, and thou

speak'st</l>

<l>In better phrase, and matter then thou did'st.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-edg">

<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>

<l>Y'are much deceiu'd: In nothing am I

chang'd</l>

<l>But in my Garments.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>

<p>Me thinkes y'are better spoken.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-edg">

<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>

<l>Come on Sir,</l>

<l>Heere's the place: stand still: how

fearefull</l>

<l>And dizie 'tis, to cast ones eyes so low,</l>

<l>The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre</l>

<l>Shew scarce so grosse as Beetles. Halfe way downe</l>

<l>Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade:</l>

<l>Me thinkes he seemes no bigger then his head.</l>

<l>The Fishermen, that walk'd vpon the beach</l>

<l>Apppeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,</l>

<l>Diminish'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy</l>

<l>Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge,</l>

<l>That on th'vnnubred idle Pebble chafes</l>

<l>Cannot be heard so high. Ile looke no more,</l>

<l>Least my braine turne, and the deficient sight</l>

<l>Topple downe headlong.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>

<p>Set me where you stand.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-edg">

<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>

<l>Giue me your hand:</l>

<l>You are now within a foote of th'extreme Verge:</l>

<l>For all beneath the Moone would I not leape vpright.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
 <l>Let go my hand:</l>  
 <l>Heere Friend's another purse: in it, a Iewell</l>  
 <l>Well worth a poore mans taking. Fayries, and Gods</l>  
 <l>Prosper it with thee. Go thou further off,</l>  
 <l>Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <p>Now fare ye well, good Sir.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
 <p>With all my heart.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <l>Why I do trifle thus with his dispaire,</l>  
 <l>Is done to cure it.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
 <l>O you mighty Gods!</l>  
 <l>This world I do renounce, and in your sights</l>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Shake</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0813-0.jpg" n="303"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>Shake patiently my great affliction off:</l>  
 <l>If I could beare it longer, and not fall</l>  
 <l>To quarrell with your great opposelesse willes,</l>  
 <l>My snuffe, and loathed part of Nature should</l>  
 <l>Burne it selfe out. If <hi rend="italic">Edgar</hi> liue, O  
 blesse him:</l>  
 <l>Now Fellow, fare thee well.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <l>Gone Sir, farewell:</l>  
 <l>And yet I know not how conceit may rob</l>  
 <l>The Treasury of life, when life it selfe</l>  
 <l>Yeelds to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,</l>  
 <l>By this had thought bin past. Aliue, or dead?</l>  
 <l>Hoa, you Sir: Friend, heare you Sir, speake:</l>  
 <l>Thus might he passe indeed: yet he reuiues.</l>  
 <l>What are you Sir?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
 <p>Away, and let me dye.</p>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <l>Had'st thou beene ought</l>  
 <l>But Gozemore, Feathers, Ayre,</l>  
 <l>(So many fathome downe precipitating)</l>  
 <l>Thou'dst shiuer'd like an Egge: but thou  
do'st breath:</l>  
 <l>Hast heauy substance, bleed'st not,  
speak'st, art sound,</l>  
 <l>Ten Masts at each, make not the altitude</l>  
 <l>Which thou hast perpendicularly fell,</l>  
 <l>Thy life's a Myracle. Speake yet againe.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
 <p>But haue I falne, or no?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <l>From the dread Somnet of this Chalkie Bourne</l>  
 <l>Looke vp a height, the shrill-gorg'd Larke so  
farre</l>  
 <l>Cannot be seene, or heard: Do but looke vp.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
 <l>Alacke, I haue no eyes:</l>  
 <l>Is wretchednesse depriu'd that benefit</l>  
 <l>To end it selfe by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,</l>  
 <l>When misery could beguile the Tyrants rage,</l>  
 <l>And frustrate his proud will.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <l>Giue me your arme.</l>  
 <l>Vp, so: How is't? Feele you your Legges? You  
stand.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
 <p>Too well, too well.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <l>This is aboue all strangenesse,</l>  
 <l>Vpon the crowne o'th' Cliffe. What thing was  
that</l>  
 <l>Which parted from you?</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
   <p>A poore vnfortunate Beggar.</p>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
   <l>As I stood heere below, me thought his eyes</l>  
   <l>Were two full Moones: he had a thousand Noses,</l>  
   <l>Hornes wealk'd, and waued like the enraged Sea:</l>  
   <l>It was some Fiend: Therefore thou happy Father,</l>  
   <l>Thinke that the cleerest Gods, who make them Honors</l>  
   <l>Of mens Impossibilities, haue preserued thee.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
   <l>I do remember now: henceforth Ile beare</l>  
   <l>Affliction, till it do cry out it selfe</l>  
   <l>Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you speake of,</l>  
   <l>I tooke it for a man: often 'twould say</l>  
   <l>The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edgar.</speaker>  
   <l>Beare free and patient thoughts.</l>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lear.</stage>  
   <l>But who comes heere?</l>  
   <l>The safer sense will ne're accomodate</l>  
   <l>His Master thus.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <l>No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the</l>  
   <l>King himselfe.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
   <p>O thou side-piercing sight!</p>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <p>Nature's aboue Art, in that respect. Ther's  
 your <lb/>Presse-money. That fellow handles his bow,  
 like a Crow-keeper: <lb/>draw mee a Cloathiers yard.  
 Looke, looke, a <lb/>Mouse: peace, peace, this peece of  
 toasted Cheese will <lb/>doo't. There's my  
 Gauntlet, Ile proue it on a Gyant. <lb/>Bring vp the browne  
 Billes. O well flowne Bird: i'th'  
 <lb/>clout, i'th' clout: Hewgh. Giue the  
 word.</p>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <p>Sweet Mariorum.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <p>Passe.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
 <p>I know that voice.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <p>Ha! <hi rend="italic">Gonerill</hi> with a white beard? They

flatter'd <lb/>me like a Dogge, and told mee I had  
 the white hayres in <lb/>my Beard, ere the blacke ones were  
 there. To say I, and <lb/>no, to euery thing that I said: I,  
 and no too, was no good <lb/>Diuinity. When the raine came to  
 wet me once, and the <lb/>winde to make me chatter: when the  
 Thunder would not <lb/>peace at my bidding, there I found  
 'em, there I smelt 'em <lb/>out. Go too, they are  
 not men o'their words; they told <lb/>me, I was euery  
 thing: 'Tis a Lye, I am not Agu-proofoe.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
 <l>The tricke of that voyce, I do well remember:</l>  
 <l>Is't not the King?</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <l>I, euery inch a King.</l>  
 <l>When I do stare, see how the Subiect quakes.</l>  
 <l>I pardon that mans life. What was thy cause?</l>  
 <l>Adultery? thou shalt not dye: dye for Adultery?</l>  
 <l>No, the Wren goes too't, and the small gilded Fly</l>  
 <l>Do's letcher in my sight. Let Copulation thriue:</l>  
 <l>For Glousters bastard Son was kinder to his

