
The Tragedy of
KING LEAR

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Edited by BARBARA A. MOWAT
and PAUL WERSTINE

Folger Shakespeare Library

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From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

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.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of "taking up Shakespeare," finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as Folger Digital Texts, we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

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 Theater.

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 exist 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 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 Digital 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 tire 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 Digital 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

KNIGHT, serving Lear

GENTLEMEN

Three SERVANTS

MESSENGERS

DOCTOR

CAPTAINS

HERALD

Knights in Lear's train, Servants, Officers, Soldiers, Attendants,
Gentlemen

ACT 1

Scene 1

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund.

FTLN 0001 KENT I thought the King had more affected the Duke
FTLN 0002 of Albany than Cornwall.
FTLN 0003 GLOUCESTER It did always seem so to us, but now in
FTLN 0004 the division of the kingdom, it appears not which
FTLN 0005 of the dukes he values most, for *⟨equalities⟩* are so 5
FTLN 0006 weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice
FTLN 0007 of either's moiety.
FTLN 0008 KENT Is not this your son, my lord?
FTLN 0009 GLOUCESTER His breeding, sir, hath been at my
FTLN 0010 charge. I have so often blushed to acknowledge 10
FTLN 0011 him that now I am brazed to 't.
FTLN 0012 KENT I cannot conceive you.
FTLN 0013 GLOUCESTER Sir, this young fellow's mother could,
FTLN 0014 whereupon she grew round-wombed and had indeed,
FTLN 0015 sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband 15
FTLN 0016 for her bed. Do you smell a fault?
FTLN 0017 KENT I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it
FTLN 0018 being so proper.
FTLN 0019 GLOUCESTER But I have a son, sir, by order of law,
FTLN 0020 some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in 20
FTLN 0021 my account. Though this knave came something
FTLN 0022 saucily to the world before he was sent for, yet was
FTLN 0023 his mother fair, there was good sport at his making,

FTLN 0024 and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you
 FTLN 0025 know this noble gentleman, Edmund? 25
 FTLN 0026 EDMUND No, my lord.
 FTLN 0027 GLOUCESTER My lord of Kent. Remember him hereafter
 FTLN 0028 as my honorable friend.
 FTLN 0029 EDMUND My services to your Lordship.
 FTLN 0030 KENT I must love you and sue to know you better. 30
 FTLN 0031 EDMUND Sir, I shall study deserving.
 FTLN 0032 GLOUCESTER He hath been out nine years, and away he
 FTLN 0033 shall again. (*Sennet.*) The King is coming.

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

LEAR
 FTLN 0034 Attend the lords of France and Burgundy,
 FTLN 0035 Gloucester. 35
 FTLN 0036 GLOUCESTER I shall, my lord. *He exits.*
 LEAR
 FTLN 0037 Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.—
 FTLN 0038 Give me the map there. *[He is handed a map.]*
 FTLN 0039 Know that we have divided
 FTLN 0040 In three our kingdom, and 'tis our fast intent 40
 FTLN 0041 To shake all cares and business from our age,
 FTLN 0042 Conferring them on younger strengths, [while we
 FTLN 0043 Unburdened crawl toward death. Our son of
 FTLN 0044 Cornwall
 FTLN 0045 And you, our no less loving son of Albany, 45
 FTLN 0046 We have this hour a constant will to publish
 FTLN 0047 Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
 FTLN 0048 May be prevented now.]
 FTLN 0049 The ⟨two great⟩ princes, France and Burgundy,
 FTLN 0050 Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, 50
 FTLN 0051 Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn
 FTLN 0052 And here are to be answered. Tell me, my
 FTLN 0053 daughters—
 FTLN 0054 [Since now we will divest us both of rule,

FTLN 0055	Interest of territory, cares of state—]	55
FTLN 0056	Which of you shall we say doth love us most,	
FTLN 0057	That we our largest bounty may extend	
FTLN 0058	Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril,	
FTLN 0059	Our eldest born, speak first.	
	GONERIL	
FTLN 0060	Sir, I love you more than word can wield the	60
FTLN 0061	matter,	
FTLN 0062	Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty,	
FTLN 0063	Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare,	
FTLN 0064	No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor;	
FTLN 0065	As much as child e'er loved, or father found;	65
FTLN 0066	A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable.	
FTLN 0067	Beyond all manner of so much I love you.	
	CORDELIA, [<i>aside</i>]	
FTLN 0068	What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and be silent.	
	LEAR, [<i>pointing to the map</i>]	
FTLN 0069	Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,	
FTLN 0070	With shadowy forests [and with champains riched,	70
FTLN 0071	With plenteous rivers] and wide-skirted meads,	
FTLN 0072	We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's <issue>	
FTLN 0073	Be this perpetual.—What says our second	
FTLN 0074	daughter,	
FTLN 0075	Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall? <Speak.>	75
	REGAN	
FTLN 0076	I am made of that self mettle as my sister	
FTLN 0077	And prize me at her worth. In my true heart	
FTLN 0078	I find she names my very deed of love;	
FTLN 0079	Only she comes too short, that I profess	
FTLN 0080	Myself an enemy to all other joys	80
FTLN 0081	Which the most precious square of sense	
FTLN 0082	<possesses,>	
FTLN 0083	And find I am alone felicitate	
FTLN 0084	In your dear Highness' love.	
FTLN 0085	CORDELIA, [<i>aside</i>] Then poor Cordelia!	85
FTLN 0086	And yet not so, since I am sure my love's	
FTLN 0087	More ponderous than my tongue.	

LEAR

FTLN 0088 To thee and thine hereditary ever
 FTLN 0089 Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,
 FTLN 0090 No less in space, validity, and pleasure 90
 FTLN 0091 Than that conferred on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
 FTLN 0092 Although our last and least, to whose young love
 FTLN 0093 [The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
 FTLN 0094 Strive to be interested,] what can you say to draw
 FTLN 0095 A third more opulent than your sisters'? Speak. 95

FTLN 0096 CORDELIA Nothing, my lord.

FTLN 0097 [LEAR Nothing?

FTLN 0098 CORDELIA Nothing.]

LEAR

FTLN 0099 Nothing will come of nothing. Speak again.

CORDELIA

FTLN 0100 Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave 100

FTLN 0101 My heart into my mouth. I love your Majesty

FTLN 0102 According to my bond, no more nor less.

LEAR

FTLN 0103 How, how, Cordelia? Mend your speech a little,

FTLN 0104 Lest you may mar your fortunes.

FTLN 0105 CORDELIA Good my lord, 105

FTLN 0106 You have begot me, bred me, loved me.

FTLN 0107 I return those duties back as are right fit:

FTLN 0108 Obey you, love you, and most honor you.

FTLN 0109 Why have my sisters husbands if they say

FTLN 0110 They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed, 110

FTLN 0111 That lord whose hand must take my plight shall

FTLN 0112 carry

FTLN 0113 Half my love with him, half my care and duty.

FTLN 0114 Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,

FTLN 0115 ⟨To love my father all.⟩ 115

FTLN 0116 LEAR But goes thy heart with this?

FTLN 0117 CORDELIA Ay, my good lord.

FTLN 0118 LEAR So young and so untender?

FTLN 0119 CORDELIA So young, my lord, and true.

LEAR

FTLN 0120 Let it be so. Thy truth, then, be thy dower, 120
 FTLN 0121 For by the sacred radiance of the sun,
 FTLN 0122 The 「mysteries」 of Hecate and the night,
 FTLN 0123 By all the operation of the orbs
 FTLN 0124 From whom we do exist and cease to be,
 FTLN 0125 Here I disclaim all my paternal care, 125
 FTLN 0126 Propinquity, and property of blood,
 FTLN 0127 And as a stranger to my heart and me
 FTLN 0128 Hold thee from this forever. The barbarous
 FTLN 0129 Scythian,
 FTLN 0130 Or he that makes his generation messes 130
 FTLN 0131 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
 FTLN 0132 Be as well neighbored, pitied, and relieved
 FTLN 0133 As thou my sometime daughter.
 FTLN 0134 KENT Good my liege—
 FTLN 0135 LEAR Peace, Kent. 135
 FTLN 0136 Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
 FTLN 0137 I loved her most and thought to set my rest
 FTLN 0138 On her kind nursery. 「*To Cordelia.*」 Hence and avoid
 FTLN 0139 my sight!—
 FTLN 0140 So be my grave my peace, as here I give 140
 FTLN 0141 Her father's heart from her.—Call France. Who stirs?
 FTLN 0142 Call Burgundy. 「*An Attendant exits.*」 Cornwall and
 FTLN 0143 Albany,
 FTLN 0144 With my two daughters' dowers digest the third.
 FTLN 0145 Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her. 145
 FTLN 0146 I do invest you jointly with my power,
 FTLN 0147 Preeminence, and all the large effects
 FTLN 0148 That troop with majesty. Ourselves by monthly course,
 FTLN 0149 With reservation of an hundred knights
 FTLN 0150 By you to be sustained, shall our abode 150
 FTLN 0151 Make with you by due turn. Only we shall retain
 FTLN 0152 The name and all th' addition to a king.
 FTLN 0153 The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,

FTLN 0154	Belovèd sons, be yours, which to confirm,	
FTLN 0155	This coronet part between you.	155
FTLN 0156	KENT	Royal Lear,
FTLN 0157	Whom I have ever honored as my king,	
FTLN 0158	Loved as my father, as my master followed,	
FTLN 0159	As my great patron thought on in my prayers—	
	LEAR	
FTLN 0160	The bow is bent and drawn. Make from the shaft.	160
	KENT	
FTLN 0161	Let it fall rather, though the fork invade	
FTLN 0162	The region of my heart. Be Kent unmannerly	
FTLN 0163	When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?	
FTLN 0164	Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak	
FTLN 0165	When power to flattery bows? To plainness honor's	165
FTLN 0166	bound	
FTLN 0167	When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state,	
FTLN 0168	And in thy best consideration check	
FTLN 0169	This hideous rashness. Answer my life my	
FTLN 0170	judgment,	170
FTLN 0171	Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least,	
FTLN 0172	Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sounds	
FTLN 0173	Reverb no hollowness.	
FTLN 0174	LEAR	Kent, on thy life, no more.
	KENT	
FTLN 0175	My life I never held but as ⟨a⟩ pawn	175
FTLN 0176	To wage against thine enemies, ⟨nor⟩ fear to lose	
FTLN 0177	it,	
FTLN 0178	Thy safety being motive.	
FTLN 0179	LEAR	Out of my sight!
	KENT	
FTLN 0180	See better, Lear, and let me still remain	180
FTLN 0181	The true blank of thine eye.	
FTLN 0182	LEAR	Now, by Apollo—
FTLN 0183	KENT	Now, by Apollo, king,
FTLN 0184	Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.	
FTLN 0185	LEAR	O vassal! Miscreant!

FTLN 0186 [ALBANY/CORNWALL Dear sir, forbear.]
 KENT
 FTLN 0187 Kill thy physician, and thy fee bestow
 FTLN 0188 Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift,
 FTLN 0189 Or whilst I can vent clamor from my throat,
 FTLN 0190 I'll tell thee thou dost evil. 190

LEAR
 FTLN 0191 Hear me, recreant; on thine allegiance, hear me!
 FTLN 0192 That thou hast sought to make us break our vows—
 FTLN 0193 Which we durst never yet—and with strained pride
 FTLN 0194 To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
 FTLN 0195 Which nor our nature nor our place can bear, 195
 FTLN 0196 Our potency made good, take thy reward:
 FTLN 0197 Five days we do allot thee for provision
 FTLN 0198 To shield thee from disasters of the world,
 FTLN 0199 And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
 FTLN 0200 Upon our kingdom. If on the tenth day following 200
 FTLN 0201 Thy banished trunk be found in our dominions,
 FTLN 0202 The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
 FTLN 0203 This shall not be revoked.

KENT
 FTLN 0204 Fare thee well, king. Sith thus thou wilt appear,
 FTLN 0205 Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here. 205
 FTLN 0206 ¶*To Cordelia.* ¶ The gods to their dear shelter take
 FTLN 0207 thee, maid,
 FTLN 0208 That justly think'st and hast most rightly said.
 FTLN 0209 ¶*To Goneril and Regan.* ¶ And your large speeches
 FTLN 0210 may your deeds approve, 210
 FTLN 0211 That good effects may spring from words of love.—
 FTLN 0212 Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu.
 FTLN 0213 He'll shape his old course in a country new.

He exits.

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

⟨GLOUCESTER⟩

FTLN 0214 Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

FTLN 0215	LEAR	My lord of Burgundy,	215
FTLN 0216		We first address toward you, who with this king	
FTLN 0217		Hath rivaled for our daughter. What in the least	
FTLN 0218		Will you require in present dower with her,	
FTLN 0219		Or cease your quest of love?	
FTLN 0220	BURGUNDY	Most royal Majesty,	220
FTLN 0221		I crave no more than hath your Highness offered,	
FTLN 0222		Nor will you tender less.	
FTLN 0223	LEAR	Right noble Burgundy,	
FTLN 0224		When she was dear to us, we did hold her so,	
FTLN 0225		But now her price is fallen. Sir, there she stands.	225
FTLN 0226		If aught within that little seeming substance,	
FTLN 0227		Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced	
FTLN 0228		And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,	
FTLN 0229		She's there, and she is yours.	
FTLN 0230	BURGUNDY	I know no answer.	230
	LEAR		
FTLN 0231		Will you, with those infirmities she owes,	
FTLN 0232		Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,	
FTLN 0233		Dowered with our curse and strangered with our	
FTLN 0234		oath,	
FTLN 0235		Take her or leave her?	235
FTLN 0236	BURGUNDY	Pardon me, royal sir,	
FTLN 0237		Election makes not up in such conditions.	
	LEAR		
FTLN 0238		Then leave her, sir, for by the power that made me	
FTLN 0239		I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,	
FTLN 0240		I would not from your love make such a stray	240
FTLN 0241		To match you where I hate. Therefore beseech you	
FTLN 0242		T' avert your liking a more worthier way	
FTLN 0243		Than on a wretch whom Nature is ashamed	
FTLN 0244		Almost t' acknowledge hers.	
FTLN 0245	FRANCE	This is most strange,	245
FTLN 0246		That she whom even but now was your ⟨best⟩	
FTLN 0247		object,	
FTLN 0248		The argument of your praise, balm of your age,	

FTLN 0249	The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time	
FTLN 0250	Commit a thing so monstrous to dismantle	250
FTLN 0251	So many folds of favor. Sure her offense	
FTLN 0252	Must be of such unnatural degree	
FTLN 0253	That monsters it, or your forevouched affection	
FTLN 0254	Fall into taint; which to believe of her	
FTLN 0255	Must be a faith that reason without miracle	255
FTLN 0256	Should never plant in me.	
FTLN 0257	CORDELIA, <i>['to Lear']</i> I yet beseech your Majesty—	
FTLN 0258	If for I want that glib and oily art	
FTLN 0259	To speak and purpose not, since what I <i><well></i>	
FTLN 0260	intend	260
FTLN 0261	I'll do 't before I speak—that you make known	
FTLN 0262	It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,	
FTLN 0263	No unchaste action or dishonored step	
FTLN 0264	That hath deprived me of your grace and favor,	
FTLN 0265	But even for want of that for which I am richer:	265
FTLN 0266	A still-soliciting eye and such a tongue	
FTLN 0267	That I am glad I have not, though not to have it	
FTLN 0268	Hath lost me in your liking.	
FTLN 0269	LEAR Better thou	
FTLN 0270	Hadst not been born than not t' have pleased me	270
FTLN 0271	better.	
	FRANCE	
FTLN 0272	Is it but this—a tardiness in nature	
FTLN 0273	Which often leaves the history unspoke	
FTLN 0274	That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,	
FTLN 0275	What say you to the lady? Love's not love	275
FTLN 0276	When it is mingled with regards that stands	
FTLN 0277	Aloof from th' entire point. Will you have her?	
FTLN 0278	She is herself a dowry.	
FTLN 0279	BURGUNDY, <i>['to Lear']</i> Royal king,	
FTLN 0280	Give but that portion which yourself proposed,	280
FTLN 0281	And here I take Cordelia by the hand,	
FTLN 0282	Duchess of Burgundy.	
	LEAR	
FTLN 0283	Nothing. I have sworn. I am firm.	

BURGUNDY, *['to Cordelia']*

FTLN 0284 I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father
FTLN 0285 That you must lose a husband. 285

FTLN 0286 CORDELIA Peace be with
FTLN 0287 Burgundy.

FTLN 0288 Since that respect and fortunes are his love,
FTLN 0289 I shall not be his wife.

FRANCE

FTLN 0290 Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich being poor; 290
FTLN 0291 Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised,
FTLN 0292 Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon,
FTLN 0293 Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.
FTLN 0294 Gods, gods! 'Tis strange that from their cold'st
FTLN 0295 neglect 295

FTLN 0296 My love should kindle to enflamed respect.—
FTLN 0297 Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my
FTLN 0298 chance,

FTLN 0299 Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France.
FTLN 0300 Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy 300
FTLN 0301 Can buy this unprized precious maid of me.—
FTLN 0302 Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind.
FTLN 0303 Thou lovest here a better where to find.

LEAR

FTLN 0304 Thou hast her, France. Let her be thine, for we
FTLN 0305 Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see 305
FTLN 0306 That face of hers again. *['To Cordelia.']* Therefore
FTLN 0307 begone
FTLN 0308 Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
FTLN 0309 Come, noble Burgundy.

*Flourish. ['All but France, Cordelia,
Goneril, and Regan'] exit.*

FTLN 0310 FRANCE Bid farewell to your sisters. 310

CORDELIA

FTLN 0311 The jewels of our father, with washed eyes
FTLN 0312 Cordelia leaves you. I know you what you are,
FTLN 0313 And like a sister am most loath to call

FTLN 0314 Your faults as they are named. Love well our
 FTLN 0315 father. 315

FTLN 0316 To your professèd bosoms I commit him;
 FTLN 0317 But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
 FTLN 0318 I would prefer him to a better place.
 FTLN 0319 So farewell to you both.

REGAN

FTLN 0320 Prescribe not us our duty. 320

FTLN 0321 GONERIL Let your study
 FTLN 0322 Be to content your lord, who hath received you
 FTLN 0323 At Fortune’s alms. You have obedience scanted
 FTLN 0324 And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

CORDELIA

FTLN 0325 Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides, 325
 FTLN 0326 Who covers faults at last with shame derides.
 FTLN 0327 Well may you prosper.

FTLN 0328 FRANCE Come, my fair Cordelia.
 France and Cordelia exit.

FTLN 0329 GONERIL Sister, it is not little I have to say of what
 FTLN 0330 most nearly appertains to us both. I think our 330
 FTLN 0331 father will hence tonight.

FTLN 0332 REGAN That’s most certain, and with you; next month
 FTLN 0333 with us.

FTLN 0334 GONERIL You see how full of changes his age is; the
 FTLN 0335 observation we have made of it hath <not> been 335
 FTLN 0336 little. He always loved our sister most, and with
 FTLN 0337 what poor judgment he hath now cast her off
 FTLN 0338 appears too grossly.

FTLN 0339 REGAN ’Tis the infirmity of his age. Yet he hath ever
 FTLN 0340 but slenderly known himself. 340

FTLN 0341 GONERIL The best and soundest of his time hath been
 FTLN 0342 but rash. Then must we look from his age to
 FTLN 0343 receive not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted
 FTLN 0344 condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness
 FTLN 0345 that infirm and choleric years bring with 345
 FTLN 0346 them.

FTLN 0347 REGAN Such unconstant starts are we like to have
 FTLN 0348 from him as this of Kent's banishment.
 FTLN 0349 GONERIL There is further compliment of leave-taking
 FTLN 0350 between France and him. Pray you, let us sit 350
 FTLN 0351 together. If our father carry authority with such
 FTLN 0352 disposition as he bears, this last surrender of his will
 FTLN 0353 but offend us.
 FTLN 0354 REGAN We shall further think of it.
 FTLN 0355 GONERIL We must do something, and i' th' heat. 355

They exit.

Scene 2

Enter [Edmund, the] Bastard.

EDMUND

FTLN 0356 Thou, Nature, art my goddess. To thy law
 FTLN 0357 My services are bound. Wherefore should I
 FTLN 0358 Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
 FTLN 0359 The curiosity of nations to deprive me
 FTLN 0360 For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines 5
 FTLN 0361 Lag of a brother? why "bastard"? Wherefore "base,"
 FTLN 0362 When my dimensions are as well compact,
 FTLN 0363 My mind as generous and my shape as true
 FTLN 0364 As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
 FTLN 0365 With "base," with "baseness," "bastardy," "base," 10
 FTLN 0366 "base,"
 FTLN 0367 Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
 FTLN 0368 More composition and fierce quality
 FTLN 0369 Than doth within a dull, stale, tired bed
 FTLN 0370 Go to th' creating a whole tribe of fops 15
 FTLN 0371 Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well then,
 FTLN 0372 Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land.
 FTLN 0373 Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
 FTLN 0374 As to th' legitimate. Fine word, "legitimate."
 FTLN 0375 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed 20

FTLN 0376 And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
 FTLN 0377 Shall 'top' th' legitimate. I grow, I prosper.
 FTLN 0378 Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter Gloucester.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 0379 Kent banished thus? And France in choler parted?
 FTLN 0380 And the King gone tonight, prescribed his power, 25
 FTLN 0381 Confined to exhibition? All this done
 FTLN 0382 Upon the gad?—Edmund, how now? What news?
 FTLN 0383 EDMUND So please your Lordship, none. *He puts a
 paper in his pocket.*
 FTLN 0384 GLOUCESTER Why so earnestly seek you to put up that
 FTLN 0385 letter? 30
 FTLN 0386 EDMUND I know no news, my lord.
 FTLN 0387 GLOUCESTER What paper were you reading?
 FTLN 0388 EDMUND Nothing, my lord.
 FTLN 0389 GLOUCESTER No? What needed then that terrible dispatch
 FTLN 0390 of it into your pocket? The quality of nothing 35
 FTLN 0391 hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see. Come, if
 FTLN 0392 it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.
 FTLN 0393 EDMUND I beseech you, sir, pardon me. It is a letter
 FTLN 0394 from my brother that I have not all o'erread; and
 FTLN 0395 for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for 40
 FTLN 0396 your o'erlooking.
 FTLN 0397 GLOUCESTER Give me the letter, sir.
 FTLN 0398 EDMUND I shall offend either to detain or give it. The
 FTLN 0399 contents, as in part I understand them, are to
 FTLN 0400 blame. 45
 FTLN 0401 GLOUCESTER Let's see, let's see.
Edmund gives him the paper.
 FTLN 0402 EDMUND I hope, for my brother's justification, he
 FTLN 0403 wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.
 FTLN 0404 GLOUCESTER *reads* *This policy and reverence of age*
 FTLN 0405 *makes the world bitter to the best of our times, keeps* 50
 FTLN 0406 *our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish*

FTLN 0407	<i>them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the</i>	
FTLN 0408	<i>oppression of aged tyranny, who sways not as it hath</i>	
FTLN 0409	<i>power but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I</i>	
FTLN 0410	<i>may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked</i>	55
FTLN 0411	<i>him, you should enjoy half his revenue forever and</i>	
FTLN 0412	<i>live the beloved of your brother.</i>	<i>Edgar.</i>
FTLN 0413	Hum? Conspiracy? “Sleep till I wake him, you	
FTLN 0414	should enjoy half his revenue.” My son Edgar! Had	
FTLN 0415	he a hand to write this? A heart and brain to breed it	60
FTLN 0416	in?—When came you to this? Who brought it?	
FTLN 0417	EDMUND It was not brought me, my lord; there’s the	
FTLN 0418	cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the casement	
FTLN 0419	of my closet.	
FTLN 0420	GLOUCESTER You know the character to be your	65
FTLN 0421	brother’s?	
FTLN 0422	EDMUND If the matter were good, my lord, I durst	
FTLN 0423	swear it were his; but in respect of that, I would	
FTLN 0424	fain think it were not.	
FTLN 0425	GLOUCESTER It is his.	70
FTLN 0426	EDMUND It is his hand, my lord, but I hope his heart is	
FTLN 0427	not in the contents.	
FTLN 0428	GLOUCESTER Has he never before sounded you in this	
FTLN 0429	business?	
FTLN 0430	EDMUND Never, my lord. But I have heard him oft	75
FTLN 0431	maintain it to be fit that, sons at perfect age and	
FTLN 0432	fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the	
FTLN 0433	son, and the son manage his revenue.	
FTLN 0434	GLOUCESTER O villain, villain! His very opinion in the	
FTLN 0435	letter. Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish	80
FTLN 0436	villain! Worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek	
FTLN 0437	him. I’ll apprehend him.—Abominable villain!—	
FTLN 0438	Where is he?	
FTLN 0439	EDMUND I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please	
FTLN 0440	you to suspend your indignation against my brother	85
FTLN 0441	till you can derive from him better testimony of his	
FTLN 0442	intent, you should run a certain course; where, if	

FTLN 0480	EDMUND	This is the excellent foppery of the world, that	125
FTLN 0481		when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeits of	
FTLN 0482		our own behavior) we make guilty of our disasters	
FTLN 0483		the sun, the moon, and stars, as if we were villains	
FTLN 0484		on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves,	
FTLN 0485		thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance;	130
FTLN 0486		drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced	
FTLN 0487		obedience of planetary influence; and all that we	
FTLN 0488		are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable	
FTLN 0489		evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish	
FTLN 0490		disposition on the charge of a star! My father	135
FTLN 0491		compounded with my mother under the Dragon's	
FTLN 0492		tail, and my nativity was under Ursa Major, so that it	
FTLN 0493		follows I am rough and lecherous. ⟨Fut,⟩ I should	
FTLN 0494		have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the	
FTLN 0495		firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. ⟨Edgar⟩—	140

Enter Edgar.

