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

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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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L O N D O N,
Printed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in *Pauls*
Church-yard at the signe of the Pide Bull neere
St. Austins Gate. 1 6 0 8

The Gods to their protection take the maide,
Friendship hues 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 *Impier*
Thy banishment crumke be found in our dominions,
Vpon 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 prouision,
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 flatted pride,
Since thou hast sought to make vs breake our vow,
Lear. Heare me, on thy allegiance heare me.
From my throat, he tell thee thou dost euill.
Kneoke thy doome, or whilst I can vent clamour
And the see beflow vpon the foule disease,
Kent. Doe, kill thy Phytion,
Lear. Vnfall, recreant,
Kent. Now by *Appollo* King thou swearest thy Gods
Lear. Now by *Appollo*,
The true blanke of thine eye,
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.
Reuerbs no hollownes.
Not are thole empty harted whole low found
My iudgement, thy yongest daughter does not loue thee least,
Checke this hideous rashnes, and were my life
Reuerce thy doome, and in thy best consideration
To plainnes honours bound when Maistly floops to folly,
Shall haue dread to speake, when power to flattere bowes.
What wilt thou doe oul 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 watrith *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 washt eyes *Cordelia* leaues you, I know you what
And like a sister am most loath to call your faults
As they are named, vse well our Father,
To your professed bosoms I commit him,
But yet alas stood I within his grace,
I would preferre him to a better place:
So farewell to you both?

Gonorill. Prescribe not vs our duties.

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

Cord. Time 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.
Gen. 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, appeares too grosse.

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

What

Be *Kent* vnmannerly when *Lear* is man,
I thought the forke made the region of my heart,
Kent. Let it fall rather,
Lear. The bow is bet & drawen make from the shaft
As my great patron though on in my prayers.
Loud as my Father, as my maister followed,
Whom I haue euer honored as my King.
Kent. Royal *Lear*,
This Coroner part betwixt you.
Beloued sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
The sway, reuene, execution of the rest,
The name and all the additions to a King,
Make with you by due turnes, onely we still retaine
By you to be sustaynd, shall our abode
With reuene of an hundred knights,
The troop with Maistie, our selfe by monthly counte
Perhemine, and all the large effects
I doe inuict you jointly in my powre,
Let pride, which the calt plainnes, marie her :
With my two daughters dower digest this third,
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albany*,
Her fathers heare from her, call *France*, who thires?
So be my graue my peace as here I giue
On her kind nurcery, hence and auoide my sight?
I found her most, and though hat to set my self
Lear. Peace *Kent*, come not between the Dragon &
(his wrath,
Kent. Good my Liege.
As thou my sometime daughter.
Shall bee as well neighbourd, pitied and reueled
Melles to gorge his appetite
Or he that makes his generation
Hould thee from this for euer, the barbarous *Scythian*,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Propinquitie and property of blood,
Heere I disclaime all my paternall care,
From whence we doe exiltand eale to be
By all the operation of the orbs,
The miltreffe of *Heccat*, and the night,
The Historie of King Lear.



M. William Shak-speare

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 all waies secine so to vs, but now in the
diuision of the kingdomes, it appeares not which of
the Dukes he values most, for equalities are so weighed, that cu-
riofitie 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 of-
ten blisht 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 indeed Sir a sonne for her cradle,
ere she had a husband for her bed, doe you fine all a fault?

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

Gloster. But I haue fir a sonne by order of Law, some yeare el-
der 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 v. as his mother faire, there was good sport at his
making, & the whore son must be acknowledged, do you know
this noble gentleman *Edmund*?

B

Bast.

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

The Historie of King Lear.
That rightly thinks, and hath most iustly said,
And your large speeches may spring from wordes of loue:
That good effects may spring from wordes of loue:
Thus *Kent* O Princes, bid you all adew,
Hee shapeth his old court in a countie new.
Enter France and Burgundie with Gloster.
Gloster. Heere *France* and *Burgundie* my noble Lord.
Lear. My L. of *Burgundie*, we first address towards you,
Who with a King hath riual for our daugh, her,
What in the least will you requite in present
Dower with her, or cease your quest of loue?
Burg. Royall *Leir*, I craue no more then what
Your highnes offered, nor will you render less:
Lear. Right noble *Burgundie*, when she was deere to
We did hold her so, but now her price is fallen,
Sir there she stands, or al offe with our displeasure pecceth.
Seeming subiect, or al offe with our displeasure pecceth.
And nothing else may fely like your grace,
Shes there, and she is yours.
Burg. I know no answer.
Lear. Sir will you with those infinites she owes,
Vntended, new adopted to our care,
Conced with our curte, and stranged with our oath,
Burg. Pardon me royall sir, election makes not vp
On such conditions.
Lear. Then leaue her fir, for by the powre that made
I tell you all her wealth, for you great King,
I would not from your loue make such a stay,
To match you where I haue, therefore beleeuech you,
Then on a wretch whose nature is alhammed
To auct your liking a more worshier way,
Was your best obiect, the argument of your praise,
Balm of your age most best, most deere,
Should in this vice of time commit a thing,
So monstrous to distempe it to many foulds of fauour,
Sure

The Historie of King Lear.
Bast. No my Lord.
Gloster. My Lord of Kent, remember him hereafter as my honorable friend..
Bast. My seruices to your Lordship.
Kent. I must loue you, and sue to know you better.
Bast. Sir I shall study deseruing.
Gloster. Hee hath bene 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, Cordelia, with followers.
Lear. Attend my Lords of France and Burgundy, *Gloster.*
Gloster. I shall my Leige.
Lear. Meane time we will expresse our darker purposes, The map there; know we haue diuided In three, our kingdom; 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, beaultie, honour, As much a child ere loued, or father friend, A loue that makes breath poore, and speech vnable, Beyond all manner of so much I loue you.
Cor. What shall *Cordelia* doe, loue and be silent.
Lear. Of al these bounds, euen from this line to this, With shady Forrests, and wide skirted meades, We make thee Lady, to thine and *Albaine* is due Be this perpetuall, what saies our second daughter?

The Historie of King Lear.
Sure her offence must be of such vnaturall degree,
That monsters it, or you for voucht affections
Faine 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 Maiestie,
If for I want that glib and oyley 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 foulness,
No vnclane action or dishonord step
That hath depriu'd me of your grace and fauour,
But euen for want of that, for which I am rich,
A still solliciting eye, and such a tongue
As I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,
Hath lost me in your liking.
Leir. Goe to, goe to, better thou hadst not bin borne, Then not to haue pleas'd me better.
Fran. Is it no more but this, a rardines 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 *Leir*, giue but that portion
Which your selfe prepos'd, and here I take *Cordelia*
By the hand, Dutches of *Burgundie*,
Leir. Nothing, I haue sworne.
Burg. I am fory then you haue so lost a father,
That you must loose 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 lawfull I take vp whats cast away,
Gods, Gods! tis strange, that from their coldst neglect,
My loue should kindle to inflame'd respect,
Thy

Exit
Ken. I will not sleepe my Lord, till I have delivered your
Letter.
Foole. If a mans braimes were here in his heeles, were not in dan-
ger of kibes?
Lear. I boy.
Foole. Then I preche be merry, thy wit that nere goe slipshod.
Lear. Ha ha ha.
Foole. Shalt thou other daughter will vie thee kindly, for
though shees as like this, as a crab is like an apple, yet I con, what
I can tel.
Lear. Why what canst thou tell my boy?
Foole. Sheel cast as like this, as a crab doth to a crab, thou
canst not tell why ones nose stande in the middle of his face?
Lear. No.
Foole. Why, to keep his eyes on either side's nose, that what
a man cannot smell out, a may speie into.
Lear. I did her wrongs.
Foole. Canst tell how an Oyster makes his shell. *Lear.* No.
Foole. Nor I neither, but I can tell why a mayle has a houle.
Lear. Why?
Foole. Why, to put his head in, not to giue it away to his
daughter, and leaue his hornes without a case.
Lear. I will forget my nature, to kind a father, be my hornes
readie?
Foole. Thy Altes are gone about them, the reason why the
fewen flatter are no more then leuen, is a prettie reason.
Lear. Because they are not eigh.
Foole. Yes thou wouldst make a good foole.
Lear. To takt againe perforce, Monister, ingratitude!
Foole. If thou wert my foole Nunckle, id e haue thee beate for
being old before thy time.
Lear. Hows that?
Foole. Thou shouldst not haue beene old, before thou hadst
beene wife.
Lear. O let me not be mad sweet heauen! I would not be mad,
keepe me in temper, I would not be mad, are the hornes readie?
Servant. Readie my Lord.
Lear. Come boy.
Exit.
Foole. Shall not be a made Iong, except things be cut shorter.
Exit
D 3

The Hist. vie of King Lear.

pursue the offender, how dost my Lord?
Gloft. Madam my old heart is crackt, is crackt.
Reg. What, did my fathers godson seeke your life? he whom
my father named your *Edgar*?
Gloft. I Ladie, Ladie, I haue would haue it hid.
Reg. Was he not companion with the ryotous knights, that
tends vpon my father?
Gloft. I know not Madam, tis too bad, too bad.
Bast. Yes Madam, he was.
Reg. No marraile 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.
Bast. Twas my dutie Sir.
Gloft. He did betray his practise, and receiued
This hurt you see, striuing to apprehend him.
Duke. Is he pursued? *Gloft.* I 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, natures of such
deepe trust, wee shall much need you, we first scaze on.
Bast. I shall serue you truly, how euer else.
Gloft. For him I thanke your grace.
Duke. You know not why we came to visit you?
Regan. Thus out of season, threatening darke ey'd night,
Ocasions noble *Gloster* of some priue,
Wherein we must haue vse of your aduise,
Our Father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
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.*
Gloft.

