Sprint for Shakespeare Crowdfunding

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First publication edition. 

23 April 2014

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<note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. &amp; West, A.J. "The Shakespeare First Folios a
First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30

Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; 'gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo."

"The life and death of King John" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.

Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the reader". The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.
Predominantly printed in double columns.
Text within simple lined frame.
Editors’ dedication signed: John Heminge. Henry Condell.

Head- and tail- pieces; initials.
With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin-Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generall; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

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

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

For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.

Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to William Wildgoose on 17 February 1624 for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer Third Folio (<bibl><title>Third Folio</title> (1664)</bibl>). There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of "superfluous library books" to Richard Davis, a bookseller in Oxford, in 1664 for the sum of £24. After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of Richard Turbutt of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until 1906, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of £3000, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson,
The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)<p>
For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>

</ref target="http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/</ref>.</p>

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

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

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glou. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The King is coming.

Sennet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Re<sup>gan, Cordelia, and attendants.</sup>

Edm. At the Lords of France & Burgundy, Gloster:

Glou. I shall, my Lord.

Exit.

Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker purpose.

Glou. Give me the Map there. Know, that we have divided

In three our Kingdom: and 'tis our first intent,

To shake all Cares and Business from our Age,

Conferring them on younger strengths, while we

Unburthen'd crawl towards death. Our son of Cornwall,

And you our no less loving Son of Albany,

We have this hour a constant will to publish

Our daughters severall Dowers, that future strife

May be prevented now. The Princes, France &

Great Rivals in your youngest daughters love,

Long in our Court, have made their amorous sojourn,

And here are to be answer'd. Tell me my daughters
(Since now we will diuest vs both of Rule, Interest of Territory, Cares of State)
Which of you shall we say doth loue vs most,
That we, our largest bountie may extend,
Where Nature doth with merit challenge.

Gon: Sir, I loue you more then word can weild y matter,
Deerer then eye‐sight, space, and libertie,
Beyond what can be valewed, rich or rare,
No lesse then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor:
As much as Childe ere lou'd, or Father found.
A loue that makes breath poore, and speech vnable,
Beyond all manner of so much I loue you.

Cor: What shall Cordelia speake? Loue, and be silent.

Lear: Of all these bounds euen from this Line, to this,
With shadowie Forrests, and with Champains rich'd
With plenteous Riuers, and wide‐skirted Meades
We make thee Lady. To thine and Albanies issues
Be this perpetuall. What sayes our second Daughter?
Our deerest Regan, wife of Cornwall?

Reg: I am made of that selfe‐mettle as my Sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,
I finde she names my very deede of loue:
Onely she comes too short, that I professe
My selfe an enemy to all other ioyes,
Which the most precious square of sense professes,
And finde I am alone felicitate
In your deere Highnesse loue.

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

To thee, and thine hereditarie euer, Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome, No lesse in space, validitie, and pleasure Then that confer'd on Gonerill. Now our Ioy, Although our last and least; to whose yong loue, The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie, Striue to be interest. What can you say, to draw A third, more opilent then your Sisters? Speake.

Nothing my Lord.

Nothing?

Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue My heart into my mouth: I loue your Maiesty According to my bond, no more nor lesse.

Nothing will come of nothing, speake agaïne.

Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue My heart into my mouth: I loue your Maiesty According to my bond, no more nor lesse.

How, how Cordelia? Mend your speech a little;

Least you may marre your Fortunes.
Good my Lord,
You haue begot me, bred me, lou'd me.
I returne those duties backe as are right fit,
Obey you, Loue you, and most Honour you.
Why haue my Sisters Husbands, if they say
They loue you all? Happily when I shall wed,
Halfe my loue with him, halfe my Care, and Dutie,
Sure I shall neuer marry like my Sisters.

But goes thy heart with this?
I my good Lord.
Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dowre:
For by the sacred radience of the Sunne,
The miseries of Heccat and the night:
By all the operation of the Orbes,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
Heere I disclaime all my Paternall care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for euer. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
to gorge his appetite, shall to my bosome,
Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and releeu'd,
As thou my sometime Daughter.

Peace Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosome,
Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and releeu'd,
As thou my sometime Daughter.
Come not betwixt the Dragon and his wrath,

I lou'd her most, and thought to set my rest

On her kind nursery. Hence and avoid my sight:

So be my graue my peace, as here I giue

Her Fathers heart from her; call France,

who stirres?

Call Burgundy, Cornwall, and 

With my two Daughters Dowres, digest the third,

Let pride, which she cals plainnesse, marry her:

I doe inuest you ioyntly with my power,

Preheminence, and all the large effects

That troope with Maiesty. Our selfe by Monthly course,

By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode

Make with you by due turne, onely we shall retaine

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

Reuennew, Execution of the rest,

Beloued Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,

This Coronet part betweene you.

Kent.

Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,

Lou'd as my Father, as my Master

As my great Patron thought on in my praiers.

Royall Lear,

Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,

Lou'd as my Father, as my Master

As my great Patron thought on in my praiers.

Kent.

Lear,

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

Think'st thou that dutie shall haue dread to speake,

When power to flattery bowes?

To plainnesse honour's bound.

When Maiesty falls to folly, reserve thy state,

And in thy best consideration checke

<cb n="2"/>
This hideous rashnesse, answere my life, my judgement:

Thy yongest Daughter do's not loue thee least,

Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sounds reverbe no hollownesse.

Kent, on thy life no more.

See better Lear, and let me still remaine the true blanke of thine eie.

Now by Apollo, King Thou swear'st thy Gods in vaine.

O Vassal! Miscreant.

Kill thy Physition, and thy fee bestow vpon the foule disease, reuoke thy guift, or whil'st I can vent clamour from my throate, Ile tell thee thou dost euill.
Lea.

Hear me recreant, on thine allegiance hear me; That thou hast sought to make us break our vows, Which we durst never yet; and with strain'd pride,

To come betwixt our sentences, and our power, Which, nor our nature, nor our place can bear; Our potentie made good, take thy reward.

Five days we do allot thee for provision, To shield thee from disasters of the world.

And on the sixth to turn thee hated backe Upon our kingdom: if on the tenth day following, Thy banished trunk be found in our Dominions,

The moment is thy death, away. By Jupiter,

This shall not be revoked,

Kent.

Fare thee well King, sith thus thou wilt appear,

Freedome lives hence, and banishment is here; The Gods to their dear shelter take thee Maid,

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said:

And your large speeches, may your deeds approve,

That good effects may spring from words of love:

Thus, O Princes, bids you all adieu,

Hee'l shape his old course, in a Country new.

Exit.

Flourish.

Enter Gloster with France, and Burgundy, Attendants.

Heere's France and Burgundy, my Noble Lord.

My Lord of Burgundie, we first addressse toward you, who with this King

Hath rivald for our Daughter: what in the least?

Will you require in present Dower with her,

Or cease your quest of Loue?

Lear.

My Lord of Burgundie, we first addressse toward you, who with this King

Hath rivald for our Daughter: what in the least?

Will you require in present Dower with her,

Or cease your quest of Loue?

Bur.
Most Royall Maiesty,

I craue no more then hath your Highnesse offer'd,

Nor will you tender lesse?

Right Noble Burgundy, When she was deare to vs, we did hold her so,

But now her price is fallen: Sir, there she stands,

If ought within that little seeming substance,

Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,

And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,

Shee's there, and she is yours.

I know no answer.

Will you with those infirmities she owes,

Unfriend, new adopted to our hate,

Down'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,

Take her or, leaue her.

Pardon me Royall Sir,

Election makes not vp in such conditions.

Then leaue her sir, for by the powre that made me,

I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,

I would not from your loue make such a stray,

To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you

T'auert your liking a more worthier way,

Then on a wretch whom Nature is asham'd

Almost t'acknowledge hers.

Par-

The Tragedie of King Lear.

Pardon me Royall Sir,

Election makes not vp in such conditions.
This is most strange,
That she whom euen but now, was your object,
The argument of your praise, balme of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of
time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of fauour: sure her offence
That monsters it: Or your fore-voucht
affection
Fall into taint, which to believe of her
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

I yet beseech your Maiesty.
If for I want that glib and oylie Art,
To speake and purpose not, since what I will intend,
Ile do't before I speake, that you make knowne
It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulensesse,
No vnchaste action or dishonoured step
That hath depriv'd me of your Grace and fauour,
But euen for want of that, for which I am richer,
A still soliciting eye, and such a tongue,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Better thou had'st not beene borne, then not haue pleas'd me

Is it but this? A tardinesse in nature,
Which often leave the history vnspoke
That it intends to do: my Lord of

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

Giue but that portion which your selfe propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand.

Dutchesse of Burgundie.

Nothing, I haue sworne, I am firme.

I am sorry then you haue so lost a Father.

That you must loose a husband.

I am sorry then you haue so lost a Father.

That you must loose a husband.

Peac Burgundie.

Since that respect and Fortunes are his loue,

I shall not be his wife.

Peace be with Burgundie, since that respect and Fortunes are his loue.

I shall not be his wife.

Most rich being poore,

Most choise forsaken, and most lou'd despis'd,

Thee and thy vertues here I seize vpon,

Be it lawfull I take vp what's cast away.

My Loue should kindle to enflame'd respect.

Thy dowrelesse Daughter King, throwne to my chance,

Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire France.

Not all the Dukes of watrish Burgundy.

Can buy this vnpriz'd precious Maid of me.

Bid them farewell Cordelia, though vnkinde,

Thou loosest here a better where to finde.

Thou hast her France, let her be thine, for we

Haue no such Daughter, nor shall euer see

That face of hers againe, therfore be gone.

Without our Grace, our Loue, our Benizon:

Come Noble Burgundie.
Flo\textit{ri}h.\textit{Exeunt.}

Fra. Bid farwell to your Sisters.

Cor. The Jewels of our Father, with wash'd eies Cordelia leaves you, I know you what you are,

And like a Sister am most loth to call.

Your faults as they are named. Loue well our Father:

To your professed bosomes I commit him,

But yet alas, stood I within his Grace,

I would prefer him to a better place,

So farewell to you both.

Prescribe not vs our dutie.

Let your study be to content your Lord, who hath receiu'd you at Fortunes almes, you haue obedience scanteth,

And well are worth the want that you haue wanted.

Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides,

Who couers faults, at last with shame derides:

Well may you prosper.

Come my faire Cordelia.

Exit France and Cor.

Sister, it is not little I haue to say,

Of what most neerely appertaines to vs both,

I thinke our Father will hence to night. with vs.
That's most certaine, and with you: next moneth

You see how full of changes his age is, the obseruation we haue made of it hath beene little; he always lou'd our Sister most, and with what poore iudgement he hath now cast her off, appeares too grossely.

'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath euer but slenderly knowne himself.

The best and soundest of his time hath bin but rash, then must we looke from his age, to receiue not a-lone the imperfections of long Ingrasfed condition, but therewithall the vnruly waywardnesse, that infirme and cholericke yeares bring with them.

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

There is further complement of leaue-taking be-tweene France and him, pray you let vs sit together, if our Father carry authority with such disposition as he beares, this last surrender of his will but offend vs.

We shall further thinke of it.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Bastard.

Thou Nature art my Goddesse, to thy Law
My seruices are bound, wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custome, and permit
The curiosity of Nations, to deprive me?
For that I am some twelue, or fourteene Moonshines
Lag of a Brother? Why Bastard? Wherefore base?
When my Dimensions are as well compact,
My minde as generous, and my shape as true
As honest Madams issue? Why brand they vs
With Base? With basenes Bastardie? Base, Base?
Who in the lustie stealth of Nature, take
More composition, and fierce qualitie,
Then doth within a dull stale tyred bed
Goe to th' creating a whole tribe of Fops
Got 'tweene a sleepe, and wake? Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must haue your land,
Our Fathers loue, is to the Bastard
As to th'legitimate: fine word: Legitimate.
Well, my Legittmate, if this Letter speed,
And my inuention thriue, the base
Shall to'th'Legitimate: I grow, I prosper:
Now Gods, stand vp for Bastards.

Enter Gloucester.

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

Enter Gloucester.

Thou Nature art my Goddesse, to thy Law
My seruices are bound, wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custome, and permit
The curiosity of Nations, to deprive me?
For that I am some twelue, or fourteene Moonshines
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Well, my Legittmate, if this Letter speed,
And my inuention thriue, the base
Shall to'th'Legitimate: I grow, I prosper:
Now Gods, stand vp for Bastards.
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
<p>So please your Lordship, none.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">
<p>Why so earnestly seeke you to put vp y Letter?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-bas">
<p>I know no newes, my Lord.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">
<p>What Paper were you reading?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-bas">
<p>Nothing my Lord.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">
<p>No? what needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your Pocket? The quality of nothing, hath not such neede to hide it selfe. Let's see: come, if it bee no-thing, I shall not neede Spectacles.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-bas">
<p>I beseech you Sir, pardon mee; it is a Letter from my Brother, that I haue not all ore-read; and for so much as I haue perus'd, I finde it not fit for your ore-loo-king.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">
<p>Giue me the Letter, Sir.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-bas">
<p>I shall offend, either to detaine, or giue it: The Contents, as in part I vnderstand them, Are too blame.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">
<p>Let's see, let's see.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-bas">
<p>I hope for my Brothers iustification, hee wrote
this but as an essay, or taste of my Vertue.

