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It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare’s plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

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The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare’s plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare’s works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger’s holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare’s works in the Folger’s Elizabethan Theatre.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare’s works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exists to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library
Textual Introduction
By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of The Folger Shakespeare (formerly Folger Digital Texts), readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare’s plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare’s plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of Hamlet, two of King Lear, Henry V, Romeo and Juliet, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare’s text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed “improper” and “indecent” for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See The Tempest, 1.2: “Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee…”). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Shakespeare texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from Othello: “[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]”), half-square brackets (for example, from Henry V: “With [blood] and sword and fire to win your right,”), or angle brackets (for example, from
Hamlet: “O farewell, honest (soldier.) Who hath relieved you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Shakespeare texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.
**Synopsis**

*King Lear* dramatizes the story of an aged king of ancient Britain, whose plan to divide his kingdom among his three daughters ends tragically. When he tests each by asking how much she loves him, the older daughters, Goneril and Regan, flatter him. The youngest, Cordelia, does not, and Lear disowns and banishes her. She marries the king of France. Goneril and Regan turn on Lear, leaving him to wander madly in a furious storm.

Meanwhile, the Earl of Gloucester’s illegitimate son Edmund turns Gloucester against his legitimate son, Edgar. Gloucester, appalled at the daughters’ treatment of Lear, gets news that a French army is coming to help Lear. Edmund betrays Gloucester to Regan and her husband, Cornwall, who puts out Gloucester’s eyes and makes Edmund the Earl of Gloucester.

Cordelia and the French army save Lear, but the army is defeated. Edmund imprisons Cordelia and Lear. Edgar then mortally wounds Edmund in a trial by combat. Dying, Edmund confesses that he has ordered the deaths of Cordelia and Lear. Before they can be rescued, Lear brings in Cordelia’s body and then he himself dies.
Characters in the Play

LEAR, king of Britain
GONERIL, Lear’s eldest daughter
DUKE OF ALBANY, her husband
OSWALD, her steward
REGAN, Lear’s second daughter
DUKE OF CORNWALL, her husband
CORDELIA, Lear’s youngest daughter
KING OF FRANCE, her suitor and then husband
DUKE OF BURGUNDY, her suitor
EARL OF KENT
FOOL
EARL OF GLOUCESTER
EDGAR, his elder son
EDMUND, his younger and illegitimate son
CURAN, gentleman of Gloucester’s household
OLD MAN, a tenant of Gloucester’s
KKNIGHT, serving Lear
GENTLEMEN
Three SERVANTS
MESSENGERS
DOCTOR
CAPTAINS
HERALD

Knights in Lear’s train, Servants, Officers, Soldiers, Attendants, Gentlemen
Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund.

KENT  I thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

GLOUCESTER  It did always seem so to us, but now in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most, for (equalities) are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either’s moiety.

KENT  Is not this your son, my lord?

GLOUCESTER  His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge. I have so often blushed to acknowledge him that now I am brazed to ’t.

KENT  I cannot conceive you.

GLOUCESTER  Sir, this young fellow’s mother could, whereupon she grew round-wombed and had indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

KENT  I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

GLOUCESTER  But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account. Though this knave came something saucily to the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making,
and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

EDMUND No, my lord.

GLOUCESTER My lord of Kent. Remember him hereafter as my honorable friend.

EDMUND My services to your Lordship.

KENT I must love you and sue to know you better.

EDMUND Sir, I shall study deserving.

GLOUCESTER He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. (Sennet.) The King is coming.

Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.

LEAR

Attend the lords of France and Burgundy,

Gloucester.

GLOUCESTER I shall, my lord. He exits.

LEAR

Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.—

Give me the map there. 'He is handed a map.'

Know that we have divided

In three our kingdom, and 'tis our fast intent

To shake all cares and business from our age,

Conferring them on younger strengths, [while we Unburdened crawl toward 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’ several dowers, that future strife

May be prevented now.]

The (two great) princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter’s love,

Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn And here are to be answered. Tell me, my daughters—

[Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state—]
Which of you shall we say doth love us most,
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril,
Our eldest born, speak first.

GONERIL
Sir, I love you more than word can wield the
matter,
Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty,
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare,
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor;
As much as child e’er loved, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable.
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

CORDELIA, \textit{aside}
What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and be silent.

LEAR, \textit{pointing to the map}
Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests [and with champains riched,
With plenteous rivers] and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and Albany’s \textit{issue}
Be this perpetual.—What says our second
daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall? \textit{Speak.}

REGAN
I am made of that self mettle as my sister
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short, that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys
Which the most precious square of sense
\textit{possesses,} 
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highness’ love.

CORDELIA, \textit{aside} Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so, since I am sure my love’s
More ponderous than my tongue.
To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,
No less in space, validity, and pleasure
Than that conferred on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although our last and least, to whose young love
[The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interested.] what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters’? Speak.

Nothing, my lord.

Nothing?

Nothing.

Nothing will come of nothing. Speak again.

Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth. I love your Majesty
According to my bond, no more nor less.

How, how, Cordelia? Mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.

You have begot me, bred me, loved me.
I return those duties back as are right fit:
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.
Why have my sisters husbands if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,
(To love my father all.)

But goes thy heart with this?

Ay, my good lord.

So young and so untender?

So young, my lord, and true.
LEAR

Let it be so. Thy truth, then, be thy dower,
For by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate and the night,
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee from this forever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbored, pitied, and relieved
As thou my sometime daughter.

KENT

Good my liege—

LEAR

Peace, Kent.

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.

I loved her most and thought to set my rest

On her kind nursery. "To Cordelia." Hence and avoid my sight!—

So be my grave my peace as here I give

Her father’s heart from her.—Call France. Who stirs?

Call Burgundy. "An Attendant exits." Cornwall and Albany,

With my two daughters’ dowers digest the third.

Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.

I do invest you jointly with my power,
Preeminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourselves by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights
By you to be sustained, shall our abode
Make with you by due turn. Only we shall retain
The name and all th’ addition to a king.
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Belovèd sons, be yours, which to confirm,
This coronet part between you.

KENT Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honored as my king,
Loved as my father, as my master followed,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers—

LEAR
The bow is bent and drawn. Make from the shaft.

KENT
Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart. Be Kent unmannishly
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think’st thou that duty shall have dread to speak
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honor’s bound
When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state,
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness. Answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least,
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sounds
Reverb no hollowness.

LEAR Kent, on thy life, no more.

KENT
My life I never held but as a pawn
to wage against thine enemies, nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being motive.

LEAR Out of my sight!

KENT
See better, Lear, and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

LEAR Now, by Apollo—

KENT Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear’st thy gods in vain.

LEAR O vassal! Miscreant!
King Lear

ACT 1. SC. 1

[ALBANY/CORNWALL  Dear sir, forbear.]

KENT
Kill thy physician, and thy fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift,
Or whilst I can vent clamor from my throat,
I’ll tell thee thou dost evil.

LEAR
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 strained pride
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,
Our potency 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 thy hated back
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,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.

To Cordelia. The gods to their dear shelter take
thee, maid,
That justly think’st and hast most rightly said.

To Goneril and Regan. And your large speeches
may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu.
He’ll shape his old course in a country new.

He exits.

Flourish. Enter Gloucester with France, and Burgundy,
and Attendants.

(GLOUCESTER)
Here’s France and Burgundy, my noble lord.
LEAR  My lord of Burgundy,
    We first address toward you, who with this king
    Hath rivaled for our daughter. What in the least
    Will you require in present dower with her,
    Or cease your quest of love?
BURGUNDY  Most royal Majesty,
    I crave no more than hath your Highness offered,
    Nor will you tender less.
LEAR  Right noble Burgundy,
    When she was dear to us, we did hold her so,
    But now her price is fallen. Sir, there she stands.
    If aught within that little seeming substance,
    Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced
    And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
    She’s there, and she is yours.
BURGUNDY  I know no answer.
LEAR
    Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
    Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
    Dowered with our curse and strangered with our
    oath,
    Take her or leave her?
BURGUNDY  Pardon me, royal sir,
    Election makes not up in such conditions.
LEAR
    Then leave her, sir, for by the power that made me
    I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
    I would not from your love make such a stray
    To match you where I hate. Therefore beseech you
    T’ avert your liking a more worthier way
    Than on a wretch whom Nature is ashamed
    Almost t’ acknowledge hers.
FRANCE  This is most strange,
    That she whom even but now was your (best)
    object,
    The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous to dismantle
So many folds of favor. Sure her offense
Must be of such unnatural degree
That monsters it, or your forevouched affection
Fall into taint; which to believe of her
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

CORDELIA, to Lear I yet beseech your Majesty—
If for I want that glib and oily art
To speak and purpose not, since what I (well)
intend
I’ll do ’t before I speak—that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action or dishonored step
That hath deprived me of your grace and favor,
But even for want of that for which I am richer:
A still-soliciting eye and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

LEAR Better thou
Hadst not been born than not t’ have pleased me better.

FRANCE
Is it but this—a tardiness in nature
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love’s not love
When it is mingled with regards that stands
Aloof from th’ entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

BURGUNDY, to Lear Royal king,
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

LEAR
Nothing. I have sworn. I am firm.
BURGUNDY, \(\text{to Cordelia}\)

I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband.

CORDELIA

Peace be with Burgundy.

Since that respect and fortunes are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

FRANCE

Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised,
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon,
Be it lawful I take up what’s cast away.
Gods, gods! ’Tis strange that from their cold’st neglect
My love should kindle to enflamed respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France.
Not all the dukes of wat’rish Burgundy
Can buy this unprized precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind.
Thou losest here a better where to find.

LEAR

Thou hast her, France. Let her be thine, for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again. \(\text{To Cordelia.}\) Therefore begone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

\(\text{Flourish. All but France, Cordelia, Goneril, and Regan} \) exit.

FRANCE

Bid farewell to your sisters.

CORDELIA

The jewels of our father, with washed eyes
Cordelia leaves you. I know you what you are,
And like a sister am most loath to call
Your faults as they are named. Love well our father.

To your professèd bosoms I commit him;
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

REGAN
Prescribe not us our duty.

GONERIL
Let your study

Be to content your lord, who hath received you

At Fortune’s alms. You have obedience scanted

And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

CORDELIA
Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides,

Who covers faults at last with shame derides.

Well may you prosper.

FRANCE
Come, my fair Cordelia.

*France and Cordelia exit.*

GONERIL
Sister, it is not little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence tonight.

REGAN
That’s most certain, and with you; next month with us.

GONERIL
You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath (not) been little. He always loved our sister most, and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

REGAN
’Tis the infirmity of his age. Yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

GONERIL
The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash. Then must we look from his age to receive not alone the imperfections of long-engraffed condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.
REGAN   Such unconstant starts are we like to have
       from him as this of Kent’s banishment.
GONERIL  There is further compliment of leave-taking
       between France and him. Pray you, let us sit
       together. If our father carry authority with such
       disposition as he bears, this last surrender of his will
       but offend us.
REGAN   We shall further think of it.
GONERIL  We must do something, and i’ th’ heat.

     They exit.

Scene 2

Enter [Edmund, the] Bastard.

EDMUND
Thou, Nature, art my goddess. To thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? why “bastard”? Wherefore “base,”
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous and my shape as true
As honest madam’s issue? Why brand they us
With “base,” with “baseness,” “bastardy,” “base,” “base,”
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth within a dull, stale, tired bed
Go to th’ creating a whole tribe of fops
Got ’tween asleep and wake? Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land.
Our father’s love is to the bastard Edmund
As to th’ legitimate. Fine word, “legitimate.”
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base  
Shall \( t \)op\( t \)’ legitimate. I grow, I prosper.  
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter Gloucester.

GLOUCESTER

Kent banished thus? And France in choler parted?  
And the King gone tonight, prescribed his power,  
Confined to exhibition? All this done  
Upon the gad?—Edmund, how now? What news?

EDMUND  So please your Lordship, none. «He puts a  
paper in his pocket.»

GLOUCESTER  Why so earnestly seek you to put up that  
letter?

EDMUND  I know no news, my lord.

GLOUCESTER  What paper were you reading?

EDMUND  Nothing, my lord.

GLOUCESTER  No? What needed then that terrible dispatch  
of it into your pocket? The quality of nothing  
hath not such need to hide itself. Let’s see. Come, if  
it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

EDMUND  I beseech you, sir, pardon me. It is a letter  
from my brother that I have not all o’erread; and  
for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for  
your o’erlooking.

GLOUCESTER  Give me the letter, sir.

EDMUND  I shall offend either to detain or give it. The  
contents, as in part I understand them, are to  
blame.

GLOUCESTER  Let’s see, let’s see.  

»Edmund gives him the paper.«

EDMUND  I hope, for my brother’s justification, he  
wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

GLOUCESTER (reads)  This policy and reverence of age  
makes the world bitter to the best of our times, keeps  
our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish
them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny, who sways not as it hath power but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue forever and live the beloved of your brother.

Hum? Conspiracy? “Sleep till I wake him, you should enjoy half his revenue.” My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? A heart and brain to breed it in?—When came you to this? Who brought it?

EDMUND It was not brought me, my lord; there’s the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

GLOUCESTER You know the character to be your brother’s?

EDMUND If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but in respect of that, I would fain think it were not. It is his.

GLOUCESTER It is his.

EDMUND It is his hand, my lord, but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

GLOUCESTER Has he never before sounded you in this business?

EDMUND Never, my lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit that, sons at perfect age and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

GLOUCESTER O villain, villain! His very opinion in the letter. Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! Worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him. I’ll apprehend him.—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

EDMUND I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if
you violently proceed against him, mistaking his 90
purpose, it would make a great gap in your own
honor and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him that he hath
writ this to feel my affection to your Honor, and to
no other pretense of danger.

GLOUCESTER    Think you so?

EDMUND    If your Honor judge it meet, I will place you 95
where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an
auricular assurance have your satisfaction, and that
without any further delay than this very evening.

GLOUCESTER    He cannot be such a monster.

EDMUND    Nor is not, sure. 100

GLOUCESTER    To his father, that so tenderly and entirely
loves him! Heaven and Earth! Edmund, seek him
out; wind me into him, I pray you. Frame the
business after your own wisdom. I would unstate
myself to be in a due resolution.

EDMUND    I will seek him, sir, presently, convey the 105
business as I shall find means, and acquaint you
withal.

