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Editorial Statement and Permissions

Shakespeare's *King Lear* (1608)

This Digital Book was edited and produced by **Katherine Beste** in collaboration with the Publications Unit at Illinois State University in Bloomington-Normal, Illinois, 2019.



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Folger Copy

This edition of *King Lear* (1608) was created from digital images of Folger Shakespeare Library, STC 22292 copy 1.

His true chronicle historie of the life and death of King Lear and his three daughters.

Printed [by Nicholas Okes] for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-yard at the signe of the Pide Bull neere St. Austins Gate. 1608.
Signatures: [A]2 B-L4.

The Folger copy of *King Lear* (1608) is missing leaves A3 and A4. The title leaf (A4) has been provided in facsimile. The first two leaves (A1-A2) may have been used to print preliminary material for other copies of the play. Some catchwords and signatures have been cropped, as have many of the headlines. A few catchwords and signatures were added by a later reader by hand. A stain on leaf L3 allows printed words from page L3r to show through on L3v. Leaf B3 has been repaired.

Shakespeare in Sheets Editing

During the editing process, catchwords and signatures have been replaced or added to facilitate the folding process. These changes can be seen clearly in brackets and a modern font. The stain on leaf L3 has been reproduced, but other markings and smudges were erased for ease of reading. This edition uses a full sheet for A1-A4, so the first three leaves are blank, and have been marked as such. Users may choose to remove A1-A3 if they wish.

Acknowledgements

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The digital images used to make this book can be accessed at <https://luna.folger.edu/luna/servlet/s/u0co8i>

Special thanks to Blair Coates for assistance in the early editorial stages of this project.

For more Shakespeare in Sheets projects, see <https://about.illinoisstate.edu/shakespeareinsheets/>

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M. William Shak-speare:

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

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

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

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



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

The Gods to their protection take the maide,
 Friendship hies hence, and banishment is here,
 Kent. Why fare thee well King, since thou wilt
 This shall not be reuokt.
 The moment is thy death, away, by Imper
 Thy banishment be found in our dominions,
 Upon our kingdom, if on the tenth day following,
 And on the first to turne thy hated backe
 To shield thee from diseases of the world,
 Four dayes we doe allow thee for provision,
 Our porenay made good, take thy reward,
 Which nor our nature nor our place can beare,
 To come betwene our sentence and our powre,
 Which we durst neuer yet, and with straid pride,
 Since thou hast fought to make vs breake our vow,
 Lear. Hear me, on thy all egance heare me.
 From my throat, he tell thee thou dost euill.
 Reuoke thy doome, or whilst I can vent clamour
 And the fee bestow upon the foule disease,
 Kent. Doe, kill thy Phisicion,
 Lear. Vnfall, recreant,
 Lear. Now by Appollo King thou swearest thy Gods
 Lear. Now by Appollo,
 The true blanke of thine eyes,
 Kent. See better Lear and let me still remaine,
 Lear. Out of my sight.
 Thy safety being the motive.
 To wage against thy enemies, nor feare to lose it
 Kent. My life I neuer held but as a pawns
 Lear. Kent on thy life no more.
 Reuerts no hollownes.
 Nor are those empty harted whole low found
 My judgement, thy youngest daughter does not loue thee least,
 Checke this hideous rashnes, answer me my life
 Reuerte thy doome, and in thy best consideration
 To plainnes honours bound when Maistly loope to folly,
 Shall haue dread to speake, when power to flattere bowes.
 What wilt thou doe ouid man, thinkst thou that dute
 The Historie of King Lear.

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 watriſh Burgundie,
 Shall buy this vnprizd precious maide of me,
 Bid them farewell Cordelia, though vnkind
 Thou loofest here, a better where to find.

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

Fran. Bid farewell to your sisters?

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

Gonorill. Prescribe not vs our duties.

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

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

Fran. Come faire Cordelia? Exit France & Cord.

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

Reg. Thats most certaine, and with you, next mon eth with vs.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is the obseruation we
 haue made of it hath not bin little; hee alwaies loued our sister
 most, and with what poore iudgement hee hath now cast her
 off, appears too grosse.

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

The milticelle of Hecce, and the night,
 By all the operation of the orbs,
 From whence we doe exilt and cease to be
 Here I disclaime all my paternall care,
 Propinquitie and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me
 Hold thee from this for euer, the barbarous Scythian,
 Or he that makes his generation
 Melles to gorge his appetite
 Shall bee as well neighbourd, pittied and relieued
 As thou my sometime daughter.
 Kent. Good my Liege.
 Lear. Peace Kent, comenot between the Dragon &
 I found her most, and thought to set my self
 On her kind nurcery, hence and auoide my sight?
 So be my graue my peace as here I giue
 Her fathers heart from her, call France, who fires?
 Call Burgundy, Cornwall, and Albany,
 With my two daughters dower digest this third,
 Let me see which she calis plainnes, marrie her:
 I doe inuelt you jointly in my powre,
 Preheminate, and all the large effects
 That reuocation of an hundred knights,
 With reuocation of an hundred knights,
 By you to be sustaynd, shall our abode
 Make with you by due times, onely we still remaine
 The way, reuene, execution of the self,
 Beloued sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
 This Coroner part betwixt you.
 Kent. Royall Lear,
 Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,
 Loued as my Father, as my matter followed,
 As my great patron thought on in my prayers.
 Lear. The bow is bet & drawn make from the shaft
 Kent. Let it fall rather,
 Though the fork made the region of my heart,
 Be Kent vniuermally when Lear is man,
 The Historie of King Lear.



M. William Shakspere

HIS Historie, of King Lear.

Enter Kent, Gloster, and Bastard.

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

Gloster. It did allwaies secine so to vs, but now in the diuision of the kingdomes, it appears not which of the Dukes he values most, for equalities are so weighed, that curioſitie in neither, can make choise of eithers moytie.

Kent. Is not this your sonne my Lord?
 Gloster. His breeding fir hath beene at my charge, I haue so often blusht to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to it.

Kent. I cannot conceiue you.
 Gloster. Sir, this young fellowes mother Could, wherupon shee grew round wombed, and had indeede Sir a sonne for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed, doe you see all a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault vndone, the issue of it being so proper.
 Gloster. But I haue fir a sonne by order of Law, some yeare elder then this, who yet is no deerer in my account, though this knaue came something sawcely into the world before hee was sent for, yet vs as his mother faire, there was good sport at his making, & the whore sonne must be acknowledged, doe you know this noble gentleman Edmund?

B 2

For by the sacred radience of the Sunne,
Lear. Well let it be so, thy truth then be thy dower,
Cord. So young my Lord and true,
Lear. So young and so vntender,
Cord. I good my Lord,
Lear. But goes this with thy heart?
 Mary like my sisters, to loue my father all,
 Halfe my care and duty, sure I shall neuer
 Must take my plight, shall carry halfe my loue with him,
 Happely when I shall wed, that Lord whose hand
 Why haue my sisters husbands if they say they loue you all,
 Obeie you, loue you, and will honour you,
 I returne those duties backe as are right fit,
 You haue begot me, bred me, loued me,
Cord. Good my Lord,
 Let it maye mar your fortunes,
Lear. Goe to, goe to, mend your speech a little,
 I tell thee,
 mouth, I loue you more than euer according to my bond, nor more nor
Cord. Vnhappy that I am, I cannot heare my heart into my
Lear. How, nothing can come of nothing, speake
 (againe,
Cord. Nothing my Lord,
 Then your sisters,
 What can you say to win a third, more opulent
 Although the last, not least in our decree loue,
 Then that confrm'd on *Gonorill*, but now our loy,
 No lesse in space, validity, and pleasure,
 Remaine this ample third of our faire kingdomes,
Lear. To thee and thine hereditarie euer
 My loues more rich the enemy tongue,
Cord. Then poore *Cord.* & yet not so, since I am sure
 And find I am alone felicitate, in your decree hinges loue,
 Which the most precious square of sense possesse,
 That I professe my selfe an enemy to all other loyces,
 I find the names my very deod of loue, onely the came hono,
 And prize me at her worth in my true heart,
Reg. Sir I am made of the selfe same mettall that my sister is,
 Our deereft *Regan*, wife to *Cornwell*, speake.

The Historie of King Lear.

The Historie of King Lear.

Bast. No my Lord.
Gloft. My Lord of Kent, remember him hereafter as my ho-
 norable friend..
Bast. My seruices to your Lordship.
Kent. I must loue you, and sue to know you better.
Bast. Sir I shall study deseruing.
Gloft. Hee hath becne our nine yeares, and away hee shall
 againe, the King is coming.
*Sound a Sennet, Enter one bearing a Coronet, then Lear, then the
 Dukes of Albany, and Cornwell, next Gonorill, Regan, Cor-
 delia, with followers.*
Lear. Attend my Lords of France and Burgundy, *Gloft.*
Gloft. I shall my Leige.
Lear. Meane time we will expresse our darker purposes,
 The map there; know we haue diuided
 In three, our kingdome; and tis our first intent,
 To shake all cares and busines of our state,
 Confirming them on yonger yeares,
 The two great Princes *France* and *Burgundy*,
 Great ryuals in our youngest daughters loue,
 Long in our Court haue made their amorous sojourne,
 And here are to be answerd, tell me my daughters,
 Which of you shall we say doth loue vs most,
 That we our largest bountie may extend,
 Where merit doth most challenge it,
Gonorill our eldest borne, speake first?
Gon. Sir I do loue you more then words can weild the
 Dearer then eye-sight, space or libertie, (matter,
 Beyond what can be valued rich or rare,
 No lesse then life; with grace, health, beautie, honour,
 As much a child ere loued, or father friend,
 A loue that makes breath poore, and speech vnable,
 Beyond all manner of so much I loue you.
Lear. What shall *Cordelia* doe, loue and be silent.
Lear. Of all these bounds, euen from this line to this,
 With shady forrests, and wide skirted meades,
 We make thee Lady, to thine and *Albaines* issue
 Be this perpetuall, what saies our second daughter?

