

M. William Shak-sppeare:

HIS

True Chronicle Historie of the life and
death of King L E A R and his three
Daughters.

*With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne
and heire to the Earle of Gloster, and his
fullen and assumed humor of
TOM of Bedlam :-*

*As it was played before the Kings Maiestie at Whitehall vpon
S. Stephans night in Christmas Hollidayes.*

By his Maiesties seruants playing vsually at the Gloabe
on the Bancke-side.



L O N D O N,

Printed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls
Church-yard at the signe of the Pide Bull neere
St. Austins Gate. 1608



M. William Shak-speare

HIS Historie, of King Lear.

Enter Kent, Gloster, and Bastard.

I.i.

Kent.



Thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany then Cornwall.

Gloft. It did all waies seeme so to vs, but now in the diuision of the kingdomes, it appeares not which of the Dukes he values most, for equalities are so weighed, that curiositie in neither, can make choise of eithers moytie.

Kent. Is not this your sonne my Lord?

Gloft. His breeding fir hath beene at my charge, I haue so often blusht to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to it.

Kent. I cannot conceiue you.

Gloft. Sir, this young fellowes mother Could, wherupon shee grew round wombed, and had indeed Sir a sonne for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed, doe you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault vndone, the issue of it being so proper.

Gloft. But I haue fir a sonne by order of Law, some yeare elder then this, who yet is no deerer in my account, though this knaue came something sawcely into the world before hee was 'out for, yet was his mother faire, there was good sport at his making & the whore son must be acknowledged, do you know this noble gentleman *Edmund*?

B

Bast.

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Bast. No my Lord.

Gloſt. My Lord of Kent, remember him hereafter as my honorable friend..

Bast. My ſeruices to your Lordſhip.

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

Bast. Sir I ſhall ſtudy deſeruing.

Gloſt. Hee hath beene our nineyeanes, and away hee ſhall againe, the King is coming.

Sound a Sennet, Enter one bearing a Coronet, then Lear, then the Dukes of Albany, and Cornwell, next Gonorill, Regan, Cordelia, with followers.

Lear. Attend my Lords of France and Burgundy, *Gloſter.*

Gloſt. I ſhall my Leige.

Lear. Meane time we will expreſſe our darker purpoſes, The map there; know we haue diuided

In three, our kingdome; and tis our firſt intent,

To ſhake all cares and buſines of our ſtate,

Confirming them on yonger yeares,

The two great Princes *France* and *Burgundy*,

Great ryuals in our youngſt daughters loue,

Long in our Court haue made their amorous ſoiourne,

And here are to be anſwerd, tell me my daughters,

Which of you ſhall we ſay doth loue vs moſt,

That we our largeſt bountie may extend,

Where merit doth moſt challenge it,

Gonorill our eldeſt borne, ſpeake firſt?

Gon. Sir I do loue you more then words can weild the Dearer then eye-ſight, ſpace or libertie, (inatter,

Beyond what can be valued rich or rare,

No leſſe then life; with grace, health, beautie, honour,

As much a child ere loued, or father friend,

A loue that makes breath poore, and ſpeech vnable,

Beyond all manner of ſo much I loue you.

Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* doe, loue and be ſilent.

Lear. Of al theſe bounds, euen from this line to this,

With ſhady forreſts, and wide ſkirted meades,

We make thee Lady, to thine and *Albaines* iſſue,

Be this perpetuall, what ſaies our ſecond daughter?

Our

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Our deereſt *Regan*, wife to *Cornwell*, ſpeake:

Reg. Sir I am made of the ſelfe ſame mettall that my ſiſter is,
And prize me at her worth in my true heart,
I find ſhe names my very deed of loue, onely ſhe came ſhort,
That I profeſſe my ſelfe an enemy to all other ioyes,
Which the moſt precious ſquare offence poſſeſſes,
And find I am alone felicitate, in your deere highnes loue.

Cord. Then poore *Cord.* & yet not ſo, ſince I am ſure
My loues more richer then my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditarie euer
Remaine this ample third of our faire kingdome,
No leſſe in ſpace, validity, and pleaſure,
Then that confirm'd on *Gonorill*, but now our ioy,
Although the laſt, not leaſt in our deere loue,
What can you ſay to win a third, more opulent
Then your ſiſters.

Cord. Nothing my Lord. (againe.

Lear. How, nothing can come of nothing, ſpeake

Cord. Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue my heart into my
mouth, I loue your Maieſtie according to my bond, nor more nor
leſſe.

Lear. Goe to, goe to, mend your ſpeech a little,
Leaſt it may mar your fortunes.

Cord. Good my Lord,
You haue begot me, bred me, loued me,
I returne thoſe duties backe as are right fit,
Obey you, loue you, and moſt honour you,
Why haue my ſiſters huſbands if they ſay they loue you all,
Happely when I ſhall wed, that Lord whoſe hand
Muſt take my plight, ſhall cary halfe my loue with him,
Halfe my care and duty, ſure I ſhall neuer
Mary like my ſiſters, to loue my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cord. I good my Lord.

Lear. So yong and ſo vtender.

Cord. So yong my Lord and true.

Lear. Well let it be ſo, thy truth then be thy dower,
For by the ſacred radiance of the Sunne,

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The mistresse of *Heccar*, and the might,
 By all the operation of the orbs,
 From whence we doe exist and cease to be
 Heere I disclaime all my paternall care,
 Propinquitie and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me
 Hould thee from this for euer, the barbarous *Scythian*,
 Or he that makes his generation
 Messes to gorge his appetite
 Shall bee as well neighbour'd, pittied and relieued
 As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege. (his wrath,

Lear. Peace *Kent*, come not between the Dragon &
 I lou'd her most, and thought to set my rest
 On her kind nurcery, hence and auoide my fight?
 So be my graue my peace as here I giue,
 Her fathers heart from her, call *France*, who stures?
 Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwell*, and *Albany*,
 With my two daughters dower digest this third,
 Let pride, which she calls plainnes, marrie her:
 I doe inuest you iointly in my powre,
 Prehemineunce, and all the large effects
 That troope with Maiestie, our selfe by monthly course
 With reseruatiou of an hundred knights,
 By you to be sustayn'd, shall our abode
 Make with you by due turnes, onely we still retaine
 The name and all the addicions to a King,
 The sway, reuenuue, execution of the rest,
 Beloued sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
 This Coronet part betwixt you.

Kent. Royall *Lear*,
 Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,
 Loued as my Father, as my maister followed,
 As my great patron thought on in my prayers.

Lear. The bow is bēt & drawen make from the shaft,

Kent. Let it fall rather,
 Though the forke inuade the region of my heart,
 Be *Kent* vnmanly when *Lear* is man,

What

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I.i

What wilt thou doe ould man, think'st thou that dutie
Shall haue dread to speake, when power to flatterie bowes,
To plainnes honours bound when Maiesty stoops to folly,
Reuerse thy doome, and in thy best consideration
Checke this hideous rashnes, answere my life
My iudgement, thy yongest daughter does not loue thee least,
Nor are those empty harted whose low, sound
Reuerbs no hollownes.

Lear. Kent on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I neuer held but as a pawne
To wage against thy enemies, nor feare to lose it
Thy safety being the motiue.

Lear. Out of my fight.

Kent. See better *Lear* and let me still remaine,
The true blanke of thine eye.

Lear. Now by *Appollo*,

Kent. Now by *Appollo* King thou swearest thy Gods

Lear. Vassall, recreant, (in vaine.

Kent. Doe, kill thy Phyficion,
And the fee bestow vpon the foule disease,
Reuoke thy doome, or whilst I can vent clamour
From my throat, ile tell thee thou dost euill.

Lear. Heare me, on thy allegiance heare me?
Sincethou hast sought to make vs breake our vow,
Which we durst neuer yet; and with straid pride,
To come betweene our sentence and our powre,
Which nor our nature nor our place can beare,
Our potency made good, take thy reward,
Foure dayes we doe allot thee for prouision,
To shield thee from diseases of the world,
And on the fift to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our kingdome, if on the tenth day following,
Thy banishat truncke be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death, away, by *Jupiter*
This shall not be reuokt. (appeare,

Kent. Why fare thee well king, since thus thou wilt
Friendship liues hence, and banishment is here,
The Gods to their protection take the maide,

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That rightly thinks, and hast most iustly said,
 And your large speeches may your deedes approue,
 That good effects may spring from wordes of loue:
 Thus *Kent* O Princes, bids you all adew,
 Heele shape his old course in a countrie new.

190

Enter France and Burgundie with Gloster.

Gloster. Heers *France* and *Burgundie* my noble Lord.

†

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Lear. My L. of *Burgundie*, we first addres towards you,
 Who with a King hath riuall for our daughter,
 What in the least will you require in present
 Dower with her, or cease your quest of loue?

Burg. Royall maiesty, I craue no more then what
 Your highnes offered, nor will you tender lesse? (vs

198

Lear. Right noble *Burgundie*, when she was deere to
 We did hold her so, but now her prise is fallen,
 Sir there she stands, if ought within that little
 Seeming substance, or al of it with our displeasure pecc't,
 And nothing else may fely like your grace,
 Shees there, and she is yours.

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Burg. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir will you with those infirmities she owes,
 Vnfriended, new adoped to our hate,
 Couered with our curse, and stranger'd with our oth,
 Take her or leaue her.

206

Burg. Pardon me royall sir, election makes not vp
 On such conditions. (me

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Lear. Then leaue her sir, for by the powre that made
 I tell you all her wealth, for you great King,
 I would not from your loue make such a stray,
 To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you,
 To auert your liking a more worthier way,
 Then on a wretch whome nature is ashamed
 Almost to acknowledge hers.

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Fra. This is most strange, that she, that euen but now
 Was your best obiekt, the argument of your praise,
 Balme of your age, most best, most deereft,
 Should in this trice of time commit a thing,
 So monstrous to disanantell so many foulds of fauour,

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Li.

Sure her offence must be of such vnnaturall degree,
That monsters it, or you for voucht affections
Falne into taint, which to beleue of her
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Could neuer plant in me.

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Cord. I yet beseech your Maiestie,
If for I want that glib and oylie Art,
To speake and purpose not, since what I well intend
Ile do't before I speake, that you may know
It is no vicious blot, murder or foulness,
No vnclane action or dishonord step
That hath depriu'd me of your grace and fauour,
But euen for want of that, for which I am rich,
A still solliciting eye, and such a tongue,
As I am glad I haue. not, though not to haue it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

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Leir. Go to, go to, better thou hadst not bin borne,
Then not to haue pleas'd me better.

Fran. Is it no more but this, a tardines in nature,
That often leaues the historie vnspoke that it intends to
My Lord of *Burgundie*, what say you to the Lady? (do,
Loue is not loue when it is mingled with respects that
Aloofe from the intire point wil you haue her? (stands
She is her selfe and dowre,

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Burg. Royall *Leir*, giue but that portion
Which your selfe proposd, and here I take *Cordelia*
By the hand, Dutches of *Burgundie*,

Leir. Nothing, I haue sworne.

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Burg. I am sory then you haue so lost a father,
That you must loose a husband.

Cord. Peace be with *Burgundie*, since that respects
Offortune are his loue, I shall not be his wife.

250

Fran. Fairest *Cordelia* that art most rich being poore,
Most choise forsaken, and most loued despis'd,
Thee and thy vertues here I ceaze vpon,
Be it lawfull I take vp whats cast away,
Gods, Gods! tis strange, that from their couldst neglect,
My loue should kindle to inflam'd respect,

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Thy

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Thy dowreles daughter King throwne to thy chance,
Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France* :
Not all the Dukes in warrish *Burgundie*,
Shall buy this vnprizd precious maide of me,
Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though vnkind
Thou loofest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her *France*, let her be thine,
For we haue no such daughter, nor shall euer see
That face of hers againe, therefore be gone, (*Burgndy.*
Without our grace, our loue, our benizon? come noble
Exit Lear and Burgundie.

Fran. Bid farewell to your sisters?

Cord. The iewels of our father, (you are,
With washt eyes *Cordelia* leaues you, I know you what
And like a sister am most loath to call your faults
As they are named, vse well our Father,
To your professed bosoms I commit him,
But yet alas stood I within his grace,
I would preferre him to a better place:
So farewell to you both?

Gonorill. Prescribe not vs our duties?

Regan. Let your study be to content your Lord,
Who hath receaued you at Fortunes almes,
You haue obedience scanted,
And well are worth the worth that you haue wanted.

Cord. Time that vnfold what pleated cūning hides,
Who couers faults, at last shame them derides :
Well may you prosper.

Fran. Come faire *Cordelia*? *Exit France & Cord.*

Gonor. Sister, it is not a little I haue to say,
Of what most neerely appertaines to vs both,
I thinke our father will hence to night.

Reg. Thats most certaine, and with you, next moneth with vs.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is the obseruation we
haue made of it hath nor bin little; hee alwaies loued our sister
most, and with what poore iudgement hee hath now cast her
off, appears too grosse.

Reg. Tis the infirmities of his age, yet hee hath euer but slenderly.

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derly knowne himselfe.

Gono. The best and foundest of his time hath bin but rash, then must we looke to receiue from his age not alone the imperfection of long ingrafted condition, but therewithal vnruely waywardnes, that infirme and cholericke yeares bring with them.

Rag. Such vnconstant starts are we like to haue from him, as this of *Kent*s banishment.

Gono. There is further complement of leaue taking betweene *France* and him, pray lets hit together, if our Father cary authority with such dispositions as he beares, this last surrender of his, will but offend vs,

Ragan. We shall further thinke on't.

Gon. We must doe something, and it's heate.

Exeunt.

Enter Bastard Solus.

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+

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I.ii.

Bast. Thou Nature art my Goddesse, to thy law my seruices are bound, wherefore should I stand in the plague of custome, and permit the curiositie of nations to depriue me, for that I am some twelue or 14. mooneshines lag of a brother, why bastard? wherefore base, when my demeritions are as well compact, my mind as generous, and my shape as true as honest madams issue, why brand they vs with base, base bastardie? who in the lusty stealth of nature, take more composition and feirce quality, then doth within a stale dull lyed bed, goe to the creating of a whole tribe of fops got twetene a sleepe and wake; well the legitimate *Edgar*, I must haue your land, our Fathers loue is to the bastard *Edmund*, as to the legitimate, well my legitimate, if this letter speede, and my inuention thriue, *Edmund* the base shall tooth legitimate: I grow, I prosper, now Gods stand vp for Bastards.

4

8

12

+

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20

Enter Gloster.

Gloft. *Kent* banisht thus, and *France* in choller parted, and the King gone to night, subscribed his power, confined to exhibition, all this donne vpon the gadde; *Edmund* how now what newes?

24

Bast. So please your Lordship, none.

Gloft. Why so earnestly seeke you to put vp that letter?

28

Bast. I know no newes my Lord.

Gloft. What paper were you reading?

Bast. Nothing my Lord,

C

Gloft.

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Gloſt. No, what needes then that terrible diſpatch of it into your pocket, the qualitie of nothing hath not ſuch need to hide it ſelfe, lets ſee, come if it bee nothing I ſhall not neede ſpectacles.

36

Bas. I beſeech you Sir pardon me, it is a letter from my brother, that I haue not all ore read, for ſo much as I haue peruſed, I find it not fit for your liking.

40

Gloſt. Giue me the letter fir.

44

Bas. I ſhall offend either to detain or giue it, the contents as in part I vnderſtand them, are too blame.

Gloſt. Lets ſee, lets ſee ?

Bas. I hope for my brothers iuſtification, he wrot this but as an eſſay, or taſt of my vertue.

48

A Letter.

Gloſt. This policie of age makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times, keepes our fortunes from vs till our oldnes cannot reliſh them, I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny, who ſwaies not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffered, come to me, that of this I may ſpeake more, if our father would ſleepe till I wakt him, you ſhould inioy halfe his reueneu for euer, and liue the beloued of your brother *Edgar.*

52

56

Hum, conſpiracie, ſlept till I wakt him, you ſhould enioy halfe his reueneu, my ſonne *Edgar*, had hee a hand to write this, a hart, and braine to breed it in, when came this to you, who brought it ?

60

Bas. It was not brought me my Lord, ther's the cunning of it, I found it throwne in at the caſement of my cloſet.

64

Gloſt. You know the Character to be your brothers ?

68

Bas. If the matter were good, my Lord I durſt ſweare it were his but in reſpect, of that I would faine thinke it were not,

+

Gloſt. It is his ?

72

Bas. It is his hand my Lord, but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

76

Gloſt. Hath he neuer heretofore ſounded you in this buſines ?

Bas. Neuer my Lord, but I haue often heard him maintaine it to be fit, that ſons at perfit age, & fathers declining, his father ſhould be as ward to the ſonne, and the ſonne mannage the reueneu.

Gloſt.

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Gloſt. O villaine, villaine, his very opinion in the letter, abhorred villaine, vnnaturall deteſted brutiſh villaine, worſe then brutiſh, go ſir ſeeke him, I apprehend him, abhominable villaine where is he?

Baſt. I doe not well know my Lord, if it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my brother, til you can deriue from him better teſtimony of this intent: you ſhould run a certaine courſe, where if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your owne honour, & ſhake in peeces the heart of his obedience, I dare pawn downe my life for him, he hath wrote this to feele my affection to your honour, and to no further pretence of danger.

