

The Historie of King Lear

Quarto Version, 1608

Etext Editor's note:

This is an electronic text transcription of the 1608 First Quarto, or "Pied Bull Quarto," of KING LEAR. It reproduces the text of the "corrected" formes, that is the text as it appeared on the invariant formes or formes that were corrected during the printing process. No extant version contains only invariant and corrected formes so this is not a recreation of any one existing text. I have consulted several of the published photo facsimiles of the First Quarto, but must confess I have never had the opportunity to examine any of the twelve extant specimens of the First Quarto. I am particularly indebted to Michael Warren's *The Complete King Lear: 1608-1623* and urge anyone whose interest is aroused by this transcription to consult his remarkable edition, an outstanding achievement in Shakespeare textual studies.

I have sought to recreate all spelling, lineation, stage directions, and line assignments just as they appear in the Quarto. The forme signatures that were printed in the Quarto are preserved along with the key words that indicate the first word of the next page. Alert readers will note that one of the key words is misspelled, as it is in the original.

My only additions to the text appear at the end of each quarto page. There I have inserted the forme number in brackets, act, scene, and line numbers from the Riverside Shakespeare in parentheses and three dashes, " - - - ", to indicate the page division. At the top of each page I have repeated the Quarto's page heading: "The Historie of King Lear. " just as it appears in the original.

The conversion to ASCII necessitated some sacrifices. I could not indicate the text that was set in italic in the Quarto. I considered using some sort of identification as I did in my etext transcription of Colly Cibber's RICHARD III, but decided that the page would be too cluttered. I intend to convert this text, and my Colly Cibber transcription, to HTML and will then be able to restore the italics. The HTML edition will also contain links to the uncorrected versions of variant lines. These uncorrected lines are listed at the end of the text.

The diacritical marks that usually indicate an omitted "n" or "m" created another problem. I could not enter a tilde (~) over any vowel but "o" so where that is used in the original to indicate an "m" or "n" after an "a", "e", or "u" it is indicated by a circumflex (^). The three instances where the circumflex appears over an "o" it indicates a stressed "o" and appears as a circumflex in the original.

This project grew out of my work on my Masters Essay at Columbia University under the supervision of Professor David Scott Kastan. I gratefully acknowledge his encouragement to closely examine original printed texts and his exacting academic standards and absolve him of any blame for my own errors and misjudgments.

I invite any suggestions or corrections from SHAKESPERians. Please email me at: tdk3@columbia.edu.

- - -

M. William Shak-speare:

HIS

True Chronicle Historie of the Life and
death of King LEAR and his three
Daughters.

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

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

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

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

[A2r]
- - -

M. William Shak-speare
HIS
Historie, of King Lear.

Enter Kent, Gloster, and Bastard.

Kent.

I thought the King had more affected the Duke of Al-
bany then Cornwell.

Glost. It did allwaies seeme so to vs, but now in the
diuision of the kingdomes, it appeares not which of
the Dukes he values most, for equalities are so weighed, that cu-
riositie in neither, can make choice of eithers moytie.

Kent. Isn t this your sonne my Lord?

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

Kent. I cannot conceiue you.

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

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

Glost. But I have sir a sonne by order of Law, some yeare el-
der then this, who yet is no deerer in my account , though this
knaue came something sawcely into the world before hee was
sent for, yet was his mother faire, there was good sport at his
makeing &the whoreson must be acknowledged,do you know
this noble gentleman Edmund?

B

Bast.

[B1r]
(1.1.1-1.1.25)
- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

Bast. No my Lord.

Glost. My Lord of Kent, remember him hereafter as my ho-

norable friend..

Bast. My seruices to your Lordship.

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

Bast. Sir I shal study deseruing.

Glost. He hath beene out nine years, and away hee shall againe, the King is comming.

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

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

Glost. I shall my Leige.

Lear. Meane time we will expresse our darker purposes,
The map there; know we haue diuided
In three, our kingdome; and tis our first intent,
To shake all cares and busines of our state,
Confirming them on yonger yeares,
The two great Princes France and Burgundy,
Great ryuals in our youngest daughters loue,
Long in our court haue made their amorous soiourne,
And here are to be answerd, tell me my daughters,
Which of you shall we say doth loue vs most,
That we our largest bountie may extend,
Where merit doth most challenge it,
Gonorill our eldest borne speake first?

Gon. Sir I do loue you more then words can weild the
Dearer then eye-sight, space or libertie, (matter,
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare,
No lesse then life; with grace, health, beautie, honour,
As much a child ere loued, or father friend,
A loue that makes breath poore, and speech vnable,
Beyond all manner of so much I loue you.

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

Lear. Of al these bounds, euen from this line to this,
With shady forrests, and wide skirted meades,
We made thee Lady, to thine and Albanies issue,
Be this perpetuall, what saies our second daughter?

Our

[B1v]
(1.1.26-1.1.67)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

Our deere Regan, wife to Cornwell, speake?

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

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

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

Cord. Nothing my Lord.

(again.

Lear. How, nothing can come of nothing, speake
Cord. Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue my heart into my
mouth, I loue your Maiestie according to my bond, nor more nor
lesse.

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

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

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cord. I good my Lord.

Lear. So yong and so vtender.

Cord. So yong my Lord and true.

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

B 2

The

[B2r]

(1.1.68-1.1.109)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

Kent. Good my Liege. (his wrath,

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

Kent. Royall Lear,
Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,

Loued as my Father, as my maister followed,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers.
Lear. The bow is bEAt & drawn make from the shaft,
Kent. Let it fall rather,
Though the forke inuade the region of my heart,
Be Kent vmannerly when Lear is man,

Wha

[B2v]
(1.1.110-1.1.146)

- - -
The Historie of King Lear.

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

Lear. Kent on thy life no more.

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

Lear. Out of my sight.

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

Lear. Now by Appollo,

Kent. Now by Appollo King thou swearest thy Gods

Lear. Vassall, recreant.

(in vaine.

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

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

(appeare,

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

B 3

That

[B3r]
(1.1.146-1.1.182)

- - -
The Historie of King Lear.

That rightly thinks, and hast most iustly said,
And your large speeches may your deedes approue,

That good effects may spring from wordes of loue:
Thus Kent O Princes, bids you all adew,
Heele shape his old course in a countrie new.

Enter France and Burgundie with Gloster.

Glost. Heers France and Burgundie my noble Lord.

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

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

Lear. Right noble Burgundie, when she was deere to
We did hold her so, but now her prise is fallen,
Sir there she stands, if ought within that little
Seeming substE3ce, or al of it with our displeasure peec'st,
And nothing else may fitly like your grace,
Shees there, and she is yours.

Burg. I know no answer.

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

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

(me

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

Fra. This is most strange, that she, that euen now
Was you best obiect, the argument of your praise,
Balme of your age, most best, most deerest,
Should in this trice of tiem commit a thing,
So monstrous to dismantell so many foulds of fauour,

Sure

[B3v]

(1.1.183-1.1.218)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

Cord. I yet beseech your Maiestie,
If for I want that glib and ooly Art,
To speake and purpose not, since what I well entend
Ile 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 euen for want of that, for which I am rich,
A still solliciting eye, and such a tongue,
As I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,

Hath lost me in your liking.

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

Fran. Is it no more but this, a tardines in nature,
That often leaues the historie vnspoke that it intends to
My Lord of Burgundie, what say you to the Lady? (do,
Loue is not loue when it is mingled with respects that
Aloose from the intire point wil you haue her? (stE3ds
She is her selfe and dowre.

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

Leir. Nothing, I haue sworne.

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

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

Fran. Fairest Cordelia that art most rich being poore,
Most choise forsaken, and most loued despisd,
Thee and thy vertues here I ceaze vpon,
Be it lawfull I take vp whats cast away,
Gods, Gods! tis strE3ge, that from their couldst neglect,
My loue should kindle to inflam'd respect,

Thy

[B4r]

(1.1.218-1.1.255)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

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

Exit Lear and Burgundie.

Fran. Bid farewell to your sisters?

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

Gonorill. Prescribe not vs our duties?

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

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

(you are,

Fran. Come faire Cordelia? Exit France & Cord.
Gonor. Sister, it is not a little I haue to say,
Of what most neerely appertaines to vs both,
I thinke our father will hence to night.
Reg. Thats most certaine, and with you, next moneth with vs.
Gon. You see how full of changes his age is the obseruation we
have made of it hath not bin little; hee alwaies loued our sister
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 euer but slen-
derly.

[B4v]
(1.1.256-1.1.294)

- - -
The Historie of King Lear.

derly knowne himselfe.

Gono. The best and soundest of his time hath bin but rash,
then must we looke to receiue from his age not alone the imper-
fection of long ingrafted condition, but therewithal vnruely way-
wardnes, 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 leaue taking betweene
France and him, pray lets hit together, if our Father cary autho-
rity with such dispositions as he beares, this last surrender of his,
will but offend vs,

Ragan. We shall further thinke on't.

