Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund.

Kent. Thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glou. It did always seeme to vs: But now in the division of the Kingdome, it appears not which of the Dukes bee more worthy, for qualities are so weighty, that curiosity in neither, can make choice of either moiety.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

Glou. His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd too.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glou. Sir, this yong Fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round about, and had indeed (Sir) a Sonne for her Cradle, ere she had an husband for her bed. Do you find a fault?

Kent. I cannot with the fault vade, the issue off, being so proper.

Glou. But I have a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some yeares elder then this; who, yet is no deecer in my account, though this Krause came something swiftly to the world before he was fent for: yet was his mother sayd, there was good port at his making, and the horizon must be acknowledged. Do you know this Noble Gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glou. My Lord of Kent?

Edm. Remember him hereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

Kent. My servitie to your Lordship.

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

Kent. Sir, I shall freely defend you.

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

Senex. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gloster, Regents, Cordelia, and attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, Gloster, Albany, my Lord.

Kent. Meanes were we then that expresse our darker purposes.

Senex. Give me the Map there. Know, that we have divided in three our Kingdome: and 'tis our fault intent, To shake all Carees and Buinflfect from our Age, Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Voburthen'dcrawle toward death. Our Son of Cornwall, And you our no leffe lousing Sonne of Albany.

We have this hour a constant will to publish:
Our daughters feuerall Dowers, that future life
May be presented now. The Princes, France & Burgundy,
Great Rivals in our yongest daughters lon'd,
Long in our Court, have made their amorous solitaire,
And here are to be answer'd. Tell me my daughters
(Since now we will distrue both of Rule,
Interre of Territory, Cares of State)
Which of you shall we say doth love me most?
That we, our largest bounty may extend
Where Nature doth with merit challenge. Regan,
Our eldest borne, speake first.

Gaw.Sir, I loue you more then word can weild, Sir,
Decret then eye-fight, spaces and libertie,
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare,
No title then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor:
As much as Childe ere had, or Father found.
A loute that makes breaths poore, and speech enuable,
Beyond all manner of so much I loue you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia speake? Love, and be silent.

Lear. Of all shee bounds e'en from this Line, to this
With the bowldere Forrests, and with Champains rich'd
With Calemous Rents, and wide-scrined Meadowes
We make thee Lady, To thine and Albaun's rivals
Be this perpetual. What sayes our second Daughter?
Our deerest Regan, wife of Cornwall?

Reg. I am made of that selfe-needle as my Sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,
I finde the names my very deede of loue:
Onely flue comes too florid, that I professe
My selfe an equay to all other loyes,
Which the most precious square of sensi professe,
And finde I am alone felicisate
In your deere Highnesse loute.

Cor. Then poore Cordelia,
And yet not so, since I am sure my loue's
More ponderous then my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditarie ever,
Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome,
No leffe in space, validity, and pleasure
Then that conuert'd on Goneril. Now our Joy,
Although our left and lefte: to whole yong loute,
The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundy,
Strue to be intereth. What can you say, to draw
A third, more opulent then your Sisters? speake,
Cor. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?
Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.  

Cor. Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heare  

My heart into my mouth; I loue your Majesty  

According to my bond, in more or less.  

Lear. How, how (ordain'd)Mend your speeches a little,  

Leaft you may marnv your Fottunes,  

Cor. Good my Lord,  

You have begor me, bread me,you'd me,  

I returne those duties backe as are right fit,  

Obey you, Loue you, and moff Honour you.  

Why have my Sifters husbands, if they say  

They loue you all? Happily when I shall wed.  

That Lord,whose hand whole maff take my plights, shall carry  

Halle my loue with him, half my Care,and Dutie,  

Sire I shall neuer marry like my Sisters.  

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?  

Cor. I my good Lord.  

Lear. So young, and so voteronder?  

Cor. So young my Lord, and true.  

Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dowre:  

For by the fiered radience of the Sunne,  

The miferies of Heceat and the night:  

By all the operation of the Odes,  

From whom we do exist, and cease to be,  

Hecce I disclaim all my Paternal care,  

Procipuity and property of blood,  

And as a stranger to my heart and me,  

Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythians,  

Or he that makes his generation meffes  

To gorge his appetite, shal to my bosome  

Be as well neighbour'd,printed, and releau'd,  

As thou my sometime Daughtere,  

Kent. Good my Liege.  

Lear. Peace Kent.  

Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath,  

I lou'd her moff, and thought to let my reft,  

On her kind usurfy. Hence and avoid my fight:  

So be my grace my peace, as here I gue  

Her Fathers heart from her; call France, who firees?  

Call Burgundy, Cornwall, and Alauie,  

With my two Daughters Daughters Davy, digest the third,  

Let pride, which fire cats plaineffe, marry her:  

I doe intend you joyfully with my power,  

Preheminence, and all the large effefts,  

That trooppe with Maiesty: Our felle by Monthly course,  

With refolution of an hundred Knights,  

By you to be fulfilled,shall our abode  

Make with you by due course,one we shall retaine  

The name, and all the addition to a King:the Sway,  

Reuenge: Execution of the reft,  

Beloued Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,  

This Carver part betweene you.  

Kent. Royall Lear.  

Whom I have ever honor'd as my King,  

Lou'd as my Father,as my Master follow'd,  

As my great Patron thought on in my prayers.  

Lr. The bowe is bent: & drawne, mole from the shaft.  

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forke inuade  

The region of my heart, be Kent unwannamely.  

When Lear is mad, what wouldst thou do old man?  

Think'st thou that dutie that I have dread to speake,  

When power to flattery bowes?  

To plaindame honour's bound,  

When Maiesty falls to folly, refere thy flate,  

And in thy belft consideration checke  

This hideous taffinese,anwerte my life,my judgement:  

Thy yongeift Daughter do's not loue thee Leeds,  

Nor are choie empty hearted, whose low sounds  

Remeber no hollownesse.  

Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.  

Kent. My life I never had but as pawne  

To wage against thine enemies, neere heare to loose it,  

Thy safety being motuie.  

Lear. Out of my fight.  

Kent. See better Lear, and let me full remaine  

The true blanke of thine eie.  

Lear. Now by Apollo.  

Kent. Now by Apollo, King  

Thou speake, by Gods in vaine.  

Lear. O Vaillant Mifererente.  

Abe, Cor. Desire sir foore theare.  

Kent. Kill thy Phylition, and thy see below.  

Vpon the soule dissecte,revoke thy quitt,  

Or what if I can vent clamour from my throat,  

Iete thee thou dost soult.  

Lea. Heare me recreant, on thine allegiance heare me;  

This should haue bought to make vs break our vowes,  

Which we drifft mater yet, and with it aint pride,  

To come betwixt our sentences, and our power,  

Which, or our nature, or our place can heare;  

Our potencie made good, take thy reward,  

Fite daies we do allot theer for prouision,  

To shield thee from disasters of the world,  

And on the fixt to turne thy hared backe  

Vpon our kingdome: if on the tenth day following,  

Thy banthof trunke be found in our Dominions,  

The moment is thy death, away. By Jupiter,  

This shall not be resolv'd.  

Kent. Fare thee well King, fish thus thou will appeare,  

Freedome lunes hence, and banishment is here;  

The Gods to their dear shelter take thee Maid,  

That soffy think it, and haft most rightly said:  

And your large speaches, may your deeds approue,  

That good effecfts may spring from words of loue:  

Thus Kent O Princes, bids you all adew,  

Hee'le shape his old course, in a Country new.
Bar. Pardon me Royall Sir,  
Election makes not vp in such conditions.  

Le. Then lease her life, for by the powre that made me,  
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,  
I would not from your love make such a fray,  
To match you where I have, therefore before you  
Taste your liking a more worthie way,  
Then on a wretch whom Nature is shamed  
Almost acknowledge her.  

Fra. This is most strange,  
That the whom even but now, was your obiect,  
The argument of your praise, blame of your age,  
The bet, the decreet should in this trice of time  
Commis a thing so monstrous, to dismantle  
So many folds of favour, her offense  
Must be of such unnatural degree,  
That monister it; Or your false-vouched affection  
Fall into taint, which to beleue of her  
Must be a faith that reason without miracle  
Should never plant in me.  

Cor. Yet beleeve your Mynight.  
If I want that glib and oilie Art,  
To speake and purpose not, since what I will intend,  
Ie do't before I speake, that you make knowe  
It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulente  
No vnchaste action or dishonoured step  
That hath deprav'd me of your Grace and favour,  
But even for want of that, for which I am richer,  
A full follicking eye, and such a tongue,  
That I am and have been, though not to hate it,  
Hath left me in your liking.  

Lear. Better thou hadst it  
Not beene borne, then not e have pleased me better.  

Fra. Is it but this? A tardiness in nature,  
Which often leaues the history vnspoke  
That it intends to do: my Lord of Burgundy,  
What say you to the Lady? Love's not loose  
When it is mingled with regard, that stands  
Aloofe from th' limite point, will you have her?  
She is heretofore Dowdie.  

Bar. Royall King,  
Gibe but that portion which your selfe propos'd,  
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,  
Duchesse of Burgundy.  

Lear. Nothing, I am sworne, I am fime.  

Bar. I am sorry then you have so loft a Father,  
That you must loose a husband.  

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy,  
Since that respect and fortunes are his loue,  
I shall not be his wife.  

Fra. Fairwell Cordelia, that are most rich being poore,  
Most choise for taken, and most loue'd despis'd,  
Thee and thy verses here I feyne upon,  
Be it lawfull I take vp what's call'd away,  
Gods, Gods! This strangle, that from their cold'rt neglect  
My loue should kindle to enflame and respect,  
Thy downrighte Daughter King, thronow to my chance,  
Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire France  
Not all the Dukes of warlike Burgundy,  
Can buy this vnpri'ed precious Maid of me.  
Bid them faire well Cordelia, though vnkind,  
Thou lookest here a better wherefore to finde.  

Lear. Thou haft her France, let her be shone, for we  
Have no such Daughter, nor shall ever see  
That face of hers againe, therfore be gone,  
Without our Grace, our Loue, our Benison:  

Come Noble Burgundie,  

Enter France and Cor.  

Cor. The jewels of our Father, with wraith'de Lyts  
Cordelia leaves you, I know you what you are,  
And like a Father am most loth to call  
Your faults as they are nam'd, I love well our Father:  
To you professtion boomes I commit him,  
But yet alas, Good I within his Grace,  
I would prefer him to a better place,  
So farewell to you both.  

Regn. Prefcribe not vs our dutie.  

Gow. Let your story  
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you  
At fortunes alms, you have obedience framed,  
And well are the want that you have wanted,  
Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides,  
Who comers falls, at last with thame derides:  
Well may you prosper.  

Fra. Come my faire Cordelia.  
Exeit France and Cor.  

Gow. Sitter, it is not little I haue to say,  
Of what most nearly report I can assert,  
I think our Father will hence to night.  
(with vs.  

Reg. That's most certaine, and with you: next month  
Gow. You see how full of changes his age is, the ob-  
ersation we have made of it hath beene hit to the alwayes  
loud our Sitter most, and with what pious judgment he  
hath now called her off, apparet too grfully.  

Reg. 'Tis the infintity of his age, yet he hath euer but  
flenderly knowne himself.  

Gow. The best and founded of his time hath bin busi-  
ness, then muft we looke from his age, or receiv not a-  
alone the imperfections of long inguelled condition, but  
therewithall the variously waywardness, that inflme  
and cholericke years bring with them,  
Reg. Such vnconstaint flaits are we like to haue from  
him, as this of Kent's banishment.  

Gow. There is further compleat of leave-taking be-  
tweene France and him, pray you let vs sit together, if our  
Father carry authority with such disposition as be heareth,  
this lad surrender of his will but offend vs.  

Reg. We shall further thinke of it.  

Gow. We must do something, and I the haste.  

Scene Secunda.  

Enter Bastard.  

Bast. Thou Nature art my Goddelle, to thy Law  
My seruities are bound, wherefore shoul'd I  
Stand in the plague of culleton, and permit  
The curiosity of Nations, to deprive me?  
For that I am some twelve, or fourteene Moonshines  
Lag of a Brother? Why Bastard? Wherefore base?  
When my Dimentions are as well compasse  
My minde as generous, and my shape as true  
As honeste Madams issue? Why brand they vs  
With base? With baftenes Bastodie? Base, Base?  
Who in the lustie health of Nature, take  
More disposition, and fierce qualitie,  
Then dooth within a dull stale syren bed  
Goe to th' creating a whole tribe of Fowes  
Got't twene a sleepe, and wake? Well then  
Legitime Edgar, I must haue your land,  
Our Fathers loue, is to the Bastard Edmund,  
As to th' legitimation: fine word: Legitimate.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Well, my Legitimacy, if this Letter speed,
And my intention thrive, Edmund the bail
Shall to my Legitimacy: I grow, I prosper:
Now God, & hand vp for Baldards.

