A PAGAN PLAY

The Tragedy of
KING LEAR

LETR as a play, needs to hit an
uncompromising rock-bottom – domestic
melodrama it ain’t (deeply Greek

Even
Lear at start, is on a short fuse – erotic, rash
By trial scene – fuse even shorter, weaker, more
fragile, but recognisable

- what to Gods (Nature above) – prayers
- and what to audience – assemble them watch-ery
or near naked watch

- The Second Coming

- King Solomon

LETR'S
GREATNESS
of imagination
They shook you up your Mum + Dad - Larkin

The play in a nutshell
- don't worry that it will be beyond you - not some impervious Celtic obsevaneacen.

Shakespeare wrote the Henry iv for commission to show how good the Tudors are

Leon he wrote for himself about a world gone mad set in ancient times
[see Foot + Hand]

e.g. 'O sounds wheel of fire!'
Lear, King of Britain
King of France
Duke of Burgundy
Duke of Cornwall, husband to Regan
Duke of Albany, husband to Goneril
Earl of Kent
Earl of Gloucester
Edgar, son to Gloucester
Edmund, bastard son to Gloucester
Curan, a courtier
Oswald, steward to Goneril
Old Man, tenant to Gloucester
Doctor
Lear's Fool
A Captain, subordinate to Edmund
Gentlemen, attending on Cordelia
A Herald
Servants to Cornwall
Goneril
Regan  {  daughters to Lear
Cordelia
Knights attending on Lear, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, Attendants

Scene: Britain]
The Tragedy of King Lear

ACT I

Scene I. [King Lear's palace.]

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund.

Kent. I thought the King had more affected\(^1\) the Duke of Albany\(^2\) than Cornwall.

Gloucester. It did always seem so to us; but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most, for equalities are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.\(^5\)

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Gloucester. His breeding,\(^3\) sir, hath been at my charge. I have so often blushed to acknowledge him that now I am brazed\(^4\) to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive\(^6\) you.

Gloucester. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

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\(^1\) The degree sign (°) indicates a footnote, which is keyed to the text by line number. Text references are printed in italic type; the annotation follows in roman type.

\(^2\) Albany

\(^3\) breeding

\(^4\) brazed

\(^5\) equalities

\(^6\) conceive
I am a very foolish fond old man
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more or less.

[Leon starts with crown]

James 1st
was first self-styled King of Great Britain
(in Ireland, Scotland, and England)
**KING LEAR**

_Kent._ I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

_Gloucester._ But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account; though this knave came something saucily to the world before, he was sent-for; yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

_Edmund._ No, my lord.

_Gloucester._ My Lord of Kent. Remember him hereafter as my honorable friend.

_Edmund._ My services to your lordship.

_Kent._ I must love you, and sue to know you better.

_Edmund._ Sir, I shall study deserving.

_Gloucester._ He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The King is coming.

_Sound a sennet._ Enter Lear and Gloucester.

_Lear._ Thank you, Fool. Fourscore: Not bad! (Applause)

_Fool._ Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.

_Lear._ Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

_Gloucester._ I shall, my lord. _Exit [with Edmund].

_Lear._ In three our kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our age, Conferring them on younger strengths, while we

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37 issue result (child) 38 proper handsome 39 account estimation 21 knave fellow (without disapproval) 22 saucily (1) insolently (2) lasciviously 24 whoreson fellow (lit., son of a whore) 25 sue entreat 29 out away, abroad 34 s.d. sennet set of notes played on a trumpet, signalizing the entrance or departure of a procession 34 s.d. coronet small crown, intended for Cordelia 35 darker purpose hidden intention 40 fast fixed
expensive
magnanimous
Unburthened crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now.
The Princes of France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answered. Tell me, my daughters
(Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state),
Which of you shall we say doth love us most,
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

**Goneril.** Sir, I love you more than word can wield
the matter;
Dearer than eyesight, space and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor;
As much as child e'er loved, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable:
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.


**Lear.** Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests, and with champains riched,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issues
Be this perpetual. What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall?

Regan. I am made of that self mettle as my sister, And prize me at her worth. In my true heart I find she names my very deed of love; Only she comes too short, that I profess Myself an enemy to all other joys Which the most precious square of sense professes, And find I am alone felicitate In your dear Highness' love.

Cordelia. [Aside] Then poor Cordelia! And yet not so, since I am sure my love's More ponderous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom, No less in space, validity, and pleasure Than that conferred on Goneril. Now, our joy, Although our last and least; to whose young love The vines of France and milk of Burgundy Strive to be interest; what can you say to draw A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cordelia. Nothing, my lord.


Lear. Nothing will come of nothing. Speak again.

Cordelia. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave My heart into my mouth. I love your Majesty According to my bond, no more nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? Mend your speech a little, Lest you may mar your fortunes.

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70 *self mettle* same material or temperament
72 *prize* value me the same (imperative)
73 *my* love what my love really is (a legalism)
74 *that* in that
76 *Which* ... *professes* which the choicest estimate of sense avows
77 *felicitate* made happy
80 *ponderous* weighty
81 *validity* value
83 *least* youngest, smallest
84 *milk* i.e., pastures
87 *interest* closely connected, as interested parties
88 *bond* i.e., filial obligation
Cordelia.
Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, loved me.
Return those duties back as are right fit, o
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, o when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight o shall
carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cordelia.
Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cordelia. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dower.
For by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate and the night,
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee from this for ever.

Kent.

Lear. Peace, Kent—

Good my liege—

99 Return... fit i.e., am correspondingly dutiful 102 Haply perhaps 103 plight troth plight 112 mysteries of Hecate secret rites of Hecate (goddess of the infernal world, and of witchcraft) 113 operation of the orbs astrological influence 116 Propinquity and property of blood relationship and common blood 118 Scythian (type of the savage) 119 makes his generation messes eats his own offspring 122 sometime former
end of line

cut/wrench
Come not between the Dragon and his wrath! I loved her most, and thought to set my rest On her kind nursery. Hence and avoid my sight! So be my grave my peace, as here I give Her father's heart from her! Call France, Who stirs? Call Burgundy, Cornwall and Albany, With my two daughters' dowers digest this third; Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her. I do invest you jointly with my power, Pre-eminence, and all the large effects That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course, With reservation of an hundred knights, By you to be sustained, shall our abode Make with you by due turn; Only we shall retain The name, and all th' addition to a king: The sway, Revenue, execution of the rest, Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm, This coronet: part between you.

Kent.

Whom I have ever honored as my king, Loved as my father, as my master followed, As my great patron thought on in my prayers——

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn; make from the

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade The region of my heart. Be Kent unmannerly When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man? Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak

126 Dragon (1) heraldic device of Britain (2) emblem of ferocity 128 set my rest (1) stake my all (a term from the card game of primero) (2) find my rest 128 nursery care, nursing 130 digest absorb 131 Let . . . her i.e., let her pride be her dowry and gain her a husband 133 effects/That troop with majesty accompaniments that go with kingship 134 Ourself (the royal "we") 135 reservation the action of reserving a privilege (a legalism) 138 addition titles and honors 141 coronet (the crown which was to have been Cordelia's) 148 make from the shaft avoid the arrow 148 fall strike 148 fork forked head of the arrow
KING LEAR

When power to flattery bows?

—bound

When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state,

And in thy best consideration check

This hideous rashness. Answer my life my

judgment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least,

Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sounds

Reverb no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn

To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,

Thy safety being motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear, and let me still remain

The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now by Apollo——

Kent. Now by Apollo, King,

Thou swear’st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O vassal! Miscreant!

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Albany, Cornwall. Dear sir, forbear!

Kent. Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow

Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift,

Or, whilst I can vent clamor from my throat,

I’ll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance, hear me. That thou hast sought to make us break our vows,

151 Reserve thy state retain your kingly authority 152 best consideration most careful reflection 153 Answer . . . judgment I will stake my life on my opinion 154 Reserve reverberate 155 hollowness (1) emptiness (2) insincerity 156 pawn stake in a wager 157 wage (1) wager (2) carry on war 158 motive moving cause 159 still always 160 blank the white spot in the center of the target (at which Lear should aim) 161 vassal! Miscreant! base wretch! Misbeliever! 162 vent clamor utter a cry 163 recreant traitor 164 On thine allegiance (to forswear, which is to commit high treason)
disasters of Edmund + eclipses
het 1. sc. 2.

next day - later edition
Which we durst never yet, and with strained pride
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,
Our potency made good, take thy reward!

Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world,
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom. If, on the next day following,
Thy banished trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revoked!

Kent. Fare thee well, King. Sith° thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.

[To Cordelia] The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said.

[To Regan and Goneril] And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love. Thus Kent, O Princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new. Exit.

Flourish. Enter Gloucester, with France and Burgundy; Attendants.

Gloucester. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My Lord of Burgundy, We first address toward you, who with this king Hath rivaled for our daughter. What in the least Will you require in present dover with her, Or cease your quest of love?

Burgundy. Most royal Majesty, I crave no more than hath your Highness offered,
I would not deviate from your love
to match you with someone I hate.
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fallen. Sir, there she stands,
If aught within may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Burgundy. I know no answer.
Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,

Take her, or leave her?