Gon. We must doe something, and it'h heate. Exeunt.

Enter Bastard Solus.

Bast. Thou Nature art my Goddess, to thy law my seruices
are bound, wherefore should I stand in the plague of custome,
and permit the curiositie of nations to depriue me, for that I am
some twelue or 14. mooneshines lag of a brother, why bastard?
wherfor base, when my dementions are as well compact, my
mind as generous, and my shape as true as honest madams issue,
why brand they vs with base, base bastardie? who in the lusty
stealth of nature, take more composition and feirce quality, then
doth within 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 haue your land, our Fathers loue is to the bastard
Edmund, as to the legitimate, well my legitimate, if this letter
speede, and my inuention thriue, Edmond the base shall tooth'le-
gitimate: I grow, I prosper, now Gods stand vp for Bastards.

Enter Gloster.

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

Bast. So please your Lordship, none:

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

Bast. I know no newes my Lord.

Glost. What paper were you reading?

Bast. Nothing my Lord,

Glost.

[C1r]
(1.1.294-1.2.31)

- - -
The Historie of King Lear.

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

Ba. I beseech 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.

Glost. Giue me the letter sir.

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

Glost. Lets see, lets see?

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

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

Hum, conspiracie, slept till I wakt him, you should enioy halfe his reueneue, 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.

Glost. You know the Caractar to be your brothers?

Bast. 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 hope his heart is not in the contents.

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

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

Glost.

[C1v]
(1.2.32-1.2.74)

- - -
The Historie of King Lear.

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

Bast. I doe not well know my Lord, if it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, til you can deriue from him better testimony of this intent: you should run a certaine course, where if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your owne

honour,& shake in peeces the heart of his obediEAce, I dare pawn
downe my life for him, he hath wrote this to feele my affection
to you honour, and to no further pretence of danger.

Glost. Thinke you so?

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

Glost. He cannot be such a monster.

Bast. Nor is not sure.

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

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

Glost. These late eclipses in the Sunne and Moone portend
no good to vs, though the wisdom of nature can reason thus
and thus, yet nature finds it selfe scourg'd by the sequent effects,
loue cooles, friendship fals off, brothers diuide, in Citties mu-
tinies, in Countries discords, Pallaces treason, the bond crackt
betweene sonne and father; find out this villaine Edmond, it shal
loose thee nothing, doe it carefully, and the noble and true har-
ted Kent banisht, his offence honest, strange, strange!

Bast. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when
we are sicke in Fortune, often the surfeit of our owne behaiour,
we make guiltie of our disasters, the Sunne, the Moone, and the
Starres, as if we were Villaines by necessitie, Fooles by heauen-
ly compulsion, Knaues, Theeues, and Trecherers by spirituall

C 2

predomina-

[C2r]

(1.2.75-1.2.123)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

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

Edgar. How now brother Edmund, what serious contem-
tion are you in?

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

Edg. Doe you busie your selfe about that?

Bast. I promise you the effects he writ of, succeed vn-
happily, as of vnnaturalnesse betweene the child and the parent, death,
dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities, diuisions in state, mena-
ces and maledictions against King and nobles, needles dissiden-
ces, banishment of friEAds, dissipation of Cohorts, nuptial breach-
es, and I know not what.

Edg. How long haue you beene a sectary Astronomicall?

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow, that can my speech
C 3

defuse,

[C3r]
(1.2.173-1.4.2)

- - -
The Historie of King Lear.

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

Enter Lear.

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

Kent. A man Sir.

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

Kent. I doe professe to be no lesse then I seeme, to serue him truly that will put me in trust, to loue him that is honest, to conuerse with him that is wise, and sayes little, to feare iudgement, to fight when I cannto shuse, and to eate no fishe.

Lear. What art thou?

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

Lear. If thou be as poore for a subiect, as he is for a King, thar't poore enough, what would'st thou?

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

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

Lear. What seruices canst doe?

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

Lear. How old art thou?

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

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

Enter Steward.

Steward. So please you,

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

wher's

[C3v]
(1.4.2-1.4.47)

- - -
The Historie of King Lear.

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

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

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

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

Seruant. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my iudgemEAt, your highnes is not EAtertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont, ther's a great abatement, apeer's as

well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also,
and your daughter. Lear. Ha, say'st thou so?

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

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

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

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

Steward. My Ladies Father.

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

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

Lear. Do you bandie lookes with me you rascall?

Stew. Ile not be struck my Lord,

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base football player.

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

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

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

Enter Foole.

Foole.

[C4r]

(1.4.47-1.4.94)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

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

Foole. Sirra, you were best take my coxcombe.

Kent. Why Foole?

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

Lear. Why my boy?

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

Lear. Take heede sirra, the whip.

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

Lear. A pestilent gull to mee.

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

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

Lear. This is nothing foole.

Foole. Then like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, you gaue

me nothing for't, can you make no vse of nothing vnclē?

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

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

Lear. A bitter foole.

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

Lear. No lad, teach mee.

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

Lear. Do'st thou call me foole boy?

Foole.

[C4v]

(1.4.95-1.4.148)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

Kent. This is not altogether foole my Lord.

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

Lear. What two crownes shall they be?

Foole. Why, after I haue cut the egge in the middle and eate vp the meate, the two crownes of the egge; when thou clouest thy crowne it'h middle and gauest away both parts, thou borest thy asse at'h back or'e the durt, thou had'st little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gauest thy golden one away, if I speake like my selfe in this, let him be whipt that first finds it so. Fooles had nere lesse wit in a yeare, For wise men are growne foppish, They know not how their wits doe weare, Their manners are so apish.

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

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

Lear. And you lye, weele haue you whipt.

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

Enter Gonorill.

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

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

D

sooth

[D1r]
(1.4.149-1.4.194)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Foole. Which they, will make an obedient father.

Lear. You name faire gentlewoman?

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

like

[D1v]
(1.4.195-1.4.244)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

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

Gon. You strike my people, and your disordred rabble, make

seruants of their betters.

Enter Duke.

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

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

Leir. It may be so my Lord, harke Nature, heare deere Goddess, suspend thy purpose, if thou did'st intend to make this creature fruitful into her wombe, conuey sterility, drie vp in hir the organs of increase, and from her derogate boby neuer spring a babe to honour her, if shee must teeme, create her childe of spleene, that it may liue and bee a thourt disuetur'd torment to her, let it stampe wrinckles in her brow of youth, with accent teares, fret channels in her cheeks, turne all her mothers paines and benefits to laughter and tontempt, that shee may feele, that she may feele, how sharper then a serpents tooth it is, to haue a thanklesse child, goe, goe, my people?

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

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

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

D 2

Duke.

[D2r]

(1.4.244-1.4.295)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

Duke. What is the matter sir?

Lear. Ile tell thee, life and death! I am asham'd that thou hast power to shake my manhood thus, that these hot teares that breake from me perforce, should make the worst blasts and fogs vpon the vntented woundings of a fatherscursse, pierce euery fence about the old fond eyes, beweepe this cause againe, ile pluck you out,& you cast with the waters that you make to temper clay, yea, i'st come to this? yet haue I left a daughter, whom I am sure is kind and comfortable, when shee shall heare this of thee, with her nailes shee'l flea thy woluish visage, thou shalt find that ile resume the shape, which thou dost thinke I haue cast off for euer, thou shalt I warrant thee.

Gon. Doe you marke that my Lord?

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

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

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

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

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

Osw. Yes Madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse, informe

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

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

Gon. Nay then. Duke. Well, well, the euent, Exeunt
Enter Lear.

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

Kent.

[D2v]
(1.4.295-1.5.5)

- - -
The Historie of King Lear.

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

Exit

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

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

Lear. Ha ha ha.

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

Lear. Why what canst thou tell my boy?

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

Lear. No.

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

Lear. I did her wrong.

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

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

Lear. Why?

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

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

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

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Foole. Yes thou wouldst make a good foole.

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

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

Lear. How's that?

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

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

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

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

Enter

[D3r]
(1.5.6-1.5.52)

- - -
The Historie of King Lear.

Enter Bast. and Curan meeting.

Bast. Saue thee Curan.

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

Bast. How comes that?

Curan. Nay, I know not, you haue heard of the newes abroad, I meane the whisperd ones, for there are yet but eare-bussing arguments.

Bast. Not, I pray you what are they?

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

Bast. Not a word.

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

Bast. The Duke be here tonight! the better best, this weaues
Enter Edgar

it selfe perforce into my busines, my father hath set gard to take my brother, and I haue one thing of a quesie question, which must aske briefnes and fortune helpe; brother, a word, discend brother I say, my father watches, O flie this place, intelligence is giuen where you are hid, you haue now the doog aduantage of the night, haue you not spoken gainst the Duke of Cornwall ought, hee's coming hether now in the night, it'h hast, and Regan with him, haue you nothing said vpon his partie against the Duke of Albany, aduise your ---

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

Bast. I heare my father coming, pardon me in crauing, I must draw my sword vpon you, seeme to defend your selfe, now quit you well, yeeld, come before my father, light here, here flie brother flie, torches, torches, so farwell; some bloud drawne on mee would beget opinion of my more fierce indeavour, I haue seene drunckards doe more then this in sport, father, father, stop, stop, no, helpe? Enter Glost.

