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<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
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M. William Shak-speare:

HIS
True Chronicle Historie of the life and
death of King Lear and his three
Daughters.

With the unfortunate life of Edgar, sonne
and heire to the Earle of Gloster, and his
sullen and assumed humor of
Tom of Bedlam:

As it was played before the Kings Majestie at Whitehall upon
S. Stephens night in Christmas Hollidays.

By his Majesties seruants playing vnusual at the Gloobe
on the Bancke-side.

LONDON,
Printed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in Pount Church-yard at the signe of the Poul Ball near
St. Andrew Clarr. 1608.
M. William Shake-speare

HIS
Historie, of King Lear.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Regan.

Kent.
Though the King had more affected the Duke of Al.

kny than Cornwall.

Glou. It did allwaies seeme so to vs, but now in the
division of the kingdomes, it appeares not which of
the Dukes he valuest most, for equalytes are so weighed, that eu-
errorie in neither, can make choice of either mayne.

Kent. Is not this your sonne my Lord?

Glo. His breeding hath hene beene at my charge, I haue so of-
ten blinde to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to it.

Kent. I cannot conceiue you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellowes mother Could, whenupon she
grew round without bed, and had indeed Sir a forme for the cradle,
ere she had a husband for her bed, doe you find it fairer?

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

Glo. But I haue for a sonne by order of Law, some yeare el-
der than this, who yet is to decrees in my account, though this
knaue came something favorely into the world before hee was

fear for ye was his mothers sake, there was good sport at his
making. The wherefore must be acknowledgd, at you know
this noble gentleman Edmund? 
The Historie of King Lear.

Bass. No my Lord.
Gloster. My Lord of Kent, remember him hereafter as my honorable friend.
Bass. My servises to your Lordship.
Kent. I must loue you, and sue to know you better.
Bass. Sir I shall study deserving.
Gloster. Hee hath beeene out nine yeares, and away hee shall againe, the King is comming.

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

Lear. Attend my Lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.
Gloster. I shall my Leige.
Lear. Meane time we will expresse our darker purposes.
The map there; know we haue divided
In three, our kingdome; and tis our first intent,
To shake all cares and busines of our state,
Confirming them on young yeares,
The two great Princes France and Burgundy,
Great sisters in our youngest daughters loue,
Long in our Court haue made their amorous sojourn, 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 Deareer then eye-sight, space or libertie, (matter, Beyond what can be valued rich or rare,
No lefe then life; with grace, health, beautie, honoure, As much a child er loue, 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 all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With thady forrests, and wide skirted meades,
We make thee Lady, to thine and Albaines issue,
Be this perpetuall, what faies our second daughter?
The Historie of King Lear.

Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall, 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 the names my very deed of loue, only she came short,
That I professe my selfe an enemie to all other ioyes,
Which the most precious square of fencen possesse,
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 pleazure,
Then that confirm'd on Gonerill, but now our ioy,
Although the lai not leaff in our deere loue,
What can you say to win a third, more opulent.
Then your sisters.
Lear. How, nothing can come of nothing, speake
Cord. Unhappy that I am, I cannot have my heart into my mouth, I love your Majestie according to my bond, nor more nor lesse.
Lear. Go to, go to, mend your speech a little,
Least it may mar your fortunes.
Cord. Good my Lord,
You have begot me, bred me, loved me,
I returne those duties backe as a sport fit,
Obey you, loue you, and most honour you,
Why have my sisters husbands if they say they loue you all,
Happily when I shall wed, that Lord whose hand
Must take my plight, shall carry halfe my loue with him,
Halfe my care and duty, sure I shall never
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 tender,
Cord. So yong my Lord and true.
Lear. Well let it be so, thy truth then be thy dower,
For by the sacred radience of the Sunne.
The Historie of King Lear.

The mistresse of Heav'n, and the might,
By all the operation of the orbs,
From whom we do esteem and cence to be
Here I disclaim all my paternall care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hould thee from this for ever, the barbarous Seythian,
Or he that makes his generation
Mesles to gorge his appetite
Shall bee as well neighbour'd, pittyed and relieved
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege; (his wrath,

Lear. PeaceKent, comenot between the Dragon &
I lou'd her most, and thought to see my rest
On her kind nursery, hence and auoide my sight
So be my graue my peace as here I giue,
Her fathers heart from her, call France, who stirres
Call Burgundy, Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters dower digest this third;
Let pride, which she calles plainnes, marrie her:
I doe inuest you jointly in my powre,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troope with Maiestie, our selfe by monthly course
With reuerence of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustaynd, shall owe abode
Make with you by due terme. 
ely we still retaine
The name ahd all the addicions to a King,
The sway, revenue, 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,
Loud as my Father, as my maister followed,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers.

Lear. The bow is bet & drawn make from the shafts,

Kent. Let it fall rather,
Though the forke invade the region of my heart,
Be Kent vnnannerly when Lear is man,
The Historie of King Lear.

What wilt thou do, ould man, think\st thou that dutie,
Shall have dread to speake, when power to flatterie bowes,
To plaines honours bound when Maiesty fropes to folly,
Reuerse thy doome, and in thy best consideration
Checke this hideous raffnes, answere my life
My judgement, thy yongest daughter does not loue thee least,
Nor are those empty harted whole low, sound
Reuerbs no hollownes.

Lear. Kent on thy life no more.
Kent. My life I neuer held but as a pawn
To wage against thy enemies, nor fear to lose it,
Thy fafty being the mortue.

Lear. Out of my sight.
Kent. See better Lear and let me still remaine.
The true blanke of thine eye,
Lear. Now by Apollo.
Kent. Now by Apollo King thou swearest thy Gods
Lear. Vassall, recreant.

Kent. Doe, kill thy Physician,
And the fee bestow upon the soule diseafe,
Reuoke thy doome, or whilst I can vent clamour
From my throat, ile tell thee thou dost euer.

Lear. Hear me, on thy allegeance heare me?
Since thou haft sought to make vs breake our vow,
Which we durft never yet; and with straied pride,
To come betwene our sentence and our powre;
Which nor our nature nor our place can beare,
Our potencie made good, take thy reward.
Foure dayes we doe allot thee for provison,
To shield thee from diseases of the world,
And on the fift to turne thy hated backe.
Upon our king dome, if on the tenth day following,
Thy banifht truncke be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death, away, by Jupiter
This shall not be euoke.

Kent. Why fare thee well king, since thus thou wilt
Friendship lives hence, and banishment is here,
The Gods to their protection take the maide.
That rightly thinks, and haft most justly said,
And your large speeches may your deedes approue,
That good effects may spring from wordes of loue:
Thus Kem O Princes, bids you all adew,
Heele shape his old course in a country new.

Enter France and Burgundie with Gloster.

Glof. Heers France and Burgundie my noble Lord.
Lear. My L. of Burgundie, we first adress towards you,
Who with a King hath riuell for our daughter,
What in the least will you require in present
Dower with her, or cease your quest of loue?

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

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

Burg. I know no answer.
Lear. Sir will you with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriendd, new adopted to our hate,
Covered with our curse, and stranger'd with our oth,
Take her or leaue her.

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

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 befeech you,
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whom nater is a Shame
Almost to acknowledge hers.

Fra. This is most strange, that she, that euen but now
Was your best object, the argument of your praiue,
Balse of your age, most belff, most deereff,
Should in this trice of time commit a thing,
So monstrous to dismanteill so many foults of favoure,
The Historie of King Lear.

Sure her offence must bee of such unnatureall degree,
That monsters it, or you for yout affection
Falne into taint, which to beleue of her
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cord. I yet beseech your Maiestie,
If for I want that glib and oyle Art,
To speake and purpose not, since what I well entend
Ie do't before I speake, that you may know
It is no vicious blog, murder or foulnes,
No vnkleane action or dishonord step
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and fauour,
But euen for want of that, for which I am rich,
A still soliciting eye, and such a tongue,
As I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,
Hath loft me in your liking.

Leir. Goe to, goe 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 respect that
Aloofe from the intire point will you haue her? (tads
She is her selfe and dowre.

Burg. Royall Leir, giue but that portion
Which your selfe propos'd, and here I take Cordelia
By the hand, Dutches of Burgundie,
Leir. Nothing, I haue sworne.

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

Cord. Peace be with Burgundie, since that respect
Of fortune are his loue, I shall not be his wife.

Fran. Fairest Cordelia that art most rich being poore,
Most choice forfaken, and most loued despis'd,
Thee and thy vertues here I eaze upon,
Be it lawfull I take vp what's call away,
Gods, Gods! this strage, that from their couldst neglect.
My loue should kindle to inflam'd respect.

Thy
The Historie of King Lear.

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

Lear. Thou hast her France, let her be thine,
For we have no such daughter, nor shail euer see
That face of hers againe, therefore be gone,
(Burgundy.)
Without our grace, our loue, our benizone noble,

Exit Lear and Burgundy.

Fran. Bid farewell to your sisters?

Cord. The iewels of our father,

Genril. Prescribe not vs our duties?

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

Cord. Time shal vnfould what pleated cunning hides,
Who covers faults, at last them derides:

Fran. Come faire Cordelia, Exit France & Cord.

Genor. Sister, it is not a little thau have 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 mon eth with vs.

Gen. You see how full of changes his age is the observation we have made of it, but not bin little, hee alwaies loued our sister most, and with what poore judgement hee hath now cast her off, appears too grosse.

Reg. Tis the infirmitie of his age, yet hee hath euer but tenderly.
derly knowne himselfe.

Gono. The best and soundest of his time hath bin but rash,
then must we looke to receive from his age not alone the imper-
fection of long ingrafted condition, but therewithal vnruely way-
wardnes, that inframe and cholericke yeares bring with them.

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

Gono. There is further complemeant of leaue taking betwene
France and him, pray lets hit together, if our Father cary a-
uthority 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'h heate.  Exeunt.

Enter Bastard Solus.

Bast. Thou Nature art my Goddesse, so thy law my seruices
are bound, wherefore should I stand in the plague of custome,
and permit the curiositie of nations to deprue me, for that I am
some twelue or x4 mooneshines lag of a brother, why bastard
wherefore base, when my dememters 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 luyt
fleath of nature, take more composition and feirc quality, then
doth within a stale dulllyed bed, goe to the creating of a whole
tribe of tops got tweene 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 thrive, Edmund the base shall tooth lei-
gitimate. I grow, I prosper, now Gods stand vp for Bastards.

Enter Gloster.

Glof. Kent banishth thus, and France in choller parted, and
the King gone to night, subscrib'd his power, confined to exhibi-
tion, all this done vpon the gadde; Edmund how now
what newes?

Bast. So please your Lordship, none:
Glof. Why so earnestly feeke you to put vp that letter?
Bast. I know no newes my Lord.
Glof. What paper were you reading?
Bast. Nothing my Lord,
The Historie of King Lear.

Gloft. No, what needes then that terribie dispatch of it into your pocket, the qualitie of nothing hath not such need to hide it selfe, but see; come if it bee nothing I shall not neede speeckles.

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

Gloft. Give me the letter Sir.

Bat. I shall offend either to detaine or giue it, the contents as in part I understand them, are too blame.

Gloft. Let's see, let's see?

Bat. I hope for my brothers justification, he wrot this but as an essay, or tatt of my vertue. A Letter.

Gloft. 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 wake him, you should enjoy halfe his reueneu for euer; and live the beloued of your brother Edgar.

Hum, conspiracie, sleept till I wake him, you should enjoy halfe his reueneu, my sone Edgar, had hee a hand to write this, a hare, and braine to breed it in, when came this to you, who brought it?

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

Gloft. You know the Caracter to be your brothers?

Bat. If the matter were good, my Lord I durft swear it were his but in respect of that I would faine thinke it were not.

Gloft. It is his?

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

Gloft. Hath he neuer heretofore foued you in this businesse?

Bat. Neuer my Lord, but I haue oftehen heard him maintaine it to be fit, that sons at perfit age, & fathers declining, his father should be as ward to the sone, and the sone mannage the reueneu.
The Historie of King Lear.

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

Bast. I do not well know my Lord, if it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimonies of this intent: you should run a certain course, where if you violently proceed against him, misfrighting his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, & shoke in pieces the heart of his obedience, I dare pawn downe my life for him, he hath wrote this to seele my affection to your honour, and to no further pretence of danger.