FTLN 0496		⟨and⟩ pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old	
FTLN 0497		comedy. My cue is villainous melancholy, with a	
FTLN 0498		sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do	
FTLN 0499		portend these divisions. <i>Fa, sol, la, mi.</i>	
FTLN 0500	EDGAR	How now, brother Edmund, what serious contemplation	145
FTLN 0501		are you in?	
FTLN 0502	EDMUND	I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read	
FTLN 0503		this other day, what should follow these eclipses.	
FTLN 0504	EDGAR	Do you busy yourself with that?	
FTLN 0505	EDMUND	I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed	150
FTLN 0506		unhappily, ⟨as of unnaturalness between the	
FTLN 0507		child and the parent, death, dearth, dissolutions of	
FTLN 0508		ancient amities, divisions in state, menaces and	
FTLN 0509		maledictions against king and nobles, needless diffidences,	
FTLN 0510		banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts,	155
FTLN 0511		nuptial breaches, and I know not what.	
FTLN 0512	EDGAR	How long have you been a sectary	
FTLN 0513		astronomical?	

FTLN 0514 EDMUND Come, come, when saw you my father last?
 FTLN 0515 EDGAR The night gone by. 160
 FTLN 0516 EDMUND Spake you with him?
 FTLN 0517 EDGAR Ay, two hours together.
 FTLN 0518 EDMUND Parted you in good terms? Found you no
 FTLN 0519 displeasure in him by word nor countenance?
 FTLN 0520 EDGAR None at all. 165
 FTLN 0521 EDMUND Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended
 FTLN 0522 him, and at my entreaty forbear his presence
 FTLN 0523 until some little time hath qualified the heat
 FTLN 0524 of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in
 FTLN 0525 him that with the mischief of your person it would 170
 FTLN 0526 scarcely allay.
 FTLN 0527 EDGAR Some villain hath done me wrong.
 FTLN 0528 EDMUND That's my fear. [I pray you have a continent
 FTLN 0529 forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower;
 FTLN 0530 and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from 175
 FTLN 0531 whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak.
 FTLN 0532 Pray you go. There's my key. If you do stir abroad,
 FTLN 0533 go armed.
 FTLN 0534 EDGAR Armed, brother?]
 FTLN 0535 EDMUND Brother, I advise you to the best. I am no 180
 FTLN 0536 honest man if there be any good meaning toward
 FTLN 0537 you. I have told you what I have seen and heard, but
 FTLN 0538 faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray
 FTLN 0539 you, away.
 FTLN 0540 EDGAR Shall I hear from you anon? 185
 FTLN 0541 EDMUND I do serve you in this business. *Edgar exits.*
 FTLN 0542 A credulous father and a brother noble,
 FTLN 0543 Whose nature is so far from doing harms
 FTLN 0544 That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
 FTLN 0545 My practices ride easy. I see the business. 190
 FTLN 0546 Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit.
 FTLN 0547 All with me's meet that I can fashion fit.

He exits.

Scene 3

Enter Goneril and Oswald, her Steward.

FTLN 0548 GONERIL Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding
 FTLN 0549 of his Fool?
 FTLN 0550 OSWALD Ay, madam.
 GONERIL
 FTLN 0551 By day and night he wrongs me. Every hour
 FTLN 0552 He flashes into one gross crime or other 5
 FTLN 0553 That sets us all at odds. I'll not endure it.
 FTLN 0554 His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
 FTLN 0555 On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,
 FTLN 0556 I will not speak with him. Say I am sick.
 FTLN 0557 If you come slack of former services, 10
 FTLN 0558 You shall do well. The fault of it I'll answer.
 FTLN 0559 OSWALD He's coming, madam. I hear him.
 GONERIL
 FTLN 0560 Put on what weary negligence you please,
 FTLN 0561 You and your fellows. I'd have it come to question.
 FTLN 0562 If he distaste it, let him to my sister, 15
 FTLN 0563 Whose mind and mine I know in that are one,
 FTLN 0564 ⟨Not to be overruled. Idle old man
 FTLN 0565 That still would manage those authorities
 FTLN 0566 That he hath given away. Now, by my life,
 FTLN 0567 Old fools are babes again and must be used 20
 FTLN 0568 With checks as flatteries, when they are seen
 FTLN 0569 abused.⟩
 FTLN 0570 Remember what I have said.
 FTLN 0571 OSWALD Well, madam.
 GONERIL
 FTLN 0572 And let his knights have colder looks among you. 25
 FTLN 0573 What grows of it, no matter. Advise your fellows so.
 FTLN 0574 ⟨I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
 FTLN 0575 That I may speak.⟩ I'll write straight to my sister
 FTLN 0576 To hold my ⟨very⟩ course. Prepare for dinner.
They exit in different directions. ʹ

Scene 4

Enter Kent 「in disguise.」

KENT

FTLN 0577 If but as ⟨well⟩ I other accents borrow
 FTLN 0578 That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
 FTLN 0579 May carry through itself to that full issue
 FTLN 0580 For which I razed my likeness. Now, banished Kent,
 FTLN 0581 If thou canst serve where thou dost stand 5
 FTLN 0582 condemned,
 FTLN 0583 So may it come thy master, whom thou lov'st,
 FTLN 0584 Shall find thee full of labors.

Horns within. Enter Lear, 「Knights,」 and Attendants.

FTLN 0585 LEAR Let me not stay a jot for dinner. Go get it ready.
 「An Attendant exits.」
 FTLN 0586 How now, what art thou? 10
 FTLN 0587 KENT A man, sir.
 FTLN 0588 LEAR What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with
 FTLN 0589 us?
 FTLN 0590 KENT I do profess to be no less than I seem, to serve
 FTLN 0591 him truly that will put me in trust, to love him that 15
 FTLN 0592 is honest, to converse with him that is wise and says
 FTLN 0593 little, to fear judgment, to fight when I cannot
 FTLN 0594 choose, and to eat no fish.
 FTLN 0595 LEAR What art thou?
 FTLN 0596 KENT A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the 20
 FTLN 0597 King.
 FTLN 0598 LEAR If thou be'st as poor for a subject as he's for a
 FTLN 0599 king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?
 FTLN 0600 KENT Service.
 FTLN 0601 LEAR Who wouldst thou serve? 25
 FTLN 0602 KENT You.
 FTLN 0603 LEAR Dost thou know me, fellow?
 FTLN 0604 KENT No, sir, but you have that in your countenance
 FTLN 0605 which I would fain call master.

FTLN 0606 LEAR What's that? 30
 FTLN 0607 KENT Authority.
 FTLN 0608 LEAR What services canst do?
 FTLN 0609 KENT I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a
 FTLN 0610 curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message
 FTLN 0611 bluntly. That which ordinary men are fit for I 35
 FTLN 0612 am qualified in, and the best of me is diligence.
 FTLN 0613 LEAR How old art thou?
 FTLN 0614 KENT Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing,
 FTLN 0615 nor so old to dote on her for anything. I have years
 FTLN 0616 on my back forty-eight. 40
 FTLN 0617 LEAR Follow me. Thou shalt serve me—if I like thee
 FTLN 0618 no worse after dinner. I will not part from thee
 FTLN 0619 yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave, my
 FTLN 0620 Fool? Go you and call my Fool hither.

「*An Attendant exits.*」

Enter 「Oswald, the」 Steward.

FTLN 0621 You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter? 45
 FTLN 0622 OSWALD So please you— *He exits.*
 FTLN 0623 LEAR What says the fellow there? Call the clotpole
 FTLN 0624 back. 「*A Knight exits.*」 Where's my Fool? Ho! I think
 FTLN 0625 the world's asleep.

「*Enter Knight again.*」

FTLN 0626 How now? Where's that mongrel? 50
 FTLN 0627 KNIGHT He says, my lord, your ⟨daughter⟩ is not well.
 FTLN 0628 LEAR Why came not the slave back to me when I
 FTLN 0629 called him?
 FTLN 0630 KNIGHT Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner,
 FTLN 0631 he would not. 55
 FTLN 0632 LEAR He would not?
 FTLN 0633 KNIGHT My lord, I know not what the matter is, but to
 FTLN 0634 my judgment your Highness is not entertained
 FTLN 0635 with that ceremonious affection as you were wont.
 FTLN 0636 There's a great abatement of kindness appears as 60

FTLN 0637 well in the general dependents as in the Duke
 FTLN 0638 himself also, and your daughter.
 FTLN 0639 LEAR Ha? Sayst thou so?
 FTLN 0640 KNIGHT I beseech you pardon me, my lord, if I be
 FTLN 0641 mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent when I think 65
 FTLN 0642 your Highness wronged.
 FTLN 0643 LEAR Thou but remembrest me of mine own conception.
 FTLN 0644 I have perceived a most faint neglect of late,
 FTLN 0645 which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous
 FTLN 0646 curiosity than as a very pretense and purpose of 70
 FTLN 0647 unkindness. I will look further into 't. But where's
 FTLN 0648 my Fool? I have not seen him this two days.
 FTLN 0649 KNIGHT Since my young lady's going into France, sir,
 FTLN 0650 the Fool hath much pined away.
 FTLN 0651 LEAR No more of that. I have noted it well.—Go you 75
 FTLN 0652 and tell my daughter I would speak with her. *«An*
 FTLN 0653 *Attendant exits.»* Go you call hither my Fool.
«Another exits.»

Enter «Oswald, the» Steward.

FTLN 0654 O you, sir, you, come you hither, sir. Who am I, sir?
 FTLN 0655 OSWALD My lady's father.
 FTLN 0656 LEAR "My lady's father"? My lord's knave! You whoreson 80
 FTLN 0657 dog, you slave, you cur!
 FTLN 0658 OSWALD I am none of these, my lord, I beseech your
 FTLN 0659 pardon.
 FTLN 0660 LEAR Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?
«Lear strikes him.»
 FTLN 0661 OSWALD I'll not be stricken, my lord. 85
 FTLN 0662 KENT, *«tripping him»* Nor tripped neither, you base
 FTLN 0663 football player?
 FTLN 0664 LEAR I thank thee, fellow. Thou serv'st me, and I'll
 FTLN 0665 love thee.
 FTLN 0666 KENT, *«to Oswald»* Come, sir, arise. Away. I'll teach you 90
 FTLN 0667 differences. Away, away. If you will measure your
 FTLN 0668 lubber's length again, tarry. But away. Go to. Have
 FTLN 0669 you wisdom? So. *«Oswald exits.»*

FTLN 0670	LEAR	Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee. There's	
FTLN 0671		earnest of thy service. <i>「He gives Kent a purse.」</i>	95
<i>Enter Fool.</i>			
FTLN 0672	FOOL	Let me hire him too. <i>「To Kent.」</i> Here's my	
FTLN 0673		coxcomb. <i>「He offers Kent his cap.」</i>	
FTLN 0674	LEAR	How now, my pretty knave, how dost thou?	
FTLN 0675	FOOL, <i>「to Kent」</i>	Sirrah, you were best take my	
FTLN 0676		coxcomb.	100
FTLN 0677	LEAR	Why, my boy?	
FTLN 0678	FOOL	Why? For taking one's part that's out of favor.	
FTLN 0679		<i>「To Kent.」</i> Nay, an thou canst not smile as the	
FTLN 0680		wind sits, thou 'lt catch cold shortly. There, take my	
FTLN 0681		coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on 's	105
FTLN 0682		daughters and did the third a blessing against his	
FTLN 0683		will. If thou follow him, thou must needs wear my	
FTLN 0684		coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? Would I had two	
FTLN 0685		coxcombs and two daughters.	
FTLN 0686	LEAR	Why, my boy?	110
FTLN 0687	FOOL	If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs	
FTLN 0688		myself. There's mine. Beg another of thy	
FTLN 0689		daughters.	
FTLN 0690	LEAR	Take heed, sirrah—the whip.	
FTLN 0691	FOOL	Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be	115
FTLN 0692		whipped out, when the Lady Brach may stand by th'	
FTLN 0693		fire and stink.	
FTLN 0694	LEAR	A pestilent gall to me!	
FTLN 0695	FOOL	Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.	
FTLN 0696	LEAR	Do.	120
FTLN 0697	FOOL	Mark it, nuncle:	
FTLN 0698		Have more than thou showest.	
FTLN 0699		Speak less than thou knowest,	
FTLN 0700		Lend less than thou owest,	
FTLN 0701		Ride more than thou goest,	125
FTLN 0702		Learn more than thou trowest,	
FTLN 0703		Set less than thou throwest;	

FTLN 0704	Leave thy drink and thy whore	
FTLN 0705	And keep in-a-door,	
FTLN 0706	And thou shalt have more	130
FTLN 0707	Than two tens to a score.	
FTLN 0708	KENT This is nothing, Fool.	
FTLN 0709	FOOL Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer.	
FTLN 0710	You gave me nothing for 't.—Can you make no use	
FTLN 0711	of nothing, nuncle?	135
FTLN 0712	LEAR Why no, boy. Nothing can be made out of	
FTLN 0713	nothing.	
FTLN 0714	FOOL, <i>[to Kent]</i> Prithee tell him, so much the rent of his	
FTLN 0715	land comes to. He will not believe a Fool.	
FTLN 0716	LEAR A bitter Fool!	140
FTLN 0717	FOOL Dost know the difference, my boy, between a	
FTLN 0718	bitter fool and a sweet one?	
FTLN 0719	LEAR No, lad, teach me.	
FTLN 0720	FOOL <i>⟨</i> That lord that counseled thee	
FTLN 0721	To give away thy land,	145
FTLN 0722	Come place him here by me;	
FTLN 0723	Do thou for him stand.	
FTLN 0724	The sweet and bitter fool	
FTLN 0725	Will presently appear:	
FTLN 0726	The one in motley here,	150
FTLN 0727	The other found out there.	
FTLN 0728	LEAR Dost thou call me “fool,” boy?	
FTLN 0729	FOOL All thy other titles thou hast given away. That	
FTLN 0730	thou wast born with.	
FTLN 0731	KENT This is not altogether fool, my lord.	155
FTLN 0732	FOOL No, faith, lords and great men will not let me. If	
FTLN 0733	I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't.	
FTLN 0734	And ladies too, they will not let me have all the fool	
FTLN 0735	to myself; they'll be snatching.⟩—Nuncle, give me	
FTLN 0736	an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns.	160
FTLN 0737	LEAR What two crowns shall they be?	
FTLN 0738	FOOL Why, after I have cut the egg i' th' middle and eat	
FTLN 0739	up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou	

FTLN 0740	clovest thy ⟨crown⟩ i' th' middle and gav'st away	
FTLN 0741	both parts, thou bor'st thine ass on thy back o'er	165
FTLN 0742	the dirt. Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown	
FTLN 0743	when thou gav'st thy golden one away. If I speak	
FTLN 0744	like myself in this, let him be whipped that first	
FTLN 0745	finds it so. <i>〔Sings.〕</i>	
FTLN 0746	Fools had ne'er less grace in a year,	170
FTLN 0747	For wise men are grown foppish	
FTLN 0748	And know not how their wits to wear,	
FTLN 0749	Their manners are so apish.	
FTLN 0750	LEAR When were you wont to be so full of songs,	
FTLN 0751	sirrah?	175
FTLN 0752	FOOL I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou mad'st thy	
FTLN 0753	daughters thy mothers. For when thou gav'st them	
FTLN 0754	the rod and put'st down thine own breeches,	
	<i>〔Sings.〕</i>	
FTLN 0755	Then they for sudden joy did weep,	
FTLN 0756	And I for sorrow sung,	180
FTLN 0757	That such a king should play bo-peep	
FTLN 0758	And go the ⟨fools⟩ among.	
FTLN 0759	Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach	
FTLN 0760	thy Fool to lie. I would fain learn to lie.	
FTLN 0761	LEAR An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.	185
FTLN 0762	FOOL I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are.	
FTLN 0763	They'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou 't	
FTLN 0764	have me whipped for lying, and sometimes I am	
FTLN 0765	whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any	
FTLN 0766	kind o' thing than a Fool. And yet I would not be	190
FTLN 0767	thee, nuncle. Thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides	
FTLN 0768	and left nothing i' th' middle. Here comes one o' the	
FTLN 0769	parings.	

Enter Goneril.

LEAR

FTLN 0770	How now, daughter? What makes that frontlet on?	
FTLN 0771	⟨Methinks⟩ you are too much of late i' th' frown.	195

FTLN 0772	FOOL	Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no	
FTLN 0773		need to care for her frowning. Now thou art an O	
FTLN 0774		without a figure. I am better than thou art now. I	
FTLN 0775		am a Fool. Thou art nothing. <i>「To Goneril.」</i> Yes,	
FTLN 0776		forsooth, I will hold my tongue. So your face bids	200
FTLN 0777		me, though you say nothing.	
FTLN 0778		Mum, mum,	
FTLN 0779		He that keeps nor crust <i>⟨nor⟩</i> crumb,	
FTLN 0780		Weary of all, shall want some.	
		<i>「He points at Lear.」</i>	
FTLN 0781		That's a shelled peascod.	205
	GONERIL		
FTLN 0782		Not only, sir, this your all-licensed Fool,	
FTLN 0783		But other of your insolent retinue	
FTLN 0784		Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth	
FTLN 0785		In rank and not-to-be-endurèd riots. Sir,	
FTLN 0786		I had thought by making this well known unto you	210
FTLN 0787		To have found a safe redress, but now grow fearful,	
FTLN 0788		By what yourself too late have spoke and done,	
FTLN 0789		That you protect this course and put it on	
FTLN 0790		By your allowance; which if you should, the fault	
FTLN 0791		Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep	215
FTLN 0792		Which in the tender of a wholesome weal	
FTLN 0793		Might in their working do you that offense,	
FTLN 0794		Which else were shame, that then necessity	
FTLN 0795		Will call discreet proceeding.	
FTLN 0796	FOOL	For you know, nuncle,	220
FTLN 0797		The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,	
FTLN 0798		That it's had it head bit off by it young.	
FTLN 0799		So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.	
FTLN 0800	LEAR	Are you our daughter?	
	GONERIL		
FTLN 0801		I would you would make use of your good wisdom,	225
FTLN 0802		Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away	
FTLN 0803		These dispositions which of late transport you	
FTLN 0804		From what you rightly are.	

FTLN 0805	FOOL	May not an ass know when the cart draws the	
FTLN 0806		horse? Whoop, Jug, I love thee!	230
	LEAR		
FTLN 0807		Does any here know me? This is not Lear.	
FTLN 0808		Does Lear walk thus, speak thus? Where are his	
FTLN 0809		eyes?	
FTLN 0810		Either his notion weakens, his discernings	
FTLN 0811		Are lethargied—Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so.	235
FTLN 0812		Who is it that can tell me who I am?	
FTLN 0813	FOOL	Lear's shadow.	
FTLN 0814	⟨LEAR	I would learn that, for, by the marks of	
FTLN 0815		sovereignty,	
FTLN 0816		Knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded	240
FTLN 0817		I had daughters.	
FTLN 0818	FOOL	Which they will make an obedient father.⟩	
FTLN 0819	LEAR	Your name, fair gentlewoman?	
	GONERIL		
FTLN 0820		This admiration, sir, is much o' th' savor	
FTLN 0821		Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you	245
FTLN 0822		To understand my purposes aright.	
FTLN 0823		As you are old and reverend, should be wise.	
FTLN 0824		Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires,	
FTLN 0825		Men so disordered, so debauched and bold,	
FTLN 0826		That this our court, infected with their manners,	250
FTLN 0827		Shows like a riotous inn. Epicurism and lust	
FTLN 0828		Makes it more like a tavern or a brothel	
FTLN 0829		Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak	
FTLN 0830		For instant remedy. Be then desired,	
FTLN 0831		By her that else will take the thing she begs,	255
FTLN 0832		A little to disquantity your train,	
FTLN 0833		And the remainders that shall still depend	
FTLN 0834		To be such men as may besort your age,	
FTLN 0835		Which know themselves and you.	
FTLN 0836	LEAR	Darkness and	260
FTLN 0837		devils!—	
FTLN 0838		Saddle my horses. Call my train together.	

「Some exit.」

FTLN 0839 Degenerate bastard, I'll not trouble thee.
 FTLN 0840 Yet have I left a daughter.
 GONERIL
 FTLN 0841 You strike my people, and your disordered rabble 265
 FTLN 0842 Make servants of their betters.

Enter Albany.

LEAR
 FTLN 0843 Woe that too late repents!—(O, sir, are you
 FTLN 0844 come?)
 FTLN 0845 Is it your will? Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.
Some exit.
 FTLN 0846 Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend, 270
 FTLN 0847 More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
 FTLN 0848 Than the sea monster!
 FTLN 0849 [ALBANY Pray, sir, be patient.]
 FTLN 0850 LEAR, *to Goneril* Detested kite, thou liest.
 FTLN 0851 My train are men of choice and rarest parts, 275
 FTLN 0852 That all particulars of duty know
 FTLN 0853 And in the most exact regard support
 FTLN 0854 The worships of their name. O most small fault,
 FTLN 0855 How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show,
 FTLN 0856 Which, like an engine, wrenched my frame of 280
 FTLN 0857 nature
 FTLN 0858 From the fixed place, drew from my heart all love
 FTLN 0859 And added to the gall! O Lear, Lear, Lear!
He strikes his head.
 FTLN 0860 Beat at this gate that let thy folly in
 FTLN 0861 And thy dear judgment out. Go, go, my people. 285
Some exit.

ALBANY

FTLN 0862 My lord, I am guiltless as I am ignorant
 FTLN 0863 [Of what hath moved you.]
 FTLN 0864 LEAR It may be so, my lord.—
 FTLN 0865 Hear, Nature, hear, dear goddess, hear!
 FTLN 0866 Suspend thy purpose if thou didst intend 290

FTLN 0867 To make this creature fruitful.
 FTLN 0868 Into her womb convey sterility.
 FTLN 0869 Dry up in her the organs of increase,
 FTLN 0870 And from her derogate body never spring
 FTLN 0871 A babe to honor her. If she must teem, 295
 FTLN 0872 Create her child of spleen, that it may live
 FTLN 0873 And be a thwart disnatured torment to her.
 FTLN 0874 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
 FTLN 0875 With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,
 FTLN 0876 Turn all her mother's pains and benefits 300
 FTLN 0877 To laughter and contempt, that she may feel
 FTLN 0878 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
 FTLN 0879 To have a thankless child.—Away, away!

「Lear and the rest of his train」 exit.

ALBANY

FTLN 0880 Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

GONERIL

FTLN 0881 Never afflict yourself to know more of it, 305
 FTLN 0882 But let his disposition have that scope
 FTLN 0883 As dotage gives it.

Enter Lear 「and the Fool」

LEAR

FTLN 0884 What, fifty of my followers at a clap?
 FTLN 0885 Within a fortnight?

FTLN 0886 ALBANY What's the matter, sir? 310

LEAR

FTLN 0887 I'll tell thee. *「To Goneril」* Life and death! I am
 FTLN 0888 ashamed
 FTLN 0889 That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,
 FTLN 0890 That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
 FTLN 0891 Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon 315
 FTLN 0892 thee!
 FTLN 0893 Th' untented woundings of a father's curse
 FTLN 0894 Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
 FTLN 0895 Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out

FTLN 0896	And cast you, with the waters that you loose,	320
FTLN 0897	To temper clay. ⟨Yea, is 't come to this?⟩	
FTLN 0898	Ha! Let it be so. I have another daughter	
FTLN 0899	Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable.	
FTLN 0900	When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails	
FTLN 0901	She'll flay thy wolvisch visage. Thou shalt find	325
FTLN 0902	That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think	
FTLN 0903	I have cast off forever.	<i>He exits.</i>
FTLN 0904	GONERIL Do you mark that?	
	ALBANY	
FTLN 0905	I cannot be so partial, Goneril,	
FTLN 0906	To the great love I bear you—	330
FTLN 0907	GONERIL Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!—	
FTLN 0908	You, sir, more knave than Fool, after your master.	
FTLN 0909	FOOL Nuncle Lear, Nuncle Lear, tarry. Take the Fool	
FTLN 0910	with thee.	
FTLN 0911	A fox, when one has caught her,	335
FTLN 0912	And such a daughter,	
FTLN 0913	Should sure to the slaughter,	
FTLN 0914	If my cap would buy a halter.	
FTLN 0915	So the Fool follows after.	<i>He exits.</i>
	[GONERIL	
FTLN 0916	This man hath had good counsel. A hundred	340
FTLN 0917	knights!	
FTLN 0918	'Tis politic and safe to let him keep	
FTLN 0919	At point a hundred knights! Yes, that on every	
FTLN 0920	dream,	
FTLN 0921	Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,	345
FTLN 0922	He may enguard his dotage with their powers	
FTLN 0923	And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!	
FTLN 0924	ALBANY Well, you may fear too far.	
FTLN 0925	GONERIL Safer than trust too far.	
FTLN 0926	Let me still take away the harms I fear,	350
FTLN 0927	Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart.	
FTLN 0928	What he hath uttered I have writ my sister.	
FTLN 0929	If she sustain him and his hundred knights	
FTLN 0930	When I have showed th' unfitness—	

Enter 「Oswald, the」 *Steward.*

FTLN 0931	How now, Oswald?]	355
FTLN 0932	What, have you writ that letter to my sister?	
FTLN 0933	OSWALD Ay, madam.	
	GONERIL	
FTLN 0934	Take you some company and away to horse.	
FTLN 0935	Inform her full of my particular fear,	
FTLN 0936	And thereto add such reasons of your own	360
FTLN 0937	As may compact it more. Get you gone,	
FTLN 0938	And hasten your return. 「Oswald exits.」 No, no, my	
FTLN 0939	lord,	
FTLN 0940	This milky gentleness and course of yours,	
FTLN 0941	Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,	365
FTLN 0942	「You」 are much more at task for want of wisdom	
FTLN 0943	Than praised for harmful mildness.	
	ALBANY	
FTLN 0944	How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell.	
FTLN 0945	Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.	
FTLN 0946	GONERIL Nay, then—	370
FTLN 0947	ALBANY Well, well, th' event.	