Glost. Now Edmund where is the villaine?

Bast. Here stood he in th darke his sharpe sword out, warbling of wicked charms, coniuring the Moone to stand's auspicious Mistris.

Glost. But where is he?

Bast. Looke sir, I bleed.

Glost. Where is the villaine Edmund?

Bast.

[D3v]
(2.1.1-2.1.41)

- - -
The Historie of King Lear.

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

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

Bast. Perswade me to the murder of your Lordship, but that I told him the reuengiuie Gods, gainst Paracides did all their thunders bend, spoke with how many fould and strong a bond the child was bound to the father, sir in a fine, seeing how loathly opposite I stood, to his vnnaturall purpose, with fell motion with his prepared sword, hee charges home by vnprouided bo-

dy, lancht mine arme, but when he saw my best alarumd spirits, bould in the quarrels, rights, rousd to the encounter, or whether gasted by the noyse I made, but sodainly he fled.

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

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

Glost. Strong and fastned villaine, would he denie his letter, I neuer got him, 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 haue note of him, and of my land loyall and naturall boy, ile worke the meanes to make thee capable.

Enter the Duke of Cornwall.

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

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

pursue

[D4r]
(2.1.42-2.1.89)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

pursue the offender, how dost my Lord?

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

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

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

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

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

Bast. Yes Madam, he was.

Reg. No maruaille then though he were ill affected, Tis they haue put him on the old mans death, To haue the wast and spoyle of his reuenues:

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

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

Bast. Twas my dutie Sir.

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

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

Duke. If he be taken, he shall neuer more be feard of doing harme, make your own purpose how in my strength you please,

for you Edmund, whose vertue and obedience, doth this instant so much commend it selfe, you shall bee ours, natures of such deepe trust, wee shall much need you, we first seaze on.

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

Glost. For him I thanke your grace.

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

Regan. Thus out of season, threatning darke ey'd night,
Ocasions noble Gloster of some poyse,
Wherein we must haue vse of your aduise,
Our Father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of diferences, which I lest thought it fit,
To answer from our home, the seuerall messengers
>From hence attend dispatch, our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosome, & bestow your needfull counsell
To our busines, which craues the instant vse. (Exeunt.

Glost.

[D4v]
(2.1.89-2.1.128)

- - -
The Historie of King Lear.

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

Enter Kent, and Steward.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knaue, a rascall, an eater of broken meates, a base, proud, shallow, beggerly, three shewted hundred pound, filthy worsted-stocken knaue, a lilly lyure'd action taking knaue, a whorson glassegazing superfinical rogue, one truncke inheriting slaue, 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 bitch, whom I will beat into clamorous whyning, if thou denie the least syllable of the addition.

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

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

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

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

Stew. Helpe, ho murther, helpe.

Kent. Strike you slaue, stand rogue, stand you neate sraue, strike? Stew. Helpe ho, murther, helpe.

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

Bast. How now, whats the matter?

E

Kent.

[E1r]

(2.1.128-2.2.44)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

Glost. Weapons, armes, whats the matter here?

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

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

Duke. Whats your difference, speake?

Stew. I am scarce in breath my Lord.

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

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

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

Glost. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

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

Kent. Thou whorson Zedd, thou vnnesessarie letter, my
Lord if you'l giue mee leaue, I will tread this vnboulded villaine
into mortar, and daube the walles of a iaques with him, spare
my gray beard you wagtayle.

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

Kent. Yes sir, but anger has a priuiledge.

Duke. Why are thou angry?

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

Duke, What art thou mad old fellow?

Glost. How fell you out, say that?

Kent.

[E1v]

(2.2.45-2.2.86)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

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

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

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

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

Before me at this instant.

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

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

Duke. What mean'st thou by this

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

Duke. What's the offence you gaue him?

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

Kent. None of these roges & cowards but AIax is their foole.

E 2

Duke.

[E2r]

(2.2.87-2.2.125)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

Duke. Bring forth the stockes ho?

You stubburne miscreant knaue, you reuerent bragart,
Weele teach you.

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

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

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

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

Reg. Sir being his knaue, I will.

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

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

Duke. Ile answer that.

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

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

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

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

Kent. Good King that must approue the cF5mon saw,
Thou out of heauens benediction comest

To

[E2V]
(2.2.125-2.2.161)

- - -
The Historie of King Lear.

To the warme Sunne.

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

sleepes.

Enter Edgar

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

Enter King.

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

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

No

[E3r]
(2.2.162-2.4.3)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

No purpose of his remoue.

Kent. Hayle to thee noble maister.

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

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

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

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

Lear. No. Kent. Yes.

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

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

Lear. By Iupiter I swear no, they durst not do't,
They would not, could not do't, tis worse then murder,
To doe vpon respect such violent outrage,
Resolue me with all modest hast, which way
Thou may'st deserue, or they purpose this vsage,
Coming from vs.Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your highnes letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that shewed
My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Post,
Stewd in his hast, halfe breathles, panting forth
>From Gonerill his mistris, salutations,
Deliuered letters spite of intermission,
Which presently they read, on whose contents
They summond vp their men, straight tooke horse,
Commanded me to follow, and attend the leasure
Of their answer, gaue me cold lookes,
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome I perceau'd had poyson'd mine,
Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so sawcily against your Highnes,
Hauing more man then wit about me drew,
He raised the house with loud and coward cries,
You sonne and daughter found this trespas worth

This

[E3v]
(2.4.3-2.4.44)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

This shame which here it suffers.

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

Kent. With the Earle sir within,

Lear. Follow me not, stay there?

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

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

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

Kent. Why foole?

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

That Sir that serues for gaine,

And followes but for forme:

Will packe when it begin to raine,

And leaue thee in the storme.

But I will tarie, the foole will stay,

And let the wise man flie:

The knaue turnes foole that runs away,

The foole no knaue perdy.

Kent. Where learnt you this foole?

Foole. Not in the stockes.

Enter Lear and Gloster.

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

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

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

Why

[E4r]

(2.4.45-2.4.96)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

Glost. I my good Lord.

Lear. The King would speake with Cornewal, the deare father
Would with his daughter speake, commands her seruice,
Fierie Duke, tell the hot Duke that Lear,
No but not yet may be he is not well,
Infirmitie doth still neglect all office, where to our health
Is boFBd, we are not our selues, when nature being oprest
CF5mand the mind to suffer with the bodie ile forbear,
And am fallen out with my more hedier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit, for the sound man,
Death on my state, whefore should he sit here?
This act perswades me, that this remotion of the Duke
Is practise, only giue me my seruant forth, (& her
Tell the Duke and's wife, Ile speake with them
Now presently, bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their chamber doore Ile beat the drum,
Til it cry sleepe to death.

Glost. I would haue all well betwixt you.

Lear. O my heart, my heart.

Foole. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cokney did to the eeles, when
she put vm it'h pE2st aliue, she rapt vm ath coxcombs with a stick,

and cryed downe wantons downe, twas her brothe, that in pure
kindnes to his horse buttered his hay.

Enter Duke and Regan.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Duke. Hayle to your Grace.

Reg. I am glad to see your highnes.

Lear. Regan I thinke you are, I know what reason
I haue to thinke so, if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would diuorse me from thy nothers tombe
Sepulchring an adultresse, yea are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloued Regan,
Thy sister is naught, oh Regan she hath tyed,
Sharpe tooth'd vnkindnes, like a vulture heare,
I can scarce speake to thee, thout not beleeeue,
Of how deprived a qualitie, O Regan,

Reg.

[E4v]

(2.4.96-2.4.137)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

Lear. My curses on her.

Reg. O Sir you are old

(fine,

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

Lear. Aske her forgiunes,

Doe you marke how this becomes the house,
Deare daughter, I confesse that I am old,
Age is vnnesessarie, on my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchsafe me rayment, bed and food.

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

Lear. No Regan,

She hath abated me of halfe my traine,
Lookt blacke vpon me, strooke mee with her tongue
Most Serpent-like vpon the very heart,
All the stor'd vengeances of heauen fall on her ingratful
Strike her yong bones, you taking ayrs with lamenes.

(top,

Duke. Fie fie sir.

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

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

Lear. No Regan, thou shalt neuer haue my curse,
The tEAd er hefted nature shall not giue the or'e (burne
To harshnes, her eies are fierce, but thine do cF5fort & not
Tis not in thee to grudge my pleasures, to cut off my
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes, (traine,
And in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in, thou better knowest,
The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,

Effects

[F1r]
(2.4.138-2.4.178)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

Reg. Good sir too'th purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i'th stockes?