GLOUCESTER    These late eclipses in the sun and moon
portend no good to us. Though the wisdom of
nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds
itself scourged by the sequent effects. Love cools,
friendship falls off, brothers divide; in cities, mutinies;
in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and
the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. [This villain 110
of mine comes under the prediction: there’s son
against father. The King falls from bias of nature:
there’s father against child. We have seen the best of
our time. Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and
all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our
graves.]—Find out this villain, Edmund. It shall
lose thee nothing. Do it carefully.—And the noble
and true-hearted Kent banished! His offense, honesty!
’Tis strange. 115

He exits.
EDMUND  This is the excellent foppery of the world, that 125
when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeits of our own behavior) we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and stars, as if we were villains on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance; 130
drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the Dragon’s tail, and my nativity was under Ursa Major, so that it follows I am rough and lecherous. (Fut,) I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. (Edgar)— 135

Enter Edgar.

(and) pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy. My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o’ Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions. Fa, sol, la, mi.
EDGAR  How now, brother Edmund, what serious contemplation are you in?
EDMUND  I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.
EDGAR  Do you busy yourself with that?
EDMUND  I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily, (as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent, death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities, divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles, needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, 155
nuptial breaches, and I know not what.
EDGAR  How long have you been a sectary astronomical?
EDMUND  Come, come,) when saw you my father last?  
EDGAR   The night gone by.  
EDMUND  Spake you with him?  
EDGAR   Ay, two hours together.  
EDMUND  Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word nor countenance?  
EDGAR   None at all.  
EDMUND  Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him, and at my entreaty forbear his presence until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.  
EDGAR   Some villain hath done me wrong.  
EDMUND  That’s my fear. [I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you go. There’s my key. If you do stir abroad, go armed.  
EDGAR   Armed, brother?]  
EDMUND  Brother, I advise you to the best. I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you. I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.  
EDGAR   Shall I hear from you anon?  
EDMUND  I do serve you in this business. Edgar exits.

A credulous father and a brother noble,  
Whose nature is so far from doing harms  
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty  
My practices ride easy. I see the business.  
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit.  
All with me’s meet that I can fashion fit.  

He exits.
Enter Goneril and Oswald, her Steward.

GONERIL  Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his Fool?

OSWALD  Ay, madam.

GONERIL  By day and night he wrongs me. Every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other
That sets us all at odds. I’ll not endure it.
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him. Say I am sick.
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well. The fault of it I’ll answer.

OSWALD  He’s coming, madam. I hear him.

GONERIL  Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows. I’d have it come to question.
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine I know in that are one,
〈Not to be overruled. Idle old man
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away. Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again and must be used
With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abused.〉
Remember what I have said.

OSWALD  Well, madam.

GONERIL  And let his knights have colder looks among you.
What grows of it, no matter. Advise your fellows so.
〈I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak.〉 I’ll write straight to my sister
To hold my (very) course. Prepare for dinner.

They exit in different directions.
Scene 4

Enter Kent [in disguise].

KENT

If but as (well) I other accents borrow
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I razed my likeness. Now, banished Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand
condemned,
So may it come thy master, whom thou lov’st,
Shall find thee full of labors.

Horns within. Enter Lear, [Knights,] and Attendants.

LEAR  Let me not stay a jot for dinner. Go get it ready.

   [An Attendant exits.]

How now, what art thou?

KENT  A man, sir.

LEAR  What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

KENT  I do profess to be no less than I seem, to serve
him truly that will put me in trust, to love him that
is honest, to converse with him that is wise and says
little, to fear judgment, to fight when I cannot
choose, and to eat no fish.

LEAR  What art thou?

KENT  A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the
King.

LEAR  If thou be’st as poor for a subject as he’s for a
king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

KENT  Service.

LEAR  Who wouldst thou serve?

KENT  You.

LEAR  Dost thou know me, fellow?

KENT  No, sir, but you have that in your countenance
which I would fain call master.
LEAR What’s that?  
KENT Authority.  
LEAR What services canst do?  
KENT I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly. That which ordinary men are fit for I am qualified in, and the best of me is diligence.  
LEAR How old art thou?  
KENT Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for anything. I have years on my back forty-eight.  
LEAR Follow me. Thou shalt serve me—if I like thee no worse after dinner. I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where’s my knave, my Fool? Go you and call my Fool hither.  

«An Attendant exits.»

Enter «Oswald, the Steward.»

You, you, sirrah, where’s my daughter?  
OSWALD So please you—He exits.

LEAR What says the fellow there? Call the clotpole back. «A Knight exits.» Where’s my Fool? Ho! I think the world’s asleep.

«Enter Knight again.»

How now? Where’s that mongrel?  
KNIGHT He says, my lord, your (daughter) is not well.  
LEAR Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?  
KNIGHT Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.  
LEAR He would not?  
KNIGHT My lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my judgment your Highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont. There’s a great abatement of kindness appears as
well in the general dependents as in the Duke himself also, and your daughter.

LEAR    Ha? Sayst thou so?

KNIGHT I beseech you pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent when I think your Highness wronged.

LEAR    Thou but remembrest me of mine own conception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretense and purpose of unkindness. I will look further into ’t. But where’s my Fool? I have not seen him this two days.

KNIGHT Since my young lady’s going into France, sir, the Fool hath much pined away.

LEAR    No more of that. I have noted it well.—Go you and tell my daughter I would speak with her.  

[Attendant exits.]

Go you call hither my Fool.

[Another exits.]

Enter [Oswald, the] Steward.

O you, sir, you, come you hither, sir. Who am I, sir?

OSWALD  My lady’s father.

LEAR    “My lady’s father”? My lord’s knave! You whoreson dog, you slave, you cur!

OSWALD  I am none of these, my lord, I beseech your pardon.

LEAR    Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[LEAR strikes him.]

OSWALD  I’ll not be strucken, my lord.

KENT  Nor tripped neither, you base football player?

LEAR    I thank thee, fellow. Thou serv’st me, and I’ll love thee.


[Oswald exits.]
LEAR  Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee. There’s 
earnest of thy service.    [He gives Kent a purse.]

Enter Fool.

FOOL  Let me hire him too. [To Kent.] Here’s my 
coxcomb.    [He offers Kent his cap.]

LEAR  How now, my pretty knave, how dost thou?

FOOL, [To Kent]  Sirrah, you were best take my 
coxcomb.

LEAR  Why, my boy?

FOOL  Why? For taking one’s part that’s out of favor. 
[To Kent.] Nay, an thou canst not smile as the 
wind sits, thou ’lt catch cold shortly. There, take my 
coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on ’s 
daughters and did the third a blessing against his 
will. If thou follow him, thou must needs wear my 
coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? Would I had two 
coxcombs and two daughters.

LEAR  Why, my boy?

FOOL  If I gave them all my living, I’d keep my coxcombs 
myself. There’s mine. Beg another of thy 
daughters.

LEAR  Take heed, sirrah—the whip.

FOOL  Truth’s a dog must to kennel; he must be 
whipped out, when the Lady Brach may stand by th’ 
fire and stink.

LEAR  A pestilent gall to me!

FOOL  Sirrah, I’ll teach thee a speech.

LEAR  Do.

FOOL  Mark it, nuncle: 
Have more than thou showest. 
Speak less than thou knowest, 
Lend less than thou owest, 
Ride more than thou goest, 
Learn more than thou tronest, 
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

KENT  This is nothing, Fool.
FOOL  Then ’tis like the breath of an unfee’d lawyer.
You gave me nothing for ’t.—Can you make no use
of nothing, nuncle?

LEAR  Why no, boy. Nothing can be made out of
nothing.

FOOL, [to Kent]  Prithee tell him, so much the rent of his
land comes to. He will not believe a Fool.

LEAR  A bitter Fool!

FOOL  Dost know the difference, my boy, between a
bitter fool and a sweet one?

LEAR  No, lad, teach me.

FOOL  (That lord that counseled thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me;
Do thou for him stand.
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear:
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

LEAR  Dost thou call me “fool,” boy?

FOOL  All thy other titles thou hast given away. That
thou wast born with.

KENT  This is not altogether fool, my lord.

FOOL  No, faith, lords and great men will not let me. If
I had a monopoly out, they would have part on ’t.
And ladies too, they will not let me have all the fool
to myself; they’ll be snatching.)—Nuncle, give me
an egg, and I’ll give thee two crowns.

LEAR  What two crowns shall they be?

FOOL  Why, after I have cut the egg i’ th’ middle and eat
up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou
clovest thy (crown) i’ th’ middle and gav’st away
both parts, thou bor’st thine ass on thy back o’er
the dirt. Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown
when thou gav’st thy golden one away. If I speak
like myself in this, let him be whipped that first
finds it so.  「Sings.」

Fools had ne’er less grace in a year,
For wise men are grown foppish
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

LEAR When were you wont to be so full of songs,
sirrah?

FOOL I have used it, nuncle, e’er since thou mad’st thy
daughters thy mothers. For when thou gav’st them
the rod and put’st down thine own breeches,
「Sings.」
Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep
And go the (fools) among.
Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach
thy Fool to lie. I would fain learn to lie.

LEAR An you lie, sirrah, we’ll have you whipped.

FOOL I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are.
They’ll have me whipped for speaking true, thou ’ll have me whipped for lying, and sometimes I am
whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any
kind o’ thing than a Fool. And yet I would not be
thee, nuncle. Thou hast pared thy wit o’ both sides
and left nothing i’ th’ middle. Here comes one o’ the
parings.

Enter Goneril.

LEAR
How now, daughter? What makes that frontlet on?
(Methinks) you are too much of late i’ th’ frown.
FOOL   Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning. Now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now. I am a Fool. Thou art nothing. "To Goneril." Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue. So your face bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum,
He that keeps nor crust (nor) crumb,
Weary of all, shall want some.

"He points at Lear."

That’s a shelled peascod.

GONERIL
Not only, sir, this your all-licensed Fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endurèd riots. Sir,
I had thought by making this well known unto you to have found a safe redress, but now grow fearful,
To have found a safe redress, but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep
Which in the tender of a wholesome weal
Might in their working do you that offense,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

FOOL   For you know, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it’s had it head bit off by it young.

So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

LEAR   Are you our daughter?

GONERIL
I would you would make use of your good wisdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
These dispositions which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.
FOOL  May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop, Jug, I love thee!

LEAR

Does any here know me? This is not Lear.

Does Lear walk thus, speak thus? Where are his eyes?

Either his notion weakens, his discernings are lethargied—Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so.

Who is it that can tell me who I am?

FOOL  Lear’s shadow.

(LEAR

I would learn that, for, by the marks of sovereignty,

Knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

Which they will make an obedient father.)

LEAR  Your name, fair gentlewoman?

GONERIL

This admiration, sir, is much o’ th’ savor

Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you to understand my purposes aright.

As you are old and reverend, should be wise.

Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires, men so disorderd, so debauched and bold,

That this our court, infected with their manners, shows like a riotous inn. Epicurism and lust makes it more like a tavern or a brothel than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak for instant remedy. Be then desired,

By her that else will take the thing she begs, a little to disquantity your train,

And the remainders that shall still depend to be such men as may besort your age, which know themselves and you.

LEAR  Darkness and devils!—

Saddle my horses. Call my train together.

[Some exit.]
Degenerate bastard, I’ll not trouble thee.
Yet have I left a daughter.

GONERIL
You strike my people, and your disordered rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter Albany.

LEAR
Woe that too late repents!—(O, sir, are you
come?)
Is it your will? Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.

[Some exit.]

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show’st thee in a child
Than the sea monster!

[ALBANY
Pray, sir, be patient.]

LEAR, [to Goneril]
Detested kite, thou liest.
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name. O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show,
Which, like an engine, wrenched my frame of
nature
From the fixed place, drew from my heart all love
And added to the gall! O Lear, Lear, Lear!

[He strikes his head.]

Beat at this gate that let thy folly in
And thy dear judgment out. Go, go, my people.

[Some exit.]

ALBANY
My lord, I am guiltless as I am ignorant
[Of what hath moved you.]

LEAR
It may be so, my lord.—
Hear, Nature, hear, dear goddess, hear!

Suspend thy purpose if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful.
Into her womb convey sterility.
Dry up in her the organs of increase,
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honor her. If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live
And be a thwart disnatured torment to her.
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,
Turn all her mother’s pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt, that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is
To have a thankless child.—Away, away!

[Lear and the rest of his train] exit.

ALBANY

Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

GONERIL

Never afflict yourself to know more of it,
But let his disposition have that scope
As dotage gives it.

Enter Lear [and the Fool].

LEAR

What, fifty of my followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?

ALBANY

What’s the matter, sir?

LEAR

I’ll tell thee. [To Goneril.] Life and death! I am ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee!
Th’ untented woundings of a father’s curse
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I’ll pluck you out
And cast you, with the waters that you loose,  
To temper clay. (Yea, is ’t come to this?)  
Ha! Let it be so. I have another daughter  
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable.  
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails  
She’ll flay thy wolvisch visage. Thou shalt find  
That I’ll resume the shape which thou dost think  
I have cast off forever. He exits.

GONERIL  Do you mark that?  

ALBANY

I cannot be so partial, Goneril,  
To the great love I bear you—  

GONERIL  Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!—  
You, sir, more knave than Fool, after your master.

FOOL  Nuncle Lear, Nuncle Lear, tarry. Take the Fool  
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 Fool follows after. He exits.

[ GONERIL

This man hath had good counsel. A hundred  
knights!  
’Tis politic and safe to let him keep  
At point a hundred knights! Yes, that on every  
dream,  
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,  
He may enguard his dotage with their powers  
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!

ALBANY  Well, you may fear too far.

GONERIL  Safer than trust too far.

Let me still take away the harms I fear,  
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart.
What he hath uttered I have writ my sister.  
If she sustain him and his hundred knights  
When I have showed th’ unfitness—
Enter Oswald, the Steward.

OSWALD  How now, Oswald?

GONERIL  What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

OSWALD  Ay, madam.

GONERIL  Take you some company and away to horse.
Inform her full of my particular fear,
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more. Get you gone,
And hasten your return. Oswald exits. No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness and course of yours,
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more at task for want of wisdom
Than praised for harmful mildness.

ALBANY  How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell.
Striving to better, oft we mar what’s well.

GONERIL  Nay, then—

ALBANY  Well, well, th’ event.