Gloft. Thinke you so?

Bast. If your honour judge 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 evening.

Gloft. He cannot be such a monster.

Bast. Nor is it sure.

Gloft. To his father, that so tenderly and intirely loves him, heaven and earth! Edmund seeke him out, wind mee into him, I pray you frame your businesse after your own wisdome, I would vnfeate my selfe to be in a due resolution.

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

Gloft. These late eclipses in the Sunne and Moone portend no good to vs, though the wisdome of nature can reaon thus and thus, yet nature finds it selfe scourged by the sequent effects, loues cooles, friendship falls off, brothers diuide, in Citties mutinies, in Countreys 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 banish, his offence honest, strange strange!

Bast. This is the excellent foopery of the world, that when we are sicke in Fortune, often the surfeit of our owne behaviour, we make guiltie of our disasters, the Sunne, the Moone, and the Starres, as if we were Villaines by necessitie, Foes, by heavenly compulsion, Knaues, Theues, and Treachers by spirituall predomi-
predominance, Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an ensniff obedience of planitary influence, and all that wee are euilin, by a divine thrusting on, admirable euation of whom a matter man, to lay his gotith disposition to the charge of Starres: my Father compounded with my Mother under the Dragons tail, and my nativity was under Vrja maior, so that it followeth. I am rough and lecherous, Furt, I should have beene that I am, had the maidenleft starre of the Firmament twinkled on my ballyard.

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

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

Edg. Do you bufe your selfe about that?

Bast. I promise you the effects he write of, succeed unhappily, as of unnatural selife betweene the child and the parent, death, dearth, diffolutions of ancient amities, dissensions in state, menaces and maledicitions against King and nobles, needles dissidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of Cohorts, nuptiall breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long haue you beene a sectary Astronomical?

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

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Bast. Spake you with him?

Edg. Two hours together.

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

Edg. None at all.

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 pardon it would scarce allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

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 to.
The Historie of King Lear.

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:

A credulous Father, and a brother noble,

Whose nature is so farre from doing harmes,

That he suspetes 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.

Enter Gonerill and Gentleman.

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

Gent. Yes Madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me,

Every houre he flashes into one groffe crime or other

That sets at all at odds, he not indure it,

His Knights grow ruyous, and him selfe obrayds vs,

On every eftell when he returnes from hunting,

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 anfwer.

Gent. Hee's coming Madam I heare him.

Gon. Put on what wearie negligence you please, you and your fellow servantes, I da 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 ouerrulde; idle old man that still would manage those authorities that hee hath giuen away, now by my life old fooles are babes again, & myself be vs'd with checkes as flatteries, when they are seene abuif, 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, advice your fellows so, I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, that I may speake, if write straight to my sister to hould my very course, goe prepare for dinner.

Exit Kent.

Kent, If but as well I other accents borrow, that can my speech defuse,
The History of King Lear.

defuise, my good intent may carry through it selfe to that fullit,
for which I raz'd my likenes, now banisht Kent, if thou canst
serve where thou dost stand condemn'd, thy maister whom thou
lovest shal find the full of labour.

Enter Lear.

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

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What doest thou profess? what wouldst thou with me?

Kent. I doe profess to be no lesse then I seeme, to serve him
truly that will put me in trust, to loue him that is honest, to con-
uerfe with him that is wise, and sayes little, to feare judgement,
to fight when I cannot chuse, and to eate no sifie.

Lear. What art thou?

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

Lear. If thou be as poore for a subject as he is for a King, that
poore enough, what wouldst thou?

Kent. Service. Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

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

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


Lear. What services canst doe?

Kent. I can kepe honest counsafe, 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 belt
of me, is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so yong to loue a woman for singing, nor so old to
done on her for anything, I haue yeres on my backe forty:eight.

Lear. Follow mee, thou shalt serve mee, if I like thee no
worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet, dinner, he din-
nner, wher's my knaue, my foole, goe you and call my foole be-
ther, you sirra, wheres my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Steward. So please you,

Lear. What say's the fellow there, call the clotpole backe,
wher's
The Histoire of King Lear.

wheres my fole, ho I thinke the world's aleepe, how now, wher's that mungrel?

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

Lear. He fay'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.

Servant. A would not?

Servant. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my judgement, your highnes is not entertained 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 be mistak'en, for my dutie cannot bee silent, when I thinke your highnesse wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine owne conception, I have perceived a molt faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine owne envious curiositie, then as a very pretence & purport of vnkindnesse, I will looke further into't, but wher's this fole I have not scene him this two dayes.

Servant. Since my yong Ladies going into France sir, the fole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it, goe you and tell my daughter, I would speake with her, goe you cal hither my fole, o you sir, you sir, come you hither, who am I sir?

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 mee.

Lear. Doe you bandie lookes with me you rafcall?

Stew. Ile not be struck my Lord,

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base football player.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow, thou seru'ft me, and ile loue thee, Kent. Come sir 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 Fole.

Fole.
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Fool. Let me hire him too, heer's my coxcomb.
Lear. How now my pretie knaue, how do'st thou?
Fool. Sirra, you were best take my coxcomb.
Kent. Why Fool?
Fool. Why for taking on's part, that's out of favour, may and thou can't not smile as the wind fits, thou can't catch cold shordy, there take my coxcombs; why this fellow hath banished two on's daughters, and done the third a blessing against his will, if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcombs, how now uncle, would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters.
Lear. Why my boy?
Fool. If I gave them any living, id'de keepe my coxcomb, my selfe, ther's mine, beg another of thy daughters.
Lear. Take heed firra, the whip.
Fool. Truth is a dog that must to kenell, hee must bee whipt out, when Ladie oth' e brach may stand by the fire and sitcke.
Lear. A pestilent gull to mee.
Fool. Sirra ile teach thee a speach.
Lear. Doe.
Fool. Marke it vncle, have more then thou knowest, speake leffe then thou knowest, lend leffe then thou owest, ride more then thou goest, learne more then thou knowest, set leffe then thou throwest, laye thy drinke and thy whore, and keep in a doore, and thou shalt haue more, then two tens to a score.
Lear. This is nothing Fool.
Fool. Then like the breath of an vnseed Lawyer, you gave me nothing for't, can you make no vse of nothing vnkle?
Lear. Why no boy, nothing can be made out of nothing.
Fool. Preche the tell him so much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleue a Fool.
Lear. A bitter Fool.
Fool. Doe'tt know the difference my boy, betweene a bitter Fool, and a sweete Fool.
Lear. No lad, teach mee.
Fool. That Lord that counself'd thee to give away thy land, Come place him heere by mee, doe thou for him stand, The sweete and bitter Fool we will presently appear, The one in motley here, the other found out there.
Lear. Doe't thou call mee Fool boy?
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Fool. All thy other Ticles thou haft giuen away, that thou waft borne with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool e my Lord.

Fool. No faith, Lords and great men will not let me, if I had a monopolie our, they would haue part an't, and lodes too, they will not let me haue all the fooles to my felfe, they'll be snatching, give me an ege Nuncle, and ile giue thee two crownes.

Lear. What two crownes shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I haue cut the ege in the middle and eate vp the meate, the two crownes of the ege; when thou clouest thy crowne it'h middle, and gauest away both parts, thou boest thy affe at'h backe or'e the durt, thou haft little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gauest thy golden one away, if I speake like my felfe in this, let him be whipt that first finds it so.

Fool's had nere leffe wit in a yeare,
For wifemen 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 sirr?

Fool. I haue vs'd it nuncle, euer since thou mad'ft thy daugh-
ters thy mother, for when thou gauest them the rod, and putst downe thine own breeches, then they for sudden joy did weep, and I for sorow sung, that such a King should play bo-peepe, and goe the fools among; prethe Nuncke keepe a schoolema-
ster that can teach thy fooles to lyc, I would faine learne lyc.

Lear. And you lye, weele haue you whipt.

Fool. I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l
haue me whipt for speaking true, thou wilt haue me whipt for lying, and sometime I am whipt for holding my peace, I had rather be any kind of thing then a foolo, and yet I would not bee thecN uncle, thou haft pared thy wite both fides, & left nothing in the middle, here comes one of the parings.

Enter Gonorill.

Lear. How now daughter, what makes that Frontlet on,
Methinks you are too much alateir'h frowne.

Fool. Thou waft a prettie fellow when thou haft no need
to care for her frowne, thou, thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a foolo, thou art nothing, yes for-

Dciooth
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sooth I will hould my tongue, fo your face bids mee, though
you say nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keepes neither crust nor crum,

Weare of all, shall want some. That's a sheald peecod.

Gon. Not onely sir this,your all-licenc'd foole, but other of
your insolent retinue do hourly carpe and quarrell, breaking
forth in ranke & (not to be induerd riots,)
sir I had thought by
making this well knowne vnto you, to haue found a safe redire,
but now grow scarce full 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 cen-
sure, nor the redresse, sleepe, which in the tender of a wholsome
weale, might in their working doe you that offence, that else
were shame, that then necessitie must call dierent proceedings.

Foole. For you trow uncles, the hedges sparrow fed the cow
kow so long, that it had it head bit off heit young, so out went
the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come sir, I would you would make use of that good
wisdom whereof 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 I say 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 hisno-
tion, weaknes, or his discernings are lethargie, sleepeing, or wake-
ing? ha! sure tis not so, who is it that can tell me who I am?Lears
shadow? I would learne that, for by the markes of souerainie,
knowledge, and reason, I should bee false perswaded I had
dughters.

Foole. Which they, will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name faire gentlewoman?

Gon. Come sir, this admiration is much of the faavour of other
your new prankes, I doe beseech you vnderstand my purposes
aight, as you are old and reuerend, should be wise, here do you
keepa too. Knights and Squires, men so disordred, so debouyl
and bold, that this our court infecte with their manners, howes
like
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like a riotous Inne, epicurism, 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 thee begs, a little to disquantite your traine, and the re-
mainder that shall still depend, to bee such men as may befor
your age, that know themselues and you.

Lear. Darkenes, and Deuils! saddle my horse, 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
feruants of their better.

Enter Duke.

Lear. We that too late repent's, O sir, are you come? is it your
will that we prepare any horses, ingratitude! thou marble har-
ted fiend, more hideous when thou sheweest thee in a child, then
the Sea-monster, defeated kite, thou lift 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 uly did'st thou in Cordelia! shewe, that
like an engine wrencht my frame of nature from the first place,
drew from my heart all loute, and added to the gall, O Lear. Lear!
beat at this gate that let thy folly in, and thy deere judgement
our, goe, goe, my people?

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

Lear. It may be to my Lord, harke Nature, heare deere God-
desse, suspend thy purpose, if thou did'st intend to make this
creature fruitful in her wombe, conuey sterility, drie vp in hir
the organs of increafe, and from her derogate body newer spring
a babe to honour her, if shee muste create, create her child of
spleene, that it may liue, and bee a thourt diffuer'd torment to
her, let it flampe wrinkles in her brow of youth, with accent
tearis, fret channels in her cheeks, turne all her mothers paines
and benefits to laughter and contemp, that shee may feele, that
shee may feele, bow harper then a serpents tooth it is, to have a
thanklesse child, goe, goe, my people?

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

Gon. Neuer afflic your selfe to know the cause, but let his
disposition hauoe 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. Ille tell thee, life and death! I am ashamed that thou hast power to shake my manhood thus, that these hot tears that breake from me perforce, should makethe worst blasts and fogs upon the vnderlender woundings of a fathers scuffle, peruse every fence about the old fond eyes, bewepe this cause againe, ile pluck you out, & you cast with the waters that you make tempeper clay, yea, if come to this? yet haue I left a daughter, whom I am sure is kind and comfortable, when she shall heare this of thee, with her nailes she'll fleay thy woultie vifage, thou shalt find that ile resume the shape, which thou dost thinke I haue cast off for ever, thou shalt I warrant thee.

Gon. Doe you marke that my Lord?

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

Gon. Come sir no more, you, more knaue then fool, after your matter?

Fool. Nunckle Lear, Nunckle Lear, tary and take the fool 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 fool follows after.

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

Gon. What haue you writ this letter to my sister t'

Oswald. Yes Madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to hourse, informe her full of my particular feares, and thereto add such reasons of your owne, as may compact it more get you gon, and after your returne now my Lord, this mildie gentlenesse and course of yours though I dislike not, yet vnder pardon y'are much more alapt want of wisedome, then praise for harmfull mildnesse.