Father,</l>

<l>Then my Daughters got 'twene the lawfull sheets.</l>  
 <l>Too't Luxury pell-mell, for I lacke Souldiers.</l>

<p>Behold yond simpring Dame, whose face betweene her <lb/>Forkes  
 presages Snow; that minces Vertue, & do's shake  
 <lb/>the head to heare of pleasures name. The Fitchew, nor  
 <lb/>the soyled Horse goes too't with a more riotous  
 appe-tite: <lb/>Downe from the waste they are  
 Centaures, though <lb/>Women all aboue: but to the Girdle do  
 the Gods inhe-rit, <lb/>beneath is all the Fiends.

There's hell, there's darke-nes,  
<lb/>there is the sulphurous pit; burning, scalding,  
stench, <lb/>consumption: Fye, fie, fie; pah,  
pah: Giue me an Ounce <lb/>of Ciuet; good Apothecary sweeten my  
immagination: <lb/>There's money for thee.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>

<p>O let me kisse that hand.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<l>Let me wipe it first,</l>

<l>It smelles of Mortality.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>

<l>O ruin'd peece of Nature, this great world</l>

<l>Shall so weare out to naught.</l>

<l>Do'st thou know me?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<p>I remember thine eyes well enough: dost thou <lb/>squiny  
at me? No, doe thy worst blinde Cupid, Ile not <lb/>loue.  
Reade thou this challenge, marke but the penning <lb/>of  
it.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>

<p>Were all thy Letters Sunnes, I could not see.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-edg">

<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>

<l>I would not take this from report,</l>

<l>It is, and my heart breakes at it.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<p>Read.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">

<speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>

<p>What with the Case of eyes?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<p>Oh ho, are you there with me? No eies in your <lb/>head, nor no  
mony in your purse? Your eyes are in a hea-uy <lb/>case,  
your purse in a light, yet you see how this world

<lb/>goes.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>
 <p>I see it feelingly.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
 <p>What, art mad? A man may see how this world <lb/>goes, with no eyes. Looke with thine eares: See how <lb/>yond Iustice railles vpon yond simple theefe. Hearke in <lb/>thine eare: Change places, and handy-dandy, which is <lb/>the Iustice, which is the theefe: Thou hast seene a Far-mers <lb/>dogge barke at a Beggar?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>
 <p>I Sir.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
 <p>And the Creature run from the Cur: there thou <lb/>mightst behold the great image of Authoritie, a Dogg's <lb/>obey'd in Office. Thou, Rascall Beadle, hold thy bloody <lb/>hand: why dost thou lash that Whore? Strip thy owne <lb/>backe, thou hotly lusts to vse her in that kind, for which <lb/>thou whip'st her. The Vsurer hangs the Cozener. Tho-</p>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">rough</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0814-0.jpg" n="304"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <p>rough tatter'd cloathes great Vices do appeare: Robes, <lb/>and Furr'd gownes hide all. Place sinnes with Gold, and <lb/>the strong Lance of Iustice, hurtlesse breakes: Arme it in <lb/>ragges, a Pigmies straw do's pierce it. None do's offend, <lb/>none, I say none, Ile able 'em; take that of me my Friend, <lb/>who haue the power to seale th' accusers lips. Get thee <lb/>glasse-eyes, and like a scuruy Politician, seeme to see the <lb/>things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my <lb/>Bootes: harder, harder, so.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>
 <l>O matter, and impertinency mixt,</l>
 <l>Reason in Madnesse.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <l>If thou wilt weepe my Fortunes, take my eyes.</l>  
 <l>I know thee well enough, thy name is Glouster:</l>  
 <l>Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:</l>  
 <l>Thou know'st, the first time that we  
 smell the Ayre</l>  
 <l>We wawle, and cry. I will preach to thee: Marke.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
 <p>Alacke, alacke the day.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <l>When we are borne, we cry that we are come</l>  
 <l>To this great stage of Fooles. This a good blocke:</l>  
 <l>It were a delicate stratagem to shoo</l>  
 <l>A Troope of Horse with Felt: Ile put't in prooffe,</l>  
 <l>And when I haue stolne vpon these Son in Lawes,</l>  
 <l>Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Gentleman.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gen">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>  
 <l>Oh heere he is: lay hand vpon him, Sir.</l>  
 <l>Your most deere Daughter ———</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <l>No rescue? What, a Prisoner? I am euen</l>  
 <l>The Naturall Foole of Fortune. Vse me well,</l>  
 <l>You shall haue ransome. Let me haue Surgeons,</l>  
 <l>I am cut to'th' Braines.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gen">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>  
 <p>You shall haue any thing.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <l>No Seconds? All my selfe?</l>  
 <l>Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt</l>  
 <l>To vse his eyes for Garden water-pots. I wil die  
 brauely,</l>  
 <l>Like a smugge Bridegroom. What? I will be Iouiall:</l>  
 <l>Come, come, I am a King, Masters, know you that?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gen">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>

<p>You are a Royall one, and we obey you.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<l>Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it,</l>  
<l>You shall get it by running: Sa, sa, sa, sa.</l>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-lr-gen">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>  
<l>A sight most pittifull in the meanest wretch,</l>  
<l>Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast a Daughter</l>  
<l>Who redeemes Nature from the generall curse</l>  
<l>Which twaine haue brought her to.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
<p>Haile gentle Sir.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-gen">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>  
<p>Sir, speed you: what's your will?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
<p>Do you heare ought (Sir) of a Battell toward.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-gen">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>  
<l>Most sure, and vulgar:</l>  
<l>Euery one heares that, which can distinguish sound.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
<l>But by your fauour:</l>  
<l>How neere's the other Army?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-gen">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>  
<l>Neere, and on speedy foot: the maine descry</l>  
<l>Stands on the hourelly thought.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
<p>I thanke you Sir, that's all.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-gen">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>  
<l>Though that the Queen on special cause is here</l>  
<l>Her Army is mou'd on.</l>

</sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
   <p>I thanke you Sir.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
   <l>You euer gentle Gods, take my breath from me,</l>  
   <l>Let not my worser Spirit tempt me againe</l>  
   <l>To dye before you please.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
   <p>Well pray you Father.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
   <p>Now good sir, what are you?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
   <l>A most poore man, made tame to Fortunes blows</l>  
   <l>Who, by the Art of knowne, and feeling sorrowes,</l>  
   <l>Am pregnant to good pittie. Giue me your hand,</l>  
   <l>Ile leade you to some biding.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
   <l>Heartie thanks:</l>  
   <cb n="2"/>  
   <l>The bountie, and the benizon of Heauen</l>  
   <l>To boot, and boot.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Steward.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>  
   <l>A proclaim'd prize: most happie</l>  
   <l>That eyelesse head of thine, was first fram'd  
 flesh</l>  
   <l>To raise my fortunes. Thou old, vnhappy Traitor,</l>  
   <l>Breefely thy selfe remember: the Sword is out</l>  
   <l>That must destroy thee.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
   <l>Now let thy friendly hand</l>  
   <l>Put strength enough too't.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ste">

<speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>  
 <l>Wherefore, bold Pezant,</l>  
 <l>Dar'st thou support a publish'd Traitor?  
 Hence,</l>  
 <l>Least that th'infection of his fortune  
 take</l>  
 <l>Like hold on thee. Let go his arme.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <l>Chill not let go Zir,</l>  
 <l>Without vurther 'casion.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>  
 <p>Let go Slaue, or thou dy'st.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <p>Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poore <b>volke</b> passe:  
 and 'chud ha'bin zwaggerd out of my life,  
 <b>'twould</b> not ha'bin zo long as 'tis,  
 by a vortnight. Nay, <b>come</b> not neere th'old man:  
 keepe out che vor'ye, or Ile <b>try</b> whither your  
 Costard, or my Ballow be the harder; <b>chill</b> be plaine  
 with you.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>  
 <p>Out Dunghill.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <p>Chill picke your teeth Zir: come, no matter vor <b>your</b>  
 foynes.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>  
 <l>Slaue thou hast slaine me: Villain, take my purse;</l>  
 <l>If euer thou wilt thriue, bury my bodie,</l>  
 <l>And giue the Letters which thou find'st about  
 me,</l>  
 <l>To <hi rend="italic">Edmund</hi> Earle of Glouster: seeke  
 him out</l>  
 <l>Vpon the English party. Oh vntimely death, death.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <l>I know thee well. A seruiceable Villaine,</l>  
 <l>As duteous to the vices of thy Mistris,</l>

<l>As badnesse would desire.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
   <p>What, is he dead?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
   <l>Sit you downe Father: rest you.</l>  
   <l>Let's see these Pockets; the Letters that he speakes  
 of</l>  
   <l>May be my Friends: hee's dead; I am onely sorry</l>  
   <l>He had no other Deathsman. Let vs see:</l>  
   <l>Leaue gentle waxe, and manners: blame vs not</l>  
   <l>To know our enemies mindes, we rip their hearts,</l>  
   <l>Their Papers is more lawfull.</l>  
   <p rend="center italic">Reads the Letter. <lb/>  
     <c rend="decoratedCapital">L</c> Et our recipocall vowes be  
 remembred. You haue manie <lb/>opportunities to cut him  
 off: if your will want not, time and <lb/>place will be  
 fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done. If hee  
 <lb/>returne the Conqueror, then am I the Prisoner, and his  
 bed, my <lb/>Gaole, from the loathed warmth whereof, deliuer  
 me, and sup-ply <lb/>the place for your Labour.</p>  
   <p rend="rightJustified">  
     <hi rend="italic">Your (Wife, so I would  
 say) affectio-nate <lb/>Seruant.</hi>  
 Gonerill.</p>  
   <l>Oh indistinguish'd space of Womans will,</l>  
   <l>A plot vpon her vertuous Husbands life,</l>  
   <l>And the exchange my Brother: heere, in the sands</l>  
   <l>Thee Ile rake vp, the poste vnsanctified</l>  
   <l>Of murtherous Letchers: and in the mature time,</l>  
   <l>With this vngracious paper strike the sight</l>  
   <l>Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him  
 'tis well,</l>  
   <l>That of thy death, and businesse, I can tell.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>  
   <l>The King is mad:</l>  
   <l>How stiffe is my vilde sense</l>  
   <l>That I stand vp, and haue ingenious feeling</l>  
   <l>Of my huge Sorrowes? Better I were distract,</l>  
   <l>So should my thoughts be seuer'd from my greefes,</l>  
   <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Drum afarre  
 off.</stage>  
   <l>And woes, by wrong imaginations loose</l>  
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>  
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0815-0.jpg" n="305"/>

```

    <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>The knowledge of themselves.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-edg">
    <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>
    <l>Giue me your hand:</l>
    <l>Farre off methinkes I heare the beaten Drumme.</l>
    <l>Come Father, Ile bestow you with a Friend.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="6">
    <head rend="italic center">Scoena Septima.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 6]</head>
    <note resp="#PW" type="textual">This is the sixth scene in the Folio
edition, although it is numbered the seventh.</note>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cordelia, Kent, and
Gentleman.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-lr-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
        <l>O thou good <hi rend="italic">Kent</hi>,</l>
        <l>How shall I liue and worke</l>
        <l>To match thy goodnesse?</l>
        <l>My life will be too short,</l>
        <l>And euey measure faile me.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-lr-ken">
        <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>
        <l>To be acknowledge'd Madam is ore-pai'd,</l>
        <l>All my reports go with the modest truth,</l>
        <l>Nor more, nor clipt, but so.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-lr-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
        <l>Be better suited,</l>
        <l>These weedes are memories of those worser houres:</l>
        <l>I prythee put them off.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-lr-ken">
        <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>
        <l>Pardon deere Madam,</l>
        <l>Yet to be knowne shortens my made intent,</l>
        <l>My boone I make it, that you know me not,</l>
        <l>Till time, and I, thinke meet.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-lr-cor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
        <l>Then be't so my good Lord:</l>
        <l>How do's the King?</l>

