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### **Editorial Statement and Permissions**

Shakespeare's King Lear (1608)

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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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stages of this project. For more Shakespeare in Sheets projects, see https://about.illinoisstate.edu/shakespeareinsheets/ [Blank]

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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 sullen 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 feruants playing vsually at the Gloabe on the Bancke-side.



LONDON,
Printed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be fold at his shop in Paule
Church-yard at the signe of the Pide Bull neere
St. Austini Gate. 1608

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The Gods to their protection take the maide, Friendship lives hence, and bamishment is here, Kent. Why fare thee well king, fince thus thou wile This shall not be reuokt. Thy bandhe truncke be found in our dominions, The moment is thy death, away, by Impirer Ypon our king dome, if on the tenth day following, And on the fift to turne thy hated backe To shield thee from diseases of the world, Our potency made good, take thy reward, Foure dayes we doe allot thee for prouifion, Which nor our nature nor our place can beare, To come betweene our fencence and our powre, Which we durft neuer yet; and with straied pride, Since thou half fought to make vs breake our vow, Lear. Heare me, on thy allegeance heare me. And the tee befrow vpon the foule difeate, Reuoke thy doome, or whilft I can vent clamour From my throat, ile tell theethou doft cuill. Kent, Doe, kill thy Phyficion, 'autha ut) Lear, Vallall, recreant, Kent. Now by Appollo King thou swearest thy Gods Lear Now by Appollo The true blanke of thine eye. Kent, See better Leav and let me ftill remaine, Lear, Out of my fight. Thy takty being the morine. Kent, My life I neuer held but as a pawne Lear. Kent on thy life no more. Renerbs no hollownes, Nor are those empty harred whose low found My indgement, thy yongest dangheer does not loue thee least, Checke this hideous rathnes, answere my life Reuerfethy doome, and in thy best consideration Shallhaue dread to speake, when Mover to sharteric bowes.

To plainnes honours bound when Maiefly stoops to folly, What wilt thou doe ould man, think It thou that dutie The Historic of King Lear.

The Historie of King Lear.

Thy dowreles daughter King throwne to the chance, Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire France:
Not all the Dukes in watrish Burgundie,
Shall buy this enprized precious maide of me,
Bid them farewell Cordetia, though enkind
Thou loosest here, a better where to find.
Lear. Thou hast her France, let her be thine,
For we have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers againe, therefore be gone, (Burgudy,
Without our grace, our love, our benizone come noble
Exit Lear and Burgundie.

France, Bid farewell to your sisters?

Fran, Bid farewell to your fifters?
Cord. The iewels of our father, (you are, With washt eyes Cordelia leaues you, I know you what And like a fifter 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,

You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the worth that you have wanted.

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

Well may you prosper.

Fran. Come faire Cordelin? Exit France & Cord.

Gonor. Sister, it is not a little I have to say,

Of what most neerely appertaines to vs both,

I thinke our father will hence to night.

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

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

Reg. Tis the infirmitie of his age, yet hee hath ever but sen-

Se Kest vamannerly when Lear is man, Though the forke inuade the region of my heart, Kent, Leciefall racher, Leav. The bow is bet & drawen make from the shafe, As my great patron thought on in my prayers. Loued as my Facher, as my maifter followed, Whom I have cuer honor'd as my King, Kens. Royall Lear, This Coronet part betwirt you. Beloned founes beyours, which to confirme, Makewith you by ducturnes, onely we ftill retaine The name and all the additions to a King, The fway, reuenue, execution of the reft, That troope with Maieftie, our felfe by monthly courfe
With referencion of an hundred knights,
By you to be fuffayn'd, fhall our abode I doe inuelt you ioinely in my powre, Preheminence, and all the large effects So hatter that anteer, hence and alcotte into nights

So be my grane my peace as hered gine

Her fathers heart from her, call France, who flirtes?

With my two daughters dower digelf this third,

Use pride, which she cals plainnes, marrie her:

Le pride, which she cals plainnes, marrie her: On her kind nurcery, hence and avoide my fight? Lear. Peace Kens, comenor between the Dragon & I lou'd her moft, and thought to fet my rest As thou my fometime daughter. Kent. Good my Liege. (his wrach, Messes to gorge his appente Shall bee as well reighbour d pirryed and reliened Or he that makes his generation Hould thee from this for ener, the barbarous Septhyan, Propinquitie and property of blood, And as a firanger to my heart and me Heere I disclaime all my paternall care, From whome we doe exfift and cease to be By all the operation of the orbs, The mistresse of Heccar, and the night, The Historic of King Leav.



# M. William Shak - speare

# HIS Historie, of King Lear.

Enter Kent, Glofter, and Baftard.

Kent.
Thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany then Cornwell.
Gloß. It did allwaies feeine fo to vs, but now in the

diuision of the kingdomes, it appeares not which of the Dukes he values most, for equalities are so weighed, that curiositie in neither, can make choise of eithers moycle.

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

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

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

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

Glost. But I haue fir a sonne by order of Law, some yeare elder then this, who yet is no deerer in my account, though this knaue came something sawcely into the world before hee was sent for, yet was his mother faire, there was good sport at his makeing. Eithe whoreson must be acknowledged, do you know

this noble gentleman Edmund?

B Ball.

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SUL
                                                                       For by the facred radience of the Sunne,
                              Lear, Well lee it be fo, thy truth then bethy dower,
                                                                                      Cord, So yong my Lord and true.
                                                                                            Lear, So yong and fo vntender,
                                                                            Loav. But goes this with thy heart?
                                                                Mary like my fifters, to loue my father all,
                  Happely when I shall wed, that Lord whose hand. Must eake my plight, shall eavy halfe my loue with him, Halsemy care and duty, sure I shall neuer. Many live my fare fabre and way fare the last man fabre solver my fare the last my fare my 
           Why have my fifters hulbands if they fay they lone you all,
                                                                    I returne those duties backe as are right fit,
                                                                               You have begor me, bred me, loued me,
                                                                                                    Leaft it may mar your fortunes,
                                             Lear, Goeto, goeto, mend your speech a little,
  mouth, I loue your Maiefue according to my bond, nor more nor
  Cord. Vnhappierhar I am, I cannot heaue my heart into my
                                                                                                             Then your fifters.
                                                    What can you tay to win a chird, more opulent
                                                                Although the last, not least in our deere loue,
                                              Then that confirm d on Generall, but now out toy,
                                                                            No leffe in space, validity, and pleasure,
                                                Remaine this ample third of our faire kingdome.
                      Myloche from Precious defence of lence polleilles, Myloch the molt precious descriptions of lence polleilles, And find I am alone felicitate, in your deere highnes loue, Myloues moreviche thempy tongue, Lear, To the each chine heredisarie ener
                                     That I professe felte an enemie to all other joyes,
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And prize me acher worth in my true heart, I find the names my very deed of lone, onely the came thour,

The Historic of King Lear.

Our decreth Regan, wife to Cornwell, speake.

Reg. Sir I am inade of the felfe same mettall that my filler is

Should in this trice of time commit a thing, So monfitous to difmantell formany foulds of fauous, Almost to acknowledge hers.

Fra, This is most thrange, that the, that even but now
Was your best object, the argument of your praise,
Balme of your age most best, most decrest, Then on a wretch whomenature is ashamed To auere your liking a more worthier way, To march you where I hare, therefore befeech you, I would not from your loue make fuch a firay, Lear. Then leaue her fir, for by the powre that made On fuch conditions. Burg. Pardonine royall fir, election makes nor vp Take her or leaue her, Couered with our curfe, and stranger'd with our oth, Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate, Lear. Sir will you with those infirmities she owes, Shees there, and the isyours. Seeming substace, or al of it with our displeasure peec'st, And nothing else may fiely like your grace, Sir there the flands, if ought within that little We did hold her to, but now her prife is fallen, Dowerwith her, or ceste your quest of loue?

Burg. Royall maiesty, I craue on more then what
Your highnes offered, nor will you tender lessee (vs

Lear. Right noble Burgandie, when the was deere to What in the least will you require in prefent Who with a King hath rinald for our daughter, Gloft. Heers France and Burgundie my noble Lord. Lear. My L. of Burgudie, we first addres towards you. Heeleshape his old course in a countrie new. That good effects may spring from wordes of lone: Thus Kom O Princes, bids you all adew, And your large speeches may your deedes approue, That rightly thinks, and haft moft infly faid, The Historic of King Lear.

# The Hijtorie of King Lear.

Bast. No my Lord. Gloft. My Lord of Kent, remember him hereafter as my honorable friend.. Bast. My services to your Lordship. Kent. I must loue you, and sue to know you better. Baft. Sir I shall study deserving. Glost. Hee hath beene out nine yeares, and away hee shall againe, the King is comming. Sounda Sennet, Enter one bearing a Coronet, then Lear, then the Dukes of Albany, and Cornwell, next Gonorill, Regan, Cor. delia, with followers. Lear. Attend my Lords of France and Burgundy, Glofter. Gloft. Ishall my Leige. Lear. Meane time we will expresse our darker purposes, The map there; know we have divided In three, our kingdome; and tis our first intent, To shake all cares and busines of our state, Confirming them on yonger yeares, The two great Princes France and Burgundy, Great ryuals in our youngest daughters loue, Long in our Court have made their amorous foiourne, And here are to be answerd, tell me my daughters, Which of you shall we fay doth love vs most, That we our largest bountie may extend, Where merit doth most challenge it, Gonorill our cldeft borne, speake first? Gon. Sir I do loue you more then words can weild the Dearer then eye-fight, space or libertie, (matter, Beyond what can be valued rich or rare, No lesse then life; with grace, health, beautie, honour, As much a child ere loued, or father friend, A loue that makes breath poore, and speech vnable, Beyondall manner of so much I loue you. Cor. What shall Cordeled doe, love and be filent. Lear. Of althese bounds, even from this line to this, With shady forrests, and wide skirted meades, We make thee Lady, to thine and Albainer iffice Be this perpetuall, what faies our fecond daughter?

The Historie of King Lear. Sure her offence must be of such vnnaturall degree, Thatmonsters it, or you for voucht affections Falne into taint, which to beleeue ofher Must be a faith that reason without miracle Could neuer plant in me. Cord. I yet befeech your Maiestie, If for I want that glib and oyly Art, To speake and purpose not, since what I well entend He do't before I speake, that you may know It is no vicious blot, murder or foulnes, No vncleane action or dishonord step That hath depriu'd me of your grace and fauour, But even for want of that, for which I am rich, Astill soliciting eye, and such a tongue As I am glad I have not, though not to have it, Hath lost me in your liking.

Leir. Goe to, goe to, better thou hadst not bin borne, Then not to have pleas'd me better Fran. Is it no more but this, attardines in nature, That often leaves the hiftorie vnspoke that it intends to My Lord of Burgundie, what fay you to the Lady? (do, Loue is not loue when it is mingled with respects that Aloofe from the intire point wil you have her? (stads She is her felfe and dowre, Burg. Royall Leir, giue but that portion Which your felfe proposed, and here I take Cordelia By the hand, Dutches of Burgundie, Leir. Nothing, I have fworne. Burg. I am fory then you have so lost a father, That you must loofe a husband. Cord. Peace be with Burgundie, fince that respects Offortune are his loue, I shall not be his wife. Fran. Fairest Cordelia that art most rich being poore, Most choise forsaken, and most loued despise, Thee and thy vertues here I ceaze vpon, Beit lawfull I take vp whats cast away, Gods, Gods! tis ftrage, that from their co ldft neglect,

My loue should kindle to inflam'd respect,

[B4]

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Kont, If but as well I other accents borrow, that can my speech
thinght to my fifter to hould my very courte, goe prepare for
from hence occafions, and I shall, that I may speake, ile write
growes of it no matter, aduile your fellowes fo. I would breed
gom. And let his Knights have colder looks among you, what
                                          Gent, Very well Madam.
                    they are seene abused, remember what I tell you.
auchorities that hee hath giuen away, now by my life old fooles are babes again, & must be vs'd with checkes as flatteries, when
not to be ouer tule, idle old man that full would manage those
hinte our fifter, whose mind and mine I know in that are one,
Gow, Pur on what wearie negligence you pleafe, you and your fellow feruants, I de haue it come in question, if he dislike it, let
                       Gent, Hee's coming Madam, I heare him.
                       You shall doe well, the fault of it ile answere.
                              If you come flacke of former feruices,
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I will not speake with him, say I am ficke, On every trifell when he returnes from hunting, His Knights grow tyotous, and him felfe obrayds vs. That fees vs all at ods, ile not indure it, Euery houre he flashes into one groffe crime or other Gon. By day and nighthe wrongs me,

Gent. Yes Madam.

Gon. Did my Eather strike my gentleman for chiding of his

Enter Conorell and Gentleman All withme's meete, that I can falhion fit. Let me if not by birth, have lands by wit, My practifes ride eafie, I fee the bufines, That he fuspects none, on whole foolish honety Whose nature is so farre from doing harmes,

A credulous Farher, and a brother noble, 846. Shall I heare from you anon? Exit Edgar ly, nothing like the image and horror of it, pray you away !

wards you, I have told you what I have feene & heard, but faint-The Hiltoric of King Leav.

LUC DISSOTTE OF AIRS LEAT.

Foole. Let me hire him too, heer's my coxcombe. Lear. How now my prety knaue, how do'ft thou? Foole. Sirra, you were best take my coxcombe.

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

Lear. Why my boy?

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

Lear. Take heede firra, the whip.

Foole. Truth is a dog that must to kenell, hee must bee whips out, when Ladie oth'e brach may stand by the fire and stincke. Lear. A pestilent gull to mee.

Foole. Sirraile teach thee a speech. Lear. Doe. Foole. Marke it vncle, have more then thou shewest, speake lesse then thou knowest, lend lesse then thou owest, ride more then thou goest, learne more then thou trowest, set lesse then thou throwest, leave thy drinke and thy whore, and keepe in a doore, and thou shalt have more, then two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing foole.

Foole. Then like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, you gaue menothing fort, can you make no vie of nothing vncle?

Lear. Why no boy, nothing can be made out of nothing Foole. Preethe tell him fo much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleeue a foole.

Lear. A bitter foole.

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

Lear. No lad, teach mee.

Foole. That Lord that counfail'd thee to give away thy land, Come place him hecre by mee, doe thou for him stand, The sweet and bitter soole will presently appeare, The one in motley here, the other found out there. Lear. Do'ftthou call mee foole boy?