[Our]

B 2

So monstrous to distemurall so many foules of fauour,
 Should in this vice of time commit a thing,
 Balm of your age most best, most deere,
 Was your best object, the argument of your praise,
Fran. This is most strange, that hee, that euen but now
 Almost to acknowlege hers,
 Then on a wretch whose nature is ashamed
 To avert your liking a more worshiper way,
 To match you where I haue, therefore beleeuech you,
 I would not from your loue make such a stay,
 I tell you all her wealth, for you great King,
Lear. Then leaue her fir, for by the powre that made
 On such conditions,
Burg. Pardon me royall sir, election makes not vp
 Take her or leaue her,
 Couer'd with our cuse, and strangled with our oath,
 Vntended, as adoped to our face,
Lear. Sir will you with those infinites she owes,
Burg. I know no answer,
 Shes there, and she is yours,
 And nothing else may fity like your grace,
 Seeming subiect, or al of it with our dispature pecc'tly,
 Sir there she stands, he ought within that little
 We did hold her for, but now her part is fallen,
Lear. Right noble *Burgundie*, when she was deere to
 Your highnes offerd, nor will you tender less: (vs
Burg. Royall matterly, I craue no more then what
 Dower with her, or cease your quest of loue?
 What in the least will you require in present
 Who with a King hath maied for our daugher,
Lear. My L. of *Burgundie*, we first addres towards you,
Gloft. Heers *France* and *Burgundie* my noble Lord,
Enter France and Burgundie with Gloster.
 Hee shap his old court in a countie new,
 Thus *Kent* O Princes, bids you all adew,
 That good speeches may spring from wordes of loue:
 And your large speeches may your deedes approue,
 That rightly thinks, and hast most iustly said,
 The *Elifiove* of King *Lear*.

The Historie of King Lear.

Sure her offence must be of such vnaturall degree,
 That monsters it, or you for voucht affections
 Falne into taint, which to beleue of her
 Must be a faith that reason without miracle
 Could neuer plant in me.
Cord. I yet beseech your Maieste,
 If for I want that glib and oily Art,
 To speake and purpose not, since what I well encend
 He do't before I speake, that you may know
 It is no vicious blot, murder or foulnes,
 No vnclane action or dishonord step
 That hath depriu'd me of your grace and fauour,
 But euen for want of that, for which I am rich,
 A still solliciting eye, and such a tongue
 As I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,
 Hath lost me in your liking.
Lear. 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 respects that
 Aloofe from the intire point wil you haue her? (stands
 She is her selfe and dowre,
Burg. Royall *Lear*, giue but that portion
 Which your selfe prepoisd, and here I take *Cordelia*
 By the hand, Dutches of *Burgundie*,
Lear. Nothing, I haue sworne.
Burg. I am fory then you haue so lost a father,
 That you must loofe a husband,
Cord. Peace be with *Burgundie*, since that respects
 Of fortune are his loue, I shall not be his wife.
Fran. Fairest *Cordelia* that art most rich being poore,
 Most choise forsaken, and most loued despis'd,
 Thee and thy vertues here I ceaze vpon,
 Be it lawful I take vp whats cast away,
 Gods, Gods! tis strange, that from their coldst neglect,
 My loue should kindle to inflam'd respect,

Thy

[B4]

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

C 3

Enter Kent.
dinner.
might to my sister to hold my very course, goe prepare for
from hence occasions, and I shall, that I may speake, I write
growes of it no matter, aduise your fellowes so, I would breed
Gon. And let his Kingdome haue colder looks among you, what
Gon. Very well Madam.

they are scene about, remember what I tell you.
are babes again, & must be vs'd with checks as Harrettes, when
authorities that he hath giuen away, now by my life old fooles
not to be ouertrud; idle old man that still would manage those
him to our sister, whose mind and mine I know in that are one,
follow names, it de haue it come in question, if he dillicke it, let
Gon. But on what wearie negligence you please, you and your
Gon. Hee's coming Madam, I heare him.

You shall doe well, the fault of it is le and were,
If you come backe of former seruice,
I will not speake with him, say I am sick,
On euery crutch when he returns from hunting,
His Kingdome growe tyorous, and him selfe obtrayds vs,
That sets vs all at odds, he not indure it,
Euery houre hee halles into one grolle crime or other

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me,
Gon. Yes Madam.
foole?
Gon. Did my Father strike my gentlemans for chiding of his

Enter Gonerill and Gouernant.
All with me's meece, that I can fallow fr,
Exit.
Let me if not by birth, haue lands by wite,
My piratish ride case, I see the busines,
That hee respects none, on whose fooleish honesty
Whole nature is to fauour from doing harmes,
A credulous Father, and a brother noble,
By, nothing like the image and horrow of it, pray you away;

wards you, I haue told you what I haue scene & heard, but faint-
ly, nothing like the image and horrow of it, pray you away;

The Historie of King Lear.
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ward, I am no honest man if there bee any good meaning to-
Bast. That my fare brother, I aduise you to the best, goe
Edg. Some villaine hath done me wrong.

would scarce alay.
that to rage in him, that with the mischiefe of your pardon it
time that qualifieth the heart of his displeasure, which at this in-
him, and at my intercession, for hee his presence, till some little
Bast. Hee think you your selfe wherein you may haue offendd
Edg. None at all.

in him by word or countenance?
Bast. Pardon you in good reuerence? found you no displeasure
Edg. Two houres together.
Bast. Spake you with him?
Edg. Why, the night gon by.

Bast. Come, come, when I saw you my father last?
Edg. How long haue you bene a Secretary Altrouioncall?
es, and I know not what.
ces, banishment of friends, disappearance of Cohorts, ruptal breach-

and malitions against King and nobles, needles distiden-
dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities, divisions in state, mean-
as of unnatural betwene the child and the parent, death,
Bast. I promise you the effects he writ of, succeed unhappily,
Edg. Do you buile your selfe about that?

day, what should follow these Eclipses,
Bast. I am thinking brother of a prediction I read this other
tion are you in?
Edg. How now brother *Edmund*, what serious contempla-

Edg. O these eclipses doe portend these divisions.
medy, mine is villanous melancholy, with a faith like them of
Edg. and our the comes like the Catarrophe of the old Co-
maidest. I haue of the Kingdome entwinckled on my barbedy
rough and lecherous, but I should haue bene that I am had the
and my nature was vnder *Vismar*, so that it follows, I am
Rather compounded with my Mother vnder the Dragons call,
man, to say his go with disposition to the charge of Starres: my
by a diuine theuising on, an admirable euation of whoremaster
obedience of planetary influence, and all that we are will in,
predominance, Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an enorff

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Glo. O Villaine, Villaine, his very opinion in the letter, abhorred Villaine, Villaine, all defiled with Villaine, worse then Villaine, goe for mee, I apprehend him, I apprehend him, Villaine where is he?

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

Glo. Think you so?

Ba. If your honour iudge it meete, I will place you where you shall haue vs confere of this, and by an amicable assurance haue your satisfaction, and that without any further delay then this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Ba. Not so sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and intirely loves him, I pray you frame your business after your own wisdom, I would vnlike my selfe to be in a due resolution.

Ba. I shall seeke him in presence, & conuoy the business as I shall see meane, and acquaint you withall.

Glo. The late eclipse in the Sunne and Moone portend no good to vs, though the wisdom of nature can reason thus and thus, yet nature finds it selfe scourged by the frequent effects, betweene some and father, find out this Villaine *Edmond*, it shall looke these nothing, doe it carefully, and the noble and true harted *Kent* bandie, his offence himselfe, strange strange!

Ba. This is the excellent property of the world, that when we are sicke in fortune, often the first of our owne behaviour, we make quite of our distaters, the Sunne, the Moone, and the Starres, as it were Villaine by necessity, Foole by heauenly compulsion, Knave, Thieves, and Treacherers by spiritual freedom.

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

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

Glo. Giue me the letter sir.

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

Glo. Lets see, lets see?

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

A Letter.

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

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

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

Glo. You know the Character to be your brothers?

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

Glo. It is his?

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

Glo. Hath he neuer heretofore founded you in this business?

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

Glo.

Steward. So please you, what say's the fellow there, call the char-pole backe wher?

Enter Steward.

ther, you lura, whers my daughter?

ner, wher's my knaue, my foole, goe you and call my foole he wrote after dinner, I will not part from thee yet, dinner, he dr-

Lear. Follow mee, thou shalt ferue mee, if I like thee no light.

done on her for any thing, I haue yeares on my backe for to

Kent. Not to yong to loue a woman for singing, nor fo old to

Lear. How old art thou?

of me, is diligence.

which ordinarie men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine message bluntly, that

Lear. I can keepe honest counsaile, ride, run, mar a curious

Lear. What seruices canst thou doe?

Lear. What seruice? *Kent.* Authoritie.

I would faine call Master.

Kent. No sir, but you haue that in your countenance, which

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

Kent. Seruice, *Lear.* Who would'st thou ferue?

poore enough, what would'st thou?

Lear. It thou beas poore for a subiect, as he is for a King, that

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

Lear. What art thou?

to fight when I cannot chuse, and to care no sith.

write with him that is wise, and sayes little, to feare judgement, truly that will put me in trust, to loue him that is honest, to con-

Kent. I doe proteste to be no lesse then I seeme, to ferue him

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

Kent. A man Sir.

now, what art thou?

Lear. Let me not say a word for dinner, goe get it readie, how

Enter Lear.

louest shall find the full of labour.

ferue where thou dost stand condeawd, thy matter whom thou

ferue for which I raz'd my likenes, now banish *Kent*, if thou canst

desire, my good intent may carry through it selfe to that full ill-

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

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

Lear. Why came not the flauce backe to mee when I call'd him?

Servant. Sir, hee answered mee in the roundest maner, hee would not.

Lear. A would not?

Servant. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my iudgemēt, your highnes is not certained 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 mistaken, for my dutie cannot bee silent, when I thinke your highnesse wrong'd.

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

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

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

Steward. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies father, my Lords knaue, you hore son dog, you flauce, you cur.

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

Lear. Doe you bandie lookes with me you rascal?

Stew. He not be struck my Lord,

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base football player.

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

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

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

Enter Foole.

Foole.

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Shall not be a made long, except things be cut shorter. *Exit*

Fool. Shee that is made now, and laughs at my departure, keepe me in temper, I would not be mad, are the horses readie? *Exit*

Lear. O let me not be mad sweet heaven! I would not be mad, become wile.

Fool. Thou shouldst not have beene old, before thou hadst beene old before thy time.

Lear. Hows that?

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

Lear. To take againe perforce, Monister, in gratitude!

Fool. Yes thou wouldst make a good foole.

Lear. Because they are not eigh.

Fool. Senstares are no more then senen, is a prettie reason. Thy Altes are gone about them, the reason why the readie?

Lear. I will forget my nature, to kind a father, be my horses daughter, and leane his hornes without a caie.

Fool. Why, to put his head in, nor to giue it away to his daughter? Why?

Lear. Nor I neither, but I can tell why a mayle has a houle.

Fool. Canst tell how an Oyster makes his shell. *Lear.* No. *Lear.* I did her wrong.

Fool. a man cannot smell out, a may spe into.

Fool. Why, to keepe his eyes on either side's nose, that what canst not tell why ones nose stande in the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Sheldt as like this, as a crab doth to a crab, thou canst not tell why what canst thou tell my boy?

Lear. I can tel.

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

Lear. Ha ha ha.

Fool. Then I preche be merry, thy wit that here goe slipshod.