They exit.

Scene 5
Enter Lear, Kent in disguise, Gentleman, and Fool.

LEAR  Go you before to Gloucester with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with anything you know than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

KENT  I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. He exits.

FOOL  If a man’s brains were in ’s heels, were ’t not in danger of kibes?

LEAR  Ay, boy.
FOOL  Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.
LEAR  Ha, ha, ha!
FOOL  Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly, for, though she’s as like this as a crab’s like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.
LEAR  What canst tell, boy?
FOOL  She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one’s nose stands i’ th’ middle on ’s face?
LEAR  No.
FOOL  Why, to keep one’s eyes of either side ’s nose, that what a man cannot smell out he may spy into.
LEAR  I did her wrong.
FOOL  Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?
LEAR  No.
FOOL  Nor I neither. But I can tell why a snail has a house.
LEAR  Why?
FOOL  Why, to put ’s head in, not to give it away to his daughters and leave his horns without a case.
LEAR  I will forget my nature. So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?  
[‘Gentleman exits.’]
FOOL  Thy asses are gone about ’em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.
LEAR  Because they are not eight.
FOOL  Yes, indeed. Thou wouldst make a good Fool.
LEAR  To take ’t again perforce! Monster ingratitude!
FOOL  If thou wert my Fool, nuncle, I’d have thee beaten for being old before thy time.
LEAR  How’s that?
FOOL  Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.
LEAR  O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!  
Keep me in temper. I would not be mad!
Enter Gentleman.

How now, are the horses ready?

GENTLEMAN    Ready, my lord.

LEAR       Come, boy.

FOOL

She that’s a maid now and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut
    shorter.

They exit.
ACT 2

Scene 1

Enter [Edmund, the] Bastard and Curan, severally.

EDMUND Save thee, Curan.

CURAN And (you,) sir. I have been with your father and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

EDMUND How comes that? 5

CURAN Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad?—I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.

EDMUND Not I. Pray you, what are they?

CURAN Have you heard of no likely wars toward ’twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany? 10

EDMUND Not a word.

CURAN You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir.

He exits.

EDMUND The Duke be here tonight? The better, best. This weaves itself perforce into my business. My father hath set guard to take my brother, And I have one thing of a queasy question Which I must act. Briefness and fortune work!— Brother, a word. Descend. Brother, I say!

Enter Edgar.

My father watches. O sir, fly this place! 20

73
Intelligence is given where you are hid.
You have now the good advantage of the night.
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
He’s coming hither, now, i’ th’ night, i’ th’ haste,
And Regan with him. Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

EDGAR I am sure on 't, not a word.

EDMUND
I hear my father coming. Pardon me.
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you.
Draw. Seem to defend yourself. Now, quit you well.

"They draw."

Yield! Come before my father! Light, hoa, here!
"Aside to Edgar." Fly, brother.—Torches, torches!
—So, farewell.

"Edgar exits."

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeavor. I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport. "He wounds his arm."

Father, father!

Stop, stop! No help?

Enter Gloucester, and Servants with torches.

GLOUCESTER Now, Edmund, where’s the villain?

EDMUND
Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand auspicious mistress.

GLOUCESTER But where is he?

EDMUND
Look, sir, I bleed.

GLOUCESTER Where is the villain, Edmund?

EDMUND
Fled this way, sir, when by no means he could—
GLOUCESTER

Pursue him, ho! Go after.  "Servants exit."  By no means what?

EDMUND

Persuade me to the murder of your Lordship,
But that I told him the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to th' father—sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared sword he charges home
My unprovided body, (lanced) mine arm;
And when he saw my best alarumed spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to th' encounter,
Or whether ghasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Let him fly far!

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught,
And found—dispatch.  The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes tonight.
By his authority I will proclaim it
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.

EDMUND

When I dissuaded him from his intent
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threatened to discover him.  He replied
"Thou unpossessing bastard, dost thou think
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faithed?  No.  What (I should)
deny—
As this I would, though thou didst produce
King Lear

ACT 2. SC. 1

My very character—I’d turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damnèd practice.
And thou must make a dullard of the world
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential ⟨spurs⟩
To make thee seek it.”

GLOUCESTER

O strange and fastened villain!
Would he deny his letter, said he?
⟨I never got him.⟩

Tucket within.

Hark, the Duke’s trumpets. I know not why he comes.
All ports I’ll bar. The villain shall not ’scape.
The Duke must grant me that. Besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him. And of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I’ll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

CORNWALL

How now, my noble friend? Since I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard strange ⟨news.⟩

REGAN

If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue th’ offender. How dost, my lord?

GLOUCESTER

O madam, my old heart is cracked; it’s cracked.

REGAN

What, did my father’s godson seek your life?
He whom my father named, your Edgar?

GLOUCESTER

O lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

REGAN

Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tended upon my father?
GLOUCESTER
   I know not, madam. ’Tis too bad, too bad.
EDMUND
   Yes, madam, he was of that consort.
REGAN
   No marvel, then, though he were ill affected.
   ’Tis they have put him on the old man’s death, 115
   To have th’ expense and waste of his revenues.
   I have this present evening from my sister
   Been well informed of them, and with such cautions
   That if they come to sojourn at my house
   I’ll not be there.
CORNWALL   Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
   Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
   A childlike office.
EDMUND   It was my duty, sir.
GLOUCESTER
   He did bewray his practice, and received 125
   This hurt you see striving to apprehend him.
CORNWALL   Is he pursued?
GLOUCESTER   Ay, my good lord.
CORNWALL
   If he be taken, he shall never more
   Be feared of doing harm. Make your own purpose,
   How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
   Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
   So much commend itself, you shall be ours.
   Natures of such deep trust we shall much need.
   You we first seize on.
EDMUND   I shall serve you, sir,
   Truly, however else.
GLOUCESTER   For him I thank your Grace.
CORNWALL
   You know not why we came to visit you— 135
REGAN
   Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night.
Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some (poise,)
Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best (thought) it fit
To answer from our home. The several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which craves the instant use.

GLOUCESTER I serve you, madam.
Your Graces are right welcome.

Flourish. They exit.

Scene 2

Enter Kent [in disguise] and Oswald, the Steward, severally.

OSWALD Good dawning to thee, friend. Art of this house?
KENT Ay.
OSWALD Where may we set our horses?
KENT I’ th’ mire.
OSWALD Prithee, if thou lov’st me, tell me.
KENT I love thee not.
OSWALD Why then, I care not for thee.
KENT If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.
OSWALD Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.
KENT Fellow, I know thee.
OSWALD What dost thou know me for?
KENT A knife, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stock ing knave; a lily-livered, action-taking, whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting
slave; one that wouldst be a bawd in way of good
service, and art nothing but the composition of a
knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir
of a mongrel bitch; one whom I will beat into
<clamorous> whining if thou deny’st the least syllable
of thy addition.

OSWALD Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou thus
to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor
knows thee!

KENT What a brazen-faced varlet art thou to deny thou
knowest me! Is it two days <ago> since I tripped up
thy heels and beat thee before the King? <He draws
his sword.> Draw, you rogue, for though it be night,
yet the moon shines. I’ll make a sop o’ th’ moonshine
of you, you whoreson, cullionly barbermonger.

Draw!

OSWALD Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

KENT Draw, you rascal! You come with letters against
the King and take Vanity the puppet’s part against
the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I’ll so
carbonado your shanks! Draw, you rascal! Come
your ways.

OSWALD Help, ho! Murder! Help!

KENT Strike, you slave! Stand, rogue! Stand, you neat
slave! Strike! <He beats Oswald.>

OSWALD Help, ho! Murder, murder!

Enter Bastard <Edmund, with his rapier drawn,>
Courts, Regan, Gloucester, Servants.

EDMUND How now, what’s the matter? Part!

KENT With you, goodman boy, if you please. Come, I’ll
flesh you. Come on, young master.

GLOUCESTER Weapons? Arms? What’s the matter here?

CORNWALL Keep peace, upon your lives! He dies that
strikes again. What is the matter?
REGAN
The messengers from our sister and the King.

CORNWALL What is your difference? Speak.

OSWALD I am scarce in breath, my lord.

KENT No marvel, you have so bestirred your valor.

      You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a
      tailor made thee.

CORNWALL Thou art a strange fellow. A tailor make a

      man?

KENT A tailor, sir. A stonecutter or a painter could not
      have made him so ill, though they had been but two
      years o’ th’ trade.

CORNWALL Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

OSWALD This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have
      spared at suit of his gray beard—

      Thou whoreson zed, thou unnecessary letter!
      —My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread
      this unbolted villain into mortar and daub the wall
      of a jakes with him.—Spare my gray beard, you
      wagtail?

      Peace, sirrah!

KENT You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

      Yes, sir, but anger hath a privilege.

CORNWALL Why art thou angry?

KENT That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
      Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as
      these,
      Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain
      Which are (too) intrinse t’ unloose; smooth every
      passion
      That in the natures of their lords rebel—
      Being oil to fire, snow to the colder moods—
      (Renege,) affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
      With every (gale) and vary of their masters,
Knowing naught, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
"Smile" you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive you cackling home to Camelot.

CORNWALL    What, art thou mad, old fellow?

GLOUCESTER    How fell you out? Say that.

KENT

No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.

CORNWALL

Why dost thou call him "knave"? What is his fault?

KENT    His countenance likes me not.

CORNWALL

No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

KENT

Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

CORNWALL    This is some fellow

KENT

Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature. He cannot flatter, he.
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth!
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this
plainness
Harbor more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly-ducking observants
That stretch their duties nicely.

KENT

Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Under th’ allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flick’ring Phoebus’ front—
CORNWALL  What mean’st by this?  

KENT    To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer. He that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave, which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to ’t.

CORNWALL, [to Oswald] What was th’ offense you gave him?

OSWALD   I never gave him any.

It pleased the King his master very late To strike at me, upon his misconstruction; When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure, Tripped me behind; being down, insulted, railed, And put upon him such a deal of man That worthied him, got praises of the King For him attempting who was self-subdued; And in the fleshment of this [dread] exploit, Drew on me here again.

KENT    None of these rogues and cowards But Ajax is their fool.

CORNWALL Fetch forth the stocks.—

You stubborn ancient knave, you reverent braggart, We’ll teach you.

KENT    Sir, I am too old to learn.

Call not your stocks for me. I serve the King, On whose employment I was sent to you.

You shall do small [respect,] show too bold malice Against the grace and person of my master, Stocking his messenger.

CORNWALL Fetch forth the stocks.—As I have life and honor, There shall he sit till noon.

REGAN    Till noon? Till night, my lord, and all night, too.
KENT

Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

REGAN  Sir, being his knave, I will.

CORNWALL

This is a fellow of the selfsame color
Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks.

Stocks brought out.

GLOUCESTER

Let me beseech your Grace not to do so.
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for 't. Your purposed low correction
Is such as basest and contempt'd wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses
Are punished with.) The King must take it ill
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrained.

CORNWALL  I'll answer that.

REGAN

My sister may receive it much more worse
To have her gentleman abused, assaulted
〈For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.〉

Kent is put in the stocks.

CORNWALL  Come, my (good) lord, away.

All but Gloucester and Kent exit.

GLOUCESTER

I am sorry for thee, friend. 'Tis the (Duke's)
pleasure,
Whose disposition all the world well knows
Will not be rubbed nor stopped. I'll entreat for thee.

KENT

Pray, do not, sir. I have watched and traveled hard.
Some time I shall sleep out; the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.
Give you good morrow.
GLOUCESTER
    The Duke’s to blame in this. ’Twill be ill taken.
    He exits.

KENT

    Good king, that must approve the common saw,
    Thou out of heaven’s benediction com’st
    To the warm sun. ['He takes out a paper."
    Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
    That by thy comfortable beams I may
    Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles
    But misery. I know 'tis from Cordelia,
    Who hath most fortunately been informed
    Of my obscurèd course, and shall find time
    From this enormous state, seeking to give
    Losses their remedies. All weary and o’erwatched,
    Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
    This shameful lodging.
    Fortune, good night. Smile once more; turn thy
    wheel.

    ⟨Sleeps.⟩

Scene 3
    Enter Edgar.

EDGAR    I heard myself proclaimed,
    And by the happy hollow of a tree
    Escaped the hunt. No port is free; no place
    That guard and most unusual vigilance
    Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may ’scape,
    I will preserve myself, and am bethought
    To take the basest and most poorest shape
    That ever penury in contempt of man
    Brought near to beast. My face I’ll grime with filth,
    Blanket my loins, elf all my hairs in knots,
    And with presented nakedness outface
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars who with roaring voices
Strike in their numbed and mortified arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary,
And, with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheepcotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity. “Poor Turlygod! Poor Tom!”
That’s something yet. “Edgar” I nothing am.

He exits.

Scene 4

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

LEAR
’Tis strange that they should so depart from home
And not send back my messenger.

GENTLEMAN As I learned,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

KENT, ‘waking’ Hail to thee, noble master.

LEAR Ha?

Mak’st thou this shame thy pastime?

[KENT No, my lord.]

FOOL Ha, ha, he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied
by the heads, dogs and bears by th’ neck, monkeys
by th’ loins, and men by th’ legs. When a (man’s)
overlust at legs, then he wears wooden
netherstocks.

LEAR What’s he that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?

KENT It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.
LEAR  No.
KENT  Yes.  20
LEAR  No, I say.
KENT  I say yea.
LEAR  By Jupiter, I swear no.
[KENT  By Juno, I swear ay.
LEAR  They durst not do 't.
    They could not, would not do 't. 'Tis worse than murder
    To do upon respect such violent outrage.
    Resolve me with all modest haste which way
    Thou might'st deserve or they impose this usage,
    Coming from us.
KENT  My lord, when at their home
    I did commend your Highness' letters to them,
    Ere I was risen from the place that showed
    My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
    Stewed in his haste, half breathless, (panting) forth
    From Goneril his mistress salutations;
    Delivered letters, spite of intermission,
    Which presently they read; on (whose) contents
    They summoned up their meiny, straight took horse,
    Commanded me to follow and attend
    The leisure of their answer, gave me cold looks;
    And meeting here the other messenger,
    Whose welcome, I perceived, had poisoned mine,
    Being the very fellow which of late
    Displayed so saucily against your Highness,
    Having more man than wit about me, drew.
    He raised the house with loud and coward cries.
    Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
    The shame which here it suffers.
[FOOL  Winter's not gone yet if the wild geese fly that way.
Fathers that wear rags
    Do make their children blind,
But fathers that bear bags
    Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
    Ne’er turns the key to th’ poor.