Gloſt. Thinke you ſo?

Baſt. If your honour iudge it meete, I will place you where you ſhall heare vs conferre of this, and by an auricular aſſurance haue your ſatiſfaction, and that without any further delay then this very euening.

Gloſt. He cannot be ſuch a monſter.

Baſt. Nor is not ſure.

Gloſt. To his father, that ſo tenderly and intirely loues him, heauen and earth! *Edmund* ſeeke him out, wind mee into him, I pray you frame your buſines after your own wiſedome, I would vniſtate my ſelfe to be in a due reſolution.

Baſt. I ſhall ſeeke him ſir preſently, conuey the buſineſſe as I ſhall ſee meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Gloſt. Theſe late eclipses in the Sunne and Moone portend no good to vs, though the wiſedome of nature can reaſon thus and thus, yet nature finds it ſelfe ſcourg'd by the ſequent effects, loue cooles, friendſhip ſals off, brothers diuide, in Citties mutinies, in Countreies diſcords, Pallaces treaſon, the bond crackt betweene ſonne and father, find out this villaine *Edmund*, it ſhal looſe thee nothing, doe it carefully, and the noble and true harted *Kent* baniſht, his offence honeſt, ſtrange ſtrange!

Baſt. This is the excellent fopperry of the world, that when we are ſicke in Fortune, often the ſurfeit of our owne behauiour, we make guilkie of our diſaſters, the Sunne, the Moone, and the Starres, as if we were Villaines by neceſſitie, Fooles by heauenly compulſion, Knaues, Theeues, and Trecherers by ſpirituall

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Enter Edgar

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predominance, Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an enforced obedience of planitary influence, and all that wee are euill in, by a diuine thrusting on, an admirable euasion of whoremaster man, to lay his gotilish disposition to the charge of Starres: my Father compounded with my Mother vnder the Dragons taile, and my natiuitie was vnder *Vrsa maior*, so that it followes, I am rough and lecherous, Fut, I should haue beene that I am, had the maidenlest starre of the Firmament twinckled on my bastardy

Edgar; and out hee comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comedy, mine is villanous melancholy, with a fith like them of Bedlam; O these eclipses doe portend these diuisions.

Edgar. How now brother *Edmund*, what serious contemplation are you in?

152

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

Edg. Doe you busie your selfe about that?

156

Bast. I promise you the effects he writ of, succeed unhappily, as of vnnaturalnesse betweene the child and the parent, death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities, diuisions in state, menaces and maledictions against King and nobles, needles diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of Cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

164

Edg. How long haue you beene a sectary Astronomicall?

Bast. Come, come, when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gon by.

Bast. Spake you with him?

170

Edg. Two houres together.

Bast. Parted you in good tearmes? found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

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Bast. Bethinke your selfe wherein you may haue offended him, and at my intreatie, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief, of your parson it would scarce allay.

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Edg. Some villaine hath done me wrong.

184, 188

Bast. Thats my feare brother, I aduise you to the best, goe arm'd, I am no honest man if there bee any good meaning towards

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wards you, I haue told you what I haue seene & heard, but faintly,
nothing like the image and horror of it, pray you away :

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon?

Bast. I doe serue you in this busines :

Exit Edgar

A credulous Father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so farre from doing harmes,
That he suspects none, on whose foolish honesty
My practises ride easie, I see the busines,
Let me if not by birth, haue lands by wit,
All with me's meete, that I can fashion fit,

Exit.

Enter Gonorill and Gentleman.

Gon. Did my Father strike my gentleman for chiding of his
foole?

Gent. Yes Madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me,
Euery houre he flashes into one grosse crime or other
That sets vs all at odds, ile not indure it,
His Knights grow ryotous, and him selfe obrayds vs,
On euery mistell when he returns from turning,
I will not speake with him, say I am sicke,
If you come slacke of former seruices,
You shall doe well, the fault of it ile answere.

Gent. Hee's coming Madam, I heare him.

Gon. Put on what wearie negligence you please, you and your
fellow seruants, i'de haue it come in question, if he dislike it, let
him to our sister, whose mind and mine I know in that are one,
not to be ouerrul'd; idle old man that still would manage those
authorities that hee hath giuen away, now by my life old fooles
are babes again, & must be vs'd with checkes as flatteries, when
they are seene abused, remember what I tell you.

Gent. Very well Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights haue colder looks among you, what
growes of it no matter, aduise your fellowes so, I would breed
from hence occasions, and I shall, that I may speake, ile write
straight to my sister to hould my very course, goe prepare for
dinner.

Exit.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow, that can my speech
deserue,

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defuse, my good intent may carry through it selfe to that full issue for which I raz'd my likenes, now banisht *Kent*, if thou canst serue where thou dost stand condem'd, thy maister whom thou louest shall find the full of labour.

Enter Lear.

Lear. Let me not stay a iot for dinner, goe get it readie, how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What dost thou professe? what would'st thou with vs?

Kent. I doe professe to be no lesse then I seeme, to serue him truly that will put me in trust, to loue him that is honest, to conuerse with him that is wise, and sayes little, to feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot chuse, and to eate no fishe.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest harted fellow, and as poore as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poore for a subiect, as he is for a King, that's poore enough, what would'st thou?

Kent. Seruice. *Lear.* Who would'st thou serue?

Kent. You. *Lear.* Do'st thou know me fellow?

Kent. No sir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I would faine call Maister.

Lear. Whats that? *Kent.* Authoritie.

Lear. What seruices canst doe?

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

Lear. How old art thou?

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

Lear. Follow mee, thou shalt serue mee, if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet, dinner, ho dinner, wher's my knaue, my foole, goe you and call my foole hether, you sirra, whers my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Steward. So please you,

Lear. What say's the fellow there, call the clat-pole backe, wher's

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Liv.

whers my foole, ho I thinke the world's asleepe, how now,
wher's that mungrel?

Kent. He say's my Lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slaue backe to mee when I cal'd
him?

Servant. Sir, hee answered mee in the roundest maner, hee
would not. *Lear.* A would not?

Servant. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my
iudgemēt, your highnes is not ētertained with that ceremonious
affection as you were wont, ther's a great abatement, apeer's as
well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also,
and your daughter. *Lear.* Ha, say'st thou so?

Servant. I beseech you pardon mee my Lord, if I bemistaken,
for my dutie cannot bee silent, when I thinke your highnesse
wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine owne conception, I
haue perceiued a most faint neglect of late, which I haue rather
blamed as mine owne ielous curiositie, then as a very pretence &
purport of vnkindnesse, I will looke further into't, but wher's
this foole? I haue not seene him this two dayes.

Servant. Since my yong Ladies going into *France* fir, the foole
hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I haue noted it, goe you and tell my
daughtet, I would speake with her, goe you cal hither my foole,
O you fir, you fir, come you hither, who am I fir?

Steward. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies father, my Lords knaue, you horeson dog,
you slaue, you cur.

Stew. I am none of this my Lord, I beseech you pardon me.

Lear. Doe you bandie lookes with me you rascall?

Stew. Ile not be struck my Lord,

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base football player.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow, thou seru'st me, and ile loue thee.

Kent. Come fir ile teach you differences, away, away, if
you will measure your lubbers, length againe tarry, but away,
you haue wisedome.

Lear. Now friendly knaue I thanke thee, their's earnest of
thy seruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole.

52

56

60+

64

68

+
72+

76+

80

84

88

92

96

100+

104

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Foole. Let me hire him too, heer's my coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knaue, how do'st thou?

Foole. Sirra, you were best take my coxcombe.

Kent. Why *Foole*?

Foole. Why for taking on's part, that's out of fauour, nay and thou can'st not smile as the wind fits, thou't catch cold shortly, there take my coxcombe; why this fellow hath banisht two on's daughters, and done the third a blessing against his will, if thou follow him, thou must needs weare my coxcombe, how now nuncle, would I had two coxcombes, and two daughters.

Lear. Why my boy?

Foole. If I gaue them any liuing, id'e keepe my coxcombs my selfe, ther's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heede sirra, the whip.

Foole. Truth is a dog that must to kenell, hee must bee whipt out, when Ladie oth'e brach may stand by the fire and stincke.

Lear. A pestilent gull to mee.

Foole. Sirra ile teach thee a speech. *Lear.* Doe.

Foole. Marke it vnle, haue more then thou shewest, speake lesse then thou knowest, lend lesse then thou owest, ride more then thou goest, learne more then thou trowest, set lesse then thou throwest, leaue thy drinke and thy whore, and keepe in a doore, and thou shalt haue more, then two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing foole.

Foole. Then like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, you gaue me nothing for't, can you make no vse of nothing vnle?

Lear. Why no boy, nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Preeche tell him so much the rent of his land comes to, he will not belecue a foole.

Lear. A bitter foole.

Foole. Doo'st know the difference my boy, betweene a bitter foole, and a sweete foole.

Lear. No lad, teach mee.

Foole. That Lord that counsaill'd thee to giue away thy land, Come place him heere by mee, doe thou for him stand, The sweet and bitter foole will presently appeare, The one in motley here, the other found out there.

Lear. Do'st thou call mee foole boy?

Foole.

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Foole. All thy other Titles thou hast giuen away, tha thou wast borne with.

Kent. This is not altogether foole my Lord.

Foole. No faith, Lords and great men will not let me, if I had a monopolie our, they would haue part an't, and Ladies too, they will not let me haue all the foole to my selfe, they'l be snatching; giue me an egge Nuncke, and ile giue thee two crowne s.

Lear. What two crownes shall they be?

Foole. Why, after I haue cut the egge in the middle and eate vp the meate, the two crownes of the egge; when thou clouest thy crowne i'th middle, and gauest away both parts, thou borest thy asse i'th backe or'e the durt, thou had'st little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gauest thy golden one away, if I speake like my selfe in this, let him be whipt that first finds it so.

Fooles had nere lesse wit in a ycare,
For wise men are growne foppish,
They know not how their wits doe weare,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs sirra?

Foole. I haue vs'd it nuncle, euer since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mother, for when thou gauest them the rod, and put'st downe thine own breeches, then they for sudden ioy did weep, and I for sorrow sung, that such a King should play bo-peepe, and goe the fooles among: prethe Nunckle keepe a schoolemaster that can teach thy foole to lye, I would faine learneto lye.

Lear. And you lye, weeke haue you whipt.

Foole. I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l haue me whipt for speaking true, thou wilt haue mee whipt for lying, and sometime I am whipt for holding my peace, I had rather be any kind of thing then a foole, and yet I would not bee thee Nunckle, thou hast pared thy wit a both sides, & left nothing in the middle, here comes one of the parings.

Enter Gonorill.

Lear. How now daughter, what makes that Frontlet on, Me thinks you are too much alate i'th frowne.

Foole. Thou wast a prettie fellow when thou had'st no need to care for her frowne, now thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a foole, thou art nothing, yes for-

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footh I will hould my tóngue, so your face bids mee, though
you say nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keepes neither crust nor crum,
Wearie of all, shall want some. That's a sheald pefcod.

Gon. Not onely sir this, your all-licene'd foole, but other of
your insolent retinue do hourelly carpe and quarrell, breaking
forth in ranke & (not to be indured riots,) Sir I had thought by
making this well knowne vnto you, to haue found a safe redres,
but now grow fearefull by what your selfe too late haue spoke
and done, that you protect this course, and put on by your al-
lowance, which if you should, the fault would not scape censure;
nor the redresse, sleepe, which in the tender of a wholesome
weale, might in their working doe you that offence, that else
were shame, that then necessiue must call discreet proceedings.

Foole. For you trow nuncle, the hedge sparrow fed the Coo,
kow so long, that it had it head bit off be it young, so out went
the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come sir, I would you would make vse of that good
wisedomewhereof I know you are fraught, and put away these
dispositions, that of late transforme you from what you rightly
are.

Foole. May not an Ass know when the cart drawes the horse,
whoop *Iug* I loue thee.

Lear. Doth any here know mee? why this is not *Lear*, doth
Lear walke thus? speake thus? where are his eyes, either his no-
tion, weaknes, or his discernings are lethergie, sleeping, or wake-
ing; ha! sure tis not so, who is it that can tell me who I am? *Lear's*
shadow? I would learne that, for by the markes of soueraintie,
knowledge, and reason, I should bee false perswaded I had
daughters.

Foole. Which they, will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name faire gentlewoman?

Gon. Come sir, this admiration is much of the fauour of other
your new pranks, I doe beseech you vnderstand my purposes
aright, as you are old and reuerend, should be wise, here do you
keepe a 100. Knights and Squires, men so disordred, so deboyft
and bold, that this our court infested with their manners, shoves
like

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like a riotous Inne, epicurifine, and lust make more like a tauerne
or brothell, then a great pallace, the shame it selfe doth speake
for instant remedie, be thou desired by her, that else will take the
thing sheebegs, a little to disquantitie your traine, and the re-
mainder that shall still depend, to bee such men as may besort
your age, that know themselues and you.

Lear. Darkenes, and Deuils! saddle my horses, call my traine
together, degenerate bastard, ile not trouble thee, yet haue I left
a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people, and your disordred rabble, make
seruants of their betters.

Enter Duke.

Lear. We that too late repent's, O fir, are you come? is it your
will that wee prepare any horses, ingratitude! thou marble har-
ted fiend, more hideous when thou shewest thee in a child, then
the Sea-monster, detested kite, thou list my traine, and men of
choise and rarest parts, that all particulars of dutie knowe, and
in the most exact regard, support the worships of their name, O
most small fault, how vgly did'st thou in *Cordelia* shewe, that
like an engine wrencht my frame of nature from the fixt place,
drew from my heart all loue and added to the gall, O *Lear. Lear!*
beat at this gate that let thy folly in, and thy deere iudgement
out, goe goe, my people?

Duke, My Lord, I am gittles as I am ignorant.

Lear. It may be so my Lord, harke *Nature*, heare deere God-
desse, suspend thy purpose, if thou did'st intend to make this
creature fruitful into her wombe, conuey sterility, drie vp in hir
the organs of increase, and from her derogate body neuer spring
a babe to honour her, if shee must teeme, create her childe of
spleene, that it may liue and bee a thour't disuetur'd torment to
her, let it stampe wrinckles in her brow of youth, with accente
teares, fret channels in her cheeks, turne all her mothers paines
and benefites to laughter and contempt, that shee may feelee, that
she may feelee, how sharper then a serpents tooth it is, to haue a
thanklesse child, goe, goe, my people?

Duke. Now Gods that we adore, whereof comes this!

Gon. Neuer afflict your selfe to know the cause, but let his
disposition haue that scope that dotage giues it.

Lear. What, fiftie of my followers at a clap, within a fortnight?

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Duke. What is the matter sir?

Lear. Ile tell thee, life and death! I am asham'd that thou hast power to shake my manhood thus, that these hot teares that breake from me perforce, should make the worst blasts and fogs vpon the vntented woundings of a fatherscurse, pierce euery sense about the old fond eyes, beweepe this cause againe, ile pluck you out, & you cast with the waters that you make to temper clay, yea, i't come to this? yet haue I left a daughter, whom I am sure is kind and comfortable, when shee shall heare this of thee, with her nailes shee'l flea thy woluishe visage, thou shalt find that ile resume the shape, which thou dost thinke I haue cast off for euer, thou shalt I warrant thee.

Gon. Doe you marke that my Lord?

Duke. I cannot bee so partiall *Gonorill* to the great loue I beare you,

Gon. Come sir no more, you, more knaue then foole, after your master?

Foole. Nunckle *Lear*, Nunckle *Lear*, tary and take the foole with a fox when one has caught her, and such a daughter should sure to the slaughter, if my cap would buy a halter, so the foole followes after.

Gon. What *Oswald*, ho. *Oswald.* Here Madam,

Gon. What haue you writ this letter to my sister?

Osw. Yes Madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse, informe her full of my particular feares, and thereto add such reasons of your owne, as may compact it more, get you gon, & hasten your returne now my Lord, this milkie gentlenes and course of yours though I dislike not, yet vnder pardon y'are much more attaskt for want of wisdome, then praise for harmfull mildnes.

Duke. How farre your eyes may pearce I cannot tell, struiuing to better ought, we marre whats well.

Gon. Nay then. *Duke.* Well, well, the euent, *Exeunt*

Enter Lear.

Lear. Goe you before to *Gloster* with these letters, acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the letter, if your diligence be not speedie, I shall be there before you.

Kent.

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Kent. I will not sleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered your letter. *Exit.*

Foole. If a mans braines where in his heeles, wert not in danger of kibes? *Lear.* I boy.

Foole. Then I prethe be mery, thy wit shal nere goe slipshod.

Lear. Ha ha ha.

Foole. Shalt see thy other daughter will vse thee kindly, for though shees as like this, as a crab is like an apple, yet I con, what I can tel.

Lear. Why what canst thou tell my boy?

Foole. Sheel tast as like this, as a crab doth to a crab, thou canst not tell why ones nose stande in the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why, to keep his eyes on either side's nose, that what a man cannot finell out, a may spie into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Foole. Canst tell how an Oyster makes his shell. *Lear.* No.