Enter Gloosefer.

Glo. Kent banish'd thou? & France in choller parted?
And the King gone to night? Prefer'd his powre,
Confin'd to exhibition? All this done
Upon the god? Edmund, how now? What newes?
Baf. So please your Lordship, none.
Glo. Why so carelessly feele you to put vp your Letter?
Baf. I know no news, my Lord.
Glo. What Paper were you reading?
Baf. Nothing, my Lord.
Glo. No? what needed then that terrible dispatch of
it into your Pocket? The quality of nothing, hath not such need to hide it fierce. Let's see: come, if't bee no-
thing, I shall not need Spectacles.
Baf. I defee you Sir, pardon mee; it is a Letter
from my Brother, that I have not all ere read; and for so
much as I have perus'd, I finde it not fit for your ore-
looking.
Glo. Give me the Letter, Sir.
Baf. I shall offend, either to detain, or give it:
The Contents, as in part I understand them,
Are too blame.
Glo. Let's see. Let's see.
Baf. I hope for my Brothers infallication, hee wrote
this but as an essay, or tate of my Verite.
Glo. reads. This polite, and renounced of Age, makes the
world bitter to the best of our times: keepes our Fortune's from vs,
still our old age cannot retell them. I begin to finde an idle
and fond Brow age, in the oppression of aged tyranne, who forge;
not as it hath power, but as it is suffer'd. Come to me, that
of this I may speak more. If our Father would sleepe till I wak'd him,
you should enjoy halfe his Revenue for ever, and live the
belonh of your Brother.
Edgar. Hum? Conspicacy? Sleepe till I wak're he, you should
enjoy halfe his Revenue: my Sonne Edgar, had hee a
hand to write this? A heart and braine to breede it in?
When came you to this? Who brought it?
Baf. It was not brought mee, my Lord; there's the
coming of it. I found it throwne in at the Calement of
my Cloke.
Glo. You know the character to be your Brothers?
Baf. If the matter were good my Lord, I durst swear
it were his: but in respect of that, I would faine think it
were not.
Glo. It is his.
Baf. It is his hand, my Lord: but I hope his heart is
not in the Contents.
Glo. Has hee never before founded you in this busines?
Baf. Neuer my Lord. But I have heard him oft maintaine it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers
declin'd; the Father should be as Ward to the Son, and
the Sonne manage his Revenue.
Glo. O Villain, villain: his very opinion in the
Letter. Abhorred Villain, vnnatural, detellet, brutish Villain;
worst then brutish: Go forths, seek ye him: I apprehend him. Abominable Villain, where is he?
Baf. I do not well know my L. If it shal please you to
suspend your indignation against my Brother, til you can
derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shold
run a certaine course; where, if you violently proceed ag
ainst him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great
gap in your owne Honor, and shacle in pieces, the heart of
his obedience. I dare pawn downe my life for him, that
he hath writ this to feele my affection to your Honour, &
to no other prætence of danger.
Glo. Think you so?
Baf. If your Honour judge it mee, I will place you
where your royalties conteigne, and by an Auricular
affiance issue your satisfaction, and that without
any further delay, than this very Evening.
Glo. He cannot bee such a Monster. Edmund feele
him out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the Bu
finelle after your owne wisedom, I will vauate my
felle, to be in a due resolution.
Baf. I will feele him Sir, preffently: conuey the bu
finelle as I shall find mens and acquaint you withall.
Glo. These late Ephicles in the Sun and Moone por
 tend no good to vs: though the wisdome of Nature can
reafon it thus, and thus, yet Nature findes it felle fro'g'd
by the sequest effects. Loue cooles, friendship falls off,
Brothers discorde, in Cities, mutiny; in Countries, dis
cord; in Paules, Treacon; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt
Sonne and Father. This villain of mine comes vnder the
prediction; there's Son against Father, the King falls from
byas of Nature, there's Father against Child. We have
feene the bee of our time. Mahumition, hollowness,
treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow vs duration
from our Graues. Find out this Villain, Edmund, it shall loo
thee nothing, do it carefully: and the Noble & truehart
Kent famish'd: his offence, honesty.  

Edg. Enter Edgar.

Edg. This is the excellent folly of the world, that
when we are in a true fortune, often the servants of our
beauties, we make guilty of our disaffections, the Sun, the
Moone, and Stars, as if we were villains on thee efficite
Foolies by heavenly compulsion, Knaves, Thieves, and
Treachers by Sphericall predominance. Drunkards, Lyr
ars, and Adulterers by an Incur'd obedience of Planetary
influence; and all that we are cut in, by a divine thrus
fing on. An admirable enium of Whore-mater-man,
to lay his Constable disputation on the charge o a Starre,
My Father compounded with my mother vnder the Dra
gons tale, and my Natiuity was vnder it's mael, so
that it followes, I am rough and Lecherous. I should
have bin that I am, had the maiderbeginn Stare in the Fir
mament twinkled on my bastardizing.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. But he comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comedie:
my Curt is villainous, Melanchollay, with a sighke like Tom
of Bedlam. A Phrenetic Ephicles do portend these dils
ions. Fa, Sol, La, Me.

Edg. How now Brother Edmund, what serios con
temptation are you in?
Baf. I am thinking Brother of a prediction I read this
other day, what should follow these Ephicles.
Edg. Do you buye your selfe with that?
Baf. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succede
vnappily.

When saw you my Father last?

Edg. The night gone by.
Baf. Spake he with him?
Edg. I, two hours together.
Baf. Parted you in good terme? Found you no dis
pleasure in him, by word, nor countenance?

Edg. No, not at all.
Baf. Beliking your selfe wherein you may have off
erved him: and at my entreatie for bare his presence, vntil
some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure,
which at this instant so rages in him, that with the mili
chief
chieux of your persons, it would fearfully slay.

Edg. Some Villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That’s my fear, I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes flower: and as I stay, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will nicely bring you to hear my Lord speak; pray ye go, there’s my key: if you do thither abroad, go am’tid.

Edg. Arm’d, Brother?

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

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do fearly in this busyness.

A Credulious Father, and a Brother Noble, Whose nature is so farre from doing harms, That he suspects none: on whose foolish house my practises ride ease: I live the busynesse. Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit, All with mee’s meete, that I can fashion fit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Goneril, and Steward.

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

St. 1 Madam,

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me, every howre. He flathes into one grosse crime, or other, That lets vs all at once: he endures it; His Knights grow riotous, and himselfe vpbraves vs On every tirle. When he returns fromhunting, I will not speake with him, say I am sick. If you come flacke of former turloes, You shall do well, the fault of it ie answer.

St. He’s comming Madam, I hear him.

Gon. Put on what every negligence you please, You and your Fellowes: I’ll haue it come to question; If he dislike it, let him to my Sisiter, Whose mind and minel know in that are one, Remember what I haue said.

St. Well Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights have colder looks among you: what grows of it is no matter, advise your fellows to, Be write straight to my Sisiter to hold my course, prepare for dinner.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If butt as will I other accents borrow, That can my speche define, my good intent May carry through it Selfe to that full ille For which I raied my likenesse. Now banish Kent, If thou canst borne where thou dost stand condemn’d, So may it come by Maner whom thou forth, Shall find thee full of labours.

Enter Goneril, Enter Lear and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not play a sport for dinner, go get it readyhownow, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What dost thou professe? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no leffe then I seeme, to serve him truely that will put me in trust, to love him that is honest, to converse with him that is wife and faies little, to seare judgement, to fight when I cannot chooë, and to eate no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

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

Lear. If thou be it as poore for a subiect, as hee’s for a King, thou art poore enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Serve.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Do’st thou know me fellow?

Kent. No Sir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I woule call Matter.

Lear. What’s that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What furices canst thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honest counte, ride, run, mare a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me, is Diligence, Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Nor too young Sir to love a woman for singing, nor too old to doe on her for any thing. I have yeares on my back forty eight.

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

Enter Steward.

St. So please you — — —

Lear. What faies the Fellow there? Call the Corpole backe: what’s my Foole? Ho, I think the world’s asleepe, how now? Where’s that Mungrell?

Knigh. He faies my Lord, your Daughters is not well.

Lear. Why came not the flawe backe to me when I called him?

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

Lear. He would not?

Knigh. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my judgement your Highnesse is not entertain’d with that Ceremonious afffection as you were wont, there’s a great abatement of kindnesse appeares as well in the general dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also, and your Daughter.

Lear. Ha! Sait thou so?

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

Lear. Thou but rememberst me of mine owne Conception, I have perceived a most faint neglect & late, which I haue rather blamed as mine owne imalus curious, than as a very pretence and purpose of vnkindnesse: I will look further into’t: but where’s my Foole? I haue not seene him this two daies.

Knigh. Since my young Ladies going into France

Sir,
Sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that. I have noted it well; goe you and tell my daughter. I will speak with her. Go ye now hither my fool: On you Sir, you come you hither Sir, who am I Sir? Enter Steward.

Sir. My Lady's Father.

Lear. My Lord's Father? my Lord's knowe, you whor-son dog, you have you cure.

Sir. I am none of these my Lord,

I believe your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you Rascal? Sir.

He be not stricken my Lord.

Kest. Nor trip neither, you baie Foot-ball plaier.

Lear. I thank thee fellow.

Thou frustrate me, and I'll lose thee.

Kest. Come on, sir, away, I'll teach you differences: away, away, if you will measure your lobbers length against, tarry, but away, goe too, have you wifedome, so.

Lear. Now my friendly knave I thank thee, there's earnest of thy seruice.

Enter Fool.

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

Lear. How now my pretty knave, how dost thou? Fool. Sirrah, you were better take my Coxcombe.

Lear. Why my boy? Fool. Why? For taking ones part that's out of favour, nay, & thou canst not frame as the wind list, thou'lt catch colds shortly, there take my Coxcombe, why this fellow he's banish'd tw'o 's Daughter, and did the third a bleeding against his will, if thou follow him, thou must needs swear my Coxcombe. How now Nuncle! would I had two Coxcombies and two Daughters.

Lear. Why my boy? Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'll keep my Coxcombies my life, there's mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed Sirrah, the whipt.

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel, bee must bee whiped out, when the Lady Brach may stand by th'fire and finkes.

Lear. A pestifel gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Marke it Nuncle; have more then thou knowest, speake leere then thou knowest, lend leere then thou owest, ride more then thou goest, learn more then thou knowest, set leere then thou knowest, leave thy drinke and thir thwater, and keepe in a dore, and thou hast have more, then two tents to a score.

Lear. This is nothing Fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfeed Lawyer, you gave me nothing for, can you make no vie of nothing Nuncle?

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

Fool. Pr'ythee tell him, so much the rest of his land comes to he will not believe a Fool.

Lear. A bitter Fool.

Fool. Do't thou know the difference my Boy, between a bitter Fool, and a sweeterone.

Lear. No Lad, teach me.

Fool. Nuncle, give me an egge, and I'll give thee two Crownes.

Lear. What two Crownes shall they be? Fool. Why ater I have cut the egge th'middle and eate vp the nester, the two Crownes of the egge: when thou cloue thy Crownes th'middle, and gait it away both parts, thou boast'rd thine Afe on thy backe or ere the dust, thou had it little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gait thy golden one away; if I speake like my selfe in this, let him be whipt that first finds it so.

Foole had not ere lefe grace in a yeete, For wise men are crowne foppih, And know not how their wisds to weare, Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of Songs sirrah? Fool. I have vist it Nuncle, ere since thou mad'st thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gait it them the rod, and pull'd downe thine owne breeches, then they For sodaine joy did wepe, And I for sorrow sung, That such a King should play bo-peep, And goe the Fool amongst.

Pray thou Nuncle keep a Scholemaster that can teach this th' Foolie to lie, I would faine learn to lie.

Lear. And you lie sirrah, weel I have you whipt.

Fool. I masuell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'll have me whipt for speaking true: thou'st have me whipt for lying, and sometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing then a fool, and yet I would not be thee Nuncle, thou hast pared thy witt o'both sides, and left nothing ith'middle, here comes one of the parings.

Enter Covill.

Lear. How now Daughter? what makes that Frount on? You are too much of late this towne.

Fool. Thou wilt a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning, now thou art an! without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Fool, thou art nothing, Yes forsooth I will hold my tongue, to your face bids me, though you fay nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keeps not crue, not crue, Weary of all, shall want fame. That's a freel'd Pefco, Gow. Not only Sir this, you all-lycende Fool, But other of your insolent rieution Do hourly Carpe and Quarrel,breaking forth In ranke,and not to be endured! ross Sir. I had thought by making this well knowne who you, To have found a safe redresse, but now grew feasful By what your fels too late have spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it on By your allowance, which if you should the fault Would not escape censure, nor the redresses sleepe, Which in the tender of a wholesome weeke, Might in their working do you that offence, Which else the shame, that then necessitie Will call different proceeding.