They exit.

Scene 5

Enter Lear, Kent 「in disguise,」 *Gentleman, and Fool.*

FTLN 0948	LEAR, 「to Kent」 Go you before to Gloucester with these	
FTLN 0949	letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with anything	
FTLN 0950	you know than comes from her demand out of	
FTLN 0951	the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be	
FTLN 0952	there afore you.	5
FTLN 0953	KENT I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered	
FTLN 0954	your letter. <i>He exits.</i>	
FTLN 0955	FOOL If a man's brains were in 's heels, were 't not in	
FTLN 0956	danger of kibes?	
FTLN 0957	LEAR Ay, boy.	10

FTLN 0958 FOOL Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall not go
FTLN 0959 slipshod.

FTLN 0960 LEAR Ha, ha, ha!

FTLN 0961 FOOL Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly,
FTLN 0962 for, though she's as like this as a crab's like an 15
FTLN 0963 apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

FTLN 0964 LEAR What canst tell, boy?

FTLN 0965 FOOL She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab.
FTLN 0966 Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' th' middle
FTLN 0967 on 's face? 20

FTLN 0968 LEAR No.

FTLN 0969 FOOL Why, to keep one's eyes of either side 's nose,
FTLN 0970 that what a man cannot smell out he may spy into.

FTLN 0971 LEAR I did her wrong.

FTLN 0972 FOOL Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell? 25

FTLN 0973 LEAR No.

FTLN 0974 FOOL Nor I neither. But I can tell why a snail has a
FTLN 0975 house.

FTLN 0976 LEAR Why?

FTLN 0977 FOOL Why, to put 's head in, not to give it away to his 30
FTLN 0978 daughters and leave his horns without a case.

FTLN 0979 LEAR I will forget my nature. So kind a father!—Be
FTLN 0980 my horses ready? *「Gentleman exits.」*

FTLN 0981 FOOL Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why
FTLN 0982 the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty 35
FTLN 0983 reason.

FTLN 0984 LEAR Because they are not eight.

FTLN 0985 FOOL Yes, indeed. Thou wouldst make a good Fool.

FTLN 0986 LEAR To take 't again perforce! Monster ingratitude!

FTLN 0987 FOOL If thou wert my Fool, nuncle, I'd have thee 40
FTLN 0988 beaten for being old before thy time.

FTLN 0989 LEAR How's that?

FTLN 0990 FOOL Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst
FTLN 0991 been wise.

FTLN 0992 LEAR O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! 45
FTLN 0993 Keep me in temper. I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman.

FTLN 0994 How now, are the horses ready?

FTLN 0995 GENTLEMAN Ready, my lord.

FTLN 0996 LEAR Come, boy.

FOOL

FTLN 0997 She that's a maid now and laughs at my departure, 50

FTLN 0998 Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut

FTLN 0999 shorter.

They exit.

ACT 2

Scene 1

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

FTLN 1000 EDMUND Save thee, Curan.
FTLN 1001 CURAN And ⟨you,⟩ sir. I have been with your father and
FTLN 1002 given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and
FTLN 1003 Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.
FTLN 1004 EDMUND How comes that? 5
FTLN 1005 CURAN Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news
FTLN 1006 abroad—I mean the whispered ones, for they are
FTLN 1007 yet but ear-kissing arguments.
FTLN 1008 EDMUND Not I. Pray you, what are they?
FTLN 1009 CURAN Have you heard of no likely wars toward 'twixt 10
FTLN 1010 the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?
FTLN 1011 EDMUND Not a word.
FTLN 1012 CURAN You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir.
He exits.
EDMUND
FTLN 1013 The Duke be here tonight? The better, best.
FTLN 1014 This weaves itself perforce into my business. 15
FTLN 1015 My father hath set guard to take my brother,
FTLN 1016 And I have one thing of a queasy question
FTLN 1017 Which I must act. Briefness and fortune work!—
FTLN 1018 Brother, a word. Descend. Brother, I say!
Enter Edgar.
FTLN 1019 My father watches. O sir, fly this place! 20

FTLN 1020	Intelligence is given where you are hid.	
FTLN 1021	You have now the good advantage of the night.	
FTLN 1022	Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?	
FTLN 1023	He's coming hither, now, i' th' night, i' th' haste,	
FTLN 1024	And Regan with him. Have you nothing said	25
FTLN 1025	Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?	
FTLN 1026	Advise yourself.	
FTLN 1027	EDGAR	I am sure on 't, not a word.
	EDMUND	
FTLN 1028	I hear my father coming. Pardon me.	
FTLN 1029	In cunning I must draw my sword upon you.	30
FTLN 1030	Draw. Seem to defend yourself. Now, quit you	
FTLN 1031	well.	「They draw.」
FTLN 1032	Yield! Come before my father! Light, hoa, here!	
FTLN 1033	「Aside to Edgar.」 Fly, brother.—Torches, torches!	
FTLN 1034	—So, farewell.	Edgar exits. 35
FTLN 1035	Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion	
FTLN 1036	Of my more fierce endeavor. I have seen drunkards	
FTLN 1037	Do more than this in sport.	「He wounds his arm.」
FTLN 1038		Father, father!
FTLN 1039	Stop, stop! No help?	40

Enter Gloucester, and Servants with torches.

FTLN 1040	GLOUCESTER	Now, Edmund, where's the	
FTLN 1041		villain?	
	EDMUND		
FTLN 1042		Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,	
FTLN 1043		Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon	
FTLN 1044		To stand auspicious mistress.	45
FTLN 1045	GLOUCESTER	But where is he?	
	EDMUND		
FTLN 1046		Look, sir, I bleed	
FTLN 1047	GLOUCESTER	Where is the villain,	
FTLN 1048		Edmund?	
	EDMUND		
FTLN 1049		Fled this way, sir, when by no means he could—	50

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1050 Pursue him, ho! Go after. *〔Servants exit.〕* By no
FTLN 1051 means what?

EDMUND

FTLN 1052 Persuade me to the murder of your Lordship,
FTLN 1053 But that I told him the revenging gods
FTLN 1054 'Gainst parricides did all the thunder bend, 55
FTLN 1055 Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
FTLN 1056 The child was bound to th' father—sir, in fine,
FTLN 1057 Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
FTLN 1058 To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion
FTLN 1059 With his preparèd sword he charges home 60
FTLN 1060 My unprovided body, *⟨lanced⟩* mine arm;
FTLN 1061 And when he saw my best alarumed spirits,
FTLN 1062 Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to th' encounter,
FTLN 1063 Or whether ghasted by the noise I made,
FTLN 1064 Full suddenly he fled. 65

GLOUCESTER

Let him fly far!
FTLN 1066 Not in this land shall he remain uncaught,
FTLN 1067 And found—dispatch. The noble duke my master,
FTLN 1068 My worthy arch and patron, comes tonight.
FTLN 1069 By his authority I will proclaim it 70
FTLN 1070 That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
FTLN 1071 Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
FTLN 1072 He that conceals him, death.

EDMUND

FTLN 1073 When I dissuaded him from his intent
FTLN 1074 And found him pight to do it, with curst speech 75
FTLN 1075 I threatened to discover him. He replied
FTLN 1076 “Thou unpossessing bastard, dost thou think
FTLN 1077 If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
FTLN 1078 Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee
FTLN 1079 Make thy words faithèd? No. What *⟨I should⟩* 80
FTLN 1080 deny—
FTLN 1081 As this I would, though thou didst produce

FTLN 1082 My very character—I'd turn it all
 FTLN 1083 To thy suggestion, plot, and damnèd practice.
 FTLN 1084 And thou must make a dullard of the world 85
 FTLN 1085 If they not thought the profits of my death
 FTLN 1086 Were very pregnant and potential spirits
 FTLN 1087 To make thee seek it.”

FTLN 1088 GLOUCESTER O strange and fastened villain!
 FTLN 1089 Would he deny his letter, said he? 90
 FTLN 1090 ⟨I never got him.⟩ *Tucket within.*
 FTLN 1091 Hark, the Duke's trumpets. I know not ⟨why⟩ he
 FTLN 1092 comes.
 FTLN 1093 All ports I'll bar. The villain shall not 'scape.
 FTLN 1094 The Duke must grant me that. Besides, his picture 95
 FTLN 1095 I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
 FTLN 1096 May have due note of him. And of my land,
 FTLN 1097 Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
 FTLN 1098 To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

FTLN 1099 CORNWALL How now, my noble friend? Since I came hither, 100
 FTLN 1100 Which I can call but now, I have heard strange
 FTLN 1101 ⟨news.⟩

FTLN 1102 REGAN If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
 FTLN 1103 Which can pursue th' offender. How dost, my
 FTLN 1104 lord? 105

FTLN 1105 GLOUCESTER O madam, my old heart is cracked; it's cracked.

FTLN 1106 REGAN What, did my father's godson seek your life?
 FTLN 1107 He whom my father named, your Edgar?

FTLN 1108 GLOUCESTER O lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

FTLN 1109 REGAN Was he not companion with the riotous knights 110
 FTLN 1110 That tended upon my father?

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1111 I know not, madam. 'Tis too bad, too bad.

EDMUND

FTLN 1112 Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

REGAN

FTLN 1113 No marvel, then, though he were ill affected.

FTLN 1114 'Tis they have put him on the old man's death, 115

FTLN 1115 To have th' expense and waste of his revenues.

FTLN 1116 I have this present evening from my sister

FTLN 1117 Been well informed of them, and with such cautions

FTLN 1118 That if they come to sojourn at my house

FTLN 1119 I'll not be there. 120

FTLN 1120 CORNWALL Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—

FTLN 1121 Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father

FTLN 1122 A childlike office.

FTLN 1123 EDMUND It was my duty, sir.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1124 He did bewray his practice, and received 125

FTLN 1125 This hurt you see striving to apprehend him.

FTLN 1126 CORNWALL Is he pursued?

FTLN 1127 GLOUCESTER Ay, my good lord.

CORNWALL

FTLN 1128 If he be taken, he shall never more

FTLN 1129 Be feared of doing harm. Make your own purpose, 130

FTLN 1130 How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,

FTLN 1131 Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant

FTLN 1132 So much commend itself, you shall be ours.

FTLN 1133 Natures of such deep trust we shall much need.

FTLN 1134 You we first seize on. 135

FTLN 1135 EDMUND I shall serve you, sir,

FTLN 1136 Truly, however else.

FTLN 1137 GLOUCESTER For him I thank your Grace.

CORNWALL

FTLN 1138 You know not why we came to visit you—

REGAN

FTLN 1139 Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night. 140

FTLN 1140 Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some ⟨poise,⟩
 FTLN 1141 Wherein we must have use of your advice.
 FTLN 1142 Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
 FTLN 1143 Of differences, which I best ⟨thought⟩ it fit
 FTLN 1144 To answer from our home. The several messengers 145
 FTLN 1145 From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
 FTLN 1146 Lay comforts to your bosom and bestow
 FTLN 1147 Your needful counsel to our businesses,
 FTLN 1148 Which craves the instant use.
 FTLN 1149 GLOUCESTER I serve you, madam. 150
 FTLN 1150 Your Graces are right welcome.

Flourish. They exit.

Scene 2

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

FTLN 1151 OSWALD Good dawning to thee, friend. Art of this
 FTLN 1152 house?
 FTLN 1153 KENT Ay.
 FTLN 1154 OSWALD Where may we set our horses?
 FTLN 1155 KENT I' th' mire. 5
 FTLN 1156 OSWALD Prithee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.
 FTLN 1157 KENT I love thee not.
 FTLN 1158 OSWALD Why then, I care not for thee.
 FTLN 1159 KENT If I had thee in Lipsbury pifold, I would make
 FTLN 1160 thee care for me. 10
 FTLN 1161 OSWALD Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.
 FTLN 1162 KENT Fellow, I know thee.
 FTLN 1163 OSWALD What dost thou know me for?
 FTLN 1164 KENT A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a
 FTLN 1165 base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, 15
 FTLN 1166 filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered,
 FTLN 1167 action-taking, whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable,
 FTLN 1168 finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting

FTLN 1169	slave; one that wouldst be a bawd in way of good	
FTLN 1170	service, and art nothing but the composition of a	20
FTLN 1171	knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir	
FTLN 1172	of a mongrel bitch; one whom I will beat into	
FTLN 1173	⟨clamorous⟩ whining if thou deny'st the least syllable	
FTLN 1174	of thy addition.	
FTLN 1175	OSWALD Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou thus	25
FTLN 1176	to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor	
FTLN 1177	knows thee!	
FTLN 1178	KENT What a brazen-faced varlet art thou to deny thou	
FTLN 1179	knowest me! Is it two days ⟨ago⟩ since I tripped up	
FTLN 1180	thy heels and beat thee before the King? <i>〔He draws</i>	30
FTLN 1181	<i>his sword.〕</i> Draw, you rogue, for though it be night,	
FTLN 1182	yet the moon shines. I'll make a sop o' th' moonshine	
FTLN 1183	of you, you whoreson, cullionly barbermonger.	
FTLN 1184	Draw!	
FTLN 1185	OSWALD Away! I have nothing to do with thee.	35
FTLN 1186	KENT Draw, you rascal! You come with letters against	
FTLN 1187	the King and take Vanity the puppet's part against	
FTLN 1188	the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so	
FTLN 1189	carbonado your shanks! Draw, you rascal! Come	
FTLN 1190	your ways.	40
FTLN 1191	OSWALD Help, ho! Murder! Help!	
FTLN 1192	KENT Strike, you slave! Stand, rogue! Stand, you neat	
FTLN 1193	slave! Strike! <i>〔He beats Oswald.〕</i>	
FTLN 1194	OSWALD Help, ho! Murder, murder!	
<i>Enter Bastard ⟨Edmund, with his rapier drawn,⟩</i>		
<i>Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, Servants.</i>		
FTLN 1195	EDMUND How now, what's the matter? Part!	45
FTLN 1196	KENT With you, goodman boy, if you please. Come, I'll	
FTLN 1197	flesh you. Come on, young master.	
GLOUCESTER		
FTLN 1198	Weapons? Arms? What's the matter here?	
FTLN 1199	CORNWALL Keep peace, upon your lives! He dies that	
FTLN 1200	strikes again. What is the matter?	50

REGAN

FTLN 1201 The messengers from our sister and the King.

FTLN 1202 CORNWALL What is your difference? Speak.

FTLN 1203 OSWALD I am scarce in breath, my lord.

FTLN 1204 KENT No marvel, you have so bestirred your valor.

FTLN 1205 You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a
FTLN 1206 tailor made thee. 55

FTLN 1207 CORNWALL Thou art a strange fellow. A tailor make a
FTLN 1208 man?

FTLN 1209 KENT A tailor, sir. A stonecutter or a painter could not
FTLN 1210 have made him so ill, though they had been but two 60
FTLN 1211 years o' th' trade.

FTLN 1212 CORNWALL Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

FTLN 1213 OSWALD This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have
FTLN 1214 spared at suit of his gray beard—

FTLN 1215 KENT Thou whoreson zed, thou unnecessary letter! 65
FTLN 1216 —My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread
FTLN 1217 this unbolted villain into mortar and daub the wall
FTLN 1218 of a jakes with him.—Spare my gray beard, you
FTLN 1219 wagtail?

FTLN 1220 CORNWALL Peace, sirrah! 70

FTLN 1221 You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

KENT

FTLN 1222 Yes, sir, but anger hath a privilege.

FTLN 1223 CORNWALL Why art thou angry?

KENT

FTLN 1224 That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
FTLN 1225 Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as 75
FTLN 1226 these,

FTLN 1227 Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain
FTLN 1228 Which are ⟨too⟩ intrinse t' unloose; smooth every
FTLN 1229 passion

FTLN 1230 That in the natures of their lords rebel, 80

FTLN 1231 Being oil to fire, snow to the colder moods,
FTLN 1232 ⟨Renege,⟩ affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
FTLN 1233 With every ⟨gale⟩ and vary of their masters,

FTLN 1234	Knowing naught, like dogs, but following.—	
FTLN 1235	A plague upon your epileptic visage!	85
FTLN 1236	‘Smile’ you my speeches, as I were a fool?	
FTLN 1237	Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,	
FTLN 1238	I’d drive you cackling home to Camelot.	
FTLN 1239	CORNWALL What, art thou mad, old fellow?	
FTLN 1240	GLOUCESTER How fell you out? Say that.	90
	KENT	
FTLN 1241	No contraries hold more antipathy	
FTLN 1242	Than I and such a knave.	
	CORNWALL	
FTLN 1243	Why dost thou call him “knave”? What is his fault?	
FTLN 1244	KENT His countenance likes me not.	
	CORNWALL	
FTLN 1245	No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.	95
	KENT	
FTLN 1246	Sir, ’tis my occupation to be plain:	
FTLN 1247	I have seen better faces in my time	
FTLN 1248	Than stands on any shoulder that I see	
FTLN 1249	Before me at this instant.	
FTLN 1250	CORNWALL This is some fellow	100
FTLN 1251	Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect	
FTLN 1252	A saucy roughness and constrains the garb	
FTLN 1253	Quite from his nature. He cannot flatter, he.	
FTLN 1254	An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth!	
FTLN 1255	An they will take it, so; if not, he’s plain.	105
FTLN 1256	These kind of knaves I know, which in this	
FTLN 1257	plainness	
FTLN 1258	Harbor more craft and more corrupter ends	
FTLN 1259	Than twenty silly-ducking observants	
FTLN 1260	That stretch their duties nicely.	110
	KENT	
FTLN 1261	Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,	
FTLN 1262	Under th’ allowance of your great aspect,	
FTLN 1263	Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire	
FTLN 1264	On ‘flick’ring’ Phoebus’ front—	

FTLN 1265	CORNWALL	What mean'st by this?	115
FTLN 1266	KENT	To go out of my dialect, which you discommend	
FTLN 1267		so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer. He that	
FTLN 1268		beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave,	
FTLN 1269		which for my part I will not be, though I should	
FTLN 1270		win your displeasure to entreat me to 't.	120
FTLN 1271	CORNWALL, 「to Oswald」	What was th' offense you gave	
FTLN 1272		him?	
FTLN 1273	OSWALD	I never gave him any.	
FTLN 1274		It pleased the King his master very late	
FTLN 1275		To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;	125
FTLN 1276		When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure,	
FTLN 1277		Tripped me behind; being down, insulted, railed,	
FTLN 1278		And put upon him such a deal of man	
FTLN 1279		That worthied him, got praises of the King	
FTLN 1280		For him attempting who was self-subdued;	130
FTLN 1281		And in the fleshment of this <dread> exploit,	
FTLN 1282		Drew on me here again.	
FTLN 1283	KENT	None of these rogues and cowards	
FTLN 1284		But Ajax is their fool.	
FTLN 1285	CORNWALL	Fetch forth the stocks.—	135
FTLN 1286		You stubborn ancient knave, you reverent braggart,	
FTLN 1287		We'll teach you.	
FTLN 1288	KENT	Sir, I am too old to learn.	
FTLN 1289		Call not your stocks for me. I serve the King,	
FTLN 1290		On whose employment I was sent to you.	140
FTLN 1291		You shall do small <respect,> show too bold	
FTLN 1292		malice	
FTLN 1293		Against the grace and person of my master,	
FTLN 1294		Stocking his messenger.	
	CORNWALL		
FTLN 1295		Fetch forth the stocks.—As I have life and honor,	145
FTLN 1296		There shall he sit till noon.	
	REGAN		
FTLN 1297		Till noon? Till night, my lord, and all night, too.	

KENT

FTLN 1298 Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,

FTLN 1299 You should not use me so.

FTLN 1300 REGAN Sir, being his knave, I will. 150

CORNWALL

FTLN 1301 This is a fellow of the selfsame color

FTLN 1302 Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks.

Stocks brought out.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1303 Let me beseech your Grace not to do so.

FTLN 1304 ⟨His fault is much, and the good king his master

FTLN 1305 Will check him for 't. Your purposed low correction 155

FTLN 1306 Is such as basest and 'contemned'st' wretches

FTLN 1307 For pilf'rings and most common trespasses

FTLN 1308 Are punished with.⟩ The King must take it ill

FTLN 1309 That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,

FTLN 1310 Should have him thus restrained. 160

FTLN 1311 CORNWALL I'll answer that.

REGAN

FTLN 1312 My sister may receive it much more worse

FTLN 1313 To have her gentleman abused, assaulted

FTLN 1314 ⟨For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.⟩

«Kent is put in the stocks.»

FTLN 1315 CORNWALL Come, my ⟨good⟩ lord, away. 165

«All but Gloucester and Kent» exit.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1316 I am sorry for thee, friend. 'Tis the ⟨Duke's⟩

FTLN 1317 pleasure,

FTLN 1318 Whose disposition all the world well knows

FTLN 1319 Will not be rubbed nor stopped. I'll entreat for thee.

KENT

FTLN 1320 Pray, do not, sir. I have watched and traveled hard. 170

FTLN 1321 Some time I shall sleep out; the rest I'll whistle.

FTLN 1322 A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.

FTLN 1323 Give you good morrow.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1324 The Duke's to blame in this. 'Twill be ill taken.

He exits.

KENT

FTLN 1325 Good king, that must approve the common saw, 175

FTLN 1326 Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st

FTLN 1327 To the warm sun. *〔He takes out a paper.〕*

FTLN 1328 Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,

FTLN 1329 That by thy comfortable beams I may

FTLN 1330 Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles 180

FTLN 1331 But misery. I know 'tis from Cordelia,

FTLN 1332 Who hath most fortunately been informed

FTLN 1333 Of my obscured course, and shall find time

FTLN 1334 From this enormous state, seeking to give

FTLN 1335 Losses their remedies. All weary and o'erwatched, 185

FTLN 1336 Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold

FTLN 1337 This shameful lodging.

FTLN 1338 Fortune, good night. Smile once more; turn thy

FTLN 1339 wheel.

⟨Sleeps.⟩

Scene 3

Enter Edgar.

FTLN 1340 EDGAR I heard myself proclaimed,

FTLN 1341 And by the happy hollow of a tree

FTLN 1342 Escaped the hunt. No port is free; no place

FTLN 1343 That guard and most unusual vigilance

FTLN 1344 Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape, 5

FTLN 1345 I will preserve myself, and am bethought

FTLN 1346 To take the basest and most poorest shape

FTLN 1347 That ever penury in contempt of man

FTLN 1348 Brought near to beast. My face I'll grime with filth,

FTLN 1349 Blanket my loins, elf all my hairs in knots, 10

FTLN 1350 And with presented nakedness outface

FTLN 1351 The winds and persecutions of the sky.
 FTLN 1352 The country gives me proof and precedent
 FTLN 1353 Of Bedlam beggars who with roaring voices
 FTLN 1354 Strike in their numbed and mortifièd arms 15
 FTLN 1355 Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary,
 FTLN 1356 And, with this horrible object, from low farms,
 FTLN 1357 Poor pelting villages, sheepcotes, and mills,
 FTLN 1358 Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
 FTLN 1359 Enforce their charity. "Poor Turlygod! Poor Tom!" 20
 FTLN 1360 That's something yet. "Edgar" I nothing am.

He exits.

Scene 4

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

LEAR

FTLN 1361 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home
 FTLN 1362 And not send back my ⟨messenger.⟩

FTLN 1363 GENTLEMAN As I learned,
 FTLN 1364 The night before there was no purpose in them
 FTLN 1365 Of this remove. 5

FTLN 1366 KENT, [waking] Hail to thee, noble master.

FTLN 1367 LEAR Ha?

FTLN 1368 Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

FTLN 1369 [KENT No, my lord.]

FTLN 1370 FOOL Ha, ha, he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied 10
 FTLN 1371 by the heads, dogs and bears by th' neck, monkeys
 FTLN 1372 by th' loins, and men by th' legs. When a ⟨man's⟩
 FTLN 1373 overlusty at legs, then he wears wooden
 FTLN 1374 netherstocks.

LEAR

FTLN 1375 What's he that hath so much thy place mistook 15
 FTLN 1376 To set thee here?

FTLN 1377 KENT It is both he and she,
 FTLN 1378 Your son and daughter.

FTLN 1379	LEAR	No.	
FTLN 1380	KENT	Yes.	20
FTLN 1381	LEAR	No, I say.	
FTLN 1382	KENT	I say yea.	
FTLN 1383	LEAR	By Jupiter, I swear no.	
FTLN 1384	[KENT	By Juno, I swear ay.	
FTLN 1385	LEAR]	They durst not do 't.	25
FTLN 1386		They could not, would not do 't. 'Tis worse than	
FTLN 1387		murder	
FTLN 1388		To do upon respect such violent outrage.	
FTLN 1389		Resolve me with all modest haste which way	
FTLN 1390		Thou might'st deserve or they impose this usage,	30
FTLN 1391		Coming from us.	
FTLN 1392	KENT	My lord, when at their home	
FTLN 1393		I did commend your Highness' letters to them,	
FTLN 1394		Ere I was risen from the place that showed	
FTLN 1395		My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,	35
FTLN 1396		Stewed in his haste, half breathless, ⟨panting⟩ forth	
FTLN 1397		From Goneril his mistress salutations;	
FTLN 1398		Delivered letters, spite of intermission,	
FTLN 1399		Which presently they read; on ⟨whose⟩ contents	
FTLN 1400		They summoned up their meiny, straight took	40
FTLN 1401		horse,	
FTLN 1402		Commanded me to follow and attend	
FTLN 1403		The leisure of their answer, gave me cold looks;	
FTLN 1404		And meeting here the other messenger,	
FTLN 1405		Whose welcome, I perceived, had poisoned mine,	45
FTLN 1406		Being the very fellow which of late	
FTLN 1407		Displayed so saucily against your Highness,	
FTLN 1408		Having more man than wit about me, drew.	
FTLN 1409		He raised the house with loud and coward cries.	
FTLN 1410		Your son and daughter found this trespass worth	50
FTLN 1411		The shame which here it suffers.	
FTLN 1412	[FOOL	Winter's not gone yet if the wild geese fly that	
FTLN 1413		way.	