Lear. I boy.

Fool. If a mans braines were here in his heeles, wert not in danger of kibes?

Lear. I boy.

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

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pursue the offender, how dost my Lord?

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

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

Glo. I Ladie, Ladie, I haue would haue it hid.

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

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

Bas. Yes Madam, he was.

Reg. No marnaille then though he were ill affected, Tis they haue put him on the old mans death, To haue these--and wast of this his reuenues; I haue this present euening from my sister, Beene well inform'd of them, and with such cautions, That if they come to sojourne at my house, ile not be there.

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

Bas. Twas my dutie Sir.

Glo. He did betray his practise, and receiued This hurt you see, striuing to apprehend him.

Duke. Is he pursued? *Glo.* In my good Lord.

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

Bas. I shall serue you truly, how euer else.

Glo. For him I thanke your grace.

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

Regan. Thus out of season, threatning darke ey'd night, Ocasions noble *Gloster* of some praise, Wherein we must haue vse of your aduise, Our Father he hath writ, so hath our siller, Of defences, which I best thought it fit, To answer from our hand, the scuerall messengers From hence attend dispatch, our good old friend, Lay comforts to your bosome, & bestow your needfull counsell To our busines, which craues the instant vse. *(Exeunt, Glo.)*

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Kent. I shall be there before you.

Lear. Goe you before to *Gloster* with these letters, acquaint from her demand out of the letter, if your diligence be not speedie, I shall be there before you.

Enter Lear.

Gen. May then, *Duke.* Well, well, the euent, *Exeunt*

Gen. To better ought, we marre what well.

Duke. How farre your eyes may pearce I cannot tell, but I want of wisdom, then praise for harmless midnes, though I dislike not, yet under pardon y are much more alape your owne, as may compact it more, get you gon, and after your her full of my particular teares, and thereto add such reasons of *Gen.* Take you some company, and away to horse, informe *Gen.* Yes Madam.

Gen. What haue you writ this letter to my siller?

Gen. What *Oswald* ho. *Oswald.* Here Madam, follows after.

Gen. Nuncle *Lear*, tary and take the foole with a fox when one has caught her, and such a daughter should sure to the laughers, if my cap would buy a halter, so the foole your matter?

Gen. Come fir no more, you, more knaue then foole, after beare you,

Duke. I cannot be so partiall *Gonwill* to the great loue I *Gen.* Doe you marke that my Lord?

Gen. off for euer, thou shalt I warrant thee.

Duke. find that the reame the shape, which thou dost thinke I haue cast thee, with her nales shee! Hea thy woulth vilage, thou shalt I am sure is kind and comfortable, when shee shall heare this of per day, yea, if I come to this? yet haue I left a daughter, whom pluck you out, & you cast with the waters that you make to rem- fence about the old fond eyes, be weepes this cause againe, the ypon the vnder woundings of a fathers curse, peruse euer break from me perforce, should make the worst blatts and fogs power to shak my manhood thus, that the hot teares that *Lear.* The tell thee, sic and death! I am aham'd that thou hast *Duke.* What is the matter fir?

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Fool. All thy other Titles thou hast giuen away, that thou wast borne with.

Kent. This is not altogether foole my Lord.

Fool. No faith, Lords and great men will not let me, if I had a monopolie out, they would haue part an't, and lodes too, they will not let me haue all the foole to my selfe, they'l be snatching; giue me an egge Nuncle, and ile giue thee two crownes.

Lear. What two crownes shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I haue cut the egge in the middle and eate vp the meate, the two crownes of the egge; when thou clouest thy crowne it h middle, and ganeft away both parts, thou boreft thy assear h backe or e the durt, thou hadst little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gaueft thy golden one away, if I speake like my selfe in this, let him be whipt that first finds it so.

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

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

Fool. I haue vs'd it nuncle, euer since thou madst thy daughters thy mother, for when thou gaueft them the rod, and putst downe thine own breeches, then they for suddin ioy did weep, and I for sorrow sung, that such a King should play bo-peepe, and goe the fooles among; prethe Nuncle keepe a schoolemaster that can teach thy foole to lye, I would faine learne lye.

Lear. And you lye, weele haue you whipt.

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

Enter Gonwill.

Lear. How now daughter, what makes that Frontlet on, Me thinks you are too much alate it h frowne.

Fool. Thou wast a prettie fellow when thou hadst 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 foole, thou art nothing, y'es for-

(D)

Duke. Now Gods that we adore, whereof comes this
 thankless child, goe, goe, my people
 the may feel, how sharper then a serpent's tooth it is, to have a
 creature that may line and bee a thour'd disfigurement to
 the organs of increase, and from her derogate body neuer spring
 creature fruitful into her womb, comey sterility, die vp in hir
 death, supend thy purpose, it thou didst intend to make this
 Duke, It may be so my Lord, hark *Nurse*, heare decee God.
Nurse. My Lord, I am gilty as I am ignorant.
 our, goe goe, my people!
 beat at this gate that let thy kolly in, and thy deere iudgement
 drew from my heart all loue and added to the gall. *O Lear, Lear!*
 like an engine wreacht my frame of nature from the fixt place,
 most small fault, how vgly didst thou in *Cordelia* thewe, that
 in the most exact regard, support the worships of their names, O
 choice and rarest parts, that all particulars of dutie knowe, and
 the Sea-monster, deflected kite, thou list my traine, and men of
 red head, more hideous when thou shewest thee in a child, then
 will that wee prepare any horses, ingratidde; thou marke har-
 tenants of their betters.
Lear. We that too late repent, O Sir, are you comestis it your
 gon, You strike my people, and your disordred rabble, make
 a daughter.
 together, degenerate ballard, ile not trouble thee, yet haue I left
 your age, that know thementles and you.
Lear. Darts and Darts; fadde my horses, call my traine
 maintain that shall still depend, to bee such men as may before
 thing shee begs, a little to disquantitye your traine, and the re-
 for instant remedie, be thou desired by her, that she will take the
 or broche, then a great pallace, do: shame it telle doth speake
 like a furious Inne, epicurisme, and Iust make more like a raucme

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Lear. What, fittie of my followers at a clap, within a fortnight
 disposition haue that scope that dorage giues it.
Gon. Neuer afflicte your selfe to know the cause, but let his
 Duke. Now Gods that we adore, whereof comes this
 thankless child, goe, goe, my people
 the may feel, how sharper then a serpent's tooth it is, to have a
 creature that may line and bee a thour'd disfigurement to
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sooth I will hould my tongue, so your face bids mee, though
 you say nothing.

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

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

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

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come fir, I would you would make vse 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 *In* I loue thee.

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

Foole. Which they, will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name faire gentlewoman?

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

Glo. Where is the villaine *Edmund*?

Ba. Look fir, I bleed.

Glo. But where is he?

Ba. Here flood he in the darkc, his sharpe sword out, war-
 ling of wicked charms, conuincing the Moore to stand's aspect.

Glo. Now *Edmund* where is the villaine?

Ba. Hop, hop, no, he's here!

Glo. Have scene drunkards doe more then this in sport, father, father,
 on mee would begot opinion, of my more force in deuous, I
 brother hee, torches, torches, so farwell; some blood drawe
 you well, yeld, come before my father, light here, here, he
 draw my sword upon you, seeme to defend your selfe, now que
Ba. I heare my father coming, pardon me in crawling, I must
Ed. I am sure on not a word.

Duke of Albany, aduise you--

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Duke of Albany, aduise you--

Ba. Fled this way fir, when by no meanes he could--

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

Ba. Perswade me to the murder of your Lordship, but that
 I told him the reuengue Gods, gainst Paracides did all their
 thunders bend, spoke with how many fould and strong a bond
 the child was bound to the father, fir in a fine, seeing how loath-
 ly opposite I stood, to his vnnaturall purpose, with fell motion
 with his prepared sword, hee charges home my vnprouided bod-
 dy, lancht mine arme, but when he saw my best alarum spirits,
 bould in the quarrels, rights, rould to the encounter, or whether
 gasted by the noyse I made, but sodainly he fled.

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

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

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

Enter the Duke of Cornwall.

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

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

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To the warme Sunne.
 Approch thou becom to this under globe,
 That by thy comfortable beames I may
 Ferie this letter, nothing almost fees my wracke
 But miſeric. I know tis from *Cornwall*,
 Vho hath moſt fortunately bin informed
 Of my obſcured courſe, and ſhall find time
 From this enornious late, ſeeking to giue
 Loſſes their remedies, all wearie and outwarch
 Take vantage heare eyes not to behold
 This ſhamefull ſodging, Fortune goodnight,
 Smile, once more turnethy whele.
Enter Edgar.
 Edg. I heare my ſelfe proclaim'd,
 And by the happie hollow of a crece
 Escape the hunt, no Fort is free, no place
 The guard, and moſt vnuaſſall vigilance
 Doſt not attend my taking while I may ſcape,
 I will preſerue my ſelfe, and am betrougth
 To take the beaſt and moſt pooreſt ſhap,
 Thar enery in contempt of man,
 Brought neare to beaſt, my face ſhe grime with filth,
 Blanke my loynes, elle all my hate with knoes,
 And with preſerced nakednes outface,
 The wind, and perfection of the ſkie,
 Of beſtiall beggers, who with roting voyces,
 Strike in their numbd and mortified bare armes,
 Pins, wodden prickes, nayles, ſprigs of roſemary,
 And with this horrible obiect from low ſeruitce,
 Poore pedling villages, ſheep-coates, and milles,
 Sometime with ſunatcke bans, ſometime with prayers
 Enforce their charitie, poore *Turk*, poore *Tom*,
 That ſomething yet, *Edgar* I nothing am,
Exit

Enter King.
 Lear. Tis ſtrange that they ſhould depart from
 And not ſend backe my meſſenger.
Knights. As I leard, the night before there was

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why *Gloſter*, *Gloſter*, id'e ſpeake with the Duke of *Cornwall*, and
 his wife.
Gloſt. Imy good Lord.
Lear. The King would ſpeake with *Cornwall*, the deare father
 Would with his daughter ſp eake, commands her ſeruite,
 Fierie Duke, tell the hor Duke that *Lear*,
 No but not yet may be he is not well,
 Infirmicie doth ſtill neglect all office, where to our health
 Is boud, we are not our ſelues, when nature being opreſt
 Comand the mind to ſuffer with the bodie ile forbear,
 And am fallen out with my more hedier will,
 To take the indispos'd and ſickly ſit, for the ſound man,
 Death on my ſtate, wherfore ſhould he ſit here?
 This act perſwades me, that this remotion of the Duke
 Is praſtiſe, only giue me my ſeruant forth, (*ſcher*)
 Tell the Duke and's wife, Ile ſpeake with them
 Now preſently, bid them come forth and heare me,
 Or at their chamber doore ile beat the drum,
 Till it cry ſleepe to death.
Gloſt. I would haue all well betwixt you.
Lear. O my heart, my heart.
Forie. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cokney did to the ceſes, when
 ſhe put vñ it h p aſt aliu, ſhe rapt vñ ath coxcombs with a ſtick,
 and cryed downe wantons downe, twas her brother, that in pure
 kindnes to his horſe buttered his hay,
Enter Duke and Regan.
Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Duke. Hayle to your Grace.
Reg. I am glad to ſee your highnes.
Lear. *Regan* I thinke you are, I know what reaſon
 I haue to thinke ſo, if thou ſhouldſt not be glad,
 I would diuorſe me from thy mothers tombe
 Sepulchring an aduulreſſe. yea are you free?
 Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan*,
 Thy ſiſter is naught, oh *Regan* ſhe hath tyed,
 Sharpe tooth'd vnkindnes, like a vulture h-are,
 I can ſcarce ſpeake to thee, thou not belecue,
 Of how deprived a qualitie, O *Regan*.