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolors for
thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.]  

LEAR

O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!
\( \text{Hysterica} \) passio, down, thou climbing sorrow!

Thy element’s below.—Where is this daughter?

KENT  With the Earl, sir, here within.

LEAR, \( \text{to Fool and Gentleman} \)  Follow me not. Stay here.  

\text{He exits.}

GENTLEMAN

Made you no more offense but what you speak of?

KENT  None.

FOOL  An thou hadst been set i’ th’ stocks for that question, thou ’dst well deserved it.

KENT  Why, Fool?

FOOL  We’l set thee to school to an ant to teach thee there’s no laboring i’ th’ winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men, and there’s not a nose among twenty but can smell him that’s stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill lest it break thy neck with following; but the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again. I would have none but knaves follow it, since a Fool gives it.

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,
    And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the Fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly.
The knave turns fool that runs away;
The Fool no knave, perdie.

KENT Where learned you this, Fool?
FOOL Not i’ th’ stocks, fool.

Enter Lear and Gloucester.

LEAR
Deny to speak with me? They are sick? They are weary?
They have traveled all the night? Mere fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

GLOUCESTER My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How unremovable and fixed he is
In his own course.

LEAR
Vengeance, plague, death, confusion!
“Fiery”? What “quality”? Why Gloucester,
Gloucester,
I’d speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

[GLOUCESTER
Well, my good lord, I have informed them so.

LEAR
“Informed them”? Dost thou understand me, man?]

GLOUCESTER Ay, my good lord.

LEAR
The King would speak with Cornwall. The dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands, tends service.

[Are they “informed” of this? My breath and blood!]
“Fiery”? The “fiery” duke? Tell the hot duke that—
No, but not yet. Maybe he is not well.
Infirmity doth still neglect all office
Where to our health is bound. We are not ourselves
When nature, being oppressed, commands the mind
To suffer with the body. I’ll forbear,
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indisposed and sickly fit
For the sound man. [Noticing Kent again.] Death on my state! Wherefore
Should he sit here? This act persuades me
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go tell the Duke and ’s wife I’d speak with them.
Now, presently, bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I’ll beat the drum
Till it cry sleep to death.

GLOUCESTER    I would have all well betwixt you.

He exits.

LEAR

O me, my heart, my rising heart! But down!

FOOL    Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels
  when she put ’em i’ th’ paste alive. She knapped
  ’em o’ th’ coxcombs with a stick and cried “Down,
  wantons, down!” ’Twas her brother that in pure
  kindness to his horse buttered his hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, Servants.

LEAR    Good morrow to you both.

CORNWALL    Hail to your Grace.

Kent here set at liberty.

REGAN    I am glad to see your Highness.

LEAR

Regan, I think (you) are. I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy (mother’s) tomb,
Sepulch’ring an adult’ress. [To Kent.] O, are you free?
Some other time for that.—Belovèd Regan,
Thy sister’s naught. O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-toothed unkindness, like a vulture, here.
I can scarce speak to thee. Thou ’lt not believe
With how depraved a quality—O Regan!

REGAN

I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope
You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.

LEAR Say? How is that?

REGAN

I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation. If, sir, perchance
She have restrained the riots of your followers,
’Tis on such ground and to such wholesome end
As clears her from all blame.]

LEAR My curses on her.

REGAN O sir, you are old.

LEAR Nature in you stands on the very verge

REGAN Of his confine. You should be ruled and led

LEAR By some discretion that discerns your state

REGAN Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you

LEAR That to our sister you do make return.

REGAN Say you have wronged her.

LEAR Ask her forgiveness?

REGAN [He kneels.] Do you but mark how this becomes the house:

LEAR “Dear daughter, I confess that I am old.

REGAN Age is unnecessary. On my knees I beg

LEAR That you’ll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.”

REGAN Good sir, no more. These are unsightly tricks.

LEAR Return you to my sister.
LEAR, 

Never, Regan.
She hath abated me of half my train,
Looked black upon me, struck me with her tongue
Most serpentlike upon the very heart.
All the stored vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

CORNWALL

Fie, sir, fie!

LEAR

You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-sucked fogs drawn by the powerful sun
To fall and blister!

REGAN

O, the blest gods! So will you wish on me
When the rash mood is on.

LEAR

No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse.
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o’er to harshness. Her eyes are fierce, but
thine
Do comfort and not burn. ’Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in. Thou better know’st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude.
Thy half o’ th’ kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endowed.

REGAN

Good sir, to th’ purpose.

Tucket within.

LEAR

Who put my man i’ th’ stocks?

CORNWALL

What trumpet’s that?
REGAN
I know 't—my sister's. This approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.

Enter [Oswald, the] Steward.

LEAR
Is your lady come?

This is a slave whose easy-borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

CORNWALL
What means your Grace?

LEAR
Who stocked my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on 't.

Enter Goneril.

Who comes here? O heavens,
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if you yourselves are old,
Make it your cause. Send down and take my part.
[To Goneril.] Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?
[Regan takes Goneril's hand.]
O Regan, will you take her by the hand?

GONERIL
Why not by th’ hand, sir? How have I offended?
All’s not offense that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.

LEAR
O sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i’ th’ stocks?

CORNWALL
I set him there, sir, but his own disorders
Deserved much less advancement.

LEAR
You? Did you?

REGAN
I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If till the expiration of your month
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me.
I am now from home and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

LEAR
Return to her? And fifty men dismissed?
No! Rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o’ th’ air,
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
Necessity’s sharp pinch. Return with her?
Why the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born—I could as well be brought
To knee his throne and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot. Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom.

GONERIL  At your choice, sir.

LEAR
I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad.
I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewell.
We’ll no more meet, 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 boil,
A plague-sore or embossed carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But I’ll not chide thee.
Let shame come when it will; I do not call it.
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend when thou canst. Be better at thy leisure.
I can be patient. I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

REGAN  Not altogether so.
I looked not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister,
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

LEAR    Is this well spoken?

REGAN  I dare avouch it, sir. What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How in one house
Should many people under two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.

GONERIL
Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

REGAN  Why not, my lord? If then they chanced to slack
you,
We could control them. If you will come to me
(For now I spy a danger), I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty. To no more
Will I give place or notice.

LEAR    I gave you all—
REGAN    And in good time you gave it.

LEAR    Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reservation to be followed
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five-and-twenty? Regan, said you so?

REGAN    And speak 't again, my lord. No more with me.

LEAR    Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favored
When others are more wicked. Not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise. 'To Goneril.' I'll go
with thee.

REGAN    Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

GONERIL    Hear me, my lord.
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

REGAN

What need one?

LEAR

O, reason not the need! Our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous.

LEAR

Allow not nature more than nature needs,

LEAR

Man’s life is cheap as beast’s. Thou art a lady;

LEAR

If only to go warm were gorgeous,

LEAR

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear’st,

LEAR

Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true

LEAR

need—

LEAR

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!

LEAR

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man

LEAR

As full of grief as age, wretched in both.

LEAR

If it be you that stirs these daughters’ hearts

LEAR

Against their father, fool me not so much

LEAR

To bear it tamely. Touch me with noble anger,

LEAR

And let not women’s weapons, water drops,

LEAR

Stain my man’s cheeks.—No, you unnatural hags,

LEAR

I will have such revenges on you both

LEAR

That all the world shall—I will do such things—

LEAR

What they are yet I know not, but they shall be

LEAR

The terrors of the Earth! You think I’ll weep.

LEAR

No, I’ll not weep.

LEAR

I have full cause of weeping, but this heart

LEAR

Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws

LEAR

Or ere I’ll weep.—O Fool, I shall go mad!

LEAR

Storm and tempest.

LEAR

〈Lear, Kent, and Fool〉 exit

LEAR

with Gloucester and the Gentleman."

CORNWALL

Let us withdraw. 'Twill be a storm.

REGAN

This house is little. The old man and 's people

REGAN

Cannot be well bestowed.
GONERIL

’Tis his own blame hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

REGAN

For his particular, I’lI receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

GONERIL

So am I purposed. Where is my lord of Gloucester?

CORNWALL

Followed the old man forth.

Enter Gloucester.

He is returned.

GLOUCESTER     The King is in high rage.
[CORNWALL     Whither is he going?

GLOUCESTER

He calls to horse,] but will I know not whither.

CORNWALL

’Tis best to give him way. He leads himself.

GONERIL, ’to Gloucester’

My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

GLOUCESTER

Alack, the night comes on, and the high winds
Do sorely ruffle. For many miles about
There’s scarce a bush.

REGAN     O sir, to willful men

The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors.
He is attended with a desperate train,
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.

CORNWALL

Shut up your doors, my lord. ’Tis a wild night.
My Regan counsels well. Come out o’ th’ storm.

They exit.
ACT 3

Scene 1

*Storm still. Enter Kent [in disguise,] and a Gentleman, severally.*

KENT  Who’s there, besides foul weather?
GENTLEMAN

One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

KENT  I know you. Where’s the King?
GENTLEMAN

Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea
Or swell the curlèd waters ’bove the main,
That things might change or cease; (tears his white
hair,
Which the impetuous blasts with eyeless rage
Catch in their fury and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man to outscorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would 
couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs
And bids what will take all.)

KENT  But who is with him?
GENTLEMAN

None but the Fool, who labors to outjest
His heart-struck injuries.

123
KENT
Sir, I do know you
And dare upon the warrant of my note
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it is covered
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall,
[Who have—as who have not, that their great stars
Throned and set high?—servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state.] (From France there comes
a power
Into this scattered kingdom, who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports and are at point
To show their open banner. Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The King hath cause to plain:)[what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them hath borne
Against the old kind king, or something deeper,
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings.]
(I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from some knowledge and assurance offer
This office to you.)

GENTLEMAN
I will talk further with you.

KENT
No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my outwall, open this purse and take
What it contains.

[Kent hands him a purse and a ring.]

If you shall see Cordelia
(As fear not but you shall), show her this ring,
And she will tell you who that fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm! I will go seek the King.

**GENTLEMAN**
Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?

**KENT**
Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet:
That when we have found the King—in which your pain
That way, I’ll this—he that first lights on him
Holla the other.

They exit separately.

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**Scene 2**

*Storm still. Enter Lear and Fool.*

**LEAR**
Blow winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage, blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples, (drowned) the cocks.
You sulph’rous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head. And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o’ th’ world.
Crack nature’s molds, all germens spill at once
That makes ingrateful man.

O nuncle, court holy water in a dry house is
better than this rainwater out o’ door. Good nuncle, in. Ask thy daughters’ blessing. Here’s a night
pities neither wise men nor fools.

**LEAR**
Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! Spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire are my daughters.
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness.
I never gave you kingdom, called you children;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That will with two pernicious daughters join
Your high-engendered battles ’gainst a head
So old and white as this. O, ho, ’tis foul!

FOOL He that has a house to put ’s head in has a good headpiece.
The codpiece that will house
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

LEAR No, I will be the pattern of all patience.
I will say nothing.

Enter Kent [in disguise.]

KENT Who’s there?

FOOL Marry, here’s grace and a codpiece; that’s a wise man and a fool.

KENT
Alas, sir, are you here? Things that love night
Love not such nights as these. The wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark
And make them keep their caves. 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
Th’ affliction nor the fear.
LEAR
Let the great gods
That keep this dreadful pudder o’er our heads
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulgèd crimes
Unwhipped of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand,
Thou perjured, and thou simular of virtue
That art incestuous. Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Has practiced on man’s life. Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinned against than sinning.

KENT
Alack,

bareheaded?

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel.
Some friendship will it lend you ’gainst the tempest.
Repose you there while I to this hard house—
More harder than the stones whereof ’tis raised,
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in—return and force
Their scanted courtesy.

LEAR
My wits begin to turn.—

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
hovel.—
Poor Fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That’s sorry yet for thee.

FOOL 

He that has and a little tiny wit,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

LEAR
True, (my good) boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel.

[Lear and Kent] exit.
[FOOL] This is a brave night to cool a courtesan. I’ll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than matter,
When brewers mar their malt with water,
When nobles are their tailors’ tutors,            90
No heretics burned but wenches’ suitors,
When every case in law is right,
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues,
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs,              95
When usurers tell their gold i’ th’ field,
And bawds and whores do churches build,
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion;
Then comes the time, who lives to see ’t,      100
That going shall be used with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make, for I live before his time.

He exits.]

Scene 3
Enter Gloucester and Edmund.

GLOUCESTER Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house, charged me on pain of perpetual displeasure neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him. 5

EDMUND Most savage and unnatural.

GLOUCESTER Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes, and a worse matter than that. I have received a letter this night; ’tis dangerous to be spoken; I have locked the letter in my closet. These injuries the King now bears will be revenged
home; there is part of a power already footed. We
must incline to the King. I will look him and privily
relieve him. Go you and maintain talk with the
Duke, that my charity be not of him perceived. If he
ask for me, I am ill and gone to bed. If I die for it, as
no less is threatened me, the King my old master
must be relieved. There is strange things toward,
Edmund. Pray you, be careful.  

He exits.

EDMUND

This courtesy forbid thee shall the Duke
Instantly know, and of that letter too.
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses—no less than all.
The younger rises when the old doth fall.  

He exits.

Scene 4

Enter Lear, Kent ‘in disguise,’ and Fool.

KENT

Here is the place, my lord. Good my lord, enter.
The tyranny of the open night ’s too rough
For nature to endure.  

Storm still.

LEAR

Let me alone.

KENT

Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR

Wilt break my heart?

KENT

I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

LEAR

Thou think’st ’tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin. So ’tis to thee.
But where the greater malady is fixed,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou ’dst shun a bear,
But if (thy) flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou 'dst meet the bear i’ th’ mouth. When the mind’s free,
The body’s delicate. (This) tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to ’t? But I will punish home.
No, I will weep no more. [In such a night
To shut me out? Pour on. I will endure.]
In such a night as this? O Regan, Goneril,
Your old kind father whose frank heart gave all!
O, that way madness lies. Let me shun that;
No more of that.

Good my lord, enter here.