Foole. Nor I neither, but I can tell why a snayle has a house.

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why, to put his head in, not to giue it away to his daughter, and leaue his hornies without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature, so kind a father; be my horses readie?

Foole. Thy Asses are gone about them; the reason why the seuen starres are no more then seuen, is a prettie reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Foole. Yes thou wouldst make a good foole.

Lear. To tak't againe perforce, Monster, ingratitude!

Foole. If thou wert my foole Nunckle, id'e haue thee beatē for being old before thy time.

Lear. Hows that?

Foole. Thou shouldst not haue beene old, before thou hadst beenewife.

Lear. O let me not be mad sweet heauen! I would not be mad, keepe me in temper, I would not be mad, are the horses readie?

Seruant. Readie my Lord. *Lear.* Come boy. *Exit.*

Foole. Shee that is maide now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maide long, except things be cut shorter. *Exit*

*The Historie of King Lear.**Enter Bast. and Curan meeting.**Bast.* Saue thee *Curan*.*Curan.* And you Sir, I haue beene with your father, and giuen him notice, that the Duke of *Cornwall* and his Dutches will bee here with him to night.*Bast.* How comes that ?*Curan.* Nay, I know not, you haue heard of the newes abroad, I meane the whispeerd ones, for there are yet but care-bussing arguments.*Bast.* Not, I pray you what are they ?*Curan.* Haue you heard of no likely warres towards, twixt the two Dukes of *Cornwall* and *Albany* ?*Bast.* Not a word.*Curan.* You may then in time, fare you well sir,*Bast.* The Duke be here to night ! the better best, this weaues
Enter Edgar it selfe perforce into my busines, my father hath set gard to take my brother, and I haue one thing of a quesie question, which must aske breefnes and fortune helpe; brother, a word, discend brother I say, my father watches, O flie this place, intelligence is giuen where you are hid, you haue now the good aduantage of the night, haue you not spoken gainst the Duke of *Cornwall* ought, hee's coming hether now in the night, it'h hast, and *Regan* with him, haue you nothing said vpon his partie against the Duke of *Albany*, aduise your---*Edg.* I am sure on't not a word.*Bast.* I heare my father coming, pardon me in crauing, I must draw my sword vpon you, seeme to defend your selfe, now quit you well, yeeld, come before my father, light here, here, flie brother flie, torches, torches, so farwell; some bloud drawne on mee would beget opinion of my more fierce indeuour, I haue seene drunckards doe more then this in sport, father, father, stop, stop, no, helpe !*Enter Glost.**Glost.* Now *Edmund* where is the villaine ?*Bast.* Here stood he in the darke, his sharpe sword out, warbling of wicked charms, coniuring the Moone to stand's auspicious Mistris.
Glost. But where is he ?*Bast.* Looke sir, I bleed.*Glost.* Where is the villaine *Edmund* ?*Bast.*

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II.i

Bast. Fled this way sir, when by no meanes he could.—

Gloſt. Purſue him, go after, by no meanes, what?

Bast. Perſwade me to the murder of your Lordſhip, but that I told him the reuengue Gods, gainſt Paracides did all their thunders bend, ſpoke with how many ſould and ſtrong a bond the child was bound to the father, ſir in a ſine, ſeeing how loathly oppoſite I ſtood, to his vnnaturall purpoſe, with fell motion with his prepared ſword, hee charges home my vnprouided body, lancht mine arme, but when he ſaw my beſt alarumd ſpirits, bould in the quarrels, rights. roud to the encounter, or whether gaſted by the noyſe I made, but ſodainly he fled.

Gloſt. Let him flie farre, not in this land ſhall hee remaine vn-caught and found, diſpatch, the noble Duke my maiſter, my worthy Arch and Patron, comes to night, by his authoriſie I will proclaime it, that he which finds him ſhall deſerue our thanks, bringing the murderous caytiſe to the ſtake, hee that conceals him, death.

Bast. When I diſſwaded him from his intent, and found him pight to doe it, with curſt ſpeech I threatned to diſcouer him, he replied, thou vnpoſſeſſing Baſtard, doſt thou thinke, if I would ſtand againſt thee, could the repoſure of any truſt, vertue, or worth in thee make thy words ſayth'd? no. what I ſhould denie, as this I would, I, though thou didſt produce my very character, id'e turne it all to thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned pretence, and thou muſt make a dullard of the world, if they not thought the profits of my death, were very pregnant and potentiall ſpurres to make thee ſeeke it.

Gloſt. Strong and faſtned villaine, would he denie his letter, I neuer got him, harken the Dukes trumpets, I know not why he comes, all Ports ile barre, the villaine ſhall not ſcape, the Duke muſt grant mee that, beſides, his picture I will ſend farre and neere, that all the kingdome may haue note of him, and of my land loyall and naturall boy, ile worke the meanes to make thee capable.

Enter the Duke of Cornwall.

Corn. How now my noble friend, ſince I came hether, which I can call but now, I haue heard ſtrange newes.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort which can purſue

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purſue the offender, how doſt my Lord?

92 *Gloſt.* Madam my old heart is crackt, is crackt.

Reg. What, did my fathers godſon ſeeke your life? he whom
94 my father named your *Edgar*?

Gloſt. I Ladie, Ladie, ſhame would haue it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the ryotous knights, that
tends vpon my father?

98 *Gloſt.* I know not Madam, tis too bad, too bad.

Baſt. Yes Madam, he was.

Reg. No maruaile then though he were ill affected,

Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,
+ 102 To haue the waſt and ſpoyle of his reuenues:

I haue this preſent eueniſg from my ſiſter,
Beene well inform'd of them, and with ſuch cautions,
That if they come to ſoiourne at my houſe, ile not be there.

106 *Duke.* Nor I, aſſure thee *Regan*; *Edmund*, I heard that you
haue ſhewen your father a child-like office.

Baſt. Twas my dutie Sir.

Gloſt. He did betray his praſtiſe, and receiued
110 This hurt you ſee, ſtriuing to apprehend him.

Duke. Is he purſued? *Gloſt.* I my good Lord.

Duke. If he be taken, he ſhall neuer more be feard of doing
114 harme, make your own purpoſe how in my ſtrength you pleaſe,
for you *Edmund*, whoſe vertue and obedience, doth this inſtant
ſo much commend it ſelfe, you ſhall bee ours, natures of ſuch
+ deepe truſt, wee ſhall much need you, we firſt ſeaze on.

118 *Baſt.* I ſhall ſerue you truly, how euer elſe.

Gloſt. For him I thanke your grace.

Duke. You know not why we came to viſit you?

Regan. Thus out of ſeaſon, threatning darke ey'd night,
+ 122 Ocaſions noble *Gloſter* of ſome poyſe,

Wherein we muſt haue uſe of your aduiſe,
Our Father he hath writ, ſo hath our ſiſter,

+ Of diſerences, which I leſt thought it fit,
126 To anſwer from our home, the ſeueral meſſengers

From hence attend diſpatch, our good old friend,

Lay comforts to your boſome, & beſtow your needfull counsell

To our buſines, which craues the inſtant uſe.

(*Exeunt.*

Gloſt.

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II.i.

Gloſt. I ſerue you Madam, your Graces are right welcome.

Enter Kent, and Steward.

II.ii.

Steward. Good euen to thee friend, art of the houſe ?

Kent. I. *Stew.* Where may we ſet our horſes ?

Kent. It h mire. *Stew.* Prethee if thou loue me, tell me.

Kent. I loue thee not. *Stew.* Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipſburie pinfold, I would make thee care for mee.

Stew. Why doſt thou uſe me thus ? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Stew. What doſt thou know me for ?

Kent. A knaue, a rascall, an eater of broken meates, a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggerly, three ſhewted hundred pound, filthy worſted-ſtocken knaue, a lilly lyuer'd action taking knaue, a whorſon glaſſegazing ſuperfinicall rogue, one truncke inheriting ſlaue, one that would ſt bee a baud in way of good ſeruiſe, and art nothing but the compoſition of a knaue, begger, coward, pander, and the ſonne and heire of a mungrell bitch, whom I will bear into clamorous whyning, if thou denie the leaſt ſyllable of the addition.

Stew. What a monſtrous fellow art thou, thus to raile on one, that's neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee.

Kent. What a brazen fac't varlet art thou, to deny thou knoweſt mee, is it two dayes agoe ſince I beat thee, and tript vp thy heeles before the King ? draw you rogue, for though it be night the Moone ſhines, ile make a ſop of the moone-ſhine a' you, draw you whorſon cully only barber-munger, draw ?

Stew. Away, I haue nothing to doe with thee.

Kent. Draw you rascall, you bring letters againſt the King, and take Vanitie the puppers part, againſt the royaltie of her father, draw you rogue or ile ſo carbonado your ſhankes, draw you rascall, come your wayes.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent. Strike you ſlaue, ſtand rogue, ſtand you neate ſlaue, ſtrike ?

Stew. Helpe ho, murther, helpe.

Enter Edmund with his rapier drawne, Gloſter the Duke and Dutcheſſe.

Baſi. How now, whats the matter ?

E

Kent.

The Historie of King Lear.

Kent. With you Goodman boy, and you please come, ile
stealeth you, come on yong maister.

Gloft. Weapons, armes, whats the matter here?

Duke. Keepe peace vpon your liues, hee dies that strikes a-
gaine, what's the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister, and the King.

Duke. Whats your difference, speake:

Stew. I am scarce in breath my Lord.

Kent. No maruaile you haue so bestir'd your valour, you
cowardly rascall, nature disclaimes in thee, a Tayler made thee.

Duke. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man.

Kent. I, a Tayler fir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter could not
haue made him so ill, though hee had beene but two houres at
the trade.

Gloft. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Stew. This ancient ruffen fir, whose life I haue spar'd at sute
of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whorson Zedde, thou vnneccessarie letter, my
Lord if you'l giue mee leaue, I will tread this vnbound villaine
into mortar, and daube the walles of a iagues with him, spare
my gray beard you wagtail.

Duke. Peace fir, you beastly Knaue you haue no reuerence.

Kent. Yes fir, but anger has a priuiledge.

Duke. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slaue as this should weare a sword,
That weares no honesty, such smiling roges as these,
Like Rats off birt those cordes in twaine,
Which are to intrench, to inloofe smooth euery passion
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,
Bring oyle to stir, snow to their colder-moods,
Reneag, affirme, and turne their halcion beakes
With euery gale and varie of their maisters, (epeliptick
Knowing nought like dayes but following, a plague vpon your
Visage, smoyle you my speeches, as I were a foole?
Goose and I had you vpon Sarum plaine,
Id'e send you cackling home to Camulet.,

Duke. What art thou mad old fellow?

Gloft. How fell you out, say that?

Kent.

The Historie of King Lear.

Kent. No contraries hold more, antipathy,
Then I and such a knaue.

Duke. Why dost thou call him knaue, what's his offence.

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Duke. No more perchance does mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir tis my occupation to be plaine,
I haue seene better faces in my time
That stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Duke. This is a fellow who hauing beene prayd
For bluntnes doth affect a sawcy ruffines,
And constraines the garb quite from his nature,
He cannot flatter he, he must be plaine,
He must speake truth, and they will tak't so,
If not he's plaine, these kind of knaues I know
Which in this plainnes harbour more craft,
And more corrupter ends, then twentie silly ducking
Oseruants, that stretch their duties nisely.

Kent. Sir in good sooth, or in sincere veritie,
Vnder the allowance of your graund aspect.
Whose influence like the wreath of radiant fire
In flitkering *Phæbus* front.

Duke. What mean'st thou by this?

Kent. To goe out of my dialogue which you discommend so
much, I know sir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild you in a plain
accent, was a plaine knaue, which for my part I will not bee,
though I should win your displeasure, to intreat mee too't.

Duke. What's the offence you gaue him?

Stew. I neuer gaue him any, it pleas'd the King his maister
Very late to strike at me vpon his misconstruction,
When he coniunct and flattering his displeasure
Tript me behind, being downe, insulted, rayld,
And put vpon him such a deale of man, that,
That worthied him, got prayses of the King,
For him attempting who was selfe subdued,
And in the flechuent of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here againe.

Kent. None of these roges & cowards but *A'lax* is their foole.

The Historie of King Lear.

Duke. Bring forth the stockes ho?
 You stubburne miscreant knaue, you reuerent bragart,
 Weele teach you.

Kent. I am too old to learne, call not your stockes for me,
 I serue the King, on whose imployments I was sent to you,
 You should doe small respect, shew too bold malice
 Against the Grace and person of my maister,
 Stopping his messenger.

Duke. Fetch forth the stockes? as I haue life and honour,
 There shall he sit till noone.

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

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your fathers dogge, you could
 not vse me so.

Reg. Sir being his knaue, I will.

Duke. This is a fellow of the selfe same nature,
 Our sister speake of, come bring away the stockes?

Gloft. Let me beseech your Grace not to doe so,
 His fault is much, and the good King his maister
 VVill check him for't, your purpost low correction
 Is such, as basest and ternneft wretches for pilfrings
 And most common trespasses are punisht with,
 The King must take it ill, that hee's so slightly valued
 In his messenger, should haue him thus restrained.

Duke. Ile answer that.

Reg. My sister may receiue it much more worse,
 To haue her Gentlemen abus'd, assalted
 For following her affaires, put in his legges,
 Come my good Lord away?

Gloft. I am sory for thee friend, tis the Dukes pleasure,
 VVhose disposition all the world well knowes
 VVill not be rubd nor stopt, ile intreat for thee.

Kent. Pray you doe not sir, I haue watcht and trauaild
 Sometime I shal sleepe ont, the rest ile whistle, (hard,
 A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles,
 Giue you good morrow.

Gloft. The Dukes to blame in this, twill be ill tooke.

Kent. Good King that must approue the comon saw,
 Thou out of heauens benediction comest

The Historie of King Lear.

II.ii.

To the warme Sunne.
 Approach thou beacon to this vnder gloabe,
 That by thy comfortable beames I may
 Peruse this letter, nothing almost sees my wracke
 But miserie, I know tis from *Cordelia*,
 VVho hath most fortunately bin informed
 Of my obscured course, and shall find time
 From this enormious state, seeking to giue
 Losses their remedies, all wearie and ouerwatch
 Take vantage heauie eyes not to behold
 This shamefull lodging, Fortune goodnight,
 Smile, once more turnethy wheele, *sleepes.*

Enter Edgar.

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II.iii.

Edg. I heare my selfe proclaim'd,
 And by the happie hollow of a tree
 Escapt the hunt, no Port is free, no place
 That guard, and most vnusuall vigilance
 Dost not attend my taking while I may scape,
 I will preferue my selfe, and am bethought
 To take the basest and most poorest shape,
 That euer penury in contempt of man,
 Brought neare to beast, my face ile grime with filth,
 Blanket my loynes, else all my haire with knots,
 And with presented nakednes outface,
 The wind, and persecution of the skie,
 The Countrie giues me prooffe and president
 Of Bedlam beggers, who with roring voyces,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare annes,
 Pins, wodden prickes, nayles, sprigs of rosemary,
 And with this horrible obiect from low seruice,
 Poore pelting villages, sheep-coates, and milles,
 Sometime with lunaticke bans, sometime with prayers
 Enforce their charitie, poore *Turkygod*, poore *Tom*,
 That's something yet, *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit*

Enter King.

44
8
72
76
20

II.ii.

Lear. Tis strange that they should so depart from
 And not send back my messenger. (hence,

Knight. As I learn'd, the night before there was

The Historie of King Lear.

No purpose of his remoue.

Kent. Hayle to thee noble maister.

5.6 *Lear.* How, mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Foole. Ha ha, looke he weares crewell garters,
8 Horses are tide by the heeles, dogges and beares
+ Byt'h necke, munkies bit'h loynes, and men
+ Byt'h legges, when a mans ouer lusty at legs,
+ Then he weares wooden neatherstockes.

12 *Lear.* Whats he, that hath so much thy place mistooke to set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and shee, your sonne & daughter.

16 *Lear.* No. *Kent.* Yes.

Lear. No I say, *Kent.* I say yea.

Lear. No no, they would not. *Kent.* Yes they haue.

+ 21.22 *Lear.* By *Iupiter* I sweare no, they durst not do't,
+ They would not, could not do't, tis worse then murder,
24 To doe vpon respect such violent outrage,
Resolue me with all modest hast, which way
Thou may'st deserue, or they purpose this vsage,
Coming from vs.

28 *Kent.* My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your highnes letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that shewed
My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Post,
32 Stewd in his hast, halfe breathles, panting forth
From *Gonerill* his mistris, salutations,
Deluered letters spite of intermission,
Which presently they read, on whose contents
They summond vp their men, straight tooke horse,
36 Commanded me to follow, and attend the leasure
Of their answere, gaue me cold lookes,
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome I perceau'd had poyson'd mine,
40 Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so sawcily against your Highnes,
Hauing more man then wit, about me drew,
He railed the house with loud and coward cries,
Your sonne and daughter found this trespass worth

The Historie of King Lear.

This shame which here it suffers..

Lear. O how this mother swels vp toward my hart,
Historica passio downe thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below, where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earle sir within,

Lear. Follow me not, stay there?