This policie, and reverence of Age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times: keepes our Fortunes from vs, till our oldnesse cannot rellish them. I begin to finde an idle

and fond bondage, in the oppression of aged tyranny, who sw ayes not as it hath power, but as it is suffer'd. Come to me, that of this I may speake more. If our Father would sleepe till I wak'd him, you should enjoy halfe his Reuennew for euer, and liue the beloued of your Brother. Edgar. Hum? Conspiracy? Sleepe till I wake him, you should enjoy halfe his Reuennew: my Sonne, had hee a hand to write this? A heart and braine to breede it in?

When came you to this? Who brought it?

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

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

You know the character to be your Brothers?

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

Bast.  

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

Glo.  

Has he neuer before sounded you in this busines?  

Bast.  

Neuer my Lord. But I haue heard him oft main-taine it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers declin'd, the Father should bee as Ward to the Son, and the Sonne manage his Reuennew.  

Glou.  

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

Bast.  

I do not well know my L. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my Brother, til you can deriue from him better testimony of his intent, you shold run a certaine course: where, if you violently proceed a-gainst him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your owne Honor, and shake in peeces, the heart of your obedience. I dare pawne downe my life for him, that he hath writ this to feele my affection to your Honor, to no other pretence of danger.  

Glo.  

Thinke you so?  

Bast.  

If your Honor iudge it meete, I will place you where you shall heare vs conferre of this, and by an Auricular assurance haue your satisfaction, and that without any further delay, then this very Euening.  
He cannot bee such a Monster. Edmond
seeke him out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the 
Bu-sinesse after your owne wisedome. I would 
vnstate my selfe, to be in a due resolution.</p>

I will seeke him Sir, presently: conuey the bu-sinesse 
as I shall find meanes, and acquaint you 
withall.</p>

These late Eclipses in the Sun and Moone por-tend no 
good to vs: though the wisedome of Nature can reason it 
thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it selfe scourg'd 
by the sequent effects. Loue cooles, 
friendship falls off, Brothers diuide. In Cities, 
mutinies; in Countries, dis-cord; in Pallaces, 
Treason; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt Sonne and Father. This villaine of mine comes vnder the 
prediction; there's Son against 
Father, the King falls from byas of Nature, there's Father 
against Childe. We haue seene the best of our 
time. Machinations, hollownesse, treacherie, and all 
ruinous disorders follow vs disquietly to our Graues. Find 
out this Villain, , it shall lose 
thee nothing, do it carefully: and the Noble & true-har-ted Kent banish'd; his 
offence, honesty. 'Tis strange.</p>

Exit</p>

This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we 
sicke in fortune, often the surfets of our own 
behauour, we make guilty of our disasters, the Sun, 
the Moone, and Starres, as if we were villaines on 
necessitie, Fooles by heauenly compulsion, Knaues, 
Theeuces, and Treachers by Sphericall predominance. 
Drunkards, Ly-ars, and Adulterers by an 
inforc'd obedience of Planetary influence; 
and all that we are euill in, by a diuine 
thur-sting on. An admirable euasion of 
Whore-master-man, to lay his Goatish 
disposition on the charge of a Starre, My father 
compounded with my mother vnder the Dra-gons, 
and my Natuïty was vnder Vrsa Maior, so
that it followes, I am rough and Leacherous. I should
haue bin that I am, had the maidenlest Starre in the
Fir-mament twinkled on my bastardizing.

Enter Edgar.

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

Edg. How now Brother Edmond, what serious
con-templation are you in?

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

Edg. Do you busie your selfe with that?

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

When saw you my Father last?

The night gone by.

Spake you with him?

I, two houres together.

Spoke you with him?

I, two houres together.

I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeede
vnhappily.

When saw you my Father last?

The night gone by.

Spake you with him?

I, two houres together.

I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeede
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vnhappily.

When saw you my Father last?

The night gone by.

Spake you with him?

I, two houres together.

I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeede
vnhappily.
Bast. Bethink your selfe wherein you may haue offen-ded him: and at my entreaty forbeare his presence, untill some little time hath quailfied the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mis-

chief of your person, it would scarsely alay.

Edg. Some Villaine hath done me wrong.

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

Edg. Arm'd, Brother?

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

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon?

Exit.

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

Exit. 

Enter Gonerill, and Steward. 

Gon. Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chi-ding of his Foole?

Ste. I Madam.

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

Ste. Well Madam.

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

Ste. Well Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights haue colder lookes among you: what growes of it no matter, advise your fellowes.

So, Ile write
straight to my Sister to hold my course; pre-pare for dinner.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Kent. If but as will I other accents borrow, That can my speech defuse, my good intent May carry through it selve to that full issue For which I raiz'd my likenesse. Now banisht

Enter Lear and Attendants.

Let me not stay a iot for dinner, go get it rea-dy: 

A man Sir. 

What dost thou professe? What would'st thou

with vs?

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

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

Lear.

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

Kent.

Seruice.

Lear.

Who wouldst thou serue?

Kent.

You.

Lear.

Do'st thou know me fellow?

Kent.

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

Lear.

What seruices canst thou do?

Kent.

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

How old art thou?

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

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

Enter Steward.

So please you ———-

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

He saies my Lord, your Daughters is not well.

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

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

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

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

I haue percieued a most faint neglect of late, which I haue rather blamed as mine owne iealous curiosite, then as a very pretence and purpose of vnkindnesse; I will looke further into't: but where's my Foole? I haue not seene him this two daies.

I haue percieued a most faint neglect of late, which I haue rather blamed as mine owne iealous curiosite, then as a very pretence and purpose of vnkindnesse; I will looke further into't: but where's my Foole? I haue not seene him this two daies.

Sir, the Foole hath much pined away.

No more of that, I haue noted it well, goe you and tell my Daughter, I would speake with her. Goe you call hither my Foole; Oh you Sir, you, come you hither Sir?
<speaker rend="italic">Ste.</speaker>  
<p>My Ladies Father.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<p>My Ladies Father? my Lords knaue, you whor-son dog, you slaue, you curre.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
<speaker rend="italic">Ste.</speaker>  
<p>I am none of these my Lord, I beseech your pardon.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<p>Do you bandy lookes with me, you Rascall?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ste">  
<speaker rend="italic">Ste.</speaker>  
<p>Ile not be strucken my Lord.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<p>Nor tript neither, you base Foot-ball plaier.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<p>I thanke thee fellow. Thou seru'st me, and Ile loue thee.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">  
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>  
<p>Come sir, arise, away, Ile teach you differences: away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length a-gaine, tarry, but away, goe too, haue you wisedome, so.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<p>Now my friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's earnest of thy seruice.</p>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Foole.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-lr-foo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>  
<p>Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcombe.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>  
<p>How now my pretty knaue, how dost thou?</p>  
</sp>
who='#F-Ir-foo'>
<p>Sirrah, you were best take my Coxcombe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who='#F-Ir-lea'>
<p>Why my Boy?</p>
</sp>
<sp who='#F-Ir-foo'>
<p>Why? for taking ones part that's out of fauour, <lb/>nay, &amp; thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'l catch <lb/>colde shortly, there take my Coxcombe; why this fellow <lb/>ha's banish'd two on's Daughters, and did the third a <lb/>blessing against his will, if thou follow him, thou must <lb/>needs weare my Coxcombe, How now Nunckle? would <lb/>I had two Coxcombes and two Daughters.</p>
</sp>
<sp who='#F-Ir-lea'>
<p>Why my Boy?</p>
</sp>
<sp who='#F-Ir-foo'>
<p>If I gaue them all my liuing, I'ld keepe my Cox-combes <lb/>my selfe, there's mine, beg another of thy <lb/>Daughters.</p>
</sp>
<sp who='#F-Ir-lea'>
<p>Take heed Sirrah, the whip.</p>
</sp>
<sp who='#F-Ir-foo'>
<p>Truth's a dog must to kennell, hee must bee whipt out, when the Lady Brach may stand by'th' fire <lb/>and stinke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who='#F-Ir-lea'>
<p>A pestilent gall to me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who='#F-Ir-foo'>
<p>Sirha, Ile teach thee a speech.</p>
</sp>
<sp who='#F-Ir-lea'>
<p>Lear.</p>
</sp>
Do.

Marke it Nuncle;#F-lr-foo
Haue more then thou showest,#F-lr-foo
Speake lesse then thou knowest,#F-lr-foo
Lend lesse then thou owest,#F-lr-foo
Ride more then thou goest,#F-lr-foo
Learne more then thou trowest,#F-lr-foo
Set lesse then thou throwest,#F-lr-foo
Leaue thy drinke and thy whore,#F-lr-foo
And keepe in a dore,#F-lr-foo
And thou shalt haue more,#F-lr-foo
Then two tens to a score,#F-lr-foo

This is nothing Foole.#F-lr-foo
Then 'tis like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer,#F-lr-foo
you gauue me nothing for't, can you make no vse of no-thing #F-lr-foo
Nuncle?#F-lr-foo

Why no Boy,#F-lr-foo
Nothing can be made out of nothing,#F-lr-foo

Prythee tell him, so much the rent of his land #F-lr-foo
comes to, he will not beleue a Foole.#F-lr-foo

A bitter Foole.#F-lr-foo
Do'st thou know the difference my Boy,#F-lr-foo
bet-weene #F-lr-foo
a bitter Foole, and a sweet one.#F-lr-foo

No Lad, teach me.#F-lr-foo
Nunckle, giue me an egge, and Ile giue thee two Crownes.

What two Crownes shall they be?

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

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

When were you wont to be so full of Songs sirrah?

I haue vsed it Nunckle, ere since thou mad'st thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gau'st them the rod, and put'st downe thine owne breeches, then they

For sodaine ioy did weepe,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a King should play bo-peepe,
And goe the Foole among.

Pry'thy Nunckle keepe a Schoolemaster that can teach thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gau'st them the rod, and put'st downe thine owne breeches, then they

For sodaine ioy did weepe,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a King should play bo-peepe,
And goe the Foole among.

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

And you lie sirrah, wee'l haue you whipt.

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

Enter Gonerill.

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

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

Mum, mum, he that keepes nor crust, nor crum, Weary of all, shall want some. That's a sheal'd Pescod.

Not only Sir this, your all-lycenc'd Foole,
But other of your insolent retinue Do hourely Carpe and Quarrell, breaking forth In ranke, and (not to be endur'd) riots Sir.
I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you, To haue found a safe redresse, but now grow fearefull By what your selfe too late haue spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it on By your allowance, which if you should, the fault Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleepe, Which in the tender of a wholesome weale, Mighty in their working do you that offence, Which else were shame, that then necessitie Will call di

Unusally, a spacemarker appears in a medial position in this word. It has been inked, presumably erroneously. Proceeding.
Cuckoo so long, that it's had it head bit off by it young, so out went the Candle, and we were left dark-ling.

Lear.

Are you our Daughter?

Gon.

I would you would make vse of your good wise-dome (Whereof I know you are fraught), and put away These dispositions, which of late transport you From what you rightly are.

Foole.

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

Whoop Iugge I loue thee.

Foole.

Lear.

Do's any heere know me? This is not Lear: Do's Lear walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his eies? Either his Notion weakens, his Discernings Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so? Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Foole.

Your name, faire Gentlewoman?

Gon.

This admiration Sir, is much o' th' sauour Of other your new prankes. I do beseech you To vnderstand my purposes aright:
As you are Old, and Reuerend, should be Wise.

Heere do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires.

Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold.

That this our Court infected with their manners.

Shewes like a riotous Inne; Epicurisme and Lust.

Makes it more like a Tauerne, or a Brothell.

Then a grac'd Pallace. The shame it selfe doth speake.

For instant remedy. Be then desir'd.

By her, that else will take the thing she begges.

A little to disquantity your Traine.

And the remainders that shall still depend.

To be such men as may besort your Age.

Which know themselves, and you.

Lear.

Darknesse, and Diuels.

Saddle my horses: call my Traine together.

Degenerate Bastard, Ile not trouble thee;

Yet haue I left a daughter.

You strike my people, and your disorder'd rable,

make Seruants of their Betters.

Pray Sir be patient.

Woe, that too late repents:

Is it your will, speake Sir? Prepare my Horses.

Ingratitude! thou Marble‐hearted Fiend,

More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a Child,

Then the Sea‐monster.

Alb.

Pray Sir be patient.

Detested Kite, thou yeast.

My Traine are men of choice, and rarest parts;

That all particulars of dutie know,

And in the most exact regard, support

The worships of their name. O most small fault,

How ugly did'st thou in Cordelia shew?

Which like an Engine, wrencht my frame of Nature

From the fixt place: drew from my heart all loue,

And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear,
Lear! Beate at this gate that let thy Folly in, And thy deere judgement out. Go, go, my people.

Alb. My Lord, I am guiltlesse, as I am ignorant

Lear. It may be so, my Lord. Heare Nature, heare deere Goddesse, heare:

Alb. Create her childe of Spleene, that it may lieu

Lear. Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,

Gon. Neuer afflict your selfe to know more of it:

Lear. What fiftie of my Followers at a clap?

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?
Lear.