```

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gen">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>  
   <p>Madam sleepes still.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
   <l>O you kind Gods!</l>  
   <l>Cure this great breach in his abused Nature,</l>  
   <l>Th'vntun'd and iarring senses, O winde vp,</l>  
   <l>Of this childe-changed Father.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gen">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>  
   <l>So please your Maiesty,</l>  
   <l>That we may wake the King, he hath slept long?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
   <l>Be gouern'd by your knowledge, and proceede</l>  
   <l>I'th' sway of your owne will: is he  
 array'd?</l>  
 </sp>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lear in a chaire  
 carried by Seruants</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gen">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>  
   <l>I Madam: in the heauinesse of sleepe,</l>  
   <l>We put fresh garments on him.</l>  
   <l>Be by good Madam when we do awake him,</l>  
   <l>I doubt of his Temperance.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
   <l>O my deere Father, restauration hang</l>  
   <l>Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kisse</l>  
   <l>Repaire those violent harmes, that my two Sisters</l>  
   <l>Haue in thy Reuerence made.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
   <p>Kind and deere Princesse.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
   <l>Had you not bin their Father, these white flakes</l>  
   <l>Did challenge pittie of them. Was this a face</l>  
   <l>To be oppos'd against the iarring windes?</l>  
   <l>Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me,</l>  
   <l>Should haue stood that night against my

fire,</l>

<l>And was't thou faine (poore Father)</l>  
<l>To houell thee with Swine and Rogues forlorne,</l>  
<l>In short, and musty straw? Alacke, alacke,

<lb/>'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once</l>

<l>Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-gen">

<speaker rend="italic">Gen.</speaker>

<p>Madam do you, 'tis fittest.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-cor">

<speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>

<l>How does my Royall Lord?</l>

<l>How fares your Maiesty?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<l>You do me wrong to take me out o'th' graue,</l>

<l>Thou art a Soule in blisse, but I am bound</l>

<cb n="2"/>

<l>Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares</l>

<l>Do scal'd, like molten Lead.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-cor">

<speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>

<p>Sir, do you know me?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<p>You are a spirit I know, where did you dye?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-cor">

<speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>

<p>Still, still, farre wide.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-gen">

<speaker rend="italic">Gen.</speaker>

<l>He's scarce awake,</l>

<l>Let him alone a while.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>

<l>Where haue I bin?</l>

<l>Where am I? Faire day light?</l>

<l>I am mightily abus'd; I should eu'n dye with

pitty</l>

<l>To see another thus. I know not what to say:</l>

<l>I will not swear these are my hands: let's see,</l>

<l>I feele this pin pricke, would I were assur'd</l>

<l>Of my condition.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
<l>O looke vpon me Sir,</l>  
<l>And hold your hand in benediction o're me,</l>  
<l>You must not kneele.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<l>Pray do not mocke me:</l>  
<l>I am a very foolish fond old man,</l>  
<l>Fourescore and vponward,</l>  
<l>Not an houre more, nor lesse:</l>  
<l>And to deale plainely,</l>  
<l>I feare I am not in my perfect mind.</l>  
<l>Me thinkes I should know you, and know this man,</l>  
<l>Yet I am doubtfull: For I am mainly ignorant</l>  
<l>What place this is: and all the skill I haue</l>  
<l>Remembers not these garments: nor I know not</l>  
<l>Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,</l>  
<l>For (as I am a man) I thinke this Lady</l>  
<l>To be my childe <hi rend="italic">Cordelia</hi>.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
<p>And so I am: I am.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<l>Be your teares wet?</l>  
<l>Yes faith: I pray weepe not,</l>  
<l>If you haue poyson for me, I will drinke it:</l>  
<l>I know you do not loue me, for your Sisters</l>  
<l>Haue (as I do remember) done me wrong.</l>  
<l>You haue some cause, they haue not.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
<p>No cause, no cause.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<p>Am I in France?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<p>In your owne kingdome Sir.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

```
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
<p>Do not abuse me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-gen">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
  <l>Be comforted good Madam, the great rage</l>
  <l>You see is kill'd in him: desire him to go in,</l>
  <l>Trouble him no more till further settling.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
  <p>Wilt please your Highnesse walke?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
  <l>You must beare with me:</l>
  <l>Pray you now forget, and forgiue,</l>
  <l>I am old and foolish.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
```

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</div>
</div>
```

```
<div type="act" n="5">
```

```
<div type="scene" n="1">
```

```
<head rend="italic center">Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.</head>
```

```
<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
```

```
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter with Drumme and
```

```
Colours, Edmund, Regan.
```

```
<lb/>Gentlemen, and Souldiers.</stage>
```

```
<sp who="#F-lr-bas">
```

```
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
```

```
<l>Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,</l>
```

```
<l>Or whether since he is aduis'd by ought</l>
```

```
<l>To change the course, he's full of alteration,</l>
```

```
<l>And selfereprouing, bring his constant pleasure.</l>
```

```
</sp>
```

```
<sp who="#F-lr-reg">
```

```
<speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>
```

```
<p>Our Sisters man is certainly miscarried.</p>
```

```
</sp>
```

```
<sp who="#F-lr-bas">
```

```
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
```

```
<p>'Tis to be doubted Madam.</p>
```

```
</sp>
```

```
<sp who="#F-lr-reg">
```

```
<speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>
```

```
<l>Now sweet Lord,</l>
```

```
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">ff</fw>
```

```
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">You</fw>
```

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<pb facs="FFimg:axc0816-0.jpg" n="306"/>
```

<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>You know the goodnesse I intend vpon you:</l>  
 <l>Tell me but truly, but then speake the truth,</l>  
 <l>Do you not loue my Sister?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
   <p>In honour'd Loue.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
   <l>But haue you neuer found my Brothers way,</l>  
   <l>To the fore-fended place?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
   <p>No by mine honour, Madam.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
   <l>I neuer shall endure her, deere my Lord</l>  
   <l>Be not familiar with her.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
   <p>Feare not, she and the Duke her husband.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter with Drum and  
 Colours,  
 Albany, Gonerill, Soldiers.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
   <l>Our very louing Sister, well be-met:</l>  
   <l>Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter</l>  
   <l>With others, whom the rigour of our State</l>  
   <l>Forc'd to cry out.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Regan.</speaker>  
   <p>Why is this reasond?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gone.</speaker>  
   <l>Combine together 'gainst the Enemy:</l>  
   <l>For these domesticke and particular broiles,</l>  
   <l>Are not the question here.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>