Knight. Made you no more offēce then what you speake of?

Kent. No, how chance the King comes with so small a traine?

Foole. And thou hadst beene set in the stockes for that questi-
on, thou ha'dst well deserued it.

Kent. Why foole?

Foole. Weele set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's
no labouring in the winter, all that follow their noses, are led by
their eyes, but blind men, and ther's not a nose among a 100. but
can smell him thats stincking, let goe thy hold when a great
wheele runs downe a hill, leaſt it breake thy necke with follow-
ing it, but the great one that goes vp the hill, let him draw thee
after, when a wise man giues thee better counsell, giue mee mine
again, I would haue none but knaues follow it, since a foole
giues it.

That Sir that serues for gaine,

And followes but for forme:

Will packe when it begin to raine,

And leaue thee in the storme.

But I will tarie, the foole will stay,

And let the wise man flie:

The knaue turnes foole that runs away,

The foole no knaue perdy

Kent. Where learnt you this foole?

Foole. Not in the stockes.

Enter Lear and Gloster.

Lear. Denie to speake with mee, th'are sicke, th'are
They traueled hard to night; meare Iustice, (weary,
I the Images of reuolt and flying off,
Fetch mee a better answer.

Gloſt. My deere Lord, you know the fieric qualitie of the
Duke, how vnremoueable and fixt he is in his owne Course.

Lear. Vengeance, death, plague, confusion, what fieric quality,
Why

II. iv

The Historie of King Lear.

why *Gloster, Gloster*, id'e speake with the Duke of *Cornewall*, and his wife.

Gloft. I my good Lord.

Lear. The King would speake with *Cornewal*, the deare father Would with his daughter speake, commands her seruice, Fierie Duke, tell the hot Duke that *Lear*,

No but not yet, may be he is not well, Infirmitie doth still neglect all office, where to our health Is bound, we are not our selues, when nature being oprest Comand the mind to suffer with the bodie, ile forbear, And am fallen out with my more hedier will, To take the indispos'd and sickly fit, for the sound man, Death on my state, wherfore should he sit here?

This act perswades me, that this remotion of the Duke Is practise, only giue me my seruant forth, (& her Tell the Duke and's wife, Ile speake with them Now presently, bid them come forth and heare me, Or at their chamber doore ile beat the drum,

Till it cry sleepe to death.

Gloft. I would haue all well betwixt you.

Lear. O my heart, my heart.

Foole. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cokney did to the eeles, when she put vñ it h pãst aliue, she rapt vñ ath coxcombs with a stick, and cryed downe wantons downe, twas her brother, that in pure kindnes to his horse buttered his hay,

Enter Duke and Regan.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Duke. Hayle to your Grace.

Reg. I am glad to see your highnes.

Lear. *Regan* I thinke you are, I know what reason I haue to thinke so, if thou shouldst not be glad, I would diuorse me from thy mothers tombe Sepulchring an aduressle: yea are you free?

Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan*, Thy sister is naught, oh *Regan* she hath tyed, Sharpe tooth'd vnkindnes, like a vulture heare, I can scarce speake to thee, thou not beleeue, Of how deprived a qualitie, O *Regan*.

Reg.

The Historie of King Lear.

Reg. I pray sir take patience, I haue hope
You lesse know how to value her desert,
Then she to slacke her dutie.

Lear. My curses on her.

Reg. O Sir you are old, (fine,
Nature on you standes on the very verge of her con-
You should be rul'd and led by some discretion,
That discernes your state better thē you your selfe,
Therefore I pray that to our sister, you do make returne,
Say you haue wrong'd her Sir?

Lear. Aske her forgiuenes,
Doc you marke how this becomes the house,
Deare daughter, I confesse that I am old,
Age is vnnesessarie, on my knees I beg,
That you'l vouchsafe me rayment, bed and food.

Reg. Good sir no more, these are vnlighty tricks,
Returne you to my sister.

Lear. No *Regan*,
She hath abated me of halfe my traine,
Lookt blacke vpon me, strooke mee with her tongue
Most Serpente-like vpon the very heart, (top,
All the stor'd vengeance of heauen fall on her ingratful
Strike her yong bones, you taking ayrs with lamenes.

Duke. Fie fie sir.

You nimble lightnings dart your blinding flames,
Into her scornfull eyes, infect her beautie,
You Fen suckt fogs, drawne by the powrefull Sunne,
To fall and blast her pride.

Reg. O the blest Gods, so will you wish on me,
When the rash mood--

Lear. No *Regan*, thou shalt neuer haue my curse,
The tēder hested nature shall not giue the ore (burne
To harshnes, her eies are fierce, but thine do cōfort & not
Tis not in thee to grudge my pleasures, to cut off my
To bandy hasty words, to scant my fizes, (traine,
And in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in, thou better knowest,
The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,

The Historie of King Lear.

Effects of curtesie, dues of gratitude,
Thy halfe of the kingdome, hast thou not forgot
Wherein I thee indow'd.

+ 184 *Reg.* Good sir too th purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i'th stockes ?

Duke. What trumpets that ? *Enter Steward.*

Reg. I know't my sisters, this approues her letters,
That she would soone be here, is your Lady come ?

188 *Lear.* This is a slaue, whose easie borrowed pride
+ Dwels in the fickle grace of her, a followes,
+ Our varlet, from my sight.

+ *Duke.* What meanes your Grace ? *Enter Gon.*

Gon. Who struck my seruant, *Regan* I haue good hope
Thou didst not know ant.

192 *Lear.* Who comes here ? O heauens !

+ If you doe loue old men, if you sweet sway allow
Obedience, if your selues are old, make it your cause,
Send downe and take my part,
196 Art not asham'd to looke vpon this beard ?
O *Regan* wilt thou take her by the hand ?

Gon. Why not by the hand sir, how haue I offended ?
Als not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage tearmes so.

200 *Lear.* O fides you are too tough,
Will you yet hold ? how came my man i'th stockes ?

+ *Duke.* I set him there sir, but his owne disorders
Deseru'd much lesse aduancement,

Lear. You, did you ?

204 *Reg.* I pray you father being weake seeme so,
If till the expiration of your moneth,
You will returne and soiorne with my sister,
Dismissing halfe your traine, come then to me,
208 I am now from home, and out of that prouision,
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Returne to her, and fistic men dismiss,
No rather I abiure all roofes, and chuse
212 To wage against the enmitie of the Ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe and owle,

The Historie of King Lear.

Necessities sharpe pinch, returne with her,
 Why the hot bloud in *France*, that dowerles
 Tooke our yongest borne, I could as well be brought
 To knee his throne, and Squire-like pension bag,
 To keepe base life afoot, returne with her,
 Perswade me rather to be slaue and sumter
 To this detested groome.

Gon. At your choise sir.

Lear. Now I prithee daughter do not make me mad,
 I will not trouble thee my child, farewell,
 Wee'le no more meete, no more see one another.
 But yet thou art my flesh, my bloud, my daughter,
 Or rather a disease that lies within my flesh,
 Which I must needs call mine, thou art a bile,
 A plague fore, an imbossed carbuncle in my
 Corrupted bloud, but Ile not chide thee,
 Let shame come when it will, I doe not call it,
 I doe not bid the thunder bearer shoote,
 Nor tell tales of thee to high ludging *Ioue*,
 Mend when thou canst, be better at thy leasure,
 I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,
 I and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether so sir, I looke not for you yet,
 Nor am prouided for your fit welcome,
 Giue eare sir to my sifter, for those
 That mingle reason with your passion,
 Must be content to thinke you are old, and so,
 But she knowes what shee does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now ?

Reg. I dare auouch it sir, what fittie followers,
 Is it not well, what should you need of more,
 Yea or so many, sith that both charge and danger
 Speakes gainst so great a number, how in a house
 Should many people vnder two commands
 Hold anytie, tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you my Lord receiue attendace
 From those that shee calls seruants, or from mine ?

Reg. Why not my Lord if then they chanc'd to slacke you,
 We could controwle them, if you will come to me,

II.iv

The Historie of King Lear.

For now I spie a danger, I intreat you,
To bring but fūe and twentie, to no more
Will I giue place or notice.

Lear. I gaue you all.

Reg. And in good time you gaue it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reseruatiō to be followed
With such a number, what, must I come to you
With fūe and twentie, *Regan* said you so?

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

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do seem wel fauor'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worst
Stands in some ranke of prayse, Ile goe with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double fūe and twentie,
And thou art twice her loue.

Gon. Heare me my Lord,

What need you fūe and twentie, tenne, or fūe,
To follow in a house, where twise so many
Haue a commaund to tend you.

Regan. What needes one?

Lear. O reason not the deed, our basest beggers,
Are in the poorest thing superfluous,
Allow not nature more then nature needes,
Mans life as cheape as beasts, thou art a Lady,
If onely to goe warme were gorgeous,
Why nature needes not, what thou gorgeous wearest
Which scarcely keepes thee warme, but for true need,
You heauens giue me that patience, patience I need,
You see me here (you Gods) a poore old fellow,
As full of greefe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that stirres these daughters hearts
Against their Father, foole me not to much,
To beare it lamely, touch me with noble anger,
O let not womens weapons, water drops
Stayne my mans cheekes, no you vmmaturall hags,
I will haue such reuenges on you both,
That all the world shall, I will doe such things,
What they are yet I know not, but they shall be

The

The Historie of King Lear.

II. iv.

The terrors of the earth, you thinke ile weepe,
No ile not weepe, I haue full cause of weeping,
But this heart shall breake, in a 100. thousand flowes
Or ere ile weepe, O foole I shall goe mad,

288 +

+

+

Exeunt Lear, Leister, Kent, and Foole.

Duke. Let vs withdraw, twill be a storme.

Reg. This house is little the old man and his people,
Cannot be well bestowed,

292

Gon. Tis his own blame hath put himsele from rest,
And must needs tast his folly.

Reg. For his particuler, ile receiue him gladly,
But not one follower.

296

Duke. So am I puspos'd, where is my Lord of *Gloster*?

Enter Glo.

Reg. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.

299, 300

Glo. The King is in high rage, & wil I know not whe-
Re. Tis good to giue him way, he leads himsele. (ther.

Gon. My Lord, intreat him by no meanes to stay.

Glo. Alack the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do forely ruffel, for many miles about ther's not a bush.

304

Reg. O fir, to wilfull men
The iniuries that they themselues procure,
Must be their schoolemasters, shut vp your doores,
He is attended with a desperate traine,
And what they may incense him to, being apt,
To haue his care abusd, wisdome bids feare.

308

Duke. Shut vp your doores my Lord, tis a wild night,
My *Reg* counsaile well, come out at h storme. *Exeunt.*

312 +

Enter Kent and a Gentleman at severall doores.

III. i.

Kent. Whats here beside foule weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather most vnquietly,

Kent. I know you, whers the King?

4

Gent. Contending with the fretfull element,
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters boue the maine (haire,
That things might change or cease, teares his white
Which the impetuous blasts with eyles rage
Catch in their furie, and make nothing of,
Striues in his little world of inan to outscorne,

8

The Historie of King Lear.

The too and fro conflicting wind and raine,
 This night wherein the cub-drawne Beare would couch,
 The Lyon, and the belly pinched Wolfe
 Keepe their furre dry, vnbonneted he runnes,
 And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the foole, who labours to out-iest
 His heart strooke iniuries.

Kent. Sir I doe know you,
 And dare vpon the warrant of my Arte,
 Commend a deare thing to you, there is diuision,
 Although as yet the face of it be couer'd,
 With mutuall cunning, twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*
 But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
 Into this scattered kingdome, who alreadie wise in our
 Haue secret feet in some of our best Ports, (negligēce,
 And are at point to shew their open banner,
 Now to you, if on my credit you dare build so farre,
 To make your speed to Douer, you shall find
 Some that will thanke you, making iust report
 Of how vnnaturall and bemadding sorrow
 The King hath cause to plaine,
 I am a Gentleman of blood and breeding,
 And from some knowledge and assurance,
 Offer this office to you.

Gent. I will talke farther with you.

Kent. No doe not,
 For confirmation that I much more
 Then my out-wall, open this purse and take
 VVhat it containes, if you shall see *Cordelia*,
 As feare not but you shall, shew her this ring,
 And she will tell you who your fellow is,
 That yet you doe not know, fie on this storme,
 I will goe seeke the King.

Gent. Giue me your hand, haue you no more to say?

Kent. Few words but to effect more then all yet:
 That when we haue found the King.
 Ile this way, you that, he that first lights

Enter

The Historie of King Lear.

On him, hollow the other.

Exeunt.

Enter Lear and Foole.

Lear. Blow wind & cracke your cheekes, rage, blow
You caterickes, & Hircanios spout til you haue drencht,
The steeples drown'd the cockes, you sulphurous and
Thought executing fires, vaunt-currers to
Oke-cleauing thunderboults, singe my white head,
And thou all shaking thunder, smite flat
The thicke Rotunditie of the world, cracke natures
Mold, all Germains spill at once that make
Ingratefull man.

Foole. O Nunckle, Court holy water in a drie house
Is better then this raine water out a doore,
Good Nunckle iii, and aske thy daughters blessing,
Heers a night picies nether wise man nor foole.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout raine,
Nor raine, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters,
I task not you you elements with vnkindnes,
I neuer gaue you kingdome, cald you children,
You owe me no subscription, why then let fall your horrible
Here I stand your slaue, a poore infirme weak & (pleasure
Despis'd ould man, but yet I call you seruile
Ministers, that haue with 2. pernicious daughters ioin'd
Your high engēdred battel gainst a head so old & white
As this, O tis foule.

Foole. Hee that has a house to put his head in, has a good
headpeece, the Codpeece that will house before the head, has
any the head and hee shall lowse, so beggers many many, the
man that makes his toe, what hee his heart should make, shall
haue a corne cry woe, and turne his sleepe to wake, for
there was neuer yet faire woman but shee made mouthes in a
glasse.

Lear. No I will be the patterne of all patience *Enter Kent.*
I will say nothing.

Kent. Whosethere?

Foole. Marry heers Grace, & a codpis, that's a wisenian and
a foole.

Kent. Alas sir, fit you here?

Things

III.i.

III.ii

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III.ii

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Things that loue night, loue not such nights as these,
 The wrathfull Skies gallow, the very wanderer of the
 Darke, and makes them keepe their caues,
 Since I was man, such sheets of fire,
 Such bursts of horred thunder, such grones of
 Roaring winde, and rayne, I ne're remember
 To haue heard, mans nature cannot cary
 The affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great Gods that keepethis dreadful
 Powther ore our heades, find out their enemies now,
 Tremble thou wretch that hast within thee
 Vndivulged crimes, vnwhipt of Iustice,
 Hide thee thou bloudy hand, thou periur'd, and
 Thou simular man of vertue that art incestious,
 Caytife in peeces shake, that vnder couert
 And conuenient seeming, hast practised on mans life,
 Close pent vp guilts, riuie your concealed centers,
 And cry these dreadfull summoners grace,
 I am a man more find against their sinning.

Kent. Alacke bare headed, gracious my Lord, hard by here is
 a houell, some friendship will it lend you gainst the tempest, re-
 pose you there, whilst I to this hard house, more hard then is
 the stone whereof tis rais'd, which euen but now demanding
 after me, denide me to come in, returne and force their scantied
 curtesie.

Lear. My wit begins to turne,
 Come on my boy, how dost my boy, art cold?
 I am cold my selfe, where is this straw my fellow,
 The art of our necessities is strange that can,
 Make vild things precious, come you houell poore,
 Foole and knaue, I haue one part of my heart
 That sorrowes yet for thee.

Foole. Hee that has a little tine witte, with hey ho the wind
 and the raine, must make content with his fortunes fit, for the
 raine, it raineth euery day.

Lear. True my good boy, come bring vs to this houell?

Enter Gloster and the Bastard with light.

Gloster. Alacke alacke *Edmund* I like not this,

Vnnaturall

The Historie of King Lear.

III. ii

Vnnaturall dealing when I desir'd their leaue
That I might pittie him, they tooke me from me
The vse of mine owne house, charg'd me on paine
Of their displeasure, neither to speake of him,
Intreat for him, nor any way sustaine him.

Bast. Most sauage and vnnaturall. (the Dukes,

Gloſt. Go to say you nothing, ther's a diuision betwixt
And a worse matter then that, I haue receiued
A letter this night, tis dangerous to be spoken,
I haue lockt the letter in my closet, these iniuries
The King now beares, will be reuenged home
Ther's part of a power already landed,
We must incline to the King, I will seeke him, and
Priuily releue him, goe you and maintaine talke
With the Duke, that my charity be not of him
Perceined, if hee aske for me, I am ill, and gon
To bed, though I die for't, as no lesse is threatned me,
The King my old master must be releued, there is
Some strange thing toward, *Edmund* pray you be careful.

Bast. This curtesie forbid thee, that the Duke instaly
And of that letter to, this seems a faire deseruing (know
And must draw me that which my father looses, no lesse
Then all, then yonger rises when the old doe fall. *Exit.*

Enter Lear, Kent, and foole.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter, the
tyrannie of the open nights too ruffe for nature to indure.