Ile tell thee:

Life and death, I am asham'd

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,

That these hot teares, which breake from me perforce

Should make thee worth them.

Blastes and Fogges vpon thee:

Th'vntented woundings of a Fathers curse

Pierce euerie sense about thee. Old fond eyes,

Beweepe this cause againe, Ile plucke ye out,

And cast you with the waters that you loose

To temper Clay. Ha? Let it be so.

I haue another daughter,

Who I am sure is kinde and comfortable:

When she shall heare this of thee, with her nailes

Shee'l flea thy Woluish visage. Thou shalt

finde,

That Ile resume the shape which thou dost thinke

I haue cast off for euer.

Exit

Gon.

Do you marke that?

Alb.

I cannot be so partiall

Gonerill,

To the great loue I beare you.

Gon.

Pray you content. What

Oswald, hoa?

You Sir, more Knaue then Foole, after your Master.

Foole.

Nunkle

Lear, Nunkle

Lear,

Tarry, take the Foole with thee:

A Fox, when one has caught her,

And such a Daughter,

Should sure to the Slaughter,

If my Cap would buy a Halter,

So the Foole followes after.

Exit

Gon.
This man hath had good Counsell.

A hundred Knights?

'Tis politike, and safe to let him keepe

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

Each buz, each fancie, each complaint, dislike,

He may enguard his dotage with their powres,

And hold our liues in mercy.

Oswald, I say.

Well, you may feare too farre.

Safer then trust too farre;

Let me still take away the harmes I feare,

Not feare still to be taken. I know his heart,

What he hath utter'd I haue writ my Sister:

If she sustaine him, and his hundred Knights

When I haue shew'd th'vnfitnesse.

Enter Steward.

How now Oswald?

What haue you writ that Letter to my Sister?

I Madam.

Take you some company, and away to horse,

Informe her full of my particular feare,

And thereto adde such reasons of your owne,

As may compact it more. Get you gone,

And hasten your returne; no, no, my Lord,

This milky gentlenesse, and course of yours

Though I condemne not, yet vnder pardon

You are much more at task for want of wisedome,

Then prais'd for harmefull mildnesse.

How farre your eies may pierce I cannot tell;

Striuing to better, oft we marre what's well.
Nay then———

Well, well, th'euent.

Exeunt.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole.

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

I will not sleepe my Lord, till I haue delivered your Letter.

If a mans braines were in's heeles, wert not in danger of kybes?

Then I prythee be merry, thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

Ha, ha, ha.

Shalt see thy other Daughter will vse thee kind-ly,
for though she's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.<p></p>

Lear.<p>What can't tell Boy?</p>

Foole.<p>She will taste as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a Crab: thou canst, tell why one's nose stands i'th' middle on's face?</p>

Lear.<p>I did her wrong.</p>

Foole.<p>Can't tell how an Oyster makes his shell?</p>

Lear.<p>No.</p>

Foole.<p>Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snaile ha's a house.</p>
I will forget my Nature, so kind a Father? Be my Horsse ready?

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

Because they are not eight.

Yes indeed, thou would'st make a good Foole.

To tak't againe perforce; Monster Ingratitude! for being old before thy time.

How's that?

Thou shouldst not haue bin old, till thou hadst bin wise.

O let me not be mad, not mad sweet Heauen: keepe me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are the Horses ready?
<speaker rend="italic">Fool.</speaker>
<l>She that's a Maid now, & laughs at my departure,</l>
<l>Shall not be a Maid long, vnlesse things be cut shorter.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
</div>
</div>
</div>
</div>
</div>
</div>
</div>

<sp who="#F-lr-bas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
  <p>Saue thee <hi rend="italic">Curan</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-cur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cur.</speaker>
  <p>And you Sir, I haue bin</p>
  <p>With your Father, and giuen him notice</p>
  <p>That the Duke of <hi rend="italic">Cornwall</hi>; and <hi rend="italic">Regan</hi> his Duchesse</p>
  <p>Will be here with him this night.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-bas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
  <p>How comes that?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-cur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cur.</speaker>
  <p>Nay I know not, you haue heard of the newes a-broad,</p>
</sp>

<lb>I meane the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.</lb>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-bas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
  <p>Not I: pray you what are they?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-cur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cur.</speaker>
  <p>Haue you heard of no likely Warres toward,</p>
  <p>'Twixt the Dukes of <hi rend="italic">Cornwall</hi>; and <hi rend="italic">Albany</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-bas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
  <p>Not a word.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-cur">

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

You may do then in time,

Fare you well Sir.</speaker>

Exit.</stage>

Bast.</speaker>

The Duke be here to night? The better best,

This weaues it selfe perforce into my businesse,

My Father hath set guard to take my Brother,

And I have one thing of a queazie question

Which I must act, Briefenesse, and Fortune

worke.</l>

Enter Edgar.</stage>

Brother, a word, descend; Brother I say,

My Father watches: O Sir, fly this place,

Intelligence is giuen where you are hid,

You haue now the good aduantage of the night,

Haue you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornewall?</l>

i'th' haste,/<l>

And Regan with him, haue you nothing said<br/>

Vpon his partie 'gainst the Duke of Albany?</l>

Aduise your selfe.</l>

I am sure on't, not a word.</p>

Bast.</speaker>

I heare my Father comming, pardon me:

In cunning, I must draw my Sword vpon you:

Draw, seeme to defend your selfe,

Now quit you well.

Yeeld, come before my Father, light hoa, here,

Fly Brother, Torches, Torches, so farewell.</l>

Some blood drawne on me, would beget opinion

Of my more fierce endeauour. I haue seene drunkards

Do more then this in sport; Father, Father,

Stop, stop, no helpe?</l>

Enter Gloster, and Seruants with Torches.</stage>

Glo.</speaker>
<p>Now <hi rend="italic">Edmund</hi> where's the villaine?</p>

<sp who="#F-lr-bas">
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
</sp>

Here stood he in the dark, his sharpe Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charmes, conjuring the Moone
To stand auspicious Mistris.

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">
<speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
</sp>

But where is he?

<sp who="#F-lr-bas">
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
</sp>

Looke Sir, I bleed.

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">
<speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
</sp>

Where is the villaine, <hi rend="italic">Edmund</hi>?

<sp who="#F-lr-bas">
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
</sp>

Fled this way Sir, when by no meanes he could.

<sp who="#F-lr-glo">
<speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
</sp>

Pursue him, ho: go after. By no meanes, what?

<sp who="#F-lr-bas">
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
</sp>

Perswade me to the murther of your Lordship,
'Gainst Paricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and strong a Bond
The Child was bound to' th' Father; Sir in fine,

Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his vnnaturall purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My vnprouided body, latch'd mine arme;
And when he saw my best alarum'd spirits
Bold in the quarrels right, rouz'd to th' encounter,

Or whether gasted by the noyse I made,
Full sodainely he fled.
Let him fly farre:
Not in this Land shall he remaine vncaught
And found; dispatch, the Noble Duke my Master,
By his authoritie I will proclaime it,
That he which finds him shall deserue our thankes,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the stake:
He that conceales him death.

When I disswaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to doe it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discouer him; he replied,
Thou vnpossessing Bastard, dost thou thinke,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposall
Of any trust, vertue, or worth in thee
(As this I would, though thou didst produce
My very Character) I'ld turne it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practise:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potentiall spirits
To make thee seeke it.

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

Enter Cornewall, Regan, and Attendants.

How now my Noble friend, since I came hither
(Which I can call but now,) I haue heard strangenesse.
If it be true, all vengeance comes too short; which can pursue th'offender; how dost my Lord? 

What, did my Fathers Godsonne seeke your life? He whom my Father nam'd, your Edgar? 

I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad. 

Yes Madam, he was of that consort. 

No maruaile then, though he were ill affected, 'Tis they have put him on the old mans death, To haue th'expence and wast of his Reuenues: I haue this present euening from my Sister, and with such cautions, That if they come to soiourne at my house, Ile not be there. 

Nor I, assure thee Regan; 

I heare that you haue shewne your
A Child-like Office.

It was my duty Sir.

He did bewray his practise, and receiu'd this hurt you see, striuing to apprehend him.

Is he pursued?

I my good Lord.

If he be taken, he shall neuer more be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpose, how in my strength you please: for you, Whose vertue and obedience doth this instant so much commend it selfe, you shall be ours, Nature's of such deepe trust, we shall much need:

You we first seize on.

I shall serue you Sir truely, how euer else.

For him I thanke your Grace.

You know not why we came to visit you?

Thus out of season, thredding darke ey'd night, Occasions Noble of some prize,

Wherein we must haue vse of your aduise.
Our Father he hath writ, so hath our Sister;
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answere from our home: the seuerall Messengers
From hence attend dispatch, our good old Friend.
Lay comforts to your bosome, and bestow
Your needfull counsaile to our businesses,
Which craues the instant vse.

Glo. I serue you Madam,
Your Graces are right welcome.

Enter Kent, and Steward seuerally.
Good dawning to thee Frien, art of this house?
I.
Where may we set our horses?
I'th' myre.
Prythee, if thou lou'st me, tell me.
I loue thee not.
Why then I care not for thee.
If I had thee in <hi rend="italic">Lipsbury</hi> Pinfold, I would make thee care for me. </p>

Why do'st thou vse me thus? I know thee not. </p>

Wha<gap/> do'st thou know me for? </p>

A Knaue, a Rascall, an eater of broken meates, a <lb/>base, proud, shallow, beggerly, three-suited-hundred <lb/>pound, filthy woosted-stocking knaue, a Lilly-liuered, <lb/>action-taking, whoreson glasse-gazing super-seruiceable <lb/>finicall Rogue, one Trunke-inheriting slaue, one that <lb/>would'st be a Baud in way of good seruice, and art no-thing <lb/>but the composition of a Knaue, Begger, Coward, <lb/>Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrill Bitch, <lb/>one whom I will beate into clamours whining, if thou <lb/>deny'st the least sillable of thy addition. </p>

Why, what a monstrous Fellow art thou, thus <lb/>to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor <lb/>knowes thee? </p>

Why, what a monstros Fellow thou art, thus <lb/>to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor <lb/>knowes thee? </p>

What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny <lb/>thou knowest me? Is it two dayes since I tript vp thy <lb/>heeles, and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue, </p>

for though it be night, yet the Moone shines, Ile make a <lb/>sop oth' Moonshine of you, you whoreson Cullyenly
Barber-monger, draw.

Away, I haue nothing to do with thee.

Draw you Rascall, you come with Letters a-against the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part, a-against the Royaltie of her Father: draw you Rogue, or Ile so carbonado your shanks, draw you Rascall, come your waies.

Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Strike you slaue: stand rogue, stand you neat slaue, strike.

How now, what's the matter? Part.

With you goodman Boy, if you please, come, Ile flesh ye, come on yong Master.

With you goodman Boy, if you please, come, Ile flesh ye, come on yong Master.

Weapons? Armes? What's the matter here?

Keepe peace vpon your liues, he dies that strikes againe, what is the matter?

The Messengers from our Sister, and the King?
What is your difference, speake?

I am scarce in breath my Lord.

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

No Maruell, you haue so bestir'd your valour, made thee.

Thou whoreson Zed, thou vnnecessary letter: my Lord, if you will giue me leaue, I will tread this vn-boulted villaine into morter, and daube the wall of a Iakes with him. Spare my gray-beard, you wagtaile?

Peace sirrah, You beastly knaue, know you no reuerence?

You beastly knaue, know you no reuerence?
Cor. Why art thou angerie?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Like rats oft bite the holy cords a twaine,

Which are in intricate, in loose: smooth every passion

In the natures of their Lords rebell,

Revenge, a firm, and turne their Halcion beaks

Smoile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum Plaine,

I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. Why do'st thou call him knave?

What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers
Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine,
I haue seene better faces in my Time,
Then stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me, at this instant.

This is some Fellow,
Who hauing beene prais'd for bluntnesse, doth affect
A saucy roughnes, and constraines the garb
Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he,
And they will take it so, if not, hee's plaine.
These kind of Knaues I know, which in this plainnesse
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Then twenty silly-ducking obseruants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Vnder th'allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence like the wreath of radient fire
On flickring Phoebus front.

What mean'st by this?
To go out of my dialect, which you discom-mend
so much; I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that be-guild
you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knaue, which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me too't.

What was th'offence you gaue him?
To strike at me vpon his misconstruction.
When he compact, and flattering his displeasure
Tript me behind; being downe, insulted, rail'd,
And put vpon him such a deale of Man,
That worthied him, got praises of the King.
For him attempting, who was selfe-subdued,
And in the fleshment of this dead exploit,
Drew on me here againe.

Kent.
None of these Rogues, and Cowards
But Aiax is there Foole.

Kent.
Sir, I am too old to learne:
Call not your Stocks for me, I serue the King.
On whose imployment I was sent to you,
You shall doe small respects, show too bold malice
Against the Grace, and Person of my Master,
Stocking his Messenger.

Corn.
Fetch forth the Stocks;
As I haue life and Honour, there shall he sit till Noone.

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

Kent.
Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,
You should not vse me so.

Reg.
Sir, being his Knaue, I will.
Stocks brought out.
This is a Fellow of the selfe same colour,
Our Sister speaks of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

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

Ile answere that.