FTLN 1414	Fathers that wear rags	
FTLN 1415	Do make their children blind,	55
FTLN 1416	But fathers that bear bags	
FTLN 1417	Shall see their children kind.	
FTLN 1418	Fortune, that arrant whore,	
FTLN 1419	Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.	
FTLN 1420	But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolors for	60
FTLN 1421	thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.]	
	LEAR	
FTLN 1422	O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!	
FTLN 1423	<i>Hysterica passio</i> , down, thou climbing sorrow!	
FTLN 1424	Thy element's below.—Where is this daughter?	
FTLN 1425	KENT With the Earl, sir, here within.	65
FTLN 1426	LEAR, [to Fool and Gentleman] Follow me not. Stay	
FTLN 1427	here. <i>He exits.</i>	
	GENTLEMAN	
FTLN 1428	Made you no more offense but what you speak of?	
FTLN 1429	KENT None.	
FTLN 1430	How chance the King comes with so small a number?	70
FTLN 1431	FOOL An thou hadst been set i' th' stocks for that	
FTLN 1432	question, thou 'dst well deserved it.	
FTLN 1433	KENT Why, Fool?	
FTLN 1434	FOOL We'll set thee to school to an ant to teach thee	
FTLN 1435	there's no laboring i' th' winter. All that follow	75
FTLN 1436	their noses are led by their eyes but blind men, and	
FTLN 1437	there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him	
FTLN 1438	that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel	
FTLN 1439	runs down a hill lest it break thy neck with following;	
FTLN 1440	but the great one that goes upward, let him	80
FTLN 1441	draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better	
FTLN 1442	counsel, give me mine again. I would have none but	
FTLN 1443	knaves follow it, since a Fool gives it.	
FTLN 1444	That sir which serves and seeks for gain,	
FTLN 1445	And follows but for form,	85
FTLN 1446	Will pack when it begins to rain	

FTLN 1447 And leave thee in the storm.
FTLN 1448 But I will tarry; the Fool will stay,
FTLN 1449 And let the wise man fly.
FTLN 1450 The knave turns fool that runs away; 90
FTLN 1451 The Fool no knave, perdie.
FTLN 1452 KENT Where learned you this, Fool?
FTLN 1453 FOOL Not i' th' stocks, fool.

Enter Lear and Gloucester.

LEAR
FTLN 1454 Deny to speak with me? They are sick? They are
FTLN 1455 weary? 95
FTLN 1456 They have traveled all the night? Mere fetches,
FTLN 1457 The images of revolt and flying off.
FTLN 1458 Fetch me a better answer.
FTLN 1459 GLOUCESTER My dear lord,
FTLN 1460 You know the fiery quality of the Duke, 100
FTLN 1461 How unremovable and fixed he is
FTLN 1462 In his own course.
LEAR
FTLN 1463 Vengeance, plague, death, confusion!
FTLN 1464 "Fiery"? What "quality"? Why Gloucester,
FTLN 1465 Gloucester, 105
FTLN 1466 I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.
[GLOUCESTER
FTLN 1467 Well, my good lord, I have informed them so.
LEAR
FTLN 1468 "Informed them"? Dost thou understand me,
FTLN 1469 man?]
FTLN 1470 GLOUCESTER Ay, my good lord. 110
LEAR
FTLN 1471 The King would speak with Cornwall. The dear
FTLN 1472 father
FTLN 1473 Would with his daughter speak, commands, tends
FTLN 1474 service.
FTLN 1475 [Are they "informed" of this? My breath and 115
FTLN 1476 blood!]

FTLN 1477 “Fiery”? The “fiery” duke? Tell the hot duke that—
 FTLN 1478 No, but not yet. Maybe he is not well.
 FTLN 1479 Infirmary doth still neglect all office
 FTLN 1480 Whereto our health is bound. We are not ourselves 120
 FTLN 1481 When nature, being oppressed, commands the mind
 FTLN 1482 To suffer with the body. I’ll forbear,
 FTLN 1483 And am fallen out with my more headier will,
 FTLN 1484 To take the indisposed and sickly fit
 FTLN 1485 For the sound man. *‘Noticing Kent again.’* Death on 125
 FTLN 1486 my state! Wherefore
 FTLN 1487 Should he sit here? This act persuades me
 FTLN 1488 That this remotion of the Duke and her
 FTLN 1489 Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
 FTLN 1490 Go tell the Duke and ’s wife I’d speak with them. 130
 FTLN 1491 Now, presently, bid them come forth and hear me,
 FTLN 1492 Or at their chamber door I’ll beat the drum
 FTLN 1493 Till it cry sleep to death.
 FTLN 1494 GLOUCESTER I would have all well betwixt you.

He exits.

LEAR

FTLN 1495 O me, my heart, my rising heart! But down! 135
 FTLN 1496 FOOL Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels
 FTLN 1497 when she put ’em i’ th’ paste alive. She knapped
 FTLN 1498 ’em o’ th’ coxcombs with a stick and cried “Down,
 FTLN 1499 wantons, down!” ’Twas her brother that in pure
 FTLN 1500 kindness to his horse buttered his hay. 140

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, Servants.

FTLN 1501 LEAR Good morrow to you both.

FTLN 1502 CORNWALL Hail to your Grace.

Kent here set at liberty.

FTLN 1503 REGAN I am glad to see your Highness.

LEAR

FTLN 1504 Regan, I think *<you>* are. I know what reason
 FTLN 1505 I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad, 145
 FTLN 1506 I would divorce me from thy *<mother’s>* tomb,

FTLN 1507 Sepulch'ring an adult'ress. 「*To Kent.*」 O, are you
 FTLN 1508 free?

FTLN 1509 Some other time for that.—Belovèd Regan,
 FTLN 1510 Thy sister's naught. O Regan, she hath tied 150
 FTLN 1511 Sharp-toothed unkindness, like a vulture, here.
 FTLN 1512 I can scarce speak to thee. Thou 'lt not believe
 FTLN 1513 With how depraved a quality—O Regan!

REGAN

FTLN 1514 I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope
 FTLN 1515 You less know how to value her desert 155
 FTLN 1516 Than she to scant her duty.

FTLN 1517 [LEAR Say? How is that?

REGAN

FTLN 1518 I cannot think my sister in the least
 FTLN 1519 Would fail her obligation. If, sir, perchance
 FTLN 1520 She have restrained the riots of your followers, 160
 FTLN 1521 'Tis on such ground and to such wholesome end
 FTLN 1522 As clears her from all blame.]

FTLN 1523 LEAR My curses on her.

FTLN 1524 REGAN O sir, you are old.
 FTLN 1525 Nature in you stands on the very verge 165
 FTLN 1526 Of his confine. You should be ruled and led
 FTLN 1527 By some discretion that discerns your state
 FTLN 1528 Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you
 FTLN 1529 That to our sister you do make return.
 FTLN 1530 Say you have wronged her. 170

FTLN 1531 LEAR Ask her forgiveness?
 FTLN 1532 Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
「*He kneels.*」

FTLN 1533 “Dear daughter, I confess that I am old.
 FTLN 1534 Age is unnecessary. On my knees I beg
 FTLN 1535 That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.” 175

REGAN

FTLN 1536 Good sir, no more. These are unsightly tricks.
 FTLN 1537 Return you to my sister.

FTLN 1538	LEAR, <i>rising</i>	Never, Regan.	
FTLN 1539		She hath abated me of half my train,	
FTLN 1540		Looked black upon me, struck me with her tongue	180
FTLN 1541		Most serpentlike upon the very heart.	
FTLN 1542		All the stored vengeance of heaven fall	
FTLN 1543		On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,	
FTLN 1544		You taking airs, with lameness!	
FTLN 1545	CORNWALL	Fie, sir, fie!	185
	LEAR		
FTLN 1546		You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames	
FTLN 1547		Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,	
FTLN 1548		You fen-sucked fogs drawn by the powerful sun	
FTLN 1549		To fall and blister!	
	REGAN		
FTLN 1550		O, the blest gods! So will you wish on me	190
FTLN 1551		When the rash mood is on.	
	LEAR		
FTLN 1552		No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse.	
FTLN 1553		Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give	
FTLN 1554		Thee o'er to harshness. Her eyes are fierce, but	
FTLN 1555		thine	195
FTLN 1556		Do comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee	
FTLN 1557		To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,	
FTLN 1558		To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,	
FTLN 1559		And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt	
FTLN 1560		Against my coming in. Thou better know'st	200
FTLN 1561		The offices of nature, bond of childhood,	
FTLN 1562		Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude.	
FTLN 1563		Thy half o' th' kingdom hast thou not forgot,	
FTLN 1564		Wherein I thee endowed.	
FTLN 1565	REGAN	Good sir, to' th' purpose.	205
		<i>Tucket within.</i>	
	LEAR		
FTLN 1566		Who put my man i' th' stocks?	
FTLN 1567	CORNWALL	What trumpet's that?	

REGAN

FTLN 1568 I know 't—my sister's. This approves her letter,
FTLN 1569 That she would soon be here.

Enter 「Oswald, the」 *Steward.*

FTLN 1570 Is your lady come? 210

LEAR

FTLN 1571 This is a slave whose easy-borrowed pride
FTLN 1572 Dwells in the ⟨fickle⟩ grace of her he follows.—
FTLN 1573 Out, varlet, from my sight!

FTLN 1574 CORNWALL What means your Grace?

LEAR

FTLN 1575 Who stocked my servant? Regan, I have good hope 215
FTLN 1576 Thou didst not know on 't.

Enter Goneril.

FTLN 1577 Who comes here? O heavens,
FTLN 1578 If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
FTLN 1579 Allow obedience, if you yourselves are old,
FTLN 1580 Make it your cause. Send down and take my part. 220

FTLN 1581 「*To Goneril.*」 Art not ashamed to look upon this
FTLN 1582 beard? 「*Regan takes Goneril's hand.*」

FTLN 1583 O Regan, will you take her by the hand?

GONERIL

FTLN 1584 Why not by th' hand, sir? How have I offended?
FTLN 1585 All's not offense that indiscretion finds 225
FTLN 1586 And dotage terms so.

FTLN 1587 LEAR O sides, you are too tough!

FTLN 1588 Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' th'
FTLN 1589 stocks?

CORNWALL

FTLN 1590 I set him there, sir, but his own disorders 230
FTLN 1591 Deserved much less advancement.

FTLN 1592 LEAR You? Did you?

REGAN

FTLN 1593 I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
FTLN 1594 If till the expiration of your month

FTLN 1595	You will return and sojourn with my sister,	235
FTLN 1596	Dismissing half your train, come then to me.	
FTLN 1597	I am now from home and out of that provision	
FTLN 1598	Which shall be needful for your entertainment.	
LEAR		
FTLN 1599	Return to her? And fifty men dismissed?	
FTLN 1600	No! Rather I abjure all roofs, and choose	240
FTLN 1601	To wage against the enmity o' th' air,	
FTLN 1602	To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,	
FTLN 1603	Necessity's sharp pinch. Return with her?	
FTLN 1604	Why the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took	
FTLN 1605	Our youngest born—I could as well be brought	245
FTLN 1606	To knee his throne and, squire-like, pension beg	
FTLN 1607	To keep base life afoot. Return with her?	
FTLN 1608	Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter	
FTLN 1609	To this detested groom. <i>「He indicates Oswald.」</i>	
FTLN 1610	GONERIL At your choice, sir.	250
LEAR		
FTLN 1611	I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad.	
FTLN 1612	I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewell.	
FTLN 1613	We'll no more meet, no more see one another.	
FTLN 1614	But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,	
FTLN 1615	Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,	255
FTLN 1616	Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a boil,	
FTLN 1617	A plague-sore or embossèd carbuncle	
FTLN 1618	In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee.	
FTLN 1619	Let shame come when it will; I do not call it.	
FTLN 1620	I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,	260
FTLN 1621	Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.	
FTLN 1622	Mend when thou canst. Be better at thy leisure.	
FTLN 1623	I can be patient. I can stay with Regan,	
FTLN 1624	I and my hundred knights.	
FTLN 1625	REGAN Not altogether so.	265
FTLN 1626	I looked not for you yet, nor am provided	
FTLN 1627	For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister,	
FTLN 1628	For those that mingle reason with your passion	

FTLN 1629	Must be content to think you old, and so—	
FTLN 1630	But she knows what she does.	270
FTLN 1631	LEAR Is this well spoken?	
	REGAN	
FTLN 1632	I dare avouch it, sir. What, fifty followers?	
FTLN 1633	Is it not well? What should you need of more?	
FTLN 1634	Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger	
FTLN 1635	Speak 'gainst so great a number? How in one house	275
FTLN 1636	Should many people under two commands	
FTLN 1637	Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.	
	GONERIL	
FTLN 1638	Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance	
FTLN 1639	From those that she calls servants, or from mine?	
	REGAN	
FTLN 1640	Why not, my lord? If then they chanced to slack	280
FTLN 1641	you,	
FTLN 1642	We could control them. If you will come to me	
FTLN 1643	(For now I spy a danger), I entreat you	
FTLN 1644	To bring but five-and-twenty. To no more	
FTLN 1645	Will I give place or notice.	285
FTLN 1646	LEAR I gave you all—	
FTLN 1647	REGAN And in good time you gave it.	
	LEAR	
FTLN 1648	Made you my guardians, my depositaries,	
FTLN 1649	But kept a reservation to be followed	
FTLN 1650	With such a number. What, must I come to you	290
FTLN 1651	With five-and-twenty? Regan, said you so?	
	REGAN	
FTLN 1652	And speak 't again, my lord. No more with me.	
	LEAR	
FTLN 1653	Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favored	
FTLN 1654	When others are more wicked. Not being the worst	
FTLN 1655	Stands in some rank of praise. <i>['To Goneril.']</i> I'll go	295
FTLN 1656	with thee.	
FTLN 1657	Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,	
FTLN 1658	And thou art twice her love.	
FTLN 1659	GONERIL Hear me, my lord.	

FTLN 1660	What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,	300
FTLN 1661	To follow in a house where twice so many	
FTLN 1662	Have a command to tend you?	
FTLN 1663	REGAN	What need one?
	LEAR	
FTLN 1664	O, reason not the need! Our basest beggars	
FTLN 1665	Are in the poorest thing superfluous.	305
FTLN 1666	Allow not nature more than nature needs,	
FTLN 1667	Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;	
FTLN 1668	If only to go warm were gorgeous,	
FTLN 1669	Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,	
FTLN 1670	Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true	310
FTLN 1671	need—	
FTLN 1672	You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!	
FTLN 1673	You see me here, you gods, a poor old man	
FTLN 1674	As full of grief as age, wretched in both.	
FTLN 1675	If it be you that stirs these daughters' hearts	315
FTLN 1676	Against their father, fool me not so much	
FTLN 1677	To bear it tamely. Touch me with noble anger,	
FTLN 1678	And let not women's weapons, water drops,	
FTLN 1679	Stain my man's cheeks.—No, you unnatural hags,	
FTLN 1680	I will have such revenges on you both	320
FTLN 1681	That all the world shall—I will do such things—	
FTLN 1682	What they are yet I know not, but they shall be	
FTLN 1683	The terrors of the earth! You think I'll weep.	
FTLN 1684	No, I'll not weep.	
FTLN 1685	I have full cause of weeping, but this heart	325
	<i>Storm and tempest.</i>	
FTLN 1686	Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws	
FTLN 1687	Or ere I'll weep.—O Fool, I shall go mad!	
	⟨Lear, Kent, and Fool⟩ exit [with Gloucester and the Gentleman.]	
FTLN 1688	CORNWALL	Let us withdraw. 'Twill be a storm.
	REGAN	
FTLN 1689	This house is little. The old man and 's people	
FTLN 1690	Cannot be well bestowed.	330

GONERIL

FTLN 1691 'Tis his own blame hath put himself from rest,
FTLN 1692 And must needs taste his folly.

REGAN

FTLN 1693 For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
FTLN 1694 But not one follower.

GONERIL

FTLN 1695 So am I purposed. Where is my lord of Gloucester? 335

CORNWALL

FTLN 1696 Followed the old man forth.

Enter Gloucester.

FTLN 1697 He is returned.

FTLN 1698 GLOUCESTER The King is in high rage.

FTLN 1699 [CORNWALL Whither is he going?

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1700 He calls to horse,] but will I know not whither. 340

CORNWALL

FTLN 1701 'Tis best to give him way. He leads himself.

GONERIL, [to Gloucester]

FTLN 1702 My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1703 Alack, the night comes on, and the high winds

FTLN 1704 Do sorely ruffle. For many miles about

FTLN 1705 There's scarce a bush. 345

FTLN 1706 REGAN O sir, to willful men

FTLN 1707 The injuries that they themselves procure

FTLN 1708 Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors.

FTLN 1709 He is attended with a desperate train,

FTLN 1710 And what they may incense him to, being apt 350

FTLN 1711 To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.

CORNWALL

FTLN 1712 Shut up your doors, my lord. 'Tis a wild night.

FTLN 1713 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.

FTLN 1714 KENT Who's there, besides foul weather?
GENTLEMAN
FTLN 1715 One minded like the weather, most unquietly.
FTLN 1716 KENT I know you. Where's the King?
GENTLEMAN
FTLN 1717 Contending with the fretful elements;
FTLN 1718 Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea 5
FTLN 1719 Or swell the curlèd waters 'bove the main,
FTLN 1720 That things might change or cease; (tears his white
FTLN 1721 hair,
FTLN 1722 Which the impetuous blasts with eyeless rage
FTLN 1723 Catch in their fury and make nothing of; 10
FTLN 1724 Strives in his little world of man to outscorn
FTLN 1725 The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.
FTLN 1726 This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
FTLN 1727 couch,
FTLN 1728 The lion and the belly-pinched wolf 15
FTLN 1729 Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs
FTLN 1730 And bids what will take all.)
FTLN 1731 KENT But who is with him?
GENTLEMAN
FTLN 1732 None but the Fool, who labors to outjest
FTLN 1733 His heart-struck injuries. 20

FTLN 1734	KENT	Sir, I do know you	
FTLN 1735		And dare upon the warrant of my note	
FTLN 1736		Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,	
FTLN 1737		Although as yet the face of it is covered	
FTLN 1738		With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall,	25
FTLN 1739		[Who have—as who have not, that their great stars	
FTLN 1740		Throned and set high?—servants, who seem no less,	
FTLN 1741		Which are to France the spies and speculations	
FTLN 1742		Intelligent of our state. What hath been seen,	
FTLN 1743		Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,	30
FTLN 1744		Or the hard rein which both of them hath borne	
FTLN 1745		Against the old kind king, or something deeper,	
FTLN 1746		Whereof perchance these are but furnishings—]	
FTLN 1747		⟨But true it is, from France there comes a power	
FTLN 1748		Into this scattered kingdom, who already,	35
FTLN 1749		Wise in our negligence, have secret feet	
FTLN 1750		In some of our best ports and are at point	
FTLN 1751		To show their open banner. Now to you:	
FTLN 1752		If on my credit you dare build so far	
FTLN 1753		To make your speed to Dover, you shall find	40
FTLN 1754		Some that will thank you, making just report	
FTLN 1755		Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow	
FTLN 1756		The King hath cause to plain.	
FTLN 1757		I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,	
FTLN 1758		And from some knowledge and assurance offer	45
FTLN 1759		This office to you.⟩	
	GENTLEMAN		
FTLN 1760		I will talk further with you.	
FTLN 1761	KENT	No, do not.	
FTLN 1762		For confirmation that I am much more	
FTLN 1763		Than my outwall, open this purse and take	50
FTLN 1764		What it contains.	
		<i>〔Kent hands him a purse and a ring.〕</i>	
FTLN 1765		If you shall see Cordelia	
FTLN 1766		(As fear not but you shall), show her this ring,	
FTLN 1767		And she will tell you who that fellow is	

FTLN 1768 That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm! 55
 FTLN 1769 I will go seek the King.

GENTLEMAN

FTLN 1770 Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?

KENT

FTLN 1771 Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet:
 FTLN 1772 That when we have found the King—in which your
 FTLN 1773 pain 60
 FTLN 1774 That way, I'll this—he that first lights on him
 FTLN 1775 Holla the other.

They exit ¶*separately.*¶

Scene 2
Storm still. Enter Lear and Fool.

LEAR

FTLN 1776 Blow winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage, blow!
 FTLN 1777 You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
 FTLN 1778 Till you have drenched our steeples, <drowned> the
 FTLN 1779 cocks.
 FTLN 1780 You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires, 5
 FTLN 1781 Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
 FTLN 1782 Singe my white head. And thou, all-shaking
 FTLN 1783 thunder,
 FTLN 1784 Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world.
 FTLN 1785 Crack nature's molds, all germens spill at once 10
 FTLN 1786 That makes ingrateful man.

FOOL O nuncle, court holy water in a dry house is
 FTLN 1788 better than this rainwater out o' door. Good nuncle,
 FTLN 1789 in. Ask thy daughters' blessing. Here's a night
 FTLN 1790 pities neither wise men nor fools. 15

LEAR

FTLN 1791 Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! Spout, rain!
 FTLN 1792 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire are my daughters.
 FTLN 1793 I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness.

FTLN 1794	I never gave you kingdom, called you children;	
FTLN 1795	You owe me no subscription. Then let fall	20
FTLN 1796	Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand your slave,	
FTLN 1797	A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.	
FTLN 1798	But yet I call you servile ministers,	
FTLN 1799	That will with two pernicious daughters join	
FTLN 1800	Your high-engendered battles 'gainst a head	25
FTLN 1801	So old and white as this. O, ho, 'tis foul!	
FTLN 1802	FOOL He that has a house to put 's head in has a good	
FTLN 1803	headpiece.	
FTLN 1804	The codpiece that will house	
FTLN 1805	Before the head has any,	30
FTLN 1806	The head and he shall louse;	
FTLN 1807	So beggars marry many.	
FTLN 1808	The man that makes his toe	
FTLN 1809	What he his heart should make,	
FTLN 1810	Shall of a corn cry woe,	35
FTLN 1811	And turn his sleep to wake.	
FTLN 1812	For there was never yet fair woman but she made	
FTLN 1813	mouths in a glass.	
	LEAR	
FTLN 1814	No, I will be the pattern of all patience.	
FTLN 1815	I will say nothing.	40
	<i>Enter Kent</i> [in disguise.]	
FTLN 1816	KENT Who's there?	
FTLN 1817	FOOL Marry, here's grace and a codpiece; that's a	
FTLN 1818	wise man and a fool.	
	KENT	
FTLN 1819	Alas, sir, are you here? Things that love night	
FTLN 1820	Love not such nights as these. The wrathful skies	45
FTLN 1821	Gallow the very wanderers of the dark	
FTLN 1822	And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,	
FTLN 1823	Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,	
FTLN 1824	Such groans of roaring wind and rain I never	
FTLN 1825	Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry	50
FTLN 1826	Th' affliction nor the fear.	

FTLN 1827	LEAR	Let the great gods	
FTLN 1828		That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads	
FTLN 1829		Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,	
FTLN 1830		That hast within thee undivulgèd crimes	55
FTLN 1831		Unwhipped of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand,	
FTLN 1832		Thou perjured, and thou simular of virtue	
FTLN 1833		That art incestuous. Caitiff, to pieces shake,	
FTLN 1834		That under covert and convenient seeming	
FTLN 1835		Has practiced on man's life. Close pent-up guilts,	60
FTLN 1836		Rive your concealing continents and cry	
FTLN 1837		These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man	
FTLN 1838		More sinned against than sinning.	
FTLN 1839	KENT	Alack,	
FTLN 1840		bareheaded?	65
FTLN 1841		Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel.	
FTLN 1842		Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest.	
FTLN 1843		Repose you there while I to this hard house—	
FTLN 1844		More harder than the stones whereof 'tis raised,	
FTLN 1845		Which even but now, demanding after you,	70
FTLN 1846		Denied me to come in—return and force	
FTLN 1847		Their scanted courtesy.	
FTLN 1848	LEAR	My wits begin to turn.—	
FTLN 1849		Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?	
FTLN 1850		I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?	75
FTLN 1851		The art of our necessities is strange	
FTLN 1852		And can make vile things precious. Come, your	
FTLN 1853		hovel.—	
FTLN 1854		Poor Fool and knave, I have one part in my heart	
FTLN 1855		That's sorry yet for thee.	80
	FOOL	「sings」	
FTLN 1856		<i>He that has and a little tiny wit,</i>	
FTLN 1857		<i>With heigh-ho, the wind and the rain,</i>	
FTLN 1858		<i>Must make content with his fortunes fit,</i>	
FTLN 1859		<i>Though the rain it raineth every day.</i>	
	LEAR		
FTLN 1860		True, <my good> boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel.	85
		「Lear and Kent」 exit.	

FTLN 1861 [FOOL This is a brave night to cool a courtesan. I'll
 FTLN 1862 speak a prophecy ere I go:
 FTLN 1863 When priests are more in word than matter,
 FTLN 1864 When brewers mar their malt with water, 90
 FTLN 1865 When nobles are their tailors' tutors,
 FTLN 1866 No heretics burned but wenches' suitors,
 FTLN 1867 When every case in law is right,
 FTLN 1868 No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
 FTLN 1869 When slanders do not live in tongues,
 FTLN 1870 Nor cutpurses come not to throngs, 95
 FTLN 1871 When usurers tell their gold i' th' field,
 FTLN 1872 And bawds and whores do churches build,
 FTLN 1873 Then shall the realm of Albion
 FTLN 1874 Come to great confusion;
 FTLN 1875 Then comes the time, who lives to see 't, 100
 FTLN 1876 That going shall be used with feet.
 FTLN 1877 This prophecy Merlin shall make, for I live before
 FTLN 1878 his time.

He exits.]

Scene 3

Enter Gloucester and Edmund.