Duke. How farre your eyes may pears I cannot tell, striving to better ought, we marre what's well,

Gon. Nay then. Duke. Well, well, the event,

Enter Lear.

Lear. Goe you before to Gloster with these letters, acquaint my daughter no farther 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.
The Histrie of King Lear.

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

Fool. If a mans braines were in his heales, were not in danger of kibes. Lear. I boy.

Fool. Then I prethe be mery, thy wife shal nere goe slipshod. Lear. Ha ha ha.

Fool. Shaft see thy other daughter will vs thee kindly, for though shee as like this, as a crab is like an apple, yet I con, what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell my boy?

Fool. Shee tale 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.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, a may spee into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Fool. Canst tell how an Oyster makes his shell. Lear. No.

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

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in, not to guie it away to his daughter, and leave his hornes without a cafe.

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

Fool. Thy Asses are gone about them, the reason why the seven starres are no more then seven, is a prettie reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Fool. Yes thou wouldst make a good fool.

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

Fool. If thou wert my foole Nunkele, id'e haue thee beate for being old before thy time.

Lear. Hows that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not haue beene old, before thou hadst beene wife.

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


Fool. Shee that is maide now, and laughes at my departure, shall not be a maide long, except things be cut shorter. Exit.

Enter
Enter Baft. and Curan meeting.

Baft. Saweth thee, Curan.

Curan. And you Sir, I have beene with your father, and given him notice, that the Duke of Cornwall and his Dutches will bee here with him to night.

Baft. How comes that? 

Curan. Nay, I know not, you have heard of the newes abroad, I meanethe whisperd ones, for there are yet but care-buffing arguments.

Baft. Not, I pray you what are they? 

Curan. Have you heard of no likely warres towards,twixt the two Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Baft. Not a word.

Curan. You may then in time, fare you well sir.

Baft. The Duke be here to night! the better beft, this weaves itselfe perforce into my busines, my father hath set gard to take my brother, and I have one thing of a queste question, which must ask breefeines and fortune helpe; brother, a word, descend brother I say, my father watches, O flie this place, intelligence is given where you are hid, you have now the good advantage of the night, haue you not spoken against the Duke of Cornwall ought, he's coming hether now in the night, it's haft, and began with him, haue you nothing aidd upon his partie against the Duke of Albany, aduise your--

Edg. I am sure on't not a word.

Baft. I heare my father coming, pardon me in cruizing, I must draw my sword vpon you, seeme to defend your selfe, now quit you well, yeeld, come before my father, light here, here, fine brother flie, torches, torches, so farwell; some bloud drawne on mee would beget opinion of my more fierce indevour, I haue seen drunkards doe more then this in sport, father, father, stop, stop, no, helpe!

Gloft. Now Edmund where is the villain? 

Baft. Here stood he in the darke, his sharpe sword out, warbling of wicked charms, conjuring the Moone to flend's auspicious Mistris.

Gloft. But where is he?

Baft. Lookke sir, I blede.

Gloft. Where is the villain Edmund?
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Bast. Fled this way sir, when by no meanes he could...

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

Bast. Perswade me to the murder of your Lordship, but that I told him the reuengiuue Gods, against Paracides did all their thunders bend, spoke with how many soould and strong a bond the child was bound to the father, sir in a fine, seeing how loathly opposite I stood, to his unnatural purpose, with fell motion with his prepared sword, hee charges home my vnprouded body, lancet mine arme, but when he saw my best alarum spirits, bold in the quarrels, rights, rousd to the encounter, or whether gaffed by the noyse I made, but sodainly he fled.

Gloft. Let him flye farre, not in this land shall he remaine vncaught and found, despatch, the noble Duke my maister, my worthy Arch and Patron, comes to night, by his authoritie I will proclaime it, that he which finds him shall deserve our thankes, bringing the murderous caytie to the stable, hee that conceals him, death.

Bast. When I dissuaded him from his intent, and found him pight to doe it, with curt speech I threatened to discover him, he replied, thou vnpossesseing 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? no. what I should deny, 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 potential spurre to make thee seake it.

Gloft. Strong and fastned villain, would he deny his letter, I never got him, harke the Dukes trumpet, I know not why he comes, all Ports ile barre, the villain shall not scape, the Duke must grant mee that, besides, his picture I will send farre and neere, that all the kingdome may have note of him, and of my land loyal and natural boy, ile worke the meanes to make thee capable.

Enter the Duke of Cornwall.

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

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short which can pursue
pursue the offender, how dost my Lord?

Glof. Madam my old heart is crackt, is crackt.

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

Glof. I Ladie, Ladie, shame would have it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the ruyous knights, that tends upon my father?

Glof. 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 have put him on the old mans death, To have these--and wast of this his revenues: I haue this present evening from my sister, Been well inform'd of them, and with such cautions, That if they come to sojourn at my house, ike not be there.

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

Bast. Twas my dutie Sir.

Glof. He did betray his trust, and Receive this hurt you see, steering to apprehend him.


Duke. If he be taken, he shall never more beardin of doing harme, make your own purpose how in my strength you please, for you Edmund, whose vertue and obedience, doth this instant to much commend it selfe, you shall bee ours, nature of such deepre trust, wye shall much need you, we first saeze on.

Bast. I shall serue you truly, how euerelse.

Glof. For him I thanke your grace.

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

Regan. Thus out of sease, threatning darke ey'd night, Occasions noble Gloster of some prise,
Wherein we must haue vs of your aduise,
Our Father he hath writ, so hath our sister, Of defences, which I best thought it fit, To anwter from our hand, the seuerall messengers From hence attend dispatch, our good old friend, Lay comforts to your bofore, & below your needfull councell To our busines, which craves the instant vs.

(Exeunt.

Glof.)
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Gloft. I serum you Madam, your Graces are right welcome.

Kent. Enter Kent, and Steward.

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

Kent. Where may we set our horses?

Steward. I know thee not. Why then I care not for thee. If I had thee in Lipshurie pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

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

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Steward. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meat, a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three hundred pounds, filthy worsted-stocked knave, a lily lyver’d action taking knave, a whorson gawking superfluous rogue, one trunk inheriting flame, one that would see a bawd in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the sonne and heir of a mangrell bitch, whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny the least fiable of the addition.

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

Kent. What a brazen face varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest mee, is it two dayes agoe since I beat thee, and tripped thy heele 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 culyonly barber-munger, draw?

Steward. Away, I have nothing to doe with thee.

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

Steward. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent. Strike you slauke, stand rogue, stand you neat slauke, strike?

Steward. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Enter Edmund with his rapier drawn, Gloster the Duke and Dutchess.

Baff. How now, what’s the matter?
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Kent. With you goodman boy, and you please come, ile flush you, come on yong maister.

Gloft. Weapons, armes, what's the matter here?

Duke. Kepe peace vpon your liues, hee dies that strikes againe, what's the matter?

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

Duke. What's 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 disclaims in thee, a Tayler made thee.

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

Kent. I, a Tayler sir, 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 sir, whose life I haue spard at fuite of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whorson Zedd, thou vnnecessary letter, my Lord if you'll gue mee leaue, I will tread this vnboutted villaine into mortar, and daube the walles of a Iaques with him, spare my gray beard you wagtyle.

Duke. Peace sir, you beastly Knaue you have no reuerence.

Kent. Yes sir, but anger has a privuledge.

Duke. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a flauue as this should weare a sword, That weares no honesty, such smilling rogues as these, Like Rats oft bite those cordes in twaine, Which are to intrench, to inloose smooth evey passion That in the natures of their Lords rebell, Bring oyle to fir, snow to their colder-moods, Reneg, affirme, and turne their halcion beakes With evey gale and varie of their maisters, (epeliptick Knowing nought like day es but following. a plague vpon your Vifage, smoyle you my speeches, as I were a foole?) Goodke and I had you vpon Sarum plaine, Id e fend you cackling home to Camulet.

' Duket. What art thou mad old fellow?

Gloft. How fell you out, say that.
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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, this my occupation to be plaine,
I have scene better faces in my time
That stand on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Duke. This is a fellow who having beene prayst
For blunnes doth affect a lawye ruffines,
And confraines 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 plainnesse harbours more craft,
And more corrupter ends, then twentie silly ducking
Obseruants, 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 flickering Phoebus 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 begnied you in a plain accent, was a plaine knaue, which for my part I will not boe, though I should win your displeasure, to intreat thee too’t.

Duke. What’s the offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any, it pleas’d the King his maister
Very late to strike at me vpon his misconstrucion,
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 flechten of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here againe.

Kent. None of these rogues & cowards but A’ lax is their fool.

Duke.
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**Duke.** Bring forth the stockes ho?
You stubborne silly creant knaue, you reverent bragart,
Weele teach you.

**Kent.** I am too old to learne, call not your stockes for me,
I seuer the King, on whose impoyments I was sent to you,
You shoulde doe smale 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 lie fit 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?

**Glof.** Let me beseech your Grace not to doe so,
His fault is much, and the good King his maister
Will check him for't, your purpos low correction
Is such, as basest and temneest wretches for pilstres
And most common trespases 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, affallted
For following her affairs, put in his legges,
Come my good Lord away?

**Glof.** I am sorry for thee friend, tis the Dukes pleasure,
Whatse disposition all the world well knowes
Will not be rubb'd nor slopt, ile intreat for thee.

**Kent.** Pray you doe not fir, I ame watcht and trauaile
Sometime I shal sleepe ont, the reste in whistle, (hard,
A good mans fortune may grow out at heele,)
Gieue you good mmore.

**Glof.** The Dukes to blame in this, it will be ill tooke.

**Kent.** Good King that must approve the common law,
Thou out of heavens benediction comest
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 miferie, I know tis from Cordelia,
VWho hath most fortunately bin informed
Of my obscured course, and shall find time
From this enormous slate, seeking to guie
Looses their remedies, all warsie and overwatch.
Take vantage heautie eyes not to behold
This shamefull lodging, Fortune goodnight,
Smile, once more turne thy wheele,

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heare my selfe proclaim'd, bowne akmold.
And by the happie hollow of a tree
Except the hunt, no Port is free, no place.
That guard, and most vnusual vigilance.
Dost not attend my taking while I may escape.
I will preferre my selfe, and am bethought,
To take the basest and most pooreft shape,
That ever penury in contemplation.
Brought nearer to beast, my face iile grime with filth,
Blanket my loynes, else all my hair with knots.
And with presented nakednes our face,
The wind, and perfection of the skie.
The Countrie gives me proofe and presient.
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voyces,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare armes.
Pins, wodden prickes, nayles, sprigs of rosemery.
And with this horrible object from low seruice.
Poore pelting villages, sheep-coates, and milles.
Sometime with lunaticke bans, sometime with prayers.
Enforce their charitie, poore Turlygod, poore Tom,
That's something yet, Edgar I nothing am,

Exit.

Enter King.

Lear. Tis strange that they should so depart from
And not send backe my messenger.
(hence,)
Knights. As I learn'd, the night before there was

E 3. No
No purpose of his remove.

*Kent.* Hayle to thee noble master.

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

*Fool.* Ha ha, looke he weares crewel garers,
Horses are tode by the heelles, dogges and bearers.
Byr'h necke, munkies bit'h loynes, and men
Byr'h legges, when a mans ouer lusty at legs,
Then he weares wooden heatherstockes.

*Lear.* What's he, that hath so much thy place mistooke to let
thee here?

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

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

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

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

*Lear.* By Jupiter I sweare no, they durst not do't,
They would not, could not do't, tis worser than murder,
To doe upon respect such violent outrage,
Resolue me with all modest haft, which way
Thou may'lt deferue, or they purpose this vlage,
Coming from vs.

*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,
Streed in his haft, halfe breathles, panting forth
From Gonoril his mistris, salutations,
Delivered letters spite of intermission,
Which presently they read, on whose contents
They summoned vp their men, straight tooke horse,
Commanded me to follow, and attend the leasure
Of their answere, gave me cold lookes,
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome I perceau'd had poyson'd mine,
Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so lawfully against your Highnes,
Hating more man then wit, about me drew,
He railed the house with loud and coward cries,
Your sonne and daughter found this trepas worth.
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This shame which here it suffers.