Duke. What is the matter sir?
Lear. Ile tell thee, life and death I am assur'd that thou hast
power to shake my manhood thus, that these hot reares that
breake from me perforce, should make the worst blatts and fogs
vpon the vntender woundings of a fathers curse, perue euey
fence about the old fond eyes, be weep this cause againe, ile
pluck you out, se you cast with the waters that you make to tem-
per clay, yea, if come to this? yet haue I left a daughter, whom
I am sure is kind and comfortable, when shee shall heare this of
thee, with her nales shee! Hea thy wofull village, thou shalt
find that shee refuse the shape, which thou dost thinke I haue cast
off for euer, thou shalt I warrant thee.
Gon. Doe you make that my Lord?
Duke. I cannot bee so partiall *Gon.* to the great loue I
beare you,
Gon. Come sir no more, you, more knaue then foole, after
your matter?
Foole. Nunckle *Lear*, tary and take the foole
with a fox when one has caught her, and such a daughter should
fure to the laughter, if my cap would buy a halter, to the foole
followes after.
Gon. What *Oswald* ho. *Oswald.* Here Madam.
Gon. What haue you writ this letter to my sister?
Osw. Yes Madam.
Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse, informe
her full of my particular feares, and thereto add such reasons of
your owne, as may compact it more, get you gon, and after your
returne now my Lord, this middle gentlenes and courte of yours
though I dislike not, yet vnder pardon y are much more alape
want of wisdom, then praise for hartfull mildnes.
Duke. How farre your eyes may pearce I cannot tell, struing
to better ought, we marre what well.
Gon. May then. *Duke.* Well, well, the euent,
Exeunt.
Enter Lear.
Lear. Goe you before to *Gloster* with these letters, acquaint
my daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes
from her demand out of the letter, if your diligence be not spee-
die, I shall be there before you.
Ken.

The Historie of King Lear.

Shew to the Historie of King Lear.
Foole. All thy other Titles thou hast giuen away, that thou
wast borne with.
Ken. This is not altogether foole my Lord.
Foole. 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?
Foole. Why, after I haue cut the egge in the middle and cate
vp the meate, the two crownes of the egge; when thou clouest
thy crowne ie'h middle, and gauest away both parts, thou borest
thy assear'h backe or e the durt, thou hadst little wit in thy bald
crowne, when thou gauest thy golden one away, if I speake like
my selfe in this, let him be whipt that first finds it so.
Foolles had nere lesse wit in a yeare,
For wisemen are growne foppish,
They know not how their wits doe weare,
Their manners are so apish.
Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs sirra?
Foole. I haue vs'd it nuncle, euer since thou madst thy daugh-
ters thymother, for when thou gauest them the rod, and putst
downe thine own breeches, then they for suddien ioy did weep,
and I for sorrow sung, that such a King should play bo-peep,
and goe the foolles among; prethe Nunckle keepe a schoolema-
ster that can teach thy foole to lye, I would faine learne lye.
Lear. And you lye, wee le haue you whipt.
Foole. I marue'l 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 Gonorill.
Lear. How now daughter, what makes that Frontlet on,
Me thinks you are too much alate it'h frowne.
Foole. 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, yea, yes for-
(*Exeunt.*
Gloft.

like a furious Inc, epicure wine and lust make more like a tauneme
 or biotchil, then a great palack, &c: blame it selfe doth speake
 for instant remedie, be thou delivred by her, that elle will take the
 thing shee loves, a little to dirty wantie your traine, and the re-
 mainder that shall still depend, to bee such men as may befoze
 you age, that know themselves and you.
Learn. Darkenes and Devils; fadde all my horses, call my traine
 together, degenerate balhard, he not trouble thee, yet have I left
 a daughter.
Go. You thinke my people, and your disorderd rabble, make
 servants of their deities.
Learn. We that too late repent, O fit, are you comests in your
 will that we prepare any horses, ingratitude! thou marble har-
 ted fiend, more hideous when thou inwastd thee in a child, then
 the Sea-monster, detested kites, thou list my traine, and men of
 choise and raret regard, that all partakers of dutie knowe, and
 most small taine, how vgly didst thou in *Cordeba* thewe, that
 like an engine wreacht my frame of nature from the fixe place,
 drew from my heart all love and added to the gall. O *Learn.* *Learn!*
 beat at this gate that let thy folly in, and thy decre judgement
 one, goe goe, my people!
Duke. My Lord, I am gildes as I am ignorant,
Learn. It may be to my Lord, hark *Winters*, heare decree God-
 desse, suspend thy purpoe, if thou didst intend to make this
 creature triftful inco her womb, convey fertility, drie up in hit
 the organs of incoerate, and from her derogate body neuer spring
 a babe to honour her, if these unillustrious, create her child of
 spience, that it may live and bee a thourt diluturd to mortale to
 her, let it leape winckles in her bow of youth, with accent
 and benches to laugh her and contempt, that shee may feele, that
 she may feele, how sharper then a serpents tooth it is, to have a
 twinkelle child, goe, goe, my people!
Duke. Now Gods that we adore, whether comes this!
Go. Neuer shall your felce to know the cause, but let his
 disposition have that scope that dosage gives it.
Learn. What, fitt of my followers as a clap, within a fortnight?

Sooth I will hould my tongue, so your face bids mee, though
you say nothing.

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

Gon. Not onely fir this, your all-licenc'd fooles, but other of your insolent retinue do hourelly carpe and quarrell, breacking forth in rancke & (not to be indured riots,) Sir I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you, to haue found a safe redres, but now grow fearefull by what your selfe too late haue spoke and done, that you protect this course, and put on by your allowance, 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 thenecessitie must call discreet proceedings.

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

Lear. Are you our daughter?

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

Foole. May not an Affe 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? I speake thus? where are his eyes, either his no- tion, weaknes, or his discernings are lethergie, sleeping, or wake- ing? halfe tis not so, who is it that can tell me who I am? *Lear*'s shadow? I would learne that, for by the markes of soveraintie, knowledge, and reason, I should bee false perswaded I had daughters.

Foote. Which they, will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name faire gentlewoman?

Gos. Come fir, this admiration is much of the fauour of other
your new pranks, I doe befeech 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 difordred, so deboyft
and bold, that this our court infected with their manners, shoues
like

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

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

Basf. Perfwade 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 loathly opposite I stood, to his vnnaturall purpose, with fell morion with his prepared sword, hee charges home my vnprouided body, lancht mine arme, but when he saw my best alarumd spirits, bould in the quarrels, rights, roud to the encounter, or whether gaisted by the noyse I made, but todainly he fled.

Glasse, 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 deferue our thanks,
bringing the murderous caytife to the stake, hee that conceals
him, death.

Bast. When I dissuaded him from his intent, and found him pight to doe it, with curst speech I threatned to discouer him, he replyed, thou vnpossessing Baltard, dost thou thinke, if I would stand against thee, could the repose of any trust, vertue, or worth in thee make thy words sayth dⁿo. what I should denie, as this I would, I, though thou didst produce my very character, id^e eurne it all to thy suggestion. plot, and damned pretence, and thou must make a dullard of the world, if they not thought the profits of my death, were very pregnant and potentiall spures to make thee seeke it.

Gloff. Strong and fastned villaine, would he denie his letter, I neerer got him, harken the Dukes trumpets, I know not why he comes, all Ports ile barre, the villaine shall not scape, the Duke must graunt 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

[D4] purfue

Balf. Look here, I biced,
Glaif. Where is the villain Edmund?
Balf.

king of wicked charms, conjuring the Moon to attend his amorous Millets. *Glo.* But where is he?

Glück. Now Edmund where is the villainess ;
Barb. Here Hood he in the darke, his sharpe sword out, warb-

On one weak beer
have seen drunkards do more than this in sport, father, father,
Hop, Hop, no, help; Enter Ghost.

brother hic, corches, torches, fo farwell; some blond drawne
on mee would begger opinion, of my more fierce indour, I

Bast. I hear my father coming, pardon the intrusion; draw my sword upon you, let me to defend your selfe, now quit you well, yeeld, come before my father, light here, here, die

Duke of Albany, address your--
 Edg. I am sure on't not a word.
 Bag. I hear my father coming, pardon me in crying, I must

thought, hee's coming: heether now in the night, it is said, and hee
can wit it him, haue you nothing said vpon his partie againe the

of the night, have you not spoken gainst the Duke of Cornwall
as given where you are hid, you have now the good advantage

my brother, and I have been asking him to ask Breckins and for some help; a word, I think, would be all that is needed. O the place, intelligent brother I say, my father watches,

Bayly. I the Duke be not to blame; I have been forced to take a life perforce into my business, my father hath let guard to take my brother, and I have one thing of a quele question, which

B.aff. Nota word.
Curran. You may then in time, fare you well far.
B.aff. The Duke be here to nigh! the better beft, this weanes

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

B.aff. Not, I pray you what archery ;

Carm. Nay, I know not, you have heard of the newes abroad, meaneth the whippers, for there are yet but care-bulling ar-

with him to night.

Bar. Save thee Cynan.
Cynan. And you Sir, I have become with your father, and given notice, that the Duke of Cornwall and his Dutches will be

First Day, and I was married.

The History of King Lear.
Enter Ball. and Furan meet.