FTLN 1879 GLOUCESTER Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this
 FTLN 1880 unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I
 FTLN 1881 might pity him, they took from me the use of mine
 FTLN 1882 own house, charged me on pain of perpetual
 FTLN 1883 displeasure neither to speak of him, entreat for 5
 FTLN 1884 him, or any way sustain him.
 FTLN 1885 EDMUND Most savage and unnatural.
 FTLN 1886 GLOUCESTER Go to; say you nothing. There is division
 FTLN 1887 between the dukes, and a worse matter than that. I
 FTLN 1888 have received a letter this night; 'tis dangerous to 10
 FTLN 1889 be spoken; I have locked the letter in my closet.
 FTLN 1890 These injuries the King now bears will be revenged

FTLN 1891 home; there is part of a power already footed. We
 FTLN 1892 must incline to the King. I will look him and privily
 FTLN 1893 relieve him. Go you and maintain talk with the 15
 FTLN 1894 Duke, that my charity be not of him perceived. If he
 FTLN 1895 ask for me, I am ill and gone to bed. If I die for it, as
 FTLN 1896 no less is threatened me, the King my old master
 FTLN 1897 must be relieved. There is strange things toward,
 FTLN 1898 Edmund. Pray you, be careful. *He exits.* 20

EDMUND

FTLN 1899 This courtesy forbid thee shall the Duke
 FTLN 1900 Instantly know, and of that letter too.
 FTLN 1901 This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
 FTLN 1902 That which my father loses—no less than all.
 FTLN 1903 The younger rises when the old doth fall. 25
He exits.

Scene 4

Enter Lear, Kent [in disguise,] and Fool.

KENT

FTLN 1904 Here is the place, my lord. Good my lord, enter.
 FTLN 1905 The tyranny of the open night's too rough
 FTLN 1906 For nature to endure. *Storm still.*

FTLN 1907 LEAR Let me alone.

KENT

FTLN 1908 Good my lord, enter here. 5

FTLN 1909 LEAR Wilt break my heart?

KENT

FTLN 1910 I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

LEAR

FTLN 1911 Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
 FTLN 1912 Invades us to the skin. So 'tis to thee.
 FTLN 1913 But where the greater malady is fixed, 10
 FTLN 1914 The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'dst shun a bear,
 FTLN 1915 But if ⟨thy⟩ flight lay toward the roaring sea,

FTLN 1916	Thou 'dst meet the bear i' th' mouth. When the	
FTLN 1917	mind's free,	
FTLN 1918	The body's delicate. <This> tempest in my mind	15
FTLN 1919	Doth from my senses take all feeling else	
FTLN 1920	Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!	
FTLN 1921	Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand	
FTLN 1922	For lifting food to 't? But I will punish home.	
FTLN 1923	No, I will weep no more. [In such a night	20
FTLN 1924	To shut me out? Pour on. I will endure.]	
FTLN 1925	In such a night as this? O Regan, Goneril,	
FTLN 1926	Your old kind father whose frank heart gave all!	
FTLN 1927	O, that way madness lies. Let me shun that;	
FTLN 1928	No more of that.	25
FTLN 1929	KENT Good my lord, enter here.	
	LEAR	
FTLN 1930	Prithee, go in thyself. Seek thine own ease.	
FTLN 1931	This tempest will not give me leave to ponder	
FTLN 1932	On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.—	
FTLN 1933	[In, boy; go first.—You houseless poverty—	30
FTLN 1934	Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.]	
	<i>[Fool] exits.</i>	
FTLN 1935	Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,	
FTLN 1936	That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,	
FTLN 1937	How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,	
FTLN 1938	Your looped and windowed raggedness defend	35
FTLN 1939	you	
FTLN 1940	From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en	
FTLN 1941	Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp.	
FTLN 1942	Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,	
FTLN 1943	That thou may'st shake the superflux to them	40
FTLN 1944	And show the heavens more just.	
FTLN 1945	[EDGAR <i>[within]</i> Fathom and half, fathom and half!	
FTLN 1946	Poor Tom!	
	<i>Enter Fool.]</i>	
FTLN 1947	FOOL Come not in here, nuncle; here's a spirit. Help	
FTLN 1948	me, help me!	45

FTLN 1949 KENT Give me thy hand. Who's there?
 FTLN 1950 FOOL A spirit, a spirit! He says his name's Poor Tom.
 FTLN 1951 KENT What art thou that dost grumble there i' th'
 FTLN 1952 straw? Come forth.

Enter Edgar [in disguise.]

FTLN 1953 EDGAR Away. The foul fiend follows me. Through the 50
 FTLN 1954 sharp hawthorn ⟨blows the cold wind.⟩ Hum! Go to
 FTLN 1955 thy ⟨cold⟩ bed and warm thee.
 FTLN 1956 LEAR Didst thou give all to thy daughters? And art thou
 FTLN 1957 come to this?
 FTLN 1958 EDGAR Who gives anything to Poor Tom, whom the 55
 FTLN 1959 foul fiend hath led ⟨through⟩ fire and through flame,
 FTLN 1960 through ⟨ford⟩ and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire;
 FTLN 1961 that hath laid knives under his pillow and
 FTLN 1962 halters in his pew, set ratsbane by his porridge,
 FTLN 1963 made him proud of heart to ride on a bay trotting 60
 FTLN 1964 horse over four-inched bridges to course his own
 FTLN 1965 shadow for a traitor? Bless thy five wits! Tom's
 FTLN 1966 a-cold. O, do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from
 FTLN 1967 whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do Poor Tom
 FTLN 1968 some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There 65
 FTLN 1969 could I have him now, and there—and there again
 FTLN 1970 —and there. *Storm still.*
 LEAR
 FTLN 1971 Has his daughters brought him to this pass?—
 FTLN 1972 Couldst thou save nothing? Wouldst thou give 'em
 FTLN 1973 all? 70
 FTLN 1974 FOOL Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all
 FTLN 1975 shamed.
 LEAR
 FTLN 1976 Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air
 FTLN 1977 Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!
 FTLN 1978 KENT He hath no daughters, sir. 75
 LEAR
 FTLN 1979 Death, traitor! Nothing could have subdued nature
 FTLN 1980 To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.

FTLN 1981	Is it the fashion that discarded fathers	
FTLN 1982	Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?	
FTLN 1983	Judicious punishment! 'Twas this flesh begot	80
FTLN 1984	Those pelican daughters.	
FTLN 1985	EDGAR Pillicock sat on Pillicock Hill. Alow, alow, loo,	
FTLN 1986	loo.	
FTLN 1987	FOOL This cold night will turn us all to fools and	
FTLN 1988	madmen.	85
FTLN 1989	EDGAR Take heed o' th' foul fiend. Obey thy parents,	
FTLN 1990	keep thy word's justice, swear not, commit not with	
FTLN 1991	man's sworn spouse, set not thy sweet heart on	
FTLN 1992	proud array. Tom's a-cold.	
FTLN 1993	LEAR What hast thou been?	90
FTLN 1994	EDGAR A servingman, proud in heart and mind, that	
FTLN 1995	curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the	
FTLN 1996	lust of my mistress' heart and did the act of	
FTLN 1997	darkness with her, swore as many oaths as I spake	
FTLN 1998	words and broke them in the sweet face of heaven;	95
FTLN 1999	one that slept in the contriving of lust and waked to	
FTLN 2000	do it. Wine loved I (deeply,) dice dearly, and in	
FTLN 2001	woman out-paramoured the Turk. False of heart,	
FTLN 2002	light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in	
FTLN 2003	stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in	100
FTLN 2004	prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling	
FTLN 2005	of silks betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy	
FTLN 2006	foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy	
FTLN 2007	pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.	
FTLN 2008	Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind;	105
FTLN 2009	says suum, mun, nonny. Dolphin my boy, boy, sessa!	
FTLN 2010	Let him trot by. <i>Storm still.</i>	
FTLN 2011	LEAR Thou wert better in a grave than to answer with	
FTLN 2012	thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is	
FTLN 2013	man no more than this? Consider him well.—Thou	110
FTLN 2014	ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep	
FTLN 2015	no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha, here's three on 's	
FTLN 2016	are sophisticated. Thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated	
FTLN 2017	man is no more but such a poor, bare,	

FTLN 2018 forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! 115
 FTLN 2019 Come, unbutton here. *「Tearing off his clothes.」*
 FTLN 2020 FOOL Prithee, nuncle, be contented. 'Tis a naughty
 FTLN 2021 night to swim in. Now, a little fire in a wild field
 FTLN 2022 were like an old lecher's heart—a small spark, all
 FTLN 2023 the rest on 's body cold. 120

Enter Gloucester, with a torch.

FTLN 2024 Look, here comes a walking fire.
 FTLN 2025 EDGAR This is the foul ⟨fiend⟩ Flibbertigibbet. He begins
 FTLN 2026 at curfew and walks ⟨till the⟩ first cock. He
 FTLN 2027 gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and
 FTLN 2028 makes the harelip, mildews the white wheat, and 125
 FTLN 2029 hurts the poor creature of earth.
 FTLN 2030 Swithold footed thrice the 'old,
 FTLN 2031 He met the nightmare and her ninefold,
 FTLN 2032 Bid her alight,
 FTLN 2033 And her troth plight, 130
 FTLN 2034 And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee.
 FTLN 2035 KENT How fares your Grace?
 FTLN 2036 LEAR What's he?
 FTLN 2037 KENT Who's there? What is 't you seek?
 FTLN 2038 GLOUCESTER What are you there? Your names? 135
 FTLN 2039 EDGAR Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the
 FTLN 2040 toad, the tadpole, the wall newt, and the water;
 FTLN 2041 that, in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend
 FTLN 2042 rages, eats cow dung for sallets, swallows the old
 FTLN 2043 rat and the ditch-dog, drinks the green mantle of 140
 FTLN 2044 the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to
 FTLN 2045 tithing, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned;
 FTLN 2046 who hath ⟨had⟩ three suits to his back, six shirts to
 FTLN 2047 his body,
 FTLN 2048 Horse to ride, and weapon to wear; 145
 FTLN 2049 But mice and rats and such small deer
 FTLN 2050 Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

FTLN 2051	Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin! Peace, thou	
FTLN 2052	fiend!	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 2053	What, hath your Grace no better company?	150
FTLN 2054	EDGAR The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman. Modo	
FTLN 2055	he's called, and Mahu.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 2056	Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile	
FTLN 2057	That it doth hate what gets it.	
FTLN 2058	EDGAR Poor Tom's a-cold.	155
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 2059	Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer	
FTLN 2060	T' obey in all your daughters' hard commands.	
FTLN 2061	Though their injunction be to bar my doors	
FTLN 2062	And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,	
FTLN 2063	Yet have I ventured to come seek you out	160
FTLN 2064	And bring you where both fire and food is ready.	
	LEAR	
FTLN 2065	First let me talk with this philosopher.	
FTLN 2066	「 <i>To Edgar.</i> 」 What is the cause of thunder?	
	KENT	
FTLN 2067	Good my lord, take his offer; go into th' house.	
	LEAR	
FTLN 2068	I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.—	165
FTLN 2069	What is your study?	
FTLN 2070	EDGAR How to prevent the fiend and to kill vermin.	
FTLN 2071	LEAR Let me ask you one word in private.	
		「 <i>They talk aside.</i> 」
	KENT, 「 <i>to Gloucester</i> 」	
FTLN 2072	Importune him once more to go, my lord.	
FTLN 2073	His wits begin t' unsettle.	170
FTLN 2074	GLOUCESTER Canst thou blame him?	
		<i>Storm still.</i>
FTLN 2075	His daughters seek his death. Ah, that good Kent!	
FTLN 2076	He said it would be thus, poor banished man.	
FTLN 2077	Thou sayest the King grows mad; I'll tell thee,	
FTLN 2078	friend,	175

FTLN 2079 I am almost mad myself. I had a son,
 FTLN 2080 Now outlawed from my blood. He sought my life
 FTLN 2081 But lately, very late. I loved him, friend,
 FTLN 2082 No father his son dearer. True to tell thee,
 FTLN 2083 The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night's this! 180
 FTLN 2084 —I do beseech your Grace—
 FTLN 2085 LEAR O, cry you mercy, sir.
 FTLN 2086 「To Edgar.」 Noble philosopher, your company.
 FTLN 2087 EDGAR Tom's a-cold.
 GLOUCESTER, 「to Edgar」
 FTLN 2088 In fellow, there, into th' hovel. Keep thee warm. 185
 FTLN 2089 LEAR Come, let's in all.
 FTLN 2090 KENT This way, my lord.
 FTLN 2091 LEAR, 「indicating Edgar」 With him.
 FTLN 2092 I will keep still with my philosopher.
 KENT, 「to Gloucester」
 FTLN 2093 Good my lord, soothe him. Let him take the fellow. 190
 FTLN 2094 GLOUCESTER, 「to Kent」 Take him you on.
 KENT, 「to Edgar」
 FTLN 2095 Sirrah, come on: go along with us.
 FTLN 2096 LEAR Come, good Athenian.
 FTLN 2097 GLOUCESTER No words, no words. Hush.
 EDGAR
 FTLN 2098 Child Rowland to the dark tower came. 195
 FTLN 2099 His word was still "Fie, foh, and fum,
 FTLN 2100 I smell the blood of a British man."

They exit.

Scene 5

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund 「with a paper.」

FTLN 2101 CORNWALL I will have my revenge ere I depart his
 FTLN 2102 house.
 FTLN 2103 EDMUND How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature
 FTLN 2104 thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to
 FTLN 2105 think of. 5

FTLN 2106 CORNWALL I now perceive it was not altogether your
 FTLN 2107 brother's evil disposition made him seek his death,
 FTLN 2108 but a provoking merit set awork by a reprobable
 FTLN 2109 badness in himself.

FTLN 2110 EDMUND How malicious is my fortune that I must 10
 FTLN 2111 repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of,
 FTLN 2112 which approves him an intelligent party to the
 FTLN 2113 advantages of France. O heavens, that this treason
 FTLN 2114 were not, or not I the detector.

FTLN 2115 CORNWALL Go with me to the Duchess. 15

FTLN 2116 EDMUND If the matter of this paper be certain, you
 FTLN 2117 have mighty business in hand.

FTLN 2118 CORNWALL True or false, it hath made thee Earl of
 FTLN 2119 Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he
 FTLN 2120 may be ready for our apprehension. 20

FTLN 2121 EDMUND, *aside* If I find him comforting the King, it
 FTLN 2122 will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere
 FTLN 2123 in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore
 FTLN 2124 between that and my blood.

FTLN 2125 CORNWALL I will lay trust upon thee, and thou shalt 25
 FTLN 2126 find a *dearer* father in my love.

They exit.

Scene 6

Enter Kent *in disguise,* *and Gloucester.*

FTLN 2127 GLOUCESTER Here is better than the open air. Take it
 FTLN 2128 thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what
 FTLN 2129 addition I can. I will not be long from you.

FTLN 2130 KENT All the power of his wits have given way to his
 FTLN 2131 impatience. The gods reward your kindness! 5

Gloucester *exits.*

Enter Lear, Edgar *in disguise,* *and Fool.*

FTLN 2132 EDGAR Frateretto calls me and tells me Nero is an

FTLN 2133	angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and	
FTLN 2134	beware the foul fiend.	
FTLN 2135	FOOL Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a	
FTLN 2136	gentleman or a yeoman.	10
FTLN 2137	LEAR A king, a king!	
FTLN 2138	[FOOL No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his	
FTLN 2139	son, for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a	
FTLN 2140	gentleman before him.	
	LEAR]	
FTLN 2141	To have a thousand with red burning spits	15
FTLN 2142	Come hissing in upon 'em!	
FTLN 2143	⟨EDGAR The foul fiend bites my back.	
FTLN 2144	FOOL He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a	
FTLN 2145	horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.	
	LEAR	
FTLN 2146	It shall be done. I will arraign them straight.	20
FTLN 2147	「 <i>To Edgar.</i> 」 Come, sit thou here, most learned	
FTLN 2148	justice.	
FTLN 2149	「 <i>To Fool.</i> 」 Thou sapient sir, sit here. 「Now,」 you	
FTLN 2150	she-foxes—	
FTLN 2151	EDGAR Look where he stands and glares!—Want'st	25
FTLN 2152	thou eyes at trial, madam?	
FTLN 2153	「 <i>Sings.</i> 」 <i>Come o'er the</i> 「 <i>burn,</i> 」 <i>Bessy, to me—</i>	
	FOOL 「 <i>sings</i> 」	
FTLN 2154	Her boat hath a leak,	
FTLN 2155	And she must not speak	
FTLN 2156	Why she dares not come over to thee.	30
FTLN 2157	EDGAR The foul fiend haunts Poor Tom in the voice of	
FTLN 2158	a nightingale. Hoppedance cries in Tom's belly for	
FTLN 2159	two white herring.—Croak not, black angel. I have	
FTLN 2160	no food for thee.	
	KENT, 「 <i>to Lear</i> 」	
FTLN 2161	How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed.	35
FTLN 2162	Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?	
	LEAR	
FTLN 2163	I'll see their trial first. Bring in their evidence.	

FTLN 2164	<i>「To Edgar.</i> 」 Thou robèd man of justice, take thy	
FTLN 2165	place,	
FTLN 2166	<i>「To Fool.</i> 」 And thou, his yokefellow of equity,	40
FTLN 2167	Bench by his side. <i>「To Kent.</i> 」 You are o' th'	
FTLN 2168	commission;	
FTLN 2169	Sit you, too.	
FTLN 2170	EDGAR Let us deal justly.	
FTLN 2171	<i>「Sings.</i> 」 Sleepest or wakest, thou jolly shepherd?	45
FTLN 2172	Thy sheep be in the corn.	
FTLN 2173	And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,	
FTLN 2174	Thy sheep shall take no harm.	
FTLN 2175	Purr the cat is gray.	
FTLN 2176	LEAR Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath	50
FTLN 2177	before this honorable assembly, kicked the poor	
FTLN 2178	king her father.	
FTLN 2179	FOOL Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?	
FTLN 2180	LEAR She cannot deny it.	
FTLN 2181	FOOL Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint stool.	55
	LEAR	
FTLN 2182	And here's another whose warped looks proclaim	
FTLN 2183	What store her heart is made on. Stop her there!	
FTLN 2184	Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!	
FTLN 2185	False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?）」	
FTLN 2186	EDGAR Bless thy five wits!	60
	KENT, <i>「to Lear</i> 」	
FTLN 2187	O pity! Sir, where is the patience now	
FTLN 2188	That you so oft have boasted to retain?	
	EDGAR, <i>「aside</i> 」	
FTLN 2189	My tears begin to take his part so much	
FTLN 2190	They mar my counterfeiting.	
FTLN 2191	LEAR The little dogs and all,	65
FTLN 2192	Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.	
FTLN 2193	EDGAR Tom will throw his head at them.—Avaunt, you	
FTLN 2194	curs!	
FTLN 2195	Be thy mouth or black or white,	
FTLN 2196	Tooth that poisons if it bite,	70

FTLN 2197	Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,	
FTLN 2198	Hound or spaniel, brach, or 'lym,	
FTLN 2199	Bobtail ‹tike,› or ‹trundle-tail,›	
FTLN 2200	Tom will make him weep and wail;	
FTLN 2201	For, with throwing thus my head,	75
FTLN 2202	Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.	
FTLN 2203	Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes	
FTLN 2204	and fairs and market towns. Poor Tom, thy horn	
FTLN 2205	is dry.	
FTLN 2206	LEAR Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds	80
FTLN 2207	about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that	
FTLN 2208	make these hard hearts? 'To Edgar.' You, sir, I	
FTLN 2209	entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like	
FTLN 2210	the fashion of your garments. You will say they are	
FTLN 2211	Persian, but let them be changed.	85
	KENT	
FTLN 2212	Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.	
FTLN 2213	LEAR, 'lying down' Make no noise, make no noise.	
FTLN 2214	Draw the curtains. So, so, we'll go to supper i' th'	
FTLN 2215	morning.	
FTLN 2216	[FOOL And I'll go to bed at noon.]	90

Enter Gloucester.

	GLOUCESTER, 'to Kent'	
FTLN 2217	Come hither, friend. Where is the King my master?	
	KENT	
FTLN 2218	Here, sir, but trouble him not; his wits are gone.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 2219	Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms.	
FTLN 2220	I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.	
FTLN 2221	There is a litter ready; lay him in 't,	95
FTLN 2222	And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt	
FTLN 2223	meet	
FTLN 2224	Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master.	
FTLN 2225	If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,	
FTLN 2226	With thine and all that offer to defend him,	100
FTLN 2227	Stand in assurèd loss. Take up, take up,	

FTLN 2228 And follow me, that will to some provision
 FTLN 2229 Give thee quick conduct.

FTLN 2230 {KENT Opressèd nature sleeps.
 FTLN 2231 This rest might yet have balmèd thy broken sinews, 105
 FTLN 2232 Which, if convenience will not allow,
 FTLN 2233 Stand in hard cure. *['To the Fool.']* Come, help to
 FTLN 2234 bear thy master.
 FTLN 2235 Thou must not stay behind.

FTLN 2236 GLOUCESTER} Come, come away. 110
['All but Edgar'] exit, ['carrying Lear.']

{EDGAR
 FTLN 2237 When we our betters see bearing our woes,
 FTLN 2238 We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
 FTLN 2239 Who alone suffers suffers most i' th' mind,
 FTLN 2240 Leaving free things and happy shows behind.
 FTLN 2241 But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip 115
 FTLN 2242 When grief hath mates and bearing fellowship.
 FTLN 2243 How light and portable my pain seems now
 FTLN 2244 When that which makes me bend makes the King
 FTLN 2245 bow!
 FTLN 2246 He childed as I fathered. Tom, away. 120
 FTLN 2247 Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray
 FTLN 2248 When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts defile
 FTLN 2249 thee,
 FTLN 2250 In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.
 FTLN 2251 What will hap more tonight, safe 'scape the King! 125
 FTLN 2252 Lurk, lurk.}

['He exits.']

Scene 7

*Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, ['Edmund, the'] Bastard,
 and Servants.*

FTLN 2253 CORNWALL, *['to Goneril']* Post speedily to my lord your
 FTLN 2254 husband. Show him this letter. *['He gives her a
 FTLN 2255 paper.']* The army of France is landed.—Seek out
 FTLN 2256 the traitor Gloucester. *['Some Servants exit.']*

FTLN 2257 REGAN Hang him instantly. 5
 FTLN 2258 GONERIL Pluck out his eyes.
 FTLN 2259 CORNWALL Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund,
 FTLN 2260 keep you our sister company. The revenges we are
 FTLN 2261 bound to take upon your traitorous father are not
 FTLN 2262 fit for your beholding. Advise the Duke, where you 10
 FTLN 2263 are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are
 FTLN 2264 bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and
 FTLN 2265 intelligent betwixt us.—Farewell, dear sister.—
 FTLN 2266 Farewell, my lord of Gloucester.

Enter 「Oswald, the」 Steward.

FTLN 2267 How now? Where's the King? 15
 OSWALD
 FTLN 2268 My lord of Gloucester hath conveyed him hence.
 FTLN 2269 Some five- or six-and-thirty of his knights,
 FTLN 2270 Hot questrists after him, met him at gate,
 FTLN 2271 Who, with some other of the lord's dependents,
 FTLN 2272 Are gone with him toward Dover, where they boast 20
 FTLN 2273 To have well-armèd friends.
 FTLN 2274 CORNWALL Get horses for your mistress.

「Oswald exits.」

FTLN 2275 GONERIL Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.
 CORNWALL
 FTLN 2276 Edmund, farewell. *「Goneril and Edmund」 exit.*
 FTLN 2277 Go seek the traitor Gloucester. 25
 FTLN 2278 Pinion him like a thief; bring him before us.
「Some Servants exit.」
 FTLN 2279 Though well we may not pass upon his life
 FTLN 2280 Without the form of justice, yet our power
 FTLN 2281 Shall do a court'sy to our wrath, which men
 FTLN 2282 May blame but not control. 30

Enter Gloucester and Servants.

FTLN 2283 Who's there? The
 FTLN 2284 traitor?

FTLN 2285 REGAN Ingrateful fox! 'Tis he.
 FTLN 2286 CORNWALL Bind fast his corky arms.
 GLOUCESTER
 FTLN 2287 What means your Graces? Good my friends, 35
 FTLN 2288 consider
 FTLN 2289 You are my guests; do me no foul play, friends.
 CORNWALL
 FTLN 2290 Bind him, I say.
 FTLN 2291 REGAN Hard, hard. O filthy traitor!
 GLOUCESTER
 FTLN 2292 Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none. 40
 CORNWALL
 FTLN 2293 To this chair bind him. *['Servants bind Gloucester.']*
 FTLN 2294 Villain, thou shalt find—
['Regan plucks Gloucester's beard.']
 GLOUCESTER
 FTLN 2295 By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
 FTLN 2296 To pluck me by the beard.
 REGAN
 FTLN 2297 So white, and such a traitor? 45
 FTLN 2298 GLOUCESTER Naughty lady,
 FTLN 2299 These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin
 FTLN 2300 Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your host;
 FTLN 2301 With robber's hands my hospitable favors
 FTLN 2302 You should not ruffle thus. What will you do? 50
 CORNWALL
 FTLN 2303 Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?
 REGAN
 FTLN 2304 Be simple-answered, for we know the truth.
 CORNWALL
 FTLN 2305 And what confederacy have you with the traitors
 FTLN 2306 Late footed in the kingdom?
 FTLN 2307 REGAN To whose hands 55
 FTLN 2308 You have sent the lunatic king. Speak.
 GLOUCESTER
 FTLN 2309 I have a letter guessingly set down

FTLN 2310	Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,	
FTLN 2311	And not from one opposed.	
FTLN 2312	CORNWALL Cunning.	60
FTLN 2313	REGAN And false.	
FTLN 2314	CORNWALL Where hast thou sent the King?	
FTLN 2315	GLOUCESTER To Dover.	
	REGAN	
FTLN 2316	Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charged at	
FTLN 2317	peril—	65
	CORNWALL	
FTLN 2318	Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 2319	I am tied to th' stake, and I must stand the course.	
FTLN 2320	REGAN Wherefore to Dover?	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 2321	Because I would not see thy cruel nails	
FTLN 2322	Pluck out his poor old eyes, nor thy fierce sister	70
FTLN 2323	In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.	
FTLN 2324	The sea, with such a storm as his bare head	
FTLN 2325	In hell-black night endured, would have buoyed up	
FTLN 2326	And quenched the stellèd fires;	
FTLN 2327	Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens to rain.	75
FTLN 2328	If wolves had at thy gate howled that stern time,	
FTLN 2329	Thou shouldst have said "Good porter, turn the	
FTLN 2330	key."	
FTLN 2331	All cruels else subscribe. But I shall see	
FTLN 2332	The wingèd vengeance overtake such children.	80
	CORNWALL	
FTLN 2333	See 't shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair.—	
FTLN 2334	Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 2335	He that will think to live till he be old,	
FTLN 2336	Give me some help!	
	<i>¶ As Servants hold the chair, Cornwall forces out one of Gloucester's eyes. ¶</i>	
FTLN 2337	O cruel! O you gods!	85

REGAN

FTLN 2338 One side will mock another. Th' other too.