Duke. What trumpets that? Enter Steward.

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

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

Duke. What meanes your Grace? Enter Gon.

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

Lear. Who comes here? O heauens!

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

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

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

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

Lear. You, did you?

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

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

Necessities

[F1v]
(2.4.179-2.4.210)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

Gon. At your choise sir.

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

Reg. Not altogether so sir, I looke not for you yet,
Now am provided for your fit welcome,
Giue eare sir to my sister, for those
That mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to thinke you are old, and so,
But she knowes what shee does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now?

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

Gon. Why might not you my Lord receiue attendE2ce
>From those that she cals seruants, or from mine?

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

F2

For

[F2r]

(2.4.211-2.4.246)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

Lear. I gaue you all.

Reg. And in good time you gaue it.

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

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

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

Gon. Heare me my Lord,
What need you fiue and twentie, tenne, or fiue,
To follow in a house, where wise so many
Haua a commaund to tend you.

Regan. What needes one?

Lear. O reason not the deed, our basest beggars,
Are in the poorest thing superfluous,

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

The

[F2v]
(2.4.247-2.4.281)

- - -
The Historie of King Lear.

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

Exeunt Lear, Leister, Kent and Foole.

Duke. Let vs withdraw, twill be a storme.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Reg. O sir, to wilfull men

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

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

Enter Kent and a Gentleman at seuerall doores.

Kent. Whats here beside foule weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather most vnquietly.

Kent. I know you, whers the King?

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

Strives in his little world of man to outscore,
F3

The

[F3r]
(2.4.282-3.1.10)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

Kent. But who is with him?

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

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

Gent. I will talke farther with you

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

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

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

Enter

[F3v]
(3.1.11-3.1.54)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

On him, hollow the other.

Exeunt.

Enter Lear and Foole.

Lear. Blow wind & cracke your cheekes, rage, blow
You caterickes, & Hircanios spout til you haue drencht,
The steeples drown'd the cockes, you sulphurous and
Thought executing fires, vaunt-currers to
Oke-cleauing thunderboults, singe my white head,

And thou all shaking thunder, smite flat
The thicke Rotunditie of the world, cracke natures
Mold, all Germaines spill at once that make
Ingratefull man.

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

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout raine,
Nor raine, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters,
I taske not you you elements with vnkindnes,
I neuer gaue you kingdome, cald you children,
You owe me no subscription, why then let fall your horrible
Here I stE2d your slaue, a poore infirme weak & (plesure
Despis'd ould man, but yot I call you seruile
Ministers, that haue with 2. pernitiuous daughters ioin'd
Your high engEAdred battel gainst a head so old & white
As this, O tis foule.

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

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

Kent. Whose there?

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

Kent. Alas sir, sit you here?

Things

[F4r]
(3.1.54-3.2.42)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

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

Kent. Alacke bare headed, gracious my Lord, hard by here is
a houell, some friendship will it lend you gainst the tempest, re-
pose you there, whilst I to this hard house, more hard then is

the stone whereof tis rais'd, which euen but now demanding
after me, denide me to come in, returne and force their scanted
curtesie.

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

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

Lear. True my good boy, come bring vs to this houell?
Enter Gloster and the Bastard with lights.

Glost. Alacke alacke Edmond I like not this,

Vnnaturall

[F4v]
(3.2.42-3.3.1)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

Bast. Most sauage and vnnaturall. (the Dukes,

Glost. Go toe say you nothing, ther's a diuisiF5 betwixt
And a worse matter then that, I haue receiued
A letter this night, tis dangerous to be spoken,
I haue lockt the letter in my closet, these iniuries
The King now beares, will be reuenged home
Ther's part of a power already landed,
We must incline to the King, I will seeke him, and
Priuily releuee him, goe you and maintaine talke
With the Duke, that my charity be not of him
Perceiued, if hee aske for me, I am ill, and gon
To bed, though I die for't, as no lesse is threatned me,
The King my old master must be releueed, there is
Some strE2ge thing toward, Edmund pray you be careful. Exit.

Bast. This curtesie forbid thee, shal the Duke instE2ly
And of that letter to, this seems a faire deseruing (know
And must draw me that which my father looses, no lesse
Then all, then yonger rises when the old doe fall. Exit.

Enter Lear, Kent, and foole.

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

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

Lear. Wilt breake my heart?

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

Lear. Thou think'st tis much, that this tempestious storme
Inuades vs to the skin, so tis to thee,
But where the greater malady is fixt
The lesser is scarce felt, thoud'st shun a Beare,
But if thy flight lay toward the roring sea,
Thoud'st meet the beare it'h mouth, whEA the mind's free
The bodies delicate, this tempest in my mind
Doth from my sences take all feeling else

Saue what beates their filiall ingratitude,

G

Is

[G1r]

(3.3.1-3.4.14)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

(lies,

Kent. Good my Lord enter.

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

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

Kent. Giue me thy hand, whose there.

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

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

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

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

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

the

[G1v]

(3.4.15-3.4.60)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

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

Foole. Nay he reseru'd a blanket, else we had been all sham'd.

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

Kent. He hath no daughters sir.

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

Edg. Pilicock sate on pelicocks hill a lo lo lo.

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

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

Lear. What hast thou been?

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

Lear. Why thou wert better in they graue, then to answere
with thy vncovered bodie this extremitie of the skies, is man no
more, but this cF5sider him well, thou owest the worme no silke,
the beast no hide, the sheepe no wooll, the cat no perfume, her's
three ons are so phisticated, thou art the thing itselpe, vnaccom-

G2

odated

[G2r]

(3.4.61-3.4.106)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

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

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

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. Whats hee?

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

Glost. What are you there? your names?

Edg. Poore Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the tode, the
tod pole, the wall-newt, and the water, that in the furie of his
heart, when the soule fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets, swal-
lowes the old ratt, and the ditch dogge, drinkes the greene man-
tle of the standing poole, who is whipt from tithing to tithing,

and stock-punisht and imprisoned, who hath had three sutes to
his backe, sixe shirts to his bodie, horse to ride, and weapon
to weare.

But mise and rats, and such small Deere,
Hath been Toms foode fro seuen long yeare-
Beware my follower, peace snulbug, peace thou fiend.

Glost. What hath your Grace no better company?

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

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

Edg. Poore Toms a cold.

Glost. Go in with me, my dutie cE2not suffer to obay in all your
daughters hard commaunds, though their iniunction be to barre
my doores, and let this tyranous night take hold vpon you, yet
haue I venter'd to come seeke you out, and bring you where
both food and fire is readie.

Lear

[G2v]
(3.4.107-3.4.153)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

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

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

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

Lear. Let me aske you one word in priuate.

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

Glost. Canst thou blame him, (to vnsettle.

His daughters seeke his death, O that good Kent,
He said it would be thus, poore banisht man,
Thou sayest the King growes mad, ile tell thee friend
I am almost mad my selfe, I had a sonne
Now out-lawed from my bloud, a sought my life
But lately, very late, I lou'd him friend
No father his sonne deerer, true to tell thee,
The greefe hath craz'd my wits,
What a nights this? I doe beseech your Grace.

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

Edg. Toms a cold.

(pany.

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

Lear. Come lets in all.

Kent. This way my Lord.

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

Ken. Good my Lord sooth him, let him take the fellow.

Glost. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirah come on, goe along with vs?

Lear. Come good Athenian.

Glost. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. Child Rowland, to the darke towne come,
His word was still fy fo and fum,
I smell the bloud of a British man.

Enter Cornewell and Bastard.

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

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

Corn. I now perceiue it was not altogether your brothers euill disposition made him seeke his death, but a prouoking merit,

G3

set

[G3r]

(3.4.154-3.5.7)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

set a worke by a reproveable badnes in himselfe.

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

Corn. Goe with me to the Dutches.

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

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

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

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

Exit.

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

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

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

Edg. Freterete cals me, and tels me Nero is an angler in the lake of darknes, pray innocent beware the foule fiend.

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

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

Edg. The foule fiend bites my backe,

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

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

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

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

Edg.

[G3v]

(3.5.7-3.6.28)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

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

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

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

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

Foole. Come hither mistrisse is your name Gonorill.

Lear. She cannot deny it.

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

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

Edg. Blesse thy fiue wits.

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

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

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

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them, auant you curs,
Be thy mouth, or blacke, or white, tooth that poysons if it bite,
Mastife, grayhoFBd, mungril, grim-hoFBd or spaniel, brach or him,
Bobtaile tike, or trFBdletaile, Tom will make them weep & waile,
For with throwing thus my head, dogs leape the hatch and all
are fled, loudla doodla come march to wakes, and faires, and
market townes, poore Tom thy horne is dry.

(her

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

They

[G4r]
(3.6.29-3.6.80)

- - -
The Historie of King Lear.

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

Kent. Now good my Lord lie here awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the curtains, so, so, so,
Weele go to supper it'h morning, so, so, so, Enter Gloster.