Reg.

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Duke. Bring forth the ſtockes ho?
 You ſubburne miſerant knaue, you reuerent bragart,
 Wele teach you.
Kent. I am too old to learne, call not our ſtockes for me,
 I ſerue the King, on whoſe employments I was ſent to you,
 You ſhould doe ſmall reſpect, how too bold miſſe
 Againſt the Grace and perſon of my maſter,
 Stopping his meſſenger.
Duke. Fetch forth the ſtockes? as I haue life and honour,
 There ſhall he ſit till noone.
Reg. Till noone, till might my Lord, and all might he too.
Kent. Why Madam, if I were your fathers dogge, you could
 not vñ 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?
Gloſt. Let me beleeue your Grace not to doe ſo,
 His fault is much, and the good King his maſter
 Vñ check him for, your purpoſe low correction
 Is ſuch, as baſt and emell wretches for pilltrings
 And moſt common reſpectles are puniſht with,
 The King muſt take it ill, that hee ſo lightly valued
 In his meſſenger, ſhould haue him thus reſtrained.
Duke. Ile anſwer that.
Reg. My ſiſter receiue it much more worle,
 To haue her Gentleman abuſd, aſtated
 For ſollowing her affairs, put in his legges,
 Come my good Lord away?
Gloſt. I am ſorry for the Duke's pleaſure,
 Vñ whole diſpoſition all the world well knowes
 Vñ not be rub nor ſtop, he increaſe for thee,
Kent. Pray you doe not ſir, I haue watcht and traualld
 Sometime I ſhall ſleepe out, the reſt ſhe whille, (hard,
 A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles,
 Giue you good morrow.
Gloſt. The Duke to blame in this, will be ill tooke.
Kent. Good King that muſt approue the common law,
 Thou one of heuens benediction comelt

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Gloſt. I ſerue you Madam, your Graces are right welcome.
Enter Kent, and Steward.
Steward. Good euen to thee friend, art of the houſe?
Kent. I. *Stew.* Where may we ſet our horſes?
Kent. It himire. *Stew.* Prethee if thou loue me, tell me.
Kent. I loue thee not. *Stew.* Why then I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in Lipſburie pinkſoid, I would make thee
 care for mee.
Stew. Why doſt thou vñe me thus? I know thee not.
Kent. Fellow I know thee.
Stew. What doſt thou know me for?
Kent. A knaue, a rascal, an eater of broken meates, a baſe,
 proud, ſhallow, beggerly, three ſhewted hundred pound, filthy
 worſted-ſtocken knaue, a lilly lyuer'd action taking knaue, a
 whorſon glaſſegazing ſuperſinical rogue, one truncke inheri-
 ting ſlaue, one that would ſt bee a baud in way of good ſeruite,
 and art nothing but the compoſition of a knaue, begger, cow-
 ard, pander, and the ſonne and heire of a mungrell bitch, whom
 I will beat into clamorous whyning, if thou denie the leaſt ſilla-
 ble of the addition.
Stew. What a monſtrous fellow art thou, thus to raile on one,
 that's neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee.
Kent. What a brazen face varlet art thou, to deny thou
 knoweſt mee, is it two dayes agoc ſince I beat thee, and tript vp
 thy heeles before the King? draw you rogue, for though it be
 night the Moone ſhines, ile make a ſop of the moone ſhine a you,
 draw you whorſon cully only barber-munger, draw?
Stew. Away, I haue nothing to doe with thee.
Kent. Draw you rascal, you bring letters againſt the King,
 and take Vanitie the puppets part, againſt the royaltie of her
 father, draw you rogue or ile ſo carbonado your ſhanckes, draw
 you rascal, come your wayes.
Stew. Helpe, ho, murder, helpe.
Kent. Strike you ſlaue, ſtand rogue, ſtand you neate ſlaue,
 ſtroke?
Stew. Helpe ho, murder, helpe.
*Enter Edmund with his rapier drawn, Gloſter the Duke
 and Dutcheſſe.*
Baſt. How now, whats the matter?
 E *Kent.*

The Historie of King Lear.
 For now I feie a danger, I increat you,
 To bring but fine and wretched, to no more
 Will I giue place or notice,
 Lear. I gane you all.
 Reg. And in good time you gane it.
 Lear. M ade you my guardians, my depositories,
 But kept a reservation to be followed
 With such a number, what, must I come to you
 With fine and wretched, Regan laid you so?
 Reg. And spake against my Lord, no more with me.
 Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do seem wel-favour'd
 When others are more wicked, not being the world
 Stands in some rank of prayer, I lego with thee,
 Thy fifty yet doth double fine and wretched,
 And thou art twice her love.
 Gon. Heare me my Lord,
 What need you fine and wretched, reme, or fine,
 To follow in a houle, where twice so many
 Have a command to tend you.
 Regan. What needes one?
 Lear. O reason not the deed, our basest beggers,
 Are in the poorest thing superfluous,
 Allow not nature more then nature needs,
 Mians like as cheap as beaks, thou art a Lady,
 If only to goe warme were gorgeous,
 Why nature needes not, what thou gorgeous wearst,
 Which scarcely keeps thee warme, but for true need,
 You hearens giue me that patience, patience I need,
 You see me here (you Gods) a poore old fellow,
 As full of griefe as age, wretched in both,
 If it be you that flurres these daughters hearts,
 Against their father, foole me not to much,
 To heare it lamely, touch me with noble anger,
 O let not womens weapons, water drops,
 Stayne my mans cheekes, no you vnnatural hags,
 I will haue such reuenges on you both,
 That all the world shall, I will doe such things,
 What they are yet I know not, but they shall be

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Reg. I pray fir take patience, I haue hope
 You lesse know how to value her desert,
 Then she to slacke her dutie.
 Lear. My curles on her.
 Reg. O Sir you are old, (fine)
 Nature on you standes on the very verge of her con-
 You should be rul'd and led by some discretion,
 That discernes your state better the you your selfe,
 Therefore I pray that to our sister, you do make returne,
 Say you haue wrong'd her Sir?
 Lear. Aske her forgiuenes,
 Doe you marke how this becomes the house,
 Deare daughter, I confesse that I am old,
 Age is vnnescessarie, on my knees I beg,
 That you'l vouchsafe me rayment, bed and food.
 Reg. Good fir no more, these are vnfighly tricks,
 Returne you to my sister.
 Lear. No Regan,
 She hath abated me of halfe my traine,
 Lookt blacke vpon me, strooke mee with her tongue
 Most Serpent-like vpon the very heart, (top)
 All the stor'd vengeance of heauen fall on her ingratul
 Strike her yong bones, you taking ayrs with lamenes.
 Duke. Fie fie fir.
 You nimble lightnings dart your blinding flames,
 Into her scornfull eyes, infect her beautie,
 You Fen suckt fogs, drawne by the powrefull Sunne,
 To fall and blast her pride.
 Reg. O the blest Gods, so will you wish on me,
 When the rash mood.--
 Lear. No Regan, thou shalt neuer haue my curse,
 The tender hested nature shall not giue the ore (burne)
 To harshnes, her eies are fierce, but thine do cofort & 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,

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 The wickedors of the earth, you thinke the weep,
 No lie nor weep, I haue full cause of weeping,
 But this heart shall break, in a thousand floues
 Or ere the weep, O foole I shall goe mad.
 Edmund Lear, Lear, Kent, and Fool.
 Duke. Let vs withdraw, will be a forme.
 Reg. This houle is little the old man and his people,
 Cannot be well bellowed.
 Gon. Tis his own blame hath put himselfe from rest,
 And must needs cast his folly.
 Reg. For his part, he receiue him gladly,
 But not one follower.
 Duke. So am I puspord, 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 whe-
 Re, tis good to giue him way, he leads himselfe (cher-
 Gon. My Lord, interca him by no means to stay.
 Glo. Alacke the night comes on, and the beake winds
 Do forely ruffel, for many miles about their nor a bull.
 Reg. O fir, to willfull men
 The injuries that they chemelines procure,
 Must be their schoolemasters, but vpon your doores,
 He is attended with a desperate traine,
 And what they may in case him to being apt,
 To haue his care about, wiledome bids feare.
 Duke. Shau vp your doores my Lord, tis a wild night,
 My Reg counsaill well, come our arth forme.
 Enter Kent and a Gentleman at severall doores.
 Kent. What here beside foule weather?
 Gon. One minded like the weather most vnquietly.
 Kent. I know you, whers the King?
 Gon. Conceding with the fretfull elements,
 Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
 Or well the curled waters boue the maine
 That things might change or cease, ceares his white
 Which the impetuous blasts with vyles rage
 Catch in their flight, and make nothing of,
 Strues in his little world of man to ouercome,
 The

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Things that loue night, loue not such nights as these,
 The wrathfull Skies gallow, the very wanderer of the
 Darke, and makes them keepe their caues,
 Since I was man, such sheets of fire,
 Such bursts of horred thunder, such grones of
 Roaring winde, and rayne, I ne're remember
 To haue heard, mans nature cannot cary
 The affliction, nor the force.
 Lear. Let the great Gods that keepe this dreadful
 Powther ore our heades, find out their enemies now,
 Tremble thou wretch that hast within thee
 Vndivulged crimes, vnwhipt of Iustice,
 Hide thee thou bloody hand, thou periur'd, and
 Thou simular man of vertue that art incestious,
 Caytife in peeces shake, that vnder couert
 And conuenient seeming, hast practis'd on mans life,
 Clofe pent vp guils, riuie your concealed centers,
 And cry these dreadfull summoners grace,
 I am a man more find against their sinning.
 Kent. Alacke bare headed, gracious my Lord, hard by here is
 a houell, some friendship will it lend you gainst the tempest, re-
 pose you there, whilst I to this hard house, more hard then is
 the stone whereof tis rais'd, which euen but now demanding
 after me, denide me to come in, returne and force their scant
 curtisie.
 Lear. My wit begins to turne,
 Come on my boy, how dost my boy, art cold?
 I am cold my selfe, where is this straw my fellow,
 The art of our necessities is strange that can,
 Make vild things precious, come you houell poore,
 Foole and knaue, I haue one part of my heart
 That sorrowes yet for thee.
 Fool. Hee that has a little tine witte, with hey ho the wind
 and the raine, must make content with his fortunes fit, for the
 raine, it raineth euery day.
 Lear. True my good boy, come bring vs to this houell?
 Enter Gloster and the Bastard with lights.
 Glost. Alacke alacke Edmund I like not this,

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Necessities sharpe pinch, returne with her,
Why the hot blood in *France*, that downe
Tooke our youngest borne, I could as well be brought
To keepe his throne, and Squire-like pension bag,
To keepe bate like afoor, returne with her,
Perfwade me rather to be blaw and tuncer
To this detested groome.