Foole.

arm'd, I am no honeft man if there bee any good meaning to-Edg. Some villaine hath done me wrong. would scarce allay. Rant to rageth in him, that with the mischiefe of your parson it him, and atmy intreatie, forbeare his prefence, till fome little time hath qualified the heat of his displeature, which arthis in-Baft. Bethinke your felfe wherein you may have offended in him by word or countenance? Baft. Parced you in good rearmes? found you no displeasure Two houres together, Edg. Why, the night gon by. Edg. How long haue you beene a feetary Aftronomicall? dearth, disfolutions of ancient amities, distilions in flate, menaces and maledictions against King and nobles, needles diffidences, banishment of frieds, disfipation of Cohorts, nuprial breaches, and I know not what. Took I sanchinking brother of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these Eclipses.

E.d. Doe you buse your testes about that?

B.d. I promise you the effects he writ of, succeed vnhappily, as of yunasuralness because the child and the parent, death, Edgar, How now brother Edmand, what ferious contemplations in a previous in the second interference of prenonunance, Drunneares, Dyars, and Adultereers by an enfolite obedience of planneary influence, and all that wee are cuilling by a dinine thrulting on, an admirable enalton of whoremafter man, to lay his gottih difpolition to the charge of Starres: my Fatcher compounded with my Mother vnder the Drasgons taile, and my naturitie was vnder Vyla maior, for that it followes, I am rough and lecherous, Furth I thould have beene that I am, had the maidenless flatte of the Firmament twinckled on my bashardy medany and on thee comes like the Catalitrophe of the Od Commentary, mine is will and one hee comes like the Catalitrophe of the Od Commentary, mine is will an one melancholy, with a fith like them of predominance, Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an enforth

The Historie of King Lear.

# The Historie of King Lear.

derly knowne himselfe.

Gono. The best and foundest of his time hath bin but rash, then must we looke to receive from his age not alone the imperfection of long ingrafted condition, but therwithal vnruly waywardnes, that infirme and cholericke yeares bring with them. Rag. Such vnconstant starts are we like to haue from him, as

this of Kents banishment.

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

Ragan. We shall further thinke on't.
Gon. We must doe something, and it'h heate. Enter Bastard Solus.

Baff. Thou Nature art my Goddesse, to thy law my services are bound, wherefore should I stand in the plague of custome, and permit the curiofitic of nations to deprine me, for that I am fometwelue or 14, mooneshines lag of a brother, why baltard? wherfore base when my dementions are as well compact, my mind as generous, and my shape as true as honest madams iffue, why brand they vs with base, base bastardie ? who in the lusty stealth of nature, take more composition and feirce quality, then doth within a stale dull lyed bed, goe to the creating of a whole tribe of fops got tweene a sleepe and wake; well the legitimate Edgar, I must have your land, our Fathers loue is to the bastard Edmund, as to the legitimate, well my legitimate, if this letter speede, and my invention thrive, Edmund the base shall tooth'legitimate: I grow, I prosper, now Gods stand vp for Bastards.

Buter Glofter. Gloft. Kent banisht thus, and France in choller parted, and the King gone to night, subscribd his power, confined to exhibition, all this donne upon the gadde; Edmund how now

Bast. So please your Lordship, none.

Gleft. Why fo earneftly feeke you to put vp that letter?

Baft. I know no newes my Lord.

Gloft. What paper were you reading? Baft. Nothing my Lord,

Gloft.

ly compultion, Knaues, Theenes, and Trecherers by spirituall bredomina. Statres, asif we were Villaines by necessitie, Fooles by heauenwe make guiltie of our difnifers, the Sunne, the Moone, and the Bolt. This is the excellent toppery of the world, that when wente ficke in Fortune, often the furfeit of our owne behaviour, ted Kem banithe, his offence honeit, firange frange!

betweene fonne and father; find out this villaine Edmund, it shall loose thee nothing, doe it carefully, and the noble and true harand thus, yet nature finds it felfe frourg'd by the fequenc effects, and thus, yet nature finds it felfe frourg'd by the fequence mutalities friendling fals off, brothers diuide, in Circies mutalines in Countries differeds, Pallaces treaslon, the bond cracket timies, in Countries differeds, Pallaces treaslon, the bond cracket Glof. These late eclipses in the Sunne and Moone portend no good to vs, though the wifedome of nature can reason thus

thall fee meanes, and acquaint you withall. valiate my felfe to be in a due refolution.

Baft. I shall seeke him fir presently, conney the businesse as I

pray you trame your bufines after your own wifedome, I would

heaven and earth! Eamund seeke him out, wind mee into him, I Bost. To his father, that so tenderly and intirely loues him,

this very eneming.

Gloss. He cannot be fuch a monfter.

have your fariffaction, and that without any further delay then

you fiall heare vs conferre of this, and by an aurigular affurance B.f. Ifyour honour judge it meete, I will place you where Gloft. Thinke you fo?

to your honour, and to no further pretence of danger. downemy life for him, he harh wrote this to feele my affection faking his purpole, it would make a great gap in your owne honour, & shake in peeces the heart of his obediece, I dare pawn from him better telbimony of this intent: you should run a cer-taine course, whereif you violently proceed against him, misupend your indignation against my brother, al you can derine Baft. I doe not wellknow my Lord, if it shall please you to

bruilh, go fir feeke him, I apprehend him, abhominable villaine Glof. O villaine, villaine, his very opinion in the letter, ab-horred villaine, vnnaturall detested brutish villaine, worfe then

The Historie of King Lear.

# The Historie of King Lear.

Gloss. No, what needes then that terribe dispatch of it into your pocket, the qualitie of nothing hath not fuch need to hide it selfe, lets see, come if it bee nothing I shall not neede specta-

Ba. I befeech you Sir pardon me, it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all ore read, for so much as I have perused, I find it

not fit for your liking.

Gloss. Give me the letter sir.

Bass. I shall offend either to detaine or give it, the contents as in part I vaderstand them, are too blame.

Gloft, Lets see, lets see?

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

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

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

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

Gloft. You know the Caractar to be your brothers? Baft. If the matter were good, my Lord I durst sweare it were his but in respect of that I would faine thinke it were not,

Glost. It is his? Bast. It is his hand my Lord, but I hopehis heart is not in

the contents.

Gloft. Hath he neuer heretofore souded you in this busines? Baft. Neuer my Lord, but I have often heard him maintaine it to be fit, that fons at perfit age, & fathers declining, his father should be as ward to the sonne, and the sonne mannage the res

Summer So please you,

Enter Steward.

ther, you fire, where my daughter? ner, wher's my knaue, my foole, goe you and call my foole heworle after dinner, I will not part from thee yet, dinner, ho din-Lear. Follow mee, thou shale service mee, if I like thee no

dote on her for any thing, I have yeares on my backe force Kent. Not fo yong to loue a woman for finging, nor fo old to

Lear, Howold are thou? of me, is diligence.

which ordinarie men are fic for, I am qualified in, and the beft tale in celling it, and deliuer a plaine message bluntly, that Kent. I can keepe honest counsaile, ride, run, mar a curious

Kent. Seruice. Lear. Who would's thou serue?

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

I would faine call Maister.

Lear. What there we kent, Authoritie.

Lear. What strat? Kent, Authoritie.

poore enough, what would'st thou?

Lear. Ifthou beas poore for a subject, as he is for a King, that't Kent. A very honest harred sellow, and as poore as the king.

to fight when I cannot chuse, and to eate no fishe. nerie with him that is wife, and fayes little, to feare indgement, eruly that will pur me in trult, to loue him that is honell, to con-

Kent. I doe professe to be no selle? What would steine, to serue him Kent. A man Sir.

now, what arrehou?

Lear. Let me not flay a iot for dinner, goe get it readie, how Enter Lear.

louest shall find the full of labour. ternewhere thou doft frand condem'd, thy mailter whom thou fue for which I raz'd my likenes, now banisht Kent, if thou canst defule, my good intenemay carry through it felle to that full if.

The Historic of King Leav.

The Historic of King Lear .

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

Kent. He say's my Lord, your daughter is not well. Lear. Why came not the flaue backe to mee when I cal'd

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

fernant. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my judgemet, your highnes is not etertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont, ther's a great abatement, apeer's as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also, and your daughter. Lear. Ha, fay'ft thou fo ?

forment. I befeech you pardon mee my Lord, if I bemistaken, for my dutie cannot bee filent, when I thinke your highnesse

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine owne conception, I haue perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine owne iclous curiofitie, then as a ver purport of vokindnesse, I will looke further into't, but wher's this foole? I have not feene him this two dayes.

fernant. Since my yong Ladies going into France fir, the foole hath much pined away. Lear. Nomore of that, I have noted it, goe you and tell my

daughter, I would speake with her, goe you cal hither my foole, O you fir, you fir, come you hither, who am I fir? Steward, My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies father, my Lords knaue, you horefon dog, youssaue, you cur. Stew. Iam none of this my Lord, I befeech you pardon me.

Lear. Doe you bandie lookes with me you rascall? Stew. He not be struck my Lord,

Kent. Nortript neither, you base football player. Lear. I thanke thee fellow, thou feru It me, and ile loue thee. Kent. Come sir ile teach you differences, away, away, if you will measure your lubbers, length againetarry, but away,

you have wisedome. Lear. Now friendly knaue I thanke thee, their's earnest of Enter Foole.

[C4]

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          Shall nor be a maide long, except things be cut shorter.
 Exit
  Foole. Shee that is maide now, and laughs at my departure,
          Lear. Comeboy.
                               Seruant, Readiemy Lord.
 keepe me in temper, I would not be mad, are the horses readic?
 Lear, O let me not be mad fweet heauen!! would not be mad,
Foole. Thou shouldst not have beene old, before thou hadst
                                          Lear. Hows that?
                                     being old before thy time.
 Fool. If thou were my foole Munckle, id'chaucthee beate for
       Foste. Yes thou would make a good foole.
                           Leav. Becaule they are not eight.
          feuen flarres are no more then feuen, is a prettie reason.
Foole. Thy Affes are gone about them, the reason why the
Lear. I will forgermy mature, so kind a father; bemy horses
                   daughter, and leaue his hornes without a cafe.
Foole. Why, to put his head in, not to giue it away to his
                                               Lear. Why?
  Foole. Nor I neither, but I can tell why a fnayle has a house.
 Foole. Canstrell how an Oyster makes his shell. Lear. No.
                                     Lear. I did her wrong.
                       a man cannot finell out, a may spic into.
Foole. Why, to keep his eyes on either fide's note, that what
                                                  Lear. No.
   canft not tell why ones nofe stande in the middle of his face?
Fools. Sheel taff as like this, as a crab doth to a crab, thou
                   Lear, Why what canst thou tell my boy?
though thees as like this, as a crab is like an apple, yet I con, what
Foole. Shalt see thy other daughter will vie thee kindly, for
                                            Lear. Hahaha,
Fook, Then I prethe be mery, thy wit shal nere goeslipshod.
                               Lear. I boy.
Foole. If a mans braines where in his heeles, were not in dan-
Kent. I will not fleepe my Lord, till I hane deliuered your
                  The Hist vie of King Leav.
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purfue the offender, how dost my Lord? Gloft. Madam my old heart is crackt, is crackt. Reg. What, did my fathers godfon feeke your life! he whom my father named your Edgar?

Glost. I Ladie, Ladie, shame would have it hid. Reg. Was he not companion with the ryotous knights, that tends upon my father? Gloft. I know not Madam, tis too bad, too bad. Bast. Yes Madam, he was. Reg. No maruaile then though he were ill affected, Tis they have put him on the old mans death, To have thefe-and wast of this his revenues: I have this present evening from my fister, Beene well inform'd of them, and with such cautions, That if they come to foiourne at my house, ile not be there. Duke. Nor I, affure thee Regan; Edmund, I heard that you haue shewen your father a child-like office. Raft. Twas my dutie Sir. Gloft. He did betray his practife, and received This hurt you see, striuing to apprehend him.

\*Duke. Is he pursued? Giost. Imy good Lord. Dake. If he be taken, he shall never 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 felfe, you shall bee ours, natures of such deepe trust, wee shall much need you, we first seaze on. Baft. I shall serve you truly, how ever else. Gloft. For him I thanke your grace. Duke. You know not why we came to visit you? Regan, Thus out of feafon, threatning darke ey'd night, Ocasions noble Gloffer of some prife, Wherein we must have vie of your aduise, Our Father he hath writ, fo hath our fifter, Of desences, which I best thought it sit, To answer from our hand, the scuerall messengers From hence attend dispatch, our good old friend, Lay comforts to your bosome, & bestow your needfull councell To our bufines, which craues the instant vse. (Excust, Gloft. from her demand out of the letter, if your diligence benot speemy daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes Lear. Goeyou before to Gloffer with these letters, acquaint Euter Lear. Gon. Nay then, Dake. Well, well, the euent, SXCHAS to better ought, we marre whats well, Date. How farre your eyes may pearce I cannot tell, striuing though I difficence, yet vnder pardon y' are much more alape want of wifedome, then praife for harmfull mildnes, recurrie now my Lord, this mildie gentlenes and course of yours your owne, as may compact it more, get you gon, and after your her full of my particular feares, and thereto add fuch reasons of Gon. Take you fome company, and away to horfe, informe Ofw. Yes Madam. Gon. What Ofwald, ho. Ofwald. Here Madam, Gon. What Newly, ho. Of wald. Detter to my fifter? followes after. fure to the flaughter, if my cap would buy a halter, so the soole with a fox when one has caught her, and fuch a daughter thould Foole. NunckleLear, Nunckle Lear, tary and take the foole gon, Come sir no more, you, more knaue then foole, after Dules. I cannot bee so partial Gonorill to the great loue I Gov. Docyou marke that my Lord? off for ener, thou thale I warrant thee. find that ile refume the shape, which thou dost thinke I have cast thee, with her nailes thee! Hea thy woluish visage, thou shalt I am surc'is leind and comsortable, when shee shall heare this of per clay, yea, i'll come to this? yet haue I left a daughter, whom fence about the old fond eyes, beweepethis caule againe, ile pluck you out & you cast with the waters that you make to temvon the vinender woundings of a fatherscurffe, perule cuery breake from me perforce, should make the worst blass and fogs power to thake my manhood thus, that these hor teares that Lear. He tell thee, life and death! I am afham'd that thou haft Dube. What is the matter fir?

die, I shall bethere before you.

Kent.

The Historic of King Lear.

The mistorie of Ming Lear.

Foole. All thy other Titles thou hast given away, that thou

wast borne with.

Kent. This is not altogether foole my Lord.