Burgundy. Pardon me, royal sir.
Election makes not up on such conditions.
Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the pow'r that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. [To France.] For you, great King,
I would not from your love make such a stray To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you
T' avert your liking a more worthier way Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed Almost t' acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange,
That she whom even but now was your best object, The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time Commit a thing so monstrous to dismantle

197 tender offer 198 dear (1) beloved (2) valued at a high price 200 little seeming substance person who is (1) inconsiderable (2) outspoken 201 placed added to it 202 fitly like please by its fitness 204 owes possesses 205 stranger made a stranger 208 Election makes not up no one can choose 211-12 make such a stray/To stray so far as to beseech I beseech 215 avert ... way turn your affections from her and bestow them on a better person 216 best object i.e., the one you loved most 217 argument subject 219 dismantle strip off
LEAR (regretfully?): touches her cheek - she flings it away
LEAR finally SITS?
So many folds of favor.

Cordelia. I yet beseech your Majesty,
If for I want that glib and oily art
To speak and purpose not, since what I well intend
I'll do't before I speak, that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action or dishonored step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favor;
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born than not t' have pleased me better.

France.

My Lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady?
Will you have her?

Burgundy. Royal King,
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.
Lear cannot see how he's really bad --
he sides w/ Burgundy -- cas he
thinks B agrees w/ Cordelia's
lack of value
Lear. Nothing I have sworn. I am firm.

Burgundy. I am sorry then you have so lost a father That you must lose a husband.

Cordelia. Peace be with Burgundy. Since that respects of fortune are his love, I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich being poor, Most choice forsaken, and most loved despised, Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon. Be it lawful I take up what's cast away. Gods, gods! 'Tis strange that from their cold'st neglect My love should kindle to inflamed respect. Thy dow'less daughter, King, thrown to my chance, Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair France. Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy Can buy this unprized precious maid of me. Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind. Thou losest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France; let her be thine, for we Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see That face of hers again. Therefore be gone, Without our grace, our love, our benison! Come, noble Burgundy.

Flourish. Exeunt [Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall, Albany, Gloucester, and Attendants].

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cordelia. The jewels of our father, with washed eyes Cordelia leaves you. I know you what you are,

258 respects of fortune mercenary considerations 259 inflamed respect more ardent affection 260 chance lot 260 wat'rish (1) with many rivers (2) weak, diluted 261 unprized precious unappreciated by others, and yet precious 263 here...where in this place, in another place 267 benison blessing 270 The jewels of our father you creatures prized by our father 270 washed (1) weeping (2) clear-sighted
KING LEAR

And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are named. Love well our father.
To your professèd bosoms I commit him.

But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Regan. Prescribe not us our duty.

Goneril.

Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath received you
At Fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cordelia. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides,
Who covers faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper.

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

Exit France and Cordelia.

Goneril. Sister, it is not little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence tonight.

Regan. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Goneril. You see how full of changes his age is. The observation we have made of it hath not been little. He always loved our sister most, and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

Regan. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

like a sister because I am a sister i.e., loyal, affectionate 272 as they are named i.e., by their right and ugly names 274 professèd pretending to love 276 professèd recommend 280 At Fortune's alms as a charitable bequest from Fortune (and so, by extension, as one beggared or cast down by Fortune) 280 scanted stinted 281 worth ... wanted deserve to be denied, even as you have denied 282 plighted pleated, enfolded 283 Who ... derides those who hide their evil are finally exposed and shamed ("He that hideth his sins, shall not prosper") 284 grossly obviously
Goneril. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look from his age to receive not alone the imperfections of long ingrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Regan. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

Goneril. There is further compliment of leave-taking, between France and him. Pray you, let's hit together; if our father carry authority with such disposition as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Regan. We shall further think of it.

Goneril. We must do something, and i' th' heat.

Exeunt.

Scene II. [The Earl of Gloucester's castle.]

Enter Edmund [with a letter].

Edmund. Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law My services are bound. Wherefore should I Stand in the plague of custom, and permit The curiosity of nations to deprive me, For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines.

297 of his time period of his life up to now 299-300 long-ingrafted implanted for a long time 300 condition disposition 300 therewithal with them 303 unconstant starts impulsive whims 303 compliment formal courtesy 308 hit agree 307-8 carry bears continues, and in such frame of mind, to wield the sovereign power 309 last surrender recent abdication 309 offend vex 311 i' th' heat while the iron is hot I.ii. 1 Nature (Edmund's conception of Nature accords with our description of a bastard as a natural child) 3 Stand ... custom respect hateful convention 4 curiosity nice distinctions 5 For that because 5 moonshines months
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam’s issue? Why brand they us
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to th’ creating a whole tribe of fops
Got ’tween asleep and wake? Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land.
Our father’s love is to the bastard Edmund
As to th’ legitimate. Fine word, “legitimate.”
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top th’ legitimate. I grow, I prosper.
Now, gods, stand up for bastards.

Enter Gloucester.

Gloucester. Kent banished thus? and France in choler parted?
And the King gone tonight? prescribed his pow’r?
Confined to exhibition? All this done
Upon the gad? Edmund, how now? What news?

Edmund. So please your lordship, none.

Gloucester. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edmund. I know no news, my lord.

Gloucester. What paper were you reading?

Edmund. Nothing, my lord.

Gloucester. No? What needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? The quality of noth-
KING LEAR

I, ii

Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edmund. I beseech you, sir, pardon me. It is a letter from my brother that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'erlooking.°

Gloucester. Give me the letter, sir.

Edmund. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.°

Gloucester. Let's see, let's see.

Edmund. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste° of my virtue.

Gloucester. (Reads) "This policy and reverence° of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times;° keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish° them. I begin to find an idle and fond° bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny, who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered.° Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue° for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar." Hum! Conspiracy? "Sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue." My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? A heart and brain to breed it in? When came you to this? Who brought it?

Edmund. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.°

° o'erlooking inspection 44 to blame blameworthy 47 essay or taste test 48 policy and reverence policy of reverencing (hendiadys) 49-50 best of our times best years of our lives (i.e., our youth) 51 relish enjoy 51-52 idle and fond foolish 52-54 who ... suffered which rules, not from its own strength, but from our allowance 56 revenue income 64-65 casement of my closet window of my room
Gloucester. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edmund. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Gloucester. It is his.

Edmund. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Gloucester. Has he never before sounded you in this business?

Edmund. Never, my lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Gloucester. O villain, villain! His very opinion in the letter. Abhorred villain, unnatural, detested, brutish villain; worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him. I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! Where is he?

Edmund. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honor and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honor, and to no other pretense of danger.

Gloucester. Think you so?

character handwriting in respect of that in view of what it is fain prefer to sounded sounded you out perfect mature detested detestable sirrah sir (familiar form of address) run a certain course i.e., proceed safely, know where you are going gap breach pawn down stake feel test pretense of danger dangerous purpose
Edmund. If your honor judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Gloucester. He cannot be such a monster.

Edmund. Nor is not, sure.

Gloucester. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in-a due resolution.

Edmund. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Gloucester. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us. Though the wisdom of Nature can reason it thus and thus, yet Nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide. In cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction, there's son against father; the King falls from bias of nature, there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time. Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this
villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing. Do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished; his offense, honesty. 'Tis strange.

Enter Edmund. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune, often the surfeits of our own behavior, we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and stars; as if we were villains on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star. My father compounded with my mother under the Dragon’s Tail, and my nativity was under Ursa Major, so that it follows I am rough and lecherous. Fut! I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar——

Enter Edgar.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old-comedy. My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o’ Bedlam. — O, these eclipses do portend these divisions. Fa, sol, la, mi.

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

125 it . . . nothing you will not lose by it 128 foppery folly
129-30 often . . . behavior often caused by our own excesses 132 on of
133-34 treachers . . . predominance traitors because of the ascendency of a particular star at our birth 135-36 by . . . influence because we had to submit to the influence of our star 136 divine thrusting on supernatural compulsion 137 whoremaster lecherous 138 goatish lascivious 139 compounded (1) made terms (2) formed (a child)
140 Dragon’s Tail the constellation Draco 140 nativity birthday
141 Ursa Major the Great Bear 142 Fut ‘s foot (an impatient oath)
143 that what 145 catastrophe conclusion 146-47 My . . . Bedlam I must be doleful, like a lunatic beggar out of Bethlehem (Bedlam) Hospital, the London madhouse 148 Fa, sol, la, mi (Edmund’s humming of the musical notes is perhaps prompted by his use of the word “division,” which describes a musical variation)
Edmund. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edgar. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edmund. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily: as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent, death, dearth, disolutions of ancient amities, divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against King and nobles, needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edgar. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

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

Edgar. Why, the night gone by.

Edmund. Spake you with him?

Edgar. Ay, two hours together.

Edmund. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word nor countenance?

Edgar. None at all.

Edmund. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him; and at my entreaty forbear his presence until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edgar. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edmund. That's my fear, brother I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my

155-56 succeed follow 157 unnaturalness unkindness 158 amities friendships 159-60 diffidences distrusts 160-61 dissipation of cohorts falling away of supporters 162-63 sectary astronomical believer in astrology 164 countenance expression 172-73 forbear his presence keep away from him 173 qualified lessened 175-76 with...allay even an injury to you would not appease his anger 178-79 have a continent forbearance be restrained and keep yourself withdrawn
lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray ye, go; there's my key. If you do stir abroad, go armed.