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

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

Glost. Good friend I prithy take him in thy armes,
I haue or'e heard a plot of death vpon him,
Ther is a Litter ready lay him in't, & driue towards Douer frend,
Where thou shalt meet both welcome & protection, take vp thy
If thou should'st dally halfe an houre, his life with thine (master,
And all that offer to defend him stand in assured losse,
Take vp the King and followe me, that will to some prouision
Giue thee quicke conduct.

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

Glost. Come, come away. Exit.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes: we scarcely

thinke, our miseries, our foes.
Who alone suffers suffers, most it'h mind,
Leauing free things and happy shoves behind,
But then the mind much sufferance doth or'e scip,
When grieffe hath mates, and bearing fellowship :
How light and portable my paine seemes now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the King bow.
He childed as I fathered, Tom away,
Marke the high noyses and thy selfe bewray,
When false opinion whose wrong thoughts defile thee,
In thy iust prooffe repeals and reconciles thee,
What will hap more to night, safe scape the King,
Lurke, lurke.

Enter Cornwall, and Regan, and Gonorill, and Bastard. (letter
Corn. Post speedily to my Lord your husband shew him this
The army of France is landed, seeke out the vilaine Gloster.
Regan. Hang him instantly.
Gon. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn.

[G4v]
(3.6.80-3.7.5)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

Corn. Leauie him to my displeasure, EdmFBd keep you our sister

(company.

The reuenge we are bound to take vpon your trayterous father,
Are not fit for your beholding, aduise the Duke where you are
To a most festuant preparatiF5 we are bound to the like, (going
Our post shall be swift and intelligence betwixt vs,
Farewell deere sister, farewell my Lord of Gloster,
How now whers the King? Enter Steward.

Stew. My Lord of Gloster hath conueyd him hence,
Some fiue or sixe and thirtie of his Knights hot questrits after
him, met him at gate, who with some other of the Lords depen-
dants are gone with him towards Douer, where they boast to
haue well armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistris.

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

Corn. Edmund farewell. goe seeke the traytor Gloster.

Pinion him like a theefe, bring him before vs,
Though we may not passe vpon his life
Without the forme of Iustice, yet our power
Shall doe a curtesie to our wrath, which men may blame
But not controule, whose there, the traytor?

Enter Gloster brought in by two or three.

Reg. Ingrateful 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 foule play friends.

Corn. Bind him I say,

Reg. Hard hard, O filthie traytor!

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

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

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

Glost. Naughty Ladie, these haire which thou dost ravish from
Will quicken and accuse thee, I am your host. (my chin

With robbers hands my hospitable fauours
You should not ruffell thus, what will you doe.
Corn. Come sir, what letters had you late from France?
Reg. Be simple answerer, for we know the truth.

H

Corn.

[H1r]
(3.7.6-3.7.43)

- - -
The Historie of King Lear.

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

Shee

[H1v]
(3.7.44-3.7.80)

- - -
The Historie of King Lear.

Shee takes a sword and runs at him behind.
Seruant. Oh I am slaine my Lord, yet haue you one eye left to
see some mischiefe on him, oh!

Corn. Least it see more prevent it, out vild Ielly
Where is thy luster now?

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

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

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

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

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

Exit.

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

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

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

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

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemnd,
Then still contemn'd and flattered to be worst,
The lowest and most delected thing of Fortune
Stands still in experience, liues not in feare,
The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returnes to laughter,
Who's here, my father parti,eyd, world, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeeld to age. Enter Glost. led by an old man.

Old man O my good Lord, I haue beene your tenant, & your
H2

fathers

[H2r]

(3.7.81-4.1.13)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

fathers tenant this forescore---

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

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

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

Old man. How now whose there?

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

Old man. Tis poore mad Tom.

Edg. And worse I may be yet, the worst is not,

As long as we can say, this is the worst.
 Old man. Fellow where goest?
 Glost. Is it a begger man?
 Old man. Mad man, and begger to.
 Glost. A has some reason, else he could not beg,
 In the last nights storme I such a fellow saw,
 Which made me thinke a man a worme, my sonne
 Came then into my mind, and yet my mind (since,
 Was then scarce friendes with him, I haue heard more
 As flies are toth' wanton boyes, are we toth' Gods,
 They bitt vs for their sport.
 Edg. How should this be, bad is the trade that must play the
 foole to sorrow angring it selfe and others, blesse thee maister.
 Glost. Is that the naked fellow?
 Old man. I my Lord.
 Glost. Then prethee get thee gon, if for my sake
 Thou wilt oretake vs here a mile or twaine
 Ith'way toward Douer, doe it for ancient loue
 And bring some couering for this naked soule
 Who Ile intreate to leade me.
 Old man. Alack sir he is mad.

Glost.

[H2v]
 (4.1.13-4.1.45)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

Glost. Tis the times plague, when madmen lead the
 Doe as I bid thee, or rather doe thy pleasure, (blind,
 Aboue the rest, be gon.
 Old man. Ile bring him the best parrell that I haue
 Come on't what will.
 Glost. Sirrah naked fellow.
 Edg. Poore Toms a cold, I cannot dance it farther.
 Glost. Come hither fellow.
 Edg. Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleed.
 Glost. Knowst thou the way to Douer?
 Edg. Both stile and gate, horse way, and foot-path,
 Poore Tom hath beene scard out of his good wits,
 Blesse the good man from the foule fiend,
 Fiue fiends haue beene in poore Tom at once,
 Of lust, as Obidicut, Hobbididence Prince of dumbnes,
 Mahu of stealing, Modo of murder, Stigerdigebit of
 Mobing, & Mobing who since possesses chambermaids
 And waiting women, so, blesse thee maister. (plagues.
 Glost. Here take this purse, thou whome the heauens
 Haue humbled to all strokes, that I am wretched, makes
 The happier, heauens deale so still, (thee
 Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man
 That stands your ordinance, that will not see
 Because he does not feele, feele your power quickly,
 So distribution should vnder excesse,
 And each man haue enough, dost thou know Douer?
 Edg. I master.
 Glost. There is a cliffe whose high & bending head
 Lookes firmly in the confined deepe,
 Bring me but to the very brimme of it
 And ile repaire the misery thou dost beare
 With something rich about me,

>From that place I shal no leading need.

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

Enter Gonorill and Bastard.

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

Enter Steward.

H 3

Stew.

[H3r]

(4.1.46-4.2.2)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gon. No more, the text is foolish.

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

Whose

[H3v]

(4.2.3-4.2.41)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

Whose reuerence euen the head-lugd beare would lick.
Most barbarous, most degenerate haue you madded,

Could my good brother suffer you to doe it?
A man, a Prince, by him so benifited,
If that the heuens doe not their visible spirits (come
Send quickly downe to tame this vild offences, it will
Humanity must perforce pray on it self like monsters of
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 they suffering, that not know'st, fools do those vilains pitty
Who are punisht ere they haue done their mischiefe,
Wher's thy drum? France spreads his banners in our noyseles land,
With plumed helme, thy state begins thereat
Whil'st thou a morall foole sits still and cries
Alack why does he so?

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

Gon. O vaine foole!

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

Gon. Marry your manhood mew---

Alb. What newes.

Enter a Gentleman.

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

Alb. Glosters eyes?

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

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

But

[H4r]

(4.2.42-4.2.80)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

Gent. Both, both my Lord, this letter Madam craues a speedy
Tis from your sister.

Gon. One way I like this well,
But being widow and my Gloster with her,
May all the building on my fancie plucke,
Vpon my hatefull life, another way the newes is not so tooke,
Ile reade and answer. Exit.

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

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

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

Alb. Knowes he the wickednesse.

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

(King,

Alb. Gloster I liue to thanke thee for the loue thou shewdest the
And to reuenge thy eyes, come hither friend,

Tell me what more thou knowest.

Exit.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

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

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

Kent. Who hath he left behind him, General.

Gent. The Marshall of France Monsier la Far. (Of griefe.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queene to any demonstratiF5

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

Kent. O then it moued her.

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

As

[H4v]

(4.2.80-4.3.21)

- - -

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 heau'd the name of father,
Pantingly forth as if it prest her heart,
Cried sisters, sisters, shame of Ladies sisters:
Kent, father, sisters, what ith storme ith night,
Let pitie not be beleeft there she 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 aboue vs gouerne our conditions,
Else one selfe mate and make could not beget,
Such different issues, you spoke not with her since.

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

Gent. No, since.

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

Gent. Why good sir?

(daughter.

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

Gent. Alack poore Gentleman.

Kent. Of Albanies and Cornewals powers you heard not.

Gent. Tis so they are a foote.

Kent. Well sir, ile bring you to our maister Lear,

And leaue you to attend him some deere cause,
Will in concealement wrap me vp awhile
When I am knowne aright you shall not greeue,
Lending me this acquaintance, I pray you go along with me.

Enter Cordelia, Doctor and others.

Exit.