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

Lear. What two crownes shall they be?

Foole. Why, after I have cut the egge in the middle and eate up the meate, the two crownes of the egge, when thou clouest thy crowne it'h middle, and gauest away both parts, thou borest thy assembly aske or ethe durt, thou had'st little with thy bald crowne, when thou gauest thy golden one away, if I speake like my selfe in this, let him be whipt that first finds it so.

Fooles had nere lesse wit in a yeare, Forwisemen are growne soppish, 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 have vs'd it nuncle, ever since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mother, for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st downe thine own breeches, then they for sudden ioy did weep, and I for sorrow sung, that such a King should play bo-peepe, and goe the sooles among: prethe Nunckle keepe a schoolemas sterthat can teach thy soole to lye, I would faine learne lye.

Lear. And you lye, weele have you whipt.

Foole. I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l have me whipt for speaking true, thou wilt have 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 theen uncle, thou hast pared thy wira both sides, & left nothing in the middle, here comes one of the parings.

Enter Generill.

Lear. How now daughter, what makes that Frontlet on,

Methinks you are too much alateit'h frowne.

Foole. Thou wast a prettie fellow when thou had fino need to care for her frowne, thou, thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a soole, thou art nothing, yes for-

D

difpolition hause that scope that dottage gines it.
Lear. What, fistic of my followers at a clap, within a fortnights Gon. Neuer afflich your selfeto know the cause, bue let his

thinkleffe child, goe, goe, my people?

Dake, Now Godsthat we adore, whereof comes this!

the may feele, how Tharper then a ferpents tooth it is, to haue a and benefits to laughter and contempt, that thee may feele, that teares, free channels in her cheeks, turne all her mothers paines her, leen Rampe winneldes in her brow of youth, with accent spleene, charte may hue and bee a choure distuetur'd torment to the organs of increase, and from her derogate body neuer spring a babe to honour her, if thee must receme, create her childe of defle, suspend thy purpose, if thou did'st intend to make this creature fruitful into her wombe, conney sterility, drie vp in hir Duty, My Lord, I am gildes as I am ignoranc.

out, goe goe, my people? beat at this gate that let thy folly in, and thy deere indgement drew from my heart all loue and added to the gall, O Lear. Lear! like an engine wrencht my frame of nature from the fixt place, most small fault, how vgly did'st thou in Cordelia shewe, that in the most exact regard, support the worthips of their name, O choice and rareft parts, that all particulars of dutie knowe, and the Sea-monffer, derested kire, thou list my traine, and men of ted fiend, more hideous when thou shewest thee in a child, then will that wee prepare any horfes, ingradinde thou marble har-

feruants of their betters,

Leav, We that too late repent's, O fiv, are you comests it your Gon. You frike my people, and your disordred rabble, make

together, degenerate baltard, ile nor trouble thee, yet haue I left Lear. Darkenes, and Deuils! faddle my horfes, call my traine

your age, that know themselues and you. thing thee begs, a little to difquantitie your traine, and the remainder that thall full depend, to bee fuch men as may befort for inflanc remedie, be thou defired by her, that effe will take the like ariotous Inne, epicurifine, and luft make more like a tauerne or brothell, then a great pallace, the finame it felts doth speake

The Historic of King Lear.

I DE MISTOTION AND LEAF .

footh I will hould my tongue, so your face bids mee, though you fay nothing

Mum, mum, he that keepes neither crust nor crum, Wearie of all, thall want fome. That's a theald pefcod.

Gon. Not onely firthis, your all-licenc'd foole, but other of your infolent retinue do hourely carpe and quarrell, breaking forth in ranke & (not to be indured riots,) Sir I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you, to have found a fafe redres, but now grow fearefull by what your selfe too late have 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 wholsome weale, might in their working doe you that offence, that else were shame, that then necessitie must call discreet proceedings.

Foole. For you trow nuncle, the hedge sparrow fed the Coo.

kow so long, that it had it head bit off beit young, so out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come fir. I would you would make vie of that good wisedome whereof I know you are fraught, and put away these dispositions, that of late transforme you from what you rightly

Foole. May not an Asse know when the cart drawes the horse,

whoop Ing I loue thee.

Lear. Doth any here know mee? why this is not Lear, doth Lear walke thus? speake thus? where are his eyes, either his notion, weaknes, or his discernings are lethergie, sleeping or wakeing; ha! fure tis not fo, who is it that can tell me who I am I Lears fhadow? I would learne that, for by the markes of foueraintie, knowledge, and reason, I should bee false perswaded I had

Foole. Which they, will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name faire gentlewoman?

90%. Come fir, this admiration is much of the fauour of other your new prankes, I doe befeech you understand my purposes aright, as you are old and reverend, should be wife, here do you keepea 100. Knights and Squires, men so disordred, so deboyst and bold, that this our court infected with their manners, showes Bolt. Gloft, Where is the villaine Edmund? ous Miffris. Gooke fir, I bleed. Cloft. But where is he? 38.4. Here flood he in the darke, his sharpe sword out, warb-ting of wicked charms, conjuring the Moone to stand's auspici-Hop, Hop, no, helpe! Emmed where is the villaine! Entor Gloff. haue seene drunckards doe more then this in sport, father, sather, on mee would beget opinion of my more fierce indeuour, I you well, yeeld, come before my father, light here, here, file brother flie, rorches, torches, fo farwell; some bloud drawne Bast. I heare my farher coming, pardon me in crauing, I must draw my flword vpon you, feeme to defend your felfe, now quit Edg. Lamfurcon enotaword. gen with him, have you nothing faid vpon his partie against the of the night, hancyou not spoken gainft the Duke of Cornnal ought, hee's coming hether now in the night, it'h hast, and Reis ginen where you are hid, you have now the good aduantage Eagr. You may chen in time, fare you well fir.

Curan. You may chen in time, fare you well fir.

Bagh. The Duke be here to night! the better beft, this weaues
my brother, and I have one thing of a queste question, which
mult aske breefnes and fortune helpe; brother, a word, discend
hoother I say, my father watches, O Hie this place, intelligence
brother I say, my father watches, O hie this place, intelligence Baft. Noraword. the two Dukes of Cornwall and Albany? Curan. Haue you heard of no likely warres towards, twixt gunents, Rot, I pray you what arethey ! Curan. May, I know not, you have heard of the newes abroad, I meane the while perd ones, for there are yet but care-buffing ar-Ball. How comes that ! here with him to night. Curan. And you Sir, I have beene with your father, and guen him norice, that the Duke of Cornwall and his Durches will bee

Baft. Sauc thee Curan. Enter Ball. and Curan meeting. The Historie of King Lear.

Bast, Fled this way fir, when by no meanes he could--Gloss. Pursue him, go after, by no meanes, what? Baff. Perswade me to the murder of your Lordship, but that

I told him the reuengiue 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, feeing how loathly opposite I stood, to his vnnaturall purpose, with fell motion with his prepared fword, hee charges home my vnprouided body, lancht mine arme, but when he faw my best alarumd spirits, bould in the quarrels, rights, rould to the encounter, or whether gasted by the noyse I made, but sodainly he fled.

gloft. Let him flie farre not in this land shall hee remaine vncaught 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 deserve our thankes, bringing the murderous caytife to the stake, hee that conceals

him, death.

Baft. When I dissiwaded him from his intent, and found him pight to doe it, with curst speech I threatned to discouer him, he replyed, thou vnposlessing Bastard, dost thou thinke, if I would fland against thee, could the reposure of any trust, vertue, or worth in thee make thy words fayth'dino. what I should denie, as this I would, I, though thou didft produce my very character, id'eturneit all to thy suggestion. plot, and damned pretence, and thou must make a dullard of the world, if they not thought the profits of my death, were very pregnant and potentiall spurres to make thee seeke it.

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

Enter the Duke of Cornwall. Corn. How now my noble friend, fince I came hether, which I can call but now, I have heard strange newes.

Reg. If it betrue, all vengeance comes too short which can [D4]

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And not send backemy mellenger. (pence, Lear. Tis strange that they should so depart from Enter King. That's fomething yet, Edgar I nothing am, Enforce their charitie, poore Turinged, poore Tom, Sometime with lunaricke bans, fornetime with prayers Poore peling villages, theep-coates, and milles, And with this horrible obiect from low feruice, Pins, wodden prickes, nayles, sprigs of rosemary, Zeige in their mund, dand moreified bare armes Of Bedlambeggers, who with roring voyces, The Countrie gines me proofe and president The wind, and perfecution of the skie, yng Mith presented nakednes outface, Blanker my loynes, elfe all my haire with knots, Brought neare to beath, my face ile grime with filth, That euer penury in concempt of man, To take the basest and most poorest shape, Dost not accord my taking while I may scape, I will preserue my selfe, and am bethought That guard, and most vnufuall vigilence Escape the hune, no Pore is free, no place And by the happie hollow of a tree

To the warme Sunne.
Approach thou be acon to this vnder gloabe,
That by thy comfortable beames I may
Perufe this letter, nothing almost fees my wracke
But miserie, I know its from Covaela,
VVho hath most fortunately bin informed
Of my observed course, and shall find time
From this enormy ous flate, seeking to gine
From this enormy ous flate, seeking to gine
Take vantage heanie eyes not to behold
Take vantage heanie eyes not to behold
This shamefull lodging, Fortune goodnight,
Smile, once more turnethy wheele,
Smile, once more turnethy wheele,

Edg. I heare my felfe proclaim d,

The Hilloric of King Lear.

# The Hillerte of King Lear.

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

Gloft. Imy good Lord. Lear. The King would speak with Cornewal, the deare father Would with his daughter ip eake, commands her feruice, Fierie Duke, tell the hot Duke that Lear, No but not yet may be he is not well, Infirmitie doth still neglect all office, where to our health Is boud, we are not our selves, when nature being oprest Comand the mind to suffer with the bodie ile forbeare, And am fallen out with my more hedier will, To take the indispos'd and sickly fit, for the found man, Death on my state, wherfore should be fit here? This act perswades me, that this remotion of the Duke Is practife, only give me my feruant forth, Tell the Duke and's wife, Ile speake with them Now prefently, bid them come forth and heare me, Or at their chamber doore il Till it cry sleepe to death.

Gloft. I would have all well betwixt you.

Lear. O my heart, my heart.

Fooie. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cokney did to the celes, when the put vm it h pâttaliue, the rapt vm ath coxcombs with a ftick, and cryed downe wantons downe, twas her brother, that in pure kindnes to his horse buttered his hay.

Enter Duke and Regan.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Duke, Hayleto your Grace.

Reg. I am glad to see your highnes.

Lear. Regan I thinke you are, I know what reason I haue to thinke so, if thou shouldst not be glad, I would diuorse me from thy mothers tombe

Sepulchring an adultresse, yea are you free?

Some other time for that. Beloued Regan,

Thy fister is naught, oh Regan she hash tyed,

Sharpe tooth'd vakindnes, like a vulture heare,
I can scarce speake to thee, thour not beleeue,

Of how deprived a qualitie, O Regan.

Thou out of heauens benediction comett Kent, Good King that mult approue the comon law, Gloft. The Dukes to blame in this, twill be ill tooke. Giue you good morrow A good mans fortune may grow out at neeles, Sometime I that sleepe ont, the restise whistle, (hard, Will not berubd nor flopt, ile intreat for thee,
Kent. Pray you doe not fir, I haue watcht and trausild VVhose disposition all the world well knowes Goft. I am fory for thee friend, its the Dukes pleasure, Come my good Lord away ? For following her affaires, put in his legges, To haue her Gentlemen abus'd, affalted Reg. My fifter may receive it much more worle, Dake. He aniwer that, In his medenger, thould have him thus rettramed. The hing must take it ill, that hee's to slightly valued And most common trespasses are punishr with, Is fuch, as baleft and remneft wrecches for pilitings VVill check him fort, your purpolt low correction His fault is much, and the good King his maifter Gloff. Let me befeech your Grace not to doe lo, Our fifter speake of, come bring away the stockes? Reg. Sir being his knaue, I will. Dake. This is a fellow of the felfe fame nature, not víc me fo. Kent. Why Madain, if I were your fathers dogge, you could Reg. Till noone, till night my Lord, and all tright too. There shall he sie till noone. Duke. Fetch forth the flockes? as I have life and honour, Stopping his mellenger. Againly the Grace and perion of my mailter, You should doe small respect, shew too bold malice I serue the King, on whose imployments I was sent to you, Kent. I am too old to learne, call not your flockes for me, Weele teach you. You flubburne mifereant knaue, you renerent bragart, Dule. Bring forth the ftockes ho? The Historic of King Lear.

The Historie of King Lear.

Gloft. I ferue you Madam, your Graces are right welcome.

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

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

Kent. It hmire. Stew. Prethee if thou loueme, tell me.
Kent. I loue thee not. Stew. Why then I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in Lipfburie pinfold, I would make thee
care for mee.

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

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Stew, What dost thou know me for ?

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

Stem. What a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to raile on one,

that's neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee.

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

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

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

Kent. Strike you'slaue, stand rogue, stand you neatessaue, trike? Stew. Helpe ho, murther, helpe.

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

Basi. How now, whats the matter?

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent.

Kent. No contraries hold more, anupachy,

The Historic of King Line.

# The Historie of King Lear.

Kent. With you goodman boy, and you please come, ile fleash you, come on yong maister.

Gloft. Weapons, armes, whats the matter here!

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

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

Dabe. Whats your difference, speake ! Stew. I am scarse in breath my Lord.

Kent. No maruaile you have so bestir'd your valour, you cowardly rascall, nature disclaimes in thee, a Tayler made thee. Duke. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man.

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

Glost. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Stem. This ancient ruffen fir, whose life I have spar'd at fute

Kent. Thou whorson Zedd, thou vnnecessarie letter, my Lord if you'l give mee leave, I will tread this vnboulted villaine into morrer, and daube the walles of a faques with him, spare my gray beard you wagtavle.

Duke. Peace fir, you beaftly Knaue you have no reverence. Kent. Yes fir, but anger has a priviledge.

Duke. Why are thou angry ?

Kent. That fuch a flaue as this should weare a sword, That weares no honefty, fuch smiling roges as these,

Like Rats oft bite those cordes in twaine,

Which are to intrench, to inloofe smooth every passion

That in the natures of their Lords rebell,

Bring oyle to stir, fnow to their colder-moods, Reneag, affirme, and turne their halcion beakes

With enery gale and varie of their maisters, (epeliptick

Knowing nought like dayes but following, a plague vpon your Visage, smoyle you my speeches, as I were a foole s

Goofe and I had you vpon Sarumplaine,

Id'e fend you cackling home to Camulet.,

Dukes What art thou mad old fellow! Gloft. How fell you out, say that!