*Edgar.* Armed, brother?

*Edmund.* Brother, I advise you to the best. Go armed. I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you. I have told you what I have seen and heard; but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.

*Edgar.* Shall I hear from you anon?

*Edmund.* I do serve you in this business. 

Exit *Edgar.*

A credulous father, and a brother noble, Whose nature is so far from doing harms That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty My practices ride easy, I see the business. Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit. All with me's meet that I can fashion fit. 

Exit.

---

Scene III.  [The Duke of Albany's palace.]

Enter Goneril, and [Oswald, her] Steward.

*Goneril.* Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his Fool?

*Oswald.* Ay, madam.

*Goneril.* By day and night he wrongs me. Every hour He flashes into one gross crime or other.
That sets us all at odds. I'll not endure it. His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us On every trifle. When he returns from hunting, I will not speak with him. Say I am sick. If you come slack of former services, You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.  

[Horns within.]  

Oswald. He's coming, madam; I hear him.  

Goneril. Put on what weary negligence you please, You and your fellows. I'd have it come to question. If he distaste it, let him to my sister, Whose mind and mine I know in that are one, Not to be overruled. Idle old man, That still would manage those authorities That he hath given away. Now, by my life, Old fools are babes again, and must be used With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abused. Remember what I have said.

Oswald. Well, madam.  

Goneril. And let his knights have colder looks among you. What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so. I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, That I may speak. I'll write straight to my sister To hold my course. Go, prepare for dinner.

Exeunt.
dinner - middle of day (morning hunt)

EMPTY TABLE - odd!

throws coat + HAT

saddles - piles of them

thrown

Lear alone
Kent right
downtage
in shadow

A hound is glimpsed
grayhound? in
slaughter pug or

Lear - quite muddy
wipes shit off his boot
on edge of stage

Lear is intrigued
fascinated by

The hunt (with MEN) has been
very therapeutic after the
trauma of Sc 1.
Scene IV.  [A hall in the same.]

Enter Kent [disguised].

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow
That can my speech defuse, o my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I razed my likeness. Now, banished Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand
condemned,
So may it come, o thy master whom thou lov’st
Shall find thee full of labors.

Horns within. Enter Lear, [Knights] and
Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it
ready. [Exit an Attendant.] How now, what art
thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou
with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem, to
serve him truly that will put me in trust, to love
him that is honest, to converse with him that is
wise and says little, to fear judgment, to fight
when I cannot choose, and to eat no fish.

Liv. 2 defuse disguise 3 full issue perfect result 4 razed my likeness
shaved off, disguised my natural appearance 5 So may it come so may
it fall out 7 s.d. within offstage 8 stay wait 12 What dost thou pro-
fess what do you do 14 profess claim 17 judgment (by a heavenly or
earthly judge) 18 eat no fish i.e., (1) I am no Catholic, but a loyal
Protestant (2) I am no weakling (3) I use no prostitutes
Generous rather than self-reflective

Re dinner
Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the King.

Lear. If thou be'st as poor for a subject as he's for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir, but you have that in your countenance which I would fain° call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel,° ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it,° and deliver a plain message bluntly. That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for anything. I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serve me; If I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner! Where's my knave? my Fool? Go you and call my Fool hither.

[Exit an Attendant.]

Enter Oswald.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Oswald. So please you——

Exit.
nothing happening
Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back. [Exit a Knight.] Where's my Fool? Ho, I think the world's asleep.

[Re-enter Knight.]

How now? Where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but to my judgment your Highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont. There's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the Duke himself also and your daughter.

Lear. Ha? Say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your Highness wronged.

Lear.

I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretense and purpose of unkindness. I will look further into't. But where's my Fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the Fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well. Go you...
like a bum

Come here
and tell my daughter I would speak with her. Go you, call hither my Fool. [Exit an Attendant.]

Enter Oswald.

O, you, sir, you! Come you hither, sir. Who am I, sir?

Oswald. My lady's father.

Lear. "My lady's father"? My lord's knave, you whoreson dog, you slave.

Oswald. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you cur. [Striking him.]

Oswald. I'll not be strucken, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base football player. [Tripping up his heels.]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow. Thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away. I'll teach you differences. Away, away. If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away. Go to! Have you wisdom? So. [Pushes Oswald out.]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee. There's earnest of thy service. [Giving Kent money.]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too. Here's my coxcomb. [Offering Kent his cap.]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave. How dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, Fool?

---

88 bandy exchange insolently (metaphor from tennis) 87 strucken struck 88 football (a low game played by idle boys to the scandal of sensible men) 81-82 differences (of rank) 92-93 lubber's lout's 82 Go to (expression of derisive incredulity) 93-94 Have you wisdom i.e., do you know what's good for you 94 So good 95 earnest money for services rendered 97 coxcomb professional fool's cap, shaped like a coxcomb 99 you were best you had better
Touche, Fort
(I agree with that). Comradeship!?
Fool. Why? For taking one’s part that’s out of favor.
Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou’lt catch cold shortly. There, take my coxcomb.
Why, this fellow has banished two on’s daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will. If thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.
—How now, Nuncle? Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I’d keep my coxcombs myself. There’s mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah—the whip.

Fool. Truth’s a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when Lady the Brach may stand by th’ fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I’ll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, Nuncle.

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, Fool.
Pagan thinking vs contemporary Quantum Physics

Kent is the Fool's stooge
Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfeed lawyer
—you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use
of nothing, Nuncle?

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

Fool. [To Kent] Prithee tell him, so much the
rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a
Fool.

Lear. A bitter Fool.

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between
a bitter Fool and a sweet one?

Lear. No, lad, teach me.

Fool.

That lord that counseled thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,
Do thou for him stand.
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that
thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith; lords and great men will not let me.
If I had a monopoly out, they would have part
on't. And ladies too, they will not let me have all
the fool to myself; they'll be snatching. Nuncle,
give me an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns.
Lear: What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' th' middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou closvest thy crown i' th' middle and gav'st away both parts, thou bor'st thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt. Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gav'st thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

[Singing]

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

Fool. I have used it, Nuncle, e'er since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gav'st them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches, [Singing] Then they for sudden joy did weep,

And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep
And go the fools among.

Prithee, Nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy Fool to lie. I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. And you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are. They'll have me whipped for speaking true; thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a Fool, and yet I would not be

206-60: *bor'st* . . . *dirt* (like the foolish and unnatural countryman in Aesop's fable) 208: *like myself* like a Fool 208: *let him be whipped* i.e., let the man be whipped for a Fool who thinks my true saying to be foolish 208-22: *Fools ... apish* i.e., fools were never in less favor than now, and the reason is that wise men, turning foolish, and not knowing how to use their intelligence, imitate the professional fools and so make them unnecessary 208: *used* practiced 236: *play bo-peep* (1) act like a child (2) blind himself 256: *And it*
Sudden
Verse
King/Father

She is now
a half Queen
of England
sickly other.

Maybe speaking up
to learn in this
way in first
I, iv  
KING LEAR  
67

thee, Nuncle: thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides and left nothing i' th' middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, daughter? What makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' th' frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning. Now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now: I am a Fool, thou art nothing. [To Goneril.] Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue. So your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some.

{Pointing to Lear} That's a shealed peascod.

Goneril. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed Fool, But other of your insolent retinue Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir, I had thought by making this well known unto you To have found a safe redress, but now grow fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it on By your allowance; which if you should, the fault Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,

Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,

Might in their working do you that offense, Which else were shame, that then necessity Will call discreet proceeding.
Maybe has more heart 

Geneviève "Tave" To 

Vellermithy

OR: Tuy is Geneviève 

Fool doesn't really know her 

Tuy hearts 

Poor thing

Understand

Page aside

does love her. This

Aren't we a family

Segmented bastard?

And you are?
Fool. For you know, Nuncle,
    The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo° so long
    That it had it head bit off by it° young.
    So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.°

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Goneril. Come, sir,
    I would you would make use of your good wisdom
    Whereof I know you are fraught° and put away
    These dispositions° which of late transport you
    From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the
    horse?

Lear. Does any here know me? This is not Lear.
    Does Lear walk thus, speak thus? Where are his
    eyes?

Is he sleeping? Ha! Sure 'tis not so.
    Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fool. Lear's shadow.

Lear. I would learn that, for, by the marks of sover-
    eignity, knowledge, and reason, I should be false
    persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which° they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Goneril. This admiration,° sir, is much o' th' savor°
    Of other your° new pranks. I do beseech you
    To understand my purposes aright.
    As you are old and reverend, should be wise.
    Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires,
It started with No dinner ready
Osvald being rude
The Red King
Fools needing
her unreason correspondent

Note (to him)
Powerful
Silences, not!
Men so disordered, so deboshed, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn. Epicurism and lust
Makes it more like a tavern or a brothel
Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy. Be then desired
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train,
And the remainders that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves, and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!
Saddle my horses; call my train together.
Degenerate bastard, I'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.