Lear. O how this mother swells vp toward my hart,

Historica passio downe thou climbing sorow,

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 office then what you speake of?

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

Fool. And thou hadst beene set in the stockes for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why fool?

Fool. Were set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's no labouring in the winter, all that follow their noises, are led by their eyes, but blind men, and ther's no note among 1000, but can smell him that stinking, let goe thy hold when a great wheel runs downe a hill, lett it brake thy necke with following it, but the great one that goes vp the hill, let him draw thee after, when a wise man giues thee better counsell, giue me mine again, I would haue none but knaues follow it, since a fool giues it.

That Sir that serves for gaine,
And followes but for forme:
Will packe when it begin to raine,
And leave thee in the forme.
But I will tarie, the fool will stay,
And let the wise man flie:
The knaue turns fool that runs away,
The fool no knaue perdys.

Kent. Where learnt you this foole?

Fool. Not in the flockes.

Enter Lear and Gloster.

Lear. Denie to speake with mee, th'are sicke, th'are
They traded hard to night, meare lustice, weary,
I the Images of revolt and flying off,
Fetch mee a better answere.

Gloft. My deere Lord, you know the fierie qualitie of the Duke, how vnremoveable and fixt he is in his owne Course.

Lear. Vengence, death, plague, confusion, what fierie quality,

Why
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why Gloster, Gloster, id'e speake with the Duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Gloster. My good Lord.

Lear. The King would speake with Cornwall, the deare father Would with his daughter [p cake, commands her service, Fierie Duke, tell the hot Duke that Lear, No but not yet may he is not well, Infinimic doth still negle't all office, where to our health Is bold, we are not our felues, when nature being opret Command 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 found man, Death on my state, wherfore should he sit here? This act persuades me, that this remotion of the Duke Is practife, only give me my servant 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 bear the drum, Till it cry sleepe to death.

Gloster. I would have all well betwixt you.

Lear. O my heart, my heart.

Fool. Cry to it Nuncle, as the Colney did to the eales, when she put vm it h past alie, she rapt vm ath coxcombs with a fitch, and cryed downe wantons downe, twas her brother, that in pitt kindnes to his horse buttered his hay.

Enter Duke and Regan.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.


Reg. I am glad to see your highnes.

Lear. Regan I thinke you are, I know what reason I have to thinke so, if thou shouldst not be glad, I would divotse me from thy mothers tombe Sepulchring an adulterfe, yea are you free? Some other time for that. Beloved 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 beleue, Of how depruied a qualitie, O Regan.
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Reg. I pray sir take patience, I haue hope
You let me know how to value her desert,
Then the to flacke her dutie.

Lear. My curls on her.

Reg. O sir you are old,
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 then you your selfe,
Therefore I pray that to our sister, you do make returne,
Say you haue wrong'd her Sir?

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

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

Lear. No Regan,
She hath abated me of halfe my traine,
Look blacke vpon me, strooke mee with her tongue
Most Serpent-like vpon the very heart,
All the flor'd vengeances of heaven fall on her ingratitude
Strike her yong bones, you taking ayrs with lamenes.

Duke. Fie fie sir.
You nimble lightnings dart your blinding flames,
Into her scornfull eyes, infet her beautie,
You Fen suckett 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 never haue my curse,
The fede heeded nature shall not gie the or e (burne
To harshnes, her cies are fierce, but thine do co For & 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, haft thou not forgot
Wherein I thee indow'd.

Reg. Good sir tooth purpose,

Lear. Who put my man i'th stockes ?


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

Lear. This is a slaua, whose eafe borrowed pride
Dwells in the sickle grace of her a followes,
Out varlet, from my fight.


Gen. Who struck my servuant, Regan I haue good hope
Thou didst not know ant.

Lear. Who comes here ? O heauens !
If you doe lone old men, if you sweeteswye a low
Obedience, if your felues are old, make it your cause,
Send downe and take my part,
Art not a sham'd to looke vpon this beard?
O Regan wilt thou take her by the hand ?

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

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

Duke. I let him there sir, but his owne disordes
Defer'd much leffe aduancement,

Lear. You, did you ?

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

Lear. Returne to her, and fistie men dismift,
No rather I abjure all roofes, and chuse
To wage against the enmitie of the Ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Woolfe and owle,

Necessities
The Historie of King Lear.

Necessities sharpe pinch, returne with her,
Why the hot bloud in France, that dowerles
Tooke our youngeft borne, I could as well be brought
To kneel his throné, and Squire-like pension bag,
To keepe base life atfoot, returne with her,
Perswade me rather to be laue and fumter
To this defteft groome.

Gen. At your choife 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 fee 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 imboised carbuncle in my
Corrupted bloud, but I le not chide thee,
Let shame come when it will, I doe not callit,
I doe not bid the thunder bearer shoote,
Nor tell tales of thee to high Judging lone,
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,
Give care sir to my sister,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 fifteen 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, its hard,almost impossible.

Gen. Why might not you my Lord receive attendance
From those that the cals servants, or from mine ?

Reg. Why not my Lord, if then they can't to flacke you,
We could controwle them, if you will come to me,
For now I spie a danger, I intreat you,
To bring but five and twenty, to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all.

Reg. And in good time you gave it,
Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reservation to be followed
With such a number, what, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan said you so?

Reg. And speak't again my Lord, no more with me.
Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do seem well-favor'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worst
Stands in some ranke of prayse, He goe with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her loye.

Gon. Heare me my Lord,
What need you five and twenty, tenne, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you.

Regan. What needs one?
Lear. O reason not the deed, our basest beggers,
Are in the poorest thing superfluous,
Allow not nature more then nature needs,
Mans life as cheape as beastes, thou art a Lady,
If onely to goe warme were gorgeous,
Why nature needs not, what thou gorgeous wear'st
Which scarcely keepes thee warme, but for true need,
You heauens give me that patience, patience I need,
You see me here (you Gods) a poore old fellow,
As full of greese as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that furies these daughters hearts
Against their Father, foole me not to much,
To heare it laurely, touch me with noble anger,
O let not womens weapons, water drops
Stayne my mans cheekes, no you vn naturall hags,
I will haue such retenges on you both,
That all the world shall, I will doe such things,
What they are yet I know not, but they shalbe
The Histories of King Lear.

The terrors of the earth, you think, I weep,
No, I not weep, I have full cause of weeping,
But this heart shall break, in a thousand fowles
Or ere I weep, O fool! I shall go mad.

Exeunt Lear, Leisir, Kent, and Foure.

Duke. Let us withdraw, twill be a storme.
Reg. This house is little, the old man and his people,
Cannot be well bestowed.
Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put himselfe from rest,
And must needs taft his folly.
Reg. For his particular, I receive him gladly,
But not one follower.
Duke. So am I purpos'd, where is my Lord of Gloster?
Reg. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.
Glo. The King is in high rage, & will I know not where.
Re. 'Tis good to give him way, he leads himselfe either.
Gon. My Lord, intreat him by no means to stay.
Glo. Alack the night comes on, and the bleak winds
do sorely ruffle, for many miles about ther's not a bush.
Reg. O sir, to willfull men
The injuries that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmates, shut vp your doores,
He is attended with a desperate traine;
And what they may incense him to, being apt,
To haue his care abused, wifedome bids teare.

Duke. Shut vp your doores my Lord, 'tis a wild night,
My Reg counsails well, come out at' th storme.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman at several doores.

Kent. What's here beside foule weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather most vnquietly.
Kent. I know you, whers the King?
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, tears his white
Which the impetuous blaffs with eyles rage
Catch in their furie, and make nothing of,
Striues in his little world of man to outscore,

F3. The
The Historie of King Lear.

The roo and fro conflit:ing wind and raine,
This night wherein the cab-drawne Beare would couch,
The Lyon, and the belly pinched Wolfe
Keepe their furre dry, vndonne't he runnes,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool, who labours to out-jest
His heart strokke injuries.

Kent. Sir I doe know you,
And dare upon 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, twiste Albany and Cornwall.
But true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this sterrred kingdom, who alreadie wise in our
Have secret feet in some of our best Ports, (negligence,
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 Douver, yo:u shall find
Some that will thanke you, making just report
Of how unnaturall 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 owne all, open this pufe and take
What it contains, 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, see on this forme,
I will goe seek the King.

Gent. Give me your hand, have you no more to say?

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

Enter Lear and Fole.

Lear. Blow wind & cracke your cheekes, rage, blow
You caterickes, & Hircanios spout til you haue drencht,
The steeplees drown'd the cockes, you sulphorous and
Thought executing fires, vaunt-curriers to
Oke-cleaning thunderbolts, finge 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.

Fole. O Nunckle, Court holly water in a drie house
Is better then this raine water out a doore,
Good Nunckle in, and ask ye daughters blessing,
Heers a night pities neither wise man nor foole.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout raine,
Nor raine, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters,
I taske not you you elements with vnkindnes,
I nuer gave you kingdome, cald you children,
You ow me no subscription, why then let fall your horrible
Here I flad your slaue, a poore infirme weak &
Despis'd oulde man, but yet I call you servile
Ministers, that haue with 2. pernicious daughters joyn'd
Your high engedred battel gainst a head so old & white
As this, O tis foule.

Fole. 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 lowe, so beggers mary many, the
man that makes his toe, what hee his heart should make, shall
have a corne cry woe, and turne his sleepe to wake, for
there was never yet faire woman but shee made mouthes in a
glass.

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

Kent. Whose there?

Fole. Marry hearrs Grace, & a codpis, that's a wiseman and
a foole.

Kent. Alas sir, sit you here?
things that loue night, loue not such nights as these,
the wrathfull skyes 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 groves of
roaring winde, and rayne, I ne're remember
to have heard, mans nature cannot carie
the affliction, nor the force.

lear. let the great gods that keepe this dreadful
powther ore our heads, find out their enemies now,
tremble thou wretch that haft within thee
vndivulg'd crines, vnwhipt of iudlice,
hide thee thou bloudy hand, thou periu'd, and
thou simular man of vertue that art incessious,
caynse in pieces shake, that vnder coert
and conuenient seeming, haft practised on mans life,
clofed pent vp guilt, riu're your concealed centers,
and cry these dreadful lameneners grace,
i am a man more find against their finning.

kent. alacke bare headed, gracious my lord, hard by here is
a houell, some friendship will it lend you against the tempest, re-
pose you there, whilst I to this hard houell, more hard-then is
the stone whereof tis rais'd, which even but now demanding
after me, denide me to come in, returne and force their sanct
curtesie.

lear. my wit begins to turne,
come on my boy, how doft 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 raieth every day.

lear. true my good boy, come bring vs to this houell?

enter gloster and the bastard with lights.

gloster. alacke alacke edmund I like not this,

unnaturall
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Vnnaturall dealing when I desir'd their leaue
That I might pity 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 fauage and vnnaturall. (the Dukes,
Glof. Go to, say you nothing, ther's a diuision betwixt
And a worse matter then that, I haue receiv'd
A letter this night, tis dangerous to be spoken,
I haue lockt the letter in my closet, these injuries
The King now beares, will be reuened home
Their's part of a power already landed,
We must incline to the King, I will seake him, and
Priuily releue him, goe you and maintaine tixe
With the Duke, that my charity be not of him
Perceiv'd, 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 strage thing toward, Edmund pray you be careful.

Bast. This cursedie forbid thee, that the Duke in Italy
And of that letter to, this seems a faire desueruing (know
And must draw me that which my father loos'd, no lesse
Then all, then yonger rifes when the old doe fall. Exit.

Enter Lear, Kent, and soole.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter, the
the tyrannie of the open nights too ruche 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 cruelious storme
Inuades vs to the skin, so tis to thee,
But where the greater malady is fixt
The lesser is scarce felt, shoud't shun a Bear,
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thoud'st meet the beare in'h mouth, whe the mind's free
The bodies delicate, the tempest in my mind
Doth from my fences take all feeling else
Saue what beares their filiall ingratitude,
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as it not as this mouth should teare this hand
For lifting food to't, but I will punish sure,
No I will weep no more, in such a sight as this!
O Regan, Gonerill, your old kind father (lies,
Whole franke heart gaue you all, O that way madness
Let me shun that, no more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Prethe goe in thy selfe, seeke thy one ease
This tempert will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but ile goe in,
Poore naked wretches, where you are
That bide the pelting of this pitiles night,
How shall your house-lesse heads, and vnsead sides,
Your loopt and windowed raggedes defend you
From reason such as these, O I have tane
Too little care of this, take phisicke pompe,
Expost thy selfe to seele what wretches seele,
That thou mayst shake the superflush to them,
And thow the heavenes more iuft.