SHIL

Your fonne and daughter tound this treipas Worth He raised the house with loud and coward cries, Hauing more manthen wit about medrews Display'd seaweily against your Highnes, Whole welcome I perceau'd had poyfon'd mine, Being the very fellow that of late Oftheir answere, gaue me cold lookes, And meeting here the other messer, Commanded me to follow, and attend the leafure They fummond up their men, thaight tooke horie, Which presently they read, on whose contents Delinered letters spice of intermition, From Goserill his muftris, salucations, My dutic kneeling, came therea recking Poff, Stewd in his half, halfe breathles, panting forth Ere I was rifen from the place that thewed I did commend your highnes letters to them, Coming from vs.
Kent. My Lord, when at their home Thou may'st deserue, or they purpose this viage, Refolueme with all modell half, which way To doe vpon respect such violent outrage, They would not, could not do't, its worfe then murder, Lear. No no, they would not. Kem, Yes they haue. Lear. No. Kent. Yes. Kent. It is both he and thee, your foune & daugter. Lear. Whats he, that hath so much thy place mistooke to set Then he weares wooden neatherflockes. Bych legges, when a mans ouer lufty at legs, Byt'h necke, munkies bit'h loynes, and men Horics are ndeby the heeles, dogges and beares Foole, Haha, looke he weares crewell garrers, Lear. How, mak's thou this shame thy passime? Kent, Hayle to thee noble maifter.

The Historic of King Lear.

No purpole of his remone.

The Historic of King Lear.

This shame which here it suffers.

Lear. O how this mother swels up toward my hart,

Historica passio downe thou climing forrow, Thy element's below, where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earle fir within, Lear. Follow me not, flay there?

Knight. Made you no more offecethen what you speake of?

Kent. No how chance the King comes with fo fmall a traine? Foole. And thou hadft beene fer in the stockes for that questi-

on, thou ha'dst well deserved 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 nofes, are led by their eyes, but blind men, and ther's not a nofe among a 100.but can smell him thats stincking, let goe thy hold when a great wheele runs downe a hill, least it breake thy necke with sollowing it, but the great one that goes vp the hill, let him draw thee after, when a wifeman gives thee better councell, give meemine

againe, I would have none but knaues followit, fince a foole giues ic. That Sir that ferues for gaine, And followes but for forme:

Will packe when it begin to raine, And leave thee in the forme. But I will tarie, the 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 Glofter.

Lear. Denie to speake with mee, th'are sicke, th'are They traueled hard to night, meare Iustice, I the Images of reuolt and flying off,

Fetch mee a better answere.

Gless. My deere Lord, you know the fierie qualitie of the Duke, how vnremoueable and fixt he is in his owne Course. Lear. Veng eance, death, plague, confusion, what sierie quality,

The Seriues in his little world of man to outscorne, Catch in their furie, and make nothing of, Which the impersous blafts with cyles rage That things might change or ceale, teares his white Or fwell the curled waters boue the maine Gent. Concending with the freefull element, Bids the wind blow the earth into the fea, Kent, I know you, where the King? Gent. One minded like the weather molt unquietly. Kent. Whats here befide foule weather? Enter Kent and a Gentleman at feueralt doores. My Reg countails well, come out at h florme. Duke. Shut vp your doores my Lord, tis a wild night, To hauchis care abuld, wifedome bids feare. And what they may incense him to, being apt, He is attended with a desperate traine, Must betheir schoolemasters, thur vpyour doores, The injuries that they themselues procure, Reg. O fir, to wilfull men Do forely ruffel, for many miles about ther's not a buth. Glo. Alack the night comes on and the bleak winds Gon. My Lord, increachim by no meanes to flay. Re. Tis good to giue him way, he leads himselfe. (ther. Glo, The King is in high rage, & wil I know not whe-Reg. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd. Dube. Soam I puspos d, where is my Lord of gloffer? Reg. For his particuler, ile receiue him gladly, But not one follower, And must needs talthis folly. Gon. Tis his own blame hach put himfelfe from reft, Cannot be well bestowed. Exempt Lear, Leifter, Kent, and Foole.

Dake. Let vs withdraw, twill bea florme.
Reg. This house sincle the old man and his people, Linguage of haue full cause of weeping,
No ile not weepe, I haue full cause of weeping,
No ile not weepe, O fooles hall goe mad,
Or ere ile weepe, O fooles hall goe mad, Thekerrors of the earth, you thinke ile weepe,

The Historic of King Lear.

Eutor Glo

The Historie of King Lear.

Things that love night, love 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 sire, Such bursts of horred thunder, such grones of Roaring winde, and rayne, I ne're remember To have heard, mans nature cannot cary The affliction, nor the sorce.

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

I am a man more find against their finning.

Kint, Alacke bare headed, gracious my Lord, hard by here is a houell, some friendship will it lend you gainst the tempest, repose you there, whilst I to this hard house, more hard then is the stone whereof tis rais'd, which even but now demaunding after me, denide me to come in, returne and force their scanted curtesse.

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 have one part of my heart
That sorrowes yet for thee.

Foole. Heethat 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 enery day.

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

Enter Gloster and the Bastard with lights.

Glost. Alacke alacke Edmund I like not this,

Vnnaturall

What they are yet I know nor, but they shalbe I will have fuch reuenges on you both, That all the world fliall, I will doe fuch things, Stayne my mans cheekes, no you vnmaeurall hags, O let not womens weapons, water drops To beare it lamely, touch mewith noble anger, Against their Father, fooleme not to much, If 1the you that firres these daughters hearts As full of greefe as age, wretched in both, You fee me here (you Gods) a poore old fellow, You heauens giue me that patience, patience I need, Which searcely keepes thee warme, but for true need, Why nature needes not, what thou gorgeous weareft If onely to goe warme were gorgeous, Mans life as cheape as bealts, thou are a Lady, Allow not nature more then nature needes. Are in the poorest thing superfluous, Lear. Oreason nor the deed, our basest beggers, Regan. What needes one? Hauea commannd to tend you. To follow in a houle, where twide to many What need you five and twentie, tenne, or the, Gon. Hearememy Lord, And thou are twice her loue. Thy fifty yet doth double flue and twentie, Stands in some ranke of prayse, Hegoe with thee, When others are more wicked, not being the world Lea. Those wicked creatures yet do seem webfauor d Reg. And speak's againemy Lord, no more with me With fine and twentie, Regan laid you lo ? With fuch a number, whar, must I come to you But kept a refernation to be followed Lear. Made you my guardians, my depolicaries, Reg. And in good time you gaue ic. Lear. I gane you all. Will giue place or notice, To bring but fue and twentie, to no more For now I spica danger, I mereat you,

The Historic of King Lear.

The Historic of King Lear.

Reg. I pray fir take patience, I have hope you lesse know how to value her desert, Then she to slacke her dutie.

Lear. My curses on her.

Reg. O Sir you are old,
Nature on you standes on the very verge of her conyou should be rul'd and led by some discretion,
That discernes your state better the you your selfe,
Therfore 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 amold,
Age is vnnecessarie, on my knees I beg,
That you'l vouchsafe me rayment, bed and food.
Reg. Good sir no more, these are vnsightly trice

Reg. Good fir no more, these are vnsightly tricks, Returne you to my sister.

Lear. No Regan,
She hath abated me of halfemy traine,
Looktblacke vpon me, strooke mee with her tongue
Most Serpentelike vpon the very heart, (top,
Allthestor'd vengeances of heauen fall on her ingratful
Strikeher yong bones, you taking ayrs with lamenes.
Dake. Fie sie sir.

You nimble lightnings darryour blinding flames, Into her fcornfull eyes, infe & her beautie, You Fen fuckt fogs, drawne by the powrefull Sunne, To fall and blaft her pride.

Reg. Othe bleft Gods, so will you wish on me, When the rash mood---

Lear. No Regan, thoushalt never have my curse,
Theteder hested nature shall not give the or'e (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,

.

Effects

We could controwle them, if you will come to me, hes. Why not my Lord ist then they chancit to stackeyou, From those that the cals sernants, or from mine? for. Why might not you my Lord receiue attendace Speakes gainft to great a number, how in a house Should many people vnder two commands Hold amytic, tis hatd, almost impossible. Yea or fo many, fith that both charge and danger Is it not well, what should you need of more, Reg. I dare anouch it fir, what fiftie followers, Lear. Is this well spoken now? But the knowes what thee does. Must be content to thinke you are old, and to, That mingle reason with your pathon, Giuceare fir to my filter, for those Nor am promded for your he welcome, Reg. Not altogether to fir, I looke not for you yet, I and my hundred Knighrs. I can be patient, I can Itay with Regan, Mend when thou canft, be better at thy leafure, Nor tell tailes of thee to high Iudging lone, I doe not bid the thunder bearer shoote, Let shame come when it will, I doe not callit, Corrupted bloud, but He not chide thee, A plague fore, an imboffed carbuncle in my Which I must needs call mine, thou art a bile, Or rather a disease that lies within my flesh. But yet thou art my felh, my bloud, my daughter, Wee'le no more meere, no more see one another. I will not mouble thee my child, farewell,

Lear, Now I prichee daughter do not makememad,

Perfwade me rather to be flaue and fumeer

To keepe bale life afoot, recurne with her,

To knee his throne, and Squire-like pension bag,

Tooke our yongest borne, I could as well be brought

To this detelled groome. Gon. Atyour choile fir.

Why the hot bloud in France, that dowerles The Historie of King Lear.

# The Historie of King Lear.

Effects of curtelie, dues of gratitude, Thy halfe of the kingdome, haft thou not forgot Wherein I thee indow'd. Reg. Good fir too th purpole. Lear. Who put my man i'th stockes ? Enter Steward. Duke. What trumpets that? Reg. I know't my fifters, this approues her letters, That she would soone be here, is your Lady come? Lear. This is a flaue, whose easie borrowed pride Dwels in the fickle grace of her a followes, Out varlot, from my fight, Duke. What meanes your Grace? Enter Gon. Gon. Who struck my servant, Regan I have good hope Thou didft not know ant. Lear. Who comes here? O heavens! If you doe love old men, if you sweet sway alow 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 have I offended? Als not offence that indifcretion finds, And dotage tearmes fo. Lear. O fides you are too tough, Will you yet hold? how came my man it'h stockes? Dake. I fet him there fir, but his owne disorders Deseru'd much lesse aduancement, Lear. You, did you? Reg. I pray you father being weake feeme fo, If till the expiration of your moneth, You will returne and soiorne with my fifter, 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 fistie men dismist, No rather I abiure all roofes, and chuse To wage against the enmitte of the Ayre, To be a Comrade with the Woolfe and owle,

He this way, you that, he that full lights That when we hauefound the King Kent. Hew words butto effect more then all yet: Gent. Giuemey our hand, haue you no more to lay? I will goe seeke the King. Thatyety ou doe not know, he on this florme, And the will tell you who your fellow is, As feare not but you shall, shew her this ring, VVhat it containes, if you shall see Cordelia, Then my outwall, open this purie and take For confirmation that I much more Kem, No doe not, Gent. I will talke farcher with you. Offer this office to you. And from fome knowledge and allurance, The King hach cause to plaine, I am a Gentleman of blood and breeding, Of how vnnaturall and bemadding forrow To make your speed to Douer, you shall find Some that will thanke you, making just report Now to you, if on my credit you date build so farre, And are at point to thew their open banner Haue lecret feet in forme of our belt Ports, (negligece, But true it is, from France there comes a power Into this scattered kingdome, who alreadic wise in our Withmuruall cuming, twixt . Albany and Cornwall Although asyet the face of it be couer'd, Commend a deare thing to you, there is diufion, And dare upon the warrant of my Arte, Kent, Sir I docknow you, His heart frooke injuries. Gent. Nonebut the foole, who labours to out-ieff Kent, Bucwho is with him? And bids what will take all. Keepetheir furre dry, vnbouncted he runnes,

The Lyon, and the belly pinched Wolfe

The too and fro conflicting wind and raine, This night wherin the cub-drawne Beare would couch,

The Hilloric of King Leav.

ANNET

The Historic of King Lear.

On him, hollow the other.

Enter Lear and Foole. Excunt.

Lear. Blow wind & cracke your cheekes, rage, blow You caterickes, & Hircanios spout til you have drencht, The steeples drown'd the cockes, you sulpherous and Thought executing fires, vaunt-currers to Oke-cleaning thunderboults, finge my white head, And thou all shaking thunder, smite flat The thicke Rotunditie of the world, cracke natures Mold, all Germains spill at once that make Ingratefull man.
Foole. O Nunckle, Court holly water in a drie house

Is better then this raine water out a doore, Good Nuncklein, and aske thy daughters bleffing, Heers a night pities nother wife man nor foole. Lear. Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout raine, Norraine, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters, I taske not you you elements with viikindnes Ineuergaue you kingdome, cald you children, You owe me no subscription, why thenlet fall your horrible Here I stad your slaue, apoore infirme weak & (plefure Despis'd ould man, but yet I call you seruile

Ministers, that have with 2 pernitious 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 headpecce, the Codpecce that will house before the head, has anythehead and hee shall lowse, 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 never yet faire woman hut shee made mouthes in a

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

Kent. Whose there?

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

Kem. Alas fir, fit you here?