The Historie of King Lear.
Kent. No contraries hold more, and upbraid,
 Then I and such a knave.
Duke. Why dost thou call him knave, what's his offence.
Kent. His countenance likes me not.
Duke. No more perchance does mine, or his, or hers.
Kent. Sir, it is my occupation to be plain,
 I have scene better faces in my time
 Than stand on any shoulder that I see
 Before me at this instant.
Duke. This is a fellow who having bene pray'd
 For blindness doth affect a lawry ruffness,
 And continues the garb quite from his nature,
 He cannot flatter he, he must be plain,
 He must speake truth, and they will take to,
 If not he's plain, these kind of knaves I know
 Which in this plainnes ha'bour more craft,
 And more corrupter eads, then wrenchie filly ducking.
Kent. Sir in good sooth, or in sincere verities,
 Under the allowance of your graund aspect,
 Whole influence like the weach of radiant fire
 In flittering *Phobus* from.
Duke. What mean'st thou by this?
Kent. To goe out of my dialogue which you discommend so
 much, I know sir, I am no flatterer, he that beguile you in a plain
 accent, was a plaine knave, which for my part I will not be,
 though I should win your displeasure, to increate mee too.
Duke. What's the offence you gaue him?
Kent. I neuer gaue him any, it pleas'd the King his maiester
 Very late to strike at me vpon his misconstruction,
 When he continu'd and flatter'd his displeasure
 Trip me behind, being downe, mistak'd, rayld,
 And put vpon him such a deale of man, that
 That worshipp'd him, got prayes of the King,
 For him attempting who was selfe subdu'd,
 And in the flatterer of this dread exploit,
 Diew on me here againe.
Kent. None of these roges & cowards but *Lear* is their foole.
Duke.

The Historie of King Lear.

Kent. With you Goodman boy, and you please come, ile
 fleash you, come on yong maiester.
Gloster. Weapons, armes, whats the matter here?
Duke. Keepe peace vpon your liues, hee dies that strikes a
 gaine, what's the matter?
Reg. The messengers from our sister, and the King.
Duke. Whats your difference, speake?
Stew. I am scarce in breath my Lord.
Kent. No maruaile you haue so bestir'd your valour, you
 cowardly rascall, nature disclaimes in thee, a Tayler made thee.
Duke. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man.
Kent. I, a Tayler sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter could not
 haue made him so ill, though hee had bene but two houres at
 the trade.
Gloster. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?
Stew. This ancient ruffen sir, whose life I haue spar'd at sute
 of his gray-beard.
Kent. Thou whorson Zed, thou vnnesessarie letter, my
 Lord if you'l giue mee leaue, I will tread this vnbound villaine
 into morter, and daube the wall'es of a iagues with him, spare
 my gray beard you wagtail.
Duke. Peace sir, you beastly Knaue you haue no reuerence,
Kent. Yes sir, but anger has a priuiledge.
Duke. Why art thou angry?
Kent. That such a flauie as this should weare a sword,
 That weares no honesty, such smiling roges as these,
 Like Rats oft bite those cordes in twaine,
 Which are to intrench, to inloose smooth euery passion
 That in the natures of their Lords rebell,
 Bring oyle to fire, snow to their colder-moods,
 Reneag, affirme, and turne their halcion beakes
 With euery gale and varie of their maiesters, (epeliptick
 Knowing nought like dayes but following, a plague vpon your
 Visage, smoyle you my speeches, as I were a foole;
 Goose and I had you vpon Sarum plaine,
 Id'e send you cackling home to Camulet.
Duke. What art thou mad old fellow?
Gloster. How fell you out, say that?

Kent.

The Historie of King Lear.
 No purpose of his remoue.
Kent. Hayle to thee noble maiester.
Lear. How, makest thou this shame thy partime?
Foole. Ha ha, looke he weares creweil garters,
 Horses are ride by the heeles, dogges and beares
 By their legges, when a mans ouer lusty at legs,
 By their legges, when a mans ouer lusty at legs,
 Then he weares wooden neatherstockes.
Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place mistooke to see
 thee here?
Kent. It is both he and thee, your sonne & daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No I say.
Kent. I say yea.
Lear. No no, they would not.
Kent. Yes they haue.
Lear. By *Asaph* I sweare no, they durst not do't,
 They would not, could not do't, tis worse then murder,
 To doe upon respect such violente outrage,
 Reioice me with all modest half, which way
 Thou may'st deserue, or they purpose this vlags,
 Coming from vs.
Kent. My Lord, when at their home
 I did commend your highnes letters to them,
 Use I was risen from the place that thewed
 My duty kneeling, came there a reeking Post,
 Scrowd in his half, halfe breadles, panning forth
 From *Conowill* his mistis, salutations,
 Delivered letters spite of intermission,
 Which presently they read, on whose contents
 They summon'd vp their men, straight tooke horse,
 Commanded me to follow, and attend the leasure
 Of their answere, gaue me cold looks,
 And meeting here the other messenger,
 Whole welcome I perceau'd had paylon'd mine,
 Being the very fellow that of late
 Display'd to lawfully againt your Highnes,
 Having more man then wit about me drew,
 He raised the houle with loud and coward cries,
 Your sonne and daughter found this trepas worth
 This

The Historie of King Lear.

This shame which here it suffers.
Lear. O how this mother swels vp toward my hart,
Historica passio downe thou climbing sorrow,
 Thy element's below, where is this daughter?
Kent. With the Earle sir within,
Lear. Follow me not, stay there?
Knight. Made you no more offence then what you speake of?
Kent. No, how chance the King comes with so small a traine?
Foole. And thou hadst bene set in the stockes for that questi-
 on, thou hadst well deserued it.
Kent. Why foole?
Foole. Weele set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's
 no labouring in the winter, all that follow their noses, are led by
 their eyes but blind men, and ther's not a nose among a 100, but
 can smell him thats flincking, let goe thy hold when a great
 wheele runs downe a hill, lea't it breake thy necke with follow-
 ing it, but the great one that goes vp the hill, let him draw thee
 after, when a wise man giues thee better counsell, giue me mine
 againe, I would haue none but knaues follow it, Gnce a foole
 giues it.
 That Sir that serues for gaine,
 And followes but for forme:
 Will packe when it begin to raine,
 And leaue thee in the storme,
 But I will tarie, the foole will stay,
 And let the wife man flie:
 The knaue turnes foole that runs away,
 The foole no knaue perdy.
Kent. Where learnt you this foole?
Foole. Not in the stockes.
Enter Lear and Gloster.
Lear. Denie to speake with mee, th'are sicke, th'are
 They trauced hard to night, meare Iustice, (weary,
 I the Images of reuolt and flying off,
 Fetch mee a better answere.
Gloster. My deere Lord, you know the fierie qualitie of the
 Duke, how vnremoueable and fixt he is in his owne Course.
Lear. Vengeance, death, plague, confusion, what fierie quality,
 Why

The Historie of King Lear.

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
Vndiuidged 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,
Close 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 scantred
curtesie.

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

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

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

Enter Gloster and the Bastard with light.

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

Vnnaturall

The Historie of King Lear.

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 vnneccessarie, on my knees I beg,
That you'l vouchsafe me rayment, bed and food.
Reg. Good fir no more, these are vnfightly 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 Serpentlike 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 teder 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,

F

Effects

The
What they are yet I know not, but they shall be
That all the world shall, I will doe such things,
I will haue such reuenges on you both,
Stayne my mans checkes, no you vnnaturall hags,
O let not womens weapons, water drops
To beate it lamely, touch me with noble anger,
Against their Father, foole me not to much,
If it be you that sturres these daughters hearts
As full of greete as age, wretched in both,
You see me here (you Gods) a poore old fellow,
You heauens giue me that patience, patience I need,
Which scarcely keepe the warre, but for true need,
Why nature needs not, what thou gorgeous wearst
If only to goe warre were gorgeous,
Mans life as cheape as beaks, thou art a Lady,
Allow not nature more then nature needs,
Are in the poorest thing superfluous,
Lear. O reason not the deed, our basest beggers,
Regan. What needs one?
Haue a command to rend you.
To follow in a house, where twice so many
What need you fine and cwenie, reme, or fine,
Gon. Heare me my Lord,
And thou art twice her loue.
Thy fifty yet doth double fine and twentie,
Stand in some rank of praye, I leaue with thee,
When others are more wicked, not being the worst
Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do seem wel fauor'd
Reg. And speake against my Lord, no more with me.
With fine and twentie, what, must I come to you
But keepe a reuerence to be followed
Lear. Made you my guardians, my depoliticaries,
Reg. And in good time you gaue it.
Lear. I gaue you all.
Will I giue place or notice,
To bring but fine and twentie, to no more
For now I speake a danger, I intreat you,
The Historie of King Lear.

The
But not one follower,
Reg. For his part, he receiue him gladly,
And must needs call this folly.
Gon. Tis his owne blame hath put himselfe from rest,
Can not be well bellowed.
Reg. Tis his owne fault, the old man and his people,
Duke. Let vs withdraw, will be a forme.
Exeunt Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Foole.
Or ere the weep, O foole I shall goe mad.
But this heart shall breake, in a thousand frowes
No le not weep, I haue full cause of weeping,
The terrors of the earth, you thinke the weep,
The Historie of King Lear.

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The Historie of King Lear.