My Sister may recieue it much more worsse,
To haue her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted.

Come my Lord, away.

I am sorry for thee friend, 'tis the Dukes pleasure,
Whose disposition all the world well knows
Will not be rub'd nor stopt, Ile entreat for thee.

Pray do not Sir, I haue watch'd and trauail'd hard,
Some time I shall sleepe out, the rest Ile whistle:

A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles:
Give you good morrow.

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

Giue you good morrow.

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

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

poore Turlygod
That's something yet: Edgar I
nothing am.
Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home, And not send backe my Messengers.

As I learn'd, The night before, there was no purpose in them Of this remoue.

It is both he and she, Your Son, and Daughter.

Haile to thee Noble Master.

Ha? Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

No my Lord.

Hah, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horses are tide by the heads, Dogges and Beares by'th' necke, Monkies by'th' loynes, and Men by'th' legs: when a man ouerlustie at legs, then he weares wodden nether-stocks.
<p>No.</p>

<p>Yes.</p>

<p>No I say</p>

<p>By Iupiter I sweare no.</p>

<p>By Iuno, I sweare I.</p>

<p>They durst not do't: They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse then</p>

<p>Comming from vs.</p>

<p>Murther.</p>

<p>Resolue me with all modest haste, which way</p>

<p>Resolue me with all modest haste, which way</p>

<p>Resolue me with all modest haste, which way</p>

<p>They might'st deserue, or they impose this</p>

<p>Comming from vs.</p>

<p>From his Mistris, salutations;</p>

<p>Commanded me to follow, and attend</p>

<p>The leisure of their answer, gaue me cold lookes.</p>
And meeting here the other Messenger,
Whose welcome I perceive'd had poison'd mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Displaid so sawcily against your Highness,
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the house, with loud and coward cries,
Your Sonne and Daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Foole.

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

Historica passio, downe thou climing sorrow,
Thy Elements below where is this Daughter?

None: How chance the King comes with so small a number?

And thou ha'st beene set i'th' Stockes
for that question, thou'dst well deserv'd it.

<sp who="#F-lr-ken">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>
  <p>Why Foole?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-foo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>
  <p>Wee'l set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's no labouring i'th' winter. All that follow their noses, are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stink-ing; let go thy hold when a great wheele runs downe a hill, least it breake thy necke with following. But the great one that goes vpward, let him draw thee after: when a w<gap>/seman giues thee better counsell giue me mine againe, I would haue none but knaues follow it, since a Foole giues it.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lear, and Gloster:</stage>
<sp who="#F-lr-ken">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>
  <p>Where learn'd you this Foole?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-foo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>
  <p>Not i'th' Stocks Foole.</p>
</sp>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">rr</fw>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Lear.</fw>
<br face="FFimg:axc0804-0.jpg" n="294"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-lr-lea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
  <p>Deny to speake with me?</p>
  <p>They are sicke, they are weary,</p>
  <p>They haue travaill'd all the night? meere fetches,</p>
  <p>The images of reuolt and flying off.</p>
</sp>
Fetch me a better answer.

My deere Lord,

You know the fiery quality of the Duke,

How vnremoueable and fixt he is

In his owne course.

Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confusion:

Gloster

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

Inform'd them? Do'st thou vnderstand me

I my good Lord.

The King would speake with Cornwall,

The deere Father

Would with his Daughter speake, commands, tends, ser-

juice, Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood:

Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that

No, but not yet, may be he is not well,

Infirmity doth still neglect all

Whereeto our health is bound, we are not our selues,

When Nature being opprest, commands the mind

To suffer with the body; Ile forbeare,

And am fallen out with my more headier will,

To take the indispose'd and sickly fit,

For the sound man. Death on my state: wherefore

Should he sit heere? This act perswades me,

That this remotion of the Duke and her

Is practise only. Giue me my Servuant forth;

Goe tell the Duke, and's wife, I'l speake with them:

Now, presently: bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their Chamber doore Ile beate the Drum,
Till it crie sleepe to death.

Glo.
I would haue all well betwixt you.

Exit.

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

Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney did to the Eeles, when she put 'em i'th' Paste aliiiue, she knapt 'em o'th' coxcombs with a sticke, and cryed downe wantons; 'twas her Brother, that in pure kindnesse to his Horse buttered his Hay.

Enter Cornewall, Regan, Gloster, Servants.

Haile to your Grace.

Kent here set at liberty.

I am glad to see your Highnesse.

Regan, I thinke you are. I know what reason
I haue to thinke so, if thou should'st not be glad,
I would diuorce me from thy Mother Tombe,
Sepulchring an Adultresse. O are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloued Regan
Thy Sisters naught: oh she hath tied
Sharpe-tooth'd vnkindnesse, like a vulture
heere,

I can scarce speake to thee, thou'lt not beleue

With how deprau'd a quality. Oh Regan.

I pray you Sir, take patience, I haue hope

You lesse know how to value her desert,

Then she to scant her dutie.

Say? How is that?

I cannot thinke my Sister in the least

Would faile her Obligation. If Sir perchance

She haue restrained the Riots of your Followres,

'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,

As cleeres her from all blame.

My curses on her.

O Sir, you are old,

Nature in you stands on the very Verge

Of his confine: you should be rul'd, and led

By some discretion, that discernes your state

Better then you your selfe: therefore I pray you,

That to our Sister, you do make returne,

Say you haue wrong'd her.

Aske her forgiuenesse?

Do you but marke how this becomes the house?

Deere daughter, I confesse that I am old;

Age is vnnecessary: on my knees I begge,

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

Good Sir, no more: these are vnsightly trickes:

Returne you to my Sister.
Lear. Neuer Regan:

She hath abated me of halfe my Traine; Look'd blacke vpon me, strooke me with her Tongue.

Most Serpent-like, vpon the very Heart.

All the stor'd Vengeances of Heauen, fall.

On her ingratefull top: strike her yong bones.

You taking Ayres, with Lamenesse.

Corn. Fye sir, fie.

You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames

Into her scornfull eyes: Infect her Beauty,

You Fen-suck'd Fogges, drawne by the powrfull Sunne,

To fall, and blister.

O the blest Gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash moode is on.

No Regan, thou shalt neuer haue my curse:

Thy tender-hefted Nature shall not giue Thee o're to harshnesse: Her eyes are fierce, but thine.

Do comfort, and not burne. 'Tis not in thee.

To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my Traine.

To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes.

And in conclusion, to oppose the bolt.

Against my comming in. Thou better know'st

The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,

Effects of Curtesie, dues of Gratitude.

Thy halfe o'th' Kingdome hast thou not forgot.

Wherein I thee endow'd.

Good Sir, to'th' purpose.
within.

</p>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
  <p>Who put my man i'th' Stockes?</p>
</sp>

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

<sp who="#F-lr-crn">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>
  <p>What Trumpet's that?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-reg">
  <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>
  <l>I know't, my Sisters: this approues her Letter,</l>
  <l>That she would soone be heere. Is your Lady come?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
  <l>This is a Slaue, whose easie borrowed pride</l>
  <l>Dwels in the sickly grace of her he followes.</l>
  <l>Out Varlet, from my sight.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-crn">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>
  <p>What meanes your Grace?</p>
</sp>

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

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
  <l>Who stockt my Seruant?</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Regan</hi>, I haue good hope</l>
  <l>Thou did'st not know on't.</l>
  <l>Who comes here? O Heauens!</l>
  <l>If you do loue old men; if your sweet sway</l>
  <l>Allow Obedience; if you your selues are old,</l>
  <l>Make it your cause: Send downe, and take my part.</l>
  <l>Art not asham'd to looke vpon this Beard?</l>
  <l>O</l> <hi rend="italic">Regan</hi>, will you take her by the hand?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-gon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>
  <l>Why not by'th' hand Sir? How haue I offended?</l>
  <l>All's not offence that indiscretion findes,</l>
  <l>And dotage termes so.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
<l>O sides, you are too tough!</l>
<l>Will you yet hold?</l>
<l>How came my man i'th' Stockes?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-crn">
<speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>
<l>I set him there, Sir: but his owne Disorders</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Deseru'd</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0805-0.jpg" n="295"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>Deseru'd much lesse aduancement</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
<p>You? Did you?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-reg">
<speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>
<l>I pray you Father being weake, seeme so.</l>
<l>If till the expiration of your Moneth</l>
<l>You will returne and soiourne with my Sister,</l>
<l>Dismissing halfe your traine, come then to me,</l>
<l>I am now from home, and out of that prouision</l>
<l>Which shall be needfull for your entertainement.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
<l>Returne to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?</l>
<l>No, rather I abiure all roofes, and chuse</l>
<l>To wage against the enmity oth' ayre,</l>
<l>To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle,</l>
<l>Necessities sharpe pinch. Returne with her?</l>
<l>Why the hot-bloodied <hi rend="italic">France</hi>, that</l>
<l>dowerlesse tooke</l>
<l>Our yongest borne, I could as well be brought</l>
<l>To knee his Throne, and Squire-like pension beg</l>
<l>To keepe base life a foote; returne with her?</l>
<l>Perswade me rather to be slaue and sumpter</l>
<l>To this detested groome.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-gon">
<speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>
<p>At your choice Sir.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">
<speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
<l>I prythee Daughter do not make me mad</l>
<l>I will not trouble thee my Child: farewell</l>
</sp>
We'll no more meete, no more see one another.

But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my Daughter,

Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,

Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a Byle,

A plague sore, or imbossed Carbuncle,

In my corrupted blood. But Ile not chide thee,

Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,

I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shoote,

Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging <hi rend="italic">Ioue</hi>,

Mend when thou can'st, be better at thy leisure,

I can be patient, I can stay with <hi rend="italic">Regan</hi>,

I and my hundred Knights.

</sp>

Reg. Not altogether so,

I look'd not for you yet, nor am prouided

For your fit welcome, giue eare Sir to my Sister,

For those that mingle reason with your passion,

Must be content to thinke you old, and so,

But she knowes what she doe's.

Reg. I dare auouch it Sir, what fifty Followers?

Is it not well? What should you need of more?

Yea, or so many? Sith that both charge and danger,

Speake 'gainst so great a number? How in one

house

Should many people, vnder two commands

Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.

</sp>

Gon. Why might not you my Lord, receiue attendance

From those that she cals Servants, or from mine?

Why might not you my Lord, receiue attendance

From those that she cals Servants, or from mine?

Why not my Lord?

If then they chanc'd to slacke ye,

We could comptroll them; if you will come to me,

(For now I spie a danger) I entreat you

To bring but fiue and twentie, to no more

Will I giue place or notice.
Lear.

I gave you all.

Reg.

And in good time you gave it.

Lear.

Made you my Guardians, my Depositaries, but kept a reservation to be followed.

Regan, said you so?

Reg.

And speak't againe my Lord, no more with me.

Lea.

Those wicked Creatures yet do look wel favor'd.

Reg.

What need one?

Lear.

O reason not the need: our basest Beggars are in the poorest thing superfluous.

Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs:

Mans life is cheape as Beastes. Thou art a Lady;

If onely to go warme were gorgeous,

Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,

Which scarcely keepes thee warme, but for true need:
You Heauens, giue me that patience, patience I need,
You see me heere (you Gods) a poore old man,
As full of grieffe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that stirres these Daughters hearts,
Against their Father, foole me not so much,
To beare it tamely: touch me with Noble anger,
And let not womens weapons, water drops,
Staine my mans cheekes. No you vnnatural Hags,
I will haue such reuenges on you both,
That all the world shall——— I will do such things,
What they are yet, I know not, but they shalbe,
The terrors of the earth? you thinke Ile weepe,
No, Ile not weepe, I haue full cause of weeping.

Storme and Tempest.

But this heart shal break into a hundred thousand flawes
Or ere Ile weepe; O Foole, I shall go mad.
Exeunt.

This house is little, the old man and's people,
Cannot be well bestow'd.

'Tis his owne blame hath put himselfe from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

So am I purpose'd,
Where is my Lord of Gloster?

Enter Gloster.

Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.
The King is in high rage.

Wheth'er is he going?

He calls to Horse, but will I know not whether.

'Tis best to give him way, he leads himself.

My Lord, entreat him by no meanes to stay.

Alacke the night comes on, and the high windes do sorely ruflle, for many Miles about. There's scarce a Bush.

O Sir, to wilfull men, the iniuries that they themselues procure, Must be their Schoole-Masters: shut vp your doores.

He is attended with a desperate traine.

And what they may incense him too, being apt, To haue his eare abus'd, wisedome bids feare.

Shut vp your doores my Lord, 'tis a wil'd night.

My Regan counsels well: come out oth'storme.