Fool. For you know Nuncle, the Hedge-Sparrow fed the Cuckoo so long, that it had it head bit off by it young, so out went the Candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our Daughter? (dome) Gen. I would you would make vie of your good wife (Whereof I know you are fruited), and put away Their disputations, which of late transport you From what you rightly are.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

**Lear.** What matter, Sir? How? Do's Lear walk thus? Speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, his Discernings Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so? Who is it that can tell me who I am?

**Gon.** Ne'er affright your self to know more of it: But let his disposition have that scope As dotage giveth it.

**Enter Lear.**

**Lear.** What fittle of my Followers at a clap? Within a fortnight? I cannot be so partial to some, To the great love I bare you. 

**Gon.** Pray you content, What O'swald, hoa? You Sir, more Knave then Fool, after your Master.

**Lear.** Do's Lear walk thus? Speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, his Discernings Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so? Who is it that can tell me who I am?

**Gon.** Do your see that? I cannot be so partial to some, To the great love I bare you.

**Enter Albany.**

**Lear.** What, that so late repents? Is it your will, speak Sir? Prepare my Horses. Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend, More hideous when thou saw'st him in a Child, Then the Sea-monster. 

**Alb.** Pray Sir be patient. 

**Lear.** Detested Kne'st, thou lyest!

My Traine are men of choice, and rare parts, That all particulars of due know, And in the most exact regard, support The worthships of their name. O most small faults, How ugly didst thou in Carcella show? Which as an Engine, wretchen my frame of Nature From the first place; drew from my heart all love, And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear! Bestate this gate that let thy folly in, And thy definite Judgement out. Go, go, my people. 

**Alb.** My Lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant Of what hath mewed you. 

**Lear.** It may be so, my Lord.

Here Nature, hearst Deere Goddeff, hearst: Suspend thy purpose, if thou didn't intend To make this Creature fruitfull: Into her Womb conveye Fertility, Driue vp in her the Organs of creature, And from her derogate body, never spring A Babe to honor her. If the muste scene, Create her child's of Splenete, that it may live And be a thirteenth disnatur'd torment to her. Let it flame wrinkles in her brow of youth, With cunning Teares free Channels in her cheekes,

Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefits To laughter, and contemptes: That she may feel, How sharper then a Serpents tooth it is, To have a thanklesse Child: Away, Away, Away. 

**Alb.** Now God that we adore, Whereof comes this?

**Gon.** Ne'er affright your self to know more of it: But let his disposition have that scope As dotage giveth it.

**Enter Steward.**

**Stew.** How now O'swald? What hast you writ that Letter to my Sitter? 

**Gon.** Take you some company, and away to horse, Informe her full of my particular care, And therefor add such reasons of your owne, As may compait it more. Get you gone,
Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Fools.

Lear. Go you before to Gilder with these Letters; acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter, if your Diligence be not speedy, I shall be here afore you.

Kent. I will not sleepe my Lord, till I have delivered your Letter. Exit.

Fools. It's a mans brains were in's heales, west not in danger of kybes?

Lear. I Boy.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shall fee thy other Daughter will ve the kind-
ly, for though she's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an
Apple,yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can't tell Boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a
Crab: thou can't tell why one note flands it's middle
on's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why to keepe ones eyes of either side's nose,
that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Fool. Can't tell how an Oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither, but I can tell why a Snaile ha's a
house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why to puzled in, nor to glisse it away to his
d姊妹, and lease his homs without a caue.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, to find a Father? Be my Horses ready?

Fool. Thy Ailes are gone about 'em; the reason why
the feuen States are no mo then feuen, is a pretty reason,

Lear. Because they are your aight.

Fool. Ye indeed, I would't make a good Fool.

Lear. I'll suke againe: perforce, Moniter Ingratitude!

Fool. If thou west my Poole Nunche, I'll haue thee
beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have bin old, till thou hadst
bin wife.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad sweet Heaven: Keep me in empery, I would not be mad. How now are the Horses ready?

Gen. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come Boy.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

But that I told him the reuenging Gods,
Gainsfit Paricides did all the thundred bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and strong a bond
The Child was bound to'th' Father; Sit in fine,
Seeing how joyly opposite I stood
To his unnaturall purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My vaprous body, lustie mine armes;
And when he saw my best armed spirits
Bold in the quarrels right, round'd to the encounter,
Or whether gafted by the noyse I made,
Full sodenly he fled.

Gaffe. Let him.by farre:
Not in this Land shall he remaine vnaccounted
And found dispatch; the Noble Duke my Master,
My worthy Arch and Parion comes to night,
By his authoritie I will proclaime it,
That he which finds him shall deftir our thankes
Bringing the murderous Coward to the blade:
He that conceales him death.

Raff. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And bound him pight to doe it, with curt speech
I threatened to discover him; he replied,
Thou woulandest Baffard, dost thou think it,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposall
Of any truant, venetian, or worth in thee
Make thy wordes faile? No, what should I demean,
(as this I would, though thou dost produce
My very Character I'd turne it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullead of the world,
If they not thought thy profites of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spirits
To make thee feckle it.

Glos. Strange and fastned Villaine,
Would he deny his Letter, said he?

Hakke, the Duke Trumpets, I know not when he comes;
All Ports I lie bare, the villaine shall not escape,
The Duke must grant me that; besides his picture
I will lend faire and netre, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him, and of my land;
(Loyall and natural Boy) He works the means
To make thee capable.

Tucket with him.

Glos. O strange and fastned Villaine,
Would he deny his Letter, said he?

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now my Noble friend, since I came hither
(Which I can call but now) I have heard strange sesse,
I am true; all vengeance comes too short
Which can suffice the offender; how doth my Lord?
Glos. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it is crack'd,
Reg. What, did my Fathers Godfome feake thy life?
We homm my Father nam'd, your Edgar?
Glos. O Lady, Lady, shame would have it hid.
Reg. Was he not companion with the wisest Knights
That tended upon my Father?
Reg. If he be true, all vengeance comes too short
Note the time, and how they were ill affected,
'Tis they have put him on the old mans death,
To have the experience and wast of his Revenues:
I have this present evening from my Sister
Beene well informed of them, and with such cations,
That they should come to foulsome at my house,
Ie not be there.

Cor. Nor I allure thee Regan;

Edmund, I hear that you have signe your Father
A Child-like Office.

Raff. It was my duty Sir;
Glos. He did bewray his proufice, and receiued
This hurt you feele, straining to apprehend him.

Cor. Is he pursued?
Glos. I my good Lord.
Cor. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpose,
Fix, in me the strength you please: for you Edmund,
Whose vnrue and obedience doth this infant
So much commend it selfe, you shall be ours,
Nature's of each deepes trufe, we shall much need.
You we first feize on.

Raff. I shall serve you Sir truely, how euer eft.
Glos. For him I thank you Grace.
Cor. You know not why we came to visit you?
Reg. Thus our of season, threatening dark ye night,
Occasion Noble Gaffe of some price,
Wherein we must have vie of your aduice,
Our Father he hath witt, so hath our Sifer,
Of differences, which I best though it fit
To anfwere from our home: the fearefull Messengers
From hence attend dispatch; our good old Friend,
Lay comforts to your bosome, and bellow
Your nee shall confume to our buffenes,
Which craving the infant vie.
Glos. I ferue you Madam,
Your Graces are right welcome.

Exeunt Flourish.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Kent and Steward generally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee Friend, art of this house?
Kent. t.
Stew. Where may we set our horses?
Kent. I thinke not.
Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou lou'lt me, tell me,
Kent. I lose thee not.
Stew. Why then I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in Lippenery Pinfold, I would make thee care for me.
Stew. Why doft thou vie me thus? I know thee not,
Kent. Fellow I know thee.
Stew. Whose is it thou knowest me for?
Kent. A Knave, a Rascal, an easter of broken meates, a base, proud, swallow, begge,geep, three-faute-hundred pound, filthy woofed-stocking knave, a Lily-littered, action-taking, whereon glaffe-gazing super-furniseable fincall Rogue, one Trunk-inheritting slave, one that would't be a Boad in way of good seruice, and any thing but the composition of a Knave, Beggar, Coward, Pandar, and the Honest and Hele of a Magdill Bitch, one whom I will beare into clamours whining, if thou deny't the least able of thy addition.
Stew. Why, what a monstrous Fellow art thou, thus to raile on, that is neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee?
Kent. What a brazen he'd Varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me? Is it two dayes since I tripped vp thy heele, and beare thee before the King? Draw you rogue.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

for though it be night, yet the Moone shines, He makes a top o' th' Moonshine of you, you wholefon Calyneyly Barber-monger, draw.

Straw. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw you Raball, you come with Letters against the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part, against the Royality of her Father: draw you Rogues, or lie false carbonado thy thanks, draw you Raball, come your ways.

Ste. Help, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent. Strike you flatte; stand rogue, stand you neat flame, strike.

Straw. Helpe hoa, murther, murther.

Enter Boffard, Cornwall, Regan, Glosfer, Servants.

Taffe. How now, what's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you goodman Boy, if you please, come, Ile fetch ye, come on yong Maker.

Glo. Weapons? Armes? what's the matter here?

Cor. Keep peace upon your lines, he dies that strikes again, what is the matter?

Reg. The Messengers from our Sitter, and the King?

Cor. What is your difference, speak?

Straw. I am scarce in breath my Lord.

Kent. No Manuell, you have so bett'rd your valour, you cowardly Raball, nature disclaims in thee: a Taylor made thee.

Cor. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man?

Kent. A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had bin but two years old trade.

Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrel?

Ste. This ancient Ruffian Sir, whose life I have spared as wise of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whoreson Zed, thou unnecessary letter: my Lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this expressed villainise morrow, and daube the wall of Takes with him. Spare my gray-beard, you wagtail.

Cor. Peace Sir,

You bravely knave, know you no reuerence?

Kent. Yes Sir, but anger haft a priviledge,

Cor. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a fable as this should wear a Sword, Who weares no honest: such mingling rogues as these, Like Rats oft bite the holy cords; a swine,

Which are prettice, th' unfoole: smooth every passion That in the nature of their Lords rebell,

Being oile to fire, know to the colder moodes,

Reuenge, affirme, and turne their Halceton speakes

With every gall, and wary of their Masters,

Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:

A plague upon your Epilepticke village,

Snooze you my speeches, as I were a Poole?

Glo. If I had you upon Swanne Plaine,

I'd shew ye ealking home to Camdeon.

Cor. What art thou mad old Fellow?

Gloft. How fell you out, say that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,

Then I, and such a knave.

Cor. Why do't thou call him Knave?

What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Cor. No more perrachence do's mine, nor his, nor here.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine,

I have seen better faces in my time,

Then stand on any shoulder that I see

Before me, at this instant.

Cor. This is some Fellow,

Who having bene praise'd for blunteresse, doth affect

A faucy roughness, and constrains the garb

Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he,

An honest mind and plains; he must speak truth,

And they will take it, if not, he's plains.

Thee kind of Knaves I know which in this plainsesse

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,

Then twentie sly, docking obfcurants,

That freight their duties nicely,

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,

Vnder th'allowance of your great aphabet,

Whole inuence like the wheat of radiant fire

On flickling Phaeton front.

Cor. What mean'th by this?

Kent. To go out of my dispute, which you recommed

So muchly: I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that be

Gould you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knave, which

For my part I will not be, though I shold win your disposal

To entreate me too.

Cor. What was th'o offence you gave him?

Ste. I never gave him any;

It pleas'd the King his Maker very late

To strike at me upon his misconstrucion,

When he compact, and flattering his displeasure

Tript me behind; beholding down, inflat't, rival'd,

And put upon him such a dance of Man.

That worthied him, got prates of the King,

For him attempting, who was self-subdue'd,

And in the fellment of this dead exploits,

Draw on me here again.

Kent. None of thes Rogues, and Cowards

But Aaux is there Poole.

Cor. Fetch forth the Stocks!

You sullenbome ancient Knave, you reverent Braggart,

We'l teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learme:

Call not your Stocks for me, I feree the King,

On whose employment I was sent to you,

You shall do small respectes, show too bold malice

Against the Grace, and Perfon of my Master,

Stocking his Messinger.

Cor. Fetch forth the Stocks;

As I have life and Honour, there (half he slitt till Noon.)

Reg. Till noon? till night my Lords, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if my Fathers dogs,

You should not weare me.

Reg. Sir, being his Knave, I will, Stocks brought out.