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

Kent. Giue me thy hand, who would there.

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

Kent. What are 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. Haft thou giuen all to thy two daughters, and art thou
come to this?

Edg. Who giues any thing to poore Tom, whom the soule
Fiende hath led, through fire, and through foord, and
whirl-poole, ore bog, and quagmire, that has layd kniues un-
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 over
four inch bridges, to course his owne shadow for a traytor,
blesse thy finke wits, Toms a cold, blesse thee from whistle-winds,
flarre-blustert and taking, doe poore Toms some charite, whom
the
The Historie of King Lear.
the toole fiend vexes, there could I have him now, and there, and there againe.

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

Fool. Nay he refered a blanket, else we had beene all shamed.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
Hang fated oremens 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,
Judicious punishment twas this flesh
Begot those Pelicane daughters.

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

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

Edg. Take heede at a foule fiend, obey thy parents, keep thy words iustly, sweare not, commit not with mans sweorne spoue,
set not thy sweet heart on proud array, Tom a cold.

Lear. What haft thou beene?

Edg. A Sermingman, proud in heart and mind, that curld my haire, wore gloues in my cap, serued the luft of my mistris heart,
and did the act of darkenes with her, sweore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heauen, one
that flept in the contriuing of luft, and wokt to doe it, wine loyed I deepely, dice deereely, and in woman out paromord the Turke, faile of heart, light of cear, bloudie of hand, Hog in sloth,
Fox in stealth, VVoolfe in greedines,, Dog in madness, Lyon in pray, let not the creeking of shooes, nor the rulings of silkes
betray thy poore heart to women, kepe thy foote out of brothell, thy hand out of placket, thy pen from lenders booke,
and desie the foule fiend, st ill through the hathorne blowes the cold wind, hay no on ny, Dolphin my boy, my boy, cafe
let him trot by.

Lear. Why thou wert better in thy graue, then to anwvere
with thy vncovered bodie this extremitie of the skies, is man no more,
but this consider him well, thou oweft the worme no sileke,
the beast no hide, the sheepe no wooll, the cat no perfume, her's
three ons are so phistcated, thou art the thing it selfe, vnaccom-

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t dated man, is no more but such a poore bare forked Animal as thou art, off o ff you leadings, come on bee true.

Poole. Prithe Nuncle 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 sparkke, all the rest in bodie cold, looke here comes a walking fire. Enter Glisft.

Edg. This is the foule fiend Siberddegibu, hee begins at cur- phew, and walks till the first cocke, he gins the web, the pin- queues the eye, and makes the harre lip, mildewes the white wheate, and hurts the poore creature of earth, swichald footed thrice the old a nesthuth night more and her nine fold bid her, O light and her troth plight and arint thee, with arint thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. Whatts see.

Kent. Whose there, what ift you seeke?

Glisft. What are you there? your names?

Edg. Poore Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the tode, the rode pold, the wall-wort, and the water, that in the furie of his heart, when the foule fiend rages, eats cow-dung for fallers, swal- lowes the old ratt, and the ditch dogge, drinkes the greene mane- le of the flanding poole, who is whipt from tithing to tithing, and stock-punish and imprisoned, who hath had three futes to his backe, fixe shirts to his bodie, horse to ride, and weapon to weare.

But mife and rats, and such small Deere,
Hath beene Tom's foode for seuen long yeare-
Beware my follower, peace fnulbug, peace thou fiend.

Glisft. What hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of darkenes is a Gentleman, modo he's caled

and ma hu-

Glisft. Our flesh and bloud is growne so wild My Lord, that it
doeth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poore Tom a cold.

Glisft. Go in with me, my dutie cano not suffer to obay in all your
daughters hard commaunds, though their inuition be to bare
my doores, and let this tyrannous night take hold vpon you, yet
haue I venter'd to come feeke you out, and bring you where
both food and fire is readie.

Lear,
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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 prevent 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.
Glof. Canst thou blame him, (to vnsettle,
His daugthers seeke his death. O that good Kent,
He said it would be thus, poore banished man,
Thou sayest the King growes mad, ile tell thee friend.
I am almost mad my selfe, I had a sonne
Now out-lawned 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 griefe 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.
Glof. In fellow there, in't houell kepee the warme,
Lear. Come lets in all.
Kent. This way my Lord.
Lear. With him I wil keep still, with my Philosopher.
Kent. Good my Lord soothe him, let him take the fellow.
Glof. Take him you on.
Kent. Sirah come on, goaalong with vs?
Lear. Come good Athenian.
Glof. No words, no words, hush.
Edg. Child Rowland, to the darke towne come,
His word was still fy fo and fum,
I smell the bloud of a Britifh man.

Enter Cornwall and Bafard.

Corn. I will haue my revenge ere I depart the house.
Baf. How my Lord I may be cenfured, that nature thus gies
way to loyaltie, some thing feares me to thinke of.
Corn. I now perceiue it was not altogether your brothers e-
will disposition made him seeke his death, but a prouoking merie,

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for a worke by a reproachable badnes in himselfe.

Basf. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to bee just? this is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligente partie to the advantages of France, O heavens that his treason were, or not I the detector.

Corn. Goe with me to the Dutches.

Basf. If the matter of this paper be certaine, you have mighty busines in hand.

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

Basf. If I find him comforting the King, it will stiffe his full potion more full, I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore betweene that and my bloud.

Corn. I will lay a hurt upon thee, and thou shalt find a dearer father in my loue.

Exit.

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

Glo\*st. Here is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully, I will peace out the comfort with what addition I can. I will not be long from you.

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

Edg. Preteresto calles me, and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness, pray innocent beware the foule fiend.

Foose. Prighe Nurse tell me, whether a mad man be a Gentleman or a Yeoman.

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

Edg. The foule fiend bites my backes.

Foose. He's mad, that trustes in the tamenes 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 Judece
Thou sapient sir sit here, no you shee Foxes--

Edg. Looke where he stands and glars, wanst thou eyes, at trallmadam, come ore the broome Bee\*\*y to mee.

Foose. 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 sifend hautes poore Tom in the voyce of a high
Hoppedance cries in Tomis belly for two white herring, tingal,
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 upon the cuttings?

Lear. Ise see their tryall first, bring in their evidence, thou
robbed man of Iustice take thy place, & thou his yokefellow of
equity, bence by his side, you are of his commission, fit you too.

Ed. Let vs deale iustly sleepeest or wakeft thou iolly shepheard,
Thy sheepe bee in the corn, and for one blast of thy minikin
moue, 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 kickst the poore king her father.

Poole. Come hither my mistresse is your name Gonoril.

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Poole. Cry you mercy I tooke you for a ioyne sfooles.

Lear. And heres another whole warpt lookes proclaimes,
What store her hart is made an, stop her there,
Armes,armes, sword, fire, corrupition in the place,
Falle Iusticer why haft thou let her scape.

Edg. Bless thy sute wits.

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

Edg. My teares begin to take his part so much,
Thee lette my counterfeit.

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

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them, aueant you curs,
Be thy mouth, or blacke, or white, tooth that poyson if it bite,
Maftie,gray hoid,mungril, grim hoid or spainel,brach or him,
Bobertale tike, or trudletaile, Tom will make them weep & waile,
For with throwing thus my head, dogs leape the hatch and all
are fled, loudia do oda come march to wakes , and faires, and
market townes, poore Tom thy horne is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize 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 fashioned of your garments youle say.

They
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,
Wecle go to supper it's morning, so, so, so,
Exit Gloster.
Gloster. Come hither friend, where is the King my master.
Kent. Here sit, but trouble him not his wits are gone.
Gloster. Good friend I prithee take him in thy arms,
I have or'ere heard a plot of death upon him,
There is a litter ready lay him in't, & drive towards Dover friend,
Where thou shalt meet both welcome & protection, take vp thy
If thou shouldst daily have an hour, his life with thine master,
And all that offer to defend him stand in assured loose,
Take vp to keepe and follow me that will to some provision
Give thee quicke conduct.
Kent. Oppressed nature sleepe's,
This rest might yet have balmed thy broken sinewes,
Which if convenience will not allow stand in hard cure,
Come helpe to beare thy master, thou must not stay behind.
Gloster. Come, come away.
Exit.
Edgar. When we our betters see bearing our woes we scarcely
finke, our miseries, our foes.
Who alone sufferer suffers, most it's mind,
Leaving free things and happy showes behind,
But then the mind much sufferance doth or'seip,
When grieue hath mates, and bearing fellowship:
How light and portable my paine seemes now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the King bow.
He chuld as I fathered, Tom away,
Marke the high noyse and thy selfe bewray,
When false opinion whose wrong thoughts defile thee,
In thy just proofe repeals and reconciles thee,
What will hap more to night, safest escape the King,
Lurke, lurke.

Enter Cornwall, and Edgar, and Gonerill, and Bastard.
Cornwall. Post speedily to my Lord your husband shew him this
The army of France is landed, seake out the vilaine Gloster.
Regan. Hang him instantly.
Gonerill. Plucke out his eyes.
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Cor. Leave him to my displeasure, Edmund keep you our sister (company).

The revenge we are bound to take upon your traiterous father,
Are not fit for your beholding, advise the Duke where you are
To a most spacious preparation we are bound to the like, (going
Our post shall be swift and intelligence betwixt vs,
Farewell deere sister, farewell my Lord of Gloster,
How now wheres the King? Enter Steward.

Stew. My Lord of Gloster hath conveyed him hence,
Some five or sixe and thirtie of his Knights hot quest in after
him, met him at gate, who with some other of the Lords dependants
are gone with him towards Douer, where they boast to have well armed friends.

Cor. Get horses for your mistress.

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

Cor. Edmund farewell. goe seeke the traitor Gloster.
Pinion him like a theefe, bring him before vs,
Though we may not passe upon his life
Without the forme of Justice, yet our power
Shall doe a cursse to our wrath, which men may blame
But not controulle, whose there, the traitor?

Enter Gloster brought in by two or three,

Reg. Ingratfull Foxe is he.

Cor. Bind fast his corkie armes.

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

Cor. Bind him I say,

Reg. Hard hard, O filthie traitor!

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

Cor. 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 white and such a Traitor.

Gloft. Naughty Ladie, these hairies which thou dost rauch from
Will quicken and accuse thee, I am your hoff, (my chin
With robbers hands, my hospitable favours
You should not ruffell thus, what will you doe.

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

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

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Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors late footed in the kingdom?
Reg. To whose hands you have sent the lunatick King speake?
Gloft. I have a letter gellingly set downe
Which came from one, that’s of a nevtrall heart,
And not from one oppos’d.
Corn. Cunning.
Reg. And false.
Corn. Where haft thou sent the King?
Gloft. To Douer.
Reg. Wherefore to Douer? wakst thou not charg’d at peril.
Corn. Wherefore to Douer? let him first answere that.
Gloft. I am tide to’th sake, and I must stand the course.
Reg. Wherefore to Douer sir?
Gloft. Because I would not see thy cruell nayles.
Pluck out his poore old eyes, nor thy fierce litter
In his aurented flesh rash borish phangs,
The Sea with such a storme of his lou’d head
In hell blacke night indur’d, would haue layd vp
And quencht the fleeced fires, yet poore old heart,
Hee holp’t the heavens to rage,
If wolves had at thy gate heard that dearne time
Thou shouldst have laid, good Porter turne the key,
All cruelse else subscrib’d but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.
Corn. See that thou never, fellowes hold the chaiere,
Vpon those eyes of thine, Ile set my foote.
Gloft. He that will thinke to liue till he be old
Giueme some helpe, O cruel, O ye Gods!
Reg. One side will mocke another, tother to.
Corn. If you fee vengeance—
Servant. Hold your hand my Lord
I haue seru’d ever since I was a child (you hold.
But better servise haue I never done you, the now to bid.
Reg. How now you dogge.
Serv. If you did weare a beard vpon your chin id’e shake it
on this quarrell, what doe you meane?
Corn. My villaine.
Serv. Why then come on, and take the chance of anger.
Reg. Giveme thy sword, a pefant stand vp thus.
Shee
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Shee takes a sword and runs at him behind.