Goneril. You strike my people, and your disordered rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents! O, sir, are you come?
Is it your will? Speak, sir.

Stay, Albany. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite, thou liest.
My train are men of choice and rarest parts
That all particulars of duty know,
And, in the most exact regard support
The worship of their name: O most small fault,
1st major realisation

sees what he did to Cordelia
in perspective with GEN now
the start of growing shame
OR both daughters are = to each other
is the fulcrum the abolition??

learn about pat-them
aggress the solution

The Fool's penny
has finally dropped

substitution
(I wish I'd never had GENER

play intern = great!
a weird prayer
so ends

so she can feel like me
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrenched my frame of nature
From the fixed place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in [Striking his head.]
And thy dear judgment out. Go, go, my people.

Albany. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.

Hear, Nature, hear, dear Goddess, hear:
Suspend thy purpose if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful,
Into her womb convey sterility,
Dry up in her the organs of increase,
And from her derogue body never spring
A babe to honor her. If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live
And be a thwart disnatured torment to her.
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,
Turn all her mother’s pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt, that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is
To have a thankless child.

Exit.

Albany. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

Goneril. Never afflict yourself to know the cause,
But let his disposition have that scope
As dotage gives it.

Enter Lear.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap?

275 engine destructive contrivance 274-76 wrenched . . . place i.e., disordered my natural self 277 gall bitterness 288 increase childbearing 287 derogate degraded 288 spleen ill humor 290 thwart disnatured perverse unnatural 295 cadent falling 292 fret wear 293 benefits the mother’s beneficent care of her child 290 disposition mood 300 As that 301 at a clap at one stroke
Regan is going to recognize my Kingship & Patterhood. I'll resume the identity (in her eyes). - Regan
Within a fortnight?

Albany. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee. [To Goneril] Life and death, I am ashamed. That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus, That these hot tears, which break from me perforce, Should make thee worth them.

Old fond eyes, Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out!

Ha! Let it be so. I have another daughter, Who I am sure is kind and comfortable. When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails She'll flay thy wolvish visage. Thou shalt find That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think I have cast off for ever.

Exit [Lear with Kent and Attendants].

Goneril. Do you mark that?

Albany. I cannot be so partial, Goneril, To the great love I bear you—

Goneril. Pray you, content. What, Oswald, ho! [To the Fool] You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master!

Fool. Nuncle Lear, Nuncle Lear, tarry. Take the Fool with thee.
Further growing reluctance?

Should Kent ever come out of the shadows in the Shakespearean Hamlet and Hamlet in our

12-240
KING LEAR

I, iv

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter.

727

Goneril. This man hath had good counsel. A hundred knights!

728 'Tis politic and safe to let him keep
At point a hundred knights: yes, that on every dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their pow'rs
And hold our lives in mercy. Oswald, I say!

730 Albany. Well, you may fear too far.

733 Goneril. Safer than trust too far.
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart.
What he hath uttered I have writ my sister.
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have showed th' unfitness—

Enter Oswald.

740 How now, Oswald? What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

743 Oswald. Ay, madam.

745 Goneril. Take you some company and away to horse.
Inform her full of my particular fear,
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more. Get you gone,
And hasten your return. [Exit Oswald.] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness and course of yours,
Though I condemn not, yet under pardon.

827-28 halter, after pronounced "hauter," "auter" 830 politic good policy 831 At point armed 832 buzz rumor 833 enguard protect 834 in mercy at his mercy 837 Not . . . taken rather than remain fearful of being overtaken by them 840 company escort 844 particular own 845 compact strengthen 848 milky . . . course mild and gentle way (hendiadys) 849 condemn not condemn it not
If a man's brains were in his feet, wouldn't he be in danger of child-bearing?

Any boy on (a little laugh) you've got nothing to worry.

Then I picture be merry - we can get you some

because your head short not very slippers.

would look foolish in slippers.

bedsocks

bunnies

you've got nothing to
You are much more attasked for want of wisdom
Than praised for harmful mildness.

Albany. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Goneril. Nay then—
Albany. Well, well, th' event.

Scene V. [Court before the same.]

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Regan with this letter.
Acquaint my daughter no further with anything
you know than comes from her demand out of
the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall
be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered
your letter.

Exit.

Fool. If a man's brain were in's toes were't not
in danger of

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then I prithee be merry... you've got nothing

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee
kindly; for though she's as like this as a
like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

attasked taken to task, blamed
harmful mildness dangerous indulgence
th' event i.e., we'll see what happens
letter than her reading of the letter brings her to ask
weren't i.e., the brains
kibes chilblains
slipshod your brains shall not
go in slippers (because you have no brains to be protected from chilblains)
Shalt thou shalt
kindly (1) affectionately (2) after her kind or nature
crab crab apple
* goes to go back to ground

or let it go. Trust your natural gestures. Now on

with ground?
on the crown?
KING LEAR

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a lemon does to a lemon. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands in the middle on's face?

Lear. No.

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

Lear. I did her wrong.

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put one's head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature; so kind a father! Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Fool. Yes indeed. Thou wouldst make a good Fool.

Lear. To take't again perforce! Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my Fool, Nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

20 on's of his 22 of on 32 horns (1) snail's horns (2) cuckold's horns 33 nature paternal instincts 36 seven stars the Pleiades 36 more 36 pretty apt 40 To . . . perforce (1) of Goneril, who has forcibly taken away Lear's privileges; or (2) of Lear, who meditates a forcible resumption of authority
mini-anxiety attack
hyperventilating
not a great way for him to be approaching Reagan

Fool has hesitated?
< go to bed at noon

but has seen panic attack
I, v

KING LEAR

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper, I would not be mad!

[Enter Gentleman.]

How now, are the horses ready?

Gentleman. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.°

Exeunt.

"in temper sane ° the maid who laughs, missing the tragic implications of this quarrel, will not have sense enough to preserve her virginity ("things" = penises)
ACT II

Scene I. [The Earl of Gloucester's castle.]

Enter Edmund and Curan, severally.°

Edmund. Save° thee, Curan.

Curan. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

Edmund. How comes that?

Curan. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad? I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.°

Edmund. Not I. Pray you, what are they?

Curan. Have you heard of no likely° wars toward,° 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edmund. Not a word.

Curan. You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir.

Edmund. The Duke be here tonight? The better!°

Exit.

III. s.d. severally separately (from different entrances on stage)
°Save God save ° ear-kissing arguments subjects whispered in the ear 11 likely probable 11 toward impending 16 The better so much the better
about his hatred

Bugs hit his head
(more blood than...)
This weaves itself perforce into my business. My father hath set guard to take my brother, And I have one thing of a queasy question Which I must act. Briefness and Fortune, work! Brother, a word; descend. Brother, I say!

Enter Edgar.

My father watches. O sir, fly this place. Intelligence is given where you are hid. You have now the good advantage of the night. Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall? He's coming hither, now i' th' night, i' th' haste, and Regan with him. Have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany? Advise yourself.

Edgar. I am sure on't, not a word.


Exit Edgar.

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[Wounds his arm]

Of my more fierce endeavor. I have seen drunkards Do more than this in sport. Father, father! Stop, stop! No help?

Enter Gloucester, and Servants with torches.

Gloucester. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edmund. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon To stand auspicious mistress.

Gloucester. But where is he?
Edmund. Look, sir, I bleed.

Gloucester. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edmund. Fled this way, sir, when by no means he could——

Gloucester. Pursue him, ho! Go after.

[Exeunt some Servants.]

By no means what?

Edmund. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all the thunder bend;
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to th' father. Sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared sword he charges home
My unprovided body, latched mine arm;
But when he saw my best alarumed spirits
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Gloucester. Let him fly far.
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—dispatch. The noble Duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes tonight.
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake.

Edmund. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threatened to discover him. He replied,
rein beyot
"Thou unpossessing⁰ beggarly (landless) bastard, dost thou think,⁰
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal⁰ Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faithed⁰ No. What I should deny—
As this I would, ay, though thou didst produce My very character⁰—I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion,⁰ plot, and damned practice.⁰ And thou must make a dullard of the world,⁰
If they not thought⁰ the profits of my death Were very pregnant⁰ and potential spirits⁰ To make thee seek it."

Gloucester. O strange and fastened⁰ villain!
Would he deny his letter, said he? I never got⁰ him.

Tucket⁰ within.

Hark, the Duke's trumpets. I know not why he comes.
All ports⁰ I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The Duke must grant me that. Besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom May have due note of him; and of my land, Loyal and natural⁰ boy, I'll work the means To make thee capable.⁰

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Cornwall. How now, my noble friend! Since I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.

Regan. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short Which can pursue th' offender. How dost, my lord?

Gloucester. O madam, my old heart is cracked, it's cracked.

---

⁰ unpossessing beggarly (landless) ⁰ reposal placing ⁰ faithed believed ⁰ character handwriting ⁰ suggestion instigation ⁰ practice device ⁰ make ... world think everyone stupid ⁰ not thought did not think ⁰ pregnant teeming with incitement ⁰ potential spirits powerful evil spirits ⁰ fastened hardened ⁰ got begot ⁰ s.d. Tucket (Cornwall's special trumpet call) ⁰ ports exits, of whatever sort ⁰ natural (1) kind (filial) (2) illegitimate ⁰ capable able to inherit
Regan. What, did my father's godson seek your life? He whom my father named, your Edgar?