Exeunt.
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Storme still.</stage>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, seuerally.</stage>

<br who="#F-lr-ken">
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>
<p>Who's there besides foule weather?</p>
</sp>

<br who="#F-lr-gen">
<speaker rend="italic">Gen.</speaker>
<p>One minded like the weather, most vnquietly.</p>
</sp>

<br type="sig" place="footCentre">rr2</br>
<br type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Kent.</br>
<br facs="FFimg:axc0806-0.jpg" n="296"/>
<br type="rh">The Tragedie of King Lear.</br>
<br cb n="1"/>
<br who="#F-lr-ken">
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>
<p>I know you: Where's the King?</p>
</sp>

<br who="#F-lr-gen">
<speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
<l>Contending with the fretfull Elements;</l>
<l>Bids the winde blow the Earth into the Sea,</l>
<l>Or swell the curled Waters 'boue the Maine,</l>
<l>That things might change, or cease.</l>
</sp>
<br who="#F-lr-ken">
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>
<p>But who is with him?</p>
</sp>
<br who="#F-lr-gen">
<speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
<l>None but the Foole, who labours to out-iest</l>
<l>His heart-strooke injuries.</l>
</sp>
<br who="#F-lr-ken">
<speaker rend="italic">Kent.</speaker>
<l>And dare vpon the warrant of my note</l>
<l>Commend a deere thing to you. There is division</l>
<l>(Although as yet the face of it is couer'd</l>
<l>With mutuall cunning) 'twixt Albany, and Cornwall;</l>
<l>Who haue, as who haue not, that their great Starres</l>
<l>Thron'd and set high; Servants, who seeme no lesse,</l>
<l>Which are to France the Spies and Speculations</l>
<l>Intelligent of our State. What hath bin seene,</l>
<l>Either in snuffes, and packings of the Dukes,</l>
<l>Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne</l>
<l>Against the old kinde King; or something deeper,</l>
Whereof (perchance) these are but furnishings.

Gent.

I will talke further with you.

Kent.

No, do not:

For confirmation that I am much more

Then my out-wall; open this Purse, and take

What it containes. If you shall see Cordelia,

(As feare not but you shall) shew her this

Ring,

And she will tell you who that Fellow is

That yet you do not know. Fy fe on this Storme,

I will go seeke the King.

Giue me your hand,

Haue you no more to say?

Few words, but to effect more then all yet;

That when we haue found the King, in which your pain

That way, Ile this: He that first lights on him,

Holla the other.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

[Act 3, Scene 2]

Storme still.

Enter Lear, and

Lear.

Blow windes, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow

You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout,

Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cockes.

You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,

Vaunt-curriers of Oake-cleauing

Thunder-bolts,

Sindge my white head. And thou all-shaking Thunder,

Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th' world,

Cracke Natures moulds, all germaines spill at once
That makes ingratefull Man.

O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry house, is better then this Rain-water out o'doore. Good Nunkle, in, aske thy Daughters blessing, here's a night pitties neither Wisemen, nor Fools.

Rumble thy belly full: spit Fire, spowt Raine:
Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindnesse.
I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Heere I stand your Slaue,
A poore, infirme, weake, and dispis'd old man:
But yet I call you Seruile Ministers,
That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne
Your high-engender'd Battailes,
'Sgainst a head
So old, and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foule.
Who's there?
Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a Wiseman, and a Foole.

Enter Kent.

Who that has a house to put's head in, has a good Head-piece:
The Codpiece that will house, before the head has any:
The Head, and he shall Lowse: so Beggers marry many,
The man y makes his Toe, what he his Hart shold make,
Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turne his sleepe to wake.
For there was neuer yet faire woman, but shee made mouths in a glasse.
Alas Sir are you here? Things that love night,
And make them keep their causes: Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind, and rain, I never remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear.

Let the great Goddes that keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou wretch,
That hast within thee unavowed crimes
Unwhipt of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjured, and thou simular of virtue
That is incestuous. Caytife, to pieces shake,
That under covert, and convenient seeming
Ha' practis'd on man's life. Close
Pent-vp guilt's,
Riue your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man,
More sinned against, then sinning.

Alacke, bare-headed?
Gracious my Lord, hard by here is a howell,
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:
Repose you there, while I to this hard house,
(More harder then the stones whereof 'tis raised,
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) returne, and force
Their scanty curtesie.

My wits begin to turne.
Come on my boy. How dost my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
And can make vile things precious. Come, your howel;
Poore foole, and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.
He that has and a little-tyne wit,  
With heigh-ho, the Winde and the Raine,  
Must make content with his Fortunes fit,  
Though the Raine it raineth euery day.

This is a braue night to coole a Curtizan:  
Ile speake a Prophesie ere I go:  
When Priests are more in word, then matter;  
When Brewers marre their Malt with water;  
When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors;  
No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Sutors;  
When euery Case in Law, is right;  
No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;  
When Slanders do not liue in Tongues;  
Nor Cut-purses come not to throngs;  
When Vsurers tell their Gold i'th Field,

And

The Tragedie of King Lear.

And Baudes, and whores, do Churches build,  
Then shal the Realme of Albion, come to great confusion:

Then comes the time, who liues to see't,  
That going shalbe vs'd with feet.  
This prophecie Merlin shall make, for I liue before his time

A lacke, alacke Edmund, I like not this vnnaturall dealing; when I desired their leaue that I might pity him, they tooke from me the vse of mine owne
house, charg'd me on paine of perpetuall displeasure, neither to speake of him, entreat for him, or any way sustaine him.

Bast.<sp rend="italic">Most saugage and vnnaturall.</sp>

Glo.<sp rend="italic">Go too; say you nothing. There is diuision be-tweene the Dukes, and a worsse matter then that: I haue receiued a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken, I haue lock'd the Letter in my Closset, these injurys the King now beares, will be reuenged home; ther is part of a Power already footed, we must incline to the King, I will looke him, and priuily relieue him; goe you and maintaine talke with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceiued; If he aske for me, I am ill, and gone to bed, if I die for it, (as no lesse is threatened me) the King my old Master must be relieued. There is strange things toward Edmund, pray you be carefull.</sp>

Exit.

Bast.<sp rend="italic">This Curtesie forbid thee, shall the Duke Instantly know, and of that Letter too; This seemes a faire deseruing, and must draw me That which my Father looses: no lesse then all, The yonger rises, when the old doth fall.</sp>

Exit.

[Act 3, Scene 4]

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

Kent.<sp rend="italic">Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,</sp>

Storme still
Let me alone.

Kent.

Good my Lord enter here.

Lear.

Wilt breake my heart?

Kent.

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

Lear.

Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious

storme Inuades vs to the skin so: 'tis to thee, But where the greater malady is fixt,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a Beare,

But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,

Thou'dst meete the Beare i'th' mouth, when the mind's

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

Doth from my sences take all feeling else,

Saue what beates there, Filliall ingratitude,

Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand For lifting food too't? But I will punish home;

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

To shut me out? Poure on, I will endure: In such a night as this? O Regan,

Your old kind Father, whose franke heart gaue all,

O that way madnesse lies, let me shun that:

No more of that.

Lear.

Prythee go in thy selfe, seeke thine owne ease,

This tempest will not giue me leaue to ponder

On things would hurt me more, but Ile goe in,

In Boy, go first. You houselesse pouertie,
Exit.

Nay get thee in; Ile pray, and then Ile sleepe.

Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are

That bide the pelting of this pittilesse storme.

How shall your House-lesse heads, and vnfed sides,

Your lop'd, and window'd raggednesse defend you

Too little care of this: Take Physicke, Pompe,

Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele,

That thou maist shake the superflux to them,

And shew the Heauens more iust.

Enter Edgar, and Foole.

Fathom, and halfe, Fathom and halfe; poore Tom.

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

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

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

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

Did'st thou giue all to thy Daughters? And art thou come to this?
Edgar.

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

Lear.

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

Foole.

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

Lea.

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

Kent.

He hath no Daughters Sir.

Lear.

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

Edg.

He hath no Daughters Sir.
Pillicock sat on Pillicock hill, alow: alow, loo, loo.

Foole.

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

Take heed o'th' foule Fiend, obey thy Parents, keepe thy words Jusitce, sweare not, commit not.

with mans sworne Spouse: set not thy Sweet‐heart on proud array. Tom's a cold.

What hast thou bin?

A Seruingman? Proud in heart, and minde; that curl'd my haire, wore G loues in my cap; seru'd the Lust of my Mistris heart, and did the acte of darkness with her. Swore as many Oathes, as I spake words, broke them in the sweet face of Heauen. One, that slept in the contribuing of Lust, and wak'd to doe it. Wine lou'd I dearely, Dice dearely; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd the Turke. False of heart, light of eare, bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, Foxe in stealth, Wolfe in greedinesse, Dog in madness, Lyon in prey. Let not the creaking of shooes, Nor the rustling of Silkes, betray thy poore heart to wo-man. Keepe thy foote out of Brothels, thy hand out of Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and defye the foule Fiend. Still through the Hauhtorne blowes the cold winde: Sayes suum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy Sesey: let him trot by.

Thou wert better in a Graue, then to answere with thy
vncouer'd body, this extremity of the Skies. Is man no more then this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the Worme no Silke; the Beast, no Hide; the Sheepe, no Wooll; the Cat, no perfume. Ha? Here's three on's are sophisticated. Thou art the thing it selfe; vnaccomdo'd man, is no more but such a poore, bare, forked A-nimall as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, vn-button

Enter Gloucester, with a Torch.</p>

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

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

How fares your Grace?

What's he?

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

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

What, hath your Grace no better company?

The Prince of Darkenesse is a Gentleman. he's call'd, and Mahu.

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

First let me talke with this Philosopher, What is the cause of Thunder?

Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer to bey in all your daughters hard commands:
Though their Injunction be to barre my doores, And let this Tyrannous night take hold vpon you,
Yet haue I ventured to come seeke you out, And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.

First let me talke with this Philosopher,
What is the cause of Thunder?
Kent. Good my Lord take his offer. Go into th'house.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this same lerned Theban: What is your study?

Edg. How to preuent the Fiend, and to kill Vermine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in priuate.

Kent. Importune him once more to go my Lord, His wits begin t'vnsettle.

Glou. Canst thou blame him?

Storm still

His Daughters seeke his death: Ah, that good Kent,
He said it would be thus: poore banish'd man:
Thou sayest the King growes mad, Ile tell thee Friend
I am almost mad my selfe. I had a Sonne,
Now out-law'd from my blood: he sought my life
But lately: very late: I lou'd him (Friend)
No Father his Sonne deerer: true to tell thee,
The greefe hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this?
I do beseech your grace.

O cry you mercy, Sir:
Noble Philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a cold.

Glou. In fellow there, into th'Houel; keep thee warm.
Come, let's in all.

This way, my Lord.

With him; I will keepe still with my Philosopher.

Good my Lord, sooth him: Let him take the Fellow.

Sirra, come on: go along with vs.

Come, good Athenian.

No words, no words, hush.

Childe to the darke Tower came,

His word was still, fie, foh, and fumme,

I smell the blood of a Brittish man.

Exeunt.
Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Bast. How my Lord, I may be censured, that Nature thus gives way to Loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Cornw. I now perceive, it was not altogether your Brothers evil disposition made him seek his death: but a provoking merit set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself.

Bast. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just? This is the Letter which he spoke of; which approves him an intelligent partie to the advantages of France. O Heavens! that this Treason were not; or not I the detector.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutchess.

Bast. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

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

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

I will lay trust vpon thee: and thou shalt finde a deere Father in my loue.

Exeunt.

Gloucester.

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

All the powre of his wits, haue giuen way to his impatience: the Gods reward your kindnesse.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Foole.

Fraterretto calls me, and tells me Nero is an Ang-ler in the Lake of Darknesse: pray Innocent, and beware the foule Fiend.

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

A King, a King.

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

No, he's a Yeoman, that ha's a Gentleman to his Sonne: for hee's a mad Yeoman that sees his Sonne a Gentleman before him.
To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hizzing in upon 'em.

Blesse thy fiue wits.

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

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

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

Tom, will throw his head at them: Auain't you
Curres, be thy mouth or blacke or white:
Tooth that poysons if it bite:
Mastiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim,
Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym:
Tom will make him weepe and waile,
For with throwing thus my head;
Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.
Do, de, de, de: sese: Come, march to Wakes and Fayres,
And Market Townes: poore Tom thy horne is dry,

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

Enter Gloster.

Now good my Lord, lye heere, and rest awhile.
Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the Curtaines:
so, so, wee'l go to Supper i'th' morning.

Foole.
And Ile go to bed at noone.

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

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

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

Exeunt.

Scena Septima.
[Act 3, Scene 7]
Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Bastard, <lb/>and Servants.
Poste speedily to my Lord your husband, shew <lb/>him this Letter, the Army of France is landed: seeke out <lb/>the Traitor Glouster.