Lear. Let me alone. *Kent.* Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Wilt breake my heart?

Kent. I had rather breake mine owne, good my Lord enter.

Lear. Thou think'st tis much, that this tempestious storme
Inuades vs to the skin, so tis to thee,
But where the greater malady is fixt
The lesser is scarce felt, choud'st thou shun a Beare,
But if thy flight lay toward the roling sea,
Thoud'st meet the beare in'th mouth, whē the mind's free
The bodies delicate, this tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Sawe what beates their filiall ingratitude,

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III.IV.

The Historie of King Lear.

Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand
 For lifting food to't, but I will punish sure,
 No I will weepe no more, in such a night as this !
 O *Regan, Gonorill*, your old kind father (lies,
 Whose franke heart gaue you all, O that way madnes
 Let me shun that, no more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Prethe goe in thy selfe, seeke thy one ease
 This tempest will not giue me leaue to ponder
 On things would hurt me more, but ile goe in,
 Poore naked wretches where so ere you are
 That bide the pelting of this pittiles night,
 How shall your house-lesse heads, and vnfed sides,
 Your loopt and windowed raggednes defend you
 From seasons such as these, O I haue tane
 Too little care of this, take physicke pompe,
 Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele,
 That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
 And shew the heavens more iust.

Foole. Come not in here Nunckle, her's a spirit, helpe me, helpe mee.

Kent. Giue me thy hand, whose there.

Foole. A spirit, he sayes, his nain's poore *Tom*.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there in the straw,
 come forth

Edg. Away, the fowle fiend followes me, thorough the sharpe
 hathorne blowes the cold wind, goe to thy cold bed and warme
 thee.

Lear. Hast thou giuen all to thy two daughters, and art thou
 come to this?

Edg. Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*, whome the foule
 Friends hath led, through fire, and through foord, and
 whirli-poole, ore bog and quagmire, that has layd kniues vn-
 der his pillow, and halters in his pue, set ratsbane by his pottage,
 made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse ouer
 foure incht bridges, to course his owne shadow for a traytor,
 bleesse thy five wits, *Toms* a cold, bleesse thee from whirle-winds,
 starre-blusting, and taking, doe poore *Tom* some charitie, whom
 the

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the ioule fiend vexes, there could I haue him now, and there, and there againe.

Lear. What, his daughters brought him to this passe, Couldst thou saue nothing, didst thou giue them all?

Foole. Nay he referu'd a blanket, else we had beene all sham'd.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre Hang fated ore mens faults, fall on thy daughters.

Kent. He hath no daughters sir.

Lear. Death traytor, nothing could haue subdued nature To such a lownes, but his vnkind daughters, Is it the fashion that discarded fathers, Should haue thus little mercy on their flesh, Iudicious punishment twas this flesh Begot those Pelicane daughters.

Edg. Pilicock fate on pelicocks hill, a lo lo lo.

Foole. This cold night will turne vs all to fooles & madmen.

Edg. Take heede at'h foule fiend, obay thy parents, keep thy words iustly, sweare not, commit not with mans sworne spouse, set not thy sweet heart on proud array, *Toms* a cold,

Lear. What hast thou beene?

Edg. A Seruingman, proud in heart and mind, that curld my haire, wore gloues in my cap, serued the lust of my mistris heart, and did the act of darkenes with her, swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heauen, one that slept in the contriuing of lust, and wakt to doe it, wine loued I deeply, dice deerely, and in woman out paromord the Turke, false of heart, light of eare, bloudie of hand, Hog in sloth, Fox in stealth, VVoolfe in greedines,, Dog in madnes, Lyon in pray, let not the creaking of shooes, nor the rustlings of silkes betray thy poore heart to women, keepe thy foote out of brothell, thy hand out of placket, thy pen from lenders booke, and dese the foule fiend, still through the hachorne blowes the cold wind, hay no on ny, Dolphin my boy, my boy, caese let him trot by.

Lear Why thou wert better in thy graue, then to answere with thy vncouered bodie this extrenutie of the skies, is man no more, but this cōsider him well, thou owest the worme no silke, the beast no hide, the sheepe no wooll, the cat no perfume, her's three ons are so phistiated, thou art the thing it selfe, vnaccom-

III. iv

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712

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odated man, is no more but such a poore bare forked Animall
as thou art, off off you lendings, come on

716

Foole. Prithe Nunckle be content, this is a naughty night to
swim in, now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old leachers
heart, a small sparke, all the rest in bodie cold, looke here comes
a walking fire.

Enter Gloster.

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Edg. This is the foule fiend *fliberdegibek*, hee begins at cur-
pew, and walks till the first cocke, he giues the web, & the pin,
squemes the eye, and makes the hare lip, mildewes the white
wheate, and hurts the poore creature of earth, swithald footed
thrice the old, he met the night mare and her nine fold bid her, O
light and her troth plight and arint thee, wirth arint thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace ?

Lear. Whats hee ?

Kent. Whose there, what i'st you seeke ?

Gloft. What are you there ? your names ?

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Edg. Poore *Tom*, that eats the swimming frog, the tode, the
tod pole, the wall-newt, and the water, that in the furie of his
heart, when the foule fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets, swal-
lowes the old ratt, and the ditch dogge, drinckes the greeneman-
tle of the standing poole, who is whipt from tithing to tithing,
and stock-punisht and imprisoned, who hath had three sutes to
his backe, fixe shirts to his bodie, horse to ride, and weapon
to weare.

But mise and rats, and such small Deere,

Hath beene *Toms* foode for seuen long yeare-

746

Beware my follower, peace snulbug, peace thou fiend.

Gloft. What hath your Grace no better company ?

Edg. The Prince of darkenes is a Gentleman, *mado* he's caled
and ma hu---

750

Gloft. Our flesh and bloud is growne so vild my Lord, that it
doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poore *Toms* a cold.

754

Gloft. Go in with me, my dutie canot suffer to obay in all your
daughters hard commaunds, though their iniunction be to barre
my doores, and let this tyranous night take hold vpon you, yet
haue I venter'd to come seeke you out, and bring you where
both food and fire is readie.

758

Learo

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III. iv

Lear. Firſt let me talke with this Philoſopher,
What is the cauſe of thunder?

Kent. My good Lord take his offer, goe into the houſe.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this moſt learned Theban, what is
your ſtudie?

Edg. How to preuent the fiend, and to kill vermine.

Lear. Let me aſke you one word in priuate.

Kent. Importune him to goe my Lord, his wits begin

Gloſt. Canſt thou blame him, (to vnſettle.

His daughters ſeek his death, O that good *Kent*,

He ſaid it would be thus, poore baniſht man,

Thou ſayeſt the King growes mad, ile tell thee friend

I am almoſt mad my ſelfe, I had a ſonne

Now out-lawed from my bloud, a ſought my life

But lately, very late, I lou'd him friend

No father his ſonne deerer, true to tell thee,

The greefe hath craz'd my wits,

What a nights this? I doe beſeech your Grace.

Lear. O crie you mercie noble Philoſopher, your com-

Edg. Toms a cold. (pany.

Gloſt. In fellow there, in't houell keepe thee warme.

Lear. Come lets in all.

Kent. This way my Lord.

Lear. With him I wil keep ſtil, with my Philoſopher.

Kent. Good my Lord ſooth him, let him take the fellow:

Gloſt. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirah come on, goe along with vs?

Lear. Come good Athenian.

Gloſt. No words, no words, huſh.

Edg. Child *Rowland*, to the darke towne come,

His word was ſtil fy fo and fum,

I ſmell the bloud of a Britiſh man.

Enter Cornewell and Baſtard.

III. v.

Corn. I will haue my reuenge ere I depart the houſe.

Baſt. How my Lord I may be cenſured, that nature thus giues
way to loyaltie, ſome thing feares me to thinke of.

Corn. I now perceiue it was not altogether your brothers e-
uill diſpoſition made him ſeek his death, but a prouoking merit,

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set a worke by a reprocable badnes in himselfe.

Bast. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to bee iust! this is the letter he spoke of, which approoves him an intelligent partie to the aduantages of *France*, O heauens that his treason were, or not I the detecter.

Corn. Goe with me to the Dutches.

Bast. If the matter of this paper be certaine, you haue mighty busines in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earle of *Gloster*, seeke out where thy father is, that hee may bee readie for our apprehension.

Bast. If I find him comforting the King, it will stuffe his suspicion more fully, I will perseuere in my course of loyaltie, though the conflict be sore betweene that and my bloud.

Corn. I will lay trust vpon thee, and thou shalt find a dearer father in my loue. *Exit.*

Enter Gloster and Lear, Kent, Foole, and Tom.

Gloster. Here is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully, I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can, I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits haue giuen way to impatience, the Gods deserue your kindnes.

Edg. *Frere to* calls me, and tels me *Nero* is an angler in the lake of darknes, pray innocent beware the foule fiend.

Foole. Prithe Nunckle tell me, whether a mad man be a Gentleman or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King, to haue a thousand with red burning spits come hissing in vpon them.

Edg. The foule fiend bites my backe,

Foole. He's mad, that trusts in the ramenes of a Wolfe, a horses health, a boyes loue, or a whores oath.

Lear. It shalbe done, I wil arraigne them straight,
Come sit thou here most learned Iustice
Thou sapient sir sit here, no you shee Foxes.

Edg. Looke where he stands and glars, wantst thou eyes, at tral madam come ore the broome *Bessy* to mee.

Foole. Her boat hath a leake, and she must not speake,
Why she dares not come, ouer to thee.

Edg.

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Edg. The foule fiend haüts poore *Tom* in the voyce of a night-Hoppedance cries in *Toms* belly for two white herring, (tingale, Croke not blacke Angell, I haue no foode for thee.

Kent. How doe you sir? stand you not so amazd, will you lie downe and rest vpon the cushings?

Lear. He see their triall first, bring in their euidence, thou robbed man of Iustice take thy place, & thou his yokefellow of equiry, bench by his side, you are o'h commission, sit you too.

Ed. Let vs deale iustly sleepest or wakest thou iolly shepheard, Thy sheepe bee in the corne, and for one blast of thy minikin mouth, thy sheepe shall take no harme, Pur the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraigne her first tis *Gonoril*, I here take my oath before this honorable assembly kickt the poore king her father.

Faule. Come hither mistrisse is your name *Gonoril*.

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy I tooke you for a ioyne stoole.

Lear. And heres another whose warpt lookes proclaimme, What store her hart is made an, stop her there, Armes, armes, sword, fire, corruption in the place, False Iusticer why hast thou let her scape,

Edg. Blesse thy five wits.

Kent. O pity sir, where is the patience now, That you so oft haue boasted to retaine.

Edg. My teares begin to take his part so much, Theile marre my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all
Trey, Blanch, and Sweet hart, see they barke at me.

Edg. *Tom* will throw his head at them, auant you curs, Be thy mouth, or blacke, or white, tooth that poysons if it bite, Mastife, grayhoüd, mungril, grim-hoüd or spaniel, brach or him, Bobtraile tike, or trüd lettaile, *Tom* will make them weep & waile, For with throwing thus my head, dogs leape the hatch and all are fled, loudla do odla come march to wakes, and faires, and market townes, poore *Tom* thy home is dry. (her

Lear. Then let them anotomize *Regan*, see what breeds about Hart is there any cause in nature that makes this hardnes, You sir, I entertaine you for one of my hundred, Only I do not like the fashion of your garments youle say.

They

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They are Persian attire, but let them be chang'd,

Kent. Now good my Lord lie here awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the curtains, so, so, so,

Weele go to supper it'h morning, so, so, so, *Enter Gloster.*

Gloster. Come hither friend, where is the King my maister.

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

Gloster. Good friend I prithy take him in thy armes,
I haue or'e heard a plot of death vpon him,

Ther is a Litter ready lay him in't, & driue towards Douer friend,
Where thou shalt meet both welcome & protection, take vp thy
If thou should'st dally halfe an houre, his life with thine (maister,
And all that offer to defend him stand in assured losse,
Take vp the King and followe me, that will to some prouision
Giue thee quicke conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature sleepest,
This rest might yet haue balmed thy broken sinewes,
Which if conuenience will not alow stand in hard cure,
Come helpe to beare thy maister, thou must not stay behind.

Gloster. Come, come away. *Exit.*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes: we scarcely
thinke, our miseries, our foes.

Who alone suffers suffers, most it'h mind,
Leauing free things and happy shewes behind,
But then the mind much sufferance doth or'e scip,
When griefe hath mates, and bearing fellowship:
How light and portable my paine seemes now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the King bow.

He childed as I fathered, *Tom* away,
Marke the high noyses and thy selfe bewray,
When false opinion whose wrong thoughts defile thee,
In thy iust prooffe repeals and reconciles thee,
What will hap more to night, safe scape the King,
Lurke, lurke.

Enter Cornwall, and Regan, and Gonorill, and Bastard. (letter

Corn. Post speedily to my Lord your husband shew him this
The army of France is landed, seeke out the vilaine *Gloster.*

Regan. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn.

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Cora. Leau him to my displeasure, *Edmūd* keep you our sister
(company.

The reuenge we are bound to take vpon your trayterous father,
Are not fit for your beholding, aduise the Duke where you are
To a most festuant preparatiō we are bound to the like, (going
Our post shall be swift and inrelligence berwixt vs,
Farewell deere sister, farewell my Lord of *Gloster*,
How now whers the King? *Enter Steward.*

Stew. My Lord of *Gloster* hath conueyd him hence,
Some fise or fixe and thirtie of his Knights hor questrics after
him, met him at gate, who with some other of the Lords dependen-
dants are gone with him towards Douer, where they boalt to
haue well armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistris.

Gon. Farewell sweet Lord and sister. *Exit Gon. and Bast.*

Corn. *Edmund* farewell. goe seeke the traytor *Gloster*.
Pinion him like a theefe, bring him before vs,
Though we may not passe vpon his life
Without the forme of Iustice, yet our power
Shall doe a curesie to our wrath, which men may blame
But not controule, whose there, the traytor?

Enter Gloster brought in by two or three,

Reg. Ingratfull Fox tis hee.

Corn. Bind fast his corkie armes.

Gloft. What meanes your Graces, good my friends consider,
You are my gestic, doe me no foule play friends.

Corn. Bind him I say,

Reg. Hard hard, O filthie traytor!

Gloft. Vnmercifull Lady as you are, I am true.

Corn. To this chaire bind him, villaine thou shalt find--

Gloft. By the kind Gods tis most ignobly done, to pluck me
by the beard. *Reg.* So whire and such a Traytor.

Gloft. Naughtie Ladie, these haire which thou dost rauish from
Will quicken and accuse thee, I am your host. (my chin
With robbers hands, my hospitable fauours
You should not ruffell thus, what will you doe.

Corn. Come sir, what letters had you late from *France*?

Reg. Be simple answerer, for we know the truth.

H

Corn.

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- 44 *Corn.* And what confederacy haue you with the tratours late
 footed in the king dome?
 + *Reg.* To whose hands you haue sent the lunatick King (speake?)
 + *Gloft.* I haue a letter gessingly set downe
 48 Which came from one, that's of a neutrall heart,
 And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Cunning. *Reg.* And false.
Corn. Where hast thou sent the King? *Gloft.* To Douer.
 52 *Reg.* Wherefore to Douer? walt thou not charg'd at perill---
Corn. Wherefore to Douer? let him first answer that.
Gloft. I am tide tor'h stake, and I must stand the course.
Reg. Wherefore to Douer sir?
 56 *Gloft.* Because I would not see thy cruell nayles
 Pluck out his poore old eyes, nor thy fierce sister
 + In his annoynted flesh rash borish phangs,
 + The Sea with such a storme on his lowd head
 + 60 In hell blacke night indur'd, would haue bod vp.
 + And quencht the stelled fires, yet poore old heart,
 Hee holpt the heauens to rage,
 If wolues had at thy gate heard that dearne time
 64 Thou shouldst haue said, good Porter turne the key,
 All cruels else subscrib'd but I shall see
 The winged vengeance ouertake such children.
Corn. Seet shalt thou neuer, fellowes hold the chaire,
 68 Vpon those eyes of thine, Ile set my foote.
 + *Gloft.* He that will thinke to liue till he be old
 Giue me some helpe; O cruell, O ye Gods!
Reg. One side will mocke another, tother to.
Corn. If you see vengeance---
 72 *Servant.* Hold your hand my Lord
 + I haue seru'd euer since I was a child (you hold.
 + But better seruice haue I neuer done you, the now to bid
Reg. How now you dogge.
 76 *Serv.* If you did weare a beard vpon your chin id'e shake it
 on this quarrell, what doe you meane?
Corn. My villaine: *draw and fight.*
Serv. Why then come on, and take the chance of anger.
 80 *Reg.* Giue me thy sword, a peasant stand vp thus.

Shce.

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III.vi

Shee takes a sword and runs at him behind.

Servant. Oh I am slaine my Lord, yet haue you one eye left to see some mischief on him, oh!

Corn. Least it see more preuent it, our vild Ielly Where is thy luster now?

Gloft. All darke and comfortles, wher's my sonne *Edmund*? *Edmund* vnbridle all the sparks of nature, to quit this horred act.