Prithée, go in thyself. Seek thine own ease.
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. But I’ll go in.—
[In, boy; go first.—You houseless poverty—
Nay, get thee in. I’ll pray, and then I’ll sleep.]

["Fool" exits.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe’er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta’en
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp.
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may’st shake the superflux to them
And show the heavens more just.

[Fool within]    Fathom and half, fathom and half!
    Poor Tom!

    Enter Fool.

Come not in here, nuncle; here’s a spirit. Help me, help me!
KENT   Give me thy hand. Who’s there?
FOOL   A spirit, a spirit! He says his name’s Poor Tom.
KENT   What art thou that dost grumble there i’ th’ straw? Come forth.

Enter Edgar [in disguise].

EDGAR   Away. The foul fiend follows me. Through the sharp hawthorn (blows the cold wind.) Hum! Go to thy (cold) bed and warm thee.
LEAR   Didst thou give all to thy daughters? And art thou come to this?
EDGAR   Who gives anything to Poor Tom, whom the foul fiend hath led (through) fire and through flame, through (ford) and whirlpool, o’er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow and halters in his pew, set ratsbane by his porridge, made him proud of heart to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inched bridges to course his own shadow for a traitor? Bless thy five wits! Tom’s a-cold. O, do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do Poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there—and there again—and there again.  

Storm still.

LEAR   Has his daughters brought him to this pass?—Couldst thou save nothing? Wouldst thou give ’em all?

FOOL   Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

LEAR   Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air Hang fated o’er men’s faults light on thy daughters!

KENT   He hath no daughters, sir.

LEAR   Death, traitor! Nothing could have subdued nature To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.
King Lear

ACT 3. SC. 4

Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! ’Twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

EDGAR   Pillicock sat on Pillicock Hill. Alow, alow, loo, loo.

FOOL    This cold night will turn us all to fools and
        madmen.

EDGAR   Take heed o’ th’ foul fiend. Obey thy parents,
        keep thy word’s justice, swear not, commit not with
        man’s sworn spouse, set not thy sweet heart on
        proud array. Tom’s a-cold.

LEAR    What hast thou been?

EDGAR   A servingman, proud in heart and mind, that
        curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the
        lust of my mistress’ heart and did the act of
        darkness with her, swore as many oaths as I spake
        words and broke them in the sweet face of heaven;
        one that slept in the contriving of lust and waked to
        do it. Wine loved I (deeply,) dice dearly, and in
        woman out-paramoured the Turk. False of heart,
        light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in
        stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in
        prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling
        of silks betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy
        foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy
        pen from lenders’ books, and defy the foul fiend.
        Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind;
        says suum, mun, nonny. Dolphin my boy, boy, sessa!
        Let him trot by.

LEAR    Thou wert better in a grave than to answer with
        thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is
        man no more than this? Consider him well.—Thou
        ow’st the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep
        no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha, here’s three on ’s
        are sophisticated. Thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated
        man is no more but such a poor, bare,
forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings!
Come, unbutton here. [*Tearing off his clothes.*]

FOOL Prithee, nuncle, be contented. *Tis a naughty
night to swim in. Now, a little fire in a wild field
were like an old lecher’s heart—a small spark, all
the rest on *’s body cold.

*Enter Gloucester, with a torch.*

Look, here comes a walking fire.

EDGAR This is the foul (fiend) Flibbertigibbet. He begins
at curfew and walks (till the) first cock. He
gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and
makes the harelip, mildews the white wheat, and
hurts the poor creature of earth.

  Swithold footed thrice the ’old,
  He met the nightmare and her ninefold,
  Bid her alight,
  And her troth plight,

    And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee.

KENT How fares your Grace?

LEAR What’s he?

KENT Who’s there? What is ’t you seek?

GLOUCESTER What are you there? Your names?

EDGAR Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the
toad, the tadpole, the wall newt, and the water;
that, in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend
rages, eats cow dung for sallets, swallows the old
rat and the ditch-dog, drinks the green mantle of
the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to
tithing, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned;
who hath (had) three suits to his back, six shirts to
his body,

    Horse to ride, and weapon to wear;
    But mice and rats and such small deer
    Have been Tom’s food for seven long year.
Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin! Peace, thou fiend!

GLOUCESTER, to Lear

What, hath your Grace no better company?

EDGAR The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman. Modo he’s called, and Mahu.

GLOUCESTER, to Lear

Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile That it doth hate what gets it.

EDGAR Poor Tom’s a-cold.

GLOUCESTER, to Lear

Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer T’ obey in all your daughters’ hard commands. Though their injunction be to bar my doors And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you, Yet have I ventured to come seek you out And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

LEAR

First let me talk with this philosopher.

KENT

Good my lord, take his offer; go into th’ house.

LEAR

I’ll talk a word with this same learnèd Theban.— What is your study?

EDGAR How to prevent the fiend and to kill vermin.

LEAR Let me ask you one word in private.

KENT, to Gloucester

Importune him once more to go, my lord. His wits begin t’ unsettle.

GLOUCESTER Canst thou blame him? Storm still.

LEAR

His daughters seek his death. Ah, that good Kent!

He said it would be thus, poor banished man.

Thou sayest the King grows mad; I’ll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself. I had a son,
    Now outlawed from my blood. He sought my life
But lately, very late. I loved him, friend,
    No father his son dearer. True to tell thee,
The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night’s this!
— I do beseech your Grace —

LEAR  O, cry you mercy, sir.

EDGAR  ‘To Edgar,’¹ Noble philosopher, your company.

GLOUCESTER,  ‘to Edgar’¹

In fellow, there, into th’ hovel. Keep thee warm.

LEAR  Come, let’s in all.

KENT  This way, my lord.

LEAR,  ‘indicating Edgar’¹ With him.

I will keep still with my philosopher.

KENT,  ‘to Gloucester’¹

Good my lord, soothe him. Let him take the fellow.

GLOUCESTER,  ‘to Kent’¹ Take him you on.

KENT,  ‘to Edgar’¹

Sirrah, come on: go along with us.

LEAR  Come, good Athenian.

GLOUCESTER  No words, no words. Hush.

EDGAR

Child Rowland to the dark tower came.
    His word was still “Fie, foh, and fum,
    I smell the blood of a British man.”

They exit.

Scene 5

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund ‘with a paper,’¹

CORNWALL  I will have my revenge ere I depart his
    house.

EDMUND  How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature
    thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to
    think of.

¹FTNL 2079
²FNL 2080
³FNL 2081
⁴FNL 2082
⁵FNL 2083
⁶FNL 2084
⁷FNL 2085
⁸FNL 2086
⁹FNL 2087
¹⁰FNL 2088
¹¹FNL 2089
¹²FNL 2090
¹³FNL 2091
¹⁴FNL 2092
¹⁵FNL 2093
¹⁶FNL 2094
¹⁷FNL 2095
¹⁸FNL 2096
¹⁹FNL 2097
²⁰FNL 2098
²¹FNL 2099
²²FNL 2100
²³FNL 2101
²⁴FNL 2102
²⁵FNL 2103
²⁶FNL 2104
²⁷FNL 2105
CORNWALL  I now perceive it was not altogether your brother’s evil disposition made him seek his death, but a provoking merit set awork by a reprovable badness in himself.

EDMUND  How malicious is my fortune that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens, that this treason were not, or not I the detector.

CORNWALL  Go with me to the Duchess.

EDMUND  If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

CORNWALL  True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloucester. Seek out where my father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

EDMUND, aside  If I find him comforting the King, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

CORNWALL  I will lay trust upon thee, and thou shalt find a (dearer) father in my love.

They exit.

Scene 6
Enter Kent in disguise, and Gloucester.

GLOUCESTER  Here is better than the open air. Take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can. I will not be long from you.

KENT  All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience. The gods reward your kindness!

Gloucester exits.

Enter Lear, Edgar in disguise, and Fool.

EDGAR  Frateretto calls me and tells me Nero is an
angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and
beware the foul fiend.

FOOL Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a
gentleman or a yeoman.

LEAR A king, a king!

[FOOL No, he’s a yeoman that has a gentleman to his
son, for he’s a mad yeoman that sees his son a
gentleman before him.

LEAR] To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon ’em!

EDGAR The foul fiend bites my back.

FOOL He’s mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a
horse’s health, a boy’s love, or a whore’s oath.

LEAR It shall be done. I will arraign them straight.

[To Edgar] Come, sit thou here, most learnèd
justice.

[To Fool] Thou sapient sir, sit here. [Now, you
she-foxes—

EDGAR Look where he stands and glares!—Want’st
thou eyes at trial, madam?

Sings] Come o’er the burn, Bessy, to me—

FOOL [sings]

Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

EDGAR The foul fiend haunts Poor Tom in the voice of
a nightingale. Hoppedance cries in Tom’s belly for
two white herring.—Croak not, black angel. I have
no food for thee.

KENT [to Lear]

How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed.

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

LEAR

I’ll see their trial first. Bring in their evidence.
"To Edgar." Thou robèd man of justice, take thy place,
"To Fool." And thou, his yokefellow of equity,
Bench by his side. "To Kent." You are o’ th’ commission;
Sit you, too.

EDGAR Let us deal justly.
[Sings.] Sleepest or wakest, thou jolly shepherd? 45
Thy sheep be in the corn.
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Purr the cat is gray.

LEAR Arraign her first; ’tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honorable assembly, kicked the poor king her father.

FOOL Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril? She cannot deny it.

LEAR She cannot deny it.

FOOL Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint stool.

LEAR
And here’s another whose warped looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on. Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her ’scape?

EDGAR Bless thy five wits!

KENT, "To Lear"
O pity! Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

EDGAR, "aside"
My tears begin to take his part so much
They mar my counterfeiting.

LEAR The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

EDGAR Tom will throw his head at them.—Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite,
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach, or 'lym,\nBobtail (tike,) or (trundle-tail,)
Tom will make him weep and wail;
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes
and fairs and market towns. Poor Tom, thy horn
is dry.

LEAR Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds
about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that
make these hard hearts? 'To Edgar:\nYou, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like
the fashion of your garments. You will say they are
Persian, but let them be changed.

KENT

Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

LEAR, 'lying down\' Make no noise, make no noise.

Draw the curtains. So, so, we’l go to supper i’ th’

 morning.

[FOOL And I’l go to bed at noon.]

Enter Gloucester.

GLOUCESTER, 'to Kent\n
Come hither, friend. Where is the King my master?

KENT

Here, sir, but trouble him not; his wits are gone.

GLOUCESTER

Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms.
I have o’erheard a plot of death upon him.
There is a litter ready; lay him in ’t,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master.
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assurèd loss. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

\( \text{KENT} \)
Oppressèd nature sleeps.
This rest might yet have balmed thy broken sinews,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure. \( \text{To the Fool.} \) Come, help to
bear thy master.
Thou must not stay behind.

\( \text{GLOUCESTER} \) \( \) Come, come away.

\( \text{All but Edgar\} exit, \text{carrying Lear.} \)

\( \text{EDGAR} \)
When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers suffers most i’ th’ mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind.
But then the mind much sufferance doth o’erskip
When grief hath mates and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now
When that which makes me bend makes the King
bow!
He childed as I fathered. Tom, away.
Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray
When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts defile
thee,
In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more tonight, safe ’scape the King!
Lurk, lurk.

\( \text{He exits.} \)

\( \text{Scene 7} \)
\( \text{Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, \text{Edmund, the}\} \) Bastard,
\text{and Servants.} \)

\( \text{CORNWALL, \text{to Goneril}} \) Post speedily to my lord your
husband. Show him this letter. \( \text{He gives her a}
\text{paper.} \) The army of France is landed.—Seek out
the traitor Gloucester. \( \text{Some Servants exit.} \)
REGAN    Hang him instantly.
GONERIL  Pluck out his eyes.
CORNWALL Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company. The revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the Duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us.—Farewell, dear sister.—Farewell, my lord of Gloucester.

Enter [Oswald, the] Steward.

How now? Where’s the King?

OSWALD  My lord of Gloucester hath conveyed him hence.
Some five- or six-and-thirty of his knights, Hot questrists after him, met him at gate,
Who, with some other of the lord’s dependents, Are gone with him toward Dover, where they boast To have well-armèd friends.

CORNWALL  Get horses for your mistress.

[Oswald exits.]

GONERIL  Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.
CORNWALL  Edmund, farewell.  

[Goneril and Edmund exit.

Pinion him like a thief; bring him before us.

[Some Servants exit.]

Though well we may not pass upon his life Without the form of justice, yet our power Shall do a court’sy to our wrath, which men May blame but not control.

Enter Gloucester and Servants.

Who’s there? The traitor?
REGAN  Ingrateful fox! 'Tis he.
CORNWALL  Bind fast his corky arms.

GLOUCESTER

What means your Graces? Good my friends, consider
You are my guests; do me no foul play, friends.

CORNWALL
Bind him, I say.

REGAN  Hard, hard. O filthy traitor!

GLOUCESTER

Unmerciful lady as you are, I’m none.

CORNWALL
To this chair bind him. Servants bind Gloucester.

Villain, thou shalt find— Regan plucks Gloucester’s beard.

GLOUCESTER

By the kind gods, ’tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

REGAN
So white, and such a traitor?

GLOUCESTER  Naughty lady,
These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin
Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your host;
With robber’s hands my hospitable favors
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

CORNWALL
Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

REGAN
Be simple-answered, for we know the truth.

CORNWALL
And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

REGAN  To whose hands
You have sent the lunatic king. Speak.

GLOUCESTER
I have a letter guessingly set down
Which came from one that’s of a neutral heart,
And not from one opposed.

CORNWALL  Cunning.
REGAN  And false.
CORNWALL  Where hast thou sent the King?
GLOUCESTER  To Dover.
REGAN
Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charged at peril—
CORNWALL
Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.
GLOUCESTER
I am tied to th’ stake, and I must stand the course.
REGAN  Wherefore to Dover?
GLOUCESTER
Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes, nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endured, would have buoyed up
And quenched the stellèd fires;
Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howled that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said “Good porter, turn the key.”
All cruels else subscribe. But I shall see
The wingèd vengeance overtake such children.
CORNWALL
See ’t shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair.—
Upon these eyes of thine I’ll set my foot.
GLOUCESTER
He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help!

[As Servants hold the chair, Cornwall forces out one of Gloucester’s eyes.]

O cruel! O you gods!
REGAN

One side will mock another. Th’ other too.