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

With

I

[I1r]

(4.3.22-4.4.3)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

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

Cord. All blest secrets all you vnpublisht vertues of the earth,
Spring with my teares be aydant and remediat,
In the good mans distresse, seeke, seeke, for him,
Lest his vngouernd rage dissolue the life.

That wants the meanes to lead it. Enter messenger.

Mes. News Madam, the Brittish powers are marching hither-

Cord. Tis knowne before, our preparation stands, (ward.
In expectation of them, F4 deere father
It is thy busines that I go about, therfore great France
My mourning and important teares hath pitied,
No blowne ambition doth our armes in fight
But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd fathers right,
Soone may I heare and see him. Exit.

Enter Regan and Steward.

Reg. But are my brothers powers set forth?

Stew. I Madam. Reg. Himselfe in person?

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

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

Stew. No Madam.

Reg. What might import my sisters letters to him?

Stew. I know not Lady.

Reg. Faith he is posted hence on serious matter,
It was great ignorance, Glosters eyes being out
To let him liue, where he ariues he moues
All harts against vs, and now I thinke is gone
In pitie of his misery to dispatch his nighted life,

More-

[I1v]

(4.4.4-4.5.13)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

Moreouer to discrie the strength at'h army.

Stew. I must needs after him with my letters

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

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

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

Stew. Madam I'd e rather---

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

Stew. I Madam.

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

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

Reg. Fare thee well.

Exit.

Enter Gloster and Edmund.

Glost. When shall we come toth' top of that same hill?

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

Glost. Me thinks the ground is euen.

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

Glost. No truly.

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

Glost. So may it be indeed,

I 2

Me

[I2r]

(4.5.13-4.6.6)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

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

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

Edg. Come on sir, her's the place, stand still, how
And dizi tis to cast ones eyes so low
The crows and choghes that wing the midway ayre
Shew scarce so grosse as beetles, halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers sampire, dreadfull trade,
Me thinkes he seemes no bigger then his head,
The fishermen that walke vpon the beach
Appeare like mise, and yon tall anchoring barke
Diminisht to her cock, her cock a boui
Almost too small for sight, the murmuring surge

That on the vnnumbred idle peeble chaffes
Cannot be heard, its so hie ile looke no more,
Least my braine turne, and the deficient sight
Topple downe headlong.

Glost. Set me where you stand?

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

Glost. Let goe my hand,
Here friend's another pursse in it a iewell,
Well worth a poore mans taking, Fairies and Gods
Prosper it with thee, goe thou farther off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well good sir.

Glost. VWith all my heart. (to cure it.

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

Glost. O you mightie Gods, He kneeles.
This world I doe renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off,
If I could beare it longer and not fall
To quarel with your great opposles wils
My snurff and loathed part of nature should
Burne it selfe out, if Edgar liue, O blesse,

Now

[I2v]

(4.6.7-4.6.40)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

Now fellow fare thee well. He fals.

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

Glost. Away and let me die.

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

Glost. But haue I fallen or no l

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

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

Edg. Giue me your arme?

Vp,so, how feele you your legges,you stand.

Glost. Too well, too well.

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

Glost. A poore vnfortunate bagger.

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

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

I 3

Inough,

[I3r]

(4.6.41-4.6.76)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

Enough, enough and die that thing you speake of,
I tooke it for a man, often would it say
The fiend the fiend, he led me to that place

Edg. Bare free & patient thoughts, but who comes here
The safer sence will neare accomodate his maister thus.

Enter Lear mad.

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

Edg. O thou side pearcing sight. (himselfe.)

Lear. Nature is aboue Art in that respect, ther's your presse
money, that fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper, draw me
a clothiers yard, looke, looke a mowse, peace, peace, this tosted
cheese will do it ther's my gauntlet, ile proue it on a gyant, bring
vp the browne-billes, O well flowne bird in the ayre, hagh, giue
the word?

Edg. Sweet Margerum.

Lear. Passe. Glost. I know that voyce.

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

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

Lear. I euer inch a King when I do stare, see how the subiect
quakes, I pardon that mans life, what was thy cause, adultery?
thou shalt not die for adulterie, no the wren goes toot, and the
smal guilded flie doe letcher in my sight, let copulation thriue,
for Glosters bastard son was kinder to his father then my daugh-
ters got tweene the lawfull sheets, toot luxurie, pell, mell, for I
lacke souldiers, behold yon simpring dame whose face between
her forkes presageth snow, that minces vertue, and do shake the
head heare of pleasures name to fichew nor the soyled horse
goes toot with a more riotous appetite, down fr5 the wast tha're
centaures, though women all aboue, but to the girdle doe the
gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends, thers hell, thers darknesse,
ther's the sulphury pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumation,

fie,

[I3v]

(4.6.77-4.6.129)

- - -

The 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.

Glost. O let me kisse that hand.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Glost. I see it feelingly.

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

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

Edg. O matter and impertinencie mixt reason in madnesse.

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

Glost. Alack alack the day.

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

gem,

[I4r]

(4.6.129-4.6.184)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

Enter three Gentlemen.

Gent. O here he is, lay hands vpon him sirs, your most deere

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

Gent. You shall haue any thing.

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

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

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

Lear. Then theres life int, nay and you get it you shall get it

with running.

Exit King running.

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

Edg. Haile gentle sir.

Gent. Sir speed you, whats your will.

Edg. Do you heare ought of a battell toward.

Gent. Most sure and bulgar euey one here's that That can distinguish sence.

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

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

Edg. I thanke you sir thats all.

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

Exit.

Glost. You euer gentle gods take my breath from me, Let not my worser spirit tempt me againe,

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

Glost. Now good sir what are you.

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

Glost.

[I4v]

(4.6.184-4.6.224)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

Glost. Hartie thanks, the bounty and the benizon of heauen, to boot, to boot.

Enter Steward.

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

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

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

Edg. Chill not let goe sir without cagion.

Stew. Let goe slaue, or thou diest.

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

Stew. Out dunghill.

they

fight.

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

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

If euer thou wilt thriue, burie my bodie,

And giue the letters which thou find'st about me

To Edmund Earle of Gloster, seeke him out, vpon

The Brittish partie, F4 vntimely death ! death.

He dies.

Edg. I know thee well, a seruiceable villaine,

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

Glost. What is he dead?

(desire.

Edg. Sit you down father, rest you, lets see his pockets These letters that he speakes of, may be my friends,

Hee's dead, I am only sorrow he had no other deathsmE2
Let vs see, leaue gentle waxe, and manners blame vs not
To know our enemies minds, wee d rip their hearts,
Their papers is more lawfull. A letter.

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

your
[K1r]
(4.6.224-4.6.268)
- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

your labour, your wife (so I would say) your affectionate seruant
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 sands,
Thee ile rake vp, the post vnsanctified
Of murtherous leachers, and in the mature time,
With this vngratious paper strike the sight
Of the death practis'd Duke, for him tis well,
That of thy death the businesse I can tell.

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

Edg. Giue me your hand far off me thinks I heare the beaten
Come father ile bestow you with a friend. Exit. (drum,
Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Doctor. (thy goodnes,

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

Kent. To be acknowlegd madame is ore payd,
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more, nor cl Doct. So please your Maiestie that we may wake the king,
He hath slept long.

Cord. Be gouernd by your knowledge and proceed,

Ith
[K1v]
(4.6.268-4.7.18)
- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

Ith sway of your owne will is he arayd,

Doct. I madam, in the heauinesse of his sleepe,
We put fresh garments on him,

Gent. Good madam be by, when we do awake him
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cord. Very well.

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

Cor. O my deer father restoratiF5 hang thy medicin on my lips,
And let this kis repaire those violent harmes that my two sisters
Haue in thy reuerence made.

Kent. Klnd and deere Princesse,

Cord. Had you not bene their father these white flakes,
Had challengd pitie of them, was this a face
To be exposd against the warring winds,
To stand against the deepe dread bolted thunder,
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick crosse lighting to watch poore Per du,
With this thin helme mine iniurious dogge,
Though he had bit me, should haue stood that night
Against my fire, and wast thou faine poore father,
To houill thee with swine and rogues forlorne,
In short and mustie straw, alack, alack,
Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all, he wakes speake to him.

Doct. Madam do you, tis fittest.

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

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out ath graue,
Thou art a soule in blisse, but I am bound
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do scald like molten lead.

Cord. Sir know me.

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

Cord. Still, still, farre wide.

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

Lear. Where haue I bene, where am I faire day light,
I am mightily abusd, I should ene dye with pitie,
To see another thus, I know not what to say,
I will not sweare these are my hands, lets see,

K 2

I

[K2r]

(4.7.19-4.7.54)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

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

Lear. Pray doe not mocke,
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourescore and vward, and to deale plainly
I feare I am not in my perfect mind,
Mee thinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtfull, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I haue
Remembers not these garments, nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night, doe not laugh at me,
For as I am a man, I thinke this Ladie

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

Lear. Be your teares wet, yes faith, I pray weep not,
If you haue poyson for mee I will drinke it,
I know you doe not loue me, for your sisters
Haue as I doe remember, done me wrong,
You haue some cause, they haue not.