Gon. At your choice sir.
Lear. Now I priuiee daughiter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my child, farwell,
Wee le no more meece, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughiter,
Or rather a disease that lies within my flesh.
Which I must needs call mine, thou art a bile,
A plague fore, an imbolded carbuncle in my
Corrupted blood, but hee not chide thee,
Let shame come when it will, I doe not call it,
I doe not bid thee chunder beater thooe,
Nor tell tales of thee to high Iudging *Ioue*,
Mend when thou canst, be better at thy leasure,
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether to sir, I looke not for you yet,
Nor am provided for you sir welcome,
Giue care sir to my sister, for those
That mangle 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 not touch it sir, what sister followers,
Is it not well, what should you need of more,
Ye or so many, with that both charge and danger
Speakes gainst to great a number, how in a house
Should many people vnder two commands
Hold any thing, tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not your Lord receive attendance
From those that hee calls seruants, or from mine?
Reg. Why not my Lord; if then they chance to lacke you,
We could controule them, if you will come to me,

The Historie of King Lear.

The too and fro conflicting wind and raine,
This night when the cub-drawne Beare would cough,
The Lyon, and the belly pinched Wolfe
Kepe their furre dry, vnbombed hee runnes,
And bids what will take all.
Kent. But who is with him?
Gon. None but the foole, who labours to our self
His heart hee takes inuies.

Kent. Sir I doe know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my Art,
Comment a deare thing to you, there is diuision,
Although as yet the face of it be covered,
With unnatural cunning, twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*
But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
Into this scatterd kingdome, who alreadie wile in our
Haue secret fecer in some of our best Forts, (negligent,
And are at point to shew their open banner,
Now to you, if on my credit you dare build to faire,
To make you speed to Louer, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making iust report
Of how vnatural and benadding 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.

Gon. I will talke further with you.
Kent. No doe not,
For confirmation that I much more
Then my outwall, open this purple and take
Vhat it contains, if you shall see *ordella*,
As feare not but you shall, shee her this ring,
And she will tell you who your fellow is,
That yet you doe not know, shee on this forme,
I will goe seeke the King.

Gon. Giue me your hand, haue you no more to say?
Kent. Few words but to effect more then all yet:
That when we haue found the King,
Hee this way, you on that, hee that first lights

The Historie of King Lear.

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

Reg. Good fit too th purpose.
Lear. Who put my man i'th stockes?
Duke. What trumpets that? *Enter Steward.*
Reg. I know't my sisters, this approues her letters,
That she would soone be here, is your Lady come?
Lear. This is a flauce, whose easie borrowed pride
Dwels in the fickle grace of her a followes,
Out varlot, from my sight,
Duke. What meanes your Grace? *Enter Gon.*
Gon. Who struck my seruant, *Regan* I haue good hope
Thou didst not know ant.
Lear. Who comes here? O heauens!
If you doe loue old men, if you sweete sway a'ow
Obedience, if your felues are old, make it your cause,
Send downe and take my part,
Art not asham'd to looke vpon this beard?
O *Regan* wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand sir, how haue I offended?
Als not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage tearmes so.
Lear. O sides you are too tough,
Will you yet hold? how came my man i'th stockes?
Duke. I set him there sir, but his owne disorders
Deserud much lesse aduancement,
Lear. You, did you?
Reg. I pray you father being weake seeme so,
If till the expiration of your moneth,
You will returne and sojorne with my sister,
Dismissing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that prouision,
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Returne to her, and fittie men dismiss,
No rather I abiure all roofes, and chuse
To wage against the enmitie of the Ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe and owle,

Necessities

The Historie of King Lear.

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

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

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

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

Lear. No I will be the pattenne of all patience *Enter Kent.*
I will say nothing,
Kent. Whose there?
Foole. Marry heers Grace, & a codpis, that's a wifeman and
a foole.
Kent. Alas sir, sit you here?

Things

the soule fiend vexes, there could I haue him now, and there, and
The first wife of King Lear.
 and there againe.
Lear. What, his daughters brought him to this passe,
 Couldst thou haue norning, didst thou giue them all?
Edg. May he referre a blanket, else we had bene all Hamd.
Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
 Hang fared ore mens faulrs, fall on thy daughters.
Kent. He hath no daughters sir.
Lear. Death traytor, nothing could haue subdued nature
 To such a lownes, but his vnkind daughters,
 Is it the fashion that discarded fathers,
 Should haue thus little mercy on their flesh,
 Iudicious punishment was this flesh
 Begot those Pelticane daughters.
Edg. Pilicock face on pellicockes hill, a lo lo lo.
Edg. This cold night will turne vs all to foolcs & madmen.
Edg. Take heed at h foule fiend, obey thy parents, keep thy
 words iustly, sweare not with mans sworn spouse,
 for not thy sweet heart on proud array, *Tom* a cold,
Lear. What hast thou bene?
Edg. A Scrimgaman, proud in heart and mind, that curd my
 haire, wore gloues in my cap, serued the iust of my mistis heart,
 and did the act of darkenes with her, swore as many oaths as I
 spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heauen, one
 that leapt in the countering of iust, and wak't to doe it, wine to
 use it deeply, dice deedly, and in woman our paronior the
 Turke, fall of heart, light of care, blonde of hand, Hog in flesh,
 Fox in heath, VVoolfe in greedines, Dog in madnes, Lyon
 in pray, let not the creeking of rhooes, nor the rillings of filkes
 betray thy poore heart to women, keepe thy foore one of bro-
 dell, thy hand out of plucke, thy pen from lenders booke,
 and desie the foule fiend, still through the hathorne blowes the
 cold wind, hay no on my, Dolph in my boy, my boy, care
 let him rot by.
Lear. Why thou wert better in thy grane, then to answer
 with thy vncovered bodie this extremitie of the skies, is man no
 more, but this colder him well, thou owest the worrme no filke,
 the bath no hidde, the sheepe no wolle, the car no perfume, her's
 threons are to philiticard, thou art the thing it selfe, vnacom-
 dated

Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand
 For lifting food to't, but I will punish sure,
 No I will weepe no more, in such a night as this!
 O *Regan, Gonorill*, your old kind father (lies,
 Whose franke heart gaue you all, O that way madnes
 Let me shun that, no more of that.
Kent. Good my Lord enter.
Lear. Prethe goe in thy selfe, seeke thy one ease
 This tempest will not giue me leaue to ponder
 On things would hurt me more, but ile goe in,
 Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are
 That bide the pelcing of this pittiles night,
 How shall your house-lesse heads, and vnfed sides,
 Your loopt and windowed raggednes defend you
 From seasons such as these, O I haue rane
 Too little care of this, take physicke pompe,
 Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele,
 That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
 And shew the heauens more iust.
Edg. Come not in here Nunckle, her's a spirit, helpe me, helpe
 mee.
Kent. Giue me thy hand, whose there.
Edg. A spirit, he fayes, his nam's poore *Tom*.
Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there in the strow,
 come forth?
Edg. Away, the foule fiend followes me, thorough the sharpe
 hathorne blowes the cold wind, goe to thy cold bed and warme
 thee.
Lear. Hast thou giuen all to thy two daughters, and art thou
 come to this?
Edg. Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*, whome the foule
 Fiende hath led, through fire, and through foord, and
 whirli-poolle, ore bog and quagmire, that has layd kniues vnder
 his pillow, and halts in his pue, set ratsbane by his pottage,
 made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse ouer
 foure inche bridges, to course his owne shadow for a traytoir,
 bleffe thy fiue wits, *Tom* a cold, bleffe thee from whirle-winds,
 starre-bluffling, and taking, doe poore *Tom* some charitie, whom
 the

The first wife of King Lear.
 ter a worke by a reprobable badnes in himselfe.
Edg. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be
 iust! this is the letter he spoke of, which approues him an intelli-
 gent partie to the aduantages of *France*, O heauens that his crea-
 son were, or not the deceiver.
Edg. Goe with me to the Dutches.
Edg. If the matter of this paper be certaine, you haue mightly
 business in hand.
Edg. True or false, it hath made the Eadie of *Gloster*, seeke
 our where thy father is, that hee may be readie for our appe-
 hension.
Edg. If I find him comorting the King, it will suffice his sac-
 pition more fully, I will perseuere in my courte of Ioyalte,
 though the conflict be fore betwene that and my blood.
Edg. I will lay trust vpon thee, and thou shalt find a deare
 father in my loue.
Edg. Enter *Gloster* and *Lear*, *Kent*, *Edg*, *Edg*, and *Tom*.
Edg. Here is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully, I
 will preece out the comfort with what addition I can, I will not be
 long from you.
Edg. All the power of his wits haue giuen way to impatience,
 the Gods deserue your kindnes.
Edg. *Frances* calls me, and tells me *Nero* is an angler in the
 lake of darknes, pray innocent beware the foule fiend.
Edg. Prithe Nunckle tell me, whether a mad man be a Gen-
 tleman or a Yeoman.
Lear. A King a King, to haue a thousand with red burning
 spits comorbizing in vpon them.
Edg. The foule fiend bites my backe,
Edg. He's mad, that trusts in the camenes of a Wolfe, a hor-
 ses health, a boyes loue, or a whores oath.
Lear. It shall be done, I will arrange them straight,
 Come sit thou here most learned Iustice
 Thou sapient sit here, no you thee Boxes--
Edg. Look where he stands and glares, want thou eyes, at
 tral madam come ore the broome *Belly* to mee.
Edg. Her boat hath a leake and she must not speake,
 Why the dares not come ouer to thee.