Reg. Out villaine, thou calst on him that hates thee, it was he that made the ouerture of thy treasons to vs, who is too good to pittie thee.

Gloft. O my follies, then *Edgar* was abus'd, Kind Gods forgiue me that, and prosper him.

Reg. Goe thrust him out at gates, and let him smell his way to Douer, how ist my Lord? how looke you?

Corn. I haue receiu'd a hurt, follow me Ladie, Turne out that eyles villaine, throw this slaue vpon The dungell *Regan*, I bleed apace, vntimely Comes this hurt, giue me your arme.

Exit.

Servant. Ile neuer care what wickednes I doe, If this man come to good.

2 Servant. If she liue long, & in the end meet the old course of death, women will all turne monsters.

1 Ser. Lets follow the old Earle, and get the bedlom To lead him where he would, his madnes Allows it selfe to any thing.

2 Ser. Goe thou, ile fetch some flaxe and whites of egges to apply to his bleeding face, now heauen helpe him.

Exit.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemnd, Then still contain'd and flattered to be worst, The lowest and most deiectd thing of Fortune Stands still in experience, liues not in feare, The lamentable change is from the best, The worst returns to laughter, Who's here, my father parti, cyd, world, world, O world! But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee, Life would not yeeld to age.

Enter Gloft. led by an old man.

Old man. O my good Lord I haue beene your tenant, & your

H 2

fathers

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IV.i

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fathers tenant this forefcore---

76

Gloſt. Away, get thee away, good friend be gon,
Thy comforts can doe me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

20

Old man. Alack ſir, you cannot ſee your way.

24

Gloſt. I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes,
I ſtumbled when I ſaw, full oft tis ſeene
Our meanes ſecure vs, and our meare defects
Proue our comodities, ah deere ſonne *Edgar*,
The food of thy abuſed fathers wrath,
Might I but liue to ſee thee in my tuch,
Id'c ſay I had eyes againe.

Old man. How now whoſe there?

Edg. O Gods, who iſt can ſay I am at the worſt,
I am worſe then ere I was.

28

Old man. Tis poore mad *Tom*.

Edg. And worſe I may be yet, the worſt is not.
As long as we can ſay, this is the worſt.

Old man. Fellow where goeſt?

32

Gloſt. Is it a begger man?

+

Old man. Mad man, and begger to.

36

Gloſt. A has ſomereason, elſe he could not beg,
In the laſt nights ſtorme I ſuch a fellow ſaw,
Which made me thinke a man a worme, my ſonne
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind (ſince,
Was then ſcarce friendes with him, I haue heard more
As flies are toth' wanton boyes, are we toth' Gods,
They bitt vs for their ſport.

+

40

Edg. How ſhould this be, bad is the trade that muſt play the
foole to ſorrow angring it ſelfe and others, bleſſe thee maiſter.

Gloſt. Is that the naked fellow?

Old man. I my Lord.

44

+

Gloſt. Then prethee get thee gon, if for my ſake
Thou wilt oreake vs here a mile or twaine
Ith' way toward Douer, doe it for ancient loue
And bring ſome couering for this naked ſoule
Who Ile intruate to leade me.

Old man. Alack ſir he is mad.

Gloſt.

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IV.i.

Gloſt. Tis the times plague, when madmen lead the
Doe as I bid thee, or rather doe thy pleasure, (blind,
Above the reſt, be gon.

Old man. Ile bring him the beſt parrell that I haue
Come on'r what will.

Gloſt. Sirrah naked fellow.

Edg. Poore *Tom* a cold, I cannot dance it farther.

Gloſt. Come hither fellow.

Edg. Bleſſe thy ſweete eyes, they bleed.

Gloſt. Knowſt thou the way to Douer?

Edg. Both ſtile and gate, horſe-way, and foot-path,
Poore *Tom* hath beene ſcard out of his good wits,
Bleſſe the good man from the foule fiend,
Fiue fiends haue beene in poore *Tom* at once,
Of luſt, as *Obidicut*, *Hobbididence* Prince of dumbnes,
Mahn of ſtealing, *Modo* of murder, *Stiberdigebit* of
Mobing, & *Mobing* who ſince poſſeſſes chambermaids
And waiting women, ſo, bleſſe thee maſter. (plagues.
Gloſt. Here take this purſe, thou whome the heauens
Haue humbled to all ſtrokes, that I am wretched, makes
The happier, heauens deale ſo full, (thee
Let the ſuperfluous and luſt-dieted man
That ſtands your ordinance, that will not ſee
Becaufe he does not feele, feele your power quickly,
So diſtribution ſhould vnder exceſſe,
And each man haue enough, doſt thou know Douer?

Edg. I maſter.

Gloſt. There is a cliffe whoſe high & bending head
Lookes firmly in the confined deepe,
Bring me but to the very brimme of it
And ile repaire the miſery thou doſt beare
With ſomething rich about me,
From that place I ſhal no leading need.

Edg. Giue me thy arme, poore *Tom* ſhall lead thee.

Enter Gonerill and Baſtard.

Gon. Welcome my Lord, I maruaile our mild huſband
Not met vs on the way, now wher's your maſter?

Enter Steward.

48

52

56

60

64

68

72

76

80

+

IV.ii.

IV.ii.

The Historie of King Lear.

4 *Stew.* Madame within, but neuer man so chang'd, I told him
 of the army that was landed, he smild at it, I told him you were
 8 coming, his answere was the worse, of *Glosters* treacherie, and of
 the loyall seruice of his sonne when I enform'd him, then hee
 cald me sott, and told me I had turnd the wrong side out, what
 hee should most desire seemes pleasant to him, what like offen-
 siue.

12 *Gon.* Then shall you goe no further,
 It is the cow with terror of his spirit
 That dares not undertake, heele not feelee wrongs
 Which tie him to an answere, our wishes on the way
 16 May proue effects, backe *Edgar* to my brother,
 Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers
 I must change armes at home, and giue the distaffe
 Into my husbands hands, this trusty seruant
 Shall passe betweene vs, ere long you are like to heare
 20 If you dare venture in your owne behalfe
 A mistresses command, weare this, spare speech,
 Decline your head: this kisse if it durst speake
 Would stretch thy spirits vp into the ayre,
 24 Conceau and far you well.

25 *Bast.* Yours in the ranks of death. (are dew

26 *Gon.* My most deer *Gloster*, to thee a womans seruices
 A foole vsurps my bed.

28 *Stew.* Madam, here comes my Lord. *Exit Stew.*

29 *Gon.* I haue beene worth the whistling. (rude wind

30 *Alb.* O *Gonoril*, you are not worth the dust which the
 Blowes in your face, I feare your disposition
 32 That nature which contemnes ith origin
 Cannot be bordered certaine in it selfe,
 She that her selfe will liuer and disbranch
 From her materiall sap, perforce must wither,
 36 And come to deadly vse.

37 *Gon.* No more, the text is foolish.

38 *Alb.* Wisedome and goodnes, to the vild seeme vild,
 Filthys sauor but themselues, what haue you done ?
 40 Tigers, not daughters, what haue you perform'd ?
 A father, and a gracious aged man

Whose

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57

IV.ii.

Whose reuerence euen the head-lugd beare would lick.
Most barbarous, most degenerate haue you madded,
Could my good brother suffer you to doe it?

+

A man, a Prince, by him so benifited,

44

+

If that the heauens doe not their visible spirits (come
Send quickly downe to tame this vild offences, it will
Humanity must perforce pray on it self like monsters of

47, 48 +

+

Gen. Milke linerd man (the deepe

That bearest a cheeke for bloes, a head for wrongs,
Who hast not in thy browes an eye deseruing thine honour,
From thy suffering, that nor know'st, fools do those vilains pittie
Who are punisht ere they haue done their mischiefe,
Wher's thy drum? *France* spreads his banners in our noyfeles land,
With plumed helme, thy state begins thereat
Whil'st thou a morall foole sits still and cries
Alack why does he so?

52

+

56

+

+

Alb. See thy selfe deuill, proper deformity shewes not in the
fiend, so horrid as in woman.

60 +

Gen. O vaine foole!

Alb. Thou changed, and selfe-couerd thing for shame
Be-monster not thy feature, wer't my finnes
To let these hands obay my blood,
They are apt enough to dislecate and teare
Thy flesh and bones, how ere thou art a fiend,
A womans shape doth shield thee.

+

64

Gen. Marry your manhood mew---

68 +

Alb. What newes. *Enter a Gentleman.*

Gen. O my good Lord the Duke of *Cornwall* dead, slaine by
his seruant, going to put out the other eye of *Gloster*.

72

Alb. *Gloster*'s eyes?

Gen. A seruant that he bred, thrald with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great maister, who thereat intraged
Flew on him, and amongst them, feld him dead,
But not without that harmefull stroke, which since
Hath pluckt him after.

76

Alb. This shewes you are about you Iustifiers,
That these our nether crimes so speedely can venge.

+

80

But

IV.ii

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But O poore *Gloster* lost he his other eye. (answer,

84 *Gent.* Both, both my Lord, this letter Madam craues a speedy
Tis from your sister. *Gon.* One way I like this well,

But being widow and my *Gloster* with her,
May all the building on my fancie plucke,
88 Vpon my hatefull life, another way the newes is not so tooke,
He reade and answer. *Exit.*

Alb. Where was his sonne when they did take his eyes.

Gent. Come with my Lady hither. *Alb.* He is not here.

Gent. No my good Lord I met him backe againe.

92 *Alb.* Knowes he the wickednesse.

Gent. I my good Lord twas he informd against him,
And quit the house on purpose that there punishment
Might haue the freer course. (King,

96 *Alb. Gloster* I liue to thanke thee for the loue thou shewedst the
And to reuenge thy eyes, come hither friend,
Tell me what more thou knowest. *Exit.*

IV.iii

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of *Fraunce* is so suddenly gone backe,
+ know you no reason.

4 *Gent.* Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his
comming forth is thought of, which imports to the Kingdome,
So much feare and danger that his personall returne was most re-
quired and necessarie.

8 *Kent.* Who hath he left behind him, General.

+ *Gent.* The Marshall of *France* Monsier *la Far.* (of griefe.

12 *Kent.* Did your letters pierce the queene to any demonstratiō

Gent. I say she tooke them, read them in my presence,
And now and then an ample teare trild downe
+ Her delicate cheeke, it seemed she was a queene ouer her passion,
16 Who most rebell-like, sought to be King ore her.

Kent. O then it moued her.

Gent. Not to a rage, patience and sorow streame,
Who should expresse her goodliest you haue seene,
20 Sun shine and raine at once, her smiles and teares,
Were like a better way those happie smilets,
That playd on her ripe lip seeme not to know,
What guests were in her eyes which parted thence,

*The Historie of King Lear.*IV.iii

As pearles from diamonds dropt in briefe,
 Sorow would be a raritie most beloued,
 If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verball question.

Gent. Faith once or twice she heau'd the name of father,
 Pantingly forth as if it prest her heart,
 Cried sisters, sisters, shame of Ladies sisters :

Kent. father, sisters, what ith storme ith night,

Let pitie not be beleest there she shooke,
 The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
 And clamour moystened her, then away she started,
 To deale with grieve alone.

Kent. It is the stars, the stars aboue vs gouerne our conditions,
 Elsc one selfe mate and make could not beget,
 Such different issues, you spoke not with her since.

Gent. No. *Kent.* Was this before the King returned.

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well sir, the poore distressed *Lear's* ith towne,
 Who sometime in his better tyme remembers,
 What we are come about, and by no meanes will yeeld to see his

Gent. Why good sir? (daughter.

Kent. A soueraigne shame so elbows him his own vnkindnes
 That stript her from his benediction turnd her,
 To forraigne casualties gaue her deare rights,
 To his dog-harted daughters, these things sting his mind,
 So venomously that burning shame detaines him from *Cordelia*.

Gent. Alack poore Gentleman.

Kent. Of *Albanies* and *Cornewals* powers you heard not.

Gent. Tis so they are a foote.

Kent. Well sir, ile bring you to our maister *Lear*,
 And leaue you to attend him some deere cause,
 Will in concealement wrap me vp awhile,
 When I am knowne aright you shall not greeue,
 Lending me this acquaintance, I pray you go along with me.

Enter Cordelia, Doctor and others.

Exit.

Cor. Alack tis he, why he was met euen now,
 As mad as the vent sea singing aloud,
 Crownd with ranke ferniter and furrow weedes,

24

28

†
32

36 †

40

44

48

52

56

IV.iv.

IV. iv.

The Historie of King Lear.

4 With hor-docks, hemlocke, netles, cookow flowers,
 Darnell and all the idle weedes that grow,
 In our sustayning, corne, a centurie is sent forth,
 8 Search enery acre in the hie growne field,
 And bring him to our eye, what can mans wifdome
 In the restoring his bereued sence, he that can helpe him
 Take all my outward worth.

Doff. There is meanes Madame.
 12 Our foster nurse of nature is repose,
 The which he lacks that to prouoke in him,
 Are many simples operative whose power,
 Will close the eye of anguish.

16 *Cord.* All blest secrets all you vnpublisht vertues of the earth,
 Spring with my teares beaydant and remediāt,
 In the good mans distresse, seeke, seeke, for him,
 Left his vngouernd rage dissolue the life.

That wants the meanes to lead it. *Enter messenger.*

20 *Mes.* News Madam, the Brittiſh powers are marching hither.

Cord. Tis knowne before, our preparation stands, (ward.
 In expectation of them, ô deere father
 24 It is thy busines that I go about, therfore great France
 My mourning and important teares hath pitied,
 No blowne ambition doth our armes in fight
 But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd fathers right,
 28 Soone may I heare and see him. *Exit.*

IV. v.

Enter Regan and Steward.

Reg. But are my brothers powers set forth?

Stew. I Madam. *Reg.* Himselfe in person?

Stew. Madam with much ado, your sifter is the better soldier.

4 *Reg.* Lord *Edmund* spake not with your Lady at home.

Stew. No Madam.

Reg. What might import my sifers letters to him?

Stew. I know not Lady.

8 *Reg.* Faith he is posted hence on serious matter,

It was great ignorance, *Glosters* eyes being out

To let him line, where he ariues he moues

All harts against vs, and now I thinke is gone

12 In pitie of his misery to dispatch his nighted life,

More-

The Historie of King Lear.

IV.v.

Moreouer to discric the strength at h army.

Stew. I must needs after him with my letters

Reg. Our troope sets forth to morrow stay with vs,
The wayes are dangerous.

Stew. I may not Madame, my Lady charg'd my dutie in this
business.

Reg. Why should she write to *Edmund*? might not you
Transport her purposes by word, belike
Some thing, I know not what, ile loue thee much,
Let me vnseale the letter.

Stew. Madam I'd e rather.--

Reg. I know your Lady does not loue her husband
I am sure of that, and at her late being here
Shee gaue strange aliads, and most speaking looks
To noble *Edmund*, I know you are of her bosome.

Stew. I Madam.

Reg. I speake in vnderstanding, for I know't,
Therefore I doe aduise you take this note,
My Lord is dead, *Edmund* and I haue talkt,
And more conuenient is he for my hand
Then for your Ladies, you may gather more
If you doe find him, pray you giue him this,
And when your mistris heares thus much from you
I pray desire her call her wisedome to her, so farewell,
If you doe chance to heare of that blind traytor,
Preferment fals on him that cuts him off.

Stew. Would I could meet him Madam, I would shew
What Lady I doe follow.

Reg. Fare thee well,

Exit.

Enter Gloster and Edmund.

Gloster. When shall we come roth' top of that same hille?

Edg. You do climbe it vp now, looke how we labour?

Gloster. Me thinks the ground is euen.

Edg. Horrible steepe, harke doe you heare the sea?

Gloster. No truly.

Edg. Why then your other fences grow imperfect
By your eyes anguish.

Gloster. So may it be indeed,

IV.vi

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† Methinks thy voyce is altered, and thou speakest
8 With better phraſe and matter then thou didſt.

Edg. Y'ar much deceaued, in nothing am I chang'd
But in my garments.

Gloſt. Me thinks y'ar better ſpoken. (feareful

Edg. Come on ſir, her's the place, ſtand ſtill, how
72 And dizi tis to caſt ones eyes ſo low

The crows and choghes that wing the midway ayre
Shew ſcarce ſo groſſe as beetles, halfe way downe

16 Hangs one that gathers ſampire, dreadfull trade,
Me thinks he ſeemes no bigger then his head,

† The fiſhermen that walke vpon the beach
Appeare like miſe, and yon tall anchoring barke

† Diminiſht to her cock, her cock a boui

20 Almoſt too ſmall for fight, the murmuring ſurge

† That on the vnnumbred idle peeble chaffes

† Cannot be heard, its ſo hie ile looke no more,

† Leaſt my braine turne, and the deficient fight

Topple downe headlong.

24 *Gloſt.* Set me where you ſtand ?

† *Edg.* Giue me your hand, you are now within a foot
Of th'extreame verge, for all beneath the Moone
Would I not leape vpright.

Gloſt. Let goe my hand.

28 Here friend's another purſe, in it a iewel,
Well worth a poore mans taking, Fairies and Gods
Proſper it with thee, goe thou farther off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well good ſir.

32 *Gloſt.* VVith all my heart. (to cure it.