CORNWALL

FTLN 2339 If you see vengeance—

FTLN 2340 「FIRST」 SERVANT Hold your hand,
FTLN 2341 my lord.

FTLN 2342 I have served you ever since I was a child, 90

FTLN 2343 But better service have I never done you

FTLN 2344 Than now to bid you hold.

FTLN 2345 REGAN How now, you dog?

「FIRST」 SERVANT

FTLN 2346 If you did wear a beard upon your chin,

FTLN 2347 I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean? 95

FTLN 2348 CORNWALL My villain? *⟨Draw and fight.⟩*

「FIRST」 SERVANT

FTLN 2349 Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

REGAN, 「to an Attendant」

FTLN 2350 Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus?

*⟨She takes a sword and runs
at him behind;⟩ kills him.*

「FIRST」 SERVANT

FTLN 2351 O, I am slain! My lord, you have one eye left

FTLN 2352 To see some mischief on him. O! 「He dies.」 100

CORNWALL

FTLN 2353 Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly!

「Forcing out Gloucester's other eye.」

FTLN 2354 Where is thy luster now?

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 2355 All dark and comfortless! Where's my son

FTLN 2356 Edmund?—

FTLN 2357 Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature 105

FTLN 2358 To quit this horrid act.

FTLN 2359 REGAN Out, treacherous villain!

FTLN 2360 Thou call'st on him that hates thee. It was he

FTLN 2361 That made the overture of thy treasons to us,

FTLN 2362 Who is too good to pity thee. 110

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 2363 O my follies! Then Edgar was abused.
 FTLN 2364 Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him.

REGAN

FTLN 2365 Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
 FTLN 2366 His way to Dover.

Some Servants exit with Gloucester.

FTLN 2367 How is 't, my lord? How look you? 115

CORNWALL

FTLN 2368 I have received a hurt. Follow me, lady.—
 FTLN 2369 Turn out that eyeless villain. Throw this slave
 FTLN 2370 Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace.
 FTLN 2371 Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

Cornwall and Regan exit.

⟨*SECOND* SERVANT

FTLN 2372 I'll never care what wickedness I do 120
 FTLN 2373 If this man come to good.

FTLN 2374 *THIRD* SERVANT If she live long
 FTLN 2375 And in the end meet the old course of death,
 FTLN 2376 Women will all turn monsters.

SECOND SERVANT

FTLN 2377 Let's follow the old earl and get the Bedlam 125
 FTLN 2378 To lead him where he would. His roguish madness
 FTLN 2379 Allows itself to anything.

THIRD SERVANT

FTLN 2380 Go thou. I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs
 FTLN 2381 To apply to his bleeding face. Now heaven help him!
They exit.

ACT 4

Scene 1

Enter Edgar [in disguise.]

EDGAR

FTLN 2382 Yet better thus, and known to be contemned,
FTLN 2383 Than still contemned and flattered. To be worst,
FTLN 2384 The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
FTLN 2385 Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear.
FTLN 2386 The lamentable change is from the best; 5
FTLN 2387 The worst returns to laughter. [Welcome, then,
FTLN 2388 Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace.
FTLN 2389 The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
FTLN 2390 Owes nothing to thy blasts.] But who comes here?

Enter Gloucester and an old man.

FTLN 2391 My father, poorly led? World, world, O world, 10
FTLN 2392 But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
FTLN 2393 Life would not yield to age.

OLD MAN

FTLN 2394 O my good lord, I have been your tenant
FTLN 2395 And your father's tenant these fourscore years.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 2396 Away, get thee away. Good friend, begone. 15
FTLN 2397 Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
FTLN 2398 Thee they may hurt.

FTLN 2399 OLD MAN You cannot see your way.

GLOUCESTER

- FTLN 2400 I have no way and therefore want no eyes.
- FTLN 2401 I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen 20
- FTLN 2402 Our means secure us, and our mere defects
- FTLN 2403 Prove our commodities. O dear son Edgar,
- FTLN 2404 The food of thy abusèd father's wrath,
- FTLN 2405 Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
- FTLN 2406 I'd say I had eyes again. 25
- FTLN 2407 OLD MAN How now? Who's there?
- EDGAR, *aside*
- FTLN 2408 O gods, who is 't can say "I am at the worst"?
- FTLN 2409 I am worse than e'er I was.
- FTLN 2410 OLD MAN 'Tis poor mad Tom.
- EDGAR, *aside*
- FTLN 2411 And worse I may be yet. The worst is not 30
- FTLN 2412 So long as we can say "This is the worst."
- OLD MAN
- FTLN 2413 Fellow, where goest?
- FTLN 2414 GLOUCESTER Is it a beggar-man?
- FTLN 2415 OLD MAN Madman and beggar too.
- GLOUCESTER
- FTLN 2416 He has some reason, else he could not beg. 35
- FTLN 2417 I' th' last night's storm, I such a fellow saw,
- FTLN 2418 Which made me think a man a worm. My son
- FTLN 2419 Came then into my mind, and yet my mind
- FTLN 2420 Was then scarce friends with him. I have heard
- FTLN 2421 more since. 40
- FTLN 2422 As flies to wanton boys are we to th' gods;
- FTLN 2423 They kill us for their sport.
- FTLN 2424 EDGAR, *aside* How should this be?
- FTLN 2425 Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
- FTLN 2426 Ang'ring itself and others.—Bless thee, master. 45
- GLOUCESTER
- FTLN 2427 Is that the naked fellow?
- FTLN 2428 OLD MAN Ay, my lord.
- GLOUCESTER
- FTLN 2429 <Then, prithee,> get thee away. If for my sake

FTLN 2430	Thou wilt o’ertake us hence a mile or twain	
FTLN 2431	I’ th’ way toward Dover, do it for ancient love,	50
FTLN 2432	And bring some covering for this naked soul,	
FTLN 2433	Which I’ll entreat to lead me.	
FTLN 2434	OLD MAN Alack, sir, he is mad.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 2435	’Tis the time’s plague when madmen lead the blind.	
FTLN 2436	Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure.	55
FTLN 2437	Above the rest, begone.	
	OLD MAN	
FTLN 2438	I’ll bring him the best ’parel that I have,	
FTLN 2439	Come on ’t what will.	<i>He exits.</i>
FTLN 2440	GLOUCESTER Sirrah, naked fellow—	
	EDGAR	
FTLN 2441	Poor Tom’s a-cold. <i>Aside.</i> I cannot daub it further.	60
FTLN 2442	GLOUCESTER Come hither, fellow.	
	EDGAR, <i>aside</i>	
FTLN 2443	And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.	
FTLN 2444	GLOUCESTER Know’st thou the way to Dover?	
FTLN 2445	EDGAR Both stile and gate, horseway and footpath.	
FTLN 2446	Poor Tom hath been <i>scared</i> out of his good wits.	65
FTLN 2447	Bless thee, good man’s son, from the foul fiend.	
FTLN 2448	<i>Five fiends have been in Poor Tom at once: of lust,</i>	
FTLN 2449	<i>as Obidicut; Hobbididance, prince of dumbness;</i>	
FTLN 2450	<i>Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; Flibbertigibbet,</i>	
FTLN 2451	<i>of mopping and mowing, who since possesses</i>	70
FTLN 2452	<i>chambermaids and waiting women. So, bless</i>	
FTLN 2453	<i>thee, master.)</i>	
	GLOUCESTER, <i>giving him money</i>	
FTLN 2454	Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens’	
FTLN 2455	plagues	
FTLN 2456	Have humbled to all strokes. That I am wretched	75
FTLN 2457	Makes thee the happier. Heavens, deal so still:	
FTLN 2458	Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,	
FTLN 2459	That slaves your ordinance, that will not see	
FTLN 2460	Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly.	

FTLN 2461	So distribution should undo excess	80
FTLN 2462	And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?	
FTLN 2463	EDGAR Ay, master.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 2464	There is a cliff, whose high and bending head	
FTLN 2465	Looks fearfully in the confinèd deep.	
FTLN 2466	Bring me but to the very brim of it,	85
FTLN 2467	And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear	
FTLN 2468	With something rich about me. From that place	
FTLN 2469	I shall no leading need.	
FTLN 2470	EDGAR Give me thy arm.	
FTLN 2471	Poor Tom shall lead thee.	90
	<i>They exit.</i>	

Scene 2

Enter Goneril and [Edmund, the] Bastard.

GONERIL

FTLN 2472	Welcome, my lord. I marvel our mild husband
FTLN 2473	Not met us on the way.

⟨Enter [Oswald, the] Steward.⟩

FTLN 2474	Now, where's your master?
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OSWALD

FTLN 2475	Madam, within, but never man so changed.	
FTLN 2476	I told him of the army that was landed;	5
FTLN 2477	He smiled at it. I told him you were coming;	
FTLN 2478	His answer was "The worse." Of Gloucester's	
FTLN 2479	treachery	
FTLN 2480	And of the loyal service of his son	
FTLN 2481	When I informed him, then he called me "sot"	10
FTLN 2482	And told me I had turned the wrong side out.	
FTLN 2483	What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;	
FTLN 2484	What like, offensive.	
FTLN 2485	GONERIL, [to Edmund] Then shall you go no further.	

FTLN 2486	It is the cowish terror of his spirit,	15
FTLN 2487	That dares not undertake. He'll not feel wrongs	
FTLN 2488	Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way	
FTLN 2489	May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother.	
FTLN 2490	Hasten his musters and conduct his powers.	
FTLN 2491	I must change names at home and give the distaff	20
FTLN 2492	Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant	
FTLN 2493	Shall pass between us. Ere long you are like to	
FTLN 2494	hear—	
FTLN 2495	If you dare venture in your own behalf—	
FTLN 2496	A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech.	25
	<i>「She gives him a favor.」</i>	
FTLN 2497	Decline your head. <i>「She kisses him.」</i> This kiss, if it	
FTLN 2498	durst speak,	
FTLN 2499	Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.	
FTLN 2500	Conceive, and fare thee well.	
	EDMUND	
FTLN 2501	Yours in the ranks of death.	<i>He exits.</i> 30
FTLN 2502	GONERIL My most dear	
FTLN 2503	Gloucester!	
FTLN 2504	[O, the difference of man and man!]	
FTLN 2505	To thee a woman's services are due;	
FTLN 2506	My fool usurps my body.	35
FTLN 2507	OSWALD Madam, here comes my lord.	<i>⟨He exits.⟩</i>
	<i>Enter Albany.</i>	
	GONERIL	
FTLN 2508	I have been worth the whistle.	
FTLN 2509	ALBANY O Goneril,	
FTLN 2510	You are not worth the dust which the rude wind	
FTLN 2511	Blows in your face. <i>⟨I fear your disposition.⟩</i>	40
FTLN 2512	That nature which contemns its origin	
FTLN 2513	Cannot be bordered certain in itself.	
FTLN 2514	She that herself will sliver and disbranch	
FTLN 2515	From her material sap perforce must wither	
FTLN 2516	And come to deadly use.	45
FTLN 2517	GONERIL No more. The text is foolish.	

ALBANY

FTLN 2518	Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile.	
FTLN 2519	Filths savor but themselves. What have you done?	
FTLN 2520	Tigers, not daughters, what have you performed?	
FTLN 2521	A father, and a gracious agèd man,	50
FTLN 2522	Whose reverence even the head-lugged bear would	
FTLN 2523	lick,	
FTLN 2524	Most barbarous, most degenerate, have you	
FTLN 2525	madded.	
FTLN 2526	Could my good brother suffer you to do it?	55
FTLN 2527	A man, a prince, by him so benefited!	
FTLN 2528	If that the heavens do not their visible spirits	
FTLN 2529	Send quickly down to tame 「these」 vile offenses,	
FTLN 2530	It will come:	
FTLN 2531	Humanity must perforce prey on itself,	60
FTLN 2532	Like monsters of the deep.}	
FTLN 2533	GONERIL Milk-livered man,	
FTLN 2534	That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;	
FTLN 2535	Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning	
FTLN 2536	Thine honor from thy suffering; {that not know'st	65
FTLN 2537	Fools do those villains pity who are punished	
FTLN 2538	Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy	
FTLN 2539	drum?	
FTLN 2540	France spreads his banners in our noiseless land.	
FTLN 2541	With plumèd helm thy state begins 「to threat」	70
FTLN 2542	Whilst thou, a moral fool, sits still and cries	
FTLN 2543	“Alack, why does he so?”}	
FTLN 2544	ALBANY See thyself, devil!	
FTLN 2545	Proper deformity {shows} not in the fiend	
FTLN 2546	So horrid as in woman.	75
FTLN 2547	GONERIL O vain fool!	
	{ALBANY	
FTLN 2548	Thou changèd and self-covered thing, for shame	
FTLN 2549	Bemonster not thy feature. Were 't my fitness	
FTLN 2550	To let these hands obey my blood,	
FTLN 2551	They are apt enough to dislocate and tear	80

FTLN 2552 Thy flesh and bones. Howe'er thou art a fiend,
 FTLN 2553 A woman's shape doth shield thee.
 FTLN 2554 GONERIL Marry, your manhood, mew—}

Enter a Messenger.

FTLN 2555 {ALBANY What news?}

MESSENGER

FTLN 2556 O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead, 85
 FTLN 2557 Slain by his servant, going to put out
 FTLN 2558 The other eye of Gloucester.

FTLN 2559 ALBANY Gloucester's eyes?

MESSENGER

FTLN 2560 A servant that he bred, thrilled with remorse,
 FTLN 2561 Opposed against the act, bending his sword 90
 FTLN 2562 To his great master, who, {thereat} enraged,
 FTLN 2563 Flew on him and amongst them felled him dead,
 FTLN 2564 But not without that harmful stroke which since
 FTLN 2565 Hath plucked him after.

FTLN 2566 ALBANY This shows you are above, 95

FTLN 2567 You {justicers,} that these our nether crimes
 FTLN 2568 So speedily can venge. But, O poor Gloucester,
 FTLN 2569 Lost he his other eye?

FTLN 2570 MESSENGER Both, both, my lord.—

FTLN 2571 This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer. 100

{Giving her a paper.}

FTLN 2572 'Tis from your sister.

FTLN 2573 GONERIL, {aside} One way I like this well.

FTLN 2574 But being widow and my Gloucester with her

FTLN 2575 May all the building in my fancy pluck

FTLN 2576 Upon my hateful life. Another way 105

FTLN 2577 The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.

{She exits.}

ALBANY

FTLN 2578 Where was his son when they did take his eyes?

MESSENGER

FTLN 2579 Come with my lady hither.

FTLN 2580 ALBANY He is not here.
 MESSENGER
 FTLN 2581 No, my good lord. I met him back again. 110
 FTLN 2582 ALBANY Knows he the wickedness?
 MESSENGER
 FTLN 2583 Ay, my good lord. 'Twas he informed against him
 FTLN 2584 And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
 FTLN 2585 Might have the freer course.
 FTLN 2586 ALBANY Gloucester, I live 115
 FTLN 2587 To thank thee for the love thou show'd'st the King,
 FTLN 2588 And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend.
 FTLN 2589 Tell me what more thou know'st.

They exit.

「Scene 3」

《Enter Kent 「in disguise」 and a Gentleman.》

FTLN 2590 KENT Why the King of France is so suddenly gone
 FTLN 2591 back know you no reason?
 FTLN 2592 GENTLEMAN Something he left imperfect in the state,
 FTLN 2593 which since his coming forth is thought of, which
 FTLN 2594 imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger 5
 FTLN 2595 that his personal return was most required and
 FTLN 2596 necessary.
 FTLN 2597 KENT Who hath he left behind him general?
 FTLN 2598 GENTLEMAN The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.
 FTLN 2599 KENT Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonstration 10
 FTLN 2600 of grief?
 GENTLEMAN
 FTLN 2601 Ay, 「sir,」 she took them, read them in my
 FTLN 2602 presence,
 FTLN 2603 And now and then an ample tear trilled down
 FTLN 2604 Her delicate cheek. It seemed she was a queen 15
 FTLN 2605 Over her passion, who, most rebel-like,
 FTLN 2606 Fought to be king o'er her.
 FTLN 2607 KENT O, then it moved her.

GENTLEMAN

FTLN 2608 Not to a rage. Patience and sorrow 「strove」
 FTLN 2609 Who should express her goodliest. You have seen 20
 FTLN 2610 Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
 FTLN 2611 Were like a better way. Those happy smilets
 FTLN 2612 That played on her ripe lip 「seemed」 not to know
 FTLN 2613 What guests were in her eyes, which parted thence
 FTLN 2614 As pearls from diamonds dropped. In brief, 25
 FTLN 2615 Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved
 FTLN 2616 If all could so become it.

KENT Made she no verbal question?

GENTLEMAN

FTLN 2618 Faith, once or twice she heaved the name of
 FTLN 2619 “father” 30
 FTLN 2620 Pantingly forth, as if it pressed her heart;
 FTLN 2621 Cried “Sisters, sisters, shame of ladies, sisters!
 FTLN 2622 Kent, father, sisters! What, i’ th’ storm, i’ th’ night?
 FTLN 2623 Let pity not be believed!” There she shook
 FTLN 2624 The holy water from her heavenly eyes, 35
 FTLN 2625 And clamor moistened. Then away she started,
 FTLN 2626 To deal with grief alone.

KENT It is the stars.

FTLN 2628 The stars above us govern our conditions,
 FTLN 2629 Else one self mate and make could not beget 40
 FTLN 2630 Such different issues. You spoke not with her
 FTLN 2631 since?

GENTLEMAN No.

KENT

FTLN 2633 Was this before the King returned?

FTLN 2634 GENTLEMAN No, since. 45

KENT

FTLN 2635 Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear’s i’ th’ town,
 FTLN 2636 Who sometime in his better tune remembers
 FTLN 2637 What we are come about, and by no means
 FTLN 2638 Will yield to see his daughter.

FTLN 2639 GENTLEMAN Why, good sir? 50

KENT

FTLN 2640 A sovereign shame so elbows him—his own
 FTLN 2641 unkindness,
 FTLN 2642 That stripped her from his benediction, turned her
 FTLN 2643 To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
 FTLN 2644 To his dog-hearted daughters—these things sting 55
 FTLN 2645 His mind so venomously that burning shame
 FTLN 2646 Detains him from Cordelia.

FTLN 2647 GENTLEMAN Alack, poor gentleman!

KENT

FTLN 2648 Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

FTLN 2649 GENTLEMAN 'Tis so. They are afoot. 60

KENT

FTLN 2650 Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear
 FTLN 2651 And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
 FTLN 2652 Will in concealment wrap me up awhile.
 FTLN 2653 When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
 FTLN 2654 Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go 65
 FTLN 2655 Along with me.

«They» exit.»

Scene «4»

*Enter with Drum and Colors, Cordelia, «Doctor,»
 Gentlemen, and Soldiers.*

CORDELIA

FTLN 2656 Alack, 'tis he! Why, he was met even now
 FTLN 2657 As mad as the vexed sea, singing aloud,
 FTLN 2658 Crowned with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,
 FTLN 2659 With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
 FTLN 2660 Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow 5
 FTLN 2661 In our sustaining corn. A century send forth.
 FTLN 2662 Search every acre in the high-grown field
 FTLN 2663 And bring him to our eye. *«Soldiers exit.»*

FTLN 2664 What can man's wisdom

FTLN 2665	In the restoring his bereavèd sense?	10
FTLN 2666	He that helps him take all my outward worth.	
FTLN 2667	⟨DOCTOR⟩ There is means, madam.	
FTLN 2668	Our foster nurse of nature is repose,	
FTLN 2669	The which he lacks. That to provoke in him	
FTLN 2670	Are many simples operative, whose power	15
FTLN 2671	Will close the eye of anguish.	
FTLN 2672	CORDELIA All blest secrets,	
FTLN 2673	All you unpublished virtues of the earth,	
FTLN 2674	Spring with my tears. Be aidant and remediate	
FTLN 2675	In the good man's ⟨distress.⟩ Seek, seek for him,	20
FTLN 2676	Lest his ungoverned rage dissolve the life	
FTLN 2677	That wants the means to lead it.	

Enter Messenger.

FTLN 2678	MESSENGER News, madam.	
FTLN 2679	The British powers are marching hitherward.	
	CORDELIA	
FTLN 2680	'Tis known before. Our preparation stands	25
FTLN 2681	In expectation of them.—O dear father,	
FTLN 2682	It is thy business that I go about.	
FTLN 2683	Therefore great France	
FTLN 2684	My mourning and importuned tears hath pitied.	
FTLN 2685	No blown ambition doth our arms incite,	30
FTLN 2686	But love, dear love, and our aged father's right.	
FTLN 2687	Soon may I hear and see him.	

They exit.

Scene 「5」

Enter Regan and 「Oswald, the」 Steward.

	REGAN	
FTLN 2688	But are my brother's powers set forth?	
FTLN 2689	OSWALD Ay, madam.	
FTLN 2690	REGAN Himself in person there?	

FTLN 2691	OSWALD	Madam, with much ado.	
FTLN 2692		Your sister is the better soldier.	5
	REGAN		
FTLN 2693		Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?	
FTLN 2694	OSWALD	No, madam.	
	REGAN		
FTLN 2695		What might import my sister's letter to him?	
FTLN 2696	OSWALD	I know not, lady.	
	REGAN		
FTLN 2697		Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.	10
FTLN 2698		It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,	
FTLN 2699		To let him live. Where he arrives he moves	
FTLN 2700		All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,	
FTLN 2701		In pity of his misery, to dispatch	
FTLN 2702		His nighted life; moreover to descry	15
FTLN 2703		The strength o' th' enemy.	
	OSWALD		
FTLN 2704		I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.	
	REGAN		
FTLN 2705		Our troops set forth tomorrow. Stay with us.	
FTLN 2706		The ways are dangerous.	
FTLN 2707	OSWALD	I may not, madam.	20
FTLN 2708		My lady charged my duty in this business.	
	REGAN		
FTLN 2709		Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you	
FTLN 2710		Transport her purposes by word? Belike,	
FTLN 2711		Some things—I know not what. I'll love thee much—	
FTLN 2712		Let me unseal the letter.	25
FTLN 2713	OSWALD	Madam, I had rather—	
	REGAN		
FTLN 2714		I know your lady does not love her husband;	
FTLN 2715		I am sure of that; and at her late being here,	
FTLN 2716		She gave strange eliads and most speaking looks	
FTLN 2717		To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.	30
FTLN 2718	OSWALD	I, madam?	
	REGAN		
FTLN 2719		I speak in understanding. Y' are; I know 't.	

FTLN 2720 Therefore I do advise you take this note:
 FTLN 2721 My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talked,
 FTLN 2722 And more convenient is he for my hand 35
 FTLN 2723 Than for your lady's. You may gather more.
 FTLN 2724 If you do find him, pray you, give him this,
 FTLN 2725 And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
 FTLN 2726 I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
 FTLN 2727 So, fare you well. 40
 FTLN 2728 If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
 FTLN 2729 Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

OSWALD

FTLN 2730 Would I could meet *(him,)* madam. I should show
 FTLN 2731 What party I do follow.
 FTLN 2732 REGAN Fare thee well. 45

They exit.

Scene *[6]*

Enter Gloucester and Edgar [dressed as a peasant.]

GLOUCESTER
 FTLN 2733 When shall I come to th' top of that same hill?
 EDGAR
 FTLN 2734 You do climb up it now. Look how we labor.
 GLOUCESTER
 FTLN 2735 Methinks the ground is even.
 EDGAR Horrible steep.
 FTLN 2737 Hark, do you hear the sea? 5
 FTLN 2738 GLOUCESTER No, truly.
 EDGAR
 FTLN 2739 Why then, your other senses grow imperfect
 FTLN 2740 By your eyes' anguish.
 FTLN 2741 GLOUCESTER So may it be indeed.
 FTLN 2742 Methinks thy voice is altered and thou speak'st 10
 FTLN 2743 In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

EDGAR

FTLN 2744 You're much deceived; in nothing am I changed

FTLN 2745 But in my garments.

FTLN 2746 GLOUCESTER Methinks you're better spoken.

EDGAR

FTLN 2747 Come on, sir. Here's the place. Stand still. How 15
FTLN 2748 fearful

FTLN 2749 And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!

FTLN 2750 The crows and choughs that wing the midway air

FTLN 2751 Show scarce so gross as beetles. Halfway down

FTLN 2752 Hangs one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade; 20

FTLN 2753 Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.

FTLN 2754 The fishermen that ⟨walk⟩ upon the beach

FTLN 2755 Appear like mice, and yond tall anchoring bark

FTLN 2756 Diminished to her cock, her cock a buoy

FTLN 2757 Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge 25

FTLN 2758 That on th' unnumbered idle pebble chafes

FTLN 2759 Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more

FTLN 2760 Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight

FTLN 2761 Topple down headlong.