Gloucester. O lady, lady, shame would have it hid.

Regan. Was he not companion with the riotous knights That tended upon my father?

Gloucester. I know not, madam. 'Tis too bad, too bad.

Edmund. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.°

Regan. No marvel then, though he were ill affected.° 'Tis they have put° him on the old man's death, To have th' expense and waste° of his revenues. I have this present evening from my sister Been well informed of them, and with such cautions That, if they come to sojourn at my house, I'll not be there.

Cornwall. Nor I, assure thee, Regan. Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father A childlike° office.

Edmund. It was my duty, sir:

Gloucester. He did bewray his practice,° and received This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Cornwall. Is he pursued?

Gloucester. Ay, my good lord.

Cornwall. If he be taken, he shall never more Be feared of doing° harm. Make your own purpose, How in my strength you please.° For you, Edmund, Whose virtue and obedience° doth this instant So much commend itself, you shall be ours. ° Natures of such deep trust we shall much need; You we first seize on.

Edmund. I shall serve you, sir, Truly, however else.

Gloucester. For him I thank your Grace.
3 April 69

Dear (Name)

I hope you are well. I have just received some letters which I thought you might find interesting.

The walls of the SWALD Kent have already been built, but the walls at Ginnel Green are still being completed.

Best regards,

(Signed)
KING LEAR

II, ii

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

Regan. Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night
of occasions, noble Gloucester, of some prize,
wherein we must have use of your advice.

Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home. The several
messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which craves the instant use.

Gloucester.

I serve you, madam.
Your Graces are right welcome.

Exeunt. Flourish.

Scene II. [Before Gloucester's castle.]

Enter Kent and Oswald, severally.

Oswald. Good dawning to thee, friend. Art of this
house? Yes, (that should comfort Oswald)

Kent. Ay. (that should comfort Oswald)

Oswald. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' th' mire.

Oswald. Prithee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

---

122 prize
123 differences
124 which (referring not
to "differences," but to the letter Lear has written)
125 from away
126 attend dispatch are waiting to be sent off
127 bosom
128 console yourself (about Edgar's supposed treason)
129 needful
130 craves the instant use
131 demands immediate transaction
132 dawning (dawn is impending, but not yet arrived)
133 Art of
134 this house i.e., do you live here
Oswald. Why then, I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury Pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

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

Kent. Fellow, I know thee. (Brutish)

Oswald. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking, whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clamorous whining if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

Oswald. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee!

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels and beat thee before the King? [Drawing his sword] Draw, you rogue, for though it be night, yet the moon shines. I'll make a sop of th' moonshine of you. You whoreson cullionly barbermonger, draw!

9 Lipsbury Pinfold a pound or pen in which strayed animals are enclosed (“Lipsbury” may denote a particular place, or may be slang for “between my teeth”) 14 broken meats scraps of food 15 three-suited (the wardrobe permitted to a servant or “knave”) 16 hundred-pound (the extent of Oswald’s wealth, and thus a sneer at his aspiring to gentility) 17 worsted-stocking (worn by servants) 18 action-taking one who refuses a fight and goes to law instead 18-19 glass-gazing conceited 18 superserviceable: sycophantic, serving without principle. 18 finical overfastidious 18-19 one-trunk-inheriting possessing only a trunkful of goods 19-20 bawd . . . service pimp, to please his master 20-21 composition compound 24 addition titles 23 sop o’ th’ moonshine i.e., Oswald will admit the moonlight, and so sop it up, through the open wounds Kent is preparing to give him 24 cullionly barbermonger base patron of hairdressers’ (effeminate man)
playing Ciner credibly - test if dig was to Edmund

Kendall Osmour
Oswald. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal. You come with letters against the King, and take Vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks. Draw, you rascal. Come your ways!

Oswald. Help, ho! Murder! Help!

Kent. Strike, you slave! Stand, rogue! Stand, you neat slave! Strike! [Beating him]

Oswald. Help, ho! Murder, murder!

Enter Edmund, with his rapier drawn, Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, Servants.


Kent. With you, Goodman boy, if you please! Come, I'll flesh ye, come on, young master.

Gloucester. Weapons? Arms? What's the matter here?

Cornwall. Keep peace, upon your lives. He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

Regan. The messengers from our sister and the King.

Cornwall. What is your difference? Speak.

Oswald. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valor. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee. A tailor made thee.

Cornwall. Thou art a strange fellow. A tailor make a man?

Kent. A tailor, sir. A stonecutter or a painter could

Vanity the puppet's Goneril, here identified with one of the personified characters in the morality plays, which were sometimes put on as puppet shows. carbonado cut across, like a piece of meat before cooking. Come your ways get along neat (1) foppish (2) unmixed, as in "neat wine" With you i.e., the quarrel is with you Goodman boy young man (peasants are "goodmen"; "boy" is a term of contempt) flesh introduce to blood (term from hunting) difference quarrel bestirred exercised nature disclaims in thee nature renounces any part in you A tailor made thee (from the proverb "The tailor makes the man")
Westail?

To: Cridlow
228 Educational Center
not have made him so ill, though they had been but two years o' th' trade.

Cornwall. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Oswald. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his gray beard.

Kent. Thou whoreson zed, thou unnecessary letter! My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my gray beard, you wagtail!

Cornwall. Peace, sirrah! You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir, but anger hath a privilege.

Cornwall. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword, Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these, Like rats, oft bite the holy cords at twain Which are too intrince to unloose; smooth every passion That in the natures of their lords rebel, Being oft to fire, snow to the colder moods; Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks With every gale and vary of their masters, Knowing naught, like dogs, but following. A plague upon your epileptic visage! Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

at suit of out of pity for zed the letter Z, generally omitted in contemporary dictionaries unbolted unsifted, i.e., altogether a villain jakes privy wagtail a bird that bobs its tail up and down, and thus suggests obsequiousness beastly irrational holy cords sacred bonds of affection (as between husbands and wives, parents and children) intrince entangled, intricate smooth appease Renege deny halcyon beaks (the halcyon or kingfisher serves here as a type of the opportunist because, when hung up by the tail or neck, it was supposed to turn with the wind, like a weathervane) gale and vary varying gale (hendiadys) epileptic distorted by grinning
Geese, if I had you upon Sarum Plain,  
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Cornwall. What, art thou mad, old fellow?
Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy 
Than I and such a knave.
Cornwall. Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?
Kent. His countenance likes me not.
Cornwall. No more perchance does mine, nor his, nor hers.
Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain: 
I have seen better faces in my time 
Than stands on any shoulder that I see 
Before me at this instant.

Cornwall. This is some fellow 
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect 
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb 
Quite from his nature. He cannot flatter, he; 
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth. 
And they will take it, so; if not, he's plain. 
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness: 
Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends— 
Than twenty silly-ducking observants. 
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity, 
Under th' allowance of your great aspect, 
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire—

85 Sarum Plain Salisbury Plain 86 Camelot the residence of King Arthur (presumably a particular point, now lost, is intended here) 88 contraries opposites 89 likes pleases 90-100 constrains forces the manner of candid speech to be a cloak, not for candor but for craft 102 And if 103 silly-ducking observants ridiculously obsequious attendants 104 nicely punctiliously 105 allowance approval 108 aspect (1) appearance (2) position of the heavenly bodies 109 influence astrological power
This map is violent, + dangerous.
KING LEAR

On flick'ring Phoebus' front?

Cornwall. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer. He that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave, which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to't.

Cornwall. What was th' offense you gave him?

Oswald. I never gave him any. It pleased the King his master very late to strike at me, upon his misconstruction; when he, compact, and flattering his displeasure, tripped me behind; being down, insulted, railed, and put upon him such a deal of man. That worthied him, got praises of the King for him attempting who was self-subdued, and, in the fleshment of this dread exploit, drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards but Ajax is their fool.

Cornwall. Fetch forth the stocks! You stubborn ancient knave, you reverent braggart, we'll teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn.

110 Phoebus' front forehead of the sun 111 dialect customary manner of speaking 112 He i.e., the sort of candid-crafty man Cornwall has been describing 114-15 though . . . to't even if I were to succeed in bringing your graceless person ("displeasure" personified, and in lieu of the expected form, "your grace") to beg me to be a plain knave 118 very late recently 119 misconstruction misunderstanding 120 compact in league with the king 122 put . . . man pretended such manly behavior 123 worthied him made him seem heroic 124 For . . . self-subdued for attacking a man (Oswald) who offered no resistance 125 fleshment the bloodthirstiness excited by his first success or "fleshing" 126-27 None . . . fool i.e., cowardly rogues like Oswald always impose on fools like Cornwall (who is likened to Ajax: [1] the braggart Greek warrior [2] a jakes or privy) 128 stubborn rude 128 reverent old
Genocide has been written.
Watch out for Co-writer.
He's dangerous.
We killed the King.
Call not your stocks for me, I serve the King,
On whose employment I was sent to you.
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Cornwall. Fetch forth the stocks. As I have life and honor,
There shall he sit till noon.