<l>Let's then determine with th'ancient of warre</l>  
 <l>On our proceeding.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
   <p>Sister you'le go with vs?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
   <p>No.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
   <p>'Tis most conuenient, pray go with vs.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
   <p>Oh ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt both the  
 Armies.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Edgar.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
   <l>If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore,</l>  
   <l>Heare me one word.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
   <p>Ile ouertake you, speake.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
   <l>Before you fight the Battaile, ope this Letter:</l>  
   <l>If you haue victory, <gap/>et the Trumpet sound</l>  
   <l>For him that brought it: wretched though I seeme,</l>  
   <l>I can produce a Champion, that will proue</l>  
   <l>What is auouched there. If you miscarry,</l>  
   <l>Your businesse of the world hath so an end,</l>  
   <l>And machination ceases. Fortune loues you.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
   <p>Stay till I haue read the Letter.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
   <l>I was forbid it:</l>  
   <l>When time shall serue, let but the Herald cry,</l>  
   <l>And Ile appeare againe.</l>

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</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-lr-alb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>
  <p>Why farethee well, I will o're-looke thy paper.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Edmund.</stage>
<sp who="#F-lr-bas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
  <l>The Enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,</l>
  <l>Heere is the guesse of their true strength and Forces,</l>
  <l>By dilligent discouerie, but your hast</l>
  <l>Is now vrg'd on you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-alb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>
  <p>We will greet the time.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-lr-bas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
  <l>To both these Sisters haue I sworne my loue:</l>
  <l>Each ieaious of the other, as the stung</l>
  <l>Are of the Adder. Which of them shall I take?</l>
  <l>Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enioy'd</l>
  <l>If both remaine aliuie: To take the Widdow,</l>
  <l>Exasperates, makes mad her Sister <hi
rend="italic">Gonerill</hi>,</l>
  <l>And hardly shall I carry out my side,</l>
  <l>Her husband being aliuie. Now then, wee'l vse</l>
  <l>His countenance for the Battaile, which being done,</l>
  <l>Let her who would be rid of him, deuise</l>
  <l>His speedy taking off. As for the mercie</l>
  <l>Which he intends to <hi rend="italic">Lear</hi> and to <hi
rend="italic">Cordelia</hi>,</l>
  <l>The Battaile done, and they within our power,</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>Shall neuer see his pardon: for my state,</l>
  <l>Stands on me to defend, not to debate.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2">
  <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Alarum within. Enter with
Drumme and Colours, Lear, <lb/>Cordelia, and Souldiers, ouer the
Stage, and Exeunt.</stage>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Edgar, and
Gloster.</stage>

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<sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
   <l>Heere Father, take the shadow of this Tree</l>  
   <l>For your good hoast: pray that the right may thriue:</l>  
   <l>If euer I returne to you againe,</l>  
   <l>Ile bring you comfort.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>  
   <p>Grace go with you Sir.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Alarum and Retreat  
 within.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Edgar.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edgar.</speaker>  
   <l>Away old man, giue me thy hand, away:</l>  
   <l>King <hi rend="italic">Lear</hi> hath lost, he and his  
 Daughter tane,</l>  
   <l>Giue me thy hand: Come on.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>  
   <p>No further Sir, a man may rot euen heere.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
   <l>What in ill thoughts againe?</l>  
   <l>Men must endure</l>  
   <l>Their going hence, euen as their comming hither,</l>  
   <l>Ripenesse is all come on.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-glo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>  
   <p>And that's true too.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="3">  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 3]</head>  
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter in conquest with Drum  
 and Colours, Edmund, Lear,  
 <lb/>and Cordelia, as prisoners, Souldiers, Captaine.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
   <l>Some Officers take them away: good guard,</l>  
   <l>Vntill their greater pleasures first be knowne</l>  
   <l>That are to censure them.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-cor">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>  
   <l>We are not the first,</l>  
   <l>Who with best meaning haue incur'd the  
 worst:</l>  
   <l>For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,</l>  
   <l>My selfe could else out-frowne false Fortunes frowne.</l>  
   <l>Shall we not see these Daughters, and these Sisters?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <l>No, no, no, no: come let's away to prison,</l>  
   <l>We two alone will sing like Birds i'th' Cage:</l>  
   <l>When thou dost aske me blessing, Ile kneele downe</l>  
   <l>And aske of thee forgiuenesse: So wee'l liue,</l>  
   <l>And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh</l>  
   <l>At gilded Butterflies: and heere (poore Rogues)</l>  
   <l>Talke of Court newes, and wee'l talke with them too,</l>  
   <l>Who looses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;</l>  
   <l>And take vpon's the mystery of things,</l>  
   <l>As if we were Gods spies: And wee'l weare out</l>  
   <l>In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great  
 ones,</l>  
   <l>That ebbe and flow by th'Moone.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
   <p>Take them away.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <l>Vpon such sacrifices my <hi rend="italic">Cordelia</hi>,</l>  
   <l>The Gods themselues throw Incense.</l>  
   <l>Haue I caught thee?</l>  
   <l>He that parts vs, shall bring a Brand from Heauen,</l>  
   <l>And fire vs hence, like Foxes: wipe thine eyes,</l>  
   <l>The good yeares shall deuoure them, flesh and fell,</l>  
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Ere</fw>  
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0817-0.jpg" n="307"/>  
   <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.</fw>  
   <cb n="1"/>  
   <l>Ere they shall make vs weepe?</l>  
   <l>Weele see e'm staru'd first:  
 come.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
   <l>Come hither Captaine, hearke.</l>