The Historie of King Lear.
Necessities sharp pinch, returne with her,
Why the hot blood in *France*, that drowles
Tooke our yongest borne, I could as well be brought
To kece his throne, and Squire-like pension bag,
To keepe bafe life afoor, returne with her,
Perfwade me rather to be blane and turner
To this detested growme.
Gon. At your choise fir.
Lear. Now I priuiee daughter 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 daughter,
Or rather a disease that lies within my flesh.
Which I must needs call mine, thou art a bile,
A plague fore, an imboffed carbuncle in my
Corrupted blood, but ile not chide thee,
Let shame come when it will, I doe not callir,
I doe not bid the chunder beater rhooce,
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 fir, I looke not for you yet,
Nor am provided for your fir welcome,
Giue are fir to my sister, for those
That mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to thinke you are old, and to,
But she knowes what shee does.
Lear. Is this well spoken now?
Reg. I dare anouch it fir, what fittie followers,
Is it not well, what should you need of more,
Ye or so many, fith that both charge and danger
Speakes gainst to greata number, how in a houle
Should many people vnder two commands
Hold amytie, tis hard, almost impossible.
Gon. Why might not you my Lord receiue attendace
From those that the calls seruants, or from mine?
Reg. Why not my Lord? if then they chance fith to blacke 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 purged Wolfe
Kepe their fure dry, vnbombed he 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 brooke inuities.
Kent. Sir I doe know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my Arte,
Commend a deare thing to you, there is diuision,
Although as yet the face of it be couerd,
With unnatural cunning, twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*
But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
Into this lechered kingdome, who alreadie wile in our
Have lechered fere in some of our best Forts, (negligence,
And are at point to thew their open banner,
Now to you, if on my credit you dare build to faue,
To make your fpeed to Louer, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making iust report
Of how vnnatural and beneddiding sorrow
The king hath caule 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 farther with you.
Kent. No doe not,
For confirmation that I much more
Then my outwall, open this purle and take
VWhat it contains, if you shall see *Cordelia*,
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, she 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,
He this way, you on that, he 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 fir 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 fweet fway a'low
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 fir, how haue I offended?
Als not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage tearmes so.
Lear. O fides you are too tough,
Will you yet hold? how came my man i'th stockes?
Duke. I fet him there fir, but his owne disorders
Deferu'd 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 soiorne 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 pities nether wife man nor foole.
Lear. Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout raine,
Nor raine, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters,
I taskenot 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 flad 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 engedred 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 mouthes in a
glasse.
Lear. No I will be the patterne of all patience *Enter Kent.*
I will say nothing,
Kent. Whose there?
Foole. Marry heers Grace, & a codpis, that's a wiseman and
a foole.
Kent. Alas fir, sit you here?

Things

both food and fire is ready.
 I have I ventur'd to come seek you out, and bring you where
 my doors, and let this tyrannous might take hold upon you, yet
 dangers hard commands, though their intention be to bare
Glo. Go in with me, my duty cannot suffer to obey in all your
Edg. Poor Tom's a cold.
 doth have what gets it
Glo. Our health and blood is grown to wild my Lord, that
 and na hu---
Edg. The Prince of darkness is a Gentleman, *modo* he's cald
Glo. What hath your Grace no better company?
 Beware my follower, peace smilbug, peace thou friend.
 Hath beene *Tom's* food for seven long years-
 But mite and rats, and such small Deere,
 to wear.
 his backe, like harts to his bodie, horte to ride, and weapon
 and flock-punishment and imprisonment, who hath had three fures to
 the of the hanging poole, who is whipt from tithing to tithing,
 loves the old rats, and the ditch dogges, drinks the greene man-
 heart, when the foule fende caw-dung for fallers, swal-
 rode poole, the wall-wort and the water, that in the fure of his
Edg. Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the rode, the
Glo. What are you there? your names?
Kent. Whoe there, what ift you seeke?
Learn. What hee?
Kent. How fares your Grace?
 light and her troth plight and amne thee, with aint thee.
 thrice the old a well-thu might more and her nine fold bid her, O
 wheate, and hurs the poore creature of earth, twihald footed
 queues the eye, and makes the harte lip, midewes the white
 phew, and walks all the first cocke, he gins the web, the pin-
Edg. This is the foule fende *Androdegia*, hee begins ac-
 a walking fire.
Enter Gloster.
 heart, a small sparke, all the rest in bodie cold, looke here comes
 fwin in, now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old leachers
Foole. Prithe Nimble be content, this is a naughty night to
 as thou art, off off you leadings, come on bee true.
 odated man, is no more but such a poore bare forked Animal
The Historie of King Lear.

The Historie of King Lear.
 They are Persian attire, but let them be chang'd.
Kent. Now good my Lord lie here awhile.
Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the curtains, so, so, so,
 Weele go to supper it h morning, so, so, so, *Enter Gloster.*
Glo. Come hither friend, where is the King my maister.
Kent. Here fir but trouble him not his wits are gon.
Glo. Good friend I prithy take him in thy armes,
 I have or'e heard a plot of death vpon him,
 Ther is a Litter ready lay him in't, & drine towards Douer friend,
 Where thou shalt meet both welcome & protection, take vp thy
 If thou should st dally halfe an houre, his life with thine (maister,
 And all that offer to defend him stand in assured losse,
 Take vp to keepe and followe me that will to some prouision
 Giue thee quicke conduct.
Kent. Oppressed nature sleepes,
 This rest might yet haue balm'd thy broken sinewes,
 Which if conuenience will not alow stand in hard cure,
 Come helpe to beare thy maister, thou must not stay behind.
Glo. Come, come away. *Exit.*
Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes: we scarcely
 thinke, our miseries, our foes,
 Who alone suffers suffers, most it h mind,
 Leaning free things and happy shoves behind,
 But then the mind much sufferance doth or'escep,
 When grieve hath mates, and bearing fellowship:
 How light and portable my paine seemes now,
 When that which makes me bend, makes the King bow.
 He childed as I fathered *Tom* away,
 Marke the high noyses and thy selfe bewray,
 When false opinion whose wrong thoughts defile thee,
 In thy iust prooffe repeals and reconciles thee,
 What will hap more to night, safe scape the King,
 Lurke, lurke.
Enter Cornwall, and Regan, and Gonorill, and Bastard. (letter
Corn. Post speedily to my Lord your husband shew him this
 The army of France is landed, seeke out the vilaine *Gloster*.
Regan. Hang him instantly.
Gon. Plucke out his eyes. (company
Corn.

The Historie of King Lear.
 Vnnaturall dealing when I desir'd their leaue
 That I might pittie him, they tooke me from me
 The use of mine owne house, charg'd me on paine
 Of their displeasure, neither to speake of him,
 Intreat for him, nor any way sustaine him.
Bast. Most sauage and vnnaturall. (the Dukes,
Glo. Go toe say you nothing, ther's a diuision betwixt
 And a worfe matter then that, I haue receiued
 A letter this night, tis dangerous to be spoken,
 I haue lockt the letter in my closet, these iniuries
 The King now beares, will be reuenged home
 Ther's part of a power already landed,
 We must incline to the King, I will seeke him, and
 Priuily releue him, goe you and maintaine talkke
 With the Duke, that my charity be not of him
 Perceiued, if hee aske for me, I am ill, and gon
 To bed, though I die for't, as no lesse is threatned me,
 The King my old maister must be releued, there is
 Some strage thing toward, *Edmund* pray you be careful. *Exit.*
Bast. This curtesie forbid thee, shal the Duke mistäly
 And of that letter to, this seems a faire deseruing (know
 And must draw me that which my father looses, no lesse
 Then all, then yonger rises when the old doe fall. *Exit.*
Enter Lear, Kent, and foole.
Kent. Here is the placemy Lord, good my Lord enter, the
 the tyrannie of the open nights too ruffe for nature to indure.
Lear. Let me alone. *Kent.* Good my Lord enter.
Lear. Wilt breake my heart?
Kent. I had rather breake mine owne, good my Lord enter.
Lear. Thou think' st tis much, that this cruelentous storme
 Inuades vs to the skin, so tis to thee,
 But where the greater malady is fixt
 The lesse is scarce felt, thou'd st thin a Beare,
 But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
 Thou'd st meet the beare it h mouth, whē the mind's free
 The bodies delicate, the tempest in my mind
 Doth from my fences take all feeling else
 Saue what beares their filiall ingratitude,
 G I a

the fowle fiend vexes, there could I haue him now, and there, and
and there againe.
Lear. What, his daughters brought him to this paffe,
Couldst thou haue no more, didst thou giue them all?
Foole. Nay he referred a blanket, else we had bene all shamed.
Lear. Now all the plaques that in the pendulous ayre
Hang faced ore mens faulces, 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 this Pelticane daughters.
Edg. Pili cock face on pellicockes hill, a lo lo lo.
Foole. This cold might will turne vs all to fooles & madmen.
Edg. Take heed at h fowle fiend, obey thy parents, keep thy
words iustly, sweare not, committe not with mans fworne spouse,
for not thy sweet heart on proud array, *Tom* a cold,
Lear. What hast thou bene?
Edg. A Scrimingman, proud in heart and mind, that could my
haire, wore gloves in my cap, serued the iust of my mistis heart,
that step in the conuining of iust, and wakt to doe it, wine to-
ne I deeply, dice deeply, and in woman our patronior the
Turke, fall of heart, light of care, bloude of hand, Hog in flesh,
Fox in flesh, VVoolfe in greddines, Dog in madnes, Lyon
in pray, let not the creeking of rhooes, nor the rullings of filkes
betray thy poore heart to women, keepe thy tooore out of bro-
well, thy hand out of picket, thy pen from lenders booke,
and desie the fowle fiend, still through the hathorne blowes the
cold wind, hay no on my, Dolsph in my boy, my boy, care
let him not by.
Lear. Why thou wert better in thy grane, then to answere
with thy vncovered bodie this extremitie of the skies, is man no
more, but this colder him well, thou owest the womne no filke,
the beatt no hide, the sheepe no wooll, the cat no perfume, her
threeons are so philiticared, thou art the thing it selfe, vnacom-
dated

The first wrie of King Lear.

Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand
For lifting food to't, but I will punish sure,
No I will weepe no more, in such a night as this!
O Regan, Gonorill, your old kind father (lies,
Whose franke heart gaue you all, O that way madnes
Let me shun that, no more of that.
Kent. Good my Lord enter.
Lear. Prethe goe in thy selfe, seeke thy one ease
This tempest will not giue me leaue to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but ile goe in,
Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are
That bide the 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 phyficke pompe,
Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heauens more iust.
Foole. Come not in here Nunckle, her's a spirit, helpe me, helpe
mee.
Kent. Giue me thy hand, whose there.
Foole. A spirit, he sayes, his nam's poore *Tom*.
Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there in the straw,
come forth?
Edg. Away, the fowle fiend followes me, thorough the sharpe
hathorne blowes the cold wind, goe to thy cold bed and warme
thee.
Lear. Hast thou giuen all to thy two daughters, and art thou
cometo this?
Edg. Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*, whome the fowle
Fiende hath led, through fire, and through foord, and
whirli-poole, ore bog and quagmire, that has layd kniues vn-
der 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
four inch bridges, to course his owne shadow for a traytor,
blesse thy fine wits, *Tom* a cold, blesse thee from whirle-winds,
starre-blusting, and taking, doe poore *Tom* some charitie, whom
the

Edg. Why the daves not come, ouer to thee.
Foole. Her boat hath a leak, and the mist not speake,
trahadadum come ore the broome *Belly* to mee.
Edg. Look where he stands and glares, wantst thou eyes, at
Thou sapient sit here, no you the Boxes--
Come sit thou here most learned iustice
Lear. It shall be done, I will arraigne them straight,
les health, a boyes loue, or a whores oath.
Foole. He's mad, that trusts in the carnenes of a Wolfe, a hor-
Edg. The fowle fiend bites my backe,
spits come blizzing in vpon them,
Lear. A King, to haue a thousand with red burning
clemen or a Yeoman.
Foole. Prithe Nunckle tell me, whether a mad man be a Gen-
lake of darters, pray innocent beware the fowle fiend.
Edg. *Preterea* calls me, and tells me *Nero* is an angler in the
the Gods deserue your kindnes.
Kent. All the power of his wits haue giuen way to impatience,
long from you.
Gloster. Here is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully, I
will pcece out the comfort with what addition I can, I will not be
Enter Gloster and Lear, Kent, Foole, and Tom.
father in my loue.
Corn. I will lay trust vpon thee, and thou shalt find a deare
though the conflict be fore betweene that and my blood.
pition more fully, I will perseuere in my courte of loyaltie,
Bar. If I find him comforting the King, it will stuffe his fac-
henion.
our where thy father is, that hee may bee readie for our appe-
Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earle of *Gloster*, seeke
business in hand.
Bar. If the matter of this paper be certaine, you haue mightly
Corn. Goe with me to the Dutches.
lon were, or not I the decter.
gent partie to the aduantages of *France*, O heauens that his crea-
iust this is the letter he spoke of, which approues him an intelli-
Bar. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to bee
ter a worke by a reprocuable badnes in himselfe.
The first wrie of King Lear.

The first wrie of King Lear.

Edg. The fowle fiend haunts poore *Tom* in the voyce of a nigh-
Hoppedance cries in *Toms* belly for two white herring, (tingale,
Croke not blacke Angell, I haue no foode for thee.
Kent. How doe you sir? stand you not so amazzd, will y ou
lie downe and rest vpon the cushions?
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 o'h commission, sit you too.
Ed. Let vs deale iustly sleepest or wakest thou iolly shepheard,
Thy sheepe bee in the corne, and for one blast of thy minikin
mouth, thy sheepe shall take no harme, Pur the cat is gray.
Lear. Arraigne her first tis *Gonorill*, I here take my oath before
this honorable assembly kickt the poore king her father.
Foole. Come hither mistrisse is your name *Gonorill*.
Lear. She cannot deny it.
Foole. 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 lether scape.
Edg. Blesse thy fine 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,
Bethy 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
markertownes, poore *Tom* thy horne 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

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. *Gent.* One way I like this well,
 But being widow and my *Gloster* with her,
 May all the building on my fancie plucke,
 Vpon my hatefull life, another way the newes is not so tooke,
 Ile reade and answer. *Exit.*
Alb. Where was his sonne when they did take his eyes.
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 thee
 And to reuenge thy eyes, come higher friend,
 Tell me what more thou knowest. *Exit.*
Enter Kent and a Gentleman.
Kent. Why the King of *Fraunce* is so suddenly gone backe,
 know you no reason.
Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his
 comming forth is thought of, which imports to the Kingdome,
 So much feare and danger that his personall returne was most re-
 quired and necessarie.
Kent. Who hath he left behind him, General.
Gent. The Marshall of *France* Monsieur *la Far.* (of griefe.
Kent. Did your letters pierce the queene to any demonstration
Gent. I say she tooke them, read them in my presence,
 And now and then an ample teare trild downe
 Her delicate cheekes, 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 similes,
 That playd on her ripe lip seemed not to know,
 What guests were in her eyes which parted thence,

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Corn. Leauv him to my displeasure, *Edmund* keep you our sister
(company).
The reuenge we are bound to take vpon your trayterous father,
Are not fit for your beholding, aduise the Duke where you are
To a most seruient preparatiō we are bound to the like, (going
Our post shall be swift and intelligence betwixt vs,
Farewell deere sister, farewell my Lord of *Gloster*,
How now whers the King? *Enter Steward.*
Stew. My Lord of *Gloster* hath conueyd him hence,
Some siue or sixe and thirtie of his Knights hot questrits after
him, met him at gate, who with some other of the Lords depend-
ants are gone with him towards Douer, where they boast to
haue well armed friends.
Corn. Get horses for your misfris.
Gon. Farewell sweet Lord and sister. *Exit Gon. and Bast.*
Corn. *Edmund* farewell. goe seeke the traytor *Gloster*.
Pinion him like a theefe, bring him before vs,
Though we may not passe vpon his life
Without the forme of Iustice, yet our power
Shall doe a 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.
Gloft. What meanes your Graces, good my friends consider,
You are my gests, doe me no foule play friends.
Corn. Bind him I say,
Reg. Hard hard, O filthie traytor!
Gloft. Vnnmercifull Lady as you are, I am true.
Corn. To this chaire bind him, villaine thou shalt find---
Gloft. By the kind Gods tis most ignobly done, to plucke me
by the beard. *Reg.* So white and such a Traytor.
Gloft. Naughty Ladie, these haire which thou dost rauish from
Will quicken and accuse thee, I am your host. (my chin
With robbers hands, my hospitible fauours
You should not ruffell thus, what will you doe.
Corn. Come fir, whar letters had you late from *France*?
Reg. Be simple answerer, for we know the truth.

Fathers remant this forefore —
 Glof. A way, get thee away, good friend be gon,
 Thy comforts can doe me no good at all,
 Thee they may hurt.
 Old man. Alack! fy, you cannot see your way.
 Glof. I have no way, and therefore wante no eyes.
 I flumpled when I faw, fuff ofttis teene
 Our meane fecture vs, and our meane defects
 Frome our commodities, ad deere fonne *Edgar*,
 The food of thy abused fathers wrath,
 Might I but lue to fee thee in my tuch,
 I'd e fay I had eyes againe.
 Old man. How now whole there?
Edg. O Gods, who can I fay I am at the world,
 I am worthe then ere I was.
 Old man. Tis poore mad *Tom*,
 And worthe I may be yet, the world is no t,
 As long as we can fay, this is the world.
 Old man. Fellow where goeft?
 Glof. Is it a begger man?
 Old man. Mad man, and begger to.
 Glof. A has some reason, elfe he could not beg,
 In the laft nightes ftoorne I fuch a fellow faw,
 Which made me thinke a man a womne, my fomme
 Came then into my mind, and yet my mind (fince)
 Was then fecture friendes with him, I have heard more
 As flies are toth wanton boyes, are we toth Gods,
 They bite vs for their sport.
Edg. How fhould this be, bad is the trade that muft play the
 fool to forrow angning it elfe and others, bliffe thee mafter.
 Glof. Is that the naked fellow?
 Old man. My Lord.
 Glof. Then prethee get thee gon, if for my fake
 Thou wilt oreake vs here a mile or twaine
 Ith way toward Douer, doe it for ancient loue
 And bring fomme coneyng for this naked foule
 Who lile intreats to leade me,
 Old man. Alack fit he is mad.

Glaf. 'Tis the ciues plague, when madmen lead the
Doe as I bid thee, or rather doe thy pleasure, (blind,
Above the rest, be gon.
Old man. Ile bring him the best parrell that I haue
Come on t what wilt thou.
Glaf. Sirrah naked fellow.
Edg. Poore *Toms* a cold, I cannot dance if farther.
Glaf. Come hither fellow.
Edg. Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleed.
Glaf. Knowst thou the way to *Douer*?
Edg. Both this and gate, horse way, and foot-path,
Poore *Tom* hath bene leard out of his good wits,
Blesse the good man from the foule fiend,
True friends haue bene in poore *Toms* at once,
Of Iust as *Obidicut*, *Hobbinclince* Prince of dumbees,
Mabin of fleabing, *Mado* of murder, *Sunderdige* of
Mobing, & *Adobing* who since possides chambermaids
And waiting women, so, blesse thee matter. (plagues.
Glaf. Here take this purse, thou whome the heauens
Haue humbled to all trokes, that am wretched, makes
The happier, heauens deale so still,
Let the superfluous and lust-detected man
Because he does not feele, feele your power quickly,
So distribution should vnder excelle,
And each man haue enough, dost thou know *Douer*?
Edg. I matter.
Glaf. There is a crosse whole high & bending head
Looks firmly in the confined deepe,
Bring me but to the very brimme of it
And I repaire the misery thou dost beare
With something rich about me,
From that place I shal no leading need,
Edg. Giue me thy arme, poore *Tom* shall lead thee.
Enter Gonzorill and Blisard.
Gon. Welcome my Lord I reualue our mild husband
Not met vs on the way, now where's your matter?
Enter Stewart.