Things

Necessities

[F4]

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ull disposition made him seeke his death, but a prouoking merie,
Corn. I now perceiue it was not altogether your brothers c-
             way to loyaltie, some thing searcs me to thinke of.
BAS. How my Lord I may be centured, that nature thus gines
         Corn. I will have my reuenge ere I depart the house.
                   Enter Cornewell and Baffard.
                              Ifmell the bloud of a British man.
                               His word was fill fy fo and fum,
               Edg. Child Rowland, to the darke towne come,
                            Gloff. No words, no words, hufh.
                                 Lew. Come good Achenian.
                    Kent. Sirah come on goe along with vs?
                                     Gloff. Take him you on.
         Ken, Good my Lord footh him, let him take the fellow.
         Low. With him I wilkeep Itil, with my Philosopher.
                                    Kent. This way my Lord.
                                        Lear. Come lees in all.
          Gloft. In fellow there, in't houell keepe thee warme.
         Lear, O crie you mercie noble Philosopher, your com-
                  What a mights this ? I doe be seech your Grace.
                                The greefe hach craz'd my wits,
                     No father his fonne deerer, true to tell thee,
                          But lately, very late, I lou'd him friend
               Now out-lawed from my bloud, a fought my life
                        I am almost mad my felte, I had a fonne
           Thou tayest the King growes mad, ile tell thee friend
                    Hefaid it would be thus, poore banifut man,
               His daughters seeke his death, O that good Kent,
         (to vinertie
                                Gloff. Canftchou blame him,
         Kent, Important him to goe my Lord, his wits begin
                 Lear. Let me aske you one word in prinate.
          Edg. How to preuent the fiend, and to kill vermine.
Low. He talke a word with this most learned Theban, what is
       Kent. My good Lord take his offer, goe into the houfe.
                                 What is the cause of thunder?
               Lear. First let me talke with this Philosopher,
                   The Historic of King Lear.
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E D

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The Historie of King Lear.
They are Persian attire, but let them be chang'd.
   Kent. Now good my Lord lie hereawhile.
  Lear. Make no noilemake no noise, draw the curtains, so, so, so,
Weele go to supper it h morning, so, so, so, Emer Gloft. Come hither friend, where is the King my maister.
   Kent. Here fir but trouble him not his wits are gon.
   Good friend I prithy take him in thy armes,
I have or'c heard a plot of death vpon him,
Ther is a Litter ready lay him in't, & drive towards Douer frend.
Where thou shalt meet both welcome & protection, take up thy
If thou should it dally halfe an houre, his life with thine (mafter,
 And all that offer to defend him stand in assured losse,
 Take vp to keepe and followe me that will to some provision
 Giue thee quicke conduct.
    Kent. Oppressed nature sleepes,
 This rest might yet have balmed thy broken sinewes,
 Which if conuenience will not alow stand in hard cure,
              e to beare thy maister, thou must not stay behind.
    Gioft. Come, come away.
                                             Exit.
    Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes: we scarcely
 thinke, our miseries, our foes.
  Who alone fuffers fuffers, most ich mind,
 Leaning free things and happy showes behind,
 But then the mind much sufferance doth or escip,
  When griefe hath mates, and bearing fellowship:
 How hight and portable my paine seemes now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the King bow.
  He childed as I fathered, Tom away,
  Markethe high noyfes and thy felfebewray,
  When falle opinion whose wrong thoughts defile thee,
  In thy iust proofe repeals and reconciles thee,
  What will hap more to night, fafe 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 Glosfer.
     Regan. Hang him instantly.
     Gon. Plucke out his eyes.
                                                           (company
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both food and fire is readie.
haue! venter'd to come seeke you out, and bring you where
my doores, and let this tyranous night take hold vpon you, yet
daughters hard commaunds, though their injunction be to barte
Gloff. Go in with me, my dutie canot suffer to obay in all your
                                  Edg, Poore Tomia cold.
                                        doth hate what gets it
Gloft. Our Helhand bloud is growne to vild my Lord, that it
Edg. The Prince of darkenes is a Geneleman, modo he's caled
          Golf. What hath your Grace no better company!
        Beware my follower, peacefinibug, peace thou fiend.
               Hath beene Toms foode for feuen long yeare-
                     But mife and rate, and fuch fmall Deere,
his backe, fixe thirts to his bod e, horfe to ride, and weapon
and Hock-pumific and imprisoned, who hach had three futes to
ele of the flanding poole, who is whipe from triling to tthing.
lowes the old rate, and the dirch dogge, drinkes the greeneman-
heart, when the foule fiend rages, cats cow-dung for fallets, swal-
tode pold, the wall-worr and the water, that in the furie of his
Edg. Poore Tow, that eats the fwimming frog, the tode, the
                   Gloft, What are you there? your names?
                    Kent, Wholethere, whar ift you feeke?
                                         Lear. Whatshee?
                              Kent, How fares your Grace !
       light and her croth plight and arms thee, with arms thee.
thrice the old a nellthu night more and her nine fold bid her, O
 wheate, and hurts the poore creature of earth, fwithald footed
 duenes the eye, and makes the harte up, mildewes the white
Pag. This is the foule fiend Sviberdegibe, heebegins accur.
                                                a walking nic.
           Euter Golfer.
 heart, a small sparke, all the rest in bodie cold, looke here comes
 fwim in, now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old leachers
 Foole. Prithe Nunckle be content, this is a naughty night to
              as thou are, off off you leadings, come on bee true.
 odatedman, is nomore but fuch a poore bare forked Animall
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· wart Survi le at Loisill aut.

Ine injustic of wing Lear. Vanaturall dealing when I defir'd their leaue That I might pitty him, they tooke me from me The vie of mine owne house, charg'd me on paine Of their displeasure, neither to speake of him, Intreat for him, nor any way fustaine him. Baft. Most fauage and vnnaturall. (the Dukes, Gloft. Go toe fay you nothing, ther's a divino betwixt And a worfe matter then that, I have received A letter this night, tis dangerous to be spoken, I have lockt the letter in my closer, 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 Privily releeue him, goe you and maintaine talke With the Duke, that my charity be not of him Perceived, if hee aske forme, I am ill, and gon To bed, though I die for't, as no lesse is threatned me, e King my old malter mult be releeued, there is Some strage thing toward, Edmund pray you be careful. Exit. Baft. This curtefic forbid thee, shal the Duke mstaly And of that letter to, this feems a faire deferring (know And must draw me that which my father looses, no lesse Then all, then yonger rifes 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. Lec mealone. Kent. Good my Lord enter-Lear. Wilt breake my heart? Kent. I had rather breake mine owne, good my Lord enter. Lear. Thou think fit is much, that this crulentious storme Inuades vs to the skin, fo tis to thee, But where the greater malady is fixt The leffer is scarce felt, thoud'ft shun a Beare, But if thy flight lay toward the raging fea, Thoud it meet the beare it'h mouth, whe the mind's free The bodies delicate, the tempest in my mind Doth from my sences take all feeling else Saue what beares their filiall ingratitude,

Ià

parebo three ons are to phisticated, thou are the thing it selfe, vnaccomthe beaft no hide, the theepe no wooll, the cat no perfume, ner s more, but this conder him well, thou owell the worme no filke, with thy vacouered bodie this extremitie of the skies, is man no Lear, Why thou were better in thy graue, then to answere let him trot by. and defic the toule field, still through the hathorne blowes the cold wind, hay no on ny, Dolphin my boy, my boy, caese enell, thy hand out of placker, thy pen from lenders booke, bettay thy poore heart to women, keepe thy foote out of brompray, let not the creeking of shooes, not the rusings of filkes Foxin stealth, VVoolfein greedines, Dog in madnes, Lyon Turke, falle of heart, light of eare, bloudie of hand, Hog in floth, ued I deeply, dice deerely, and in woman our paromord the that flept in the contriuing of luft, and wake to doe it, wine lospake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven, one and did the act of darkenes with her, fwore as many oaths as I nare, wore gloues in my cap, ferued the luft of my mistris heare, Edg. A Seruingman, proud in heart and mind, that curld my Leav. What haft thou beene? fet not thy fweet heart on proud array, Toms a cold, words juffly, fweare not, commit not with mans fworne fpoule, Fag. Take heede at h foule fiend, obay thy parents, keep thy Foote. This cold might will turne vs all to fooles & madmen, Edg. Pilicock face on pelicocks hill, a lo lo lo. Begot those Pelicane daughters. Indicious punishment twas this flesh Should have thus little mercy on their fleth, Is it the fashion that discarded fathers, Lear. Death traytor, nothing could have subdued nature To such a lownes, but his vnkind daughters, Kest. He hath no daughters fir. Hang fated ore mens faults, fall on thy daughters. Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre Couldst thousave noming, didst thou gine them all?

Foole. Nay he referu'd a blanker, esse we had beene all sham'd. and there againe.

Lear, What, his daughters brought him to this paffe, the toule fiend vexes, there could I have him now, and there, and

The miss alse of wand Trent.

The Hist wife of King Lear.

Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand For lifting food to't, but I will punish fure, No I will weepe no more, in such a night as this ! O Regan, Gonorell, your old kind father 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 felfe, feeke thy one eafe This tempest will not give me leave to ponder On things would hart me more, but ile goe in, Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are That bide the pelting of this pittiles night, How shall your house-lesse heads, and vnfed sides, Your loopt and windowed raggednes defend you From feasons such as these, OI have tane Too little care of this, take physicke pompe, Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele, That thou may it shake the superflux to them, And shew the heavens more just.

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

mee. Kent. Ginemethy hand, whose there.

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

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

Edg. Away, the fowle fiend followes me, thorough the sharpe

hathorne blowes the cold wind, goe to thy cold bed and warme

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters, and art thou

come to this? Edg. Who gives any thing to poore Tom, whomethe foule Fiende hath led, through fire, and through foord, and whirli-poole, ore bog and quagture, that has layd kniues vnder his pillow, and halters in his pue, ferratsbane by his pottage, made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse ouer foure incht bridges, to course his owne shadow for a traytor, bleffe thy fine wits, Toms a cold, bleffe thee from whirle-winds, starre-blusting, and taking, doe poore Tom some charitie, whom

Eq. Why the dares not come, ouer to thee. Footo. Her boat hath a leake, and the mult not speake, tralmadam come ore the broome Belly to mee. Edg. Looke where he flands and glars, wanft thou eyes, at Thou fapient fit fit here, no you thee Foxes-Come six than here most learned Justice les health, a boyes loue, or a whores oath.

Leas. It shalbe done, I wil arrangne them straight, Foole. He's mad, that trufts in the tamenes of a Wolfe, a hor-Edg. The foule fiend bices my backe, fpits come hitzing in vpon them. Lear. A King a King, to haue a thousand with red burning elentan or a Yeoman. Foole. Priche Nunckle tell me, whether a mad man be a Genlake of darknes, pray innocent beware the foule fiend. Edg. Freierese cals me, and tels me Nero is an angler in the the Gods deferue your kindnes. Ken. All the power of his wits haue giuen way to impatience, long from you. will peece out the comfort with what addition I can, I will not be Gloft. Here is better then the open syre, take it thankfully, I Enter Gloffer and Lear, Kent, Foole, and Tom. father in my loue. ux3 Corn. I will lay cruft vpon thee, and thou shalt find a dearer though the conflist be fore betweene that and my bloud. pitionmore fully, I will perfeuere in my course of loyaltie, Bass. If I find him comforting the King, it will fluffe his ful. our where thy father is, that hee may bee readie for our appre-Corn. True or falle, it hath made thee Earle of Gloffer, feeke pulines in hand. Baft. If the matter of this paper be certaine, you have mighty Corn. Goe withine to the Dutches. fon were, or not I the detecter. gent partie to the aduantages of France, O heauens that his treajusts this is the letter he spoke of which approues him an intelli-Baft. How malicious is my forcune, that I must repent to bee fer a worke by a reproueable badnes in himselfe. I DE HISTORIC OF KING LEAF.

Ine Hillorie of Ming Lear.

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

Kent. How doe you fir? stand you not so amazd, will y Ju

liedowneand rest vpon the cushings?

Lear. He see their triall first, bring in their euidence, thou robbed man of Iustice take thy place, & thou his yokesellow of equity, bench by his fide, you are or'h commission, sit you too. Ed. Let vs deale inftly fleepest or wakest thou iolly shepheard Thy sheepe bee in the come, and for one blast of thy minikin mouth, thy sheepe shall take no harme, Pur the cat is gray

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

Foole. Come hither mistriffe is your name Gonoril. Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy I tooke you for a joyne stoole. Lear. And heres another whose warpt lookes proclaime,

What store her hart is made an, stop her there Armes, armes, fword fire, corruption in the place,

False Iusticer why hast thou let her scape.

Edg. Bleffe thy fine wits.

Kent. O pity fir, where is the patience now, That you so oft have 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 poyfons if it bite, Mastife, grayhoud, mungril, grim-houd or spaniel, brach or him, Bobtaile tike, or trudletaile, Tom will make them weep & waile, For with throwing thus my head, dogs leape the hatch and all are fled, loudla do odla come march to wakes, and faires, and market townes, poore Tom thy 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 fir, I entercaine you for one of my hundred, Only I do not like the fashion of your garments youle say,

They

[G4]

Gen, Welcome my Lord I marualle our mild hulband Nor met vs on the way, now wher's your mailter? Enter Steward.

Bring and but to the very brimme of it.

And the repaire the mifery thou doft be are.

With fomething rich about me,

From that place I shal no leading need.

Eag. Giuemethy arme poore I om shallead thee.

Eag. The poore I shall be a shall be

Edg. I mafter.

Gloft. There is a cliffe whole high & bending head
Lookes firmely in the confined deepe.

Bring the hit to the year brimme of it.

Lee the superstands and sufficience man
That stands your ordinance, that will not see
Because he does not seele, seele your power quickly,
So distribution should ynder excesse,
And each man haue enough, dost shou know Douer?

Mahu of Realing, Modo of murder, Graberalgebit of Mobing, & Mobing, Who have polificles chambermaids And waiting women, so, blesse cheemaister, (plagues, Glost, Here talee this purie, thou whome the heauens The happier, heavens deale so full, some check, makes The happier, heavens deale so full, see the superstuous and lust-diered man.

Until this superstuous and lust-diered man.

849. Both this and gate, horse way, and foor-path, Poore 7 om hath beenestead out of his good wite, Bieste the good man from the foule flend, Fines from at once, Finestends have beene in poore 7 om at once, Misha of Bushas Obisteut, Hobbisteane Prince estambnes, Mahu of Itealing, Woods of marden, Stiberakigebit of Mahu of Itealing, Woods of marden, Stiberakigebit of

Glof. Sirrah naked fellow.

Edg. Poore Toms a cold, I cannot dance ir farther.

Glof. Come hirher fellow.

Edg. Bleffe thy fweere eyes, they bleed.

Glof. Knowft thou the way to Douer?

Glost. Tis the times plague, when madmen lead the Doess I bid thee, or rather doe thy pleafure, (blind, Aboue the reft, be gon, Old man. He bring him the best parrell that I haue Come on a what will.

יוטב נדופו בונו בו בו ביושל דיבשו.

### The Historie of King Lear.

But O poore Gloster lost he his other eye.

Gem. Both, both my Lord, this letter Madam craues a speedy Tis from your fister.

Gom. 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, Ilercade and answer.

Exit.

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

Gem. Come with my Lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

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

Alb. Knowes he the wickednesse.

Gent. I my good Lord twas he informed against him,

Alb. Knowes he the wickednesse.