The first wife of King Lear.
Edg. The foule fiend hautes poore *Tom* in the voyce of a nigh-
 Hoppedance cries in *Tom*s belly for two white herring, tingale,
 Croke not blacke Angell, I haue no foode for thee.
Kent. How doe you sir? stand you not so amazzd, will y ou
 lie downe and rest vpon the cushiones?
Lear. He see their triall first, bring in their euidence, thou
 robbed man of Iustice take thy place, & thou his yokefellow of
 equity, bench by his side, you are of h commission, sit you too.
Ed. Let vs deale iustly sleepest or wakest thou iolly shepheard,
 Thy sheepe bee in the corne, and for one blast of thy minikin
 mouth, thy sheepe shall take no harme, Pur the cat is gray.
Lear. Arraigne her first tis *Gonorill*, I here take my oath before
 this honorable assembly kickt the poore king her father.
Edg. Come hither mistriffe is your name *Gonorill*.
Lear. She cannot deny it.
Edg. Cry you mercy I tooke you for a ioyne stoole.
Lear. And heres another whose warpt lookes proclaime,
 What store her hart is made an, stop her there,
 Armes, armes, sword fire, corruption in the place,
 False Iusticer why hast thou let her scape.
Edg. Bleffe thy fiue wits.
Kent. O pity sir, where is the patience now,
 That you so oft haue boasted to retaine.
Edg. My teares begin to take his part so much,
 Theile marre my counterfeiting.
Lear. The little dogs and all
 Trey, Blanch, and Sweet hart, see they barke at me.
Edg. *Tom* will throw his head at them, auant you curs,
 Be thy mouth, or blacke, or white, tooth that poysons if it bite,
 Mastife, grayhoūd, mungriū, grim-hoūd or spaniel, brach or him,
 Bobtaile tike, or trūdetaile, *Tom* will make them weep & waile,
 For with throwing thus my head, dogs leape the hatch and all
 are fled, loudla doodla come march to wakes, and faires, and
 marketownes, poore *Tom* thy home is dry.
Lear. Then let them anotomize *Regan*, see what breeds about
 Hart is there any cause in nature that makes this hardnes,
 You sir, I entertaine you for one of my hundred,
 Only I do not like the fashion of your garments youle say,
 They

Enter Steward.
 Not meet vs on the way, now wher's your matter?
Gon. Welcome my Lord, I reuerent our mild husband
Enter Gonorill and Bassard.
Edg. Give me thy arme poore Tom shall lead thee
 From that place I that no leading need,
 With something rich about me,
 And he repaire the misery thou dost beare
 Bring me but to the very primme of it
 Looks firmly in the conuincd deepe,
Glof. There is a crosse whole high & bending head
Edg. I matter.
 And each man haue enough, dost thou know Douer?
 So distribution should vnder eke eke,
 Because he does not feel, feele your power quickly,
 That stands your ordinance, that will not see
 Let the superfluous and lust-diced man
 Thee happier, heauen deale to fill,
 (these
 Haue humbled to all strokes, that I am wretched, makes
Glof. Here take this purte, thou whom the heauen
 And waiting women, so, blesse thee matter. (plagues.
 Mobbing, & *Adobing* who since possesse chambers
Mobn of healing, *Mobn* of murder, *Siberidge* of
 Of lust, as *Obidicut*, *Hobbidance* Prince of dumboes,
 Fine finds haue bene in poore Tom at once,
 Blesse the good man from the foule find,
 Poore Tom hath bene leard out of his good wits,
Edg. Both hie and gace, hore way, and foot-path,
Glof. Knowst thou the way to Douer?
Edg. Blesse thy sweet eyes, they bled.
Glof. Come hither fellow.
Edg. Poore Tom a cold, I cannot dance farther.
Glof. Strath make'd fellow.
 Come on what will.
Old man. He bring him the best parrell that I haue
 About the self, be gon.
 Doe as I bid thee, or rather doe thy pleasure, (blind,
Glof. Tis the times plague, when madmen lead the
THE LAST OF KING LEAR.

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But O poore *Gloster* lost he his other eye. (answer,
Gent. Both, both my Lord, this letter Madam craues a speedy
 Tis from your sifter, *Gon.* 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,
 He reade and answer. *Exit.*
Alb. Where was his sonne when they did take his eyes.
Gent. Come with my Lady hither. *Alb.* He is not here,
Gent. No my good Lord I met him backe againe.
Alb. Knowes he the wickednesse.
Gent. I my good Lord twas he informd against him,
 And quit the house on purpose that there punishment
 Might haue the freer course. (King,
Alb. *Gloster* I liue to thanke thee for the loue thou shewedst the
 And to reuenge thy eyes, come hither friend,
 Tell me what more thou knowest. *Exit.*
Enter Kent and a Gentleman.
Kent. Why the King of *France* is so suddenly gone backe,
 know you no reason.
Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his
 coming forth is thought of, which imports to the Kingdome,
 So much feare and danger that his personall returne was most re-
 quired and neccessarie.
Kent. Who hath he left behind him, General.
Gent. The Marshall of *France* *Monfieur la Far.* (of grieffe.
Kent. Did your letters pierce the queene to any demonstratiō
Gent. I say she tooke them, read them in my presence,
 And now and then an ample teare trild downe
 Her delicate cheek, it seemed she was a queene ouer her passion,
 Who most rebell-like, fought to be King ore her.
Kent. O then it moued her.
Gent. Not to a rage, patience and sorow streame,
 Who should expresse her goodliest you haue seene,
 Sun shine and raine at once, her smiles and teares,
 Were like a better way those happie smilets,
 That playd on her ripe lip seemed not to know,
 What guests were in her eyes which parted thence,

Old man. Alacke list he is mad,
 Who he intreat to leade me,
 And bring some conuoy for this naked soule
 Itt way toward Douer, doe it for ancient loue
 Thou wilt or take vs here a mile or twaine
Glof. Then prethee get thee gon, it for my sake
Old man. I my Lord.
Glof. Is that the naked fellow?
 Foole to sorrow anguing it selfe and others, blesse thee matter.
Edg. How should this be, bad is the trade that must play the
 They bite vs for their sport.
 As flies are crotch wanton boyes, are we tooth Gods,
 Was then scarce friendes with him, I haue heard more
 Came then into my mind, and yet my mind (since,
 Which made me thinke a man a worne, my some
 In the last nightes storme I such a fellow saw,
Glof. A has some reason, else he could not beg,
Old man. Mad man, and begger to.
Glof. Is it a begger man?
Old man. Fellow where goest?
 As long as we can say, this is the world.
Edg. And worse I may be yet, the world is no r.
Old man. Tis poore mad Tom.
 I am worse then ere I was.
Edg. O Gods, who list can say I am at the world,
Old man. How now whole there?
 I'de say I had eyes againe.
 Might I but hie to see thee in my tuch,
 The food of thy abused fathers wrath,
 From our commodities, ah deere sonne *Edgar*,
 Our meanes secure vs, and our meare defects
 I humbled when I saw, full of its sense
Glof. I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes.
Old man. Alacke list, you cannot see your way.
 Thee they may bur.
 Thy comforts can doe me no good at all,
Glof. Away, get thee away, good friend be gon,
 fathers remant this forece--
THE LAST OF KING LEAR.

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Corn. Leauie him to my displeasure, *Edmūd* keepe you our sifter
 (company.
 The reuenge we are bound to take vpon your trayterous father,
 Are not fit for your beholding, aduise the Duke where you are
 To a most festuant preparatiō we are bound to the like, (going
 Our post shall be swift and intelligence betwixt vs,
 Farewell deere sifter, farewell my Lord of *Gloster*,
 How now whers the King? *Enter Steward.*
Stew. My Lord of *Gloster* hath conueyd him hence,
 Some five or sixe and thirtie of his Knights hot questrits after
 him, met him at gate, who with some other of the Lords depen-
 dants are gone with him towards Douer, where they boast to
 haue well armed friends.
Corn. Get horses for your mistris.
Gon. Farewell sweet Lord and sifter. *Exit Gon. and Bass.*
Corn. *Edmūd* farewell. goe seeke the traytor *Gloster*.
 Pinion him like a theefe, bring him before vs,
 Though we may not passe vpon his life
 Without the forme of Justice, yet our power
 Shall doe a curtesie to our wrath, which men may blame
 But not controule, whose there, the traytor?
Enter Gloster brought in by two or three,
Reg. Ingratfull Fox tis hee.
Corn. Bind fast his corkie armes.
Glof. What meanes your Graces, good my friends consider,
 You are my guests, doe me no foule play friends.
Corn. Bind him I say,
Reg. Hard hard, O filthie traytor!
Glof. Vnmercifull Lady as you are, I am true.
Corn. To this chaire bind him, villaine thou shalt find--
Glof. By the kind Gods tis most ignobly done, to plucke me
 by the beard. *Reg.* So white and such a Traytor.
Glof. Naughtie Ladie, these haire which thou dost rauish from
 Will quicken and accuse thee, I am your host. (my chin
 With robbers hands, my hospitable fauours
 You should not ruffell thus, what will you doe.
Corn. Come fir, what letters had you late from *France*?
Reg. Be simple answerer, for we know the truth.

Now fellow fare thee well.
He falls.
 Edg. Goe on fir, farewell, and yet I know not how conceit my
 had the bene where he thought by this had thought bene part,
 robbe the creature of life, when he it selfe yelds to the chiefe,
 and he bene where he thought by this had thought bene part,
 indeed, yet he reuiues, what are you fir?
Glof. Away and let me die.
 Edg. Hadst thou bene ought but gone more feathers ayre,
 So many hadome downe precipitating
 Thou hadst liu'd like an egge, but thou dost breath
 Haft heavy substance, bleedst not, speakst, art found,
 Ten matts at each, make not the attitude,
 VVhich thou hast perpendiculary fell,
 Thy lites a miracel, speake yec againe.
Glof. But haue I fallen or no I
 Edg. From the dread fonnons of this chalice borne,
 Look vp a hight, the shill gorge'd lark to fare
 Cannot be scene or heard, doe but looke vp?
Glof. Alack I haue no eyes
 Is wrethchednes depnd, that benigne
 To end it selfe by death was yet some comfort
 When misery could beguile the tyrants rage
 And frustrate his proud will.
 Edg. Giue me your arme?
 Vp, so, how feele you your legges, you hand?
Glof. Too well, too well.
 Edg. This is about all strangenes
 Vpon the crowne of the cliffe what thing was that
 Which parted from you.
Glof. A poore vnfortunat bage.
 Edg. As I stood here below me thought his eyes
 VVere two full Moones, a had a thousand noses
 Homes, welk and waued like the enridged sea,
 It was some fiend, therefore thou happy father
 Think that the cleerest Gods, who made their honours
 Of mens impossibilites, haue preferred thee.
Glof. I doe remember now, henceforth he beare
 Affliction till it doe crye out it selfe

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agement to shoot a troupe of horse with fell, & when I haue stole
 vpon these sonne in lawes, then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.
Enter three Gentlemen.
 Gent. O here he is, lay hands vpon him firs, your most deere
 Lear. No reskue, what a prisoner, I am eene the naturall foole
 of Fortune, vse me well you shall haue ranfome, let mee haue a
 churgion I am cut to the braines.
 Gent. You shall haue any thing.
 Lear. No seconds, all my selfe, why this would make a man
 of sale 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 theres life int, nay and you get it you shall get it
 with running. *Exit King running.*
 Gent. A fight most pitifull in the meanest wretch, past speare
 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 fir.
 Gent. Sir speed you, whats your will.
 Edg. Do you heare ought of a battell toward.
 Gent. Most sure and vulgar euery one here's that
 That can distinguish fence.
 Edg. But by your fauour how neers the other army.
 Gent. Neere and on speed fort the maine descryes,
 Standst on the howerly thoughts.
 Edg. I thanke you fir thats all.
 Gent. Though that the Queene on speciall cause is here,
 Hir army is moued on. *Exit.* Edg. I thanke you fir. *Exit.*
 Glof. You euer gentle gods take my breath from me,
 Let not my worser spirit tempt me againe,
 To dye before you please. Edg. Well, pray you father.
 Glof. Now good fir what are you.
 Edg. A most poore man made lame by Fortunes blowes,
 Who by the Art of knowne and feeling sorrowes
 Am pregnant to good pittie, giue me your hand
 Ile leade you to some bidding.