<|>Take thou this note, go follow them to prison,</|>  
 <|>One step I haue aduanc'd thee, if thou  
 do'st</|>  
 <|>As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy  
 way</|>  
 <|>To Noble Fortunes: know thou this, that men</|>  
 <|>Are as the time is; to be tender minded</|>  
 <|>Do's not become a Sword, thy great imployment</|>  
 <|>Will not beare question: either say thou'lt  
 do't,</|>  
 <|>Or thriue by other meanes.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-cap">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Capt.</speaker>  
 <p>Ile do't my Lord.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
 <|>About it, and write happy, when th' hast done,</|>  
 <|>Marke I say instantly, and carry it so</|>  
 <|>As I haue set it downe.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Captaine.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flourish.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Albany, Gonerill,  
 Regan, Soldiers.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
 <|>Sir, you haue shew'd to day your valiant straine</|>  
 <|>And Fortune led you well: you haue the Captiuues</|>  
 <|>Who were the opposites of this dayes strife:</|>  
 <|>I do require them of you so to vse them,</|>  
 <|>As we shall find their merites, and our safety</|>  
 <|>May equally determine.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
 <|>Sir, I thought it fit,</|>  
 <|>To send the old and miserable King to some retention,</|>  
 <|>Whose age had Charmes in it, whose Title more,</|>  
 <|>To plucke the common bosome on his side,</|>  
 <|>And turne our imprest Launces in our eies</|>  
 <|>Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen:</|>  
 <|>My reason all the same, and they are ready</|>  
 <|>To morrow, or at further space, t'appeare</|>  
 <|>Where you shall hold your Session.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
 <|>Sir, by your patience,</|>

<l>I hold you but a subiect of this Warre,</l>  
<l>Not as a Brother.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
<speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
<l>That's as we list to grace him.</l>  
<l>Methinkes our pleasure might haue bin demanded</l>  
<l>Ere you had spoke so farre. He led our Powers,</l>  
<l>Bore the Commission of my place and person,</l>  
<l>The which immediacie may well stand vp,</l>  
<l>And call it selfe your Brother.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
<l>Not so hot:</l>  
<l>In his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,</l>  
<l>More then in your addition.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
<speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
<l>In my rights,</l>  
<l>By me inuested, he compeeres the best.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
<speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
<p>That were the most, if he should husband you.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
<speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>  
<p>Iesters do oft proue Prophets.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
<l>Hola, hola,</l>  
<l>That eye that told you so, look'd but a squint.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
<speaker rend="italic">Rega.</speaker>  
<l>Lady I am not well, else I should answere</l>  
<l>From a full flowing stomack. Generall,</l>  
<l>Take thou my Souldiers, prisoners, patrimony,</l>  
<l>Dispose of them, of me, the walls is thine:</l>  
<l>Witnessse the world, that I create thee here</l>  
<l>My Lord, and Master.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
<p>Meane you to enioy him?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-alb">

*Alb.*  
The let alone lies not in your good will.

*Bast.*  
Nor in thine Lord.

*Alb.*  
Halfe-blooded fellow, yes.

*Reg.*  
Let the Drum strike, and proue my title thine.

*Alb.*  
<I>Stay yet, heare reason: *Edmund*, I  
arrest thee</I>  
<I>On capitall Treason; and in thy arrest,</I>  
<I>This guilded Serpent: for your claime faire Sisters,</I>  
<I>I bare it in the interest of my wife,</I>  
<cb n="2"/>  
<I>'Tis she is sub-contracted to this Lord,</I>  
<I>And I her husband contradict your Banes.</I>  
<I>If you will marry, make your loues to me,</I>  
<I>My Lady is bespoke.</I>

*Gon.*  
An enterlude.

*Alb.*  
<I>Thou art armed *Gloster*,</I>  
<I>Let the Trumpet sound:</I>  
<I>If none appeare to proue vpon thy person,</I>  
<I>Thy heynous, manifest, and many Treasons,</I>  
<I>There is my pledge: Ile make it on thy heart</I>  
<I>Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing lesse.</I>  
<I>Then I haue heere proclaim'd thee.</I>

*Reg.*  
Sicke, O sicke.

*Gon.*  
If not, Ile nere trust medicine.

<sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
   <l>There's my exchange, what in the world hes</l>  
   <l>That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies,</l>  
   <l>Call by the Trumpet: he that dares approach;</l>  
   <l>On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine</l>  
   <l>My truth and honor firmly.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Herald.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
   <l>A Herald, ho.</l>  
   <l>Trust to thy single vertue, for thy Souldiers</l>  
   <l>All leuied in my name, haue in my name</l>  
   <l>Tooke their discharge.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-reg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Regan.</speaker>  
   <p>My sicknesse growes vpon me.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
   <l>She is not well, conuey her to my Tent.</l>  
   <l>Come hither Herald, let the Trumpet sound,</l>  
   <l>And read out this.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">A Trumpet  
 sounds.</stage>  
   <p rend="center italic">Herald reads. <lb/>  
   <c rend="decoratedCapital">I</c> f any man of qualitie or degree,  
 within the lists of  
 the Ar-my, <lb/>will maintaine vpon Edmund, supposed Earle  
 of Gloster, <lb/>that he is a manifold Traitor, let him  
 appeare by the third <lb/>sound of the Trumpet: he is bold in his  
 defence. 1 <hi rend="italic">Trumpet</hi>.</p>  
   <p rend="center">  
   <hi rend="italic">Her.</hi> Againe. 2 <hi  
 rend="italic">Trumpet</hi>.</p>  
   <p rend="center">  
   <hi rend="italic">Her.</hi> Againe. 3 <hi  
 rend="italic">Trumpet</hi>.</p>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Trumpet answers  
 within.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Edgar armed.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
   <l>Aske him his purposes, why he appears</l>  
   <l>Vpon this Call o'th' Trumpet.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-her">

<speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>  
 <l>What are you?</l>  
 <l>Your name, your quality, and why you answer</l>  
 <l>This present Summons?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <l>Know my name is lost</l>  
 <l>By Treasons tooth: bare-gnawne, and Canker-bit,</l>  
 <l>Yet am I Noble as the Aduersary</l>  
 <l>I come to cope.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
 <p>Which is that Aduersary?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <p>What's he that speakes for <hi rend="italic">Edmund</hi>  
 Earle of Glo- <lb rend="turnunder"/>  
 <pc rend="turnunder">( </pc>ster?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
 <p>Himselfe, what saist thou to him?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <l>Draw thy Sword,</l>  
 <l>That if my speech offend a Noble heart,</l>  
 <l>Thy arme may do thee Iustice, heere is mine:</l>  
 <l>Behold it is my priuiledge,</l>  
 <l>The priuiledge of mine Honours,</l>  
 <l>My oath, and my profession. I protest,</l>  
 <l>Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,</l>  
 <l>Despise thy victor-Sword, and fire new  
 Fortune,</l>  
 <l>Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor:</l>  
 <l>False to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,</l>  
 <l>Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious  
 Prince,</l>  
 <l>And from th' extremest vpward of thy head,</l>  
 <l>To the discent and dust below thy foote,</l>  
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">ff2</fw>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">A</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0818-0.jpg" n="38"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>A most Toad-spotted Traitor. Say thou no,</l>  
 <l>This Sword, this arme, and my best spirits are bent</l>