Gent. I my good Lord twas he informed against him,
And quit the house on purpose that there punishment
Might haut the freer course.

(King,
Alb. Glosser I live to thanke thee for the love thou shewedst the
And to revenge thy eyes, come hither friend,
Tellme what more thou knowest.

Exit.

Emer 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, Somuch seare and danger that his personall returne was most required and peccelaria

quired and necessarie.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him, General.

Gent. The Marshall of France Monsier la Far. (of griefe. Kent. Did your letters pierce the queene to any demonstration. I say she tooke them, read them in my presence,

And now and then an ample teare trild downe Her delicate cheeke, it feemed she was a queene ouer her passion,

Who most rebell-like, fought to be King ore her.
Kent. O then it moved her.

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

1019

Oldman. Alack fit he is mad. Who Ile intreate to leade me, And bring fome concring for this naked foule Ith way toward Douer, doe icfor ancient loue Thou wilt oretake vs here a mile or twaine Old man. I my Lord. Gloft. Then prethee get thee gon, if for my fake Gloft. Is that the naked fellow? foole to forrow angring it selfe and others, blesse thanker. They bitt vs for their sport.

Edg. How (hould this be, bad is the trade that mult play the As flies arecoth wanton boyes, are we toth Gods, Was then searce friendes with him, I have heard more Came then into my mind, and yet my mind Which made me thinke aman a worme, my fonne, In the last nights storme I such a fellow saw, Old man, Mad man, and begget to. Gloft, Is it a begger man? Old man. Fellow where goeft? As long as we can fay , this is the worlt. Edg. And worle I may be yet, the worlt is no t. Old man. Tis poore mad Yom. Lam worfethen erel was. Edg. O Gods, who ift can lay I amat the worlt, Ide fay I had eyes againe. Might I but liue to see thee in my tuch, Frome our comodities, an deere some Edgar, The food of thy abused fathers wrath, Our meanes fecure vs, and our meare defects I flumbled when I faw, tuff ofters feene Goff. I haue no way, and theretore want no eyes. Oldman, Alackfir, you cannor fee your way. Theethey may bure. Thy comforts can doe me no good at all, Gloft. Away, gerthee away, good friend be gon,

· Mart Sunt la stratett out

fathers tenant this forefcore---

The Historie of King Lear.

Corn. Leaue him to mydispleasure, Edmud kee pyou our sister

The renenge we are bound to take vpon your trayterous father, Are not fit for your beholding, adulfe the Duke where you are To a most festuant preparation we are bound to the like, (going Our post shall be swift and intelligence betwire vs,

Our post shall be switt and intelligence betwire vs, Farewell deere sister, farewell my Lord of Glosser,
How now where the King?

Stew. My Lord of Glosser hath conveyd him hence,

Some fine or fixe and thirtie of his Knights hot questrirs after him, met him at gate, who with some other of the Lords dependants are gone with him towards Douer, where they boast to have well armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistris.

Gon. Farewell tweet Lord and sister. Exis Gon. and Bast.

Corn. Edmund farewell. goe seeke the traytor Gioster.

Pinion him like a theese, bring him before vs,

Though we may not passe vpon his life

Without the forme of Justice, yet our power

Shall doe a curtesse to our wrath, which men may blame

But not controuse, whose there, the traytor?

Enter Glosser bronges in by two or three,

Reg. Ingratfull Fox tis hee.

Corn. Bind fast his corkie armes.

Glost. What meanes your Graces, good my friends consider, You are my gests, doe me no soule play friends.

Corn. Bind him I fay,
Reg. Hard hard, O filthic traytor!
Chall Vanner of full Lady as you ar

Glost. Virinercifull Lady as you are, I am true.

Corn. To this chaire bind him, villaine thou shalt find—
Glost. By the kind Gods cis most ignobly done, to pluck me

by the beard, Reg. So white and fuch a Traytor.

Gloft. Naughty Ladie, these haires which thou dost rauish from Will quicken and accuse thee, I am your host. (my chin With robbers hands, my hospitable favours)

With robbers hands, my hospitable fauours
You should not ruffell thus, what will you doe.

Corn. Come fir. what letters had you late from Fre

Corn. Come fir, what letters had you late from France?
Reg. Be simple answerer, for we know the truth.

As

Corn.

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Oldman Omy good Lord, I hane beene your tenant, & your
                                    Life would not yeeld toage.
Enter Gloft led by an old man.
               Burtharthy firangemutations make vs hate thee,
   The world returnes to laughter,
Who's here, my father poorlie, leed, world, world,
                         The lamentable change is from the belt,
                     Stands fillin experience, lines not in feare,
                The lowest and most desected thing of Fortune
                 Then fill contenn'd and flattered to be worft,
         Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemnd,
                            Enter Edgar.
               apply to his bleeding face, now heaven helpe him.
2 Ser. Goe thou, ile fetch some flaxe and whites of egges to
                                     Allows it selfe to any thing.
                To lead him where he would, his rogish madnes
        of death, women will all turne monifers.
2 Serund. If the line long, & in the end meet the old courle
                                      If this man come to good.
               Seruant. Heneuer care what wickednes I doe,
                            Comes this hure, gine mey our arme.
 Exit.
                      The dungell Regan, I bleed apace, vnumely
             Turne out that cyles villaine, throw this slane vpon
               Corn. I hauereceiu'd a hure, follow me Ladie,
                     Doner, how iff my Lord? how looke you?
Kind Gods forgiue me that, and prosper him.

Keg. Goethrust him out at gates, and let him small his way to
                  Goff. Omy follies, then Edgar was abus'd,
that made the ouerture of thy treasons to vs, who is too good to
Meg. Out villaine, thou calft on him that hates thee, it was he
Edmund unbridle all the sparks of macure, to quiethis horred act.
 Glost, All darke and comfortles, wher's my forme Edmund!
             Corn, Leaft it see more preuent it, out vild Ielly Where is thy luster now?
                                  fee fome mischiefe on him, oh!
Sevadar. Ohl am flainemy Lord, yet haue you one eye lefe to
             Shee takes a frord and runs as hims behind.
                    The Helcoric of King Lear.
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The Historic of King Lear.

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Corn. And what confederacy have you with the tratours late
footed in the kingdome?
 Reg. To whose hands you have fent the lunatick King speake?
 Gioft. I have 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 falle.
Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?
                         Reg. And falle.
                                               Gloft. To Douer.
  Reg. Wherefore to Douer? wast thou not charg'd at perill ...
  Corn. Wherefore to Douer? let him first answere that.
  Glost. I am tide tot'h stake, and I must stand the course.
  Reg. Wherefore to Douer fir?
Gloft. Because I would not see thy cruell nayles Pluck out his poore old eyes, nor thy fierce fifter
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 have layd vp
 And quencht the iteeled tires, yet poore old heart,
Hee holpt the heavens to rage,
If wolves had at thy gate heard that dearne time
 Thou shoulds have faid, good Porter turne the key,
 All cruels else subscrib'd but I shall see
 The winged vengeance ouertake fuch children.
  Corn. Seet shalt thou never, fellowes hold the chaire,
 Vponthose eyes of thine, He set my foote.
   Gloft. He that will thinke to live till he be old
 Giueme some helpe, O cruell, O ye Gods!
   Reg. One fide will mocke another tother to.
   Corn. If you fee vengeance-
    Seruant. Hold your handmy Lord
                                              (you hold.
 I have feru'd ever fince I was a child
 But better feruice haue I neuer done you, the now to bid
    Reg. Howerow you dogge.
    Sern. Wyou did weare a beard vpon your chinid'e shake it
 on this quarrell, what doe you meane?
                                                    draw and fight.
   Corn. My villaine.
   Seru. Why then come on, and take the chance of anger.
   Reg. Give methy fword, a pelant stand vp thus.
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A father, and a gracious aged man Tigers, not daughters, what haue you perform d? Filths fauor but themselues, what have you done? Alb. Wifedome and goodnes, to the vild feeme vild, Gon. Nomore, the text is foolish. And come to deadly vie. From her materiall sap, perforce must wither, She that her felfe will fliuer and disbranch Cannot be bordered certainein it selfe, That nature which contemnes it origin Blowesin your face, I feare your dispolution Alb. O Gonoril, you are not worth the dust which the Gon. I haue beene worth the whiltle. bniw sbiri) Stew. Madam here comes my Lord. Exit Stem My foore viurps my body. Con. My molt deere Glofter to thee womans feruices B.f. Yours in the ranks of death. (are dew Conceaue and far you well. Would firetch thy spirits up into the ayre, Decline your head: this kille if it durft speake A miltrelles coward, weare this spare speech, If you dare venture in your owne behalfe Shall passe betweene vs, ere long you are like to heare Into my husbands hands, this crufty fername I must change armes at home, and give the distant Halten his multers, and conduct his powers May proue effects, backe Edgar to my brother, Which are him to an antwere, our withes on the way That dates not yndertake, hele not feele wrongs It is the cowish curre of his spirit Gon. Then shall you goe no further, lice fhould most defire feemes pleasant to him, what like offencald me fore, and told me I had turnd the wrong fide out, what the loyall feruice of his fonne when I enform'd him, then hee coming, his answere was the worle, of Glofters reacherie, and of

of the army that was landed, he finild at it, I told him you were Stew. Madame within, but neuer man so chang'd, I told him · mar Sunt la ar mesall 201

The Historie of King Lear.

Whose reverence even the head-lugd beare would lick. Most barbarous, most degenerate haue you madded, Could my good brother fuffer you to doe it? Aman, a Prince, by him so benislicted, If that the heavens doe not their visible spirits (come Send quickly downe to tame the vild offences, it will Humanly must perforce pray on it selfe like monsters of Gon, Milke liuerd man (the deepe. That bearest a cheeke for bloes, a head for wrongs, Who hast not in thy browes an eye deseruing thine honour, From thy suffering, that not know'st fools, do those vilains pitty Who are punisht ere they have done their mischiefe, Wher's thy drum? France spreds his banners in our novstles land, With plumed helme, thy flayer begin threats Whil's thou a morall foole fits still and cries Alack why does he fo? Alb. See thy felfedeuill, proper deformity feemes not in the fiend, fo horid as in woman. Gon. O vaine foole! Alb. Thou changed, and felfe-couerd thing for shame Be-monster not thy feature, wer't my firmes To let these hands obay my bloud, They are apt enough to diffecate and teare Thy flesh and bones, how ere thou art a fiend, A womans shape doth shield thee. Gen. Marry your manhood now— Alb. What newes. Enter a Gentleman. Gent. Omy good Lord the Duke of Cornwals dead, slaine by his feruant, going to put out the other eye of Glofter. Alb. Glosters eyes? Gen. A fernant that he bred, thraid with remorfe, Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword To his great maister, who thereat inraged Flew on him, and amongst them, feld him dead, But not without that harmefull stroke, which fince Hath pluckt him after. Alb. This showes you are about your Instices, That these our nether crimes so speedely can venge.

But

Althetion till it doe crie out it selfe Gloft. I doe remember now, henceforth ile beare Of mens impossibilities, have preserued thee. Thinke that the electest Gods, who made their honours Itwas forme fiend, therefore thou happy father Homes, welk'r and waved like the enridged sea, VVere two full Moones, a had a chouland notes Gloff. A poore unfortunate bagger. Edg. As I flood here below me choughts his eyes Which parted from you. Vpon the crowne of the cliffe what thing was that Edg. This is aboue all thangenes Vp, fo, how feele you your legges, you fland. Edg. Giuemeyour arme? When mifery could beguile the tyranes rage] And frustrate his proud will, To end it selfe by death twas yet some comfort Is wretchednes depriu'd, that benefic Gloft. Alack I haue no eyes Est. From the dread formmons of this chalkie borne, Looke up a hight, the fhuil gorg'd larke to farre Cannot bee feene or heard, doe but looke up? Gloft. But hauel fallen or no I Thy lifes a miracle, speake yer againe. VVhich chou haft perpendicularly fell, Tenmalts at each, make not the altitude, Thou hadlt Inneredlike an egge, but thou doft breath Haft heauy substance, bieedst nor, speakest, art sound, So many fadome downe precipitating Edg. Hadit thou beene ought but golmore feathers ayre, Glof. Away and let me die. indeed, yet he reunes, what are you in? anne or dead, ho you fir, heare you fir, speak, thus might he palle had he beene where he thought by this had thought beene paff, robbethe treasume of life, when life it selfe yealds to thetheft, Edg. Gonfir, farewell, and yet I know not how conceit my Now fellow fare thee well. The Historic of King Lear.

### The Historie of King Lear.

tagem to shoot atroupe of horse with fell, & when I have stole vponthese some in lawes, then kill, kil

Enter three Gentlemen.

Gent. Ohere he is, lay hands vpon him firs, your most deere
Lear. No reskue, what a prisoner, I am cene the natural stoole
of Fortune, vse me well you shall have ransome, let mee have a
chargion I am cut to the braines.

Gent, You shall have any thing.

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

Lear. I will die braucly like a bridegroome, what ?I will be Iouiall, come, come, I am a King my maisters, know youthat.

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.

Ext. King running.

Gent. A fight most pitifull in the meanest wretch, past speaking of in a king: thou hast one daughter who redeemes nature from the generall curse which twanse 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 every one here's that

That can diffinguish sence.

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

Gene. Neere and on speed fort the maine descryes,

Standst on the howerly thoughts. Edg. I thanke you fir that's all-

Gent. Though that the Queene on speciall cause is here,
Hir army is moued on. Edg. I thanke you sir. Exit.
Gloss. You ever 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.

Gloß. Now good fir what are you.

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

Gloft.

Who by the Art of knowne and feeling forrowes Am pregnant to good pitty, giue me your hand Ile leade you to some biding.

Burneit selfe out, if Edgar line, O blefle, My fnurst and loathed part of nature should To quarel with your great oppolles wils If I could beare it longer and not fall Shake pariently my great affliction off, Gloft. O you mightie Gods, He kneed This world I doctenounce, and in your fights He buceles. See. Nowfare you well good fir.

Glos. Why I do trifell thus with his difpaire is done Prosper it with thee, goe thou farther off, Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going. Well worth a pooremans taking, Fairies and Gods Herefriend's another purfle, in it a iewell, Coff. Let goe my hand, Would I not leape vpright, Edg. Giueme your hand, you are now within a foot Of the extreame verge, for all beneath the Moone Glost. Serme where you fland? Topple downe headlong. Least my braine turne, and the deficient fight Cannot be heard, its so hie ile looke no more, Almost too sinals for fight, the murmuring surge That on the vinnumbred idle peeble chastics Diminishe to her cock, her cock a boui Appeare like mife, and you call anchoring barke The fishermen that walke vpon the beach Methinkes he feemes no bigger then his head, Hangs one that gathers Lampire, dreadfull trade, Shew scarce to grolle as beetles, halfe way downe And dizinis to cast ones eyes to low The crowes and choghes that wing the midway ayre Edg. Come on fir, her's the place, fland fiill, how Bue in my garments.