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

Cor. Leaf it see more preuent it, our vild Ielly
Where is thy lufter 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 ouverture of thy treasons to vs, who is too good to pittie thee.

Gloft. O my follies, then Edgar was abus’d,
Kind Gods forgive me that, and prosper him.
Reg. Goe thrust him out at gates, and let him smell his way to Douer, how ift my Lord? how looke you?

Cor. I haue receiu’d a hurt, follow me Ladie,
Turne out that eyles villaine, throw this flamne vpon
The dungell Regan, I bleed apace, untrimly
Comes this hurt, give me your arme.

Servant. Ile never care what wickednes I doe,
If this man come to good.

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

1 Ser. Lets follow the old Earle, and get the bedom
To lead him where he would, his rogish 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.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contenmnd,
Then still contenm’d and flattered to be worst,
The lowest and most deiectet 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 poorlie, leed, world, world, O world!
But that they strange mutations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeeld to age.

Enter Gloft led by an old man.

Oldman O my good Lord, I haue beene your tenant, & your
fathers
fathers tenant this forescore—

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

Old man. Alack sir, you cannot see your way.
Gloft. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes,
I stumbled when I saw, full oft tis scene.
Our meanes secure us, and our meare defects
Prone our commodities, ah deere sonne Edgar,
The food of thy abuced fathers wrath,
Might I but liue to see thee in my tuch,
I'd say I had eyes againe,

Old man. How now whose there?
Edg. O Gods, who if it can say I am at the worst,
I am worfe then ere I was.

Old man. Tis poore mad Tom.
Edg. And worfe I may be yet, the worst is not,
As long as we can say, this is the worst,

Old man. Fellow where goest?
Gloft. Is it a begger man?
Old man. Mad man, and begger to.
Gloft. A has some reasone, 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
Was then scarce friendes with him, I haue heard more
As flies are toth some wanton boyes, are we toth Gods,
They bitt vs for their sport.

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

Gloft. Is that the naked fellow?
Old man. My Lord.

Gloft. Then prethee get thee gon, if for my sake
Thou wilt not take vs here a mile or twaine
It's way toward Douer, doe it for ancient loue
And bring some couering for this naked soule
Who I pe intreat to leade me.
Old man. Alack sir he is mad.
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**Glos.** Tis the times plague, when madmen lead the
Do as I bid thee, or rather doe thy pleasure, (blind)
About the rest, be gon.

**Old man.** He bring him the best parrell that I haue
Come on't what will.

**Glos.** Sirrah naked fellow.

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

**Glos.** Come hither fellow.

**Edg.** Bless thee sweete eyes, they bleed.

**Glos.** Know'st thou the way to Douer?

**Edg.** Both stile and gate, horse way, and foot-path,
Poore Tom hath beene care out of his good wits,
Bless the good man from the soule fiend,
True friends have beene in poore Tom at once,
Of lust, as Obidicut, Hubbidiendo Prince of dumbnes,
Mahn of stealing, Mooh of murder, Stiberdigebe of
Mobing, & Mobing who since poxelles chambermaids
And waiting women, so, bless thee maister, (plagues.

**Glos.** Here take this purse, thou whom the heauens
Have humbled to all strokes, that I am wretched, makes
The happier, heauens deale so still,
Let the superfuous and lust-diected man
That stands your ordinance, that will not see
Because he does not see, seele your power quickly,
So distribution should vnder exceife,
And each man haue enough, doth thou know Douer?

**Edg.** I maister.

**Glos.** 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 armes, poore Tom shall lead thee.

**Enters Gonorill and Bastard.**

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

**Enter Steward.**

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Stew. Madame within, but neuer man so changd, I told him of the army that was landed, he smild at it. I told him you were coming, his answere was the worse, of Glosters treachery, and of the loyall service of his sonne when I enform’d him, then hee cald me fott, and told me I had turnd the wrong side out, what hee should most desire seemes pleasant to him, what like ofefensive.

Gon. Then shall you goe no further, It is the cowish curre of his spirit.
That dares not vndertake, hee not seele wronges.
Which tie him to an answere, our wishes on the way.
May proue effects, backe Edgar to my brother.
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers
I must change armes at home, and give the distaffe
Into my husbands hands, this truly servante.
Shall passe betwene vs, ere long you are like to heare
If you dare venture in your owne behalfe.
A mistresles coward, weare this spare speech.
Decline your head: this kisst if it dust speake
Would sletch thy spirits vp into the ayre,
Conceane and far you well.

Bast. Yours in the ranks of death, (are dew)

Gon. My most deere Gloster, to thee womans seruices
My foote ushers my body.


Gon. I haue bee the worth the whistle, (rude wind)

Alb. O Gloster, you are nor worth the dust which the
Blowes in your face, I feare your disposition.
That nature which containes it origin.
Cannot be bounded certaine in it selfe.
She that her selfe will fliuer and disbranch
From her materiall sap, perfecly must wither,
And come to deadly vfe.

Gon. No more, the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisedome and goodnes, to the vild seeme vild,
Filths savour but themselfes, what haue you done?
Tigers, nor daughters, what haue you perform’d?
A father, and a gracious aged man.
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Whose reverence even the head-lug'd beare would lick.
Most barbarous, most degenerate haue you madded, Could my good brother suffer you to doe it a A man, a Prince, by him so benificted, If that the heauens doe not their visible spirits (come Send quickly downe to tame the wild offences; it will Humanely must performe pray on it selfe like monsters of

Gen. Milke huerd man. (the deeper)
That beareth a cheeke for blos, a head for wrongs;
Who haft not in thy browes an eye deserving thine honour, From thy sufferings, that not know it fools, do those villains pitty Who are punish'd ere they haue done their mischiefe, Wheres thy drum? France spreds his banners in our noybles land, With plum'd helme, thy frayre begin threats Whiles thou a morall foole fits still and cries
Alack why does he so?

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

Gen. O vaine foole!

Alb. Thou changed, and selfe-conced thing for shame,
Be monster not thy feature, we're my stines To let these hands obay my blood, They are apt enough to dilate and teare Thy flesh and bones, how ere thou art a fiend, A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gen. Marry your manhood now—

Alb. What newes. 

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

Alb. Glosters eyes?

Gen. A servant that he bred, thrald with remorse, Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword To his great master, who threat in rage,
Flew on him, and amongst them, fell him dead, But not without that hart-melting stroke, which since Hath pluckt him after.

Alb. This shewes you are about your Justices, That these our nether crimes so speedily can venge.
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But O poore Gloster lost he his other eye. (answer, 

Gen. Both, both my Lord, this letter Madam craves a speedy

This from your sister. Gen. One way I like this well,

But being widow and my Gloster with her,

May all the building on my fancie plucke,

Vpon my hatefull life, another way the newes is not so tooke,

Ile reade and answer. Exit.

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

Gen. Come with my Lady Luther. Alb. He is nothere,

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

Alb. Knowes he the wickedneffe.

Gen. I my good Lord twas he informd against him,

And quit the house on purpose that there punishment

Might haue the freer course. (King,

Alb. Gloster I live to thank thee for the love thou shewedst the

And to reuenge thy eyes, come hither friend,

Tell me what more thou knowest. Exit.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone backe,

know you no reason.

Gen. 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.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him, General.


Kent. Did your letters pierce the queene to any demonstration

Gen. I say she tooke them, read them in my presence,

And now and then an ample teare thild downe

Her delicate chekke, it seemed she was a queene out her passion,

Who most rebell-like, ought to be King ore her.

Kent. O then it moved her.

Gen. Not to a rage, patience and sorrow storeme,

Who should expresse her goodliest you hate seene,

Sun shine and raine at once, her smiles and tears,

Were like a better way those happie smurrets,

That played on her ripe lip seeme not to know,

What guests were in her eyes which parted thence,
Aspearles from diamonds dropt in briefe,
Sorrow would be a raritie most beloued,
If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verball question.

Gen. Faith once or twice she heau’d the name of father,
Pantinglyforth as if it preset her heart,
Cried fletters, fletters, shame of Ladies fletters:
Kent. father, fletters, what ich storne ich night,
Let pitiem not be beleef there she shooke,
The holy water from her heauenly eyes,
And clamour most enraged her, then away she started,
To deale with griefe alone.

Kent. It is the stars, the stars aboue vs governe our conditions,
Else one fellse mate and make could not beget,
Such different issues, you spooke not with her since.

Gen. No. Kent. Was this before the King returnd.

Gen. No, since.

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

Gen. Why good sir? (daughter.

Kent. A foueraigne shame so elbows him his owne vnkindnes
That stript her from his benediiction turn’d her,
To forraine casualties gaue her deare rights,
To his dog-harted daughters, these things stinging his mind,
So venomously that burning shame detaines him from Cordelia.

Gen. Alack poore Gentleman,

Kent. Of Albamies and Cornwalles powers you heard not.

Gen. Tis so they are a soote.

Kent. Well sir, Ie bring you to our maister Lear,
And leave 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, Dollor and others.

Cor. Alack tis he, why he was met euernow,
As mad as the vent sea singing aloud,
Grownd with ranke feniter and furrow weedes,

I With
With hor-docks, hemlocke, netles, cookew flowers,
Darnell and all the idle weedes that grow,
In our sustayning, corne, a centurie is sent forth,
Search every acre in the heic growne field,
And bring him to our eye, what can mans wisdome
In the restoring his berecued fence, he that can helpe him
Take all my outward worth.

Do&l. There is meanes Madame.
Our foster nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks that to prouoke in him,
Are many simples operative whose power,
Will clofe the eye of anguifh.

Cord. All blid secrets all you vnpublifie vertues of the earth,
Spring with my teares beaydant and remediat,
In the good mans diftrefle, seek, seek, for him,
Left his vn gouerd rage dissolve the life.
That wants the meanes to lead it.

Mes. News Madam, the Brittishe powers are marching hither.
Cord. Tis knowne before, our preparation stands, (ward.
In expectation of them, o deere father
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 sight
But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd fathers right,
Soone may I heare and see him.

Enter Regan and Steward.

Reg. But are my brothers powers set forth?
Stew. I Madam. Reg. Himelfe in person?
Stew. Madam with much ado, your sister is the better soldier.
Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your Lady at home.
Stew. No Madam.
Reg. What might import my sisters letters to him?
Stew. I know not Lady.
Reg. Faith he is postid hence on serius matter,
It was great ignorance, Glosters eyes being out
To let him lye, where he ariues he mouses
All harts against vs, and now I thinke is gone
In pitie of his misery to dispatch his nighted life,
The Historie of King Lear.

Moreouer to discrie the strenght at'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 purpuses by word, belike
Something, I know not what, he love thee much,
Let me vnseale the letter.

Stew. Madam I'd erather--
Reg. I know your Lady does not love her husband
I am sure of that, and at her late being here
She gave strange aliauds, and most speaking lookes
To noble Edmund, I know you are of her bosome,

Stew. I Madam.

Reg. I speake in vnderstanding, for I know't,
Therefore I do advise you take this note,
My Lord is dead, Edmund and I haue talkt,
And more convenient is he for my hand
Then for your Ladies, you may gather more
If you doe find him, pray you give him this,
And when your mistres heares thus much from you
I pray desire her call her wifedome to her, so farewell,
If you doe chance to heare of that blind traytor,
Preferment falt on him that cutes 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.

Glof. When shall we come to th' top of that same hill?
Ebg. You do climbe it vpnow, looke how we labour?
Glof. Me thinks the ground is euens.
Ebg. Horrible steepe, harke doe you heare the sea?
Glof. No truly.
Ebg. Why then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes anguish.

Glof. So may it be indeed,
The Historie of King Lear.

Me thinks thy voyce is altered, and thou speakest
With better phrafe and matter then thou didst.

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

Gloft. Me thinks y'ar better spoken. (fearful

Edg. Come on sir, her's the place, stand still, how
And dizzy is to cast ones eyes so low
The crowes and crowses that wing the midway ayre
Shew scarce so gross as beetles, halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers vampire, dreadfull trade,
Me thinks he seemes no bigger then his head,
The fishermens that walke upon the beach
Appeare like masts, and you tall anchoring barke
Diminish to her cock, her cock a boui
Almost too small for sight, the murmuring surge
That on the vnumbred idle pebble chaffes
Cannot be heard, its so hie ile looke no more,
Least my braine turne, and the deficient sight
Topple downe headlong.