<l>To proue vpon thy heart, where to I speake,</l>  
 <l>Thou lvest.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
 <l>In wisdom I should aske thy name,</l>  
 <l>But since thy out-side lookes so faire and Warlike,</l>  
 <l>And that thy tongue (some say) of breeding breathes,</l>  
 <l>What safe, and nicely I might well delay,</l>  
 <l>By rule of Knight-hood, I disdain and spurne:</l>  
 <l>Backe do I tesse these Treasons to thy head,</l>  
 <l>With the hell-hated Lye, ore-whelme thy heart,</l>  
 <l>Which for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,</l>  
 <l>This Sword of mine shall giue them instant way,</l>  
 <l>Where they shall rest for euer. Trumpets speake.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
 <p>Saue him, saue him.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Alarums.  
 Fights.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
 <l>This is practise <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi>,</l>  
 <l>By th'law of Warre, thou wast not bound to  
 answer</l>  
 <l>An vnknowne opposite: thou art not vanquish'd,</l>  
 <l>But cozend, and beguild.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
 <l>Shut your mouth Dame,</l>  
 <l>Or with this paper shall I stop it: hold Sir,</l>  
 <l>Thou worse then any name, reade thine owne euill:</l>  
 <l>No tearing Lady, I perceiue you know it.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gon">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>  
 <l>Say if I do, the Lawes are mine not thine,</l>  
 <l>Who can araigne me for't?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
 <p>Most monstrous! O, know'st thou this  
 paper?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>

<p>Aske me not what I know.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
<speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
<p>Go after her, she's desperate, gouerne her.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
<l>What you haue charg'd me with,</l>  
<l>That haue I done,</l>  
<l>And more, much more, the time will bring it out.</l>  
<l>'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou</l>  
<l>That hast this Fortune on me? If thou'rt Noble,</l>  
<l>I do forgiue thee.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
<l>Let's exchange charity:</l>  
<l>I am no lesse in blood then thou art <hi  
rend="italic">Edmond</hi>,</l>  
<l>If more, the more th'hast wrong'd me.</l>  
<l>My name is <hi rend="italic">Edgar</hi> and thy Fathers  
Sonne,</l>  
<l>The Gods are iust, and of our pleasant vices</l>  
<l>Make instruments to plague vs:</l>  
<l>The darke and vitious place where thee he got,</l>  
<l>Cost him his eyes.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
<l>Th'hast spoken right, 'tis true,</l>  
<l>The Wheele is come full circle, I am heere.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
<speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
<l>Me thought thy very gate did prophesie</l>  
<l>A Royall Noblenesse: I must embrace thee,</l>  
<l>Let sorrow split my heart, if euer I</l>  
<l>Did hate thee, or thy Father.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
<p>Worthy Prince I know't.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
<speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
<l>Where haue you hid your selfe?</l>  
<l>How haue you knowne the miseries of your Father?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-edg">

<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <|>By nursing them my Lord. List a breefe tale,</|>  
 <|>And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burst.</|>  
 <|>The bloody proclamation to escape</|>  
 <|>That follow'd me so neere, (O our liues sweetnesse,</|>  
 <|>That we the paine of death would hourelly dye,</|>  
 <|>Rather then die at once) taught me to shift</|>  
 <|>Into a mad-mans rags, t'assume a semblance</|>  
 <|>That very Dogges disdain'd: and in this habit</|>  
 <|>Met I my Father with his bleeding Rings,</|>  
 <|>Their precious Stones new lost: became his guide,</|>  
 <|>Led him, begg'd for him, sau'd him from  
 dispaire.</|>  
 <|>Neuer (O fault) reueal'd my selfe vnto him,</|>  
 <|>Vntill some halfe houre past when I was arm'd,</|>  
 <|>Not sure, though hoping of this good successe,</|>  
 <|>I ask'd his blessing, and from first to  
 last</|>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <|>Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart</|>  
 <|>(Alacke too weake the conflict to support)</|>  
 <|>Twixt two extremes of passion, ioy and greefe,</|>  
 <|>Burst smilingly.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
 <|>This speech of yours hath mou'd me,</|>  
 <|>And shall perchance do good, but speake you on,</|>  
 <|>You looke as you had something more to say.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
 <|>If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,</|>  
 <|>For I am almost ready to dissolue,</|>  
 <|>Hearing of this.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Gentleman.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gen">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gen.</speaker>  
 <p>Helpe, helpe: O helpe.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <p>What kinde of helpe?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
 <p>Speake man.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">

<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <p>What means this bloody Knife?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gen">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gen.</speaker>  
 <p>'Tis hot, it smoakes, it came euen from the heart <lb/>of  
 ——— O she's dead.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
 <p>Who dead? Speake man.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-gen">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Gen.</speaker>  
 <l>Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Sister</l>  
 <l>By her is poyson'd: she confesses it.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
 <l>I was contracted to them both, all three</l>  
 <l>Now marry in an instant.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <p>Here comes <hi rend="italic">Kent</hi>.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Kent.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
 <l>Produce the bodies, be they aliuie or dead;</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Gonerill and Regans bodies brought  
 out</hi>.</l>  
 <l>This iudgement of the Heauens that makes vs tremble.</l>  
 <l>Touches vs not with pittie: O, is this he?</l>  
 <l>The time will not allow the complement</l>  
 <l>Which very manners vrges.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
 <l>I am come</l>  
 <l>To bid my King and Master aye good night.</l>  
 <l>Is he not here?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
 <l>Great thing of vs forgot,</l>  
 <l>Speake <hi rend="italic">Edmund</hi>, where's the King?  
 and where's <hi rend="italic">Cordelia</hi>?</l>  
 <l>Seest thou this obiect