Glof.

Mc thinks thy voyce is altered, and thou speakest
 With better phayse and matter then thou didst.
 Edg. Y'ar much deceaued, in nothing and I chang'd
 But in my garments.
 Glof. Me thinks y'ar better spoken. (fearfull)
 Edg. Come on fir, her's the place, hand fill, how
 And ditzis to cast ones eyes so low
 The crowes and choghes that wing the midway ayre
 Shew scarce to grolle as beetles, halfe way downe
 Hangs one that gathers lampire, dreadfull trade,
 Me thinks he seemes no bigger then his head,
 The fishermen that walke vpon the beach
 Appear like minie, and you call anchoring barkes
 Diminthe to her cock, her cock a bow
 Almost too small for sight, the murmuring surge
 That on the unnumber'd idle pebble chafes
 Cannot be heard, its so bliele looke no more,
 Least my braine turne, and the deficient sight
 Topple downe headlong.
 Glof. See me where you stand?
 Edg. Giue me your hand, you are now within a foot
 Of the extreme verge, for all beneath the Moone
 Would I not scape vpright,
 Glof. Let goe my hand,
 Here friends a another puffe, in it a iwell,
 Will worthe a poore mans taking, fates 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 fir.
 Glof. VVith all my heart.
 Edg. Why I do criell thus with his dispaire is done
 Glof. O you mightie Gods,
 This world I doe renounce, and in your sights
 Shake patiently my great affliction off,
 If I could bear it longer and not fall
 To quarrel with your great oppolles wits
 My iust and loathed part of nature should
 Burne it selfe out, if Edg'ar liue, O bliele,

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As pearles from diamonds dropt in brieft,
 Sorow would be a raritie most beloued,
 If all could so become it.
 Kent. Made she no verball question.
 Gent. Faith once or twice she heau'd the name of father,
 pantingly forth as if it prest her heart,
 Cried sisters, sisters, shame of Ladies sisters:
 Kent, father, sisters, what ich storne ich night,
 Let pitie not be beleest there she shooke,
 The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
 And clamour moystened her, then away she started,
 To deale with grieft alone.
 Kent. It is the stars, the stars about vs gouerne our conditions,
 Else one selfe mate and make could not beget,
 Such different issues, you spoke not with her since.
 Gent. No. Kent. Was this before the King returnd.
 Kent. No, since.
 Kent. Well fir, the poore distressed Lear's ich towne,
 Who some time in his better tune remembers,
 What we are come about, and by no meanes will yeeld to see his
 Gent. Why good fir? (daughter)
 Kent. A soueraigne shame so elbows him his own vnkindnes
 That stript her from his benediction turnd her,
 To forraine casualties gaue her deare rights,
 To his dog harted daughters, these things sting his mind,
 So venomously that burning shame detaines him from Cordelia.
 Gent. Alack poore Gentleman.
 Kent. Of Albanies and Cornewals powers you heard not.
 Gent. Tis so they are a foote.
 Kent. Well fir, ile bring you to our maister Lear,
 And leaue you to attend him some deere cause,
 Will in concealement wrap me vp awhile,
 When I am knowne aright you shall not greeue,
 Lending me this acquaintance, I pray you go along with me.
 Enter Cordelia, Doctor and others. *Exit.*
 Cor. Alack tis he, why he was met euen now,
 As mad as the vent sea singing aloud,
 Crown'd with ranke femiter and furrow weedes,

With

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Or well, or ill, as this dayes barrells foughr,
Enter Edmund, Regan, and their powers.
Exit.

Bas. Know of the Duke he has last purpose hold,
 Or whether since he is aduis'd by ought
 To change the court, he's fall of abdication
 And este reprovings, bring his constant pleasure,
Reg. Our sisters man is certainly miscaried,
Bas. 'Tis to be doubted Madam,
Reg. Now sweet Lord,
 You know the goodnes I intend vpon you,
 Tell me but truly, but then speak the truth,
 Doe you not loue my sister?
Bas. I honor'd loue,
 But haue you neuer found my brothers way,
 To the fortedd place?
Bas. That thought abuses you.
 I am doubtfull that you haue beene conuict and bound
 with him, as far as we call him.
Bas. No by mine honour Madam,
 I neuer shall indure him, deere my Lord becom familiar
 Because not, shee and the Duke her husband.
Enter Albany and Gonzill with troupes.
Gon. I had rather looke the bataille, then that sister should
 loosen him, and mee.
Alb. Our very young sister will becom
 For this I heare the King is come to his daughter
 With others, whom the rigour of our state
 Forth to crie out, where I could not be honest
 I neuer yet was valiant, for this busines
 It touches vs, as *France* invades our land
 Not holds the King, with others whom I feare,
 Most will and heavy causes make oppose.
Reg. Sir you speake nobly.
Bas. Why is this reasond?
 For the domesticke dore particulars
 Are not to question here.
Alb. Let vs then determine with the auncient of warre on our
 proceedings. *Bas.* I shall attend you presently at your tent.
Reg. Sister you'l goe with vs?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis most convenient, pray you goe with vs.
Gon.

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

Cap. Ile do't my Lord.

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

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

Enter Duke, the two Ladies, and others.

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

Bas. Sir I thought it fit,

To saue the old and miserable King to some retention,
 Whose age has charmes in it, whose title more
 To pluck the coren boffom 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 further space, to appeare where you shall hold
 Your session at this time, mee sweat and bleed,
 The friend hath lost his friend and the best quarrels
 In the heat are curst, by those that feele their sharpes,
 The question of *Cordelia* and her father
 Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir by your patience,

I hold you but a subiect of this warre, not as a brother.

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

Bore

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I feele this pin pricke, would I were assur'd of my condition.
Cor. O looke vpon me sir, and hold your hands in benediction
 on our eare, no sir you must not kneele.
Lear. Pray doe not mocke,
 I am a very foolish fond old man,
 Four score and upward, and to deale plainly
 I feare I am not in my perfect mind,
 Me thinks I should know you, and know this man;
 Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant
 What place this is, and all the skill I haue
 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 Ladies
 To be my child *Cordelia*.
Cor. 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 loue me, for your sisters
 Haue as I doe remember, done me wrong,
 You haue some cause, they haue not.
Cor. No cause, no cause.
Lear. Am I in France?
Ker. In your owne kingdom sir.
Lear. Doe not abuse me?
Cor. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage you see is
 cured in him, and yet it is danger to make him euen ore the time
 hee has lost, desire him to goe in, trouble him no more till fur-
 ther feeling.
Lear. You must beare with me, pray now forget and forgive,
 I am old and foolish.
Exeunt. Enter Kent and Com.
Gen. Holds it true sir that the Duke of *Cornwall* was to slaine?
Ker. Most certaine sir.
Gen. Who is conductor of his people?
Ker. As tis said, the ballard sonne of *Gloster*.
Gen. They say *Edgar* his banish't sonne is with the Barie of
Kent in *Germany*.
Ker. Reports is changeable, tis time to looke about,
 The powers of the kingdom approach apace.
Gen. The arbiterment is like to be bloudie, fare you well sir.
Ker. My poynt and period will be throughly wrought.

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Glo. Hartie thanks, the borner and beniz of heauen to
 saue thee. *Enter Steward.*

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

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

Stew. Wherefore bould peasant durst thou support a publick
 traytor, hence least the infection of his fortune take like hold on
 thee, let goe his arme?

Edg. Chill not let goe sir without cagion.

Stew. Let goe slaue, or thou diest.

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

Stew. Out dunghill.

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

Stew. Slaue thou hast slaine me, villaine take my purffe,

If euer thou wilt thriue, burie my bodie,
 And giue the letters which thou find'st about me
 To *Edmond* Earle of *Gloster*, seeke him out vpon
 The *British* partie, o vntimely death! death.

He dies.

Edg. I know thee well, a seruiceable villaine,

As dutious to the vices of thy mistres, as badnes would
 desire.