Reg.
<p>Hang him instantly.</p>

<p>Plucke out his eyes.</p>

<p>Leaue him to my displeasure. Edmond,</p>

<p>you our Sister company: the reuenges wee are bound
to take ypon your Traitorous Father, are not fit
for your beholding. Advice the Duke where you are going,
to a most festinate preparation: we are bound
to the like. Our Postes shall be swift, and
intelligent betwixt vs. Fare-well deere Sister, farewell my Lord of Glouster.</p>

<p>Enter Steward.</p>

<p>How now? Where's the King?</p>

<p>My Lord of Glouster hath conuey'd him hence
Some fiue or six and thirty of his Knights
Hot Questrists after him, met him at gate,
Who, with some other of the Lords, dependants,
Are gone with him toward Douer; where they boast
To haue well armed Friends.</p>

<p>Get horses for your Mistris.</p>

<p>Farewell sweet Lord, and Sister.</p>

<p>Gloster,</p>

<p>Pinnion him like a Theefe, bring him before vs:</p>

<p>Though well we may not passe vpon his life</p>

<p>Without the forme of Iustice: yet our power</p>

<p>Shall do a curt'sie to our wrath, which men</p>

<p>May blame, but not comptroll.</p>

<p>Enter Gloucester, and
Seruants.<span class="stage"></span>
<p>Who's there? the Traitor?</p>
<span class="sp" who="#F-lr-reg">
  <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>
  <p>Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he.</p>
</span>
<span class="sp" who="#F-lr-crn">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>
  <p>Binde fast his coryck armes.</p>
</span>
<span class="sp" who="#F-lr-glo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>
  <p>What meanes your Graces?</p>
</span>
<p>Good my Friends consider you are my Ghests:</p>
<p>Do me no foule play, Friends.</p>
<span class="sp" who="#F-lr-crn">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>
  <p>Binde him I say.</p>
</span>
<span class="sp" who="#F-lr-reg">
  <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>
  <p>Hard, hard: O filthy Traitor.</p>
</span>
<span class="sp" who="#F-lr-glo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>
  <p>Vnmercifull Lady, as you are, I'me none.</p>
</span>
<span class="sp" who="#F-lr-crn">
  <speaker rend="italic">Corn.</speaker>
  <p>To this Chaire binde him, Villaine, thou shalt finde.</p>
</span>
<span class="sp" who="#F-lr-glo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>
  <p>By the kinde Gods, 'tis most ignobly done</p>
</span>
<p>To plucke me by the Beard.</p>
<span class="sp" who="#F-lr-reg">
  <speaker rend="italic">Reg.</speaker>
  <p>So white, and such a Traitor?</p>
</span>
<span class="sp" who="#F-lr-glo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>
  <p>Naughty Ladie,</p>
</span>
<p>These haires which thou dost rauish from my chin</p>
<p>Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your Host.</p>
<p>With Robbers hands, my hospitable fauours</p>
The Tragedie of King Lear.

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Come Sir.

What Letters had you late from France?

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

And what confederacie haue you with the Traitors, late footed in the Kingdome?

To whose hands you haue sent the Lunaticke King: Speake.

I haue a Letter guessingly set downe, Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart, And not from one oppos'd.

Where hast thou sent the King?

To Douer.

Wherefore to Douer? Was't thou not charg'd at perill.
Corn. Wherefore to Douer? Let him answer that.

Glou. I am tyed to'th' Stake, And I must stand the Course.

Reg. Wherefore to Douer?

Glou. Because I would not see thy cruel Nailes Plucke out his poore old eyes: nor thy fierce Sister,

In his Anointed flesh, sticke boarish phangs. The Sea, with such a storme as his bare head, In Hell-blacke-night indur'd, would have buoy'd vp And quench'd the Stelled fires: Yet poore old heart, he holpe the Heauens to raine. If Wolues had at thy Gate howl'd that stern time,

Thou should'st haue said, good Porter turne the

Key:

All Cruels else subscribe: but I shall see The winged Vengeance ouertake such Children.

Corn. See'rst thou neuer. Fellowes hold y Chaire, Vpon these eyes of thine, Ile set my foote.

Glou. He that will thinke to liue, till he be old, Giue me some helpe. ——— O cruell! O you Gods.

Reg. One side will mocke another: Th' other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance.
<speaker rend="italic">Seren.</speaker>
Hold your hand, my Lord:
I haue seru'd you euer since I was a Childe:
But better service haue I never done you,
Then now to bid you hold.

<speaker rend="italic">Regen.</speaker>
How now, you dogge?

<speaker rend="italic">Seren.</speaker>
If you did weare a beard vpon your chin, I'ld shake it on this quarrell. What do you meane?

<speaker rend="italic">Cornelian.</speaker>
My Villaine?

<speaker rend="italic">Seren.</speaker>
Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

<speaker rend="italic">Regen.</speaker>
Giue me thy Sword. A pezant stand vp thus?

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Killes him.</stage>

<speaker rend="italic">Seren.</speaker>
Oh I am slaine: my Lord, you haue one eye left to see some mischefe on him. Oh.

<speaker rend="italic">Cornelian.</speaker>
Lest it see more, preuent it; Out vilede gelly:
Where is thy luster now?

<speaker rend="italic">Gloden.</speaker>
All darke and comfortlesse?
Where's my Sonne Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparkes of Nature
To quit this horrid acte.

<speaker rend="italic">Regen.</speaker>
Out treacherous Villaine,
Thou call'st on him, that hates thee. It was he that made the ouerture of thy Treasons to vs:
Who is too good to pitty thee.

O my Follies! then Edgar was abus'd.
Kinde Gods, forgiue me that, and prosper him.

Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell his way to Douer.

Exit with Glouster.

How is't my Lord? How looke you?
I haue receiu'd a hurt: Follow me Lady; Turne out that eyelesse Villaine: throw this Slaue vpon the Dunghill: Regan, I bleed apace.
Vntimely comes this hurt. Giue me your arme.

Enter Edgar.
Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd, Then still contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worst:
The lowest, and most deiected thing of Fortune,

Stands in esperance, liues not in feare:
The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou vnsubstantiall ayre that I embrace:
The Wretch that thou hast blowne vnto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Glouster, and an Oldman.
But who comes heere? My Father poorely led?

World, World, O world!

But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee,

Life would not yeelde to age.

O my good Lord, I haue bene your Tenant,

And your Fathers Tenant, these fourescore yeares.

Away, get thee away: good Friend be gone,

Thy comforts can do me no good at all,

Thee, they may hurt.

You cannot see your way.

I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes:

I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seene,

Our meanes secure vs, and our meere defects

Proue our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne

The food of thy abused Fathers wrath:

Might I but liue to see thee in my touch,

I'ld say I had eyes againe.

How now? who's there?

O Gods! Who is't can say I am at the worst?

I am worse then ere I was.

'Tis poore mad Tom.

'Tis poore mad Tom.

And worse I may be yet: the worst is not.

So long as we can say this is the worst.
Oldm.</p>

Fellow, where goest?

Glou.

Is it a Beggar-man?

Oldm.

Madman, and beggar too.

Glou.

He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I'th' last nights storme, I such a fellow saw:

Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne

Was then scarce Friends with him.

I haue heard more since:

As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th'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. Blesse thee Master.

Glou.

Get thee away: If for my sake

Thou wilt ore-take vs hence a mile or twaine

I'th' way toward Douer, do it for ancient loue,

And bring some couering for this naked Soule,

Which Ile intreate to leade me.

Alacke sir, he is mad.
Glou.

'Tis the times plague, When Madmen leade the blinde: Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure: Aboue the rest, be gone.

Oldm.

Ile bring him the best Parrell that I haue Come on't what will.

Exit

Edg.

Poore Tom's a cold. I cannot daub it further.

And yet I must: Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleede.

Know'st thou the way to Douer?

Both style, and gate; Horseway, and foot-path:

poore Tom hath bin scar'd out of his good wits.

Blesse thee good mans sonne, from the foule Fiend.

Here take this purse, y whom the heau'ns plagues Haue humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched Makes thee the happier: Heauens deale so still:

Let the superfluous, and Lust-dieted man,
That slaeus your ordinance, that will not see
Because he do's not feele, feele you powre quickly:
So distribution should vndoo excesse,
And each man haue enough. Dost thou know Douer?

who = "#F-lr-edg"

Edg. I Master.

who = "#F-lr-glo"

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,
I shall no leading neede.

who = "#F-lr-edg"

Edg. Giue me thy arme;
Poore Tom shall leade thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

[Act 4, Scene 2]
Enter Gonerill, Bastard, and Steward.

who = "#F-lr-gon"

Gon. Welcome my Lord. I meruell our mild husband
Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Master?

who = "#F-lr-ste"

Stew. Madam within, but neuer man so chang'd:
I told him of the Army that was Landed:
He smil'd at it. I told him you were comming,
His answer was, the worse. Of Glosters Treachery,
And of the loyall Service of his Sonne
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:
What most he should dislike, seemes pleasant to him;
What like, offensiue.

who = "#F-lr-gon"

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
It is the Cowish terror of his spirit
That dares not undertake: He'll not feel wrongs
Which tye him to an answer: our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Backe Edmond to my Brother,
Hasten his Musters, and conduct his powres.
I must change names at home, and give the Distaffe
Into my Husbands hands. This trustie Seruant
Shall passe betweene vs: ere long you are like to heare
(If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)
A Mistresses command. Weare this; spare speech,
Decline your head. This kisse, if it durst speake
Would stretch thy Spirits vp into the ayre:
Conceiue, and fare thee well.

Yours in the rankes of death.

Enter Albany.

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

Milke-Liuer'd man,
That bear'st a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs,

Who hast not in thy Browes an eye-discerning
Thine Honor, from thy sufferring.<p>

Alb. See thy selfe diuell:<p>
Proper deformitie seemes not in the Fiend:<p>So horrid as in woman.<p>

Gon. Oh vaine Foole.<p>

Enter a Messenger.<p>

Mes. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of Cornwals dead,<p>
Slaine by his Seruant, going to put out The other eye of Glouster.<p>

Alb. This shewes you are aboue You Iustices, that these our neather crimes So speedily can venge. But (O poore Glouster) Lost he his other eye?<p>

Mes. Both, both, my Lord.<p>
A Seruant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse, Oppos'd against the act: bending his Sword<T>
To his great Master, who, threat-enceaged'd Flew on him, and among'st them fell'd him dead,<p>
But not without that harmefull stroke, which since Hath pluct him after.<p>

Alb. This shewes you are aboue You Iustices, that these our neather crimes So speedily can venge. But (O poore Glouster) Lost he his other eye?<p>

Mes. Both, both, my Lord.<p>
This Leter Madam, craues a speedy answer: Tis from your Sister.<p>

Gon. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of Cornwals dead,
One way I like this well.
But being widdow, and my Glouster with her,
May all the building in my fancie plucke
Vpon my hatefull life. Another way
The Newes is not so tart. Ile read, and answer.

Alb.
Where was his Sonne,
When they did take his eyes?

Mes.
Come with my Lady hither.

Alb.
He is not heere.

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

Alb.
Knowes he the wickednesse?

Mes.
I my good Lord: 'twas he inform'd against him
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might haue the freer course.

Gloouster, I liue
To thank e thee for the loue thou shew'dst the King,
And to reuenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend,
Tell me what more thou know'st.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

[Act 4, Scene 3]
Act 4 Scene 3 in the quarto editions, often described as set in "The French camp near Dover", and including a conversation between Kent and a Gentleman, does not appear in the First Folio.
Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen, and Souliours.

Cor. Alacke, 'tis he: why he was met euen now

As mad as the vext Sea, singing alowd.

Crown'd with ranke Fenitar, and furrow weeds,

With Hardokes, Hemlocke, Nettles, Cuckoo flowres,

Darnell

The Tragedie of King Lear.

Darnell, and all the idle weedes that grow

In our sustaining Corne. A Centery send forth;

And bring him to our eye. What can mans wisedome

In the restoring his bereaued Sense; he that helpes him,

Take all my outward worth.

Gent. There is meanes Madam:

Our foster Nurse of Nature, is repose,

The which he lackes: that to prouoke in him

Are many Simples operatiue, whose power

Will close the eye of Anguish.

Mes. Newes Madam,

The Brittish Powres are marching hitherward.

Newes Madam,

The Brittish Powres are marching hitherward.

'Tis knowne before. Our preparation stands

In expectation of them. O deere Father,

It is thy businesse that I go about: Therfore great France

My mourning, and importune'd teares hath pittied:
No blowne Ambition doth our Armes incite,
But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd Fathers Rite:
Soone may I heare, and see him.

Exeunt.

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg.
But are my Brothers Powres set forth?

Stew.
Madam with much ado:

Your Sister is the better Souldier.

Reg.
Lord Edmund spake not with your Lord at home?

Stew.
No Madam.

Reg.
Faith he is pasted hence on serious matter:

It was great ignorance, Glousters eyes being out
To let him liue. Where he arriues, he moues.
All hearts against vs: Edmund, I thinke is gone.
In pitty of his misery, to dispatch.
His nighted life: Moreouer to descry.
The strength o'th' Enemy.

Stew.
I must needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.

Our troopes set forth to morrow, stay with vs:
The wayes are dangerous.

Stew.
I may not Madam:
My Lady charg'd my dutie in this busines.

Why should she write to Edmund?
Might not you transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Some things, I know not what. Ile loue thee much.
Let me vnseale the Letter.

Madam, I had rather———

I speake in vnderstanding: Y'are: I know't,
Therefore I do aduise you take this note:
My Lord is dead: Edmund. I know you are of her bosome.

Therefore I do aduise you take this note:
My Lord is dead: Edmund, and I haue
And more conuenient is he for my hand

Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:

If you do finde him, pray you giue him this:

And when your Mistris heares thus much from you,

I pray desire her call her wisedome to her.

So fare you well:

If you do chance to heare of that blinde Traitor,

Preferment fals on him, that cuts him off.

Would I could meet Madam, I should shew

What party I do follow.

Horrible steepe.

Hearke, do you heare the Sea?

Me thinkes the ground is eeuen.