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

Kent. In your owne kingdome sir.

Lear. Doe not abuse me?

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

Lear. You must beare with me, pray now forget and forgiue,
 I am old and foolish. Exeunt. Manet Kent and Gent.
 Gent. Holds it true sir that the Duke of Cornwall was so slaine?
 Kent. Most certaine sir.
 Gent. Who is conductor of his people?
 Kent. As tis said, the bastard sonne of Gloster.
 Gent. They say Edgar his banisht sonne is with the Earle of
 Kent in Germanie.
 Kent. Report is changeable, tis time to looke about,
 The powers of the kingdome approach apace.
 Gent. The arbiterment is like to be bloudie, fare you well sir.
 Kent. My poynt and period will be throughly wrought,

Or

[K2v]
 (4.7.55-4.7.95)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

Enter Edmund, Regan, and their powers.

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

Reg. Our sisters man is certainly miscaried,

Bast. Tis to be doubted Madam,

Reg. Now sweet Lord,

You know the goodnes I intend vpon you,

Tell me but truly, but then speak the truth,

Doe you not loue my sister? Bast. I, honor'd loue.

Reg. But haue you neuer found my brothers way,

To the forfended place? Bast. That thought abuses you.

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

Bast. No by mine honour Madam. (with her.)

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

Bast. Feare me not, shee and the Duke her husband.

Enter Albany and Gonorill with troupes.

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

Alb. Our very louing sister well be-met
 For this I heare the King is come to his daughter
 With others, whome the rigour of our state
 Forst to crie out, where I could not be honest
 I neuer yet was valiant, for this busines
 It touches vs, as France inuades our land
 Not bolds the King, with others whome I feare,
 Most iust and heauy causes make oppose.

Bast. Sir you speake nobly. Reg. Why is this reason'd ?

Gono. Combine together gainst the enemy,
 For these domestique dore particulars
 Are not to question here.

Alb. Let vs then determine with the auntient of warre on our
 proceedings. Bast. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister you'l goe with vs? Gon. No.

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

K 3

Gon.

[K3r]
(4.7.96-5.1.36)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

Gon. O ho, I know the riddle, I will goe. Enter Edgar
Edg. If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore, Exeunt.
Heare me one word.
Alb. Ile ouertake you, speake.
Edg. Before you fight the battell ope this letter,
If you haue victory let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it, wretched though I seeme,
I can produce a champion that will proue
What is auowched there, if you miscary,
Your busines of the world hath so an end,
Fortune loue you, Alb. Stay till I haue read the letter.
Edg. I was forbid it, when time shall serue let but the Herald
cry and ile appear againe.
Exit.
Alb. Why fare thee well, I will ore-looke the paper.
Enter Edmund
Bast. The enemies in view, draw vp your powers
Hard is the quesse of their great strength and forces
By diligent discouery, but your hast is now vrg'd on you.
Alb. Wee will greet the time. Exit.
Bast. To both these sister haue I sworne my loue,
Each iealous of the other as the sting are of the Adder,
Which of them shall I take, both one or neither, neither can bee
If both remaine aliue, to take the widdow (inioy'd
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Gonorill,
And hardly shall I cary out my side
Her husband being aliue, now then we'le vse
His countenadce for the battaile, which being done
Let her that would be rid of him devise
His speedie taking off, as for his mercy
Which he entends to Lear and to Cordelia:
The battaile done, and they within our power
Shall neuer see his pardon, for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. Exit.
Alarums. Enter the powers of France ouer the stage, Cordelia with
her father in her hand.
Enter Edgar and Gloster.
Edg. Here father, take the shaddow of this bush
For your good hoast, pray that the right may thriue

If

[K3v]
(5.1.37-5.2.2)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

If euer I returne to you againe ile bring you comfort. Exit.
Glost. Grace goe with you sir. Alarum and retreat.
Edg. Away old man, giue me thy hand, away,
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter taine,
Giue me thy hand, come on.
Glost. No farther sir, a man may rot euen here.
Edg. What in ill thoughts againe men must indure,
Their going hence, euen as their coming hither,
Ripenes is all come on.

Enter Edmund, with Lear and Cordelia prisoners.

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

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

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

Bast. Take them away.

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

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

One

[K4r]
(5.2.3-5.3.27)

- - -
The Historie of King Lear.

One step, I haue aduanct thee, if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes, know thou this that men
Are as the time is, to be tender minded
Does not become a sword, thy great 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,
Marke I say instantly, and carie it so
As I haue set it downe.

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

Enter Duke, the two Ladies, and others.

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

Bast. Sir I thought it fit,
To send the old and miserable King to some retention, and ap-
Whose age has charmes in it, whose title more, (pointed guard,
To pluck the common bossome of his side,

And turne our imprest launces in our eyes
Which doe commaund them, with him I sent the queen
My reason, all the same and they are readie to morrow,
Or at further space, to appeare where you shall hold
Your session at this time, wee sweat and bleed,
The friend hath lost his friend and the best quarrels
In the heat are curst, by those that feele their sharpnes,
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

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

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

Bore

[K4v]
(5.3.28-5.3.63)

- - -
The Historie of King Lear.

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

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

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

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

Reg. Iesters doe oft proue Prophets.

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

Reg. Lady I am not well, els I should answere

>From a full flowing stomach, Generall
Take thou my souldiers, prisoners, patrimonie,
Witness the world that I create thee here
My Lord and maister,

Gon. Meane you to injoy him then?

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

Bast. Nor in thine Lord.

Alb. Halfe blouded fellow, yes.

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

Alb. Stay yet, heare reason, Edmund I arrest thee

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

Reg. Sicke, F4 sicke.

Gon. If not, ile ne're trust poyson.

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

My

[L1r]
(5.3.64-5.3.100)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

My truth and honour firmly.

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 sicknes growes vpon me. (discharge.

Alb. She is not well, conuey her to my tent,
Come hether Herald, let the trumpet sound,
And read out this. Cap. Sound trumpet?

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

Bast. Sound? Againe?

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

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

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

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

Alb. Which is that aduersarie? (Gloster,

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

Bast. Him selfe, what saiest thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword.

That if my speech offend a noble hart, thy arme
May do thee Iustice, here is mine.
Behold it is the priuiledge of my tongue,
My oath and my profession, I protest,
Maugure thy strength, youth, place and eminence,
Despight thy victor, sword and fire new fortun'd,
Thy valor and thy heart thou art a traytor.
False to thy Gods thy brother and thy Father,
Conspicuate gainst this high illustrious prince,
And from the'xtreamest vpward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traytor say thou no
This sword, this arme, and my best spirits,

As

[L1v]
(5.3.101-5.3.140)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

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

Where they shall rest for euer, trumpets speake.

Alb. Saue him, saue him,

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

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

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

Alb. Most monstrous know'st thou this paper?

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

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

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

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

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

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

L 2

Edgar.

[L2r]

(5.3.140-5.3.179)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

Edg. Worthy Prince I know't.

Alb. Where haue you hid your selfe?
How haue you knowne the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them my Lord,
List a briefe tale, and when tis told
O that my heart would burst the bloody proclamation
To escape that followed me so neere,
O our liues sweetnes, that with the paine of death,
Would hourly die, rather then die at once.
Taught me to shift into a mad-mans rags
To assume a semblance that very dogges disdain'd
And in this habit met I my father with his bleeding rings,
The precious stones new lost became his guide,
Led him, beg'd for him, sau'd him from dispaire,
Neuer (O Father) reueald my selfe vnto him,
Vntill some halfe houre past, when I was armed,
Not sure, though hoping of this good successe,
I askt his blessing, and from first to last,
Told him my pilgrimage, but his flawd heart,
Alacke too weake, the conflict to support,
Twixt two extreames of passion, ioy and grieffe,
Burst smilingly.

Bast. This speech of yours hath moued me

And shall perchance do good, but speake you on,
You looke as you had something more to say,

Alb. If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolue, hearing of this,

Edg. This would haue seemd a periode to such
As loue not sorow, but another to amplifie too much,
Would make much more, and top extremitie
Whil'st I was big in clamor, came there in a man,
Who hauing seene me in my worst estate,
Shund my abhord society, but then finding
Who twas that so indur'd with his strong armes
He fastened on my necke and bellowed out,
As hee'd burst heauen, threw me on my father,
Told the most piitious tale of Lear and him,
That euer eare receiued, which in recounting

His

[L2V]
(5.3.179-5.3.216)

- - -
The Historie of King Lear.

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

Alb. But who was this.

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

Enter one with a bloudie knife,

Gent. Helpe, helpe,

(knife?)

Alb. What kind of helpe, what meanes that bloody
Gent. Its hot it smokes, it came euen from the heart of-

Alb. Who man, speake?