Regan. Till noon? Till night, my lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Regan. Sir, being his knave, I will.

Cornwall. This is a fellow of the selfsame color
Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the stocks.

Gloucester. Let me beseech your Grace not to do so.
His fault is much, and the good King his master
Will check him for't. Your purposed low correction
Is such as basest and contemned wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses
Are punished with.
The King his master needs must take it ill
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrained.

Cornwall. I'll answer that.

Regan. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abused, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs.

Come, my good lord, away!

[Exeunt all but Gloucester and Kent.]
Home caught right in middle

disguised

sort out what went wrong in Sc 1 Act 1.
Gloucester. I am sorry for thee, friend. 'Tis the Duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition all the world well knows
Will not be rubbed nor stopped. I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not, sir. I have watched and traveled hard.
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.
Give you good-morrow.

Gloucester. The Duke's to blame in this. 'Twill be ill taken.

Exit.

Kent. Good King, that must approve the common saw,
Thou out of Heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun.
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery. I know 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been informed Of my obscured course. And shall find time
From this enormous state, seeking to give
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'erwatched,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging. Fortune, good night;
Smile once more, turn thy wheel.

Sleeps.

158 disposition: inclination
159 rubbed: diverted (metaphor from the game of bowls)
160 watched: gone without sleep
161 A...heels: even a good man may have bad fortune
162 Give: God give
163 taken: received
164 approve: confirm
165 saw: proverb
166 Thou...sun: i.e., Lear goes from better to worse, from Heaven's blessing or shelter to lack of shelter
167 beacon...globe: i.e., the sun, whose rising Kent anticipates
168 comfortable: comforting
169 Nothing...
misery: i.e., true perception belongs only to the wretched
170 obscured: disguised
171 shall...remedies: (a possible reading: Cordelia, away from this monstrous state of things, will find occasion to right the wrongs we suffer)
172 vantage: advantage (of sleep)
173 turn thy wheel: i.e., so that Kent, who is at the bottom, may climb upward
First hint of homeless sub-class

Bedlam—since 15th Century
[Scene III. A wood.]

Enter Edgar.

Edgar. I heard myself proclaimed, And by the happy hollow of a tree Escaped the hunt. No port is free, no place That guard and most unusual vigilance Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape, I will preserve myself; and am bethought To take the basest and most poorest shape That ever penury, in contempt of man, Brought near to beast; my face I'll grime with filth, Blanket my loins, elf all my hairs in knots, And with presented nakedness outface The winds and persecutions of the sky. The country gives me proof and precedent Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices, Strike in their numbed and mortified bare arms Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary; And with this horrible object, from low farms, Poor pelting villages, sheepcotes, and mills, Sometimes with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers, Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygod, Poor Tom, That's something yet: Edgar I nothing am. Exit.
e.g. for entrance
I'm faint with travel all across the heath
Two days last to find them off my daughter gone
Tis sure that they'll cornwall make Arran's wife away
arrive here here for seasons yet unclear
OR maybe Shakespeare knows that audiences won't be bothered about this as they've already heard
OR lean was told at Regan's by servants
Reference "by monthly course etc"

Lean as King is ranked by disrespect

Is this a joke?

Lean: what are Regan & Cornwall up to!!?
Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart their home, And not send back my messenger.

Gentleman. As I learned, The night before there was no purpose in them Of this remove.º

Kent.

Lear. Ha! Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Lear. What's he that hath so much thy place mistook To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she, Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say yea.

II.iv. ³ purpose intention ⁴ remove removal ⁶ Mak' st ... pastime i.e., are you doing this to amuse yourself ⁷ cru el (1) painful (2) "crewel," a worsted yarn used in garters ⁹-¹⁰ overlusty at legs (1) a vagabond (2) ? sexually promiscuous ¹⁰ netherstocks stockings (as opposed to knee breeches or upperstocks)
quickly, but soberly
last time used
Lear. No, no, they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear no!

Kent. By Juno, I swear ay!

Lear. They durst not do't; They could not, would not do't — 'Tis worse than murder. To do upon respect such violent outrage. Resolve me with all modest haste which way Thou mightst deserve or they impose this usage, Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home I did commend your Highness' letter to them, Ere I was risen from the place that showed My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post, Stewed in his haste, half breathless, panting forth From Goneril his mistress salutations, Delivered letters, spite of intermission, Which presently they read; on whose contents They summoned up their meiny, straight took horse,

Commanded me to follow and attend The leisure of their answer, gave me cold looks, And meeting here the other messenger, Whose welcome I perceived had poisoned mine, Being the very fellow which of late Displayed so saucily against your Highness, Having more man than wit about me, drew; He raised the house, with loud and coward cries. Your son and daughter found this trespass worth The shame which here it suffers.
First physical response to situation extraordinary guidance head
Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.\(^9\)

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart! down, thou climbing sorrow, Thy element's below. Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earl, sir, here within.

Fool. And thou hadst been set i' th' stocks for that question, thou'dst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, Fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no laboring i' th' winter.
Leads DW approved of Cornwall

It's all O.K. forget it.
Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following. But the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again. I would have none but knaves follow it since a Fool gives it.

Kent. Where learned you this, Fool?
Fool. Not i’ th’ stocks, fool.

Enter Lear and Gloucester.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick, they are weary, They have traveled all the night? Mere fetches, ay!

Fetch me a better answer.

Gloucester. My dear lord, You know the fiery quality of the Duke, How unremovable and fixed he is In his own course.


87-90 All stinking i.e., all can smell out the decay of Lear’s fortunes 73 form show 79 pack be off 83-84 The knave i.e., the faithless man is the true fool, for wisdom requires fidelity. Lear’s Fool, who remains faithful, is at least no knave 84 verdy by God (Fr. pur Dieu) 87 Deny refuse 88 fetches subterfuges, acts of tacking (nautical metaphor) 89 images exact likenesses 89 flying off desertion 91 quality temperament
The
This is being asked you

Heart Spasm

Gloster, perhaps
Put to the back
(Love's pity)
Gloucester. Well, my good lord, I have informed them so.

Lear. Informed them? Dost thou understand me, man?

Gloucester. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The King would speak with Cornwall, the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands—tends—service.
Are they informed of this? My breath and blood! Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that Lear—No, but not yet. May be he is not well.

I'll forbear;

[Looking on Kent] Death on my state! Wherefore Should he sit here?

Go tell the Duke and's wife I'd speak with them! Now, presently! Bid them come forth and hear me,

Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum Till it cry sleep to death. (broken line)

Gloucester. I would have all well betwixt you. Exit.

100 tends attends (i.e., awaits); with, possibly, an ironic second meaning, "tenders," or "offers" 105 Where to... bound duties which we are required to perform, when in health 108 fallen out angry 108 head- ler will headlong inclination 110 state royal condition 112 remotion (1) removal (2) remaining aloof 113 practice pretense 118 forth i.e., out of the stocks 115 presently at once 117 cry... death follow sleep, like a cry or pack of hounds, until it kills it
Crumpled but not down!

perhaps distant thunders start here
sub-worfer

illegitimacy adding to
Pagan nature of the play

you are just divorcee
as my former daughter

If you were not the
I'd know you were illegitimate

comfort me!
II, iv.

**KING LEAR**

**Lear.** O me, my heart! My rising heart! But down!

**Fool.** Cry to it, Nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' th' paste alive. She knapped 'em o' th' coxcombs with a stick and cried, "Down, wantons, down!" 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, Servants.

**Lear.** Good morrow to you both.

**Cornwall.** Hail to your Grace.

**Kent.** Here set at liberty.

**Regan.** I am glad to see your Highness.

**Lear.** Regan, I think you are. I know what reason I have to think so. If thou shouldst not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulchring an adultress. [To Kent] O, are you free? Some other time for that. Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught. O Regan, she hath tied Sharp-toothed unkindness, like a vulture, here.

[I points to his heart.] I can scarce speak to thee. Thou'lt not believe With how depraved a quality —O Regan!

**Regan.** I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope You less know how to value her desert Than she to scant her duty.

**Lear.** Say? how is that?

---

120 cockney Londoner (ignorant city dweller) 
121 paste pastry pie 
122 knapped rapped 
123 coxcombs heads 
124 wantons i.e., playful things (with a sexual implication) 
125 buttered his hay i.e., the city dweller does from ignorance what the dishonest ostler does from craft: greases the hay the traveler has paid for, so that the horse will not eat 
126 divorce ... adultress i.e., repudiate your dead mother as having conceived you by another man 
127 naught wicked 
128 quality nature 
129 duty (despite the double negative, the passage means, "I believe that you fail to give Goneril her due, rather than that she fails to fulfill her duty")
Regan. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation. If, sir, perchance
She have restrained the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her.

Regan. O, sir, you are old,
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of his confine. You should be ruled, and led
By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore I pray you
That to our sister you do make return,
Say you have wronged her.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house?
"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;"

[Kneeling.] Age is unnecessary. On my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."

Regan. Good sir, no more. These are unsightly tricks.
Return you to my sister.