Why then your other Senses grow imperfect
By your eyes anguish.

So may it be indeed.

Me thinkes thy voyce is alter'd, and thou speak'st:

In better phrase, and matter thou did'st.

Y'are much deceiu'd: In nothing am I chang'd.

But in my Garments.

And dizie 'tis, to cast ones eyes so low.
The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre.
Shew scarce so grosse as Beetles. Halfe way downe.
Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade.
Me thinkes he seemes no bigger then his head.
The Fishermen, that walk'd vpon the beach.
Diminish'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy.
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge.
That on th'vnnumbred idle Pebble chafes.
Cannot be heard so high. Ile looke no more.
Least my braine turne, and the deficient sight Topple downe headlong.

Set me where you stand.

Giue me your hand:
You are now within a foote of th'extreme Verge:
For all beneath the Moone would I not leape vpright.
Glou. Let go my hand:

Heere Friend's another purse: in it, a Iewell Well worth a poore mans taking. Fayries, and Gods

Prosper it with thee. Go thou further off,

Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir.

Glou. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his dispaire, Is done to cure it.

Glou. O you mighty Gods!

This world I do renounce, and in your sights

Shake patiently my great affliction off:

If I could beare it longer, and not fall

To quarrell with your great opposelesse willes,

My snuffe, and loathed part of Nature should

Burne it selfe out. If Edgar liue, O blesse him:

Now Fellow, fare thee well.

Gone Sir, farewell:

And yet I know not how conceit may rob

The Treasury of life, when life it selfe

Yeelds to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,

By this had thought bin past. Alieue, or dead?

Hoa, you Sir: Friend, heare you Sir, speake:

Thus might he passe indeed: yet he reuiues.

What are you Sir?

Away, and let me dye.
Had'st thou beene ought

But Gozemore, Feathers, Ayre,

(So many fathome downe precipitating)

Thou'dst shiuer'd like an Egge: but thou
do'st breath:

Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not,
speak'st, art sound,

Ten Masts at each, make not the altitude

Which thou hast perpendicularly fell,

Thy life's a Myracle. Speake yet againe.

From the dread Somnet of this Chalkie Bourne

Looke vp a height, the shrill-gorg'd Larke so

farre

Cannot be seene, or heard: Do but looke vp.

Alacke, I haue no eyes:

Is wretchednesse depriu'd that benefit

To end it selfe by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,

When misery could beguile the Tyrants rage,

And frustrate his proud will.

Giue me your arme.

Vp, so: How is't? Feele you your Legges? You

stand.

Too well, too well.

This is above all strangenesse,

Vpon the crowne o'th' Cliffe. What thing was

That

Which parted from you?
A poore vnfortunate Beggar.

As I stood heere below, me thought his eyes Were two full Moones: he had a thousand Noses, Hornes wealk'd, and waued like the enraged Sea:

It was some Fiend: Therefore thou happy Father,

Thinke that the cleerest Gods, who make them Honors

Of mens Impossibilities, haue preserued thee.

I do remember now: henceforth Ile beare

Affliction, till it do cry out it selfe

Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you speake of,

The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.

Beare free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear.

No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the

King himselfe.

O thou side-piercing sight!

Nature's aboue Art, in that respect. Ther's your Presse-money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crow-keeper: draw mee a Cloathiers yard.

Looke, looke, a Mouse: peace, peace, this pece of toasted Cheese will doo't. There's my Gauntlet, Ile proue it on a Gyant. Bring vp the browne Billes. O well flowne Bird: i'th' clout, i'th' clout: Hewgh. Giue the word.
Sweet Mariorum.

Passe.

I know that voice.

Ha! Gonerill with a white beard? They flatter'd me like a Dogge, and told mee I had the white hayres in my Beard, ere the blacke ones were there. To say I, and no, to euery thing that I said: I, and no too, was no good Divinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the winde to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go too, they are not men o'their words; they told me, I was euery thing: 'Tis a Lye, I am not Agu-proof.

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

I, euery inch a King. When I do stare, see how the Subiect quakes. I pardon that mans life. What was thy cause? Adultery? thou shalt not dye: dye for Adultery? No, the Wren goes too't, and the small gilded Fly Do'sletcher in my sight. Let Copulation thrive:

For Glousters bastard Son was kinder to his Father,

Then my Daughters got 'tweene the lawfull sheets. Toot Luxury pell-mell, for I lacke Souldiers.

Behold yond simpring Dame, whose face betweene her Forkes presages Snow; that minces Vertue, & do's shake the head to heare of pleasures name. The Fitchew, nor the soyled Horse goes too't with a more riotous appe-tite: Downe from the waste they are Centaures, though Women all aboue: but to the Girdle do the Gods inhe-rit, beneath is all the Fiends.
There's hell, there's darke-nes, there is the sulphurous pit; burning, scalding, stench, consumption: Fye, fie, fie; pah, pah: Giue me an Ounce of Ciuet; good Apothecary sweeten my imagnation: There's money for thee.

Glou. O let me kisse that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first, It smelles of Mortality.

Glou. O ruin'd peece of Nature, this great world shall so weare out to naught.

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: dost thou squiny at me? No, doe thy worst blinde Cupid, Ile not loue. Reade thou this challenge, marke but the penning of it.

Glou. Were all thy Letters Sunnes, I could not see.

Edg. I would not take this from report, It is, and my heart breakes at it.

Lear. Oh ho, are you there with me? No eies in your head, nor no mony in your purse? Your eyes are in a hea-uy case, your purse in a light, yet you see how this world
What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Looke with thine eares: See how yond Justice railes vpon yond simple theefe. Hearke in thine eare: Change places, and handy-dandy, which is the Justice, which is the theefe: Thou hast seene a Far-mers dogge barke at a Beggar?

And the Creature run from the Cur: there thou mightst behold the great image of Authoritie, a Dogg's obey'd in Office. Thou, Rascall Beadle, hold thy bloody hand: why dost thou lash that Whore? Strip thy owne backe, thou hotly lusts to vse her in that kind, for which thou whip'st her. The Vsurer hangs the Cozener.

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

O matter, and impertinency mixt,
Lear. If thou wilt weep my Fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough, thy name is Glouster:

Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:

Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the Ayre:

If we are borne, we cry that we are come

To this great stage of Fools. This a good blocke:

It were a delicate stratagem to shoo a Troope of Horse with Felt: Ile put't in profe,

And when I haue stolne upon these Son in Lawes,

Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman.

Oh heere he is: lay hand vpon him, Sir.

Your most deere Daughter ———

No rescue? What, a Prisoner? I am euen the Naturall Foul of Fortune. Vse me well,

You shall haue ransome. Let me haue Surgeons,

I am cut to'th' Braines.

You shal haue any thing.

You shall haue any thing.

No Seconds? All my selfe?

Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt

To vse his eyes for Garden water-pots. I wil die brauely,

Like a smugge Bridegroome. What? I will be Iouiall:

Come, come, I am a King, Masters, know you that?

You shall haue any thing.
You are a Royall one, and we obey you.

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

Exit.

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

Sir, speed you: what's your will?
Do you heare ought (Sir) of a Battell toward.

Most sure, and vulgar:
Euery one heares that, which can distinguish sound.
But by your fauour:
How neere's the other Army?

Though that the Queen on special cause is here
Her Army is mou'd on.

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

Though that the Queen on special cause is here
Her Army is mou'd on.
Exit.

Edg. I thanke you Sir.

Glou. Well pray you Father.

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

Glou. Heartie thankes: The bountie, and the benizon of Heauen To boot, an and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize: most happie That eyelesse head of thine, was first fram'd flesh.

To raise my fortunes. Thou old, vnhappy Traitor. Breefely thy selfe remember: the Sword is out. That must destroy thee.

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand.

Put strength enough too't.
Stew.<br>

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

Chill not let go Zir,<br>Without further 'casion.<br>

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

Out Dunghill.<br>

I know thee well. A seruiceable Villaine,<br>As duteous to the vices of thy Mistris,<br>
Slaue thou hast slaine me: Villain, take my purse; If euer thou wilt thrive, bury my bodie,<br>And giue the Letters which thou find'st about me,<br>To Edmund Earle of Glouster: seeke him out<br>Vpon the English party. Oh vntimely death, death.
As badnesse would desire.</p>

Glou. What, is he dead?</p>

Edg. Let's see these Pockets; the Letters that he speaks of

May be my Friends: hee's dead; I am onely sorry

He had no other Deathsman. Let vs see:

Their Papers is more lawfull.

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

Your (Wife, so I would say) affectio-nate Seruant.

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

Glou. The King is mad:

How stiffe is my vile sense

That I stand vp, and haue ingenious feeling

Of my huge Sorrowes? Better I were distract,

So should my thoughts be seuer'd from my greefes,

Drum afarre

And woes, by wrong imaginations loose The
The Tragedie of King Lear.

The knowledge of themselues.

Giue me your hand: Farre off methinkes I heare the beaten Drumme. Come Father, Ile bestow you with a Friend.

Exeunt.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.

O thou good Kent, How shall I liue and worke To match thy goodnesse? My life will be too short, And euery measure faile me.

To be acknowledge'd Madam is ore-pai'd, All my reports go with the modest truth, Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Be better suited, These weedes are memories of those worser houres: I prythee put them off.

Pardon deere Madam, Yet to be knowne shortens my made intent, My boone I make it, that you know me not, Till time, and I, thinke meet.

Then be't so my good Lord: How do's the King?
Gent.

Madam sleepes still.

Cor.

O you kind Gods!

Cure this great breach in his abused Nature,

Th'vntun'd and iarring senses, O winde vp,

Of this childc-changed Father.

Gent.

So please your Maiesty,

That we may wake the King, he hath slept long?

Cor.

I Madam: in the heauinesse 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, restauratian hang

Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kisse

Repaire those violent harmes, that my two Sisters

Haue in thy Reuerence made.

Kent.

Kind and deere Princesse.

Cor.

Had you not bin their Father, these white flakes

Did challenge pitty of them. Was this a face

To be oppos’d against the iarring windes?

Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me,

Should haue stood that night against my
fire,

And was't thou faine (poore Father)?

To houell thee with Swine and Rogues forlorn,

In short, and musty straw? Alacke, alacke,

'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once

Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.

<sp who="#F-lr-gen">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gen.</speaker>
  <p>Madam do you, 'tis fittest.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
  <p>How does my Royall Lord?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
  <p>You do me wrong to take me out o'th' graue,
      Thou art a Soule in blisse, but I am bound</p>
</sp>

<cb n="2"/>

Upon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares

Do scal'd, like molten Lead.

<sp who="#F-lr-cor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cor.</speaker>
  <p>Still, still, farre wide.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-gen">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gen.</speaker>
  <p>He's scarce awake,
      Let him alone a while.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-lr-lea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lear.</speaker>
  <p>Where haue I bin?
      Where am I? Faire day light?
      I am mightily abus'd; I should eu'n dye with
      To see another thus. I know not what to say:
      I will not sweare these are my hands: let's see,
      I feele this pin pricke, would I were assur'd</p>
</sp>
Of my condition.

O looke vpon me Sir,

And hold your hand in benediction o're me,

You must not kneele.

Pray do not mocke me:

I am a very foolish fond old man,

Fourescore and vpward,

Not an houre more, nor lesse:

And to deale plainly,

I feare I am not in my perfect mind.

Me thinkes I should know you, and know this man,

Yet I am doubtfull: For I am mainely ignorant

What place this is: and all the skill I haue

Remembers not these garments: nor I know not

Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,

For (as I am a man) I thinke this Lady

To be my childe Cordelia.

Be your teares wet?

Yes faith: I pray weepe not,

If you haue poyson for me, I will drinke it:

I know you do not loue me, for your Sisters

Haue (as I do remember) done me wrong.

You haue some cause, they haue not.

No cause, no cause.

Am I in France?

In your owne kingdome Sir.
Lear.

Do not abuse me.

Gent.

Be comforted good Madam, the great rage

You see is kill'd in him: desire him to go in.

Trouble him no more till further settling.

Cor.

Wilt please your Highnesse walke?

Bast.

Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,

Or whether since he is aduis'd by ought

To change the course, he's full of alteration,

And selfereprouing, bring his constant pleasure.

Reg.

Our Sisters man is certainly miscarried.

'Tis to be doubted Madam.

Reg.

Now sweet Lord,
The Tragedie of King Lear.

You know the goodnesse I intend vpon you: Tell me but truly, but then speake the truth. Do you not loue my Sister?

Bast.

In honour'd Loue.

Bast.

No by mine honour, Madam.

Bast.

Feare not, she and the Duke her husband.

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

Alb.

Our very louing Sister, well be-met: Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter With others, whom the rigour of our State Forc'd to cry out.

Reg.

I neuer shall endure her, deere my Lord Be not familiar with her.

Reg.

Feare not, she and the Duke her husband.

Alb.

Our very louing Sister, well be-met: Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter With others, whom the rigour of our State Forc'd to cry out.
Let's then determine with th'ancient of warre
On our proceeding.

Reg.
Sister you'le go with vs?

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

Exeunt both the Armies.
Enter Edgar.

Edg.
If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore,
Heare me one word.

Alb.
Ile ouertake you, speake.