Gloft. Set me where you stand?

Edg. Give me your hand, you are now within a foot
Of th'extreme verge, for all beneath the Moone
Would I not leape vpight.

Gloft. Let goe my hand,
Here friend's another purse, in it a iewell,
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.

Gloft. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do trifell thus with his dispaire is done


This world I doe renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off,
If I could beare it longer and not fall
To quarle with your great opposites wils
My inurff and loathed part of nature should
Burne it selfe out, if Edgar liue, O blesse,
The Historie of King Lear.

Now fellow fare thee well.  

Edg. God sir, farewell, and yet I know not how conceit my robe the treasurie of life, when life it selfe yealds to the theft, had he beene where he thought by this had thought beene past, alive or dead, ho you sir, heare you sir, speake thus might he pale indeed, yet he reunies, what are you sir?

Gloft. Away and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou beene ought but gosmore feathers ayre, So many fadome downe precipitating 
Thou hadst shinerd like an egg, but thou dost breath 
Haft heauy substance, bleedst not, speakest, art found, Ten maftts at each, make not the altitude, 
VvWhich thou haft perpendicularly fell, Thy lifse a miracle, speake yet againcse.

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 larkse so farre 
Cannote bee scene or heard, doe but looke vp?

Gloft. Alack I haue no eyes 
Is wretchednes deprui’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. Give 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 
Vvere two full Moones, a had a thouanid noses 
Hornes, welke’ and waived like the enriaged sea, 
It was some fiend, therefore thou happy father 
Thinke that the cleekest Gods, who made their honours 
Of mens impossibilities, haue preferred thee.

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

I. 3

Inough,
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Enough, enough and die that thing you speake of,
I tooke it for a man, often would it say
The fiend the fiend, he led me to that place
Edg. Bare free & patient thoughts, but who comes here
The faster fence will neare accommodate his maister thus.

Enter Lear mad.

Lear. No they cannot touch mee for coyning, I am the king
Edg. O thou side pearing sight.
Lear. Nature is aboute Art in that respect, ther's your prefle
money, that fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper, draw me
a clothiers yard, looke, looke a mowse, peace, peace, this tosted
cheese will do it, ther's my gauntlet, ile proue it on a gyaunt, bring
up the browne-billes, O well flower bird in the ayre, hagh, gie
the word?
Edg. Sweet Margarum.

Lear. Paffe. Gloster. I know that voyce.

Lear. Ha Gonorill, ha Regan, they flattered mee like a dogge,
and toold me I had white haires in my beard, ere the black ones
were there, to saie I and no to every thing I saide, I and no toe,
was no good diuinitie, when the raine came to wet me once, and
the wind to make mee chatter, when the thunder would not
peace at my bidding, there I found them, there I smelt them out,
go toe, they are not men of their words, they told mee I was
ever thing, tis a lye, I am not argue-proof.

Gloster. The tricke of that voyce doe well remember, is not
the King?

Lear. I ever inch a King when I do saie, see how the subject
quakes, I pardon that mans life, what was thy cause, adulterey?
then thinke not die for adulterey, no the wren goes toot, and the
smal goulded flie doe lether in my sight, ler copulation thynke,
for Glosters bastard son was kinder to his father then my daugh-
ters got tweene the lawfull sheeets, toot luxurie, pell, mell, for I
lacke soldiers, behold yon simpering dame whose face between
her forkes presageth snow, that minces vertue, and do shake the
head heare of pleasures name to fichew nor the soyled horse
goes toot with a more rioutous apperite, down fro the wall thare
centaures, though women all aboue, but to the girdle doe the
gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends, thers hell, thers darknese,
thers the sulphry pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumation,
that,
fie, fie, fie, pah, pah, Give mee an ounce of Citrus, good Apothecary, to sweeten my imagination, ther's money for thee.

Gloster. O let me kiss that hand.

Lear. Here wipe it first, it stinks of mortality.

Gloster. O ruin'd piece of nature, this great world should so wear out to naught, do you know me?

Lear. I remember thy eyes well enough, dost thou squinty on me, no do thy world blind Cupid, he not love, read thou that challenge, make the penning off.

Gloster. Were all the letters tunnes I could not see one.

Edgar. I would not take this from report, it is, and my heart breaks at it. Lear. Read. Gloster. What I 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 heaute case, your purse in a light, yet you see how this world goes.

Gloster. 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 you judgie ralles upon you simple theefe, harke in thy earea handy, dandy, which is the theefe, which is the judgie, thou haft scene a farmers dogge barke at a begger.

Gloster. I sir.

Lear. And the creature runne from the cur, there thou mightest behold the great image of authority, a dogge, so bade in office, thou rascall beadle hold thy bloody hand, why dost thou lash that whore, strip thine owne backe, thy blod hotly lufis to vse her in that kind for which thou whipst her, the visitor hangs the cosioneer, through tettered raggs, final vices do appear, robes & furd-gownes hides all, get thee glasse eyes, and like a furious politician seeme to see the things thou dost not, now pull off my bootes, harder, harder, to.

Edgar. O matter and impertinencie mixt reason in madnesse.

Lear. If thou wilt wepe, 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 make me.

Gloster. Alack alack the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we crue that we are come to this great figure of foole, this a good blocke. It were a delicate stra-
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tagem to shoot a troupe of horse with fell, & when I have stole
upon these sons in laws, then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter three Gentlemen.

Gent. O here he is, lay hands upon him first, your most deere

Lear. No reskue, what a prisoner, I am one the natural fool of
Fortune, vse me well you shall have ran some, let mee have a
churgoon I am cut to the braines.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No secons, all my selfe, why this would make a man
of fall to vse his eyes for garden waterpots, I and laying Autums
dust.

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

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

Lear. Then theris life in, nay and you get it you shall get it
with running. Exit King running.

Gent. A ficht 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.

Gent. Sir speed you, what your will,

Edg. Do you heare ought of a barrell toward.

Gent. Most sure and vulgar every one here's that
That can distinguish fence.

Edg. But by your favour how neers the other army.

Gent. Neere and on speed for the maine descreyes,

Stand fit on the howerly thoughts.

Edg. I thanke you sir thats all.

Gent. Though that the Queene on speciell cause is here,

Hir army is moven on. Exit. Edg. I thanke you sir.

Glof. You ever gentle gods take my breath from me,

Let not my worser spirt tempt me againe,

To dye before you please. Edg. Well, pray you father.

Glof. Now good sir what are you.

Edg. A most poore man made lame by Fortunes bloues,

Who by the Art of knowne and feeling forrowes

Am pregnant to good pittey, give me your hand

Ile lead you to some biding.
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Gloft. Hartie thankes, the bounty and the benison of heaven, to boot, to boot.

Enter Steward.

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

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

Stew. Wherefore bould pestant durft thou support a publish traitor, hence leaft the infection of his fortune take like hold on thee, let goe his arme?

Edg. Chill not let goe sir without caution.

Stew. Let goe slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, let poore voke passe, and chud have bene fawgar'd out of my life, it would not have beene so long by a vortnigh, may come not neare the old man, keep out chenore ye, or ile trie whether your costerd or my bat be the harder, ile be plaine with you.

Stew. Our dunghill.

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

Stew. Slave thou haft flaine me, villaine take my purse.

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my bodie,
And give the letters which thou findst about me
To Edmund Earl of Gloster, seek him out, upon
The Britishe partie, o vntimely death! death.

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

Gloft. What is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down father, rest you, let see his pockets
These letters that he speakes of, may be my friends,
Hee's dead, I am only sorrow he had no other death
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 vows bee remembred, you have many opportunities to cut him off if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered, there is nothing done, If he return the conqueror, then am I the prifoner, and his bed my iayle, from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for

K

your
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your laboure, your wife (so I would say) your affectionate wife, and for you her owne for Venter, Gonorill.

Edg. O Indislinguished space of woman's wit, A plot upon her vertuous husbands life, And the exchange my brother here in the lands, There I take vp, the poft unsanctified Of murderous leachers, and in the mature time, With this vngratious paper strike the sight Of the death practis'd Duke, for himis well, That of thy death and businesse I can tell.

Gloft. The King is mad, how strife is my wild fence, That I stand vp and have ingenious feeling Of my huge forowes, better I were distract, So should my thoughts be fenced from my griefes, And woe by wrong imaginations loose The knowledge of themselues.

Edg. Give me your hand fair off me thinks I heare the beaten Come father ile bestow you with a friend. Exit. (drum, Enter Cordelia, Kent and Doltor. (tho goodnes, Cord. O thou good Kent how shall I live and worke to match My life will be too short and every measure faile me. Kent. To be acknowledg madame is ore payd, All my reports go with the modest truth, Nor more, nor clite, but so.

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

Cord. Then beare so, my good Lord how does the king, Dolt. Madame sleepe's still. (nature,

Cord. O you kind Gods cure this great breach in his abused The vnund and hurrying fences, O wind vp Of this child changed father, Dolt. So please your Maiestie that we may wake the king, He hath sleept long.

Cord. Be gourern'd by your knowledge and proceed,
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Ich swy 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 not of his temperance.
    Cord. Very well.
    Doct. Please you draw neere, louder the musicke there,
    Cor. O my deere father restoratio hang thy medicin on my lips,
And let this kis repaire those violent harms that my two sisters
Haue in thy reverence made.
    Kent. Kind and deere Princesse,
    Cord. Had you not bene their father these white flakes,
Had challenged pitie of them, was this a face
To be expost 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 Perdix,
With this thin helme mine injurious dogge,
Though he had bit me, should haue stood that night
Against my fire, and waft 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 dyou, tis fittest.
    Cord. How does my royall Lord, how fares your maieste.
    Lear. You do me wrong to take me out at hie 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 mightilys abusid, I should ene dye with pitie,
To see another thus, I know not what to say,
I will not sweare these are my hands, lets see,
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I seele this pin pricke, would I were assur'd of my condition.

Cord. O looke vpon me sir, and hold your hands in benedicti-
on or e me, no sir you must not kneele.

Lear. Pray do not mocke,
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Bourescore and vpward, and to deale plainly
I feare I am not in my perfect mind,
Mee thinks I should know you, and know this matter;
Yet I am doubtfull, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments, nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night, 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.

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 louse me, for your sisters
Hauve as I doe remember, done me wrong,
You haue some caufe, they haue not.

Cord. No caufe, no caufe. Lear. Am I in France?

Kens. In your owne kingdom sir.

Lear. Doe not abuse me?

Doof. Be comforted good Madame, the great rage you see is
cured in him, and yet it is danger to make him euene ore the time
hee has lost, desire him to goe in, trouble him no more till fur-
ther feeling; Cord. Wilt please your highnesse walke?

Lear. You must beare with me, pray now forget and forgive,
I am old and foolish.

Exeunt. Manet Kent and Gent.

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

Kens. Most certaine sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kens. As tis saide, the bastard sonne of Gloster.

Gent. They say Edgar his banished sonne is with the Earle of

Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable, tis time to looke about,
The powers of the kingdom approach apace.

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

Kent. My poynct and period will be throughly wrought,
The Historie of King Lear.

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

Enter Edmund, Regan, and their powers.

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

Reg. Our sisters man is certainly miscarried,
Bast. Tis to be doubted Madam,
Reg. Now sweet Lord,
You know the goodnesse I intend upon you,
Tell me but truly, but then speake the truth,
Do you not love my sister?  
Bast. I, honor'd love.
Reg. But haue you never found my brothers way,
To the forfended place?  
Bast. That thought abuses you.
Reg. I am doubtfull that you haue bene coniunct and bo-
som'd with her, as far as we call hers.
Bast. No by mine honour Madam. (with her.
Reg. I never shall indure hir, dree my Lord bee not familiar
Bast. Fear me not, shee and the Duke her husband.

Enter Albany and Gonoril with troupes.

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 haere the King is come to his daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forst to crye out, where I could not be honest
I never yet was valiant, for this busines
Ittouches vs, as France invades our land
Not holds the King, with others whom I feare,
Moistust and heauy causeth make opposhe.