Cor. This is a Fellow of the sottes same colour,

Our Sister speakes of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech you, Grace, not to do so.

The King his Master, needs must take it ill

That he so lightly valued in his Messinger,

Should have him thus restrained.

Cor. Ile answer that.

Reg. My Sister may recieve it much more worfe,

To have her Gentleman abol'd, auffaulted.

Cor. Come my Lord, away.

Exit.

Glo. I am sorry for thee friends, 'tis the Duke pleasure,

Whose disposicion all the world well knowes

Will not be rub'd nor flaps, lie entreat for them.

Kent. Pity do not Sir, I have watch'd and travailel'd hard,

Some time till sleeped out, the rest hee whistles:

A good mans fortune may grow out of heales:

Give
The Tragedie of King Lear.

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Glie you good morrow.

Glo. The Duke's too blame in this,
'Twill be ill taken.

Kent. Good King, that must approue the common law,
Thou out of Heavens benediction com'st.
To the warme Sun.

Approach then Richard to this under Globe,
That by thy comfortable Beaute I may
Pereade this Letter. Nothing almoost les miracles
But milerie. I know 'ts from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately bee inform'd
Of my obtur'd course. And shall finde time
From this enormous State, seeking to give
Loaves their remedies. All weuye and 0'ge-wath'd,
Take vantage heastie eyes, not to behold
This frameful lodging. Fortune goodnight,
Smile once more, turne thy wheel.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard my sults proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
That guard, and most vnfallagd vigilance
Do'st not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape
I will preferre my sults: and am bethought
To take the buffel, and most poorest shepe
That ever pery like in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beate my face 111e grime with filth,
Blanket my linens, elle all my haires in knots,
And with preferred nakell'de our-face,
The Windes, and pereications of the sky;
The Countrie gives me proofe, and presidet
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices,
Strike in their nom'd and mortified Armes.

Pins, Wodden-prickes, Nayles, Springs of Rooflemie:
And with this horrible object, from low Formes,
Poore pelting Villages, Sheeps-Coaters, and Milles,
Sometimes with Lunaticke banes, sometime with Praisers
Inforce their charite: poore Timely poore Tom,
That's something yet. Edgar I nothing am.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not lead baacks my Meffengers,
Gent. As I learn'd.
The night before, there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.
Kent. Halle to thee Noble Master.
Lear. Ha! Mak't thou this flame ash paffifle?
Kent. No my Lord.
Fool. Ha, ha, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horrific are
Hide by the heads, Doggles and Brestes, by'th'neckes,
Monkies by'th'byones, and Men by'th'legs: when a man
outrideth at legs, then he weares wooden acher-stocks.
Lear. What's he,
That hath so much thy place milfokes
To fet thee here?
Kent. It is both he and fie,
Your Son, and Daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No if fay.
Kent. I say yea.
Lear. By Impeate I were no.
Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick: they are weary, They have trass'd all the night? meere fetches, The images of revolt and flying off. Fetch me a better answer. 

Glo. My deare Lord, You know the fiery quality of the Duke, How unrenameous and fast he is In his owne course. 


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

Lear. Inform'd them? Do'lt thou understand me man. 

Glo. I my good Lord. 

Lear. The King would speake with Cornwall, The deere Father Would with his Daughter speake, commands, rends, fer; Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood: (truce, Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that. 

No, but not yet, may be he is not well, Informly dayth full neglected all office, Where to our health is bound, we are not our felles, When Nature being oppreßed, commands the mind To suffer with the body, I e'ereforbe, And am fallen out with my more headlier will, To take the indiapos'd and fickily fit, For the found man. Death on my stage: wherefore Should he fit here? This all pervertes me, That this remonat of the Duke and her Is prudely only. Gue me my Seruant forth, Go tell the Duke, and is wife, I'd speake with them: Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me, Or at their Chamber doore He beate the Drum, Tills I eere sleep to death. 

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. 

Exit. 

Lear. Oh my heart! My rising heart; But downe. 

Foully. Cry to it Nuncke, as the Cockney did to the Eele, when the put 'em into'ts Duke alue, the knappe 'em o'th'cousomb with a fickle, and crevd downe wantons, downe; was her Brother, that in pure kindnelle to his Horfe buttered his Hay. 

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Seruants. 

Lear. Good morrow to you both. 

Cor. Hail to your Grace. 

Knot here set at liberty. 

Reg. I am glad to see your Highnesse. 

Lear. Regan, I thinke you are. I know what reason I have to think so, if thou should'lt not be glad, I would divorce me from thy Mother Tonbe, Sepulchring an Adulteresse, Are ye free? Some other time for that. Beloved Regan, Thy Sifters naughts: oh Regan, the hath tisched Sharpes tost'd unkindables, like a vulture here, I can scarce speake to thee, thou not be casual With how deprav'd a quality. Oh Regan, 

Reg. I pray you Sir, take patience, I have hope You leafe know how to value her dises, Then fit to scant her dutie. 

Lear. Say? How is that? 

Reg. I cannot think my Sifter in the last, Would fail her Obligation. If Sir prerace She have restrain'd the Riots of your Followes, Tis on such ground, and to fitch whole some end, As elecres her from all blame. 

Lear. My curses on her. 

Reg. O Sir, you are old, Nature in you standes on the very Verge Of his confine: you should be rul'd, and led By some discretion, that diserves your state Better then you your selfe: therefore I pray you, That to our Siffer, you do make returnes, Say you have wrong'd her. 

Lear. Ask her forgiuenesse? Do you but make how this becomes the house? Deere daughter, I confesse that I am old; Age is vunecessary: on my knees I bege, That you'v vouchsafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food. 

Reg. Good Sir, no more: these are vigantly tricks; Returne you to my Siffer. 

Lear. Neuer Regan: She hath shat me of halfe my Traine; Look'lb blacke upon me, stroke me with her Tongue Most Serpent-like, upon the very Heart. All the hol'Vengeance of Hauean, fall On her ingratitude full, strike her yong bones You'k King Ayres, with Lamentes. 

Cor. Fye fir, fie. 

Lear. Youumble Lightnings, darr your blindling flames Into their hallow eyes: Inlet her Beauty, You Fen-suck'd Faggues, drawnne by the powfull Sunne, To fall, and blister. 

Reg. O the bleft Gods! So will you wish on me, when the rath moode is on. 

Lear. No Regan, thou shalt never have my curfe: Thend rea-herfe Nature shall not give Those to be harshnesse: her eyes are fierce, but thine Do comforts, and not bane. Tho't not in thee To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my Traine, To bandy harshly words, to scant my fites, And in conclusion, to oppose the bolt. Against if my comming in. Thou better know't The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood, Effects of Courtefe, dues of Gratudate: Thy halfd'kingdom haft thou not forgot, Wherein I thee endow'd. 

Reg. Good Sir, to thurpose, 

Lear. Who put my man's th'Stockes? 

Enter Steward. 

Cor. What Trumpet's that? 

Reg. I know't, my Sifiers: this approveth her Letter, That she was loome be here. Is your Lady come? 

Lear. This is a Shame, whose easie borrowed pride Dwells in the fickely grace of her he followes, Our Varlet, from many sight. 

Cor. What meanes your Grace? 

Enter Servant. 

Lear. Who flockt my Seruant? Regan, I have good hope Thou didst not know on. Who comes here? O Heauens! If you do lose old men, if your sweet sway Allow Obedience: if you your felues are old, Make it is your caufe: send downe, and take my part. Art not a sham'd to looke upon this Bead? O Regan, will you take her by the hand? 

Cor. Why not by th'hand Sir? How haue I offended? All's not offencse that indiference findes, And dough termes so. 

Lear. Sir, you are too tough! Will you yet hold? 

How came my man th'Stockes? 

Cor. I set him there, Sir: but his owne Disorder.s
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Defier'd much lese advancement. Lear: You? Did you? Reg. I pray you, Father being weakest, seems so. If till the expiration of your Monarch you will return and contenture with my Sister, finding halts your train, come then to me, I am now from home, and out of that provision Which shall be needfull for your entertainment. Lear. Return to her? and fifty men dismiss'd? No, rather I abjure all roves, and chafe To wage against the enemy either, To be a Comrade with the Wolf, and Owl, Necefillies sharp quene. Return with her? Why the hot-blooded Fiend, that down wrestles tooke Our youngle born, I could as well be brought To kneel his Throne, and Square-like pension beg, To keep base life a fooer, return with her: Perfiwade me rather to staue and lump ter To this detested ground. Gsw. At your choice Sir. Lear. Ipryse the Daughters, do not make me mad, I will not trouble thee my Childiarent, For your beauteous, more more more: But yet thou art my fells, my blood, my Daughter, Or rather a disease that's in my fells, Which I must needs call mine, Thou art a Byle, A plague fore, or imbodied Carbuncle In my corrupted blood. But Ile not chide thee, Let fume come when it wil, I do not call it, I do not bid the Thunder be a storme, Nor tell tales of thee to high-inducing zone, Mend when thou can't the better at chye, I can, I can, I can, I can with Regan, I and my hundred Knights, Reg. Not altogether so, I look'd not for you yet, nor am prouided For your fit welcome, gue are cate Sir to my Sifter, For those that mingle reason with your passion, Must be content to thinke you old, and so, But the knowes what the doe's. Lear. Is this well spoken? Reg. I dare sauch it Sir, what fitty Followers? Is it not well? What should you need of more? Yes, or so many? Sith that both charge and danger, Speake against so great a number? How is in one houes Should many people, under two commands Hold adry? Is hard, almost impossible. Gsw. Why might not you my Lord, receive attendance From those that the cale Scumens, or from min? Reg. Why not my Lord? If then they chance to cracke ye, We could com privat them if you will come to me, (For now I spy a danger,) I entreate you To bring but fine and sweete, to no more Will I give place or notice. Lear. I giue you all. Reg. And in good time you giue it. Lear. Made you my Guardians, my Deputies, But kept a retention to be followed With such a number? What, must I come to you With fine and twenty? Regan, fast you so? Reg. And speak againe my Lord, no more with me. Gsw. Tho' thes wicked Creatures yet do look well favor'd When others are more wicked, not being the worst Stands in some rank of praise, Ile go with thee, Thy fifty yet doth double fine and twenty, And thou art twice her Loue. Gsw. Hear me my Lord, What need you fine and twenty? Ten? or Eight? To follow in a houfe, where twice so many Have a command to tend you? Reg. What need one? Lear. Orestes, in the need, our base Beggers Are in the poorest thing superfuous, Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs: Mans life is cheape as Beetles. Thou art a Lady; If onely to go warme were gorgious, Why Nature needs not what thou gorgious want'st, Which scarcely keeps thee warme, but for true needs: Thou Heauen, give me that patience, patience I need, Thou see me here? (you God) as poore old man, As full of griefe as age, wretched in both, I flit be you that strives these Daughtershears Against their Father, soote me not so much, To bear it tamely touch me with Noble anger, And lest not womens weapons, water drops, Staine my mans cheeckes: No you unnatural Hags, I will have such revenge on you both, That all the world shall: — I will do such things, What they are yet, I know not, but they shallbethe Terrors of the earthe you thinke Ile weape, No, Ile not weape, I have full cause of weeping, Storme and Tempest But this heart shall break into a hundred thousand flames Or else Ile weape: O Pooles, I shall go mad. Regan. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a Storme. Gsw. This house is little, the old man at people, Cannot be well bfoved. Gsw. Tis thes owne blame heath put himselfe from ref, And must needs take his folly. Reg. For his particular, he receive him gladly, But not one following. Gsw. So am I persuad'd. Where is my Lord of Glouster? Enter Glouster. Gsw. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd. Gsw. The King is in hight rage. Gsw. Whether is he going? Gsw. He calls to Horst, but will I know not whether. Gsw. Tis best to give him way, he leads himselfe. Gsw. My Lord, entreat him by no means to stay. Gsw. Alacke the night comes on, and the high windes Do sorely ruffle, for many Miles about There's aecuse a Buth. Reg. O Sir, to wilful men, The injuries that they themselves procure, Must be their Schoole-Masters: thas vp your doores, He is attendent with a desperate traine, And what they may incommode him too, being asp, To have his ear about, wildestome bids fare. Cor. Shoo vp your doores my Lord, 'tis a wil'd night, My Regan counsels well, come out out'torme. Extius.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

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

Gent. Contending with the restfull Elements;
Bids the windes blowe the Earth into the Sea,
Of fowle the saulful Waters bouse the Maine,
That things might change, or cease.
Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the Poole, who labours to out-shift
His heart-smoake injuries,
Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare upon the warrant of my note
Command a deere thing to you. There is diusion
(Although as yet the face of it is count'd)
With mutual cunning') twist Albany, and Cornwall:
Who base, as who have not, that their great Sirees
Thron'd and yet high; Seruants, who seeme no less
Which are to France the Spies and Speculations
Intelligent of our State. What hath bin scene,
Either in fowles, and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne
Against the old kinde King; or something deeper,
Whereof (perchance) theire are but furnisheings.
Gent. I will take further with you.
Kent. No, do not;
For confirmation that I am more more
Then my out-wall; open this Purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall fee Cordes,
(As feste not but you shal) shew her this Ring,
And she will tell you who that Fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fye on this Storme,
I will go fetch the King.
Gent. Give me your hand,
Have you no more to say?
Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet;
That when we have found the King, in which your pain
That way, He this: He that first lights on him,
Holla the other.