CORNWALL

If you see vengeance—

FIRST SERVANT

Hold your hand, my lord.

I have served you ever since I was a child,
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.

REGAN

How now, you dog?

FIRST SERVANT

If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I’d shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

CORNWALL

My villain? (Draw and fight.)

FIRST SERVANT

Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

REGAN, to an Attendant

Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus?

(She takes a sword and runs at him behind;) kills him.

FIRST SERVANT

O, I am slain! My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him. O! (He dies.)

CORNWALL

Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly!

(Forcing out Gloucester’s other eye.)

Where is thy luster now?

GLOUCESTER

All dark and comfortless! Where’s my son Edmund?—

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature

To quit this horrid act.

REGAN

Out, treacherous villain!

Thou call’st on him that hates thee. It was he
That made the overturer of thy treasons to us,

Who is too good to pity thee.
GLOUCESTER
  O my follies! Then Edgar was abused.
  Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him.

REGAN
  Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
  His way to Dover.

’Some Servants’ exit with Gloucester.

How is ’t, my lord? How look you?

CORNWALL
  I have received a hurt. Follow me, lady.—
  Turn out that eyeless villain. Throw this slave
  Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace.
  Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

’Cornwall and Regan’ exit.

‘Second’ Servant
  I’ll never care what wickedness I do
  If this man come to good.

‘Third’ Servant
  If she live long
  And in the end meet the old course of death,
  Women will all turn monsters.

‘Second’ Servant
  Let’s follow the old earl and get the Bedlam
  To lead him where he would. His roguish madness
  Allows itself to anything.

‘Third’ Servant
  Go thou. I’ll fetch some flax and whites of eggs
  To apply to his bleeding face. Now heaven help him!

’They’ exit.)
ACT 4

Scene 1

Enter Edgar [in disguise].

EDGAR

Yet better thus, and known to be contemned,
Than still contemned and flattered. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of Fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. [Welcome, then,
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts.] But who comes here?

Enter Gloucester and an old man.

My father, poorly led? World, world, O world,
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

OLD MAN

O my good lord, I have been your tenant
And your father’s tenant these fourscore years.

GLOUCESTER

Away, get thee away. Good friend, begone.
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.

OLD MAN

You cannot see your way.

171
I have no way and therefore want no eyes.  
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen  
Our means secure us, and our mere defects  
Prove our commodities. O dear son Edgar,  
The food of thy abusèd father’s wrath,  
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,  
I’d say I had eyes again.  

OLD MAN  
How now? Who’s there?  

EDGAR, aside  
O gods, who is ‘t can say “I am at the worst”?  
I am worse than e’er I was.  

OLD MAN  
’Tis poor mad Tom.  

EDGAR, aside  
And worse I may be yet. The worst is not  
So long as we can say “This is the worst.”  

OLD MAN  
Fellow, where goest?  

GLOUCESTER  
Is it a beggar-man?  

OLD MAN  
Madman and beggar too.  

GLOUCESTER  
He has some reason, else he could not beg.  
I’ th’ last night’s storm, I such a fellow saw,  
Which made me think a man a worm. My son  
 Came then into my mind, and yet my mind  
Was then scarce friends with him. I have heard  
more since.  

As flies to wanton boys are we to th’ gods;  
They kill us for their sport.  

EDGAR, aside  
How should this be?  

Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,  
Ang’ring itself and others.—Bless thee, master.  

GLOUCESTER  
Is that the naked fellow?  

OLD MAN  
Ay, my lord.  

GLOUCESTER  
(Then, prithee,) get thee away. If for my sake
Thou wilt o’ertake us hence a mile or twain
I’ th’ way toward Dover, do it for ancient love,
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Which I’ll entreat to lead me.

OLD MAN    Alack, sir, he is mad.

GLOUCESTER
'Tis the time’s plague when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure.
Above the rest, begone.

OLD MAN
I’ll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on ’t what will.       He exits.

GLOUCESTER     Sirrah, naked fellow—
EDGAR
Poor Tom’s a-cold.  [Aside.] I cannot daub it further.

GLOUCESTER     Come hither, fellow.
EDGAR, [aside]
And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

GLOUCESTER     Know’st thou the way to Dover?

EDGAR      Both stile and gate, horseway and footpath.

Poor Tom hath been (scared) out of his good wits.
Bless thee, good man’s son, from the foul fiend.
Five fiends have been in Poor Tom at once: of lust,
as Obidicut; Hobbidance, prince of dumbness;
Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; [Flibbertigibbet,]
of [mopping] and [mowing] who since possesses
chambermaids and waiting women. So, bless
thee, master.

GLOUCESTER, [giving him money]
Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens’
plagues
Have humbled to all strokes. That I am wretched
Makes thee the happier. Heavens, deal so still:
Let the superfluous and lust-dietyed man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly.
They exit.

Scene 2

Enter Goneril and Edmund, the Bastard.

GONERIL
Welcome, my lord. I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way.

(Enter Oswald, the Steward.)

OSWALD
Madam, within, but never man so changed.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smiled at it. I told him you were coming;
His answer was “The worse.” Of Gloucester’s
treachery
And of the loyal service of his son
When I informed him, then he called me “sot”
And told me I had turned the wrong side out.
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

GONERIL, to Edmund
Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake. He’ll not feel wrongs
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother.
Hasten his musters and conduct his powers.
I must change names at home and give the distaff
Into my husband’s hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us. Ere long you are like to
hear—
If you dare venture in your own behalf—
A mistress’s command. Wear this; spare speech.

『She gives him a favor.』
Decline your head. 『She kisses him.』 This kiss, if it
durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.
Conceive, and fare thee well.

EDMUND

Yours in the ranks of death.  \(He\ exit.\)

GONERIL

My most dear
Gloucester!

[O, the difference of man and man!]
To thee a woman’s services are due;
My fool usurps my body.

OSWALD    Madam, here comes my lord.  \(<He\ exit.>\)

Enter Albany.

GONERIL

I have been worth the whistle.

ALBANY     O Goneril,

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.  (I fear your disposition.
That nature which contemns its origin
Cannot be bordered certain in itself.
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap perforce must wither
And come to deadly use.

GONERIL     No more. The text is foolish.
Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile.
Filths savor but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you performed?
A father, and a gracious agéd man,
Whose reverence even the head-lugged bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate, have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited!
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offenses,
It will come:
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.)
Milk-livered man,
That bear’st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honor from thy suffering; (that not know’st
Fools do those villains pity who are punished
Ere they have done their mischief. Where’s thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,
With plumèd helm thy state begins [to threat,]
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sits still and cries “Alack, why does he so?”
See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity (shows) not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.
O vain fool!
Thou changèd and self-covered thing, for shame
Bemonster not thy feature. Were ’t my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones. Howe’er thou art a fiend,
A woman’s shape doth shield thee.

GONERIL  Marry, your manhood, mew—

Enter a Messenger.

〈ALBANY  What news?〉

MESSENGER

O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall’s dead, 85
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloucester.

ALBANY  Gloucester’s eyes?

MESSENGER

A servant that he bred, thrilled with remorse,
Opposed against the act, bending his sword 90
To his great master, who, (thereat) enraged,
Flew on him and amongst them felled him dead,
But not without that harmful stroke which since
Hath plucked him after.

ALBANY  This shows you are above, 95
You (justicers,) that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge. But, O poor Gloucester,
Lost he his other eye?

MESSENGER  Both, both, my lord.—

This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer.

‘Giving her a paper.’

‘Tis from your sister.

GONERIL, 〈aside〉 One way I like this well.

But being widow and my Gloucester with her
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way 105
The news is not so tart.—I’ll read, and answer.

〈She exits.〉

ALBANY

Where was his son when they did take his eyes?

MESSENGER

Come with my lady hither.
ALBANY  He is not here.

MESSENGER

No, my good lord. I met him back again.

ALBANY  Knows he the wickedness?

MESSENGER

Ay, my good lord. ’Twas he informed against him
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

ALBANY  Gloucester, I live

To thank thee for the love thou show’dst the King,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend.
Tell me what more thou know’st.

They exit.

Scene 3

Enter Kent [in disguise] and a Gentleman.

KENT  Why the King of France is so suddenly gone
back know you no reason?

GENTLEMAN  Something he left imperfect in the state,
which since his coming forth is thought of, which
imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger
that his personal return was most required and
necessary.

KENT  Who hath he left behind him general?

GENTLEMAN  The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.

KENT  Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonstration
of grief?

GENTLEMAN

Ay, sir, she took them, read them in my
presence,
And now and then an ample tear trilled down
Her delicate cheek. It seemed she was a queen
Over her passion, who, most rebel-like,
Fought to be king o’er her.

KENT  O, then it moved her.
GENTLEMAN

Not to a rage. Patience and sorrow \(\text{strove}\)  
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen  
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears  
Were like a better way. Those happy smillets  
That played on her ripe lip \(\text{seemed}\) not to know  
What guests were in her eyes, which parted thence  
As pearls from diamonds dropped. In brief,  
Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved  
If all could so become it.

KENT Made she no verbal question?

GENTLEMAN

Faith, once or twice she heaved the name of  
“father”  
Pantingly forth, as if it pressed her heart;  
Cried “Sisters, sisters, shame of ladies, sisters!  
Kent, father, sisters! What, i’ th’ storm, i’ th’ night?  
Let pity not be believed!” There she shook  
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,  
And clamor moistened. Then away she started,  
To deal with grief alone.

KENT It is the stars.  
The stars above us govern our conditions,  
Else one self mate and make could not beget  
Such different issues. You spoke not with her  
since?

GENTLEMAN No.

KENT Was this before the King returned?

GENTLEMAN No, since.

KENT Well, sir, the poor distressèd Lear’s i’ th’ town,  
Who sometime in his better tune remembers  
What we are come about, and by no means  
Will yield to see his daughter.

GENTLEMAN Why, good sir?
KENT

A sovereign shame so elbows him—his own
unkindness,
That stripped her from his benediction, turned her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters—these things sting
His mind so venomously that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

GENTLEMAN  Alack, poor gentleman!

KENT

Of Albany’s and Cornwall’s powers you heard not?

GENTLEMAN  ’Tis so. They are afoot.

KENT

Well, sir, I’ll bring you to our master Lear
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile.
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me.

[They exit.]

Scene 4

Enter with Drum and Colors, Cordelia, (Doctor,) Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

CORDELIA

Alack, ’tis he! Why, he was met even now
As mad as the vexed sea, singing aloud,
Crowned with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,
With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckooflowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. A century send forth.
Search every acre in the high-grown field
And bring him to our eye.  [Soldiers exit.]

What can man’s wisdom
In the restoring his bereavèd sense?

He that helps him take all my outward worth.

〈DOCTOR〉 There is means, madam.

Our foster nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks. That to provoke in him
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

CORDELIA All blest secrets,
All you unpublished virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears. Be aidant and remEDIATE
In the good man’s (distress.) Seek, seek for him,
Lest his ungoverned rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter Messenger.

MESSENGER News, madam.

The British powers are marching hitherward.

CORDELIA ’Tis known before. Our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about.
Therefore great France
My mourning and importuned tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father’s right.
Soon may I hear and see him.

They exit.

Enter Regan and Oswald, the Steward.

REGAN But are my brother’s powers set forth?

OSWALD Ay, madam.

REGAN Himself in person there?
OSWALD     Madam, with much ado.  
Your sister is the better soldier.  

REGAN     Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?  

OSWALD     No, madam.  

REGAN     What might import my sister’s letter to him?  

OSWALD     I know not, lady.  

REGAN     Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.  
It was great ignorance, Gloucester’s eyes being out,  
To let him live. Where he arrives he moves  
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,  
In pity of his misery, to dispatch  
His nighted life; moreover to descry  
The strength o’ th’ enemy.  

OSWALD     I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.  

REGAN     Our troops set forth tomorrow. Stay with us.  
The ways are dangerous.  

OSWALD     I may not, madam.  
My lady charged my duty in this business.  

REGAN     Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you  
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,  
Some things—I know not what. I’ll love thee much—  
Let me unseal the letter.  

OSWALD     Madam, I had rather—  

REGAN     I know your lady does not love her husband;  
I am sure of that; and at her late being here,  
She gave strange eliads and most speaking looks  
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.  

OSWALD     I, madam?  

REGAN     I speak in understanding. Y’ are; I know ’t.
Therefore I do advise you take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talked,
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady’s. You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this,
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Oswald
Would I could meet (him,) madam. I should show
What party I do follow.

Regan
Fare thee well.

They exit.

Scene 6
Enter Gloucester and Edgar ‘dressed as a peasant.’

Gloucester
When shall I come to th’ top of that same hill?

Edgar
You do climb up it now. Look how we labor.

Gloucester
Methinks the ground is even.

Edgar
Horrible steep.

Gloucester
Hark, do you hear the sea?

No, truly.

Edgar
Why then, your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes’ anguish.

Gloucester
So may it be indeed.

Edgar
Methinks thy voice is altered and thou speak’st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.
EDGAR

You’re much deceived; in nothing am I changed
But in my garments.

GLOUCESTER Methinks you’re better spoken.

EDGAR

Come on, sir. Here’s the place. Stand still. How fearful
And dizzy ’tis to cast one’s eyes so low!

The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles. Halfway down
Hangs one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade;
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that (walk) upon the beach
Appear like mice, and yond tall anchoring bark
Diminished to her cock, her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge
That on th’ unnumbered idle pebble chafes
Cannot be heard so high. I’ll look no more
Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Set me where you stand.

Give me your hand. You are now within a foot
Of th’ extreme verge. For all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Let go my hand.

Here, friend, ’s another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man’s taking. Fairies and gods
Prosper it with thee. He gives Edgar a purse.

Go thou further off:

Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Now fare you well, good sir.

With all my heart.

Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.
GLOUCESTER O you mighty gods! \(\langle\text{He kneels.}\rangle\)
This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off.
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well. \(\langle\text{He falls.}\rangle\)

EDGAR Gone, sir. Farewell.—
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past. Alive or dead?—
Ho you, sir! Friend, hear you. Sir, speak.—
Thus might he pass indeed. Yet he revives.—
What are you, sir?

GLOUCESTER Away, and let me die.

EDGAR
Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou ’dst shivered like an egg; but thou dost breathe,
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 miracle. Speak yet again.

GLOUCESTER But have I fall’n or no?