Edg.
Before you fight the Battaile, ope this Letter:
If you haue victory, et the Trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seeme,
I can produce a Champion, that will proue
What is auouched there. If you miscarry,
Your businesse of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune loues you.

Alb.
Stay till I haue read the Letter.

Edg.
I was forbid it:
When time shall serue, let but the Herald cry,
And Ile appeare againe.
Why fare thee well, I will o're-look thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

The Enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,
Heere is the guesse of their true strength and Forces,
By dilligent discouerie, but your hast
Is now vrg'd on you.

We will greet the time.

To both these Sisters haue I sworne my loue:
Each iealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the Adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enioy'd
If both remaine aliue: To take the Widdow,
Exasperates, makes mad her Sister Gonerill,
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being aliue. Now then, wee'l vse
His countenance for the Battaile, which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercie
He intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The Battaile done, and they within our power,
Shall neuer see his pardon: for my state,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.
[Act 5, Scene 2]
Alarum within. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Souldiers, ouer the Stage, and Exeunt.
Heere Father, take the shadow of this Tree
For your good host: pray that the right may thriue:
If euer I returne to you againe,
Ile bring you comfort.

Grace go with you Sir.

Away old man, giue me thy hand, away:
King Lear hath lost, he and his Daughter tane,
Giue me thy hand: Come on.

No further Sir, a man may rot euen heere.

What in ill thoughts againe?
Men must endure
Their going hence, euen as their comming hither,
Ripenesse is all come on.

And that's true too.

Giue me thy hand: Come on.

Enter Edgar.

What in ill thoughts againe?
Men must endure
Their going hence, euen as their comming hither,
Ripenesse is all come on.

And that's true too.

Enter in conquest with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Lear, and Cordelia, as prisoners, Souldiers, Captaine.
We are not the first, who with best meaning have incur'd the worst:

For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,

For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,

For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,

For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,

For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,

For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,

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For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,

For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,

For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,

For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,

For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,

For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,

For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,
Take thou this note, go follow them to prison,
One step I haue aduanc'd thee, if thou
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy
way
To Noble Fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender minded
Do's not become a Sword, thy great imployment
Will not beare question: either say thou'lt
or thrive by other meanes.

Ile do't my Lord.

About it, and write happy, when th'hast done,
Marke I say instantly, and carry it so
As I haue set it downe.

Exit Captaine.

Flourish.

Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Soldiers.

Sir, you haue shew'd to day your valiant straine
And Fortune led you well: you haue the Captiues
Who were the opposites of this dayes strife:
I do require them of you so to vse them,
As we shall find their merites, and our safety
May equally determine.

Sir, I thought it fit,
To send the old and miserable King to some retention,
Whose age had Charmes in it, whose Title more,
To plucke the common bosome on his side,
And turne our imprest Launces in our eies
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen:
My reason all the same, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further space, t'appeare
Where you shall hold your Session.

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

That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have bin demanded.
Ere you had spoke so farre. He led our Powers,
Bore the Commission of my place and person,
The which immediacie may well stand vp,
And call it selfe your Brother.

Not so hot:
In his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,
More then in your addition.

In my rights,
By me invested, he compeeres the best.
That were the most, if he should husband you.

Hola, hola,
That eye that told you so, look'd but a squint.
Lady I am not well, else I should answere
From a full flowing stomack. Generall.
Take thou my Souldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
Dispose of them, of me, the walls is thine:
Witnesse the world, that I create thee here
My Lord, and Master.

Meane you to enjoy him?

That were the most, if he should husband you.

That were the most, if he should husband you.
Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.<br/>

Bast. Nor in thine Lord.<br/>

Alb. Halfe-blooded fellow, yes.<br/>

Reg. Let the Drum strike, and proue my title thine.<br/>

Alb. Stay yet, heare reason:<br/>Edmund, I arrest thee<br/>

On capitall Treason; and in thy arrest,<br/>This guilded Serpent: for your claime faire Sisters,<br/>I bare it in the interest of my wife,<br/

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this Lord,<br/>And I her husband contradict your Banes.<br/>If you will marry, make your loues to me,<br/>My Lady is bespoke.<br/>

An enterlude.<br/>

Thou art armed<br/>Let the Trumpet sound:<br/>If none appeare to proue vpon thy person,<br/>Thy heynous, manifest, and many Treasons,<br/>There is my pledge: Ile make it on thy heart<br/>Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing lesse.<br/>Then I haue heere proclaim’d thee.<br/>

Sicke, O sicke.<br/>

If not, Ile nere trust medicine.
Bast. There's my exchange, what in the world he says.

That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies.

Call by the Trumpet: he that dares approach;

On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine

My truth and honor firmely.

Enter a Herald.


Trust to thy single vertue, for thy Souldiers

All leuied in my name, haue in my name

Tooke their discharge.

She is not well, conuey her to my Tent.

Come hither Herald, let the Trumpet sound,

And read out this.

A Trumpet sounds.

Herald reads.

If any man of qualitie or degree,

within the lists of

the Ar-my, will maintaine vpon Edmund, supposed Earle

of Gloster, that he is a manifold Traitor, let him

appeare by the third sound of the Trumpet: he is bold in his

defence. I

Trumpet.

Her. Againe. 2

Trumpet.

Her. Againe. 3

Trumpet answers

within.

Enter Edgar armed.

Aske him his purposes, why he appears

Vpon this Call o'th' Trumpet.

Aske him his purposes, why he appears

Vpon this Call o'th' Trumpet.

At the Ar-my, will maintaine vpon Edmund, supposed Earle

of Gloster, that he is a manifold Traitor, let him

appeare by the third sound of the Trumpet: he is bold in his

defence. I

Trumpet.

Her. Againe. 2

Trumpet.

Her. Againe. 3

Trumpet answers

within.

Enter Edgar armed.

Aske him his purposes, why he appears

Vpon this Call o'th' Trumpet.

Aske him his purposes, why he appears

Vpon this Call o'th' Trumpet.
Her.

What are you? 
Your name, your quality, and why you answer
This present Summons?

Know my name is lost 
By Treasons tooth: bare-gnawne, and Canker-bit,
Yet am I Noble as the Aduersary
I come to cope.

Which is that Aduersary? 
What's he that speakes for Edmund Earle of Glo-
Himselfe, what saist thou to him?

Draw thy Sword,
That if my speech offend a Noble heart,
Thy arme may do thee Iustice, heere is mine:
Behold it is my priuiledge,
The priuiledge of mine Honours,
My oath, and my profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor:
False to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious
And from th' extremest vpward of thy head,
To the discent and dust below thy foote,

A most Toad-spotted Traitor. Say thou no,
This Sword, this arme, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, where to I speake, <p>To</p>Thou lyest.<p>To</p><sp who="#F-lr-bas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
  In wisedome I should aske thy name, <p>In</p>But since thy out-side lookes so faire and Warlike, <p>But</p>And that thy tongue (some say) of breeding breathes, <p>And</p>What safe, and nicely I might well delay, <p>What</p>By rule of Knight-hood, I disdaine and spurne: <p>By</p>Backe do I tosse these Treasons to thy head, <p>Backe</p>With the hell-hated Lye, ore-whelme thy heart, <p>With</p>Which for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise, <p>Which</p>This Sword of mine shall giue them instant way, <p>This</p>Where they shall rest for euer. Trumpets speake.<p>They</p></sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-alb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>
  Saue him, saue him. <p>Saue</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Alarums. Fights.</stage>
<sp who="#F-lr-gon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>
  This is practise <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi>, <p>This</p>By th'law of Warre, thou wast not bound to answer <p>By</p>An vnknowne opposite: thou art not vanquish'd, <p>An</p>But cozend, and beguild. <p>But</p></sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-alb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>
  Shut your mouth Dame, <p>Shut</p>Or with this paper shall I stop it: hold Sir, <p>Or</p>Thou worse then any name, reade thine owne euill: <p>Thou</p>No tearing Lady, I perceiue you know it. <p>No</p></sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-gon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gon.</speaker>
  Say if I do, the Lawes are mine not thine, <p>Say</p>Who can araigne me for't? <p>Who</p></sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-lr-alb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Alb.</speaker>
  Most monstrous! O, know'st thou this paper? <p>Most</p></sp>
<sp who="#F-lr-bas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
</sp>
Aske me not what I know.

Go after her, she's desperate, gourne her.

What you haue charg'd me with,
That haue I done,
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou
I do forgive thee.

Let's exchange charity:
I am no lesse in blood then thou art
If more, the more th'hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar and thy Fathers Sonne,
The Gods are iust, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague vs:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Th'hast spoken right, 'tis true,
The Wheele is come full circle, I am heere.
Where haue you hid your selfe?
How haue you knowne the miseries of your Father?
Did hate thee, or thy Father.
Worthy Prince I know't.
By nursing them my Lord. List a brief tale,
And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burst.
The bloody proclamation to escape
That follow'd me so neere, (O our lives sweetnesse,
That we the paine of death would hourly dye,
Into a mad-mans rags, t'assume a semblance
That very Dogges disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my Father with his bleeding Rings,
Their precious Stones new lost: became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sau'd him from despair.

Neuer (O fault) reveal'd my selfe vnto him,
Vntill some halfe houre past when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping of this good successe,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last

Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart
(Alacke too weake the conflict to support)
Twixt two extremes of passion, ioy and greefe,
Burst smilingly.

This speech of yours hath mou'd me,
And shall perchance do good, but speake you on,
You looke as you had something more to say.

If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentleman.

Helpe, helpe: O helpe.
What kinde of helpe?
Speake man.

“Edg.”

What meanes this bloody Knife?

Gen. "Tis hot, it smoakes, it came eu'en from the heart of O she's dead.


Gen. Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Sister By her is poyson'd: she confesses it.

Bast. I was contracted to them both, all three Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they aliue or dead; Gonerill and Regans bodies brought out. This iudgement of the Heauens that makes vs tremble. 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 forgot, Speake Edmund, where's the King? and where's Cordelia? Seest thou this obiect
Kent?

Alacke, why thus?

Yet Edmund was belou'd: The one the other poison'd for my sake, And after slew herself.

Yet Edmund was belou'd: The one the other poison'd for my sake, And after slew herself. Quickly send, (Be briefe in it) to 'th' Castle, for my Writ

Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:

Nay, send in time.

To who my Lord? Who ha's the Office? Send thy token of repreue.

Well thought on, take my Sword, Giue it the Captaine.

To who my Lord? Who ha's the Office? Send thy token of repreue.

He hath Commission from thy Wife and me, To hang Cordelia in the prison, and To lay the blame vpon her owne dispaire, That she for-did her selfe.
The Gods defend her, beare him hence awhile.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Howle, howle, howle: O you are men of stones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so,
That Heauens vault should crack: she's gone for euer.
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking‐glasse,
If that her breath will mist or staine the stone,
Why then she liues.

Is this the promis'd end?
Or image of that horror.

Fall and cease.

This feather stirs, she liues: if it be so,
It is a chance which do's redeeme all sorrowes
That euer I haue felt.

O my good Master.
Prythee away.

The Tragedie of King Lear.
"Tis Noble <hi rend="italic">Kent</hi> your Friend.

A plague vpon you Murderors, Traitors all,
I might haue sau'd her, now she's gone for ever:
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little.
Ha:
What is't thou saist? Her voice was euer soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the Slaue that was a hanging thee.
'Tis true (my Lords) he did.
Did I not fellow?
I haue seene the day, with my good biting Faulchion.
I would haue made him skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoile me. Who are you?
'Tis Noble <hi rend="italic">Kent</hi>, stay a little.

If Fortune brag of two, she lou'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
This is a dull sight, are you not <hi rend="italic">Kent</hi>?

The same: your Seruant <hi rend="italic">Kent</hi>,
Where is your Seruant <hi rend="italic">Caius</hi>?

He's a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He'le strike and quickly too, he's dead and rotten.

No my good Lord, I am the very man.
Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,

Haue follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else:

All's cheerlesse, darke, and deadly,

And desperately are dead.

I so I thinke.

He knowes not what he saies, and vaine is it

That we present vs to him.

Enter a Messenger.

Edmund is dead my Lord.

That's but a trifle heere:

You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,

What comfort to this great decay may come,

Shall be appli'd. For vs we will resigne,

To him our absolute power, you to your rights.
With boote, and such addition as your Honours
Haue more then merited. All Friends shall
Taste the wages of their vertue, and all Foes
The cup of their deseruings: O see, see.

Lear. And my poore Foole is hang'd: no, no, no life?
Why should a Dog, a Horse, a Rat haue life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.

Pray you vndo this Button. Thanke you Sir,
Do you see this? Looke on her? Looke her lips,
Looke there, looke there.

He dis.

He faints, my Lord, my Lord.
Breake heart, I prythee breake.
Looke vp my Lord.

He is gon indeed.

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

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

Edg. He is gon indeed.
Edg. He is gon indeed.
Edg. He is gon indeed.
Edg. He is gon indeed.

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

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

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

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

I haue a iourney Sir, shortly to go,

My Master calls me, I must not say no.

Edg.

The waight of this sad time we must obey,

Speake what we feele, not what we ought to say:

The oldest hath borne most, we that are yong,

Shall neuer see so much, nor liue so long.

Exeunt with a dead March.