Exeunt.

Scene Secunda.

Storms still. Enter Lear, and Fool.

Lear. Blow winces, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow
You Catarach, and Hymricano's spout,
Till you have drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cackes.
You Sulphrous and Thought-executing Fires,
Flame-curtious of Oakes-cleaning Thunder-bolts,
Singde my white head. And thou all-flashing Thunder,
Strike fat the thicke Roundity o' th' world!
Cracke Natures moulds; all germaines spill at once
That makes ingratefull Man.

Fool. O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry house, is
better then this Rain-water out o' doore. Good Nunkle,
in, asketh Daughters blessing, here's a night-pitties
neither Wifemen, nor Fooles.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full: spit Fire, spout Raine:
Nor: Raine, Wind, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters.
I taxe not you, you Elements with vainkndles;
I never gate you Kingdome, call'd you Children;
You owe me no subcription. Then let fall
Your horribile plasure. Here I stand your Slave,
A poore, inferior, weake, and dish'd old man:
But yet I call you Seneile Minifters,
That will with two pernicous Daughters ioyne
Your high-engender'd Bastards, gainst a head

So old, and white as this. O, ho! it's foole.

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in, has a good
Head-piece.

The Cordpiece that will house, before the head has any;
The Head, and he shall Lowe: so Boggers marry many,
The man y makes his Toe, what he his Hart thold make,
Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turne his sleepe to wake.
For there was never yet faire woman, but shee made
mouthes in a glasse.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will say nothing.
Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry here's Grace, and a Cordpiece, that's a
Wifemen, and a Poole.

Lear. Alas Sir are you here? Things that lost night,
Lone not such nights as thefe: The wrathfull Skies
Gallow the very wanders of the darke
And make them keep their Cause: Since I was man,
Such feecles of Fire, such hurks of hordr Thunder,
Such groans of roaring Winde, and Raine, I never
Remember to have heare.
Mans Nature cannot carry
Thaffichion, nor the feare.

Lear. Let the great Goddes
That keep this dreadful pudder o're our heads,
Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That haft with the spoile ravaged Crimes
Vawht of Justice. Hide thee, thou Bonda hand;
Thou Periur'd, and thou Simular of Verace
That art Inconsteous, Caystiffe, to pieces shake
That vnder couer, and convenient feeming
Ha'ts praech'd on mans life. Clofe pext-vp guiles,
Rue your concealing Continents, and cry
These dreadful Summones grace. I am a man,
More fuddly against, then finning.
Kent. Alack, bare-headed?

Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Howell,
Some friendship will it lend you? gainst the Tempell:
Repose you there, while I to this hard houfe,
(More hardes then the stones whereof 'is rais'd,
Which euen but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) returne, and force
Their feared curtase.

Lear. My wits begin to turne.
Come on my boy. How doth 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 vile things precious. Come, your Hotel;
Poole Poole, and Knaue, I have one part in my heart
That's forry yet for them.

Fools. He that has and a little-syme wit,
With heigh-bo, the Windes and the Raine,
Muft make content with his Fortunes fit,
Though the Raine it raineth every day.

Lear. True Boy: Come bring vs to this Howell, Exit,
Fool. This is a brave night to coole a Curisman:
He speake a Prophefhe ere I go;
When Priets are more in word, then matter;
When Brewers make their Malt with water;
When Nobles are their Taylors Turov,
No Heretiques burn'd but wenches Sutors;
When every Cafe in Law, is right;
No Squeue in debt, nor no poor Knights;
When Slanders do not live in Tongues;
Nor Cut-purys come not to throngs;
When Vlcers sell their Gold ith Field,
The Tragedy of King Lear.

And Baude, and wheres, do Churches build, 
Then shall the Realm of Albion come to great confusion: 
Then comes the time who likes to feel, 
That going false he's with free: 

This prophecy Medus shall make, for I live before his 
Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gloucester, and Edmund.

Glou. Alacke, alacke Edmund! I like not this vanituous dealing when I defined their lease that I might pish them, they tooke from me the yle of mine owne house, charg'd me on paine of perpetuall disfranchise, neither to speake of him entertain for him, or any way suadde him. 

Edm. Mudd Clarke and vanituous.

Glou. Go, go, go, say you nothing. There is disunion betwixt the Dukes, and a woeful matter then that: I have receiv'd a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken, I have lock'd the Letter in my Closets, these Injuries the King now bears, will be revenged, hence, that part of a Power already footed, we shall incline to the King, I will lookke, and prudently release him I go you and maintain a truce with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he ask me for, I am ill, and gone to bed, if I die for it, (as no lef I is threatened me) the King my old Master must be reliaise. There is strange tilting to Edmund, pray you be careful. 

Exit. 

Edm. This Cursitie forbide the King, shall the Duke Infantly know, and of thatLetter too.

This truce a faire deserted, and draw me That which my Father tossest no lefe then all, 
The younger tires, when the old doth fall. 

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

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

Lear. Let me alone. 

Kent. Good my Lord enter here. 

Lear. Will break my heart? 

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

Lear. Thou know'rt I'm much that this constant wind 
Imades vs to the skinne fits to thee, (Storme still) 
But where the greater malady is fixt, The lese'nst is fain to be. Thou'd kill a Bear, But if they flight lay to the roaring Sea, Thou'd meete the Bear's th' mouth, when the mind's The bodies dedicate: the tempest in my mind, free, 

Dout from my fenes take all feeling else, 
Save what beares there, Full all ingratitude, Is not as much this mouth should bear this hand For lifting food too's: But I will punishe home; 

No, I will wepe no more; in such a night,

To shu me out? Poure on, I will endure: In such a night as this? O Regen Genereli, 
Your old kind Father, whose Franke heart gue all, 
O that way madnesse liis, let me thin: that: 

No more of that. 

Kent. Good my Lord enter here. 

Lear. Prythee go in thy selfe, steeke thine owne eyes, 
This tempest will not giue me leave to ponder On things would that I more, but he goe in, 
In Boy, goe in. You housetlefe powre, 
Nay get thee in, He pray, and then he sleepe. 
Poor naked wretches, where to stoe you are 
That bide the pelting of this pittiffe storme, How shall your Housetlefe heads, and vasde flades, 
Your lop'd, and window'd ragged windowes defend you From feasions such as these? O I have case 
Too little care of this: Take Phyliscke, Pompe, 
Expoxe thy selfe so, feele what wretches feele, 
That thou must shake the superfluous to them, 
And shew the Heavens more rich.

Enter Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. Fathom, and half, Fathom and half, poor Tom. 
Fool. Come not in heere Nuncle, here's a spirit, hepe me, hepe me. 
Kent. Give me thy hand, what's there? 
Fool. A spirit, a spirit, he says his name's poor Tom. 
Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there? I haste come forth. 

Edg. Away, the foule Fiend (followes me, through the harspe Hautome blow the winds. 

Humi, goe to thy bed and warnes the. 

Lear. Didst thou giue all to thy Daughters? And art thou come to this? 

Edgar. Who giues any thing, to poor Tom? When the foule fiend hath led through Fire, and through Flame, through Sword, and Whistle; poor, o're Bog, and Swinge, that hath hadkmus under his Pillow, and Hallers in his Pue, fixt Rats-bane by his Porridge, made him Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay horse; poor bane 
White fridges, to couere his owne shaw for a Traitor. 
Blisse thy hie Whys, Tom: cold. O do, do, do, do, do, 
Blisse thee from Whistle: Whinds, Stars: blasting, and taking, do poor Tom some charitie, whom the foule Fiend 
 vexes. There could I hate him now, and there and there agi ne, and there. 

Storme still. 

Lear. He's his Daughters brought him to this passe? Couldst thou have nothing? Wouldst thou giue 'em all. 

Fool. Nay, he refered it, else we had bin all shammed. 

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulose ayre Hang fated o're mens failings, light on thy Daughters. 

Kent. He had no Daughters Sir. 

Lear. Death Traitor, nothing could have subdued 
To such a lounelle, but his own kind Daughters. (Nature 
is in the faction, that disfarded Fathers. 
Should hate thus little mercy on their flesh! 

Judicious punishment, 'twas this fiest begot 
Those Pelican Daughters. 

Edg. Pilicock fat on Pilicock hill,slowly,slow, low, low. 
Fool. This cold night will turne vs all to Fools, and 
Maddmen.

Edgar. Take heed o'th'Fool Fiend, obey thy 
Parents, keep thy words Inuicte, sweare not, commit not, 

wth
with mans sworne Spoufe; let nor thy Sweet-heart on proud array. Tom's a cold. Lear. What hath thou bin? Edg. A Serlingman! Proud in heart, and minde; that curst thy bace, wore Cloesies in my cap, star'd the Eye of my Miltis heart, and did the skye of darkeness with her. swore as many Oasles, as I spake words, & broke them in the sweet face of Heaven. One, that slept in the conticing of Lutf, and walk'd to doe it, Wine lourd'd he dierely, Duce dierely; and in Woman, out-Paramourd the Turk. Fallt of heart, light of eare, bloody of hand; Hog in floth, Pose in fisht, Wolfe in greeneflesh, Dog in madnes, Lyen in prey. Let not the craking of Shoes, Nor the rustling of Silkes, betray thy poore heart to woman. Keep thy foote out of Brothels, thy hand out of Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Books, and defye the foule Fiend. Still through the Hautheorne blowes the cold winde; Sayes fuurn, man, nuncy, Dolphin my Boy, Boy Seafe; let him trot by; Storm full. Lear. Thou wilt be better in a Grove, there to aniover with thy vakuer'd body, this extremite of the Skies. Is man no more then this? Consider him well. Thou ow'th the Worne no Silke; the Beaff, no Hide; the Sheape, no Woolll; the Cat, no perfume. Ha! Here's three on's are sofistuated. Thou art the thing it selfe; vnnaccommodated, is no more but such a poore, bare, forked Aimall as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, vnbutton here. Enter Gloucester, with a Torch. 

Foole. Prythee Nuncle be contented, 'tis a naughty night to swimme in. Now a little fire in a wilde Field, were like an old Letchers heart, a small spark, all the cell on's body, cold: Looke, here comes a walking fire. Edg. This is the foule Flibbenbugbet: hee begins at Curfew, and walkes at first Cockle: Hee glues the Web and the Pin, quints the eye, and makes the Hare-loppe; Mildewes the white Whate: and burns the poore Creature of earth. 

Switnfold footed threeth the old, He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold; Bid her-a-light, and her tooth-pitlth, 

And arouseth her Winds, bonzeth thee. Kent. How fares your Grace? Lear. What's he? Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek? Gloucester. What are you there? Your Names? Edg. Poor Tom, that eats the swimming Frogs, the Toads, the Toad-pole, the wall-Neu, and the water: that in the time of this heart, when the foule Fiend rages, eats Cow-lung for Salletts; I wallowes the old Rat, and doth pitch Dogges; I drinks the green Mantle of the standing Poole: who is white from Tythung to Tythung, and flockt, punifid, and imprison'd: who hath three Suisses to his backe, five fluer to his body: Horse to ride, and weapon to weare: But Mee, and Rats, and such small Dease, 


Edg. Poor Tom's cold. Gloucester. Go in with mee my duty cannot suffer to obey in all your daughters hard commands: Though their Injury be to barre my doores, And let this Tyrannous night take hold upon you, Yet haue I ventured to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire, and food is ready. Lear. Find me to talke with this Philosopher, What is the cause of Thunder? 


Scena Quinta. 

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund. 

Cornwall. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house. 

Edmund. How my Lord, I may be cennured, that Nature thus giveth way to Loyalie, sometyme feares mee to thinke of, 

Cornwall. I now perceiv'd, it was not altogether your Brethrens stubboposition made him feche his death: but a prouoking mett ist a woake by a reprobable badnese in himselfe. 

Edmund. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be iuff? This is the Letter which hee spoke of; which approveth him an intelligent partie to the advanta- 

ges of France. O Houseman [that this Tresion were not; or not I the detecter. 