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Shee takes a sword and runs at him behind.
Servant. Oh! am I slaine my Lord, yet have you one eye left to see some mischief on him, oh!
Corn. Least it become preventie, out wild Ielly
Glo. Where is thy sister now?
Glo. All dark and comfortles, where's my some some Edmund?
Edmund and all the sparks of nature, to quit this horrid act.
Reg. Our villainine, thou callst on him that hates thee, it was he that made the overture of thy creature to vs, who is too good to pitee thee.
Glo. O my follies, then *Edgar* was abus'd,
Kind Gods forgive me that, and prosper him.
Reg. Goeth with him out at gates, and let him himselfe his way to Douer, how ill my Lord? how look you?
Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt, follow me Ladies,
Turne out that eyes villaine, throw this flane upon
The dunghill *Regan*, I bleed apace, vntimely
Comes this hurt, give me your arme.
Servant. He neuer care what wickednes I doe,
If this man come to good.
Servant. If the line long, & in the end meet the old coule
of death, women will all turne monsters.
Ser. Lets follow the old Earle, and get the beddome
To lead him where he would, his togill madnes
Allows it selfe to any thing.
Ser. Goe thou, lie fetch some flaxe and whites of egges to apply to his bleeding face, now heauen helpe him.
Exit.
Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemnd,
Then this contemnd and flattered to be worth,
The lowest and most detested thing of Fortune,
Stand still in expetience, I use not in feare,
*The lametab*le change is from the best,
The worst returns to laughter,
Whos here, my father poorelie, leed, world, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make vs late thee,
Enter *Glo.* *led by an old man.*
Life would not yeeld to age.
Old man. O my good Lord, I have beene your reman, & your fathers

The Historie of King Lear.
Corn. And what confederacy haue you with the tratours late footed in the kingdome?
Reg. To whose hands you haue sent the lunaticke King speake?
Glo. I haue a letter gessingly set downe
Which came from one, that's of a neutrall heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Cunning. *Reg.* And false.
Corn. Where hast thou sent the King? *Glo.* To Douer.
Reg. Wherefore to Douer? wast thou not charg'd at perill--
Corn. Wherefore to Douer? let him first answere that.
Glo. I am tide to stake, and I must stand the course.
Reg. Wherefore to Douer sir?
Glo. Because I would not see thy cruell nayles
Pluck out his poore old eyes, nor thy fierce sister
In his aurynted flesh rash borish phangs,
The Sea with such a storme of his lou'd head
In hell blacke night indur'd, would haue layd vp
And quencht the steeld fires, yet poore old heart,
Hee holpt the heauens to rage,
If wolues had at thy gate heard that dearne time
Thou shouldst haue said, good Porter turne the key,
All cruels else subscrib'd but I shall see
The winged vengeance ouertake such children.
Corn. Seest thou never, fellowes hold the chaire,
Vpon those eyes of thine, I set my foote.
Glo. He that will thinke to liue till he be old
Giue me some helpe, O cruell, O ye Gods!
Reg. One side will mocke another, tother to.
Corn. If you see vengeance--
Servant. Hold your hand my Lord
I haue seru'd euer since I was a child (you hold.
But better seruice haue I neuer done you, the now to bid
Reg. How now you dogge.
Serv. You did weare a beard vpon your chin id'e shake it
on this quarrell, what doe you meane?
Corn. My villaine. *draw and fight.*
Serv. Why then come on, and take the chance of anger.
Reg. Giue me thy sword, a peasant stand vp thus. *Shee*

Stew. Madam here comes my Lord. *Exit Stew.*
Gon. I haue beene worth the while. (rude wind
Alb. O *Gon.* you are not worth the dust which the
Blowes in your face, I feare your dissolution
That nature which contemnes it origin
Cannot be bordered certaine in it selfe,
She that her selfe will flouer and dishonour
From her materiall lap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly vice.
Gon. No more, the rexe is foolish.
Alb. Witdome and goodnes, to the wild seeme wild,
Tigers, not daughters, what haue you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man
Whose reuerence euen the head-lugd beare would lick.
Most barbarous, most degenerate haue you madded,
Could my good brother suffer you to doe it?
Aman, a Prince, by him so benificted,
If that the heauens doe not their visible spirits (come
Send quickly downe to tame the vild offences, it will
Humanity must perforce pray on it selfe like monsters of
Gon. Milke liuerd man (the deepe.
That bearest a cheek for bloes, a head for wrongs,
Who hast not in thy browes an eye deseruing thine honour,
From thy suffering, that not know'st fools, do those vilains pittie
Who are punisht ere they haue done their mischief,
Wher's thy drum? *France* spreads his banners in our noyftles land,
With plumed helme, thy slayer begin threats
Whil'st thou a morall foole sits still and cries
Alack why does he so?
Alb. See thy selfe deuill, proper deformity seemes not in the
fiend, so horid as in woman.
Gon. O vaine foole!
Alb. Thou changed, and selfe-couerd thing for shame
Be-monster not thy feature, we'r my finnes
To let these hands obay my bloud,
They are apt enough to dislecate and teare
Thy flesh and bones, how ere thou art a fiend,
A womans shape doth shield thee.
Gon. Marry your manhood now--
Alb. What newes. *Enter a Gentleman.*
Gent. O my good Lord the Duke of *Cornwall* dead, slaine by
his seruant, going to put out the other eye of *Gloster*.
Alb. *Glosters* eyes?
Gon. A seruant that he bred, thrald with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great maister, who threat in iraged
Flew on him, and amongst them, feld him dead,
But not without that harmefull stroke, which since
Hath pluckt him after.
Alb. This shewes you are about your Iustices,
That these our nether crimes so speedely can venge.

Whole

Edg. Now fellow fare thee well.
He falls.
Edg. Gon sit, farewell, and yet I know not how conceit my
 robb'd the creature of life, when life it selfe ycalds to the chiefe,
 had he bene where he thought by this had thought bene past,
 alive or dead, he you sit, heare you sit, speak, thus might he pale
 indeed, yet he renews, 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 shiverd like an egge, but thou dost breath
 Haft heavy substaunce, bleedst not, speakst, art found,
 Ten matts at each, make not the attitude,
 VVhich thou hast perpendicularly fell,
 Thy lifes a miracle, speake yec againe.
Glof. But have I fallen or no?
Edg. From the dread fountains of this chalcie borne,
 Look vp a hight, the shrill gorge dark to faire
 Cannot bee scene or heard, doe but look vp?
Glof. Alack I have no eyes
 Is wrethchednes depnd, that bench
 To end it selfe by death was yet some comfort
 When misery could beguile the tyrants rage
 And frustrate his proud will.
Edg. Give me your arme?
 Vp, so, how feeble you your legges, you hand.
Glof. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is about all stranges
 Vpon the crowne of the cliffe what thing was that
 Which parted from you.
Glof. A poore unfortunate bager.
Edg. As I stood here below me thought his eyes
 VVere two full Moones, a had a thousand noles
 Hornes, welk and wauid like the enridged sea,
 It was some fiend, therefore thou happy father
 Think that the clearest Gods, who made their honours
 Of mens impossibilities, have preferred thee.
Glof. I doe remember now, henceforth it beare
 Affliction till it doe crye out it selfe

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tagem to shoot atroupe 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 spear
 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 sence.

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

Gent. Neere and on speed fort the maine descryes,
 Standst on the howlerly thoughts.

Edg. I thanke you fir thats all.

Gent. Though that the Queene on speciall cause is here,
 Hir army is moued on. *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.

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 Methinks thy voyce is altered, and thou speakest
 With better phisic and matter then thou didst.
Edg. Yea much deceaued, in nothing and I chang'd
 But in my garments.
Glof. Me thinks y'ar better spoken.
 (fearful)
Edg. Come on fir, heres the place, stand still, how
 And dizzis to cast ones eyes so low
 The crows and choghes that wing the midway ayre
 Shew scarce so grolle as beetles, halfe way downe
 Hangs one that gath'ers lampire, dreaddfull trade,
 Me thinks he seemes no bigger then his head,
 The fishermen that walke vpon the beach
 Appeare like wile, and you call anchoring barkes
 Diminsh to her cock, her cock a bow
 Almost too small for sight, the murthering surge
 That on the vnumbr'd idle pebble chafes
 Cannot be heard, its so hie it 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 extream verge, for all beneath the Moone
 Would I not scape vntilgh.
Glof. Let goe my hand,
 Here friends a another puffe, in it a iell,
 Well worth 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.
 (to cure it)
Edg. Why I do triffell thus with his dispaire is done
He kneels.
Glof. O you mightie Gods,
 This world I doe renounce, and in your sight
 Shake patiently my great affliction off,
 If I could beare it longer and not fall
 To quarel with your great opposites wils
 My liue and loathed part of nature should
 Burnt selfe out, if *Edg.* lue, O blisse,

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As pearles from diamonds dropt in briebe,
 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 storme 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 grieve 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.

Gent. 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
 (daughter).
Gent. Why good fir?

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

Gent. Alack poore Gentleman.

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

Gent. Tis so they are a foote.