Gloft. Me chinks y'at better spoken.

Methinks thy voyce is altered, and thou speakelt With better phrase and matter then thou didst.

Edg. Yar much deceased, in nothing and chang'd

The Hilloric of King Leav.

The Historie of King Lear. As pearles from diamonds dropt in briefe. Sorow would be a raritie most beloued, If all could so become it. Kent. Made she no verball question. Gent. Faith once or twice she heav'd the name of father, pantinglyforth as if it prest her heart, Cried lifters, fifters, fhame of Ladies fifters: Kent, father, fifters, what ith florme ith night, Let pitie not be beleeft there the shooke, The holy water from her heauenly eyes, And clamour moystened her, then away she started, To deale with griefe alone. Kent. It is the stars, the stars about vs governe 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, fince. Kent. Well fir, the poore diffressed Lear's ith towne, Who fome time in his better tune remembers, What we are come about, and by no meanes will yeeld to fee his Gent. Why good fir? Kent. A foueraigne shame so elbows him his own vnkindnes That stript her from his benediction turnd her, To forraine casualties gaue her deare rights, To his dog harted daughters, thefe things fting his mind, So venomoully that burning shame detaines him from Cordelia. Gent. Alack poore Gentleman. Kent. Of Albanies and Cornewals powers you heard not. Gent. Tis fo they are a foote. Kent. Well fir, ile bring you to our maister Lear, And leave you to attend him some deere cause, Will in concealement wrap me vp awhile, When I am knowne aright you shall not greene, Lending me this acquaintance, I pray you go along with me. Exit. Enter Cordelia, Dotter and others. Cor. Alack tis he, why he was met enen now, As mad as the vent sea singing aloud, Crownd with ranke femiter and furrow weedes, With

Glof. So may it be indeed, By your cyes anguish. Edg. Why then your other sences grow imperiece Els. Horrible steepe, harke doe you heare the sea? Gloft. Me thinks the ground is euen. Edg. You do climbe it vpnow, looke how we labour? Gloft. When shall we come toth' top of that same hills Enter Glofter and Edmund. Edgan Rog. Fare threewell. What Lady I doe follow. See. Would I could meethim Madam,I would thew Preferment fals on him that cuts him off. If you doe chance to heare of that blind traytor, I pray defire her call her wifedome to her, to farewell, And when your miltris heares thus much from you had when your miltris heary you give him this, Then for your Ladies, you may gather more And more connenient is he for my hand My Lord is dead, Edmund and I have talkt, Therefore I doe aduife you take this note, Reg. I speake in vnderstanding, for I know t, Stew. I Madam. To noble Edmund, I know you are of her bolome. Shee gaue Arange aliads, and most speaking lookes I am fure of that, and at her late being here Kig. I know your Lady does not loucher hulband Stem. Madam I'd erather ---Leeme vnfealethe letter. Some thing, I know not what, ile loue theemuch, Transport her purposes by word, belike Reg. Why should the write to Edmand might not you Stem. I may nor Madame, my Lady charg'd my durie in this The wayes are dangerous. Reg. Our troope fees forth to morrow flay with vs. Stew. I must needs after him with my letters Moreouer to discrie the strength at harmy. The Historic of King Lear.

## The distorte of King Lear.

With hor-docks, hemlocke, netles, cookow flowers, Darnell and all the idle weedes that grow, In our fustayning, corne, a centurie is fent forth, Search every acre in the hie growne field, And bring him to our eye, what can mans wisdome In the restoring his bereued sence, 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 fimples operative whose power, Will close the eye of anguish. Cord. All bleft secrets all you vnpublisht vertues of the earth, Spring with my teares beaydant and remediat, In the good mans distresse, seeke, seeke, for him, Lest his vngouernd rage dissolue the life. Enter meffenger. That wants the meanes to lead it. Mef. News Madam, the Brittish powers are marching fitthere Cord. Tis knowne before, our preparation stands, In expect ation of them,ô deere father It is thy bufines that I go about, therfore great France My mourning and important teares hath pitied, No blowne ambition doth our armes in fight But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd fathers right, Soone may I heare and fee him. Enter Regan and Steward. Reg. But are my brothers powers fet forth? Stew. I Madam. Reg. Himfelfe in person? Stew. Madam with much ado, your fuffer is the better foldier. Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your Lady at home. Reg. What might import my fifters letters to him? Stew. I know not Lady. Reg. Faith he is posted hence on ferious matter. It was great ignorance, Glofters eyes being out To let him live, where he arives he moues All harts against vs, and now I thinke is gone In pitie of his mifery to dispatch his nighted life,

ther's the fulphury pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumation, gods inheric, beneath is all the fiends, thers hell, thers darknelle, goes toot with a more riotous appetite, down fro the washthaire centaures, though women all aboue, but to the girdle docthe head heare of pleasures name to fichew northe loyled horse her forkes presageth snow, that minces vertue, and do shake the Jacke souldiers, behold yon simpring dame whose face between ters got tweene the lawfull sheets, toot luxurie, pell, mell, for I for Gioffers baffard fon was kinder to his father then my daughthou shalt not die sor adulterie, no the wren goes toot, and the smalled she doeletcher in my fight, set copulation theue, quakes, I pardonthat mans life, what was thy caule, adultery? the King?
Lear, I cuerinch a King when I do flare, see how the subjest cuery thing, its alve, I am not argue-proofe, Goff. The tricke of that voyce I doe well remember, is not goe roe, they are not men of their words, they told mee I was peace at my bidding, there I found them, there I Imelt them out, the winde to make mee chatter, when the thunder would not was no good diuinitie, when the raine cameto wet me once, and were there, to fay I and no, to eucry thing I faide, I and no toe, Lear. Ha Gonorell, ha Kegan, they flattered mee like a dogge, and tould me I had white haires in my beard, ere the black ones Gloss. I know that voyce, Edg. Sweet Margerum. vp the browne-billes, O well flowne bird in the ayre, hagh, giue checiewill do it, ther's my gauntlet, ile proue it on a gyant, bring a clothiers yard, looke, looke a mowfe, peace, peace, this tolted money, that fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper, draw me Lear, Nature is aboue Art in that respect, ther's your presse Edg. O thou fide pearcing fight. Lear. No they cannot couchinee for coyning, I am the lang

Enter Lear wad. The lafer sence will near e accomodate his maister thus. Edg. Barefree & parient thoughts, but who comes here I cooke it for a man, often would it (ay The fiend the fiend, he led me to that place Enough, enough and die that thing you fpeake of,

The Historic of King Leav.

# Ine Historie of King Lear.

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

Gloft. O let me kiffe that hand.

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

Gloft. Oruind peece of nature, this great world should so weare out to naught, do you know me?

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

Gloft. 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. Gleft. 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.

Gloft. I fee it feelingly.

Lear. What are mad, a man may see how the world goes with eyes, looke with thy eares, see how you lustice railes vpon yon simple theefe, harke in thy eare handy, dandy, which is the theefe, which is the Iustice, thou hast seene a farmers dogge barke Gloft. I fir. ata begger.

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 bloudy hand, why dost thou lash that whore, strip thine owne backe, thy bloud hotly lusts to vse her in that kind for which thou whipft her, the vourer hangs the cosioner, through tottered raggs, smal vices do appeare, robes & furd-gownes hides all, getthee glaffe eyes, and like a scuruy polimian seeme to see the things thou doest not, no now pull off my bootes, harder, harder, fo.

Edg. O matter and impertinencie mixt reason in madnesse. Lear. If thou wilt weepe my fortune take my eyes, I knowe thee well inough thy name is Gloster, thou must be patient, we came crying hither, thou knowest the first time that we finell the aire, we wayl and cry, I will preach to thee marke me.

Goft. Alack alack the day.

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

More-

Rg. Tis most connenient, pray you goe with vs. 405 Reg. Sifter you'l goe with vs? 900 NO. proceedings. Bast. I shall actend you pretently at your tent. Alb. Let vs then determine with the auntient of warre on our Arenotto queltion here. Porthefe domestique dore particulars Gono. Combine togither gainft the enemy, Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Bast. Sir you speake nobly. Reg. Why is this reason'd! Ittouches vs, as France innades our land Not bolds the King, with others whome I feare, I neuer yee was valiant, for this bufines Forlito cricout, where I could not be honeft With others, whome the rigour of our frace For this I heare the King is come to his daughter Alb. Our very louing fifter well be-met loofen him nd mee. Gous. I had rather loose the battaile, then that fifter should Reg. I neuer shall indure hir, deere my Lord beenor familiar Bast. Fearemenor, shee and the Duke her husband. (with her. Baft. No by mine honour Madam. Reg. I am doubtfull that you have beene comunet and bo-form with hir, as far as we call hirs. To the forfended place? Beft. That thought abuses you. Reg. But haue you neuer found my brothers way, You know the goodnes I intend vpon you, Tell me but truly, but then speak the truth, Doe you not loue my fifter? Baft I, honor'd louc. Reg. Now sweet Lord, Ref. Our fifters man is certainly mifcaried, Baft. Tis to be doubted Madam, To change the course, he's full of abdication And selfe reproung, bring his conflant pleasure, Or whether fince he is aduis'd by ought East. Know of the Dukeif his last purpose hold, Or well, or ill, as this dayes battels fought. Exit. The Historic of King Lear.

### The Historie of King Lear.

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

Cap. Ile do't my Lord.

Bast. About it, and write happy when thou hast don,
Markel say instantly, and carie it so
As I have set it downe.

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

Enter Duke, the two Ladies, and others. Alb. Sir you have shewed to day your valiant strain, And Fortune led you well you have the captines That were the opposites of this dayes strife, We doe require then of you, so to vie them, As we shall find their merits, and our fafty May equally determine. Baft. Sir I thought it fit, To faue the old and miferable King to fome retention, Wholeage has charmes in it, whole title more To pluck the coren boffom of his fide, And turne our imprest launces in our eyes Which doe commaund them, with him I fent the queen My reason, all the same and they are readie to morrow, Or at further space, to appeare where you shall hold Your fession at this time, mee sweat and bleed, The friend hath loft his friend and the best quarrels In the heat are curst, by those that feele their sharpes, The question of Cordelia and her father Requires a fitter place. Alb. Sirby your patience, I hold you but a subject of this warre, not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we lift to grace him,

Ere you had spoke so farre, he led our powers,

Methinkes our pleasure should have beene demanded

Kem. My poyntand period will be throughly wrought, O. Cent. The arbiterment is like to be bloudie, fare you well fir. The powers of the kingdome approach apace. Kent. Report is changeable, its time to looke about, Kent in Germanie. Gent. They fay Edgarhis banisht sonne is with the Earle of Kent. As tis faid, the baltard founc of Gloster. Gent. Who is conductor of his people? Kent. Molt certaine lit. Gent. Holds it true fir that the Duke of Cornwall was to flaine? I am old and footilh. Exennt, Manet Kent and Gent. Lear. You must beare with me, pray now forget and forgue, Cord. Wile please your highnes walke? hee has loft, defire him to goe in, trouble him no more till furcured in him, and yet it is danger to make him cuen ore the time Doth. Be comforted good Madame, the great rage you fee is Leav. Doe not abuse me? You haue fome caule, they have not.

Cord. No caule, no caule.

Kim. Iny our owneking dome fir. Haue as Idoe remember, done me wrong, I know you doe not loue me, for your lifters If you have poyfon for mee I will drinke it, Lear. Beyour teares wet, yes faith, I pray weep not, To bemy child Cordelia. Cord. And fo Iam. Where I did lodge last night, doe not laugh at me, For as I am a man, I thinke this Ladie Remembers not thefe garments, nor I know not What place this is, and all the skill I have Yee I am doubefull, for I am mainly 1gnorant Mee thinks I should know you, and know this man; I fearel am nor in my perfect mind, Fourescore and vpward, and to deale plainly I am a very foolifn fond old man, Lear, Pray doe not mocke, onor eme, no fir you must not kneete. Cord. O looke vpon me fir, and hold your hands in benedifit. I feele this pin pricke, would I were affur dof my condition.

The Hillovic of King Lear.

The Historic of King Lear.

Gloft. Hartie thankes, the bornet and beniz of heaven to Enter Stemard. faue thee. Stew. A proclamed prize, most happy, that eyles head of thine was framed flesh to rayle my fortunes, thou most vnhappy traytor, briefly thy selfe remember, the fword is out that must de-Gloft. Now let thy friendly hand put strength enough to't. Stew. VVherefore bould pelant durft thou support a publishe traytor, hence least the infection of his fortune take like hold on thee, let goe his arme? Edg. Chill not let goe fir without cagion. Stew. Let goe flaue, or thou dieft. Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, let poore voke passe, and chud have beene swaggar'd out of my life, it would not have beene so long by a fortnight, nay come not neare the old man, keepe out, cheuore ye, or ile trie whether your cofter or my battero be the harder, ile be plaine with you. Edg. Chill pick your teeth fir, come, no matter for your foyns. Stew. Slaue thou haft flaine me, villaine take my purste, If cuer thou wilt thriue, burie my bodie, And give the letters which thou find It about me To Edmund Earle of Gloster, feeke him out vpon The Britis partie, ô vntimely death! death. He dies Edg. I know thee well, a seruiceable villaine, As dutious to the vices of thy mistres, as badnes would Gloft. What is he dead ? (delire. Edg. Sit you down father, rest you lets see his pockets These letters that he speakes of may be my friends, Hee's dead, I am only forrow he had no other deathsma Let vs fee, leave gentle waxe, and manners blame vs not To know our enemies minds wee'd rip their hearts, Their papers is more lawfull. Let your reciprocall vowes bee remembred, you have many opportunities to cut him off, if your will want not, time and place

will be fruitfully offered, there is nothing done, If he returne the

conquerour, then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gayle, from

the lethed warmth whereof deliuer me, and supply the place for

I will not fweatethefe aremy hands, lets fee, To see another thus, I know not what to say, I ammightily abufd, I thould ene dye with pitie, Leav, Where haue I bene, where am I faire day light, Doll. Heest carce awake, let him alone a while. Cord, Still, ftill, farre wide. Cord. Sirknowme, Lear. Yat a spirit I know, where did you dye. Do scald like molten lead, Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares Thou are a foule in bliffe, but I am bound Cord. How does my royall Lord, how fares your maiestic. Doll, Madam doyou, us fittell. Had not concluded all, he wakes speake to him. Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once In thorrand mustic straw, alack, alack, To houill thee with fwine and rogues forlorne, Against my fire, and wast thou saine poore sather, Though he had bit me, should have stood that night With this thin helimemine initiations dogge Of quick croffe lightning to watch poore Per das In the most terrible and nimble stroke To stand against the deepe dread bolted chunder, Tobe expold against the warring winds, Had challengd pitte of them, was this a face Cord. Had you not bene their father these white flakes, Kent. Kind and deere Princesle, Haue in thy reuerence made. And let this kis repaire those violent harmes that my two sillers Cor. O my deer father restoratio hang thy medicin on my lips, Doth. Pleafe you draw neere, louder the mulicke there, Cord. Very well. I doubt not of his temperance. Gent. Good madam be by, when we do awake hum We put fresh garments on him, Doff. I madam, in the heavineffe of his fleepe, Ich fway of your owne will is he arayd, The Historic of King Lear.