Cornwall. Go with me to the Dutcheffe, 

Edmund. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you have mighty businesse in hand.
Scena Sexta.

Enter Kent, and Gloucester.

Kent. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloucester; take thou out where thy Father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Gloucester. If I find him comforting the King, it will flatter his supposition more fully. I will parley in my course of Loyalty, though the conflict be fore betweene that, and my blood.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

Edgar. Fratterroto calls me, and tells me Nieve is an Angler in the Lake of Darknesse: I pray Innocent, and beware the foule Friend.

Fool. Prityhee, Nunkie, tell me, whether a madman be a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Kent. A King, a King.

Fool. No, he's a Yoman, that's a Gentleman to his Sonne: for he's a mad Yoman that feares his Sonne a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hirizing in vpon 'em.

Edgar. Bleffe thy flower.

Kent. O pity, sir, where is the patience now That you so obstinate hast demanded to remain? Edgar. My nerves begin to take his part so much, They make my counterfitting.

Lear. The little dogges, and all.

Trey, Blanch, and Sweetheart: see, they barke at me.

Edgar. Tom, will throw his head at them: Asaunte you Currens, be thy mouth or blacke or white: Toohe that poynson if it bite more.

Mother, Grey-bound, Mongrell, Grim, Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym: Or Bobtail tigh, or Trouble tail.

Tom will make him weep and wail, For with throwing thus my head; Doggs eat the hatch, and all are fled.

Dood, de, de, sic: Come, march to Wakes and Faysers, And Market Townes: poore Tom thy home is dry.

Lear. Then let them Annotimize: See what breeds about her heart. Is there any caufe in Nature that make these hard-hearets. You fin, I entertaine for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will fay they are Perrian; but let them bee chang'd.

Enter Gloucester.

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

Lear. Make no noize, make no noize, draw the Curtains: so, we'll go to Supper till't morning.

Fool. And let me go to bed at noone.

Gloucester. Come hither Friend: Where is the King my Matter?

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

Enter Gloucester.

Kent. Good friend, I prye thee take him in thy armes; I have ere-heard a plot of death vpon him: There is a Litter ready, lay him in't.

And drue toward Douer friend, where thou shalt meete Both welcome, and protection. Take vp thy Matter, If thou shouldest daily halfe an hour, his life With shine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in affured loose. Take vp, take vp, And follow me, that will to some provision Glute thee quicke conduce.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

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Enter Gloucester.

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

Lear. Make no noize, make no noize, draw the Curtains: so, we'll go to Supper till't morning.

Fool. And let me go to bed at noone.

Gloucester. Come hither Friend: Where is the King my Matter?

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

Enter Gloucester.

Kent. Good friend, I prye thee take him in thy arms; I have ere-heard a plot of death vpon him: There is a Litter ready, lay him in't.

And drue toward Douer friend, where thou shalt meete Both welcome, and protection. Take vp thy Matter, If thou shouldest daily halfe an hour, his life With shine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in affured loose. Take vp, take vp, And follow me, that will to some provision Glute thee quicke conduce.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

Edgar. Frateretnos calls me, and tells me Nieve is an Angler in the Lake of Darknesse: I pray Innocent, and beware the foul Friend.

Fool. Prityhee, Nunkie, tell me, whether a madman is a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Kent. A King, a King.

Fool. No, he's a Yoman, that's a Gentleman to his Sonne: for he's a mad Yoman that feares his Sonne a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hirizing in vpon 'em.

Edgar. Bleffe thy flower.

Kent. O pity, sir, where is the patience now That you so obstinate have demanded to remain? Edgar. My nerves begin to take his part so much, They make my counterfitting.

Lear. The little dogges, and all.

Trey, Blanch, and Sweetheart: see, they barke at me.

Edgar. Tom, will throw his head at them: Asaunte you Currens, be thy mouth or blacke or white: Tooth that poysnon if it bite more.

Mother, Grey-bound, Mongrell, Grim, Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym: Or Bobtail tigh, or Trouble tail.

Tom will make him weep and wail, For with throwing thus my head; Doggs eat the hatch, and all are fled.

Dood, de, de, sic: Come, march to Wakes and Faysers, And Market Townes: poore Tom thy home is dry.

Lear. Then let them Annotimize: See what breeds about her heart. Is there any caufe in Nature that make these hard-hearets. You sin, I entertaine for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they are Perrian; but let them bee chang'd.

Enter Gloucester.

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

Lear. Make no noize, make no noize, draw the Curtains: so, we'll go to Supper till't morning.

Fool. And let me go to bed at noone.

Gloucester. Come hither Friend: Where is the King my Matter?

Kent. Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gon.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemptu'd,
Then fell contemptu'd and flatter'd, to be worst:
The lowest, and most detrest thing of Fortune,
Stands full in efpance, liues not in feare:
The lamentable change is from the beft,
The worke returns to laughere. Welcome then,
Thou subftantiall aye that I embrace:
The Wretch that thou hast blowne into the worke,
Owes nothing to thy blaffes,
To the Porter, and an Oldman.

But who comes here? My Father poorly led?
World, World, O world!
But that thy strange mutuations make us hate thee,
Life would not yeeld to age.

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

Edg. Away, get thee away: good friend be gone,
Thee bure iacke; for to me no good at all,
Thee, they may hurt.

Oldm. You cannot see your way.

Edg. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft'tis scene,
Our means fucces, and our meere defects
Prove our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne Edgar,
The food of thy abused Fathers wrath:
Might I but lye to see thee in my touch,
I'll say I had eyes again.

Oldm. How now? who's there?

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

Old. Tis poore mad Tom.

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

Oldm. Fellow, where goest thou?

Glou. Is it a Beggar-man?

Oldm. Madman, and beggar too.

Glou. He has some reafon, else he could not beg.

Th'EST nights borne me, I fuch a fellow saw;
Which made me thinkes a Man, a Wrome. My Sonne
Cometh then into my minde, and yet my minde,
Was then scaref Friends with him.
I have heard more since:
As filtes to wanna Boyer, are we to thi'Gods,
They kill vs for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?

Bad is the Trade that must play Foole to sorrow,
Ang'ring it selfe, and others. Beflee thee Matter.

Glou. Is that the naked Fellow?

Oldm. My Lord.

Glou. Get thee away! I see for my sake
Thou wilt take away vs hence a mile or twaine
I' thy way toward Dover, do it for ancient love,
And bring some covering for this naked Soule,
Which Ie intrease to leade me.

Old. Alacke sir, he is mad.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Glou. ’Tis the times plague, When Madmen lade the blinde: Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure: About the rest, be gone. 

Come on’t, what will. Exit. 

Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow. 
Edg. Poor Tom’s cold. I cannot daub it further. 
Glou. Come,'hither fellow. 
Edg. And yee I must: 
Bleede thy sweete eyes, they bleed. 
Glou. Know’st thou the way to Dover? 
Edg. Both stile, and gate; Horsey way, and foot-path: poor Tom hath his heart'd out of his good wits. Bleede thee good mans sone, from the foule Friend. 
Glou. Here take this purs, whom the heavn’s plagues Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched Makes thee the happier: Heavens deale so full: Let the superfluous, and Luft-dicted man, That flanates your ordainace, that will not fee Because he do’s not fee, feele your powre quickly: So doth invention should vnder excuse, And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover? 
Edg. I Maffet. 
Glou. There is a Cliffe, whose high and bending head Lookes fearfully in the confined Deepe: Bring me but to the very brimme of it, And I repaire ye misery thou do’st bear: With something rich about me: from that place, I shall no leading neede. 
Edg. Give me thy purse; 
Poor Tom shall leade thee. 

Scena Secunda. 

Enter Gonerill, Balford, and Steward. 

Gen. Welcome my Lord. I mereth our mild husband Not met us on the way. Now, where’s your Maffet? 
Stew. Madam within, but newer man so chang’d: I told him of the Army that was Landed; He smil’d at it; I told him you were coming, His answer was, the worse. Of Gloffers Traysheery, And of the loyall Service of his Sonne When I inform’d him, then he call’d me Sat, And I told him, I had turn’d the wrong side out: What most he should dislike, seemes pleasant to him; What like, offensive. 
Gen. Then shall you go no further, It is the Cowish terror of his spirit That dares not undertake: He'll not fee wrongs Which eye to an answer: our wishes on the way May prove effects. Backe Edmund to my Brother, Haften his Muffets, and conduct his poweres. I must change names at home, and glue the Duffske Into my husband hands. This truefull Servant Shall passe between us: ere long you are like to heare (If you dare venture in your owne behalfe) A Mistresses command. Weare this; spare speech, Decline your head. This kisse, if it durst speake Would freteth thy Spiritus vp into the ayre: Conceibe, and fare thee well. 
Ball. Yours in the rankes of death. 
Gen. My most deere Gloffet. 

Oh, the difference of man, and man, To thee a Womans seruices are due, My Poole vurpens my body. 
Siew. Madam, here comes my Lord, 
Enter Albany. 
Gen. I have beene worth the whistle, 
Alb. Oh Gonerill, 
You are not worth the dust which the rude winde Blowes in your face. 
Gen. Mille-Liuer’d man, That bear’st a cheeke for blowses, a head for wrongs, Who haft not in thy browes an eye-discerning Thine Honor, from thy suffering. 
Alb. See thy selfe diuell: Proper dementtie fecmes not in the Fiend So horrid as in woman. 
Gen. Oh vaine Poole. 
Enter a Messenger. 
Mes. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of Carnwath’s dead, Slaine by his Servants going to put out The other eye of Gloffet. 
Alb. Gloffet’s eyes. 
Mes. A Servant that he bred, thril’d with remorse, Oppos’d against the act: bending his Sword To his great Maffet, who, threat-enag’d Flew on him, and amongt’them fell’d him dead, But not without that harmfull stroke, which finde Hath pluckt him after. 
Alb. This shewes you are above You Judices, that these our natione crimines So speedily can venge. But (O poore Gloffet) Left he his other eye? 
Mes. Both, both, my Lord. 
This Letter Madam, cruases a speedy answer: ’Tis from your Sistes. 
Gen. One way I like this well, But being widdow, and my Glofrut with her, May all the building in my fancie plucke Upon my hatefull life. Another way The News is not so tart. Ile read, and answer. 
Alb. Where was his Sonne, When they did take his eyes? 
Mes. Come with my Lady hither. 
Alb. He is not here. 
Mes. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe. 
Alb. Knowes he the wickednesse? 
Mes. I my good Lord: ‘twas he inform’d against him And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment Might haue the freer course. 
Alb. Gloffet, I loue To thank thee for the love thou shew’st the King, And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend, Tell me what more thou knowst. 

Scena Tertia. 

Enter with Drums and Colours, Cordelia, Gentleman, and Soldiers. 
Cor. Alacke, ’tis he: why he was met eu’n now As mad as the verr Sea, singeing alowd, Crown’d with ranke Fenitier, and furrow weeds, With Hardokes, Hammocks, Nestles, Cuckoo Bowres,
The Tragedie of King Lear

Darnell, and all the idle weedes that grow
In your fullaining Corses. A Centurie send forth;
Search every Acre in the high-growing field,
And bring him to our eye. What can mans wifedome
In the reiforling his beraused Senes, he that helps him,
Take all my outward worth.

Gree. There is onies Madam:
Our foster Nurse of Nature, is repole,
The which he lackes; that to prouoke in him
Are many Simplest operace, whole power
Will clofe the eye of Angiolina.

Card. All blest Secrets.
All you unpublisht Vertues of the earth
Spring with my teares; be aydant, and remediate
In the Goodmans designe; seke, seke for him,
Leefe his voygoum dreade, diffolue the life
That wants the means to leade it.

Enter Holfinger.

Mef. Newes Madam,
The Britifh Powres are matching hidetherward.

Cor. Tis knowne before. Our preperation stands
In expectacon of them. O deere Father,
It is thy businesse that I go about; therefore great France
My mouthing, and impotant deeds hath pitted:
No bowles Ambition both our Armes incite,
But looke, deere loue, and our agd Fathers Rite:
Soone may I heare, and see him.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. But are my Brothers Powres fet forth?
Stew. Madam,
Reg. Himselfe in person there?
Stew. Madam with much ado;
Your Sister is the better Souldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund speke not with your Lord at home?
Stew. No Madam.

Reg. What night import my Sifters Letter to him?
Stew. I know not, Lady.
Reg. Faith he is possest hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Giouerets eyes being out
To let him ile. Where he arriues, he mouses
All hearts against vs. Edmund, I thinke is gone
to pitty of his haunter, to dispaire
His nighted life: Moreover to defecry
The strengh of th’Enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.
Reg. Our troops set forth to morrow, slay with vs:
The wayes are dangerous.
Stew. I may not Madam:
My Lady charg’d my dutie on this busines.
Reg. Why should the write to Edmund?
Might not you transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Some things, I know not what. Ie lose thee much
Let me unseale the Letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather—
Reg. I know your Lady do not loute her Husband,
I am sure of that; and as she lare being here,
She gave strange Elastes, and most speaking lookes
To Noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosone.
Stew. Madam.