FTLN 2762 GLOUCESTER Set me where you stand. 30

EDGAR

FTLN 2763 Give me your hand. You are now within a foot

FTLN 2764 Of th' extreme verge. For all beneath the moon

FTLN 2765 Would I not leap upright.

FTLN 2766 GLOUCESTER Let go my hand.

FTLN 2767 Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel 35

FTLN 2768 Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies and gods

FTLN 2769 Prosper it with thee. *「He gives Edgar a purse.」*

FTLN 2770 Go thou further off.

FTLN 2771 Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

EDGAR, *「walking away」*

FTLN 2772 Now fare you well, good sir. 40

FTLN 2773 GLOUCESTER With all my heart.

EDGAR, *「aside」*

FTLN 2774 Why I do trifle thus with his despair

FTLN 2775 Is done to cure it.

FTLN 2776	GLOUCESTER	O you mighty gods!	⟨ <i>He kneels.</i> ⟩	
FTLN 2777		This world I do renounce, and in your sights		45
FTLN 2778		Shake patiently my great affliction off.		
FTLN 2779		If I could bear it longer, and not fall		
FTLN 2780		To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,		
FTLN 2781		My snuff and loathèd part of nature should		
FTLN 2782		Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—		50
FTLN 2783		Now, fellow, fare thee well.	⟨ <i>He falls.</i> ⟩	
FTLN 2784	EDGAR	Gone, sir. Farewell.—		
FTLN 2785		And yet I know not how conceit may rob		
FTLN 2786		The treasury of life, when life itself		
FTLN 2787		Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,		55
FTLN 2788		By this had thought been past. Alive or dead?—		
FTLN 2789		Ho you, sir! Friend, hear you. Sir, speak.—		
FTLN 2790		Thus might he pass indeed. Yet he revives.—		
FTLN 2791		What are you, sir?		
FTLN 2792	GLOUCESTER	Away, and let me die.		60
	EDGAR			
FTLN 2793		Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,		
FTLN 2794		So many fathom down precipitating,		
FTLN 2795		Thou 'dst shivered like an egg; but thou dost		
FTLN 2796		breathe,		
FTLN 2797		Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art		65
FTLN 2798		sound.		
FTLN 2799		Ten masts at each make not the altitude		
FTLN 2800		Which thou hast perpendicularly fell.		
FTLN 2801		Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.		
FTLN 2802	GLOUCESTER	But have I fall'n or no?		70
	EDGAR			
FTLN 2803		From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.		
FTLN 2804		Look up a-height. The shrill-gorged lark so far		
FTLN 2805		Cannot be seen or heard. Do but look up.		
FTLN 2806	GLOUCESTER	Alack, I have no eyes.		
FTLN 2807		Is wretchedness deprived that benefit		75
FTLN 2808		To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort		
FTLN 2809		When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage		
FTLN 2810		And frustrate his proud will.		

FTLN 2811	EDGAR	Give me your arm. <i>「He raises Gloucester.」</i>	
FTLN 2812		Up. So, how is 't? Feel you your legs? You stand.	80
	GLOUCESTER		
FTLN 2813		Too well, too well.	
FTLN 2814	EDGAR	This is above all strangeness.	
FTLN 2815		Upon the crown o' th' cliff, what thing was that	
FTLN 2816		Which parted from you?	
FTLN 2817	GLOUCESTER	A poor unfortunate beggar.	85
	EDGAR		
FTLN 2818		As I stood here below, methought his eyes	
FTLN 2819		Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,	
FTLN 2820		Horns whelked and waved like the enragèd sea.	
FTLN 2821		It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,	
FTLN 2822		Think that the clearest gods, who make them	90
FTLN 2823		honors	
FTLN 2824		Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.	
	GLOUCESTER		
FTLN 2825		I do remember now. Henceforth I'll bear	
FTLN 2826		Affliction till it do cry out itself	
FTLN 2827		“Enough, enough!” and die. That thing you speak of,	95
FTLN 2828		I took it for a man. Often 'twould say	
FTLN 2829		“The fiend, the fiend!” He led me to that place.	
	EDGAR		
FTLN 2830		Bear free and patient thoughts.	
		<i>Enter Lear.</i>	
FTLN 2831		But who comes here?	
FTLN 2832		The safer sense will ne'er accommodate	100
FTLN 2833		His master thus.	
FTLN 2834	LEAR	No, they cannot touch me for <i>⟨coining⟩</i> . I am the	
FTLN 2835		King himself.	
FTLN 2836	EDGAR	O, thou side-piercing sight!	
FTLN 2837	LEAR	Nature's above art in that respect. There's your	105
FTLN 2838		press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a	
FTLN 2839		crowkeeper. Draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look,	

FTLN 2840	a mouse! Peace, peace! This piece of toasted cheese	
FTLN 2841	will do 't. There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a	
FTLN 2842	giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, bird!	110
FTLN 2843	I' th' clout, i' th' clout! Hewgh! Give the word.	
FTLN 2844	EDGAR Sweet marjoram.	
FTLN 2845	LEAR Pass.	
FTLN 2846	GLOUCESTER I know that voice.	
FTLN 2847	LEAR Ha! Goneril with a white beard? They flattered	115
FTLN 2848	me like a dog and told me I had the white hairs in	
FTLN 2849	my beard ere the black ones were there. To say "ay"	
FTLN 2850	and "no" to everything that I said "ay" and "no" to	
FTLN 2851	was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me	
FTLN 2852	once and the wind to make me chatter, when the	120
FTLN 2853	thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I	
FTLN 2854	found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to. They are	
FTLN 2855	not men o' their words; they told me I was everything.	
FTLN 2856	'Tis a lie. I am not ague-proof.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 2857	The trick of that voice I do well remember.	125
FTLN 2858	Is 't not the King?	
FTLN 2859	LEAR Ay, every inch a king.	
FTLN 2860	When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.	
FTLN 2861	I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?	
FTLN 2862	Adultery? Thou shalt not die. Die for adultery? No.	130
FTLN 2863	The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly does	
FTLN 2864	lecher in my sight. Let copulation thrive, for	
FTLN 2865	Gloucester's bastard son was kinder to his father	
FTLN 2866	than my daughters got 'tween the lawful sheets. To	
FTLN 2867	't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers. Behold yond	135
FTLN 2868	simp'ring dame, whose face between her forks	
FTLN 2869	presages snow, that minces virtue and does shake	
FTLN 2870	the head to hear of pleasure's name. The fitchew	
FTLN 2871	nor the soiled horse goes to 't with a more riotous	
FTLN 2872	appetite. Down from the waist they are centaurs,	140
FTLN 2873	though women all above. But to the girdle do the	
FTLN 2874	gods inherit; beneath is all the fiend's. There's hell,	

FTLN 2875	there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit; burning,	
FTLN 2876	scalding, stench, consumption! Fie, fie, fie, pah,	
FTLN 2877	pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary;	145
FTLN 2878	sweeten my imagination. There's money for thee.	
FTLN 2879	GLOUCESTER O, let me kiss that hand!	
FTLN 2880	LEAR Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 2881	O ruined piece of nature! This great world	
FTLN 2882	Shall so wear out to naught. Dost thou know me?	150
FTLN 2883	LEAR I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou	
FTLN 2884	squinny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid, I'll	
FTLN 2885	not love. Read thou this challenge. Mark but the	
FTLN 2886	penning of it.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 2887	Were all thy letters suns, I could not see.	155
	EDGAR, <i>aside</i>	
FTLN 2888	I would not take this from report. It is,	
FTLN 2889	And my heart breaks at it.	
FTLN 2890	LEAR Read.	
FTLN 2891	GLOUCESTER What, with the case of eyes?	
FTLN 2892	LEAR Oho, are you there with me? No eyes in your	160
FTLN 2893	head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in	
FTLN 2894	a heavy case, your purse in a light, yet you see how	
FTLN 2895	this world goes.	
FTLN 2896	GLOUCESTER I see it feelingly.	
FTLN 2897	LEAR What, art mad? A man may see how this world	165
FTLN 2898	goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears. See how	
FTLN 2899	yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark in	
FTLN 2900	thine ear. Change places and, handy-dandy, which	
FTLN 2901	is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a	
FTLN 2902	farmer's dog bark at a beggar?	170
FTLN 2903	GLOUCESTER Ay, sir.	
FTLN 2904	LEAR And the creature run from the cur? There thou	
FTLN 2905	might'st behold the great image of authority: a	
FTLN 2906	dog's obeyed in office.	

FTLN 2907	Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!	175
FTLN 2908	Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thy own back.	
FTLN 2909	Thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind	
FTLN 2910	For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the	
FTLN 2911	cozener.	
FTLN 2912	Through tattered clothes ⟨small⟩ vices do appear.	180
FTLN 2913	Robes and furred gowns hide all. [「Plate sin」 with	
FTLN 2914	gold,	
FTLN 2915	And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks.	
FTLN 2916	Arm it in rags, a pygmy's straw does pierce it.	
FTLN 2917	None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em.	185
FTLN 2918	Take that of me, my friend, who have the power	
FTLN 2919	To seal th' accuser's lips.] Get thee glass eyes,	
FTLN 2920	And like a scurvy politician	
FTLN 2921	Seem to see the things thou dost not. Now, now,	
FTLN 2922	now, now.	190
FTLN 2923	Pull off my boots. Harder, harder. So.	
	EDGAR, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 2924	O, matter and impertinency mixed,	
FTLN 2925	Reason in madness!	
	LEAR	
FTLN 2926	If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.	
FTLN 2927	I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester.	195
FTLN 2928	Thou must be patient. We came crying hither;	
FTLN 2929	Thou know'st the first time that we smell the air	
FTLN 2930	We wawl and cry. I will preach to thee. Mark.	
FTLN 2931	GLOUCESTER Alack, alack the day!	
	LEAR	
FTLN 2932	When we are born, we cry that we are come	200
FTLN 2933	To this great stage of fools.—This' a good block.	
FTLN 2934	It were a delicate stratagem to shoe	
FTLN 2935	A troop of horse with felt. I'll put 't in proof,	
FTLN 2936	And when I have stol'n upon these son-in-laws,	
FTLN 2937	Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!	205

Enter a Gentleman 「and Attendants.»

GENTLEMAN, *['noticing Lear']*

FTLN 2938 O, here he is. *['To an Attendant.']* Lay hand upon
 FTLN 2939 him.—Sir,
 FTLN 2940 Your most dear daughter—

LEAR

FTLN 2941 No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
 FTLN 2942 The natural fool of fortune. Use me well. 210
 FTLN 2943 You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;
 FTLN 2944 I am cut to ' th' brains.

FTLN 2945 GENTLEMAN You shall have anything.

FTLN 2946 LEAR No seconds? All myself?

FTLN 2947 Why, this would make a man a man of salt, 215
 FTLN 2948 To use his eyes for garden waterpots,
 FTLN 2949 *⟨Ay, and laying autumn's dust.⟩*

FTLN 2950 I will die bravely like a smug bridegroom. What?

FTLN 2951 I will be jovial. Come, come, I am a king,

FTLN 2952 Masters, know you that? 220

GENTLEMAN

FTLN 2953 You are a royal one, and we obey you.

FTLN 2954 LEAR Then there's life in 't. Come, an you get it, you
 FTLN 2955 shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

⟨The King exits running ['pursued by Attendants.']⟩

GENTLEMAN

FTLN 2956 A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
 FTLN 2957 Past speaking of in a king. Thou hast a daughter 225
 FTLN 2958 Who redeems nature from the general curse
 FTLN 2959 Which twain have brought her to.

FTLN 2960 EDGAR Hail, gentle sir.

FTLN 2961 GENTLEMAN Sir, speed you. What's your will?

EDGAR

FTLN 2962 Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward? 230

GENTLEMAN

FTLN 2963 Most sure and vulgar. Everyone hears that,
 FTLN 2964 Which can distinguish sound.

FTLN 2965 EDGAR But, by your favor,

FTLN 2966 How near's the other army?

	GENTLEMAN	
FTLN 2967	Near and on speedy foot. The main descry	235
FTLN 2968	Stands on the hourly thought.	
FTLN 2969	EDGAR I thank you, sir. That's all.	
	GENTLEMAN	
FTLN 2970	Though that the Queen on special cause is here,	
FTLN 2971	Her army is moved on.	
FTLN 2972	EDGAR I thank you, sir.	240
	<i>「Gentleman」 exits.</i>	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 2973	You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;	
FTLN 2974	Let not my worser spirit tempt me again	
FTLN 2975	To die before you please.	
FTLN 2976	EDGAR Well pray you, father.	
FTLN 2977	GLOUCESTER Now, good sir, what are you?	245
	EDGAR	
FTLN 2978	A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows,	
FTLN 2979	Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,	
FTLN 2980	Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand;	
FTLN 2981	I'll lead you to some bidding.	
	<i>「He takes Gloucester's hand.」</i>	
FTLN 2982	GLOUCESTER Hearty thanks.	250
FTLN 2983	The bounty and the benison of heaven	
FTLN 2984	To boot, and boot.	
	<i>Enter 「Oswald, the」 Steward.</i>	
	OSWALD, <i>「drawing his sword」</i>	
FTLN 2985	A proclaimed prize! Most happy!	
FTLN 2986	That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh	
FTLN 2987	To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor,	255
FTLN 2988	Briefly thyself remember; the sword is out	
FTLN 2989	That must destroy thee.	
FTLN 2990	GLOUCESTER Now let thy friendly hand	
FTLN 2991	Put strength enough to 't.	
	<i>「Edgar steps between Gloucester and Oswald.」</i>	
FTLN 2992	OSWALD Wherefore, bold peasant,	260

FTLN 2993	Dar'st thou support a published traitor? Hence,	
FTLN 2994	Lest that th' infection of his fortune take	
FTLN 2995	Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.	
FTLN 2996	EDGAR Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.	
FTLN 2997	OSWALD Let go, slave, or thou diest!	265
FTLN 2998	EDGAR Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor	
FTLN 2999	volk pass. An 'chud ha' bin zwaggered out of my	
FTLN 3000	life, 'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis by a vortnight.	
FTLN 3001	Nay, come not near th' old man. Keep out,	
FTLN 3002	che vor' ye, or Ise try whether your costard or my	270
FTLN 3003	ballow be the harder. Chill be plain with you.	
FTLN 3004	OSWALD Out, dunghill.	
FTLN 3005	EDGAR Chill pick your teeth, zir. Come, no matter vor	
FTLN 3006	your foins. <i>⟨They fight.⟩</i>	
	OSWALD, <i>〔falling〕</i>	
FTLN 3007	Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain, take my purse.	275
FTLN 3008	If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,	
FTLN 3009	And give the letters which thou find'st about me	
FTLN 3010	To Edmund, Earl of Gloucester. Seek him out	
FTLN 3011	Upon the English party. O, untimely death! Death!	
	<i>⟨He dies.⟩</i>	
	EDGAR	
FTLN 3012	I know thee well, a serviceable villain,	280
FTLN 3013	As duteous to the vices of thy mistress	
FTLN 3014	As badness would desire.	
FTLN 3015	GLOUCESTER What, is he dead?	
FTLN 3016	EDGAR Sit you down, father; rest you.	
FTLN 3017	Let's see these pockets. The letters that he speaks of	285
FTLN 3018	May be my friends. He's dead; I am only sorry	
FTLN 3019	He had no other deathsman. Let us see.	
	<i>〔He opens a letter.〕</i>	
FTLN 3020	Leave, gentle wax, and, manners, blame us not.	
FTLN 3021	To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts.	
FTLN 3022	Their papers is more lawful. <i>Reads the letter.</i>	290
FTLN 3023	<i>Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have</i>	
FTLN 3024	<i>many opportunities to cut him off. If your will want</i>	
FTLN 3025	<i>not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is</i>	

FTLN 3026	<i>nothing done if he return the conqueror. Then am I</i>	
FTLN 3027	<i>the prisoner, and his bed my jail, from the loathed</i>	295
FTLN 3028	<i>warmth whereof deliver me and supply the place for</i>	
FTLN 3029	<i>your labor.</i>	
FTLN 3030	<i>Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate servant,</i>	
FTLN 3031	<i>⟨and, for you, her own for venture,⟩ Goneril.</i>	
FTLN 3032	O indistinguished space of woman's will!	300
FTLN 3033	A plot upon her virtuous husband's life,	
FTLN 3034	And the exchange my brother.—Here, in the sands	
FTLN 3035	Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified	
FTLN 3036	Of murderous lechers; and in the mature time	
FTLN 3037	With this ungracious paper strike the sight	305
FTLN 3038	Of the death-practiced duke. For him 'tis well	
FTLN 3039	That of thy death and business I can tell.	
	GLOUCESTER	
FTLN 3040	The King is mad. How stiff is my vile sense	
FTLN 3041	That I stand up and have ingenious feeling	
FTLN 3042	Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract.	310
FTLN 3043	So should my thoughts be severed from my griefs,	
FTLN 3044	And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose	
FTLN 3045	The knowledge of themselves. <i>Drum afar off.</i>	
FTLN 3046	EDGAR Give me your hand.	
FTLN 3047	Far off methinks I hear the beaten drum.	315
FTLN 3048	Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.	
	<i>They exit.</i>	

Scene 7

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

CORDELIA

FTLN 3049	O, thou good Kent, how shall I live and work
FTLN 3050	To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
FTLN 3051	And every measure fail me.

KENT

FTLN 3052	To be acknowledged, madam, is o'erpaid.
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FTLN 3053	All my reports go with the modest truth,	5
FTLN 3054	Nor more, nor clipped, but so.	
FTLN 3055	CORDELIA Be better suited.	
FTLN 3056	These weeds are memories of those worsèr hours.	
FTLN 3057	I prithee put them off.	
FTLN 3058	KENT Pardon, dear madam.	10
FTLN 3059	Yet to be known shortens my made intent.	
FTLN 3060	My boon I make it that you know me not	
FTLN 3061	Till time and I think meet.	
	CORDELIA	
FTLN 3062	Then be 't so, my good lord.—How does the King?	
FTLN 3063	⟨DOCTOR⟩ Madam, sleeps still.	15
FTLN 3064	CORDELIA O, you kind gods,	
FTLN 3065	Cure this great breach in his abusèd nature!	
FTLN 3066	Th' untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up,	
FTLN 3067	Of this child-changèd father!	
FTLN 3068	⟨DOCTOR⟩ So please your Majesty	20
FTLN 3069	That we may wake the King? He hath slept	
FTLN 3070	long.	
	CORDELIA	
FTLN 3071	Be governed by your knowledge, and proceed	
FTLN 3072	I' th' sway of your own will. Is he arrayed?	
	<i>Enter Lear in a chair carried by Servants.</i>	
	GENTLEMAN	
FTLN 3073	Ay, madam. In the heaviness of sleep,	25
FTLN 3074	We put fresh garments on him.	
	「DOCTOR」	
FTLN 3075	Be by, good madam, when we do awake him.	
FTLN 3076	I doubt ⟨not⟩ of his temperance.	
FTLN 3077	⟨CORDELIA Very well.	
		「 <i>Music.</i> 」
	DOCTOR	
FTLN 3078	Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there.⟩	30
	CORDELIA, 「 <i>kissing Lear</i> 」	
FTLN 3079	O, my dear father, restoration hang	

FTLN 3080	Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss	
FTLN 3081	Repair those violent harms that my two sisters	
FTLN 3082	Have in thy reverence made.	
FTLN 3083	KENT	Kind and dear princess. 35
	CORDELIA	
FTLN 3084	Had you not been their father, these white flakes	
FTLN 3085	Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face	
FTLN 3086	To be opposed against the jarring winds?	
FTLN 3087	⟨To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder,	
FTLN 3088	In the most terrible and nimble stroke	40
FTLN 3089	Of quick cross-lightning? To watch, poor <i>perdu</i> ,	
FTLN 3090	With this thin helm?⟩ Mine enemy's dog,	
FTLN 3091	Though he had bit me, should have stood that night	
FTLN 3092	Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father,	
FTLN 3093	To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn	45
FTLN 3094	In short and musty straw? Alack, alack,	
FTLN 3095	'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once	
FTLN 3096	Had not concluded all.—He wakes. Speak to him.	
FTLN 3097	⟨DOCTOR⟩ Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.	
	CORDELIA	
FTLN 3098	How does my royal lord? How fares your Majesty?	50
	LEAR	
FTLN 3099	You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave.	
FTLN 3100	Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound	
FTLN 3101	Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears	
FTLN 3102	Do scald like molten lead.	
FTLN 3103	CORDELIA	Sir, do you know me? 55
	LEAR	
FTLN 3104	You are a spirit, I know. Where did you die?	
FTLN 3105	CORDELIA Still, still, far wide.	
	⟨DOCTOR⟩	
FTLN 3106	He's scarce awake. Let him alone awhile.	
	LEAR	
FTLN 3107	Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?	
FTLN 3108	I am mightily abused; I should e'en die with pity	60

FTLN 3109	To see another thus. I know not what to say.	
FTLN 3110	I will not swear these are my hands. Let's see.	
FTLN 3111	I feel this pinprick. Would I were assured	
FTLN 3112	Of my condition!	
FTLN 3113	CORDELIA O, look upon me, sir,	65
FTLN 3114	And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.	
FTLN 3115	⟨No, sir,⟩ you must not kneel.	
FTLN 3116	LEAR Pray do not mock:	
FTLN 3117	I am a very foolish fond old man,	
FTLN 3118	Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less,	70
FTLN 3119	And to deal plainly,	
FTLN 3120	I fear I am not in my perfect mind.	
FTLN 3121	Methinks I should know you and know this man,	
FTLN 3122	Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant	
FTLN 3123	What place this is, and all the skill I have	75
FTLN 3124	Remembers not these garments; nor I know not	
FTLN 3125	Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,	
FTLN 3126	For, as I am a man, I think this lady	
FTLN 3127	To be my child Cordelia.	
FTLN 3128	CORDELIA, <i>weeping</i> And so I am; I am.	80
FTLN 3129	LEAR Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not.	
FTLN 3130	If you have poison for me, I will drink it.	
FTLN 3131	I know you do not love me, for your sisters	
FTLN 3132	Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.	
FTLN 3133	You have some cause; they have not.	85
FTLN 3134	CORDELIA No cause, no	
FTLN 3135	cause.	
FTLN 3136	LEAR Am I in France?	
FTLN 3137	KENT In your own kingdom, sir.	
FTLN 3138	LEAR Do not abuse me.	90
FTLN 3139	⟨DOCTOR⟩	
FTLN 3140	Be comforted, good madam. The great rage,	
FTLN 3141	You see, is killed in him, ⟨and yet it is danger To make him even o'er the time he has lost.⟩	

ACT 5

Scene 1

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

EDMUND, *「to a Gentleman」*

FTLN 3161 Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,
FTLN 3162 Or whether since he is advised by aught
FTLN 3163 To change the course. He's full of alteration
FTLN 3164 And self-reproving. Bring his constant pleasure.

「A Gentleman exits.」

REGAN

FTLN 3165 Our sister's man is certainly miscarried. 5

EDMUND

FTLN 3166 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

FTLN 3167 REGAN Now, sweet lord,

FTLN 3168 You know the goodness I intend upon you;

FTLN 3169 Tell me but truly, but then speak the truth,

FTLN 3170 Do you not love my sister? 10

FTLN 3171 EDMUND In honored love.

REGAN

FTLN 3172 But have you never found my brother's way

FTLN 3173 To the forfended place?

FTLN 3174 *«EDMUND That thought abuses you.*

REGAN

FTLN 3175 I am doubtful that you have been conjunct 15

FTLN 3176 And bosomed with her as far as we call hers.)

FTLN 3177 EDMUND No, by mine honor, madam.

REGAN

FTLN 3178 I never shall endure her. Dear my lord,
FTLN 3179 Be not familiar with her.

EDMUND

FTLN 3180 Fear *⟨me⟩* not. She and the Duke, her husband. 20

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

⟨GONERIL, 「aside」

FTLN 3181 I had rather lose the battle than that sister
FTLN 3182 Should loosen him and me.⟩

ALBANY

FTLN 3183 Our very loving sister, well bemet.—
FTLN 3184 Sir, this I heard: the King is come to his daughter,
FTLN 3185 With others whom the rigor of our state 25
FTLN 3186 Forced to cry out. *⟨Where I could not be honest,*
FTLN 3187 *I never yet was valiant. For this business,*
FTLN 3188 *It touches us as France invades our land,*
FTLN 3189 *Not bolds the King, with others whom, I fear,*
FTLN 3190 *Most just and heavy causes make oppose.* 30

EDMUND

FTLN 3191 Sir, you speak nobly.⟩

FTLN 3192 REGAN Why is this reasoned?

GONERIL

FTLN 3193 Combine together 'gainst the enemy,
FTLN 3194 For these domestic and particular broils
FTLN 3195 Are not the question here. 35

FTLN 3196 ALBANY Let's then determine

FTLN 3197 With th' ancient of war on our proceeding.

⟨EDMUND

FTLN 3198 I shall attend you presently at your tent.⟩

FTLN 3199 REGAN Sister, you'll go with us?

FTLN 3200 GONERIL No. 40

REGAN

FTLN 3201 'Tis most convenient. Pray, go with us.

GONERIL, *「aside」*

FTLN 3202 Oho, I know the riddle.—I will go.

「They begin to exit.」

Enter Edgar 「*dressed as a peasant.*」

EDGAR, 「*to Albany*」

FTLN 3203 If e'er your Grace had speech with man so poor,
FTLN 3204 Hear me one word.

ALBANY, 「*to those exiting*」

FTLN 3205 I'll overtake you.—Speak. 45
Both the armies exit.