Lear. [Rising] Never, Regan.
She hath abated me of half my train,
Looked black upon me, struck me with her tongue,
Most serpentlike, upon the very heart.
All the stored vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You nimbler lights, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
That's why I gave you your share (prompting still a reminder)
the elephant in the room.
OK left sent out that!
You fen-sucked fogs, drawn by the pow’rful sun,
To fall and blister.

Regan. O the blest gods!
So will you wish on me when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse.
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o’er to harshness. Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort and not burn. ‘Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in. Thou better know’st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude.
Thy half o’th’ kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endowed.

Regan. Good sir, to th’ purpose. 160

Tucket within. an interruption

Lear. Who put my man i’ th’ stocks?

Cornwall. What trumpet’s that?

Regan. I know’t—my sister’s. This approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.

Enter Oswald.

Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my sight.

Cornwall. What means your Grace?

166 fen-sucked drawn up from swamps by the sun 167 fall and blister fall upon and raise blisters 170 tender-hefted gently framed 174 bandy volley (metaphor from tennis) 176 scant my sizes reduce my allowances 178 oppose the bolt i.e., bar the door 179 offices ... childhood natural duties, a child’s duty to its parent 178 Effects manifestations 160 to th’ purpose come to the point 182 approves confirms 184 easy borrowed (1) facile and taken from another (2) acquired without anything to back it up (like money borrowed without security) 185 grace favor 188 varlet base fellow
Wait for God's response!

Reference to "Keep holding my heart down"
line 119
Lear. Who stocked my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on't.

Enter Goneril.

O heavens! If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if you yourselves are old,
Make it your cause. Send down, and take my part.
[To Goneril] Art not ashamed to look upon this face?
O Regan, will you take her by the hand?

Goneril. Why not by th' hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offense that indiscretion finds°
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold? How came my man i' th' stocks?

Cornwall. I set him there, sir; but his own disorders°
Deserved much less advancement."°

Lear. You? Did you?

Regan. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.°
If till the expiration of your month
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me.
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.°

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismissed?
Not. Rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' th' air,
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,

Necessity's sharp pinch!

190 Allow approve of it i.e., my cause 195 finds judges 198 sides breast 198 disorders misconduct 199 advancement promotion 200 seem so i.e., act weak 205 entertainment maintenance 208 wage fight 210 Necessity's sharp pinch (a summing up of the hard choice he has just announced) 211 hot-blooded passionate
Do you really believe that?"
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [Pointing at Oswald.]

Goneril. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine; Thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, or embossed carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee:
Let shame come when it will; I do not call it,
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend when thou canst, be better at thy leisure,
I can be patient, I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

Regan. Not altogether so.
I looked not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister,
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Regan. I dare avouch it, sir. What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that o both charge and
danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How in one house

213 knee kneel before 218 squirelike like a retainer 215 sumpter pack horse 223 embossed carbuncle swollen boil 226 Thunder-bearer i.e., Jupiter 227 high-judging (1) supreme (2) judging from heaven 233 mingle... passion i.e., consider your turbulent behavior coolly and reasonably 238 avouch swear by 238 sith that since 238 charge expense
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold my amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.

_Goneril._ Why might not you, my lord, receive
attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

_Regan._ Why not, my lord? If then they chanced to
slack ye,

We could control them. If you will come to me
(For now I spy a danger), I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty. To no more
Will I give place or notice.

_Lear._ I gave you all —

_Regan._ And in good time you gave it.

_Lear._ Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reservation to be followed
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five-and-twenty? Regan, said you so?

_Regan._ And speak't again, my lord. No more with me.

_Lear._ Those wicked creatures yet do look well-
favored
When others are more wicked;

[To Goneril] I'll go with thee:
Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

_Goneril._

_Hear me, my lord.

What need you five-and-twenty? ten? or five?
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

_Regan._ What need one?

_Lear._ O reason not the need! Our basest beggars
human nature

natural kingdom of man

animal nature

gesture to self + universe

R-CONNECT PD
GODS - who doesn't seem to be listening

BEG!
Support me!

Ken Higgins
in reply
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady:
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true
need—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I
need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both:
If it be you that stirs these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnatural hags!
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall—I will do such things—
What they are, yet I know not, but they shall be
The terrors of the earth! You think I'll weep.
No, I'll not weep.

I have full cause of weeping, but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws
Or ere I'll weep. O Fool, I shall go mad.

Exeunt Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and Fool.

Cornwall. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.
Regan. This house is little; the old man and's people
Cannot be well bestowed.°
Goneril. 'Tis his own blame; hath put himself from
rest°
And must needs taste his folly.

264 Are...superfluous i.e., have some trifle not absolutely necessary
265 needs i.e., to sustain life 267-69 If...warm i.e., if to satisfy the
need for warmth were to be gorgeous, you would not need the clothing
you wear, which is worn more for beauty than warmth 274 fool
humiliate 275 To bear as to make me bear 274 flaws (1) pieces (2)
cracks (3) gusts of passion 275 Or...before 278 bestowed lodged
279 hath he hath 289 rest (1) place of residence (2) repose of mind
Regan. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Goneril. So am I purposed. Where is my Lord of Gloucester?

Cornwall. Followed the old man forth.

Enter Gloucester.

He is returned.

Gloucester. The King is in high rage.

Cornwall. Whither is he going?

Gloucester. He calls to horse, but will I know not whither.

Cornwall. 'Tis best to give him way, he leads himself.

Goneril. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Gloucester. Alack, the night comes on, and the high winds
Do sorely ruffle. For many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Regan. O, sir, to willful men
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors.
He is attended with a desperate train,
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.

Cornwall. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night.
My Regan counsels well. Come out o' th' storm.

Exeunt.
ACT III

Scene I.  [A heath.]

Storm still. Enter Kent and a Gentleman severally.

Kent. Who's there besides foul weather?

Gentleman. One minded like the weather most unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where's the King?

Gentleman. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea;
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main;
That things might change, or cease; tears his white half,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man to outscorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would eeuus,
The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,

III.i.s.d. still continually minded . . unquietly disturbed in mind, like the weather main land change (1) be destroyed (2) be exchanged (i.e., turned upside down) (3) change for the better eyeless (1) blind (2) invisible little world of man (the microcosm, as opposed to the universe or macrocosm, which it copies in little) cub-drawn sucked dry by her cubs, and so ravenously hungry couch take shelter in its lair belly-pinched starved unbonneted hatless
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gentleman. None but the Fool, who labors to outstrip his heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,

And dare upon the warrant of my note. Command a dear thing to you. There is division,

Although as yet the face of it is covered

With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;

Who have— as who have not, that is their great stars

Throned, and set high?— servants, who seem no less,

Which are to France the spies and speculations

Intelligent of our state. What hath been seen,

Either in sniffs and packings of the Dukes,

Or the hard rein which both of them hath borne

Against the old kind King, or something deeper,

Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings

But, true it is, from France there comes a power

Into this scattered kingdom, who already,

Wise in our negligence, have secret feet

In some of our best ports, and are at point

To show their open banner. Now to you:

If on my credit you dare build so far

To make your speed to Dover, you shall find

Some that will thank you, making just report

Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow

The King hath caused to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding.
And from some knowledge and assurance\(^\circ\) offer
This office\(^\circ\) to you.

Gentleman. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall,\(^\circ\) open this purse and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,
As fear not but you shall, show her this ring,
And she will tell you who that fellow\(^\circ\) is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the King.

Gentleman. Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect,\(^\circ\) more than all yet:
That when we have found the King—in which your pain\(^\circ\)
That way, I'll this—he that first lights on him,
Holla the other. \[Exeunt [severally].\]

Scene II. [Another part of the heath.]

Storm still.

Enter Lear and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage, blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks!
You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o’ th’ world,
Crack Nature’s molds, all germ ins spill at once
That make ingrateful man.

Fool. O Nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is
better than this rain water out o’ door. Good
Nuncle, in; ask thy daughters blessing. Here’s a
night pities neither wise man nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful. Spit, fire. Spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire are my daughters;
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness.
I never gave you kingdom, called you children;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.
But yet I call you servile ministers
That will with two pernicious daughters join
Your high-engendered battles ’gainst a head
So old and white as this. O, ho! ’tis foul.

Fool. He that has a house to put ’s head in has a good
head.

4 thought-executing (1) doing execution as quick as thought (2) executing or carrying out the thought of him who hurls the lightning
5 Vaunt-couriers heralds, scouts who range before the main body of the army
7 rotundity i.e., not only the sphere of the globe, but the roundness of gestation (Delius)
8 Nature’s molds the molds or forms in which men are made
9 ingrateful ungrateful
10 court holy-water flattery
13 tax accuse
15 subscription allegiance, submission
19 pleasure will
22 high-engendered battles armies formed in the heavens
25 headpiece (1) helmet (2) brain
26 codpiece penis (lit., padding worn at the crotch of a man’s hose)
27 he it
30 many i.e., lice
31-30 The . . . many i.e., the man who gratifies his sexual appetites before he has a roof over his head will end up a lousy beggar
challenge them!
Can learn from their power
Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, o here's a wise man and a fool— which is which—take your pick!

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? Things that love night Love not such nights as these.