† *Edg.* Why I do trifell thus with his diſpaire is done

Gloſt. O you mightie Gods, *He kneeles.*

This world I doe renounce, and in your fights

36 Shake patiently my great affliction off,

If I could beare it longer and not fall

To quarel with your great oppoſes wils

† My ſnurff and loathed part of nature ſhould

40 Burne it ſelfe out, if *Edgar* liue, O bleſſe,

Now

*The Historie of King Lear.*IV.vi.

Now fellow fare thee well.

He fals.

Edg. Gon sir, farewell, and yet I know not how conceit my
robbe the treasure of life, when life it selfe yealds to the theft,
had he bene where he thought by this had thought bene past,
aliue or dead, ho you sir, heare you sir, speake, thus might he passe
indeed, yet he reuiues, what are you sir?

Gloft. Away and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou bene ought but gosmore feathers ayre,
So many fadome downe precipitating
Thou hadst shiuerd like an egge, but thou dost breath
Hast heavy substance, bleedst not, speakest, art found,
Ten mastts at each, make not the altitude,
VWhich thou hast perpendicularly fell,
Thy lifes a miracle, speake yet againe.

Gloft. But haue I fallen or no I

Edg. From the dread sommons of this chalkie borne,
Looke vp a hight, the shrill gorg'd larke so farre
Cannot bee seene or heard, doe but looke vp?

Gloft. Alack I haue no eyes
Is wretchednes depriu'd, that benefit
To end it selfe by death twas yet some comfort
When misery could beguile the tyrants rage
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Giue me your arme?
Vp, so, how feele you your legges, you stand.

Gloft. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is aboue all strangenes
Vpon the crowne of the cliffe what thing was that
Which parted from you.

Gloft. A poore vnfortunate bagger.

Edg. As I stood here below me thoughts his eyes
VWere two full Moones, a had a thousand noses
Hornes, welk't and waued like the enridged sea,
It was some fiend, therefore thou happy father
Thinke that the cleereft Gods, who made their honours
Of mens impossibilities, haue preserued thee.

Gloft. I doe remember now, henceforth ile beare
Affliction till it doe crie out it selfe

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Enough, enough and die that thing you speake of,

I tooke it for a man, often would it lay

The fiend the fiend, he led me to that place

Edg. Bare free & patient thoughts, but who comes here

The safer sence will neare accomodate his maister thus.

Enter Lear mad.

Lear. No they cannot touch mee for coyning, I am the king

Edg. O thou side pearcing sight. (himselfe.

Lear. Nature is about Art in that respect, ther's your presse

money, that fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper, draw me

a clothiers yard, looke, looke a mowse, peace, peace, this tosted

cheefe will do it, ther's my gauntlet, ile proue it on a gyant, bring

vp the browne-billes, O well flowne bird in the ayre, hagh, giue

the word? Edg. Sweet Margerum.

Lear. Passe.

Gloſt. I know that voyce.

Lear. Ha *Gonorill*, ha *Regan*, they flattered mee like a dogge,

and tould me I had white haire in my beard, ere the black ones

were there, to say I and no, to euery thing I saide, I and no toe,

was no good diuinitie, when the raine came to wet me once, and

the winde to make mee chatter, when the thunder would not

peace at my bidding, there I found them, there I smelt them out,

goe toe, they are not men of their words, they told mee I was

euery thing, tis a lye, I am not argue-prooffe.

Gloſt. The tricke of that voyce I doe well remember, ist not the King?

Lear. I euer in ch a King when I do stare, see how the subiect

quakes, I pardon that mans life, what was thy cause, adultery?

thou shalt not die for adulterie, no the wren goes toot, and the

smal guiled flie doe letcher in my sight, let copulation thriue,

for *Glosters* bastard son was kinder to his father then my daugh-

ters got tweene the lawfull sheers, toot luxurie, *pell, mell*, for I

lacke souldiers, behold yon simpring dame whose face between

her forkes presageeth snow, that minces vertue, and do shake the

head heare of pleasures name to fische nor the soyled horse

goes toot with a more riotous appetite, down fro the wast thare

centaures, though women all about, but to the girdle doe the

gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends, thers hell, thers darknesse,

thers the sulphury pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption,

he.

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hie, hie, hie, pah, pah, Giue mee an ounce of Ciuet, good Apothecarie, to sweeten my imagination, ther's money for thee.

Gloſt. O let me kiſſe that hand.

Lear. Here wipe it firſt, it ſmelſ of mortalitie.

Gloſt. O ruind peece of nature, this great world ſhould ſo weare out to naught, do you know me?

Lear. I remember thy eyes well inough, doſt thou ſquiny on me, no do thy worſt blind *Cupid*, ile not loue, reade thou that challenge, marke the penning oft.

Gloſt. Were all the letters ſunnes I could not ſee one.

Edg. I would not take this from report, it is, and my heart breakes at it. *Lear.* Read. *Gloſt.* What! with the caſe of eyes

Lear. O ho, are you there with me, no eyes in your head, nor no mony in your purſe, your eyes are in a heauie caſe, your purſe in a light, yet you ſee how this world goes.

Gloſt. I ſee it feelingly.

Lear. What art mad, a man may ſee how the world goes with no eyes, looke with thy eares, ſee how yon Iuſtice railes vpon yon ſimple theefe, harke in thy eare handy, dandy, which is the theefe, which is the Iuſtice, thou haſt ſeene a farmers dogge barke at a begger. *Gloſt.* I ſir.

Lear. And the creature runne from the cur, there thou mightſt behold the great image of authoritie, a dogge, ſo bade in office, thou rascal beadle hold thy bloody hand, why doſt thou laſh that whore, ſtrip thine owne backe, thy blood hotly luſts to vſe her in that kind for which thou whipſt her, the vſurer hangs the coſioner, through tottered raggs, ſmal vices do appeare, robes & furd-gownes hides all, get thee glaſſe eyes, and like a ſcuruy politician ſeeme to ſee the things thou doeſt not, no now pull off my bootes, harder, harder, ſo.

Edg. O matter and impertinencie mixt reaſon in madneſſe.

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my fortune take my eyes, I knowe thee well inough thy name is *Gloſter*, thou muſt be patient, we came crying hither, thou knoweſt the firſt time that we ſmell the aire, we wayl and cry, I will preach to thee. marke me.

Gloſt. Alack alack the day.

Lear. VVhen we are borne, we crie that wee are come to this great ſtage of fooles, this a good blocke. It were a delicate ſtra-

gem,

IV:vi

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tagem to shoot a troupe of horse with fell, & when I haue stole
vpon these sonne in lawes, then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter three Gentlemen.

>192 *Gent.* O here he is, lay hauds vpon him sirs, your most deere

194 *Lear.* No reskue, what a prisoner, I am eene the naturall foole
of Fortune, vse me well you shall haue ransome, let mee haue a
churgion I am cut to the braines.

+196 *Gent.* You shall haue any thing.

Lear. No seconds, all my selfe, why this would make a man
200 of salt to vse his eyes for garden waterpots, I and laying Aurums
dust.

> *Lear.* I will die brauely like a bridegroome, what? I will be
204 Iouiall, come, come, I am a King my maisters, know you that.

Gent. You are a royall one, and we obey you.

+ *Lear.* Then theres life int, nay and you get it you shall get it
with running.

Exit King running.

208 *Gent.* A sight most pitifull in the meanest wretch, past spea-
king of in a king: thou hast one daughter who redeemes nature
from the generall curse which twaine hath brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle sir.

212 *Gent.* Sir speed you, whats your will.

Edg. Do you heare ought of a bartell toward.

+ *Gent.* Most sure and vulgar euery one here's that
That can distinguish fence.

216 *Edg.* But by your fauour how neers the other army.

+ *Gent.* Neere and on speed fort the maine descryes,
Standst on the howerly thoughts.

Edg. I thanke you sir thats all.

+220 *Gent.* Though that the Queene on speciall cause is here,
Hir army is moued on. *Edg.* I thanke you sir. *Exit.*

Gloft. You euer gentle gods take my breath from me,
Let not my worfer spirit tempt me againe,
To dye before you please. *Edg.* Well, pray you father.

224 *Gloft.* Now good sir what are you.

Edg. A most poore man made lame by Fortunes blowes,
Who by the Art of knowne and feeling sorrowes
Am pregnant to good pittie, giue me your hand
He leade you to some biding.

Gloft.

The Historie of King Lear.

IV.v

Gloſt. Hartie thanks, the bornew and beniz of heauen to faue thee.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaimed prize, moſt happy, that eyles head of thine was framed fleſh to rayſe my fortunes, thou moſt vnhappy traytor, briefly thy ſelfe remember, the ſword is out that muſt deſtroy thee.

Gloſt. Now let thy friendly hand put ſtrength enough to't.

Stew. VVhereforeould peſant durſt thou ſupport a publiſht traytor, hence leaſt the infection of his fortune take like hold on thee, let goe his arme?

Edg. Chill not let goe ſir without cagion.

Stew. Let goe ſlaue, or thou dieſt,

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, let poore voke paſſe, and chud haue beene ſwaggar'd out of my life, it would not haue beene ſo long by a fortnight, nay come not neare the old man, keepe out, cheuore ye, or ile trie whether your coſter or my bat-tero be the harder, ile be plaine with you.

Stew. Out dunghill,

they fight.

Edg. Chill pick your teeth ſir, come, no matter for your foyns.

Stew. Slaue thou haſt ſlaine me, villaine take my purſe, If euer thou wilt thrine, burie my bodie, And giue the letters which thou find'ſt about me To *Edmund* Earle of *Gloſter*, ſeeke him out vpon The *Britiſh* partie, ô vntimely death! death.

He dies.

Edg. I know thee well, a ſeruiceable villaine, As dutious to the vices of thy miſtres, as badnes would

Gloſt. What is he dead? (deſire.

Edg. Sit you down father, reſt you lets ſee his pockets Theſe letters that he ſpeakes of may be my friends, Hee's dead, I am only forrow he had no other death ſmā Let vs ſee, leaue gentle waxe, and manners blame vs not To know our enemies minds wee'd rip their hearts, Their papers is more lawfull.

Let your reciprocall vowes bee remembred, you haue many opportunities to cut him off, if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered, there is nothing done, If he returne the conquerour, then am I the priſoner, and his bed my gayle, from the leched warmth whereof deliuer me, and ſupply the place for

K

your

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IV.vi

The Historie of King Lear.

‡ your labour, your wife (so I would say) your affectionate setuant
 ‡ and for you her owne for *Venter, Honorill.*

‡ 278 *Edg.* O Indistinguish't space of womans wit,
 A plot vpon her vertuous husbands life,
 And the exchange my brother heere in the sands,
 282 Thee ile rake vp, the post vn sanctified
 Of murtherous leachers, and in the mature time,
 With this vngratious paper strike the sight
 Of the death practis'd Duke, for him tis well,
 ‡ That of thy death and businesse I can tell.

286 *Gloſt.* The King is mad, how stiffe is my vild ſence,
 That I stand vp and haue ingenious feeling
 Of my huge sorowes, better I were distraſt,
 So should my thoughts be fenced from my griefes,
 ‡ 290 And woes by wrong imaginations loose
 The knowledge of themſelues. *A drum a farre off.*

293 *Edg.* Giue me your hand far off me thinks I heare the beaten
 Come father ile bestow you with a friend. *Exit.* (drum,

IV.vii

Enter Cordelia, Kent and Doctor. (thy goodnes,

Cord. O thou good *Kent* how shall I liue and worke to match
 My life will be too short and euery measure faile me.

4 *Kent.* To be acknowlegd madame is ore payd,
 All my reports go with the modest truth,
 Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited these weeds are memories of those
 Worser howers, I prithe put them off.

8 *Kent.* Pardon me deere madame,
 Yet to be knowne shortens my made intent,
 My boone I make it that you know me not,
 Till time and I thinke meete.

‡ 12 *Cord.* Then beet so, my good Lord how does the king.

Doct. Madame sleepes still. (nature,

16 *Cord.* O you kind Gods cure this great breach in his abused
 The vntund and hurrying fences, O wind vp
 Of this child changed father.

‡ *Doct.* So please your Maieſtie that we may wake the king,
 He hath slept long.

Cord. Be gouern'd by your knowledge and proceed,

Ith

The Historie of King Lear.

Ith sway of your owne will is he arayd,

Doct. I madam, in the heauinesse of his sleepe,

We put fresh garments on him,

Gent. Good madam be by, when we do awake him

I doubt nor of his temperance.

Cord. Very well.

Doct. Please you draw neere, louder the musicke there,

Cor. O my deer father restoratiō hang thy medicin on my lips,
And let this kis repaire those violent harmes that my two sisters
Haue in thy reuerence made.

Kent. Kln'd and deere Princessse,

Cord. Had you not bene their father these white flakes,

Had challengd pitie of them, was this a face

To be expostd against the warring winds,

To stand against the deepe dread bolted thunder,

In the most terrible and nimble stroke

Of quick crosse lightning to watch poore *Per du,*

With this thin helme mine iniurious dogge,

Though he had bit me, should haue stood that night

Against my fire, and wast thou faine poore father,

To houill thee with swine and rogues forlorne,

In short and mustie straw, alack, alack,

Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once

Had not concluded all, he wakes speake to him.

Doct. Madam do you, tis fittest.

Cord. How does my royall Lord, how fares your maiestie.

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out ath graue,

Thou art a soule in blisse, but I am bound

Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares

Do scald like molten lead.

Cord. Sir know me,

Lear. Yar a spirit I know, where did you dye.

Cord. Still, still, farre wide.

Doct. Hees scarce awake, let him alone a while.

Lear. Where haue I bene, where am I faire day light,

I am mightily abusd, I should enedye with pitie,

To see another thus, I know not what to say,

I will not sweare these are my hands, lets see,

IV.vii

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56

I feele this pin pricke, would I were assur'd of my condition.

Cord. O looke vpon me fir, and hold your hands in benediction
on o're me, no fir you must not kneele.

+

Lear. Pray doe not mocke,

I am a very foolish fond old man,

67/62

Fourscore and vpward, and to deale plainly

+

I feare I am not in my perfect mind,

64

Mee thinks I should know you, and know this man;

Yet I am doubtfull, for I am mainly ignorant.

What place this is, and all the skill I haue

Remembers not these garments, nor I know not

+ 68

Where I did lodge last night, doe not laugh at me,

For as I am a man, I thinke this Ladie

To be my child *Cordelia.* *Cord.* And so I am.

72

Lear. Be your teares wet, yes faith, I pray weep not,

If you haue poyson for mee I will drinke it,

I know you doe not loue me, for your sisters

Haue as I doe remember, done me wrong,

You haue some cause, they haue not.

76

Cord. No cause, no cause. *Lear.* Am I in France?

Kent. In your owne kingdome fir.

Lear. Doe not abuse me?

80

Doff. Be comforted good Madame, the great rage you see is
cured in him, and yet it is danger to make him euen ore the time
hee has lost, desire him to goe in, trouble him no more till fur-
ther serling.

Cord. Wilt please your highnes walke?

+ 84

Lear. You must beare with me, pray now forget and forgiue,

I am old and foolish. *Exeunt. Maunt Kent and Gent.*

Gent. Holds it true fir that the Duke of Cornwall was so slaine?

Kent. Most certaine fir.

88

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As tis said, the bastard sonne of *Gloster.*

Gent. They say *Edgar* his banisht sonne is with the Earle of
Kent in *Germanie.*

92

Kent. Report is changeable, tis time to looke about,

The powers of the kingdome approach apace.

+ 96

Gent. The arbiterment is like to be bloudie, fare you well fir.

Kent. My poynt and period will be throughly wrought,

Or

The Historie of King Lear.

IV.vii

Or well, or ill, as this dayes battels fought.

Exit.

Enter Edmund, Regan, and their powers.

98

V.i.

Bast. Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is aduis'd by ought
To change the course, he's full of abdication
And selfe reproving, bring his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our sisters man is certainly miscaried,

Bast. Tis to be doubted Madam,

Reg. Now sweet Lord,

You know the goodnes I intend vpon you,

Tell me but truly, but then speak the truth,

Doe you not louemy sister?

Bast. I, honor'd loue.

Reg. But haue you neuer found my brothers way,

To the forfended place?

Bast. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtfull that you haue beene coniunct and bosom'd with hir, as far as we call hers.

Bast. No by mine honour Madam:

(with her.

Reg. I neuer shall indure hir, deere my Lord bee not familiar

Bast. Feareme not, shee and the Duke her husband.

Enter Albany and Gonorill with ironpes.

Gono. I had rather loose the battaile, then that sister should loosen him and mee.

Alb. Our very louing sister well be-met

For this I heare the King is come to his daughter

With others, whome the rigour of our state

Forst to crie out, where I could not be honest

I neuer yet was valiant, for this busines

It touches vs, as *France* inuades our land

Not holds the King, with others whome I feare,

Most iust and heauy causes make oppose.

Bast. Sir you speake nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gono. Combine together gainst the enemy,

For these domestique dore particulars

Are not to question here.

Alb. Let vs then determine with the auntient of warre on our proceedings.

Bast. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister you'l goe with vs?

Gon. No.