Reg. I speake in understanding: Yare! I know’s,
Therefore I do advise you take this note:
My Lord is dead; Edmond, and I have talk’d,
And more conuenience is he for my hand.
Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:
If you do finde him, pray you give him this:
And when your Miftres heartes thus much from you,
I pray desyre her call her wifedome to her.
So fare you well:
If you do chance to heart of that blinde Traitor,
Pleiferment fas on him, that cuts him off.
Stew. Would I could meet Madam, I should shew
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Gloucefier, and Edgar.

Glon. When shall I come to th’top of that same hill?
Edg. You do chyme vp it now. Look how we labor.
Glon. Me thinks the ground is euen.
Edg. Horrible sleepe,
Heartke, and haue thee the Sea?
Glon. No truly.
Edg. Why then your other Sifters grow imperfect
By your eyes anguished,
Glon. So may it be indeed.
Me thinks thy voyce is alter’d, and shou speake’t
In better phraze, and matter then thou did it.
Edg. You are much deceiv’d: in nothing am I chang’d
But in my Garments.
Glon. Me thinks ye are better spokn.
Edg. Come on Sir,
Here’s the place: hand still: how fearfull
And dizie is, to cast ones eyes so low,
The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midday ayre
Shew haste to groffe as Beeltes. Hulfe way downe
Huge one that gathers Sumpre: dreadfull Trade:
Me thinks he itemes no bigger then his head.
The Fiftermen, that walk’d upon the beach
Appeare like Mice; and yond tali Anchoring Banke,
Diminuif’d to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy
Almost too small for frigate.
The murmuring Surge,
That on’tnumbred idle Pebble chafes
Cannot be heard to high.
Ie looke no more,
Left my braine tume, and the deficient fight
Topple downe headlong.
Glon. Set me where you stand,
Edg. Give me your hand:
You are now within a foote of th’extreme Verge:
For all beneath the Moone would I not leaste vpight.
Glon. Let go my hand;
Here’s Friend a smoker purfe: in is, a Jewell
Well worth a poore mans taking. Fayries, and Gods
Prosper it with thee. Go thou further off,
Bid me farewell, and let me haue thee going.
Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir.
Glon. With all my heart.
Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his dispaire,
Is done to cure it.

Glon. O you mighty Gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your Fights

Shake
Shake patiently my great affliction off: If it could bear it longer, and not fall, To quarrell with your great oppo'leffe willers, My lustie, and loafed part of Nature shoulde Burne it selfe out. If Edgar line, O bleste him: Now Fellow, fare thee well, Edgar. Goe Sir, farewell; And yet I know not how concrit mag nob: The Tractise of life, when life is felte, Yeelds to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought, By this had thought bin path. Alive, or dead? Ho! you Ser. Friend, here you Ser, speake, Thus might he passe indeed; yet he remnes. What are you sin? Glen. Away, and let me dye. Edgar. Had it thon beene ought. But Gonzeemo, Feathers, Ayue, (So many fatheome downe precipitating,) Thou'lt eluer'd like an Egee ; but thou'lt breth': Hast heuie substance, bleed it not, speake it, are found, Ten Mats at each, make not the multitude Which thou hast perpetually fell, That's a Myracle. Speake yet again, But hane I lane, or no? Edgar. From the dread Somnet of this Chalke Bourne Louke vp a height, the thrill-gord'g Darke to fade Cannot be seene, or heard: Do but look vp. Glen. Aackle, I hate not eyes: Is wretchedness depraid that benefit To end it selfe by death? I was yet some comfort, When misery could beguile the Tyranse rage, And fruitate his proud will. Edgar. Give me your arme. Vp 0: How is't? Feel you your Legges? You stand, Glen Too well, too well. Edgar. This is above all strangeness, Vpon the crowne o' th' Ciffe. What thing was that Which parted from you? Glen. A poore refortunate Beggar. Edgar. As I stood besse-beke, I thought his eyes Were two full Moones: he had a thousand Notes, Horses wealt'd, and waned like the engar'd Seas. It was some Friend: Though thou happy Father, I thinketh the electest Gods, who make them Honors Of mens imposibilities, have preferred thee. Glen. I do remember now, henceforth Ile bear Afflication, till it do cry out it selfe Enough, enough, and dye: That thing you speak of, I tolke it for a man: often'twould say The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place. Edgar. Beare free and patient thoughts. Enter Lear. But who comes here? The fater tende will ne accomodate His Matter thus. Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the King himselfe. Edgar. O thou fine-piercing light! Lear. Nature's above Art, in that respect: That's your Priefe-money. That fellow that handles his boys, like a Crowe-keeper: draw mee a Cloathers yard. Louke, Louke, a Mouse: peace, peace, this piece of toast'd Cheese will Goog. Edgar. There's my Grunders, Ile proce it on a Gigant. Bring vp the browne Bulles. O well owne Bird: I' th' closet, I' th' closet; Hewgh! Give the word. Edgar. Sweet Marionum.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

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

Enter Steward.
Stew. A proclaim'd prize: most happy
That eyelefle head of thine, was first framed of flesh
to raise my fortunes. Thou old, unhappy Traitor,
Briefely thy felte remember: the Sword is out
That did destroy thee.
Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough too't.
Stew. Wherefore, bold Peazant,
D'rt thou support a publish'd Traitor? Hence,
Leaft that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arme.
Edg. Chill nor let go Zir,
Without further calon.
Stew. Let go Slawe, or thou dy'by.
Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poore volke passe: and 'chud ha' bin xagger'd out of my life,
'twould not ha' bin so long as 'tis, by a veritogte. Nay, come not neer eithold man: keepe out the vor ye, or ice try whether your Coftard, or my Ballow be the hardier; shall be plate with you,
Stew. Out Dunghill.
Edg. Chill picke your teeth Zir: is come, no matter your foynes,
Stew. Slawe houf hafla flaine me: Villain, take your purse;
If euer thou wilt chrie, bury thy bodie,
And glie the Letters which thou find'it about me,
To Edmund Earle of Gloucester: fekke him out
Upon the English party. Oli vintimently, death, death.
Edg. I know shie well. A fewe reable Villaine,
As duereus to the vices of thy Miftres,
As badnesse would deiere.
Glo. What, is he dead?
Stew. Sit you downe Father: reff you,
Let's see these Pockettes; the Letters that he speaks of
May be my friends: he's dead: I am oneely lorry
He had no other Deceitfull. Let vs see:
Lesse gentle waxe, and manners; blame vs not
To know our enemies minde: we rip their hearts,
Their Papers are more lawfull.

Reads the Letter.

Et our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to eat him off: if you will mean not, some one place will be fearfully offered. There is nothing done. If he return the Comparsion, than I the Procurer, and his boil my Galle, from the loaded warmest whereof, deliver me, and supple the place for your labour.

Our wife, so I would say, effectually Serves. Gentlell.

Oh ingulifh'd space of Womans will,
A plot upon her vertuous Husband's life,
And the exchange my Brother; here in the bands
This I take vp, the poftte vanifh'd
Of murmurous Letters: and in the mature time,
With this vngracious paper strike the fight
Of the death-practick Duke: for him 'tis well;
That of thy death, and busineffe, I can tell,
Glo. The King is mad:
How thife is my vile fene
That I stand vp, and have ingenuous feeling
Of my huge Sorrows? Better I were distracted.
So should my thoughts be frustrate from my griefes,

Drunks off.

And woe, by wrong imaginations looçe.
Scena Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work To match thy goodness? My life will be too short, And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledged, Madam is of itself, All my reports go with the modest truth, Not more, not less, but so.

Cor. Be better hated, These weeds are memories of th' other worst men. I pray thee put them from thy heart.

Kent. Pardon thee, Madam, Yet to be known shortens my made intent, My boon I make it that you know me not, Till time, and I think, my meet.

Cor. Then be to my good Lord: How doth the King? Kent. Madam sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind Gods! Cure this great breach in his subdued Nature, This truant' and erring fence, O winde vp, Of this child, this changed Father.

Gent. So please you, my Majesty, That we may wake the King, he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceede I' th' Iway of your own will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chair carried by Servants.

Gent. I Madam, in the bainet of sleepe, We put fresh garments on him. Be by good Madam when we do awake him, I doubt of his Temperance.

Cor. O my deere Father, the last at his right. Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this knife Repaire those violent harms, and that my two Sisters Have in thy Seuerence made.

Kent. Kind and deere Princke.

Cor. Had not your Father, these white flakes Did challenge pitty of them? Was this a face To be oppes'd against the innart winds? Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me, Should have flood that night against my fire, And was this thine faine (poore Father) To bowell thee with Swineand Rogues forlorn, In short, and muddly fl��态. Alacke, Alacke, 'Tis wonder that thy life and wit, at once Had not concluded all. He wakes, speaks to him.

Gen. Madam do you, 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does your Royall Lord? How fares your Majesty? Lear. You do me wrong to take me out of grave, Thou art a Soule in blinde, but I am bound

Vpon a wheel of fire, that mine owne teares Do fcel'd, like molten Lead.

Lear. You are a spirit I know, where did you dye? Cor. Still, still, still wide.

Gen. He's scarce awake; Let him alone a while. Lear. Where haue I bin? Where am I? Faire day light? I am mightily abus'd; I should eu'n dye with pitty To see another thus. I know not what to say: I will not swear these are my hands: let's see, I feele this pin prickes, would I were affait'd Of my condition.

Cor. O looke upon me Sir, And hold your hand in bendeiction o're me, You must not kneele.

Lear. Pray do not mooke me: I am a very foolish fond old man, Foursecon and upwvard, Not an houre more, nor leffe; And to deale plainely, I haue not in my perfect mind. Me thinkes I should know you, and know this man. Yet I am doubtfull: For I am mainly ignorant What place this is: and all the skill I haue7 Remember not these garments: nor I know not Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me, For(as I am a man) I thinke this Lady To be my childe Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am: I am.

Lear. Be your teares wet? Yes faith: I pray wepe not, If you have poyson for me, I will drinke it. I know you do not love me, for your Sisters Have (as I do remember) done me wrong. You have some cause, they haue not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Awa I in France? Kent. In your owne kingdome Sir. Lear. Do not abide me.

Kent. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage You fee is kill'd in him, and fixe him to go in, Trouble him no more till further fixting.

Cor. Wilt please your Highnesse wakke? Lear. You must beare with me: Praye you now forget, and forgive, I am old and foolish.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter with Drumme and Colours, Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Sothiers.

Boff. Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold, Or whether since he is advis'd by outhe To change the count, he's full of alteration, And differrepproving, bring his confante pleasure.

Reg. Our Sissors man is certainly miscarried, Boff. 'Tis to be doubted Madam.

Reg. Now sweet Lord.
The Tragedy of King Lear.

You know the good-natured I intend you for:
Tell me but truly, but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my Sister?

Baff. In honour do I love,
Reg. But have you never found my Brothers way,
To the two-fended place?

Baff. No by mine honour, Madam.
Reg. I never shall endure her, deere my Lord
Be not familiar with her.

Baff. Fear not, she and the Duke her husband.

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

Alb. Our very lovely Sister, well be-see,
Sir, thus I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Forced to cut out.

Regan. Why is this so bad?

Gon. Combine together against the Enemy;
For these domesticke and particular broyles,
Are not the question here,

Alb. It seems determine with the ancient of war.

On our proceeding.

Reg. Sir, you go with vs?

Gon. No.

Reg. I most convenient pray go with vs.

Gon. Oh ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.

Exeunt both the Armies.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Here your Grace had speech with man so poor,
Heare me one word.

AIl. Ile overtake you speake.

Edg. Before you fight, the Battle, ope this Letter.

If you have victory, let the Trumpet sound
For him that brought it; wretched though Life, I
I can produce a Champion, that will prove
What is boasted there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath no an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune loves you.

Edg. Stay till I have read the Letter.

Edg. I was forbid it:

When time shall serue, but the Herald cry,
And he appear again.

Alb. Why fare thee well, I will o're-looke thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

Baff. The Enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,
Here is the gueffe of their true strength and Forces,
By diligent discourage, but your haste
Is now very doon.

Alb. We will greet the time.

Baff. To both these Sifter I sworne my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the dung
Are of the Adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can enjoy'd
If both remain alive: To take the Widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her Sitter Generall,
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, wee'll vie
His consternation for the Battle, which being done,
Let her, who would be end of him, sfene
His freely taking off. As for the mercie
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The Battle done, and they within our power,

Shall neuer fee his pardon: for my flaire,
Stands on me to defend, not to dispute.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Actum with him. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Sandford, over the Stage, and Expect.