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

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

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

Alb. O tis he, the time will not allow

Enter

Kent

The complement that very manners vrges.

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

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

The bodies of Gonorill and
Regan are

Kent. Alack why thus.

brought in,

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

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

Edg. To who my Lord, who hath the office, send

Thy token of repreeue.

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

L 3

Giue

[L3r]

(5.3.217-5.3.251)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

Giue it the Captaine? Duke. Hast thee for thy life.

Bast. He hath Commission from thy wife and me,
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and to lay
The blame vpon her owne despaire,
That she fordid her selfe.

Duke. The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Lear. Howle, howle, howle, howle, O you are men of stones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I would vse them so,
That heauens vault should cracke, shees gone for euer,
I know when one is dead and when one liues,
Shees dead as earth, lend me a looking glasse,
If that her breath will mist or staine the stone,
Why then she liues.

Kent. Is this the promist end.

Edg. Or image of that horror. Duke. Fall and cease.

Lear. This feather stirs she liues, if it be so,
It is a chance which do's redeeme all sorowes
That euer I haue felt.

Kent. A my good maister.

Lear. Prethe away? Edg. Tis noble Kent your friend.

Lear. A plague vpon your murderous traytors all,
I might haue saued her, now shees gone for euer,
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little, ha,
What ist thou sayest, her voyce was euer soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in women,
I kild the slaue that was a hanging thee.

Cap. Tis true my Lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not fellow? I haue seene the day,
With my good biting Fauchon I would
Haue made them skippe, I am old now,
And these same crosses spoyle me, who are you?
Mine eyes are not othe best, ile tell you straight.

Kent. If Fortune bragd of two she loued or hated,
One of them we behold. Lear. Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same your seruant Kent, where is your seruant Caius,

Lear. Hees a good fellow, I can tell that,
Heele strike and quickly too, hees dead and rotten.

Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man,

Lear. Ile see that straight.

Kent.

[L3v]

(5.3.252-5.3.288)

- - -

The Historie of King Lear.

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

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

Duke. He knowes not what he sees, and vaine it is,

That we present vs to him. Edg. Very bootlesse. Enter

Capt. Edmund is dead my Lord.

Captaine.

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

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

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

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

Edg. O he is gone indeed.

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

Duke. Beare them from hence, our present busines Is to generall woe, friends of my soule, you twaine Rule in this kingdome, and the goard state sustaine.

Kent. I haue a iourney sir, shortly to go, My maister cals, and I must not say no.

Duke. The waight of this sad time we must obey, Speake what we feele, not what we ought to say, The oldest haue borne most, we that are yong, Shall neuer see so much, nor liue so long.

FINIS.

[L4r]

(V.iii.289-V.iii.327)

Uncorrected lines

C1v:

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

C4r:

you will measure your lubbers, length againe tarry, but away,

D1r:

a monopolie out, they would haue part an't, and lodes too, they

giue me an egge Nuncle, and ile giue thee two crownes. [change?]

ster that can teach thy foole to lye, I would faine learne lye.

thee Nuncle, thou hast pared thy wit a both sides, & left nothing [change?]

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

D2v:

vpon the vntender wounding of a fatherscursse, peruse euery
your owne, as may compact it more, get you gon, and after your
returne now my Lord, this mildie gentlenes and course of your
though I dislike not, yet vnder pardon y'are much more alapt
want of wisdom, then praise for harmfull mildnes.

D4v:

To haue these--and wast of this his reuenues:

Ocasions noble Gloster of some prise,

Our Father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of defences, which I best thought it fit,
To answer from our hand, the seuerall messengers

E1r:

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

proud, shallow, beggerly, three snyted hundred pound, filthy
wosted stocken knaue, a lilly lyuer'd action taking knaue, a

I will beat into clamorous whyning, if thou denie the least silla-
strike. Stew. Helpe ho, murther, helpe.

E2v:

You stubburne ausrent knaue, you reuerent bragart,

You should doe small respctt, shew too bold malice

Stobing his messenger.

There shall he set till noone.

VWill check him for't, your purpost low correction,
Is such, as belest and contaned wretches for pilfrings

Kent. Good King that must approue the cF5mon say,

E3r:

Peruse this letter, nothing almost sees my rackles

VWho hath not fortunately been informed

Losses and remedies, all wearie and ouerwatch [change]
Late vantage heaue eyes not to behold [change]

Strike in their numb'd mortified bare armes,
Pies, wodden prickes, nayles, sprigs of rosemary,

And with this horrible object frame low service,
Enforce their charitie, poore Tuelygod, poore Tom,

E4v:

why Gloster, Gloster, id'e speake with the Duke of Cornewall, and [change]

Lear. The King would speake with Cornewal, the deare fate,
Would with the daughter speake, come and tends seruise,
The fierie Duke, tell the hot Duke that Lear,
Mo but not yet may be he is not well,
Infirmitie doth still neglect all office, where to our health [change]

Foole. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Coknay did to the eeles, when
she put vm it'h past a aliue, she rapt vm ath coxcombs with a stick,

kindnes to his horse buttered his hay.

I would deuose me from thy mothers fruit,

Of how deptoued a qualitie, O Regan.

F1v:

Dwels in the fickle grace of her a followes,
Out varlet, from my sight.

If you doe loue old men, if you sweet sway alow

Let shame come when it will, I doe not callit,

F3v:

Keepe their furre dry, vnbonneted he runnes,

Then my outwall, open this purse and take

F4r:

Foole. O Nunckle, Court holly water in a drie house
there was neuer yet faire woman hut shee made mouthes in a

G1r:

the tyrannie of the open nights too ruffe for nature to indure.

Lear. Thou thinkst tis much, that this crulentious storme

But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,

The bodies delicate, the tempest in my mind

Saue what beares their fillial ingratitude,

G2v:

as thou art, off off you leadings, come on bee true.

Edg. this is the foule fiend Sriberdegit, hee begins at cur-
phew, and walks till the first cocke, he gins the web, the pin,
queues the eye, and makes the harte lip, mildewes the white

thrice the old a nellthu night more and her nine fold bid her, O
light and her troth plight and arint thee, with arint thee.

tode pold, the wall-wort and the water, that in the furie of his

G4v:

If thou should'st dally halfe an houre, his life with thine (master,
[only change in in comma]

Take vp to keepe and followe me that will to some prouision

Gon. Plucke out his eyes. (company

H1v:

In his aurynted flesh rash borish phangs,
The Sea with such a storme of his lou'd head
In hell black night indur'd, would haue layd vp
And quencht the steeled fires, yet poore old heart,

H2r:

To lead him where he would, his roginish madnes

Who's here, my father poorlie, leed, world, world, O world!

H3v:

It is the cowish curre of his spirit

A mistresses coward, weare this spare speech,

(are

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

Gon. I haue beene worth the whistle. (rude wind

That nature which contemnes it origin

H4r:

A man, a Prince, by him so beniflicted,

(come

Send quickly downe to tame the vild offences, it will
Humanly must perforce prey on it selfe like monsters of

(the

deepe.

>From the suffering, that not know'st fools, do those vilains pittie

Wher's thy drum? France spreads his mabbers in our noystles land,
With plumed helme, thy slayer begin threats

Whil's thou a morall foole sits still and cries

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

Gon. Marry your manhood now---

Alb. What newes. Enter a Gentleman.

Alb. This shewes you are aboue your Iustices.

I4v:

Gent. Good Sir. [omitted]

(etext editor's note: The Gentleman's interjection at this point is not found in any of the extant copies of the First Quarto and the I form exists only in the invariant state. The presence of the line in the Second Quarto is persuasive evidence for its existence in corrected I formes that have not survived. For a counter-argument see Gary Taylor's "King Lear: The Date and Authorship of the Folio Version," in *The Division of the Kingdoms*, p. 363-365.)

K1r:

Glost. Hartie thankes, the bornet and beniz of heauen to saue thee. Enter Steward.

was framed flesh to rayse my fortunes, thou most vnhappy traytor, briefly thy selfe remember, the sword is out that must destroy thee.

been so long by a fortnight, nay come not neare the old man, keepe out, cheuore ye, or ile trie whether your coster or my battero be the harder, ile be plaine with you.

To Edmund Earle of Gloster, seeke him out vpon
The British partie, F4 vntimely death ! death. He dies.

Edg. Sit you down father, rest you lets see his pockets
These letters that he speakes of may by my friends,

To know our enemies minds wee'd rip their hearts,
Their papers is more lawfull.

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

K3r:

To change the course, he's full of abdication

loosen him nd mee.

Alb. Our very louing sister well be-met [off-set 'r' in "Our"]

Bast. The enemies in vew, draw vp your powers

K4v:

And step, I haue aduanct thee, if thou dost

An Fortune led you well you haue the captiues

To saue the old and miserable King to some retention,
Whose age has charmes in it, whose title more
To pluck the coren bossom of his side,

You session at this time, mee sweat and bleed,

In the heat are curst, by those that feele their sharpes,

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