<hi rend="italic">Kent</hi>?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
   <p>Alacke, why thus?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
   <l>Yet <hi rend="italic">Edmund</hi> was belou'd:</l>  
   <l>The one the other poison'd for my sake,</l>  
   <l>And after slew herself.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
   <p>Euen so: couer their faces.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
   <l>I pant for life: some good I meane to do</l>  
   <l>Despight of mine owne Nature. Quickly send,</l>  
   <l>(Be briefe in it) to'th' Castle, for my  
 Writ</l>  
   <l>Is on the life of <hi rend="italic">Lear</hi>, and on <hi  
 rend="italic">Cordelia</hi>:</l>  
   <l>Nay, send in time.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
   <p>Run, run, O run.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
   <l>To who my Lord? Who ha's the Office?</l>  
   <l>Send thy token of repreue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
   <l>Well thought on, take my Sword,</l>  
   <l>Giue it the Captaine.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
   <p>Hast thee for thy life.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-bas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>  
   <l>He hath Commission from thy Wife and me,</l>  
   <l>To hang <hi rend="italic">Cordelia</hi> in the prison, and</l>  
   <l>To lay the blame vpon her owne dispaire,</l>  
   <l>That she for-did her selfe.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
 <p>The Gods defend her, beare him hence awhile.</p>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lear with Cordelia in  
his armes.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <l>Howle, howle, howle: O you are men of stones,</l>  
 <l>Had I your tongues and eyes, Il'd vse them so,</l>  
 <l>That Heauens vault should crack: she's gone for euer.</l>  
 <l>I know when one is dead, and when one liues,</l>  
 <l>She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glasse,</l>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">if</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0819-0.jpg" n="309"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>If that her breath will mist or staine the  
stone,</l>  
 <l>Why then she liues.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
 <p>Is this the promis'd end?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
 <p>Or image of that horror.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
 <p>Fall and cease.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <l>This feather stirs, she liues: if it be so,</l>  
 <l>It is a chance which do's redeeme all sorrowes</l>  
 <l>That euer I haue felt.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
 <p>O my good Master.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
 <p>Prythee away.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>

<p>'Tis Noble <hi rend="italic">Kent</hi> your Friend.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<l>A plague vpon you Murderors, Traitors all,</l>  
<l>I might haue sau'd her, now she's gone for  
euer:</l>  
<l>  
<hi rend="italic">Cordelia, Cordelia</hi>, stay a little.  
Ha:</l>  
<l>What is't thou saist? Her voice was euer soft,</l>  
<l>Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.</l>  
<l>I kill'd the Slaue that was a hanging thee.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-gen">  
<speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>  
<p>'Tis true (my Lords) he did.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<l>Did I not fellow?</l>  
<l>I haue seene the day, with my good biting Faulchion</l>  
<l>I would haue made him skip: I am old now,</l>  
<l>And these same crosses spoile me. Who are you?</l>  
<l>Mine eyes are not o'th' best, Ile tell you  
straight.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<l>If Fortune brag of two, she lou'd and hated,</l>  
<l>One of them we behold.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<p>This is a dull sight, are you not <hi rend="italic">Kent</hi>?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<l>The same: your Seruant <hi rend="italic">Kent</hi>,</l>  
<l>Where is your Seruant <hi rend="italic">Caius</hi>?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<l>He's a good fellow, I can tell you that,</l>  
<l>He'le strike and quickly too, he's dead and  
rotten.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<p>No my good Lord, I am the very man.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <p>Ile see that straight.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
   <l>That from your first of difference and  
 decay,</l>  
   <l>Haue follow'd your sad steps.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <p>You are welcome hither.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
   <l>Nor no man else:</l>  
   <l>All's cheerlesse, darke, and deadly,</l>  
   <l>Your eldest Daughters haue fore-done themselues,</l>  
   <l>And desperately are dead</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
   <p>I so I thinke.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
   <l>He knowes not what he saies, and vaine is it</l>  
   <cb n="2"/>  
   <l>That we present vs to him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Messenger.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-edg">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
   <p>Very bootlesse.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-mes">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>  
   <p>  
     <hi rend="italic">Edmund</hi> is dead my Lord.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-lr-alb">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
   <l>That's but a trifle heere:</l>  
   <l>You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,</l>  
   <l>What comfort to this great decay may come,</l>  
   <l>Shall be appli'd. For vs we will resigne,</l>  
   <l>During the life of this old Maiesty</l>  
   <l>To him our absolute power, you to your rights,</l>

<l>With boote, and such addition as your Honours</l>  
<l>Haue more then merited. All Friends shall</l>  
<l>Taste the wages of their vertue, and all Foes</l>  
<l>The cup of their deseruings: O see, see.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">

<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<l>And my poore Foole is hang'd: no, no, no life?</l>  
<l>Why should a Dog, a Horse, a Rat haue life,</l>  
<l>And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,</l>  
<l>Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.</l>  
<l>Pray you vndo this Button. Thanke you Sir,</l>  
<l>Do you see this? Looke on her? Looke her lips,</l>  
<l>Looke there, looke there. <hi rend="italic">He dis</hi>.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-edg">

<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
<p>He faints, my Lord, my Lord.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-ken">

<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<p>Breake heart, I prythee breake.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-edg">

<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
<p>Looke vp my Lord.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-ken">

<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<l>Vex not his ghost, O let him passe, he hates him,</l>  
<l>That would vpon the wracke of this tough world</l>  
<l>Stretch him out longer.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-edg">

<speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>  
<p>He is gon indeed.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-ken">

<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<l>The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long,</l>  
<l>He but vsurpt his life.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-alb">

<speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>  
<l>Beare them from hence, our present businesse</l>  
<l>Is generall woe: Friends of my soule, you twaine,</l>  
<l>Rule in this Realme, and the gor'd state

sustaine.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-ken">

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<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>
<l>I have a iourney Sir, shortly to go,</l>
<l>My Master calls me, I must not say no.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-edg">
  <speaker rend="italic">Edg.</speaker>
  <l>The waight of this sad time we must obey,</l>
  <l>Speake what we feele, not what we ought to say:</l>
  <l>The oldest hath borne most, we that are yong,</l>
  <l>Shall neuer see so much, nor liue so long.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt with a dead
March.</stage>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">ff3</fw>
<trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
</div>
</div>
</div>
</body>
</text>

</TEI>
```