Bast. Sir you speake nobly.  
Reg. Why is this reason'd?
Gono. Combine together gainst the enemy,
Forthese 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 preffently at your tent.
Reg. Sister you'll goe with vs?  
Gono. No.
Reg. Tis most conuenient, pray you goe with vs.

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**Act I, Scene 2**

**Gon.** O ho, I know the riddle, I will goe.

**Edg.** If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore,

Heare me one word.

**Alb.** Hee 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
What is auowched there, if you miscarry,
Your busines of the world hath so an end,
Fortune loue you,

**Alb.** Stay till I haue read the letter.

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

**Alb.** Why faire thee well, I will re-looke the paper.

**Enter Edmund.**

**Baß.** The enemies in view, draw vp your powers
Hard is the queste of their great strength and forces
By diligent disouery, but your haft is now vrg'd on you.

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

**Baß.** To both these sister haue I sworne my loue,
Each jealous of the other as the sting are of the Adder,
Which of them shall I take, both one or neithe, neither can bee
If both remaine alike, to take the widdow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Gonorill,
And hardly shal I carie out my side
Her husband being alive, now then we'e we
His countenance for the battale, which being done
Let her that would be rid of him suffice
His speedie taking off, as for his mercy
Which he extends to Lear and to Cordelia:
The battale done, and they within our power
Shall never see his pardon, for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

**Alarms.** Enter the powers of France over the stage, Cordelia with her father in her hand.

**Enter Edgar and Gloster.**

**Edg.** Here father, take the shadow of this bush
For your good hoast, pray that the right may thrive
If ever I return to you again, I shall bring you comfort.  

Exit.

Glo. Grace go with you sir.  
Alarum and retreat.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away.
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter taine,
Give me thy hand, come on.
Glo. No farther sir, a man may not run here.
Edg. What in ill thoughts again, men must endure,
Their going hence, even as their coming hither,
Ripeness is all come on.

Enter Edmund, with Lear and Cordelia prisoners.

Bass. Some officers take them away, good guard
Vntill their greater pleasures best be knowne
That are to confine them.  
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 outrowne false Fortunes browne,
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, come lets away to prison
We two alone will sig the like birdes in a cage,
When thou dost aske me blessings, ile kneele downe
And aske of thee forguienes, to weelee liue
And pray, and sigh and tell old tales and laugh.
Arguiled butterflie, and heare poore rogues
Talk of Court newes, and weele talke with them to,
Who losse, and who wins, whose in, whose out,
And take vpuns the mistery of things
As if we were Gods spies, and weelee weare out
In a wal'd prison, packs and sects of great ones.
That ebe and flow bith Moone.

Bass. Take them away.

Lear. Vpon such sacrifices my Cordelia,
The Gods these telues throw incense, haue I caught thee?
Hethat parts vs shall bring a brand from heauen,
Andfire vs hence like Foxes, wiphe thine eyes,
The good shall deuoure em, bleach and fell
Ere they shall make vs weep,  wele see vs starue first.

Take thou this note, goe follow them to prison,
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One step, I have advance thee, if thou doft
As this instructs thee, thou doft 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 dost,
Or thrive by other meanes.

Cap. Ile do't my Lord.

Bass. About it, and write happy when thou hast don,
Mark I say instantly, and care it so
As I have 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.

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 that of you, so to vse them,
As we shall find their merits, and our safety
May equally determine.

Bass. Sir I thought it fit,
To send the old and miserable King to some retention, and ap-
Whoelseage has charmes in it, whose title more, (pointed guard,
To pluck the common boshome 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 fame and they are readie to morrow,
Or at furthers space, to appeare where you shall hold
Your seccion at this time, wee sweat and bleed,
The friend hath lost his friend and the best quarrels
In the heat are curst, by those that seele their sharpnes,
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

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

Reg. That's as we lift to grace him,
Me thinks our pleasure should have beene demanded
Ere you had spoke so farre, he led our powers,
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Bore the commission of my place and person,
The which immediate may well stand vp,
And call it selfe your brother.

Gen. Not so hot, in his owne grace hee doth exalt himselfe
more then in your advancement.

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

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

Reg. Let the do on Proof and Prophets.

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

Reg. Lady I am not well, els I should aswere
From a full flowing stomack. Generall
Take thou my souldiers, prisoners, patrimonie,
Wittnes the world that I create thee here
My Lord and master.

Gen. Meane you to injoy him then?

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

Bass. Nor in thine Lord.

Ab. Halfe blouded fellow, yes.

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

Ab. 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 he is subcontracted to this Lord
And I her husband contradict the banes,
If you will marie, make your love to me,
My Lady is bespake, 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 taff bread, thou art in nothing lesse
Then I have here proclaimed thee.

Reg. Sicke, sicke.

Gen. If not, ile are trust poyson.

Bass. Ther's my exchange, what in the world he is,
That names me traytor, villain-like he lies,
Call by thy Trumpet, he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honour firmly.


_Alb._ Trust to thy single vertue, for thy soildiers
All leuied in my name, have in my name tooke their

_Reg._ This sicknes growes vpon me. (discharge.

_Alb._ She is not well, convey her to my tent,
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
army, will maintaine vpon _Edmund_ suppos'd 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.

_Bast._ Sound?  _Again?_

_Eng._ Enter _Edgar_ at the third sound, a trumpet before him.

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

_Her._ What are you? your name and qualitie?
And why you answere this present summons.

_Eng._ Oknow my name is loft by treasons tooth.
Bare-gnawne and canker-bitte, yet are I mou't
Where is the aduersarie I come to cope with all.

_Alb._ Which is that aduersarie?  (Gloster,

_Eng._ What's he that speakes for _Edmund_ Earle of

_Bast._ Him selfe, what failest thou to him?

_Eng._ Draw thy sword.

That if my speech offend a noble hart, thy arme
May do thee justice, here is mine.
Behold it is the pruiledge of my tongue,
My oath and my profession, I protest,
Maugure thy strength, youth, place and eminence,
Despight thy victor, sword and fire new fortun'd,
Thy valor and thy heart thou art a traytor.
Fals' to thy Gods thy brother and thy Father,
Confiscuate, gainst this high illustrious prince,
And from the extreme v'ward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traytor say thou no
This sword, this arme, and my best spirits,
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Asbent to prooue vpon thy heart whereto I speake thou liest,
Baff. In widge and fuld adake thy name,
But since thy outside lookees so faire and warlike,
And that thy being some day of breeding breathes,
By right of knighthood, I disdaine and spurne
Here do I tolle those treasons to thy head,
With the heil hatedly, oretunrd thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by and scarcely bruice,
This sword of mine shal giue them instant way
Where they shal rest for euer, trumpets speake,

Alb. Sake him, saue him,
Gon. This is mere practive Glosier by the law of armes
Thou art not bound to answere an vknowne oppose,
Thou art not vanquishe, but counsied and beguild,
Alb. Stop your mouth dame, or with this paper shal I stople
it, thou worth then any thing, reade thine owne euill, nay no
no
tearing Lady, I perceiue you knowt, (me for t
Gon. Say if I do, the lawes are mine not thine, who shal arraine
Alb. Most monstrous knowst thou this paper?
Gon. Ask me not what I know.
Exit. Gonorill.
Alb. Go after her, shee's desperate, gouerne her,
Baff. 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 haft this fortune on me? if thou beseft noble
Ido forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity,
I am no leafe in bloud then thou art Edmond,
Dmore, the more thou haft wrongd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy fathers sonne,
The Gods are just, and of our pleautant vertues.
Make instruments to scourge vs the darke and vitious
Place where the hee hee gotte, cost him his eies.
Baff. Thou haft spoken truth, the wheele is come
full circled I am heere.
Alb. Me thought thy very gate did prophecie,
A roual noblenesse I must embrace thee,
Let forow splitt 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,

Lift a breie tale, and when tis told

O that my heart would burst the bloody proclamation

To escape that followed me so neere,

O our luces 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 doggese 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, fau'd him from despaire,

Neuer (O Father) reucaul'd my selfe into him,

Vntill some halfe houre past, when I was armed,

Not sure, though hoping of this good succeffe,

I askt his blessing, and from first to last,

Told him my pilgrimage, but his slawd heart,

Alacke too weake, the conflict to support,

Twixt two extreames of passion, ioy and grieue,

Burst smillingly.

Bass. This speach of yours hath moued me,

And shall perchaunce do good, but speake you on,

You looke as you had something more to say,

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

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

Edg. This would have seem'd a periode to such

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

Would make much more, and top extreametie

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

Who hauing scene me in my woest estate,

Shund my abhord society, but then finding

Who I was that so indur'd with his strong armes

He fastened on my necke and bellowed out,

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

Told the most pitious tale of Lear and him,

That euer care receiued, which in recounting

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

Alb. But who was this.  

Ed. Kent sir, the banish Kent, who in disguise,  
Followed his enemie king and did him service  
Improper for a sluoe,  

Enter one with a bloudy knife,  

Gent. Helpe, helpe, (knife?)  

Alb. What kind of helpe, what means that bloudy  

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

Alb. Who man, speake?  

Gent. Your Lady sir, your Lady, and her sister  
By her is poysoned, the hath confected it.  

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

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alue or dead,  
This Jusitce 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 verges.  

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

Duke. Great thing of vs forgot,  
Speake Edmund, whers the king, and whers Cordelia  
Seest thou this obie ct Kent.  

Kent. Alack why thus.  

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

Bast. I pant for life, some good I meane to do,  
 despight of my owne nature, quickly send,  
Be breife, introds' castle for my writ,  
is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia.  

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

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

L3 Giue
The Historie of King Lear.

Give it the Captaine.  
Duke. Haft thee for thy life.  
Bass. He hath commission from thy wife and me,  
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and to lay  
The blame upon her owne despair,  
That she did her selfe,  
Duke. The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.  
Enter Lear with Cordelia in his arms.  

Lear. Howe, howe, howe, howe. O you are men of stones,  
Had I your tongues and eyes, I would vse them so,  
That heavens 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,  
If that her breath will mist of stain the stone,  
Why then she liues.  
Kent. Is this the promisst end.  
Edg. Or image of that horror.  
Duke. Fall and cease.  
Lear. This feather flits she liues, if it be so,  
It is a chance which do's redeem all sorowes  
That euer I haue felt.  
Kent. Amy good master.  
Lear. Prethe away.  
Edg. Tis noble Kent your friend.  
Lear. A plague vpon your murderous traytors all,  
I might haue fauet her, now shees gone for euer,  
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little, ha,  
What ist thou sayest, her voyce was euer so soft,  
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in women,  
I kild the flauet 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,  
And these same crosstes spoyle me, who are you?  
Mine eyes are not the best, ille tell you straight.  
Kent. If Fortune bragged of two she loued or hated,  
One of them we behold.  
Lear. Are not you Kent?  
Kent. The same your servant Kent, where is your servant Carus?  
Lear. Hees a good fellow, I can tell that,  
Heele strike and quickly too, hees dead and rotten.  
Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man,  
Lear. Ile see that straight.
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Kent. That from your life of difference and decay,
    Have followed your sad steps. Lear. You're welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man else, alas cheerles, darke and deadly,
    Your eldest daughters have forsoome themselves,
    And desperatly are dead. Lear. So thinke I to.
Duke. He knowes not what he sees, and vaine it is,
    That we present vs to him. Edgar. Very bootlesse. Enter
    Capt. Edmund is dead my Lord.
Duke. Thats but a trifle here, 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 maelity,
    to him our absolute power, you to your rights with boote, and
    such addition as your honor have more then merited, all friends
    shall tatt the wages of their vertue, and al foce the cup of their
deserings, 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, Edgar. He faints my Lord, my Lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghost, O let him passe,
    He bates him that would vpon the wracke,
    his tough world stretch him out longer.
Edgar. O he is gone indeed.
Kent. The wonder is, he hath endured so long,
    He but vburst his life.
Duke. Beare them from hence, our present busines
    Is to generall woe, friends of my soule, you twaine
    Rule in this kynghome, and the goard flate sustaine.
Kent. I hate a journey sir, shortly to go,
    My maister calls, and I must not say no.
Duke. The weight of this sad time we must obey,
    Speake what we feele, not what we ought to say,
    The oldeste haue borne most, we that are yong,
    Shall neuer see so much, nor liue so long.

FINIS.