Enter Edgar, and Gloster.

Edg. Here your Father, take the shadow of this Tree
For your good heart: pray that the right may thrive:
I seue I returne to you againe,
Ile bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you Sir,

Edg. Here your Father, take the shadow of this Tree
For your good heart: pray that the right may thrive:
I seue I returne to you againe,
Ile bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you Sir,

Edg. What in all thoughts againe?

Glo. No further Sir, a man may not be here.

Edg. What in all thoughts againe?

Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their comming hither,
Ripenelle is all come on.

Glo. And that's true too.

Scena Tertia.

Enter in conquest with Drummes and Colours Edmund, Lear, and Cordelia, as princes, Sandford, Captains.

Baff. Some Officers take them away: good guard,
Vntill their greater pleasures of fist be knowne
That are to confine them.

Cor. We are not the fist,
Who with best meaning have incurd the worst:
For three oppressed King I am cast downe,
My felle could eile out-towne late Fortunes frowde.
Shall we not see these Daughters, and these Sifers?
Lear. No, no, no; some let's away to prison,
We two alone will sing like Birds in' the Cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, Ile kneele downe
And ask thee of this forrenesse: So we'll hiiue,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded Butterflies: and here (poore Rogues)
Talk of Court newes, and wee'll talk with them too,
Who loo stop, and who wins; who's in, who's out,
And take vp's the mystery of things,
As if we were Gods spie: And we'll weare out
In a wall'd prison, packs and feeles of great ones,
That ebbes and flow by th' Moone.

Baff. Take them away.

Lear. Vpon such sacrifies my Cordelia,
The Gods thmselfes throw Incense.
Have I caught thee?

Edg. That partes, shall bring a Brand from Heauen,
And fire's hence, like Foxes wippe thine eyes,
The good yeares shall dewour them, flesh and fell,
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Ere they shall make vs weep?
Weelee fce m'entand if't: i come.
Exit.

Boof. Come hither Captaine, hearken.
Take thou this note, go follow them to prison,
One Rep he have adjure thee, if thou do'n it
To nobla Fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is to be tender minded
Do's not become a Sword, thy great impression
Will not beare question, neither say, thou'rt do't,
Or chriest by other names.
Capt. Ite do't my Lord.
Boof. About it, and write happy, when this note done,
Mark it fay imm'ntly, and carry it so
As I have fett it done.
Exit Captaine.

Flourish. Enter Albany, Gower, Regg, Sen's, Solders.

Alb. Sir, you have shew'd to day your valiant streyne
And Fortune led you well: you have the Captaines
Who were the oppofeces of this dayes strife:
Do require them of you to fe'ee them,
As we shall find their merites, and our safety
May equallly determine.
Boof. Sir, I thought it fit,
To fend the old and miferable King to fome retenfion,
Whose age had Charnes in it, whose Title more,
To plucke the common bosome on his side,
And turne our imprefl Laurences in our cities,
Which do command them. With him I fent the Quean:
My reafon all the fame, and they are ready
To morrow; or if further fpace, appearre
Where you shall hold your Seffion.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this Warre,
Not as a Brother.

Reg. That's as we lift to grace him,
Methinks our pleafure might have bin demanded
Ere you had spoke fo farre: He led our Powers,
Bore the Commination of my place and perfon,
The which immediate may well stand vp,
And call it felle your Brother.

Gow. Not fo hot:
In his owne greffe he doth exalt himfelfe,
More then in your addicion.

Reg. In my rights,
By me inacted, he compreher the beft.

Alb. That were the moft, if he shou'd husband you.

Reg. Letters do of proue Prophets.

Gow. Hold, hold,
That eye that told you fo, look'd but a quieter.

Alb. Lady I am not well, elfe I should anwer.
From a full flowing fnowdace. Generall,
Take thou my Soul'diers, prifoners, parrimony,
Difpofe of, of me, the walls is thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My Lord, and Mafter.

Gow. Meane you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.

Reg. Not in thine Lord.

Alb. Half-blood ed fellow, yet,

Reg. Let the D rum strike, and prone my title chine.

Alb. Stay yet, heere reafon: Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital Treafon: and in thy arell,

This guilded Serpent: for your claime faire Sifters,
I bare it in the intereft of my wife,

'Tis she is sub-contract'd to this Lord,
And her husband contradict your Banck.
If you will marry, make your loues to me,
My Lady is betpok.'

Gow. An enterlude.

Alb. Thou art armed Glofler,
Let the Trumpet fou'd:
If none appeare to prone upon thy perfon,
Thy bayonets, maneif, and many Treafons,
There is my pledge: I feake it on thy heart
Ere I taffe bread, thou art in nothing lefe.
Then I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sicke, O horse.

Gow. If not, Ile nurse truth medicine.

Boof. There's my exchange, what in the world hes
That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies,
Call by the Trumpet: he that dare approach;
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honor firmly.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. A Herald, ho,
Truith to thy sngle vertue, for thy Souldiers
All leued in my name, haue in my name
Tooke their discharge.

Reg. My ficcifie growes upon me.

Alb. She is not well, convey her to my Tent.
Come hither Herald, let the Trumpet sou'd,
And read out this,

A Trumpet sounds,
Herald reads,

If any man of quallitie or digree, within the Offic of the Armys, or any other of the Armie, doe turne his hand to any Treafon, or meelee the laws of this Kingdom, he shall be taken and punifhed as of fuch a nature.

Reg. Against.

Alb. Against.

Trumps.

Trumpet answers within.

Enter Edgar armed.

Alb. Ask him his purfposes, why he appears
Upon this Call of the Trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quallity, and why you anwer
This present Summons?

Edg. Know my name is loft
By Treafon's rooth: bace, grawne, and Canker-bit,
Yet am I Noble as the Adverfary
I come to copse.

Alb. Which is that Adverfary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of Glofle?

Boof. Himelfe, what lafit thou to him (?)

Edg. Draw thy Sword,
That if my speech offend a Noble heart,
Thy arm may doe thefc Jullice, here is mine:
Behold it is my priuiledge,
The priuiledge of mine Honours,
My oath, and my profession. I protest,
Maunge thy fhreath, place, youth, and eminence,
Defpite thy victir-Sword, and the new Fortune,
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor:
Fally to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,
Confiant, gainf this high illuftrious Prince,
And from this extremelv upvard of thy head,
To the difcent and duff below thy foote,
A moit Toad-spotted Traitor, Say thou no,  
This Sword, this arm, and my belf spirits are bent  
To proue upon thine heart, whereto I speake,  
Thou lyef.  

Baf. in wisedome I should ask thine name,  
But since thine out-side lookes to faire and Warlike,  
And that thine tongue (some say) of breeding breathes,  
What safe, and neatly I might well delay,  
By rule of Knights-hood, I disdaine and fume:  
Backe do I tolke these Treasons to thy head,  
With the hell-hated Lye, ore-whelme thy heart,  
Which for they yet glance by, and scarily bruife,  
This Sword of mine shall guie them instant way,  
Where they shall reft for euer. Trumpets speake.  

Gen. This is your father Gloucester,  
By th'law of Warre, thou woul not bound to answer  
An unknowne oppositive thou art not vainqu'd,  
But cend, and beguile.  

Alb. Shut your mouth Dame,  
Or with this paper shal I hop it? I hold Sir,  
Thou worfe then any name, reade thine owne eulle:  
No tearning Lady, I perceiue you know it.  
Gen. Say I do, she the lawes are mine not thine,  
Who can asaigne me not?  

Alb. Most monstrious! O, know'st thou this paper?  
Baf. Ask me not what I know.  
Alb. Go after her, she's depearte, governe her.  
Baf. What you have charg'd me with,  
That haste I done,  
And much more, more the more, the time will bring it out.  
'Tis paft, and we are. But what art thou  
That haft this Fortune on me? If thou't Noble,  
I do forgo thee.  

Edg. Let's exchange charity:  
I am no leffe in blood then thou art Edmund,  
If more, the more th'haft wrong'd me.  
My name is Edgar, and thy Fathers Sonne,  
The Gods are just, and of our pleadant vices  
Make instrumens to plague vs:  
The darke and visous place where thee he got,  
Cost him his eyes.  

Baf. Th'haft spoken right, 'tis true,  
The Wheele is come full circle, I am heere.  
Alb. Me thought thy very gare did prophesie  
A Royall Noblenesse; I must embrasse thee,  
Let forrow split my heart, if euer I  
Did hate thee, or thy father.  

Edg. Worthy Prince I know'st.  
Alb. Where haue thou hid thy selfe?  
How haue thou knowne the miseries of thy Father?  
Edg. By nurying them my Lord. Lif a breafe tale,  
And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burft.  
The bloody proclamation to escape  
That follow'd me to Rome, (O our liues sweetness,  
That we the paaine of death would hourly dye,  
Rather then die at once) taught me to flight  
Into a mid-man rags, t'allume 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, and him from dispaire.  
Neuer (O fault) yeer'd I my selfe woule him.  
Vntil some halfe hour past when I was am'd,  
Nor sure, though hoping of this good success,  
I ask'd his blesing, and from first to last  
Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart  
(Alack too weakes the enmity to support)  
Twist two extremes of paffion, joy and grieue,  
Burst smylingly.  

Baf. This speech of yours bath mou'd me,  
And shall percieve do good, but speake you on,  
You looke as you had something more to say,  
Alb. If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,  
For I am alreadie ready to disuile,  
Hearing of this.  

Enter a Gentleman.  

Edg. What kindes of helpe?  
Alb. Speake man.  
Edg. What means this bloody Knife?  
Gen. 'Tis hot, it smokes, it came euen from the heart of  
O the dead.  

Gen. Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Sister  
By her is poysfon'd: she confessest it.  
Baf. I was contracd to them both, all three  
Now marry in an instand.  
Edg. Here comes Kent.  

Enter Kent.  

Alb. Produce the bodys, be they alue or dead;  
Cornelius and Regan bastardes brought out.  
This judgemen of the Heauens that makes vs tribule.  
Touches vs not with pitty, O is this he?  
The time will not allow the complement  
Which very manners vrges.  

Kent. I am come  
To bid my King and Master aye good night.  
Is he not here?  

Alb. Great thing of vs forger,  
Speake Edmund, where's the King? and where's Cordelia?  
Seellt thou this obiect Kent?  
Kent. Alacke, why thus?  
Baf. Yet Edmund was belou'd:  
The one the other passion'd for my sake,  
And after flew herselfe.  

Alb. Even fo: cover their faces.  
Baf. I spake for life: some good I meanto do  
Deight of mine owne Nature. Quickly fend,  
(Be briefe in it) to the Castle, for my Writ  
Is on the life of Kent, and of Cordelia:  
Nay, send in time.  

Alb. Run, run, O run.  
Edg. To who my Lord? Who ha's the Office?  
Send thy token of repreace.  

Baf. Well thought on, take my Sword,  
Gie it the Captaine.  
Edg. Haft thee for thy life,  
Baf. He hath Comission from thy Wife and me,  
To hang Cordelia in the prision, and  
To lay the blame upon her owne dispaire,  
That she for did her selfe.  

Alb. The Gods defend her, beare him hence awhile.  

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his arms.  

Lear. Howle, howle, howle: O your art men of thones,  
Had I your tongues and eyes, If'd vie them so,  
Thus Heauens vault should cracke: she's gone for euer.  
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,  
She's dead as earth: Lend are a looking-glasse,
Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootless.

Steff. Edmund is dead my Lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.

You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent, what comfort to this great decay may come, shall be appli'd. For we will resigne, during the life of this old Majesty, to him our absolute power, you to your rights, with boone and such addition as your honours have more then meritid. All Friends shall taste the wages of their vertue, and all foes the cup of their despairings: O see, see.

Lear. And my poore Poole is hang'd; no, no, no life? Why should a Dog, a Horse, a Rat have life, and thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more, never, NEVER, never, never, never.

Pray you vado this Button. Thank you Sir, do you see this? Look on her. Look on her lips, look there, look there.


Edg. Look up my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghoist, O let him passe, he hates him, that would upon the wracke of this fough world stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gon indeed.

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

Alb. Betraye them from hence, our present businesse is general woe: Friends of my foule, you swaine, rule in this Realme, and the god’d fate fulfillane.

Kent. Tha'ts a journey Sir, shortly to go, my Master calls me, I must not stay no.

Edg. The weight of this fad time we must obey: Speake what we please, not what we ought to say: The oldst hath borne most, we that are yong, shall never see so much, nor live so long.

Exeunt with a dead March.