EDGAR
From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.
Look up a-height. The shrill-gorged lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard. Do but look up.

GLOUCESTER Alack, I have no eyes.

Is wretchedness deprived that benefit
To end itself by death? ’Twas yet some comfort
When misery could beguile the tyrant’s rage
And frustrate his proud will.
EDGAR

Give me your arm.

[He raises Gloucester:]

Up. So, how is 't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

GLOUCESTER

Too well, too well.

EDGAR

This is above all strangeness.

GLOUCESTER

A poor unfortunate beggar.

EDGAR

As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelked and waved like the enraged sea.

It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,

Think that the clearest gods, who make them
honors

Of men’s impossibilities, have preserved thee.

GLOUCESTER

I do remember now. Henceforth I’ll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself

“Enough, enough!” and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man. Often ’twould say

“The fiend, the fiend!” He led me to that place.

EDGAR

Bear free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear.

But who comes here?

The safer sense will ne’er accommodate

His master thus.

LEAR

No, they cannot touch me for (coining). I am the

King himself.

EDGAR

O, thou side-piercing sight!

LEAR

Nature’s above art in that respect. There’s your

press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a
crowkeeper. Draw me a clothier’s yard. Look, look,
a mouse! Peace, peace! This piece of toasted cheese
will do ’t. There’s my gauntlet; I’ll prove it on a
giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, bird!
I’ th’ clout, i’ th’ clout! Hewgh! Give the word.

EDGAR    Sweet marjoram.

LEAR     Pass.

GLEOCESTER I know that voice.

LEAR    Ha! Goneril with a white beard? They flattered
me like a dog and told me I had the white hairs in
my beard ere the black ones were there. To say “ay”
and “no” to everything that I said “ay” and “no” to
was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me
once and the wind to make me chatter, when the
thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I
found ’em, there I smelt ’em out. Go to. They are
not men o’ their words; they told me I was everything.
’Tis a lie. I am not ague-proof.

GLEOCESTER
The trick of that voice I do well remember.
Is ’t not the King?

LEAR     Ay, every inch a king.
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man’s life. What was thy cause?

The wren goes to ’t, and the small gilded fly does
lecher in my sight. Let copulation thrive, for
Gloucester’s bastard son was kinder to his father
than my daughters got ’tween the lawful sheets. To
’t, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers. Behold yond
simp’ring dame, whose face between her forks
presages snow, that minces virtue and does shake
the head to hear of pleasure’s name. The fitchew
nor the soiled horse goes to ’t with a more riotous
appetite. Down from the waist they are centaurs,
though women all above. But to the girdle do the
gods inherit; beneath is all the fiend’s. There’s hell,
there’s darkness, there is the sulphurous pit; burning,  
scalding, stench, consumption! Fie, fie, fie, pah,  
pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary;  
sweeten my imagination. There’s money for thee.

GLOUCESTER  O, let me kiss that hand!

LEAR  Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

GLOUCESTER

O ruined piece of nature! This great world  
Shall so wear out to naught. Dost thou know me?

LEAR  I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou  
squinny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid, I’ll  
not love. Read thou this challenge. Mark but the  
penning of it.

GLOUCESTER

Were all thy letters suns, I could not see.

EDGAR, [aside]

I would not take this from report. It is,  
And my heart breaks at it.

LEAR  Read.

GLOUCESTER  What, with the case of eyes?

LEAR  O ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your  
head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in  
a heavy case, your purse in a light, yet you see how  
this world goes.

GLOUCESTER  I see it feelingly.

LEAR  What, art mad? A man may see how this world  
goest with no eyes. Look with thine ears. See how  
yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark in  
thine ear. Change places and, handy-dandy, which  
is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a  
farmer’s dog bark at a beggar?

GLOUCESTER  Ay, sir.

LEAR  And the creature run from the cur? There thou  
might’st behold the great image of authority: a  
dog’s obeyed in office.
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thy own back.
Thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp’st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tattered clothes (small) vices do appear.
Robes and furred gowns hide all. [Plate sin] with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks.
Arm it in rags, a pygmy’s straw does pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I’ll able ’em.
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal th’ accuser’s lips.] Get thee glass eyes,
And like a scurvy politician
Seem to see the things thou dost not. Now, now,
now, now.
Pull off my boots. Harder, harder. So.

EDGAR, [aside]
O, matter and impertinency mixed,
Reason in madness!

LEAR

If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester.
Thou must be patient. We came crying hither;
Thou know’st the first time that we smell the air
We wawl and cry. I will preach to thee. Mark.

GLOUCESTER Alack, alack the day!

LEAR

When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools.—This’ a good block.
It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with felt. I’ll put ’t in proof,
And when I have stol’n upon these son-in-laws,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter a Gentleman [and Attendants.]
GENTLEMAN, noticing Lear
Gentleman, noticing Lear

O, here he is. To an Attendant. Lay hand upon
him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

LEAR
No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of Fortune. Use me well.
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;
I am cut to th’ brains.

LEAR
No seconds? All myself?
Why, this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden waterpots,
(Ay, and laying autumn’s dust.)
I will die bravely like a smug bridegroom. What?
I will be jovial. Come, come, I am a king,
Masters, know you that?

LEAR
Then there’s life in ’t. Come, an you get it, you
shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.
(The King exits running pursued by Attendants.)

EDGAR
Hail, gentle sir.

GENTLEMAN
Sir, speed you. What’s your will?

EDGAR
Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

GENTLEMAN
Most sure and vulgar. Everyone hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

EDGAR
But, by your favor,
How near’s the other army?
GENTLEMAN
Near and on speedy foot. The main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.
EDGAR I thank you, sir. That’s all.
GENTLEMAN
Though that the Queen on special cause is here,
Her army is moved on.
EDGAR I thank you, sir.
[Gentleman exits.]

GLOUCESTER
You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please.
EDGAR Well pray you, father.
GLOUCESTER Now, good sir, what are you?
EDGAR
A most poor man, made tame to Fortune’s blows,
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand;
I’ll lead you to some biding.
[He takes Gloucester’s hand.]

GLOUCESTER Hearty thanks.
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot.

Enter [Oswald, the] Steward.

OSWALD, [drawing his sword]
A proclaimed prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember; the sword is out
That must destroy thee.
GLOUCESTER Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to ’t.
[Edgar steps between Gloucester and Oswald.]
OSWALD Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar’st thou support a published traitor? Hence,
Lest that th’ infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.
EDGAR    Chill not let go, zir, without vurther ’casion.
OSWALD  Let go, slave, or thou diest!  265
EDGAR    Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor
volk pass. An ’chud ha’ bin zwaggered out of my
life, ’twould not ha’ bin zo long as ’tis by a vortnight.
Nay, come not near th’ old man. Keep out,
che vor’ ye, or Ise try whether your costard or my
ballow be the harder. Chill be plain with you.
OSWALD  Out, dunghill.
EDGAR    Chill pick your teeth, zir. Come, no matter vor
your foins.  (They fight.)
OSWALD:  [falling?]
Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain, take my purse.  275
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the letters which thou find’st about me
To Edmund, Earl of Gloucester. Seek him out
Upon the English party. O, untimely death! Death!
(He dies.)
EDGAR
I know thee well, a serviceable villain,
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.
GLOUCESTER  What, is he dead?
EDGAR    Sit you down, father; rest you.
Let’s see these pockets. The letters that he speaks of
May be my friends. He’s dead; I am only sorry
He had no other deathsman. Let us see.
(He opens a letter?)
Leve, gentle wax, and, manners, blame us not.
To know our enemies’ minds, we rip their hearts.
Their papers is more lawful.  Reads the letter.  290
Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have
many opportunities to cut him off. If your will want
not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is
nothing done if he return the conqueror. Then am I
the prisoner, and his bed my jail, from the loathed
warmth whereof deliver me and supply the place for
your labor.

    Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate servant,
    ⟨and, for you, her own for venture,⟩    Goneril.

O indistinguished space of woman’s will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband’s life,
And the exchange my brother.—Here, in the sands
Thee I’ll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers; and in the mature time
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practiced duke. For him ’tis well
That of thy death and business I can tell.

GLOUCESTER

The King is mad. How stiff is my vile sense
That I stand up and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract.
So should my thoughts be severed from my griefs,
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.    Drum afar off.

EDGAR

Give me your hand.
Far off methinks I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I’ll bestow you with a friend.

They exit.

Scene 7
Enter Cordelia, Kent [in disguise,] ⟨Doctor,⟩ and
Gentleman.

CORDELIA

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

KENT

To be acknowledged, madam, is o’erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more, nor clipped, but so.

CORDELIA
Be better suited.

These weeds are memories of those worser hours.
I prithee put them off.

KENT
Pardon, dear madam.

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

CORDELIA
Then be 't so, my good lord.—How does the King?

〈DOCTOR〉 Madam, sleeps still.

〈DOCTOR〉 So please your Majesty
That we may wake the King? He hath slept long.

CORDELIA
Be governed by your knowledge, and proceed
I' th' sway of your own will. Is he arrayed?

Enter Lear in a chair carried by Servants.

GENTLEMAN
Ay, madam. In the heaviness of sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

〈DOCTOR〉
Be by, good madam, when we do awake him.
I doubt ⟨not⟩ of his temperance.

〈CORDELIA⟩
Very well.

〈Music.〉

DOCTOR
Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there.)

CORDELIA, ⟨kissing Lear⟩
O, my dear father, restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made.

KENT

Kind and dear princess. 35

CORDELIA

Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be opposed against the jarring winds?
⟨To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder,
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick cross-lightning? To watch, poor perdu,
With this thin helm?⟩ Mine enemy’s dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack,
’Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes. Speak to him.

⟨DOCTOR⟩ Madam, do you; ’tis fittest.

CORDELIA

How does my royal lord? How fares your Majesty? 50

LEAR

You do me wrong to take me out o’ th’ grave.
Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

CORDELIA Sir, do you know me? 55

LEAR

You are a spirit, I know. Where did you die?

CORDELIA Still, still, far wide.

⟨DOCTOR⟩

He’s scarce awake. Let him alone awhile.

LEAR

Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?
I am mightily abused; I should e’en die with pity
To see another thus. I know not what to say.

I will not swear these are my hands. Let’s see.

I feel this pinprick. Would I were assured

Of my condition!

CORDELIA    O, look upon me, sir,

And hold your hand in benediction o’er me.

〈No, sir,〉 you must not kneel.

LEAR    Pray do not mock:

I am a very foolish fond old man,

Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less,

And to deal plainly,

I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

Methinks I should know you and know this man,

Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant

What place this is, and all the skill I have

Remembers not these garments; nor I know not

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

For, as I am a man, I think this lady

To be my child Cordelia.

CORDELIA, [weeping]    And so I am; I am.

LEAR    Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not.

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.

I know you do not love me, for your sisters

Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.

You have some cause; they have not.

CORDELIA    No cause, no

cause.

LEAR    Am I in France?

KENT    In your own kingdom, sir.

LEAR    Do not abuse me.

〈DOCTOR〉

Be comforted, good madam. The great rage,

You see, is killed in him, 〈and yet it is danger

To make him even o’er the time he has lost.〉
 Desire him to go in. Trouble him no more
Till further settling.

CORDELIA Will 't please your Highness walk?

LEAR You must bear with me.
Pray you now, forget, and forgive. I am old and
foolish.  (They exit. Kent and Gentleman remain.)

GENTLEMAN Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall
was so slain?

KENT Most certain, sir.

GENTLEMAN Who is conductor of his people?

KENT As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester.

GENTLEMAN They say Edgar, his banished son, is with
the Earl of Kent in Germany.

KENT Report is changeable. ’Tis time to look about.
The powers of the kingdom approach apace.

GENTLEMAN The arbitrament is like to be bloody. Fare
you well, sir.  (He exits.)

KENT
My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day’s battle’s fought.

(He exits.)
ACT 5

Scene 1

Enter, with Drum and Colors, Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

EDMUND, ['to a Gentleman']

Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advised by aught
To change the course. He’s full of alteration
And self-reproving. Bring his constant pleasure.

'A Gentleman exits.'

REGAN

Our sister’s man is certainly miscarried.

EDMUND

'Tis to be doubted, madam.

REGAN

Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you;
Tell me but truly, but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

EDMUND

In honored love.

REGAN

But have you never found my brother’s way
To the forfended place?

(EDMUND That thought abuses you.

REGAN

I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosomed with her as far as we call hers.)

EDMUND No, by mine honor, madam.
REGAN
I never shall endure her. Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

EDMUND
Fear me not. She and the Duke, her husband.

Enter, with Drum and Colors, Albany, Goneril, Soldiers.

〈GONERIL, 〈aside〉
I had rather lose the battle than that sister
Should loosen him and me.〉

ALBANY
Our very loving sister, well bemet.—
Sir, this I heard: the King is come to his daughter,
With others whom the rigor of our state
Forced to cry out. (Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant. For this business,
It touches us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the King, with others whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

EDMUND
Sir, you speak nobly.)

REGAN
Why is this reasoned?

GONERIL
Combine together ’gainst the enemy,
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.

ALBANY
Let’s then determine
With th’ ancient of war on our proceeding.

〈EDMUND
I shall attend you presently at your tent.〉

REGAN
Sister, you’ll go with us?

GONERIL
No.

REGAN
’Tis most convenient. Pray, go with us.

〈GONERIL, 〈aside〉
Oho, I know the riddle.—I will go.

[They begin to exit.]
Enter Edgar \textit{dressed as a peasant.}

EDGAR \textit{(to Albany)}

If e’er your Grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

ALBANY \textit{(to those exiting)}

I’ll overtake you.—Speak. \hfill 45

Both the armies exit.

EDGAR \textit{(giving him a paper)}

Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it. Wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune \langle love \rangle you.

ALBANY Stay till I have read the letter.

EDGAR I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry
And I’ll appear again. \hfill 55

He exits.

Why, fare thee well. I will o’erlook thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

EDMUND

The enemy’s in view. Draw up your powers.
\hfill \langle Giving him a paper. \rangle

Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery. But your haste
Is now urged on you.

ALBANY We will greet the time. \hfill 60

He exits.