Kent. Well fir, ile bring you to our maister *Lear*,
 And leaue you to attend him some deere cause,
 Will in concealment 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.

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

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 Moreouer to direct the strength at hand.
Stew. I must needs after him with my letters.
Reg. Our troopes set forth to morrow day with vs.
Stew. The wayes are dangerous.
Stew. I may not Madame, my Lady charg'd my duetie in this
 business.
Reg. Why should she write to *Edmund*? might he not you
 transport her purposes by word, belike
 Something, I know not what, he loue thee much,
 Let me vnderstande the letter.
Stew. Madam I decare her--
Reg. I know your Lady does not loue her husband
 I am sure of that, and at her face being here
 Shee gaue strange allas, and most speaking looks
 To noble *Edmund*, I know you are of her bolome.
Stew. I Madam.
Reg. I speake in vnderstanding, for I knowe,
 Therefore I doe aduise you take this note,
 My Lord is dead, *Edmund* and I haue calke,
 And more comendment is he for my hand
 Then for your Ladies, you may gather more
 If you doe find him, pray you giue him this,
 And when your mistis heares thus much from you
 I pray desire her call her wifedom to her, so farwell,
 If you doe chance to heare of that blind waytor,
 Prefement falls on him that cuts him off.
Stew. Would I could meet him Madam, I would shew
 What Lady I doe follow.
Reg. Fare thee well.
Exit.
Enter Glosster and Edmund.
Glos. When shall we come to that top of that same hill?
Edg. You do climbe it vp now, looke how we labour;
Glos. Me thinks the ground is euery.
Edg. Horrible steep, harkce doe you heare the sea?
Glos. No truly.
Edg. Why then your other senses grow imperfect
 By your eyes anguish.
Glos. So may it be indeed, I 2

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 Enough, enough and die that thing you speake of,
 Iooke it for a man, often would it lay
 The fiend the fiend, he led me to that place
 Bare face & patient thoughts, but who comes here
 The safer fence will neare accomodate his matter thus.
Enter Lear mad.
Lear. No they cannot touch me for coynage, I am the king
 (himselfe).
Edg. O thou hide peacing light.
Lear. Nature is above Art in that respect, ther's your prelle
 money, that fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper, draw me
 a clothiers yard, looke, looke, a moue, peace, peace, this cofted
 cheeke will do it, ther's my gaudie, the proue it on a gyant, bring
 vp the browne-billies, O well blowe bird in the ayre, hagh, gine
 the word.
Edg. Sweet Margerum.
Glos. I know that voyce.
Lear. Paffe.
Lear. Ha *Gonorell*, ha *Regan*, they flattered mee like a dogge,
 and could me I had white haire in my beard, ere the black ones
 were there, to say I and no, to euery thing I saide, I and no to,
 was no good diuinitie, when the raine came to wet me once, and
 the winde to make mee chatter, when the thunder would not
 peece at my bidding, there I found them, there I smelt them out,
 goe too, they are not men of their words, they told mee I was
 euery thing, as a lyer, I am not argue-prooue.
Glos. The trick of that voyce I doe well remember, if not
 the King?
Lear. I euer in a King when I do share, see how the subiect
 quakes, I pardon that mans life, what was thy cause, adultery?
 thou shalt not die for adulterie, no the wren goes too, and the
 final guilde the doe lecher in my sight, let copulation thus,
 for *Glosster* bastard son was kinder to his father then my daugh-
 ters got twene the lawfull lices, rooe luxurie, pell, mell, for I
 lacke ioudiers, behold yon simpering dame whose face between
 her forkes prelageth snow, that minces vertue, and do shake the
 head heare of pleasures name to flicke not the loyaled horse
 goes too with a more riotous appetite, down fro the waile the re
 centaures, though women all above, but to the girdle doe the
 gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends, ther's hell, ther's darknesse
 ther's the sulphury pit, burning, scalding, stench, contamination,
 he.

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With hor-docks, hemlocke, netles, cookow flowers,
 Darnell and all the idle weedes that grow,
 In our sustayning, corne, a centurie is sent forth,
 Search euery acre in the hie growne field,
 And bring him to our eye, what can mans wifdome
 In the restoring his bereued fence, he that can helpe him
 Take all my outward worth.
Doll. There is meanes Madame.
 Our foster nurse of nature is repose,
 The which he lackes that to prouoke in him,
 Are many simples operatiue whose power,
 Will close the eye of anguish.
Cord. All blest secrets all you vnpublisht vertues of the earth,
 Spring with my teares beaydant and remediart,
 In the good mans distresse, seeke, seeke, for him,
 Left his vngouernd rage dissolue the life.
 That wants the meanes to lead it. *Enter messenger.*
Mes. News Madam, the Brittiish powers are marching hither.
Cord. Tis knowne before, our preparation stands, (ward.
 In expect arion of them, o deere father
 It is thy busines that I go about, therefore great *France*
 My mourning and important teares hath pitied,
 No blowne ambition doth our armes in fight
 But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd fathers right,
 Soone may I heare and see him. *Exit.*
Enter Regan and Steward.
Reg. But are my brothers powers set forth?
Stew. I Madam. *Reg.* Himselfe in person?
Stew. Madam with much ado, your sister is the better soldier.
Reg. Lord *Edmund* spake not with your Lady at home.
Stew. No Madam.
Reg. What might import my sisters letters to him?
Stew. I know not Lady.
Reg. Faith he is posted hence on serious matter,
 It was great ignorance, *Glosster* eyes being our
 To let him liue, where he arriues he moues
 All harts against vs, and now I thinke is gone
 In pitie of his misery to dispatch his nighted life,

More-

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hie, hie, pah, pah, Giue mee an ounce of Ciuet, good Apo-
 thocarie, to sweeten my imagination, ther's money for thee.
Glos. O let me kisse that hand.
Lear. Here wipe it first, it smells of mortalitie.
Glos. O ruind peece of nature, this great world should so
 weare out to naught, do you know me?
Lear. I remember thy eyes well inough, dost thou squiny on
 me, no do thy worst blind *Cupid*, ile not loue, reade thou that
 challenge, marke the penning oft.
Glos. Were all the letters sunnes I could not see one.
Edg. I would not take this from report, it is, and my heart
 breakes at it. *Lear.* Read. *Glos.* What! with the case of eyes
Lear. O ho, are you there with me, no eyes in your head, nor
 no mony in your purse, your eyes are in a heauie case, your purse
 in a light, yet you see how this world goes.
Glos. I see it feelingly.
Lear. What art mad, a man may see how the world goes with
 no eyes, looke with thy eares, see how yon Iustice railes vpon
 yon simple theefe, harke in thy eare handy, dandy, which is the
 theefe, which is the Iustice, thou hast scene a farmers dogge barke
 at a begger. *Glos.* I fir.
Lear. And the creature runne from the cur, there thou mightst
 behold the great image of authoritie, a dogge, so bade in office,
 thou rascall beadle hold thy bloody hand, why dost thou lash
 that whore, strip thine owne backe, thy bloud hotly lusts to vse
 her in that kind for which thou whippst her, the vsurer hangs the
 cofioner, through tottered raggs, smal vices do appeare, robes &
 furd-gownes hides all, get thee glasse eyes, and like a scurvy po-
 litian seeme to see the things thou doest not, no now pull off
 my bootes, harder, harder, so.
Edg. O matter and impertinencie mixt reason in madnesse.
Lear. If thou wilt weepe my fortune take my eyes, I knowe
 thee well inough thy name is *Glosster*, thou must be patient, we
 came crying hither, thou knowest the first time that we smell the
 aire, we wayl and cry I will preach to thee marke me,
Glos. Alack alack the day.
Lear. VVhen we are borne, we crie that wee are come to this
 great stage of foolles, this a good blocke. It were a delicate stra-
 gem,

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your labour, your wite (so I would say) your affectionate servant
and for you her owne for *Venter, Gonorill.*

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

Gloft. The King is mad, how stiffe is my vild fence,
That I stand vp and haue ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorowes, better I were distract,
So should my thoughts be fenced from my griefes,
And woes by wrong imaginations loose
The knowledge of themselues. *Adrum a farre off.*

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

Enter Cordelia, Kent and Doctor. (thy goodnes,
Cord. O thou good *Kent* how shall I liue and worke to match
My life will be too short and euery measure faile me.

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

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

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

Cord. Then beere so, my good Lord how does the king.

Dof. Madame sleepest still. (nature,

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

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

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

Itt

K 2

Edg. Here father, take the shaddow of this busht
Enter Edgar and Gloster.
Edg. My father in her hand.
Alarum. Enter the powers of France ouer the stage, *Cordelia with*
Exit.
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.
Shall neuer see his pardon, for my fate
The battail done, and they within our power
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*:
His speedie taking off, as for his mercy
Let her that would be rid of him deuile
His countenance for the battail, which being done
Her husband being aliue, now when we leaue
And hardly shall I carry out my side
Exasperates, makes mad her sister *Gonorill*,
If both remaine aliue, to take the widow
Which of them shall I take, both one or neither, neither can bee
Each iealous of the other as of the Adder,
Edg. To both these sister haue I sworne my loue.
Exit. Wee will greet the time.
By diligence discouery, but your haire is now vrg'd on you.
Edg. The enemies in view, draw vp your powers
Hard is the quest of their great strength and forces
By diligence discouery, but your haire is now vrg'd on you.
Edg. Wee will greet the time.
Exit. Wee will greet the time.
Edg. I was forbid it, when time shall serue let but the Herald
Fortune loue you, *Alb.* Stay till I haue read the letter.
Your busines of the world hath to an end,
What is auewch'd there, if you miscary,
I can produce a champion that will proue
For him that brought it, wreatched though I seeme,
If you haue victory let the trumpet found
Edg. Before you fight the battell ope this letter.
Alb. Ile ouertake you, speake.
Heare me one word.
Edg. If euer your Grace had speech with man so poore,
Enter Edgar
Gon. O ho, I know the riddle, I will goe.
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If euer I returne to you againe ile bring you comfort. *Exit.*

Gloft. Grace goe with you sir. *Alarum and retreat.*

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

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

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

Enter Edmund, with Lear and Cordelia prisoners.