Reg. Tis most conuenient, pray you goe with vs.

V.i.

The Historie of King Lear.

† *Gon.* O ho; I know the riddle, I will goe. *Enter Edgar*

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

40 *Alb.* Ile ouertake you, speake.

Edg. Before you fight the battell ope this letter,
If you haue victory let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it, wretched though I seeme,
I can produce a champion that will proue
44 What is anowched there, if you miscary,
Your busines of the world hath so an end,
Fortune loue you, *Alb.* Stay till I haue read the letter.

48 *Edg.* I was forbid it, when time shall serue let but the Herald
cry, and ile appeare againe. *Exit.*

† *Alb.* Why fare thee well, I will ore-looke the paper.
Enter Edmund.

† *Bast.* The enemies in vew, draw vp your powers
+ 52 Hard is the queesse of their great strength and forces
By diligent discouery, but your hast is now vrg'd on you.

† *Alb.* Wee will greet the time. *Exit.*

† *Bast.* To both these sister haue I sworne my loue,
56 Each iealous of the other as the sting are of the Adder,
Which of them shall I take, both one or neither, neither can bee
If both remaine aliue, to take the widdow (inioy'd

60 Exasperates, makes mad her sister *Gonorill,*

And hardly shall I cary out my fide
Her husband being aliue, now then we'le vse
† His countenadce for the battaile, which being done

64 Let her that would be rid of him deuise

His speedie taking off, as for his mercy

† Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelis*:

The battaile done, and they within our power

68 Shall neuer see his pardon, for my state

Stands on me to defend, not to debate. *Exit.*

Alarum. Enter the powers of France ouer the stage, *Cordelia* with
her father in her hand.

Enter Edgar and Gloster.

Edg. Here father, take the shaddow of this bush
For your good hoast, pray that the right may thriue

*The Historie of King Lear.*V.ii.

If euer I returne to you againe ile bring you comfort. *Exit.*

Gloſt. Grace goe with you ſir. *Alarm and retreat.*

Edg. Away old man, giue me thy hand, away,
King *Lear* hath loſt, he and his daughter taine,
Giue me thy hand, come on.

Gloſt. No farther ſir, a man may rot euen here.

Edg. What in ill thoughts againe men muſt indure,
Their going hence, euen as their coming hither,
Ripenes is all come on.

Enter Edmund, with Lear and Cordelia priſoners.

Baſt. Some officers take them away, good guard
Vntill their greater pleaſures beſt be knowne
That are to censure them. *(incurd*

Cor. We are not the firſt who with beſt meaning haue
The worſt, for thee oppreſſed King am I caſt downe,
My ſelfe could elſe outfrowne falſe Fortunes frowne,
Shall we not ſee theſe daughters, and theſe ſiſters?

Lear. No, no, come lets away to priſon
We two alone will ſing like birds in cage,
When thou doſt aſke me bleſſing, ile kneele downe
And aſke of thee forgiuenes, ſo wee le liue
And pray, and ſing and tell old tales and laugh
At guilded butterflies, and heare poore rogues
Talk of Court newes, and wee le talke with them to,
Who looſes, and who wins, whoſe in, whoſe out,
And take vpon's the miſtery of things
As if we were Gods ſpies, and wee le weare out
In a wal'd priſon, packs and ſects of great ones
That ebbe and flow biſh' Moone.

Baſt. Take them away.

Lear. Vpon ſuch ſacrifices my *Cordelia*,
The Gods theſe elues throw incenſe, haue I caught thee?
He that parts vs ſhall bring a brand from heauen,
And fire vs hence like Foxes, wipe thine eyes,
The good ſhall deuoure em, ſleach and ſell
Ere they ſhall make vs weepe? wee le ſee vm ſtarue firſt,

Baſt. Come hither Captaine, harke, *(come,*
Take thou this note, goe follow them to priſon,

And

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V.iii.

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The Historie of King Lear.

+28

And step, I haue aduanc't thee, if thou dost
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
 To noble fortunes, know thou this that men
 Are as the time is, to be tender minded
 Does not become a sword, thy great employment
 Will not beare question, either say thou do't,
 Or thrine by other meanes.

32

Cap. He do't my Lord.

36

Bas. About it, and write happy when thou hast don,
 Marke I say instantly, and carie it so
 As I haue set it downe.

Cap. I cannot draw a cart, nor eate dride oats,
 If it bee mans worke ile do't.

+

Enter Duke, the two Ladies, and others.

+40

Alb. Sir you haue shewed to day your valiant strain,
 And Fortune led you well you haue the captiues
 That were the opposites of this dayes strife,
 We doe require then of you, so to vse them,
 As we shall find their merits, and our safty
 May equally determine.

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Bas. Sir I thought it fit,
 To saue the old and miserable King to some retention,
 Whose age has charmes in it, whose title more
 To pluck the coren bossom of his side,
 And turne our imprest launces in our eyes
 Which doe commaund them, with him I sent the queen
 My reason, all the same and they are readie to morrow,
 Or at further space, to appeare where you shall hold
 Your session at this time, mee sweate and bleed,
 The friend hath lost his friend, and the best quarrels
 In the heat are curst, by those that feele their sharpes,
 The question of *Cordelia* and her father
 Requires a fitter place.

60

Alb. Sir by your patience,
 I hold you but a subiect of this warre, not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him,
 Me thinkes our pleasure should haue beene demanded
 Ere you had spoke so farre, he led our powers,

*The Historie of King Lear.*V.iii.

Bore the commission of my place and person,
The which immediate may well stand vp,
And call it selfe your brother.

Gono. Not so hot, in his owne grace hee doth ~~eat~~ himselfe
more then in your aduancement.

Reg. In my right by me inuested he com-peers the best.

Gono. That were the most, if hee should husband you.

Reg. Iesters doe oft proue Prophets.

Gon. Hola, hola, that eye that told you so, lookt but a squint.

Reg. Lady I am not well, els I should answere
From a full flowing stomack, Generall
Take thou my souldiers, prisoners, parrimonie,
Witness the world that I create thee here
My Lord and maister.

Gon. Meane you to inioy him then?

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

Bast. Nor in thine Lord.

Alb. Halfe blooded fellow, yes.

Bast. Let the drum strike, and proue my title good.

Alb. Stay yet, heare reason, *Edmund* I arrest thee
On capitall treason, and in thine attaint,
This gilded Serpent, for your claime faire sister
I bare it in the interest of my wife.
'Tis she is subcontracted to this Lord
And I her husband contradict the banes,
If you will mary, make your loue to me,
My Lady is bespoke, thou art arm'd *Gloster*,
If none appeare to proue vpon thy head,
Thy hainous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge, ile proue it on thy heart
Ere I tast bread, thou art in nothing lesse
Then I haue here proclaimed thee.

Reg. Sicke, ô sicke.

Gon. If not, ile nere trust poyson.

Bast. Ther's my exchange, what in the world he is,
That names me traytor, villain-like he lies,
Call by thy trumpeter, he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who nor, I will maintaine

L

My

The Historie of King Lear. s.

My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A Herald ho. *Bast.* A Herald ho, a Herald.

Alb. Trust to thy single vertue, for thy souldiers
 104 All leuied in my name, haue in my name tooke their

Reg. This sicknes growes vpon me. (discharge.

Alb. She is not well, conuey her to my tent,

108 Come hether Herald, let the trumpet sound,
 And read out this. *Cap.* Sound trumpet?

Her. If any man of qualitie or degree, in the hoast of the
 112 army, will maintaine vpon *Edmund* supposed Earle of *Gloster*,
 that he's a manifold traitour, let him appeare at the third sound
 of the trumpet, he is bold in his defence.

116 *Bast.* Sound? *Againe?*

+ *Enter Edgar at the third sound, a trumpet before him.*

Alb. Aske him his purposes why he appeares
 Vpon this call oth' trumpet.

120 *Her.* What are you? your name and qualitie?
 And why you answered this present summons.

+ *Edg.* O know my name is lost by treasons tooth.
 Bare-gnawne and canker-bitte; yet are I mou't
 Where is the aduersarie I come to cope with all.

+ 124 *Alb.* Which is that aduersarie? (*Gloster,*

Edg. What's he that speakes for *Edmund* Earle of

+ *Bast.* Him selfe, what saiest thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword.

128 That if my speech offend a noble hart, thy arme
 May do thee Iustice, here is mine.

+ Behold it is the priuiledge of my tongue,
 My oath and my profession, I protest,
 132 Maugre thy strength, youth, place and eminence,
 Despight thy victor, sword and fire new fortun'd,
 Thy valor and thy heart thou art a traytor.

+ False to thy Gods thy brother and thy Father,
 Conspicuate gainst this high illustrious prince,
 136 And from the xtreamest vpward of thy head,
 To the descent and dust beneath thy fect,
 A most toad-spotted traytor say thou no
 This sword, this arme, and my best spirits,

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As bent to proue vpon thy heart whereto I speake thou liest,

Bast. In wisdom I sholud aske thy name,
But since thy outside lookes so faire and warlike,
And that thy being some say of breeding breathes,
By right of knighthood, I disdaine and spurne
Heere do I toss those treasons to thy head.
With the hell haredly, oreturnd thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by and scarcely bruse,
This sword of mine shall giue them instant way
Where they shall rest for euer, trumpets speake.

Alb. Saue him, saue him,

Gon. This is meere practise *Gloster* by the law of armes
Thou art not bound to answere an vnknowne opposite,
Thou art not vanquishd, but couined and beguild,

Alb. Stop your mouth-dame, or with this paper shall I stople
it, thou worse then any thing, readethine owne euill, nay no
tearing Lady, I perceiue you know't. (me for't.

Gon. Say if I do, the lawes are mine not thine, who shal arraine

Alb. Most monstrous know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Aske me not what I know. *Exit. Gonorill.*

Alb. Go after her, shee's desperate, gouerne her.

Bast. What you haue chargd me with, that haue I don
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
Tis past, and so am I, but what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? if thou bee'st noble
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity,
I am no lesse in bloud then thou art *Edmond*,
If more, the more thou hast wrongd me.
My name is *Edgar*, and thy fathers sonne,
The Gods are iust, and of our pleasant vertues.
Make instruments to scourge vs the darke and vicious.
Place where thee he gotte, cost him his eies.

Bast. Thou hast spoken truth, the wheele is come
full circled I am heere.

Alb. Me thought thy very gate did prophecie,
A royall noblenesse I must embrace thee,
Let sorow split my heart if I did euer hate thee or thy father.

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Edg. Worthy Prince I know't.

Alb. Where haue you hid your selfe?

How haue you knowne the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them my Lord,

List a brieft tale, and when tis told

O that my heart would burst the bloody proclamation

To escape that followed me so neere,

O our liues sweetnes, that with the paine of death,

Would hourly die, rather then die at once.

Taught me to shift into a mad-mans rags

To assume a semblance that very dogges disdain'd

And in this habit met I my father with his bleeding rings,

The precious stones new lost became his guide,

Led him, beg'd for him, sau'd him from dispaire,

Neuer (O Father) reueald my selfe vnto him,

Vntill some halfe houre past, when I was armed,

Not sure, though hoping of this good successe,

I askt his blessing, and from first to last,

Told him my pilgrimage, but his flawd heart,

Alacke too weake, the conflict to support,

Twixt two extreames of passion, ioy and grieve,

Burst smilingly.

Bast. This speech of yours hath moued me,

And shall perchance do good, but speake you on,

You looke as you had something more to say,

Alb. If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,

For I am almost ready to dissolue, hearing of this,

Edg. This would haue seemd a periode to such

As loue not sorow, but another to amplifie too much,

Would make much more, and top extremitie

Whilft I was big in clamor, came there in a man,

Who hauing seene me in my worst estate,

Shund my abhord society, but then finding

Who twas that so indur'd with his strong armes

He fastened on my necke and bellowed out,

As hee'd burst heauen, threw me on my father,

Told the most pitious tale of *Lear* and him,

That euer eare receiued, which in recounting

His

The Historie of King Lear.

V.iii.

His griefe grew puissant and the strings of life,
Began to cracke twice, then the trumpets sounded.
And there I left him traunst.

Alb. But who was this.

Ed. *Kent* sir, the banisht *Kent*, who in diguise,
Followed his enemie king and did him seruice
Improper for a slaue.

Enter one with a bloudie knife,

Gent. Helpe, helpe, (knife?)

Alb. What kind of helpe, what meanes that bloudy

Gent. Its hot it smokes, it came euen from the heart of-

Alb. Who man, speake?

Gent. Your Lady sir, your Lady, and her sister
By her is poysoned, she hath confest it.

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

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alieue or dead,
This Iustice of the heauens that makes vs tremble,
Touches vs not with pity. *Edg.* Here comes *Kent* sir.

Alb. O tis he, the time will not allow *Enter Kent*
The complement that very manners vrges.

Kent. I am come to bid my King and maister ay good night,
Is he not here?

Duke. Great thing of vs forgot,
Speake *Edmund*, whers the king, and whers *Cordelia*
Seest thou this obiekt *Kent.* *The bodies of Gonorill and*

Kent. Alack why thus. *Regan are brought in.*

Bast. Yet *Edmund* was beloued,
The one the other poysoned for my sake,
And after slue her selfe. *Duke.* Euen so, couer their faces.

Bast. I pant for life, some good I meane to do,
Despight of my owne nature, quickly send,
Be briefe, int toth' castle for my writ,
Is on the life of *Lear* and on *Cordelia*,

Nay send in time. *Duke.* Runne, runne, O runne.

Edg. To who my Lord, who hath the office, send
Thy token of reprecue.

Bast. Well thought on, take my sword the Captaine,

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† Give it the Captaine? *Duke.* Hast thee for thy life.
Bass. He hath Commission from thy wife and me,
 To hang *Cordelia* in the prison, and to lay
 254 The blame vpon her owne despaire,
 § That shee fordid her selfe.
 † 256 *Duke.* The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.
Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.
Lear. Howle, howle, howle, howle, O you are men of stones,
 258 Had I your tongues and eyes, I would vse them so,
 † That heauens vault should cracke, shees gone for euer,
 I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
 Shees dead as earth, lend me a looking glasse,
 † 262 If that her breath will mist or staine the stone,
 † Why then she liues. *Kent.* Is this the promist end.
 † *Edg.* Or image of that horror. *Duke.* Fall and cease.
 † *Lear.* This feather stirs she liues, if it be so,
 † 266 It is a chance which do's redeeme all forowes
 That euer I haue felt. *Kent.* A my good maister.
 † *Lear.* Prethe away? *Edg.* Tis noble *Kent* your friend.
 † *Lear.* A plague vpon your murderous traytors all,
 270 I might haue saued her, now shees gone for euer,
 † *Cordelia, Cordelia,* stay a little, ha,
 † What ist thou sayest, her voyce was euer soft,
 Gentle and low, an excellent thing in women,
 274 I kild the slaue that was a hanging thee.
Cap. Tis true my Lords, he did.
 † *Lear.* Did I not fellow? I haue scene the day,
 † With my good biting Fauchon I would
 Haue made them skippe, I am old now,
 278 And these same crosses spoyle me, who are you?
 † Mine eyes are not othe best, ile tell you straight.
Kent. If Fortune bragd of two she loued or hated,
 One of them we behold. *Lear.* Are not you *Kent*?
 282 *Kent.* The same your seruant *Kent*, where is your seruant *Caius*,
Lear. Hees a good fellow, I cantell that,
 Heele strike and quickly too, hees dead and rotten.
 286 *Kent.* No my good Lord, I am the very man.
Lear. Ile see that straight.

Kent.

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Kent. That from your life of difference and decay,
Hauē followed your sad steps. *Lear.* You'r welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else, als chearles, darke and deadly,
Your eldest daughters hauē foredoome themselues,
And desperately are dead. *Lear.* So thinke I to.

Duke. He knowes not what he sees, and vaine it is,
That we present vs to him. *Edg.* Very bootlesse.

Capt. *Edmūd* is dead my Lord.

Enter
Captaine.

Duke. Thats but a trifle heere, you Lords and noble friends,
Know our intent, what comfort to this decay may come, shall be
applied: for vs we wil resigne during the life of this old maiesty,
to him our absolute power, you to your rights with boote, and
such addition as your honor hauē more then merited, all friends
shall tast the wages of their vertue, and al foes the cup of their de-
seruings, O see, see.

Lear. And my poore foole is hangd, no, no life, why should a
dog, a horse, a rat of life and thou no breath at all, O thou wilt
come no more, neuer, neuer, neuer, pray you vndo this button,
thanke you sir, O, o, o, o. *Edg.* He faints my Lord, my Lord.

Lear. Breake hart, I prethe breake. *Edgar.* Look vp my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost, O let him passe,
He hates him that would vpon the wracke,
Of this tough world stretch him out longer.

Edg. O he is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endured so long,
He but vsurpt his life.

Duke. Beare them from hence, our present busines
Is to generall woe, friends of my foule, you twaine
Rule in this kingdome, and the goard state sustaine.

Kent. I haue a iourney sir, shortly to go,
My maister calls, and I must not say no.

Duke. The waight of this sad time we must obey,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to say,
The oldest haue borne most, we that are yong
Shall neuer see so much, nor liue so long.

FINIS.