Glo. What is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe father, rest you lets see his pockets
 These letters that he speakes of may be my friends,
 Hee's dead, I am only sorrow he had no other deathsmā
 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 reciprocal vowes bee remembered, you haue many
 opportunities to cut him off, if your will want not, time and place
 will be fruitfully offered, there is nothing done, if he returne the
 conquerour, then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gayle, from
 the lothed warmth whereof deliuer me, and supply the place for
 your

K

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Edg. Worthy Prince I know't.
Alb. Where haue you hid your selfe?
Edg. How haue you knowne the miseries of your father?
Edg. By nursing them my Lord,
 Lill a bridle eale, and when tis told
 O that my heart would burll the bloody proclamation
 To escape thac followed me for necer,
 Our lines sweemes, that with the paine of death,
 Would hourly die, rather then die at once.
 T aught me to flit into a mad mans rags
 To allume a semblance that very dogges disdain'd
 And in this habit mee I my father with his bleeding rings,
 Led him, beg'd for him, and him from dispaire,
 Neuer (O Father) reueald my selfe vnto him,
 Vntill some hatefull houre past, when I was armed,
 Noture, though hoping of this good successe,
 I aske his blessing, and from first to last,
 Told him my plight, but his hard heart,
 Alike too weak, the conflict to support,
 Twixt two extreames of passion, ioy and griele,
 Burll himselfe.
Bast. This spech of yours hath moued me,
 And shall perchance do good, but speake you on,
 You looke as you had somethung more to say,
Alb. If ther be more, more wooll, hold it in,
 For I am almost ready to distillue, hearing of this,
Edg. This would haue seem'd a periode to such
 As loue not sorrow, but another to amplify too much,
 Would make much more, and top extremitie
 Whilst I was big in clamor, came there in a man,
 Who hauing seem'd in my worst estate,
 Shand my abhor'd society, but then finding
 Who was that so indur'd with his strong armes
 He fasten'd on my necke and bellow'd out,
 As hee'd burll heauen, threw me on my father,
 Told the most pitious tale of *Lear* and him,
 That euer care receiued, which in recounting

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Bore the commission of my place and person,
 The which imediate may well stand vp,
 And call it selfe your brother.
Gon. Not so hot, in his owne grace hee doth exalt himselfe
 more then in your aduancement.
Reg. In my right by me inuested he com-peers the best.
Gon. That were the most, if hee should husband you.
Reg. Iesters doe oft proue Prophets,
Gon. Hola, hola, that eye that told you so, lookt but a squint.
Reg. Lady I am not well, els I should answere
 From a full flowing stomach, Generall
 Take thou my souldiers, prisoners, patrimonie,
 Witnes the world that I create thee here
 My Lord and maister.
Gon. Meane you to mioy him then?
Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.
Bast. Nor in thine Lord.
Alb. Halfe blouded fellow, yes.
Bast. Let the drum strike, and proue my title good.
Alb. Stay yet, heare reason, *Edmund* I arrest thee
 On capitall treason, and in thine attant,
 This gilded Serpent, for your claime faire sister
 I bare it in the interest of my wife,
 Tis she is subcontracted to this Lord
 And I her husband contradict the banes,
 If you will mary, make your loue to me,
 My Lady is bespoke, thou art arm'd *Gloster*,
 If none appeare to proue vpon thy head,
 Thy hainous, manifest, and many treasons,
 There is my pledge, ile proue it on thy heart
 Ere I tast bread, thou art in nothing lesse
 Then I haue here proclaimd thee.
Reg. Sicke, o sicke.
Gon. If not, ile nere trust poyson.
Bast. Ther's my exchange, what in the world he is,
 That names me traytor, villain-like he lies,
 Call by thy trumpet, he that dares approach,
 On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine

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 His grieffe grew punitian and the tungs of life,
 Began to cracke twice, then the trumpets sounded.
 And there I left him trauilt.
Alb. But who was this?
 Followed his enimie king and did him seruice
 Improper for a flauc.
Enter one with a bloudie knife,
 (knite) Help, help,
Gon. What kind of helpe, what meanes that bloody
 Goe. Its hot it smokes, it came euen from the heart of
Alb. Who man, speake!
Gon. Your Lady sir, your Lady, and her sister
 By heris poysoned, she hath confest it.
Bast. I was contracted to them both, all three
 Now marie in an instant.
Alb. Produce their bodies, be they aliu or dead,
 This iustice of the heaues that makes vs tremble,
 Touches vs not with pity.
Edg. Here comes *Kent* sir.
Enter Kent
 The complement that very manners vrges,
Kent. I am come to bid my king and maister ay good night,
 Is he not here?
Duke. Great things of vs forgoe,
 Speake *Edmund*, whers the king, and whers *Cordelia*
 See thou this object *Kent*.
Kent. Alack why thus.
Bast. Yet *Edmund* was beloued,
 The one the other poysoned for my sake,
 And after thus her selfe. *Duke.* Bwen so, couer their faces.
Bast. I pant for life, some good I meane to do,
 Despight of my owne nature, quickly send,
 Be briefe, in toth' castle for my writ,
 Is on the life of *Lear* and on *Cordelia*.
Duke. Runne, runne, O runne.
Edg. To who my Lord, who had the office, send
 Thy token of repreece.
Bast. Well thought on, take my sword the Capitaine,
 L 3
 Give

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As bent to prone upon thy heart where I speake thou liest,
Bast. In wildome I should aske thy name,
 But since thy outside looks so faire and warlike,
 And that thy being some say of breeding breathes,
 By right of kinship hood, I diddaine and spurne
 Hence do I tolle those reasonous to thy head.
 With the hell barredly, or errand thy heart,
 Which for they yet glance by and carely brue,
 This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
 Where they shall rest for euer, crumpets speake.
Alb. Saue him, saue him,
 This is meere praeticke *Gloster* by the law of armes
 Thou art not bound to answer an unknowne opposite,
 Thou art not vanquish, but coulned and begild,
 Stop your mouth dame, or with this paper shall I stoppe
 it, thou worste then any thing, reade thine owne cull, may no
 ceareng Lady, I perceiue you knowe,
 Say if I do, the lawes are mine not thine, who shall arraigne
Alb. Most monstrous knowst thou this paper?
Gon. Aske me not what I knowe. *Exit, Gon.*
Alb. Go after her, shee's desperate, gouerne her,
Bast. What you haue charged me with, that haue I don
 And more, much more, the time will bring it out
 This past, and so am I, but what art thou
 That hast this fortune on me? if thou beest noble
 I do forgive thee.
Edg. Let's exchange charity,
 I am no lesse in blood then thou art *Edmond,*
 If more, the more thou hast wrongd me,
 My name is *Edgar*, and thy fathers sonne,
 The Gods are iust, and of our pleasant verities,
 Make instruments to scourge vs the darke and vitiuous
 Place where the hee goret, cost him his eyes.
Bast. Thou hast spoken truth, the wheele is come
 full circled I am beere.
Alb. Me thought thy very gate did propheticke,
 A royall noble I must embrace thee.
 Let sorrow split my heart if I did euer hate thee or thy father.
Edgar.

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My truth and honour firmly.
Alb. A Herald ho. *Bast.* A Herald ho, a Herald.
Alb. Truitt to thy single vertue, for thy souldiers
 All leuied in my name, haue in my name tooke their
Reg. This sicknes growes vpon me. (discharge.)
Alb. She is not well, conuey her to my tent,
 Come hether Herald, let the trumpet sound,
 And read out this. *Cap.* Sound trumpet?
Her. If any man of qualitic or degree, in the hoast of the
 army, will maintaine vpon *Edmond* supposed Earle of *Gloster*,
 that he's a manifold traitour, let him appeare at the third found
 of the trumpet, he is bold in his defence.
Bast. Sound? Againe?
Enter Edgar at the third found, a trumpet before him.
Alb. Aske him his purposes why he appeares
 Vpon this call oth' trumpet.
Her. What are you? your name and qualitic?
 And why you answer this present summons.
Edg. O know my name is lost by treasons tooth.
 Barc-gnawse and canker-bitte; yet are I mou't
 Where is the aduersarie I come to cope with all,
Alb. Which is that aduersarie? (*Gloster*,)
Edg. What's he that speakes for *Edmond* Earle of
Bast. Him selfe, what saiest thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy sword.
 That if my speech offend a noble hart, thy arme
 May do thee iustice, here is mine.
 Behold it is the priuiledge of my tongue,
 My oath and my profession, I protest,
 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.
 False to thy Gods thy brother and thy Father,
 Conspicuate gainst this high illustrious prince,
 And from the xtreamest vpward 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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Duke. Hast thee for thy life.
 Give to the Captaine?
Duke. Hast thee for thy life.
Bast. He hath Commission from thy wife and me,
 To hang *Cordelia* in the prison, and to lay
 The blame vpon her owne despate,
 That she fordid her selfe,
 The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.
Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.
Lear. Howle, howle, howle, howle, O you are men of bones,
 Had I your tongues and eyes, I would vse them so,
 That heauen vnto should cracke, shee's gone for euer,
 I know when one is dead and when one liues,
 Shee's dead as earth, lend me a looking glasse,
 If that her breath will mist or staine the stone,
 Why then the liues.
Kent. Is this the promitt end.
Edg. Or image of that horror. *Duke.* Fall and cease.
Lear. This feather stirs the liues, if it be so,
 It is a chance which do's redeme all forwes
 That euer I haue felc. *Kent.* A my good maister.
Lear. Prethe away? *Edg.* 'Tis noble *Kent* your friend.
Lear. A plague vpon you murderers traytors all,
 I might haue saued her, now shee's gone for euer,
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little, ha,
 What hast thou sayest, her voyce was euer lost,
 Gentle and low, an excellent thing in women,
 I kild the haue that was a hanging thee.
Cap. This true my Lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not follow? I haue scene the day,
 With my good biting Bauchon I would
 Haue made them skippe, I am old now,
 And these same crosses spoyle me, who are you?
 Mine eyes are not or the best, he tell you straight.
Kent. If Fortune bragd of two she loued or hated,
 One of them we behold.
Lear. Are not you *Kent*?
Kent. The same your seruant *Kent*, where is your seruant *Chim,*
Lear. Hee's a good fellow, I can tell that,
 Heele strike and quickly too, hee's dead and rotten.
Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man,
Lear. Hee that straight.

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Kent. That from your life of difference and decay,
 Haue followed your sad steps. *Lear.* You'r welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man else, als chearles, darke and deadly,
 Your eldest daughters haue foredoome themselves,
 And desperately are dead. *Lear.* So thinke I to.
Duke. He knowes not what he sees, and vaine it is,
 That we present vs to him. *Edg.* Very bootlesse. *Enter*
Cap. Edmund is dead my Lord. *Captaine.*
Duke. That's but a trifle heere, you Lords and noble friends,
 Know our intent, what comfort to this decay may come, shall be
 applied: for vs we wil resigne during the life of this old maiesty,
 to him our absolute power, you to your rights with boote, and
 such addition as your honor haue more then merited, all friends
 shall tast the wages of their vertue, and al fces the cup of their de-
 seruings, O see, see.
Lear. And my poore foole is hangd, no, no life, why should a
 dog, a horse, a rat of life and thou no breath at all, O thou wilt
 come no more, neuer, neuer, neuer, pray you vndo this button,
 thanke you sir, O, o, o, o. *Edg.* He faints my Lord, my Lord.
Lear. Breake hart, I prethe breake. *Edgar.* Look vp my Lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghost, O let him passe,
 He hates him that would vpon the wracke,
 Of this tough world stretch him out longer.
Edg. O he is gone indeed.
Kent. The wonder is, he hath endured so long,
 He but vsurpt his life.
Duke. Beare them from hence, our present busines
 Is to generall woe, friends of my soule, you twaine
 Rule in this kingdome, and the goard state sustaine.
Kent. I haue a iourney sir, shortly to go,
 My maister calls, and I must not say no.
Duke. The waight of this sad time we must obey,
 Speake what we feele, not what we ought to say,
 The oldest haue borne most, we that are yong,
 Shall neuer see so much, nor liue so long.

F I N I S.