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

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

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

Edg. Take them away.

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

Edg. Come hither Captaine, hark. (come,
Take thou this note, goe follow them to prison,

[K4]

And

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His griefe grew punitian and the strings of life,
 Began to cracke twice, then the trumpets sounded.
Alb. But who was this.
Ed. Kent sir, the banisher Kent, who in despite,
 Followed his enemy king and did him service
 Improper for a slave.
Enter one with a bloudie knife,
Gon. Helpe, helpe,
Alb. What kind of helpe, what meanes that bloody
Gon. Is hot it smokes, it came euen from the heart of.
Alb. Who man, speak!
Gon. Your Lady sir, your Lady, and her sister
 By her is poysoned, she hath confest it.
Ed. I was contracted to them both, all three
 Now marie in an instant.
Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead,
 This Iustice of the heauens that makes vs tremble,
 Touches vs not with pity.
Ed. Here comes Kent sir.
Alb. O tis he, the time will not allow
 The complement that very manners vrges.
Kent. I am come to bid my king and maister ay good night,
 Is he not here?
Ed. Great thing of vs forgot,
 Speake *Edmund*, whers the king, and whers *Cordelia*
 Seest thou this object *Kent*.
Kent. Alack why thus.
Ed. Yet *Edmund* was beloued,
 The one the other poysoned for my sake,
 And after thus her selfe. *Ed.* Euen so, couer their faces.
Bass. I pamt for life, some good I meane to do,
 Despight of my owne nature, quickly send,
 Be briefe, in troth callie for my writ,
 Is on the life of *Lear* and on *Cordelia*.
Ed. Runne, runne, O runne.
Ed. To who my Lord, who had the office, send
 Thy token of respect.
Bass. Well thought on, take my sword the Capitaine,
 L 3
 Give

Ed. Worthy Prince I know't.
Alb. Where haeyon hid your selfe?
 How haue you knowne the murther of your father?
Ed. By nursing che my Lord,
 Lill a briefe tale, and when tis told
 O that my heart would burll the bloody proclamation
 To escape thus followed me so nere,
 O our lues sweetnes, that with the paine of death,
 Would hourly die, rather then die at once.
 I aught me to stit into a mad mans rage.
 To allume a semblance that very dogges disdain'd
 And in this habit met I my father with his bleeding rings,
 The precious stones new lost became his guide,
 Led him, beg'd for him, laid him from dispaire,
 Neuer (O Father) reueald my selfe unto him,
 Vntill some halfe 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 pilgrimage, but his Hawd heart,
 Alack too weak, the conflict to support,
 Twixt two extreames of passion, ioy and griefe,
 Burst forth in this.
Bass. This speech of yours hath moued me,
 And shall perchaunce do good, but speake you on,
 You looke as you had somedhing more to say,
Alb. If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,
 For I am almost ready to dissolve, hearing of this.
Ed. This would haue reced a period 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 having scene me in my worst estate,
 Shund my abhorred society, but then finding
 Who was that to indur'd with his strong armes
 He fastened on my necke and bellowed out,
 As hee'd burll heauen, threw me on my father,
 Told the most pious tale of *Lear* and him,
 That euer care receiued, which in recounting

The Historie of King Lear.

Bore the commission of my place and person,
 The which immediate 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 stomack, Generall
 Take thou my souldiers, prisoners, patrimonie,
 Witnes the world that I create thee here
 My Lord and maister.
Gon. Meane you to inioy him then?
Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.
Bass. Nor in thine Lord.
Alb. Halfe blouded fellow, yes.
Bass. Let the drum strike, and proue my title good.
Alb. Stay yet, heare reason, *Edmund* I arrest thee
 On capitall treason, and in thine attaint,
 This gilded Serpent, for your claime faire sister
 I bare it in the interest of my wife,
 Tis she is subcontracted to this Lord
 And I her husband contradict the banes,
 If you will mary, make your loue to me,
 My Lady is bespoke, thou art arm'd *Gloster*,
 If none appeare to proue vpon thy head,
 Thy hainous, manifest, and many treasons,
 There is my pledge, ile proue it on thy heart
 Ere I tast bread, thou art in nothing lesse
 Then I haue here proclaimed thee.
Reg. Sicke, o sicke.
Gon. If not, ile nere trust poyson.
Bass. Ther's my exchange, what in the world he is,
 That names me traytor, villain-like he lies,
 Call by thy trumpet, he that dares approach,
 On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine

[Blank]

My

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As bent to prone vpon thy heart where I speake thou liest,
Bas. In wisdom I should aske thy name,
 But since thy outside looks so faire and warlike,
 And that thy being some day of breeding breathes,
 By right of kinship hood, I disdaine and spurne
 Hence do I toll thee whole creacions to thy head.
 With the hell barrell, orerturn thy heart,
 Which for they yet glance by and scarcely brule,
 This sword of mine shall giue them instant way
 Where they shall rest for euer, crumpets speake.
Alb. Saue him, saue him,
 Thou art not bound to answere an unknowne opposite,
 Thou art not vanquish, but coulned and beguild,
 Stop your mouth with daine, or with this paper shall I stople
 it, thou worste then any thing, reade thine owne cull, may no
 ceasing Lady, I perceiue you knowe,
gon. Say if I do, the lawes are mine not thine, who shall arraigne
 Me? Most monstrous knowest thou this paper?
Alb. Aske me not what I know.
Exr. Gon. Ask me not what I know.
Alb. Go after her, shee's desperate, gouerne her.
Bas. 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 bee'st 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 vicious
 Place where the hee gores, cost him his eyes.
Bas. Thou hast spoken truth, the wheele is come
 full circled I am heere.
Alb. Me thought thy very gate did propheticke,
 A royall noblesse 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 finely.
Alb. A Herald ho. *Bas.* A Herald ho, a Herald.
Alb. Trust 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 qualitie or degree, in the hoast of the
 army, will maintaine vpon *Edmund* supposed Earle of *Gloster*,
 that he's a manifold traitour, let him appeare at the third sound
 of the trumpet, he is bold in his defence.
Bas. Sound? *Againe?*
Enter Edgar at the third sound, a trumpet before him.
Alb. Aske him his purposes why he appeares
 Vpon this call oth' trumpet.
Her. What are you? your name and qualitie?
 And why you answere 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 *Edmund* Earle of
Bas. 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 extreamest 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,

As

THE HISTORIE OF KING LEAR.

Give it the Capaine?
Duke. Hast thee for thy life.
Bas. He hath Commission from thy wife and me,
 To hang *Cordelia* in the prison, and to lay
 The blame vpon her owne desperate,
 That she did her selfe.
Duke. The Gods defend her, beate him hence a while.
Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.
Lear. Howle, howle, howle, howle. O you are men of stones,
 Had I your tongues and eyes, I would vse them so,
 That heauens vault 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 glass,
 If that her breath will mist or staine the stone,
 Why then the liues.
Kent. Is this the promitt end.
Edg. O image of that horror.
Duke. Fall and cease.
Lear. This feacher this the liues, if it be so,
 It is a chance which do's redeme me all forwes
 That euer I haue felt.
Kent. A my good maister.
Edg. 'Tis noble *Kent* your friend.
Lear. Prethe away?
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 is't thou sayest, her voyce was euer lost,
 Gentle and low, an excellent thing in women,
 I kild the slauer that was a hanging thee.
Lear. 'Tis true my Lords, he did.
Cap. Did I not fellow? I haue scene the day,
 With my good bidding Fauchon I would
 Haue made them skipp, I am old now,
 And these same croffes spoye me, who are you?
 Mine eyes are not othe best, ile tell you straight.
Kent. If Fortune bragd of two she loued or hated,
 One of them we be hold.
Lear. Are not you *Kent*?
Kent. The same your seruant *Kent*, where is your seruant *Cordelia*?
Lear. Hees a good fellow, I can tell that,
 Heele strike and quickly too, hees dead and rotten.
Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.
Lear. Ile see that straight.

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Kent. That from your life of difference and decay,
 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 foes the cup of their de-
 seruings, O see, see.
Lear. And my poore foole is hangd, no, no life, why should a
 dog, a horse, a rat of life and thou no breath at all, O thou wilt
 come no more, neuer, neuer, neuer, pray you vndo this button,
 thanke you sir, O, o, o, o. *Edg.* He faints my Lord, my Lord.
Lear. Breake hart, I prethe breake. *Edgar.* Look vp my Lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghost, O let him passe,
 He hates him that would vpon the wracke,
 Of this tough world stretch him out longer.
Edg. O he is gone indeed.
Kent. The wonder is, he hath endured so long,
 He but vsurpt his life.
Duke. Beare them from hence, our present busines
 Is to generall woe, friends of my soule, you twaine
 Rule in this kingdome, and the goard state sustaine.
Kent. I haue a iourney sir, shortly to go,
 My maister cals, and I must not say no.
Duke. The waight of this sad time we must obey,
 Speake what we feele, not what we ought to say,
 The oldest haue borne most, we that are yong,
 Shall neuer see so much, nor liue so long.

FINIS.