EDMUND

To both these sisters have I sworn my love,
Each jealous of the other as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take? \hfill 65
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enjoyed
If both remain alive. To take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril,
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now, then, we’ll use
His countenance for the battle, which, being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon, for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

_He exits._

Scene 2

_Alarum within. Enter, with Drum and Colors, Lear, Cordelia, and Soldiers, over the stage, and exit._

_Enter Edgar and Gloucester._

EDGAR

Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host. Pray that the right may thrive.
If ever I return to you again,
I’ll bring you comfort.

GLOUCESTER

Grace go with you, sir.

_`Edgar` exits._

_Alarum and Retreat within._

_Enter Edgar._

EDGAR

King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta’en.
Give me thy hand. Come on.

GLOUCESTER

No further, sir. A man may rot even here.
EDGAR

What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence even as their coming hither.
Ripeness is all. Come on.

[GLOUCESTER] And that's true too.

*They exit.*

Scene 3

*Enter in conquest, with Drum and Colors, Edmund; Lear and Cordelia as prisoners; Soldiers, Captain.*

EDMUND

Some officers take them away. Good guard
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

CORDELIA, [to Lear] We are not the first
Who with best meaning have incurred the worst.
For thee, oppressèd king, I am cast down.
Myself could else outfrown false Fortune’s frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

LEAR

No, no, no, no. Come, let’s away to prison.
We two alone will sing like birds i’ th’ cage.
When thou dost ask me blessing, I’ll kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveness. So we’ll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news, and we’ll talk with them too—
Who loses and who wins; who’s in, who’s out—
And take upon ‘s the mystery of things,
As if we were God’s spies. And we’ll wear out,
In a walled prison, packs and sects of great ones
That ebb and flow by th’ moon.

EDMUND Take them away.

LEAR

Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee? He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes. The good years shall devour them, flesh and fell, Ere they shall make us weep. We’ll see ’em starved first.

Come.

[Lear and Cordelia] exit, [with Soldiers.]

EDMUND  Come hither, captain. Hark.

[Handing him a paper.] Take thou this note. Go follow them to prison. One step I have advanced thee. If thou dost As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way To noble fortunes. Know thou this: that men Are as the time is; to be tender-minded Does not become a sword. Thy great employment Will not bear question. Either say thou ’lt do ’t, Or thrive by other means.

CAPTAIN  I’ll do ’t, my lord.

EDMUND  About it, and write “happy” when th’ hast done. Mark, I say, instantly, and carry it so As I have set it down.

(CAPTAIN I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats. If it be man’s work, I’ll do ’t.)  

Captain exits.

Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, Soldiers [and a Captain.]

ALBANY, [to Edmund] Sir, you have showed today your valiant strain, And Fortune led you well. You have the captives Who were the opposites of this day’s strife. I do require them of you, so to use them As we shall find their merits and our safety May equally determine.
EDMUND  Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention (and appointed guard,)
Whose age had charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side
And turn our impressed lances in our eyes,
Which do command them. With him I sent the
  Queen,
My reason all the same, and they are ready
Tomorrow, or at further space, t’ appear
Where you shall hold your session. (At this time
We sweat and bleed. The friend hath lost his friend,
And the best quarrels in the heat are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness.
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.)

ALBANY  Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

REGAN    That’s as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
Bore the commission of my place and person,
The which immediacy may well stand up
And call itself your brother.

GONERIL  Not so hot.
In his own grace he doth exalt himself
More than in your addition.

REGAN    In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

(GONERIL)
That were the most if he should husband you.

REGAN    Jesters do oft prove prophets.

GONERIL    Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so looked but asquint.
REGAN
Lady, I am not well, else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. ['To Edmund.]
General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony.
[Dispose of them, of me; the walls is thine.]
Witness the world that I create thee here
My lord and master.
GONERIL
Mean you to enjoy him?
ALBANY
The let-alone lies not in your goodwill.
EDMUND
Nor in thine, lord.
ALBANY
Half-blooded fellow, yes.
REGAN, ['to Edmund']
Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.
ALBANY
Stay yet, hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in (thine attaint,)
This gilded serpent.—For your claim, fair
(sister,)
I bar it in the interest of my wife.
'Tis she is subcontracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your banns.
If you will marry, make your loves to me.
My lady is bespoke.

[GORERIL
An interlude!]
ALBANY
Thou art armed, Gloucester. Let the trumpet sound.
If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge. ['He throws down a glove.]
I'll make it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaimed thee.
REGAN  Sick, O, sick!

GONERIL, *aside*  If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.

EDMUND

There's my exchange.  *(He throws down a glove.)*

What in the world <he is>  That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.

Call by the trumpet. He that dares approach,

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

My truth and honor firmly.

ALBANY

A herald, ho!

〈EDMUND  A herald, ho, a herald!〉

〈ALBANY〉

Trust to thy single virtue, for thy soldiers,

All levied in my name, have in my name

Took their discharge.

REGAN  My sickness grows upon me.

ALBANY

She is not well. Convey her to my tent.

*(Regan is helped to exit.)*

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald. Let the trumpet sound,

And read out this.  *(He hands the Herald a paper.)*

〈CAPTAIN  Sound, trumpet!〉

*A trumpet sounds.*

**Herald reads.**

*If any man of quality or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defense.*

*(First trumpet sounds.)*

HERALD  Again!  *Second trumpet sounds.*

HERALD  Again!  *(Third trumpet sounds.)*

Trumpet answers within.

Enter Edgar armed.
ALBANY, [to Herald]

Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o’ th’ trumpet.

HERALD        What are you?

Your name, your quality, and why you answer
This present summons?

EDGAR        Know my name is lost,
             By treason’s tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit.
             Yet am I noble as the adversary
             I come to cope.

ALBANY       Which is that adversary?

EDGAR        What’s he that speaks for Edmund, Earl of
             Gloucester?

EDMUND       Himself. What sayest thou to him?

EDGAR        Draw thy sword,
             That if my speech offend a noble heart,
             Thy arm may do thee justice. Here is mine.
             [He draws his sword.]

Behold, it is my privilege, the privilege of mine
honors,
My oath, and my profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
{Despite} thy victor-sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a traitor,
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conspirant ’gainst this high illustrious prince,
And from th’ extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou “no,”
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

EDMUND       In wisdom I should ask thy name,
             But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
[What safe and nicely I might well delay]
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head,
With the hell-hated lie o’erwhelm thy heart,
Which, for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest forever. Trumpets, speak!

[He draws his sword.] Alarums. Fights.
[Edmund falls, wounded.]

ALBANY, [to Edgar]
Save him, save him!

GONERIL
This is practice, Gloucester.
By th’ law of war, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite. Thou art not vanquished,
But cozened and beguiled.

ALBANY
Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I (stopple) it.—Hold, sir.—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil.
No tearing, lady. I perceive you know it.

GONERIL
Say if I do; the laws are mine, not thine.
Who can arraign me for ’t?

ALBANY
Most monstrous! O!
Know’st thou this paper?

(GONERIL)
Ask me not what I know.

She exits.

ALBANY
Go after her, she’s desperate. Govern her.

[Edmund, [to Edgar]
What you have charged me with, that have I done,
And more, much more. The time will bring it out.
’Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou ’rt noble,
I do forgive thee.
EDGAR      Let's exchange charity.
          I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
          If more, the more th' hast wronged me.
          My name is Edgar and thy father's son.
          The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
          Make instruments to plague us.
          The dark and vicious place where thee he got
          Cost him his eyes.
EDMUND      Th' hast spoken right. 'Tis true.
          The wheel is come full circle; I am here.
ALBANY, [to Edgar]
          Methought thy very gait did prophesy
          A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee.
          Let sorrow split my heart if ever I
          Did hate thee or thy father!
EDGAR      Worthy prince, I know 't.
ALBANY      Where have you hid yourself?
          How have you known the miseries of your father?
EDGAR
          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 followed me so near—O, our lives' sweetness,
          That we the pain of death would hourly die
          Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift
          Into a madman's rags, t' assume a semblance
          That very dogs disdained, and in this habit
          Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
          Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
          Led him, begged for him, saved him from despair.
          Never—O fault!—revealed myself unto him
          Until some half hour past, when I was armed.
          Not sure, though hoping of this good success,
          I asked his blessing, and from first to last
          Told him our pilgrimage. But his flawed heart
          (Alack, too weak the conflict to support)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,  
Burst smilingly.

EDMUND This speech of yours hath moved me,  
And shall perchance do good. But speak you on.  
You look as you had something more to say.

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

(EDGAR This would have seemed a period  
To such as love not sorrow; but another,  
To amplify too much, would make much more  
And top extremity. Whilst I  
Was big in clamor, came there in a man  
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,  
Shunned my abhorred society; but then, finding  
Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong arms  
He fastened on my neck and bellowed out  
As he'd burst heaven, threw him on my father,  
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him  
That ever ear received, which, in recounting,  
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life  
Began to crack. Twice then the trumpets sounded,  
And there I left him tranced.

But who was this?

EDGAR  
Kent, sir, the banished Kent, who in disguise  
Followed his enemy king and did him service  
Improper for a slave.)

Enter a Gentleman (with a bloody knife.)

Help, help, O, help!

What kind of help?

[ALBANY, to Gentleman] Speak, man!]

What means this bloody knife?
GENTLEMAN
‘Tis hot, it smokes! It came even from the heart
Of—O, she’s dead!

ALBANY Who dead? Speak, man.

GENTLEMAN
Your lady, sir, your lady. And her sister
By her is poisoned. She confesses it.

EDMUND
I was contracted to them both. All three
Now marry in an instant.

[EDGAR Here comes Kent.

Enter Kent.]

ALBANY, ‘to the Gentleman’
Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.

‘Gentleman exits.’

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us
tremble,

Touch us not with pity. O, is this he?

‘To Kent.’ The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.

KENT I am come
To bid my king and master aye goodnight.

Is he not here?

ALBANY Great thing of us forgot!

Speak, Edmund, where’s the King? And where’s
Cordelia?

‘Goneril and Regan’s bodies brought out.’

Seest thou this object, Kent?

EDMUND Alack, why thus?

ALBANY Even so.—Cover their faces.

EDMUND
I pant for life. Some good I mean to do
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send—
Be brief in it—to th’ castle, for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia.
Nay, send in time. 295

ALBANY Run, run, O, run!

EDGAR
To who, my lord? ‘To Edmund.’ Who has the office?

Send
Thy token of reprieve.

EDMUND
Well thought on. Take my sword. Give it the 300
Captain.

EDGAR, ‘to a Soldier’ Haste thee for thy life.

‘The Soldier exits with Edmund’s sword.’

EDMUND, ‘to Albany’
He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

ALBANY The gods defend her!—Bear him hence awhile.

‘Edmund is carried off.’

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his arms,
‘followed by a Gentleman.’

LEAR Howl, howl, howl! O, (you) are men of stones!
Had I your tongues and eyes, I’d use them so
That heaven’s vault should crack. She’s gone forever. 310

I know when one is dead and when one lives.
She’s dead as earth.—Lend me a looking glass.
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

KENT Is this the promised end?

EDGAR Or image of that horror?
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King Lear

ACT 5. SC. 3

FTLN 3568

ALBANY

FTLN 3569

LEAR

FTLN 3570

This feather stirs. She lives. If it be so,

FTLN 3571

It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows

FTLN 3572

That ever I have felt.

FTLN 3573

KENT

FTLN 3574

O, my good master—

FTLN 3575

LEAR

FTLN 3576

Prithee, away.

FTLN 3577

EDGAR

FTLN 3578

'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

FTLN 3579

LEAR

FTLN 3580

A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!

FTLN 3581

I might have saved her. Now she’s gone forever.—

FTLN 3582

Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!

FTLN 3583

What is ’t thou sayst?—Her voice was ever soft,

FTLN 3584

Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

FTLN 3585

I killed the slave that was a-hanging thee.

FTLN 3586

GENTLEMAN

FTLN 3587

'Tis true, my lords, he did.

FTLN 3588

LEAR

FTLN 3589

Did I not, fellow?

FTLN 3590

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion

FTLN 3591

I would have made him skip. I am old now,

FTLN 3592

And these same crosses spoil me. 'To Kent.' Who

FTLN 3593

are you?

FTLN 3594

KENT

FTLN 3595

Mine eyes are not o’ th’ best. I’ll tell you straight.

FTLN 3596

FTLN 3597

KENT

FTLN 3598

If Fortune brag of two she loved and hated,

FTLN 3599

One of them we behold.

FTLN 3600

LEAR

FTLN 3601

This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

FTLN 3602

KENT

FTLN 3603

The same,

FTLN 3604

Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

FTLN 3605

LEAR

FTLN 3606

He’s a good fellow, I can tell you that.

FTLN 3607

He’ll strike and quickly too. He’s dead and rotten.

FTLN 3608

KENT

FTLN 3609

No, my good lord, I am the very man—
LEAR    I’ll see that straight.

KENT    That from your first of difference and decay
       Have followed your sad steps.

LEAR    ’You\’re welcome
       hither.  

KENT    Nor no man else. All’s cheerless, dark, and deadly.
       Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
       And desperately are dead.

LEAR    Ay, so I think.

ALBANY  He knows not what he says, and vain is it
       That we present us to him.

EDGAR   Very bootless.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER Edmund is dead, my lord.

ALBANY  That’s but a trifle here.—
       You lords and noble friends, know our intent:
       What comfort to this great decay may come
       Shall be applied. For us, we will resign,
       During the life of this old Majesty,
       To him our absolute power; you to your rights,
       With boot and such addition as your Honors
       Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
       The wages of their virtue, and all foes
       The cup of their deservings. O, see, see!

LEAR    And my poor fool is hanged. No, no, no life?
       Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
       And thou no breath at all? Thou ’tis come no more,
       Never, never, never, never, never.—
       Pray you undo this button. Thank you, sir.
       [Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,
       Look there, look there!]  He dies.

FTLN 359 - 375
EDGAR

He faints. ['To Lear.'] My lord, my lord!

KENT

Break, heart, I prithee, break!

EDGAR

Look up, my lord.

KENT

Vex not his ghost. O, let him pass! He hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

EDGAR

He is gone indeed.

KENT

The wonder is he hath endured so long.

He but usurped his life.

ALBANY

Bear them from hence. Our present business
Is general woe. ['To Edgar and Kent.'] Friends of my
soul, you twain
Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.

KENT

I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;

My master calls me. I must not say no.

EDGAR

The weight of this sad time we must obey,

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

The oldest hath borne most; we that are young
Shall never see so much nor live so long.

They exit with a dead march.