EDGAR, 「*giving him a paper*」

FTLN 3206 Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
FTLN 3207 If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
FTLN 3208 For him that brought it. Wretched though I seem,
FTLN 3209 I can produce a champion that will prove
FTLN 3210 What is avouchèd there. If you miscarry, 50
FTLN 3211 Your business of the world hath so an end,
FTLN 3212 And machination ceases. Fortune <love> you.

FTLN 3213 ALBANY Stay till I have read the letter.

FTLN 3214 EDGAR I was forbid it.
FTLN 3215 When time shall serve, let but the herald cry 55
FTLN 3216 And I'll appear again. *He exits.*

ALBANY

FTLN 3217 Why, fare thee well. I will o'erlook thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

EDMUND

FTLN 3218 The enemy's in view. Draw up your powers.
「*Giving him a paper.*」

FTLN 3219 Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
FTLN 3220 By diligent discovery. But your haste 60
FTLN 3221 Is now urged on you.

FTLN 3222 ALBANY We will greet the time.
He exits.

EDMUND

FTLN 3223 To both these sisters have I sworn my love,
FTLN 3224 Each jealous of the other as the stung
FTLN 3225 Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take? 65

FTLN 3226 Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enjoyed
 FTLN 3227 If both remain alive. To take the widow
 FTLN 3228 Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril,
 FTLN 3229 And hardly shall I carry out my side,
 FTLN 3230 Her husband being alive. Now, then, we'll use 70
 FTLN 3231 His countenance for the battle, which, being done,
 FTLN 3232 Let her who would be rid of him devise
 FTLN 3233 His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
 FTLN 3234 Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
 FTLN 3235 The battle done and they within our power, 75
 FTLN 3236 Shall never see his pardon, for my state
 FTLN 3237 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

FTLN 3238 Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
 FTLN 3239 For your good host. Pray that the right may thrive.
 FTLN 3240 If ever I return to you again,
 FTLN 3241 I'll bring you comfort.

FTLN 3242 GLOUCESTER Grace go with you, sir. 5

Edgar exits.

Alarum and Retreat within.

Enter Edgar.

EDGAR

FTLN 3243 Away, old man. Give me thy hand. Away.
 FTLN 3244 King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.
 FTLN 3245 Give me thy hand. Come on.

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 3246 No further, sir. A man may rot even here.

EDGAR

FTLN 3247 What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure 10
 FTLN 3248 Their going hence even as their coming hither.
 FTLN 3249 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

FTLN 3251 Some officers take them away. Good guard
 FTLN 3252 Until their greater pleasures first be known
 FTLN 3253 That are to censure them.

CORDELIA, [to Lear]

We are not the first

FTLN 3254 Who with best meaning have incurred the worst. 5
 FTLN 3255 For thee, oppressèd king, I am cast down.
 FTLN 3256 Myself could else outfrown false Fortune's frown.
 FTLN 3257 Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?
 FTLN 3258

LEAR

FTLN 3259 No, no, no, no. Come, let's away to prison.
 FTLN 3260 We two alone will sing like birds i' th' cage. 10
 FTLN 3261 When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down
 FTLN 3262 And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
 FTLN 3263 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
 FTLN 3264 At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
 FTLN 3265 Talk of court news, and we'll talk with them too— 15
 FTLN 3266 Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out—
 FTLN 3267 And take upon 's the mystery of things,
 FTLN 3268 As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out,
 FTLN 3269 In a walled prison, packs and sects of great ones
 FTLN 3270 That ebb and flow by th' moon. 20
 FTLN 3271

EDMUND

Take them away.

LEAR

FTLN 3272 Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,

FTLN 3273	The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught	
FTLN 3274	thee?	
FTLN 3275	He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven	25
FTLN 3276	And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes.	
FTLN 3277	The good years shall devour them, flesh and fell,	
FTLN 3278	Ere they shall make us weep. We'll see 'em starved	
FTLN 3279	first.	
FTLN 3280	Come.	30
	<i>「Lear and Cordelia」 exit, 「with Soldiers.」</i>	
FTLN 3281	EDMUND Come hither, captain. Hark.	
	<i>「Handing him a paper.」</i>	
FTLN 3282	Take thou this note. Go follow them to prison.	
FTLN 3283	One step I have advanced thee. If thou dost	
FTLN 3284	As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way	
FTLN 3285	To noble fortunes. Know thou this: that men	35
FTLN 3286	Are as the time is; to be tender-minded	
FTLN 3287	Does not become a sword. Thy great employment	
FTLN 3288	Will not bear question. Either say thou 't do 't,	
FTLN 3289	Or thrive by other means.	
FTLN 3290	CAPTAIN I'll do 't, my lord.	40
	EDMUND	
FTLN 3291	About it, and write "happy" when th' hast done.	
FTLN 3292	Mark, I say, instantly, and carry it so	
FTLN 3293	As I have set it down.	
	⟨CAPTAIN	
FTLN 3294	I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats.	
FTLN 3295	If it be man's work, I'll do 't.⟩ <i>Captain exits.</i>	45
	<i>Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, Soldiers 「and a Captain.」</i>	
	ALBANY, <i>「to Edmund」</i>	
FTLN 3296	Sir, you have showed today your valiant strain,	
FTLN 3297	And Fortune led you well. You have the captives	
FTLN 3298	Who were the opposites of this day's strife.	
FTLN 3299	I do require them of you, so to use them	
FTLN 3300	As we shall find their merits and our safety	50
FTLN 3301	May equally determine.	

FTLN 3302	EDMUND	Sir, I thought it fit	
FTLN 3303		To send the old and miserable king	
FTLN 3304		To some retention (and appointed guard,)	
FTLN 3305		Whose age had charms in it, whose title more,	55
FTLN 3306		To pluck the common bosom on his side	
FTLN 3307		And turn our impressed lances in our eyes,	
FTLN 3308		Which do command them. With him I sent the	
FTLN 3309		Queen,	
FTLN 3310		My reason all the same, and they are ready	60
FTLN 3311		Tomorrow, or at further space, t' appear	
FTLN 3312		Where you shall hold your session. (At this time	
FTLN 3313		We sweat and bleed. The friend hath lost his friend,	
FTLN 3314		And the best quarrels in the heat are cursed	
FTLN 3315		By those that feel their sharpness.	65
FTLN 3316		The question of Cordelia and her father	
FTLN 3317		Requires a fitter place.)	
FTLN 3318	ALBANY	Sir, by your patience,	
FTLN 3319		I hold you but a subject of this war,	
FTLN 3320		Not as a brother.	70
FTLN 3321	REGAN	That's as we list to grace him.	
FTLN 3322		Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded	
FTLN 3323		Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,	
FTLN 3324		Bore the commission of my place and person,	
FTLN 3325		The which immediacy may well stand up	75
FTLN 3326		And call itself your brother.	
FTLN 3327	GONERIL	Not so hot.	
FTLN 3328		In his own grace he doth exalt himself	
FTLN 3329		More than in your addition.	
FTLN 3330	REGAN	In my rights,	80
FTLN 3331		By me invested, he compeers the best.	
	(GONERIL)		
FTLN 3332		That were the most if he should husband you.	
	REGAN		
FTLN 3333		Jesters do oft prove prophets.	
FTLN 3334	GONERIL	Holla, holla!	
FTLN 3335		That eye that told you so looked but asquint.	85

REGAN

FTLN 3336 Lady, I am not well, else I should answer
 FTLN 3337 From a full-flowing stomach. *['To Edmund.']*
 FTLN 3338 General,
 FTLN 3339 Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony.
 FTLN 3340 [Dispose of them, of me; the walls is thine.] 90
 FTLN 3341 Witness the world that I create thee here
 FTLN 3342 My lord and master.

GONERIL Mean you to enjoy him?

ALBANY

FTLN 3344 The let-alone lies not in your goodwill.

EDMUND

FTLN 3345 Nor in thine, lord. 95

FTLN 3346 ALBANY Half-blooded fellow, yes.

REGAN, *['to Edmund']*

FTLN 3347 Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

ALBANY

FTLN 3348 Stay yet, hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee
 FTLN 3349 On capital treason; and, in *⟨thine attaint,⟩*
 FTLN 3350 This gilded serpent.—For your claim, fair 100
 FTLN 3351 *⟨sister,⟩*

FTLN 3352 I bar it in the interest of my wife.

FTLN 3353 'Tis she is subcontracted to this lord,

FTLN 3354 And I, her husband, contradict your banns.

FTLN 3355 If you will marry, make your loves to me. 105

FTLN 3356 My lady is bespoke.

FTLN 3357 [GONERIL An interlude!]

ALBANY

FTLN 3358 Thou art armed, Gloucester. Let the trumpet sound.

FTLN 3359 If none appear to prove upon thy person

FTLN 3360 Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons, 110

FTLN 3361 There is my pledge. *['He throws down a glove.']*

FTLN 3362 I'll make it on thy heart,

FTLN 3363 Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less

FTLN 3364 Than I have here proclaimed thee.

FTLN 3365	REGAN	Sick, O, sick!	115
FTLN 3366	GONERIL,	「 <i>aside</i> 」 If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.	
	EDMUND		
FTLN 3367		There's my exchange. 「 <i>He throws down a glove.</i> 」	
FTLN 3368		What in the world <he is>	
FTLN 3369		That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.	
FTLN 3370		Call by the trumpet. He that dares approach,	120
FTLN 3371		On him, on you, who not, I will maintain	
FTLN 3372		My truth and honor firmly.	
	ALBANY		
FTLN 3373		A herald, ho!	
FTLN 3374	<EDMUND	A herald, ho, a herald!>	
	<ALBANY>		
FTLN 3375		Trust to thy single virtue, for thy soldiers,	125
FTLN 3376		All levied in my name, have in my name	
FTLN 3377		Took their discharge.	
FTLN 3378	REGAN	My sickness grows upon me.	
	ALBANY		
FTLN 3379		She is not well. Convey her to my tent.	
		「 <i>Regan is helped to exit.</i> 」	
		<i>Enter a Herald.</i>	
FTLN 3380		Come hither, herald. Let the trumpet sound,	130
FTLN 3381		And read out this. 「 <i>He hands the Herald a paper.</i> 」	
FTLN 3382	<CAPTAIN	Sound, trumpet!>	
		<i>A trumpet sounds.</i>	
	HERALD	<i>reads.</i>	
FTLN 3383		<i>If any man of quality or degree, within the lists of the</i>	
FTLN 3384		<i>army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of</i>	
FTLN 3385		<i>Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him</i>	135
FTLN 3386		<i>appear by the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in</i>	
FTLN 3387		<i>his defense.</i> [First trumpet 「 <i>sounds.</i> 」	
FTLN 3388	HERALD	Again! Second trumpet 「 <i>sounds.</i> 」	
FTLN 3389	HERALD	Again! Third trumpet 「 <i>sounds.</i> 」	
		<i>Trumpet answers within.</i>]	
		<i>Enter Edgar armed.</i>	

	ALBANY, <i>['to Herald']</i>	
FTLN 3390	Ask him his purposes, why he appears	140
FTLN 3391	Upon this call o' th' trumpet.	
FTLN 3392	HERALD	What are you?
FTLN 3393	Your name, your quality, and why you answer	
FTLN 3394	This present summons?	
FTLN 3395	EDGAR	Know my name is lost,
FTLN 3396	By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit.	145
FTLN 3397	Yet am I noble as the adversary	
FTLN 3398	I come to cope.	
FTLN 3399	ALBANY	Which is that adversary?
	EDGAR	
FTLN 3400	What's he that speaks for Edmund, Earl of	150
FTLN 3401	Gloucester?	
	EDMUND	
FTLN 3402	Himself. What sayest thou to him?	
FTLN 3403	EDGAR	Draw thy sword,
FTLN 3404	That if my speech offend a noble heart,	
FTLN 3405	Thy arm may do thee justice. Here is mine.	155
		<i>['He draws his sword.']</i>
FTLN 3406	Behold, it is my privilege, the privilege of mine	
FTLN 3407	honors,	
FTLN 3408	My oath, and my profession. I protest,	
FTLN 3409	Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,	
FTLN 3410	⟨Despite⟩ thy victor-sword and fire-new fortune,	160
FTLN 3411	Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a traitor,	
FTLN 3412	False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father,	
FTLN 3413	Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince,	
FTLN 3414	And from th' extremest upward of thy head	
FTLN 3415	To the descent and dust below thy foot,	165
FTLN 3416	A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou "no,"	
FTLN 3417	This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent	
FTLN 3418	To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,	
FTLN 3419	Thou liest.	
FTLN 3420	EDMUND	In wisdom I should ask thy name,
FTLN 3421	But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,	170

FTLN 3422	And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,	
FTLN 3423	[What safe and nicely I might well delay]	
FTLN 3424	By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.	
FTLN 3425	Back do I toss these treasons to thy head,	175
FTLN 3426	With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart,	
FTLN 3427	Which, for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,	
FTLN 3428	This sword of mine shall give them instant way,	
FTLN 3429	Where they shall rest forever. Trumpets, speak!	
	<i>He draws his sword. Alarums. Fights.</i>	
	<i>Edmund falls, wounded.</i>	
	ALBANY, <i>to Edgar</i>	
FTLN 3430	Save him, save him!	180
FTLN 3431	GONERIL This is practice, Gloucester.	
FTLN 3432	By th' law of war, thou wast not bound to answer	
FTLN 3433	An unknown opposite. Thou art not vanquished,	
FTLN 3434	But cozened and beguiled.	
FTLN 3435	ALBANY Shut your mouth, dame,	185
FTLN 3436	Or with this paper shall I <i>stopple</i> it.—Hold, sir.—	
FTLN 3437	Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil.	
FTLN 3438	No tearing, lady. I perceive you know it.	
	GONERIL	
FTLN 3439	Say if I do; the laws are mine, not thine.	
FTLN 3440	Who can arraign me for 't?	190
FTLN 3441	ALBANY Most monstrous! O!	
FTLN 3442	Know'st thou this paper?	
FTLN 3443	<i>GONERIL</i> Ask me not what I know.	
	<i>She exits.</i>	
	ALBANY	
FTLN 3444	Go after her, she's desperate. Govern her.	
	<i>A Soldier exits.</i>	
	EDMUND, <i>to Edgar</i>	
FTLN 3445	What you have charged me with, that have I done,	195
FTLN 3446	And more, much more. The time will bring it out.	
FTLN 3447	'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou	
FTLN 3448	That hast this fortune on me? If thou 'rt noble,	
FTLN 3449	I do forgive thee.	

FTLN 3450	EDGAR	Let's exchange charity.	200
FTLN 3451		I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;	
FTLN 3452		If more, the more th' hast wronged me.	
FTLN 3453		My name is Edgar and thy father's son.	
FTLN 3454		The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices	
FTLN 3455		Make instruments to plague us.	205
FTLN 3456		The dark and vicious place where thee he got	
FTLN 3457		Cost him his eyes.	
FTLN 3458	EDMUND	Th' hast spoken right. 'Tis true.	
FTLN 3459		The wheel is come full circle; I am here.	
	ALBANY, <i>[to Edgar]</i>		
FTLN 3460		Methought thy very gait did prophesy	210
FTLN 3461		A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee.	
FTLN 3462		Let sorrow split my heart if ever I	
FTLN 3463		Did hate thee or thy father!	
FTLN 3464	EDGAR	Worthy prince, I know 't.	
FTLN 3465	ALBANY	Where have you hid yourself?	215
FTLN 3466		How have you known the miseries of your father?	
	EDGAR		
FTLN 3467		By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale,	
FTLN 3468		And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!	
FTLN 3469		The bloody proclamation to escape	
FTLN 3470		That followed me so near—O, our lives' sweetness,	220
FTLN 3471		That we the pain of death would hourly die	
FTLN 3472		Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift	
FTLN 3473		Into a madman's rags, t' assume a semblance	
FTLN 3474		That very dogs disdained, and in this habit	
FTLN 3475		Met I my father with his bleeding rings,	225
FTLN 3476		Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,	
FTLN 3477		Led him, begged for him, saved him from despair.	
FTLN 3478		Never—O fault!—revealed myself unto him	
FTLN 3479		Until some half hour past, when I was armed.	
FTLN 3480		Not sure, though hoping of this good success,	230
FTLN 3481		I asked his blessing, and from first to last	
FTLN 3482		Told him our pilgrimage. But his flawed heart	
FTLN 3483		(Alack, too weak the conflict to support)	

FTLN 3484	'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,	
FTLN 3485	Burst smilingly.	235
FTLN 3486	EDMUND	This speech of yours hath moved me,
FTLN 3487		And shall perchance do good. But speak you on.
FTLN 3488		You look as you had something more to say.
	ALBANY	
FTLN 3489		If there be more, more woeful, hold it in,
FTLN 3490		For I am almost ready to dissolve,
FTLN 3491		Hearing of this.
FTLN 3492	⟨EDGAR	This would have seemed a period
FTLN 3493		To such as love not sorrow; but another,
FTLN 3494		To amplify too much, would make much more
FTLN 3495		And top extremity. Whilst I
FTLN 3496		Was big in clamor, came there in a man
FTLN 3497		Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
FTLN 3498		Shunned my abhorred society; but then, finding
FTLN 3499		Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong arms
FTLN 3500		He fastened on my neck and bellowed out
FTLN 3501		As he'd burst heaven, threw 「him」 on my father,
FTLN 3502		Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
FTLN 3503		That ever ear received, which, in recounting,
FTLN 3504		His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
FTLN 3505		Began to crack. Twice then the trumpets sounded,
FTLN 3506		And there I left him tranced.
FTLN 3507	ALBANY	But who was this?
	EDGAR	
FTLN 3508		Kent, sir, the banished Kent, who in disguise
FTLN 3509		Followed his enemy king and did him service
FTLN 3510		Improper for a slave.⟩
		260
		<i>Enter a Gentleman ⟨with a bloody knife.⟩</i>
FTLN 3511	GENTLEMAN	Help, help, O, help!
FTLN 3512	EDGAR	What kind of help?
FTLN 3513	[ALBANY, 「to Gentleman」	Speak, man!]
FTLN 3514	EDGAR	What means this bloody knife?

	GENTLEMAN	
FTLN 3515	'Tis hot, it smokes! It came even from the heart	265
FTLN 3516	Of—O, she's dead!	
FTLN 3517	ALBANY Who dead? Speak, man.	
	GENTLEMAN	
FTLN 3518	Your lady, sir, your lady. And her sister	
FTLN 3519	By her is poisoned. She confesses it.	
	EDMUND	
FTLN 3520	I was contracted to them both. All three	270
FTLN 3521	Now marry in an instant.	
FTLN 3522	[EDGAR Here comes Kent.	
	<i>Enter Kent.]</i>	
	ALBANY, <i>['to the Gentleman']</i>	
FTLN 3523	Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.	
	<i>['Gentleman exits.']</i>	
FTLN 3524	This judgment of the heavens, that makes us	
FTLN 3525	tremble,	275
FTLN 3526	Touches us not with pity. O, is this he?	
FTLN 3527	<i>['To Kent.']</i> The time will not allow the compliment	
FTLN 3528	Which very manners urges.	
FTLN 3529	KENT I am come	
FTLN 3530	To bid my king and master aye goodnight.	280
FTLN 3531	Is he not here?	
FTLN 3532	ALBANY Great thing of us forgot!	
FTLN 3533	Speak, Edmund, where's the King? And where's	
FTLN 3534	Cordelia?	
	<i>Goneril and Regan's bodies brought out.</i>	
FTLN 3535	Seest thou this object, Kent?	285
FTLN 3536	KENT Alack, why thus?	
FTLN 3537	EDMUND Yet Edmund was beloved.	
FTLN 3538	The one the other poisoned for my sake,	
FTLN 3539	And after slew herself.	
FTLN 3540	ALBANY Even so.—Cover their faces.	290
	EDMUND	
FTLN 3541	I pant for life. Some good I mean to do	

FTLN 3542	Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send—	
FTLN 3543	Be brief in it—to th' castle, for my writ	
FTLN 3544	Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia.	
FTLN 3545	Nay, send in time.	295
FTLN 3546	ALBANY Run, run, O, run!	
	EDGAR	
FTLN 3547	To who, my lord? <i>['To Edmund.']</i> Who has the office?	
FTLN 3548	Send	
FTLN 3549	Thy token of reprieve.	
	EDMUND	
FTLN 3550	Well thought on. Take my sword. Give it the	300
FTLN 3551	Captain.	
FTLN 3552	EDGAR, <i>['to a Soldier']</i> Haste thee for thy life.	
	<i>['The Soldier exits with Edmund's sword.']</i>	
	EDMUND, <i>['to Albany']</i>	
FTLN 3553	He hath commission from thy wife and me	
FTLN 3554	To hang Cordelia in the prison, and	
FTLN 3555	To lay the blame upon her own despair,	305
FTLN 3556	That she fordid herself.	
	ALBANY	
FTLN 3557	The gods defend her!—Bear him hence awhile.	
	<i>['Edmund is carried off.']</i>	
	<i>Enter Lear with Cordelia in his arms,</i>	
	<i>['followed by a Gentleman.']</i>	
	LEAR	
FTLN 3558	Howl, howl, howl! O, <i><you></i> are men of stones!	
FTLN 3559	Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so	
FTLN 3560	That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone	310
FTLN 3561	forever.	
FTLN 3562	I know when one is dead and when one lives.	
FTLN 3563	She's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking glass.	
FTLN 3564	If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,	
FTLN 3565	Why, then she lives.	315
FTLN 3566	KENT Is this the promised end?	
	EDGAR	
FTLN 3567	Or image of that horror?	

FTLN 3568	ALBANY	Fall and cease.	
	LEAR		
FTLN 3569		This feather stirs. She lives. If it be so,	
FTLN 3570		It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows	320
FTLN 3571		That ever I have felt.	
FTLN 3572	KENT	O, my good master—	
	LEAR		
FTLN 3573		Prithee, away.	
FTLN 3574	EDGAR	'Tis noble Kent, your friend.	
	LEAR		
FTLN 3575		A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!	325
FTLN 3576		I might have saved her. Now she's gone forever.—	
FTLN 3577		Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!	
FTLN 3578		What is 't thou sayst?—Her voice was ever soft,	
FTLN 3579		Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.	
FTLN 3580		I killed the slave that was a-hanging thee.	330
	GENTLEMAN		
FTLN 3581		'Tis true, my lords, he did.	
FTLN 3582	LEAR	Did I not, fellow?	
FTLN 3583		I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion	
FTLN 3584		I would have made him skip. I am old now,	
FTLN 3585		And these same crosses spoil me. <i>['To Kent.']</i> Who	335
FTLN 3586		are you?	
FTLN 3587		Mine eyes are not o' th' best. I'll tell you straight.	
	KENT		
FTLN 3588		If Fortune brag of two she loved and hated,	
FTLN 3589		One of them we behold.	
	LEAR		
FTLN 3590		This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?	340
FTLN 3591	KENT	The same,	
FTLN 3592		Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?	
	LEAR		
FTLN 3593		He's a good fellow, I can tell you that.	
FTLN 3594		He'll strike and quickly too. He's dead and rotten.	
	KENT		
FTLN 3595		No, my good lord, I am the very man—	345

FTLN 3596	LEAR	I'll see that straight.	
	KENT		
FTLN 3597		That from your first of difference and decay	
FTLN 3598		Have followed your sad steps.	
FTLN 3599	LEAR	「You」 are welcome	
FTLN 3600		hither.	350
	KENT		
FTLN 3601		Nor no man else. All's cheerless, dark, and deadly.	
FTLN 3602		Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,	
FTLN 3603		And desperately are dead.	
FTLN 3604	LEAR	Ay, so I think.	
	ALBANY		
FTLN 3605		He knows not what he says, and vain is it	355
FTLN 3606		That we present us to him.	
FTLN 3607	EDGAR	Very bootless.	
		<i>Enter a Messenger.</i>	
FTLN 3608	MESSENGER	Edmund is dead, my lord.	
FTLN 3609	ALBANY	That's but a trifle here.—	
FTLN 3610		You lords and noble friends, know our intent:	360
FTLN 3611		What comfort to this great decay may come	
FTLN 3612		Shall be applied. For us, we will resign,	
FTLN 3613		During the life of this old Majesty,	
FTLN 3614		To him our absolute power; you to your rights,	
FTLN 3615		With boot and such addition as your Honors	365
FTLN 3616		Have more than merited. All friends shall taste	
FTLN 3617		The wages of their virtue, and all foes	
FTLN 3618		The cup of their deservings. O, see, see!	
	LEAR		
FTLN 3619		And my poor fool is hanged. No, no, no life?	
FTLN 3620		Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,	370
FTLN 3621		And thou no breath at all? Thou 'lt come no more,	
FTLN 3622		Never, never, never, never, never.—	
FTLN 3623		Pray you undo this button. Thank you, sir.	
FTLN 3624		[Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,	
FTLN 3625		Look there, look there!	<i>He dies.</i> 375

FTLN 3626 EDGAR He faints. *「To Lear.」* My lord,
 FTLN 3627 my lord!

KENT
 FTLN 3628 Break, heart, I prithee, break!

FTLN 3629 EDGAR Look up, my lord.
 KENT

FTLN 3630 Vex not his ghost. O, let him pass! He hates him 380
 FTLN 3631 That would upon the rack of this tough world
 FTLN 3632 Stretch him out longer.

FTLN 3633 EDGAR He is gone indeed.
 KENT

FTLN 3634 The wonder is he hath endured so long.
 FTLN 3635 He but usurped his life. 385

ALBANY
 FTLN 3636 Bear them from hence. Our present business
 FTLN 3637 Is general woe. *「To Edgar and Kent.」* Friends of my
 FTLN 3638 soul, you twain
 FTLN 3639 Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.

KENT
 FTLN 3640 I have a journey, sir, shortly to go; 390
 FTLN 3641 My master calls me. I must not say no.

EDGAR
 FTLN 3642 The weight of this sad time we must obey,
 FTLN 3643 Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
 FTLN 3644 The oldest hath borne most; we that are young
 FTLN 3645 Shall never see so much nor live so long. 395

They exit with a dead march.