I

I BE MILITARY MANY TENT.

your labour, your wite (fo I would fay) your affectionate femant

and for you her owne for Venter, Gonorill. Edg. O Indistinguisht space of womans wit, A plot vpon her vertuous husbands life, And the exchange my brother heere in the fands, Thee ile rake vp, the post vnsanctified Of murtherous leachers, and in the mature time, With this vngratious paper strike the fight Of the death practif'd Duke, for him is well, That of thy death and businesse I can tell. Gloft. The King is mad, how stiffe is my vild sence, That I stand up and have ingenious feeling Of my huge forowes, better I were diftract, So should my thoughts be fenced from my griefes, And woes by wrong imaginations loofe The knowledge of themselues. Adrum a farre off. Edg. Give me your hand far off me thinks I heare the beaten father ile bestow you with a friend. Ext. (drum, Enter Cordelia, Kent and Dollor. Card. Othou good Kent how shall I line and worke to match My life will be too short and every measure faile me. Kent. To be acknowlegd madame is ore payd, All my reports go with the modest truth, Nor more, nor clipt, but fo. 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 menot, Till time and I thinke meete. Cord. Then beet fo, my good Lord how does the king. Doll. Madamesleepes still. Cord. O you kind Gods cure this great breach in his abused The vntund and hurrying sences, O wind vp Of this child changed father. Doll. So please your Maiestie that we may wake the king, He hath flept long. Cord. Be gouernd by your knowledge and proceed, Ith

For your good hoaft, pray that the right may thruc Edg. Here father, take the shaddow of this bush Enter Edgar and Glofter. ber father in ber band. Alarum. Enter the powers of France oner the flage, Cordelia with Stands on me to defend, not to debate, Shall neuer see his pardon, for my state The battaile done, and they within our power Which he entends to Lear and to Cordelia: His speedic taking off, as for his mercy Let her that would be rid of him deuife His countenadee for the battaile, which being done Her husband being aline, now then we'le vie And hardly shall I cary our my fide Exasperates, makes mad her sifter Gonorill, If both remaine aime, to take the widdow b youn) Which of them shall I take, both one or neither, neither can bee Each icalous of the other as the fling are of the Adder, Baft To both these fifter hane I sworne my lone. Alb. Wee will preceche eime. By diligent discouery, but your hastis now veg'd on you. Hard is the quelle of their great firength and forces Baft. The enemies in vew, draw up your powers Enter Edmund. Alb. Why farethee well, I will ore-looke the paper. cry, and ile appeare againe. Edg. I was forbid it, when time shall serue let but the Herald Fortune loue you, Alb. Stay till I have read the letter. Your bufines of the world hach to an end, What is anowched there, if you miscary, I can produce a champion that will proue For him that brought it, wretched though I feeme, If you have victory let the trumper found Edg. Before you fight the battell ope this letter, Alb. He ouerrake you, speake. Heare me one word. Edg. If ereyour Gracehad speech with man to poore, Enter Adgar Gon. O ho, I know the riddle, I will goe.

The Historic of King Leav.

JI

The Historic of King Lear. If ever I returne to you againe ile bring you comfort. Alarum and retreat. Gloft. Grace goe with you fir. Edg. Away old man, give me thy hand, away, King Lear hath loft, he and his daughter taine, Give me thy hand, come on, Glost. No farther sir, a man may rot euen here. Edg. Whatin ill thoughts againe men must indure, Their going hence, even as their coming hither, Ripenes is all come on. Enter Edmund, with Lear and Cordelia prisoners. Bast, Some officers take them away, good guard Vntill their greater pleasures best be knowne That are to censure them. 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 fee these daughters, and these fifters Lear. No,no, come l Wetwo alone will fing like birds it'h cage, When thou dost aske me bleffing, ile kneele downe And aske of thee forgiuenes, so weele liue And pray, and fing and tell old tales and laugh At guilded butterflies, and heare poore rogues Talke of Court newes, and weele talke with them to, Who loofes, 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 wal'd prison, packs and seets of great ones That ebbe and flow bith' Moone. Baft. Take them away. Lear. Vpon fuch facrifices my Cordelia, The Gods the felues throw incense, have I caught thee? Hethat parts vs shall bring a brand from heaven, Andfire vs hence like Foxes, wipe thine eyes, The good shall denoure em, fleach and fell Ere they shall make vs weepe? wele see vm starue first, Bast. Come hither Captaine, harke. Take thou this note, goe follow them to prison,

And

Baft. Well thought on, take my tword the Captaine. Thy token of represue. Edg. To who my Lord, who hadrehe office, fend Nay fend in time. Dabe. Runne, runne, O runne. Isonche life of Lear and on Cordelin, Be briefe, int toth' caltle formy writ, Delpight of my owne nature, quickly lend, Baft. I pane for life, forme good I meane to do, The one the other poyloned for my fake, And after sher felle. Dute. Euch so, couer their faces. Baff. Yet Edwand was beloued, Kent. Alackwhy thus. Kegan are brought in. Seeft thou this object Kent. The bodies of Gonorill and Speake Edmund, where the king, and where Cordella Dake, Greathing of vs forgot. Is he not here? Kent. I am come to bid my King and maifter ay good night, The complement that very manners viges. Alb. O tishe, the time will not allow ENTOF KOM Touches vs not with pity. Edg. Here comes Kent fir. This Iuffice of the heavens that makes vs tremble, Alb. Produce their bodies, be they aliue or dead, Now marie in an inflanc. Baft. I was contracted to them both, all three By her is poyfoned, the hach confest it. Gent. Your Lady fir, your Lady, and her fifter Alb. Who man, speake? Alb. What kind of helpe, what meanes that bloudy Gent. Its hot it smokes, it came even from the heart of Com. Helpe, helpe, (knife? Enter one with a bloudic hitle, Improper for a flaue, Pollowed his enemie king and did him feruice Ed. Kent fit, the banishe Kent, who in diguise, Alb. But who was this. And there I left him traunit. Began to cracke twice, then the trumpets lounded. His griefe grew puissneand the strings of life, The Historic of King Lear.

Ris That ener eare receiued, which in recounting I old the most purous cale of Lear and him, As hee'd burst heauen, threw me on my father, He faltened on my necke and bellowed oue, Who twas that so indue a with his strong armes Shund my abhord fociety, but then finding Who hauing feeneme in my worft estace, Whil'ft I was big in clamor, came there in a man, Would make much more, and top extreamme As loue not forow, but another to amplific too much, Edg. This would have feeind a periode to fuch Bor I am almost ready to dillolue, hearing of this, Alb. If there be more, more wotull, hold it in, You looke as you had fomething more to tay, And shall perchance do good, but speake you on, Baft. This speech of yours hath moued me, Burftmillingly. Twixt two extreames of passion, ioy and griefe, Alacke too weake, the conflict to support, Told him my pilgrimage, but his flawd heart, I aske his bleffing, and from first to last, Notiure, though hoping of this good fuccelle, Vnrill fome halfe houre pall, when I was armed, Meuer (O Father) reueald my selfe vnto him, Led him, beg'd for him, fau'd him from dispaire, The precious stones new lost became his guide, And in this habit met I my father with his bleeding rings, To affumea femblance that very dogges diffain'd Taught me to fhift into a mad mans rags Would hourly die, rather then die at once. O our fines (weetnes, that with the paine of death, To escape that followed me so neere, O that my heart would burft the bloudy proclamation Lifta briefe cale, and when eis told Edg. By nurfing them my Lord, How have you knownethe miteries of your father? Alb. Where have you hid your felfe? Edg. Worthy Prince I know't.

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The Historie of King Lear.

Bore the commission of my place and person, The which imediate may well fland vp, And call it selfe your brother. Gono. Not fo hot, in his owne grace hee doth exalt himselfe more then in your aduancement. Beg. In my right by me inuefted he com-peers the beft. Gm. That were the most, if hee should husband you. Reg. Iesters doe oft proue Prophets. Gen. Hola, hola, that eyethat told you fo, lookt but a fquint. Reg. Lady I am not well, els I should answere From a full flowing stomack, Generall Take thou my fouldiers, 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. Baff. Nor in thine Lord. Alb. Halfe blouded fellow, yes. Baft. Let the drum firike, and proverny 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 fifter I bare it in the interest of my wife, Tis the is subcontracted to this Lord And I her husband contradict the banes, If you will mary, make your loue to me, My Lady is befpoke, thou art arm'd Glofter, 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 talt bread, thou art in nothing leffe Then I have here proclaimd thee. Reg. Sicke, ô ficke. Gon. If not, ile neverult poylon. Baft. 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

י שב נשונו מו בו מושם דיכשבי

### The Historic of Ling Lear.

My truth and honour firmely.

Alb. A Herald ho. Bast. 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 ficknes growes vpon me. (diff Alb. She is not well, conney her to my tent, (discharge. Come hether Herald, let the trumpet found, Cap. Sound trumpet? And read out this. Her. If any man of qualitie or degree, in the hoaft of the army, will maintaine vpon Edmund supposed Earle of Gloster. that he's a manifold traitour, let him appeare at the third found of the trumpet, he is bold in his defence. Bast. Sound? Againe: Enter Edgar at the third found, a trumpet before him. Alb. Aske him his purposes why he appeares Vpon this call oth' trumper. Her. What are you? your name and qualitie? And why you answere this present summons. Edg. Oknow my name is lost by treasons tooth. Bare-gnawne and canker-bitte; yet are I mou't Where is the aduersarie I come to cope with all. Alb. Which is that adversarie? Edg. What's he that speakes for Edmund Earle of Bast. Him selfe, what faiest thou to him? Edg. Draw thy fword. That if my speech offend a noble hart, thy arme May do thee Iustice, here is mine. Behold it is the priviledge of my tongue, My oath and my profession, I protest, Maugurethy strength, youth, place and eminence, Despightthy victor, sword and fire new fortun'd, Thy valor and thy heart thou art a traytor. False to thy Gods thy brother and thy Father, Conspicuate gainst this high illustrious prince, And from the xtreamest vpward of thy head, To the descent and dust beneath thy feet, A most toad-spotted traytor say thou no This fword, this arme, and my best spirits,

· sus X Lour, He fee that ftraight. Kent. No my good Lord, I amthe very man. Heele ftuke and quickly too, hees dead and rotten, Lear, Hees a good fellow, I cantell that, Kent, The fame your feruant Kent, where is your feruant Caim, Kent. If Fortune braged of two the loued or hated, One of them we behold, Leav. Are not you Ken Lear. Are not you Kent? And thele fame croffes fpoyle me, who are your Mine eyes are not othe belt, ile tell you firsight, Haue madethem skippe, I am old now, With my good biting Fauchon I would , K Lear. Did I not fellow! I haue seene the day, I kild the slaue that was a hanging thee. Genele and low, an excellent ching in women, What ill thou layell, her voyce was ener loft, Cordelia, Cordelia, flay a little, ha, I might have faued her, now shees gone for cuer, Lear. A plague vpon your murderous traytors all, Edg. Tis noble Kent your friend. Lear. Pretheaway? That cuer I haue felt. Kent. A my good mailter. It is a chance which do's redeeme all forowes Lear. This feather thirs the lines, if it be fo, Edg. Or image of that horror. Dube. Fall and ceafe, Kent. Is this the promift end. Why then the lines. If that her breath will mist or stainethe stone, Shees dead as carth, lend me a looking glaffe, I know when one is dead and when one lines, That heauens vault should cracke, shees gone for cuer, Had I your tongues and eyes, I would vie them fo, Lear. Hovile, howle, howle, nowle, O you are men of flones, Enter Lear with Cordelia in bis armes. Dage. The Gods defendher, bearchim hence a while. The blame vpon her owne despaire, That the fordid her selfe, To hang Cordeha in the prilon, and to lay Baft. He hach Commission from thy wife and me, Giue ic the Captaine? Dube. Half thee for thy life, The Hilloric of King Lear.

The Historie of King Lear. Kent. That from your life of difference and decay, Haue followed your fad steps. Lear. You'r welcome hither. Kent. Nor no man else, als chearles, darke and deadly, your eldest daughters have foredoome themselves, And desperatly are dead. Lear. So thinke I to. Duke. He knowes not what he fees, and vaine it is, That we present vs to him, Edg. Very bootlesse, Caps. Edmand is dead my Lord. Enter Duke. Thats but a trifle heere, you Lords and noble friends, Know our intent, what comfort to this decay may come, shall be applied: for vs we wil refigne during the life of this old maiefty, to him our absolute power, you to your rights with boote, and fuch addition as your honor have more then merited, all friends shall tast the wages of their vertue, and al foes the cup of their deferuings, O fee, fee. 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. 0,0,0. Edg. He faints my Lord, my Lord. Lear, Breake hart, I prethe breake. Edgar. Look vp my Lord. Kent. Vex not his ghost, Olet him passe, He hates him that would vpon the wracke, Of this tough world stretch him out longer. Edg. Ohe is gone indeed. Kent. The wonder is, he hath endured fo long, He but vfurpt his life. Duke. Beare them from hence, our present busines Isto generall woe, friends of my foule, you twaine Rule in this kingdome, and the goard state sustaine. Kent. I have a journey fir, shortly to go, My maister cals, and I must not say no. Duke. The waight of this fad time we must obey, Speake what we feele, not what we ought to fay, The oldest have borne most, we that are young, Shall neuer fee fo much, nor live fo long.