Lear. Let the great gods That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch, That hast within thee undivulged crimes Unwhipped of justice.
Dear Summon, the sinner
but declare he is not
one of them

THUNDER
Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace, I am a man
More sinned against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bareheaded?
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest.
Repose you there, while I to this hard house
(More harder than the stones whereof 'tis raised,
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in) return, and force
Their scant'd courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.
Poor Fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. [Singing]

Exit [with Kent].

56 Caitiff wretch 58 seeming hypocrisy 57 practiced on plotted against
59 Close hidden 58 Rive split open 58 continents containers 58-59 cry
... grace beg mercy from the vengeful gods (here figured as officers who summoned a man charged with immorality before the ecclesiastical court) 61 Gracious my lord my gracious lord 66 demanding after asking for 67 scanted stinted 70 art magic powers of the alchemists, who sought to transmute base metals into precious 73 Must ... fit must be satisfied with a fortune as tiny as his wit
Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan. I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors,
No heretics burned, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right,
No squire in debt nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throns;
When usurers tell their gold in the field,
And bawds and whores do churches build,
Then shall the realm of Albion come to great confusion.
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be used with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make, for I live before his time.

Scene III.  [Gloucester's castle.]

Enter Gloucester and Edmund.

Gloucester. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine
own house, charged me on pain of perpetual dis-

Edmund. Most savage and unnatural.

Gloucester. Go to; say you nothing. There is division°
between the Dukes, and a worse° matter than that.

I have received a letter this night—'tis dangerous
to be spoken°—I have locked the letter in my

closet.° These injuries the King now bears will be

revenge home;° there is part of a power° already

footed;° we must incline to° the King. I will look°
him and privily° relieve him. Go you and maintain
talk with the Duke, that my charity be not of° him

perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill and gone to

bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the

King my old master must be relieved. There is

strange things toward,° Edmund; pray you be care-

ful.

Exit.

Edmund. This courtesy forbid° thee shall the Duke
Instantly know, and of that letter too.

This seems a fair deserving,° and must draw me

That which my father loses—no less than all.
The younger rises when the old doth fall.

Exit.
going into possible 'court house'
while warm thoughts (meddled)

leave gap
Scene IV.  [The heath. Before a hovel.]

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord. Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm Invades us to the skin:

The tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't? But I will punish home,
No, I will weep no more. In such a night To shut me out! Pour on, I will endure.

III.iv. 4 break my heart i.e., by shutting out the storm which distracts me from thinking  
8 fixed lodged (in the mind) 11 i' th' mouth in the teeth 11 free i.e., from care  
16 as if 16 home to the utmost
both he, himself
AND for
OR everyone else.

kneels or
(sits on edge
dstage)

it is his duty
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril,  
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you all—  
O, that way madness lies, let me shun that,  
No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.
Lear. Prithee go in thyself; seek thine own ease.

[To the Fool] In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty—  
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,  
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you  
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en  
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,  
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,  
And show the heavens more just.

Edgar. [Within] Fathom and half, fathom and half!  
Poor Tom!

Enter Fool.

Fool. Come not in here, Nuncle, here's a spirit. Help me, help me!
Kent. Give me thy hand. Who's there?
Fool. A spirit, a spirit. He says his name's Poor Tom.
Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' th' straw?
Come forth.

29 frank liberal (magnanimous) 28 houseless poverty (the unsheltered poor, abstracted) 29 bide endure 31 looped and windowed full of holes 33 Take physic, pomp take medicine to cure yourselves, you great men 33 superflux superfluity 37 Fathom and half (Edgar, because of the downpour, pretends to take soundings)
Edgar avoids the role of disguise being discovered. Lean gets closer.

Lean Dragon in - insistent

or: whether

whether they were responsible
Enter Edgar [disguised as a madman].

Edgar. Away! the foul fiend follows me. Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Humh! Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edgar. Who gives anything to Poor Tom? Whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool. o'er bog and quagmire:

set ratsbane by his porridge, made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inch bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits, Tom's a-cold. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking. Do Poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now—and there—and there again—and there.

Storm still.

Lear. What, has his daughters brought him to this pass?
Couldst thou save nothing? Wouldst thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters.

45-46 Through wind (a line from the ballad of "The Friar of Orders Gray")
48-49 thee (a reminiscence of The Taming of the Shrew, Induction, 1.10)
53-54 knives...ratsbane (the fiend tempts Poor Tom to suicide)
54 pew gallery or balcony outside a window
56 course chase i.e., risk his life
57 five wits i.e., common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, memory
59 star-blasting the evil caused by malignant stars
60 taking pernicious influences
65 pass wretched condition
67 for as
68 blanket i.e., to cover his nakedness
69 pendulous overhanging
Perhaps are all families doomed to be dysfunctional?
Is this what is happening everywhere to others now?
a cyclical dilemma?
not yet a fully formed realization

does Lear 'read' this
in his own sense of
"are they actual or legitimate"
"are my
tongues or are my
wisdom wise unwholesome"

the cesspit
of madness of
the 'world' of

J. Jacobean
Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! Nothing could have subdued nature to such a lowness but his unkind daughters. Is it the fashion that discarded fathers should have thus little mercy on their flesh? Judicial punishment—‘twas this flesh begot those pelican daughters.

Edgar. Pillicock sat on Pillicock Hill. A low, a low, loo, loo!  

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edgar. Take heed o’ th’ foul fiend; obey thy parents; keep thy word’s justice; swear not; commit not with man’s sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom’s a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edgar. A servingman, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap; served the lust of my mistress’ heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven. One that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply, dice dearly; and in woman out-paramoured the Turk. False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey.

70 subdued reduced 75 on i.e., shown to 75 pelican (supposed to feed on its parent’s blood) 76 Pillicock ... Hill (probably quoted from a nursery rhyme, and suggested by “pelican.” Pillicock is a term of endearment and the phallus) 76-77 A low ... loo (? a hunting call, or the refrain of the song) 81 keep ... justice i.e., do not break thy word 81 commit not i.e., adultery 86 gloves in my cap i.e., as a pledge from his mistress 92 out-paramoured the Turk had more concubines than the Sultan 93 light of ear ready to hear flattery and slander 95 prey preying 96 creaking (deliberately cultivated, as fashionable)
discovery question

he's the right way to be!
I'll disrope it be a justpost man too.
Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind; says suum, mun, nonny. Dolphin my boy, boy, sessa! let him trot by.

Storm still.

Lear. Thou wert better in a grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of's are sophisticated. Thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! Come, unbutton here.

[Tearing off his clothes.]

Fool. Prithee, Nuncle, be contented, 'tis a naughty night to swim in.

Enter Gloucester, with a torch.

Edgar. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet. He begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock.

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89 plackets openings in skirts 90-91 pen . . . books i.e., do not enter your name in the moneylender's account book 100-101 suum, mun, nonny the noise of the wind 106 Dolphin the French Dauphin (identified by the English with the devil. Poor Tom is presumably quoting from a ballad) 108 sessa an interjection: "Go on!" 108 answer confront, bear the brunt of 104 extremity extreme severity 105 ow'st have taken from 107 cat civet cat, whose glands yield perfume 108 on's of us 108 sophisticated adulterated, made artificial 109 unaccommodated uncivilized 110 forked i.e., two-legged 111 lendings borrowed garments 112 naughty wicked 113 wild barren 117 Flibbertigibbet (a figure from Elizabethan demonology) 117 curfew: 9 P.M. 118 first cock midnight 119 web and the pin cataract 119 squints crosses 120 white ripening
revenge-seeking
Yanchak?
a wild animal
KING LEAR

III, iv

132

aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. What's he? (Big & Jn)

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

135

Gloucester. What are you there? Your names?

Edgar. Poor Tom. that:

'Eats cow-dung for sallets,° swallows the old
rat and the ditch-dog,° drinks the green mantle°
of the standing° pool; who is whipped
and stocked, punished, and imprisoned;
who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to
his body,

Horse to ride, and weapon to wear,
But mice and rats, and such small deer,°
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.°

Beware my follower!° Peace, Smulkin,° peace,
thou fiend!

Gloucester. What, hath your Grace no better com­
pany?

Edgar. The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman.
Mordo° he's called, and Mahu.°

122 Swiitold . . . old Withold (an Anglo-Saxon saint who subdued
demons) walked three times across the open country 123 nightmare
demon 124 fold offspring 125 alight i.e., from the horse she had
possessed 126 troth plight pledge her word 127 aroint be gone
128 todpole . . . water tadpole, wall lizard, water newt 129 salltes
salads 130 ditch-dog dead dog in a ditch 131 mantle scum 132 standing
stagnant 133 tithing a district comprising ten families 141-42 But
... year (adapted from a popular romance, "Bevis of Hampton")
143 deer game 144 follower familiar 145, 147 Smulkin, M duo, Mahu
(Elizabethan devils, from Samuel Harsnett's Declaration of 1603)
* of Horace

"Ironic" in context of Edgar's raves
Gloucester. Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is grown so vile
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edgar. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Gloucester. Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer
T' obey in all your daughters' hard commands.
Though their injunction be to bar my doors
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,—
Yet have I ventured to come seek you out
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go into th' house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.
What is your study?

Edgar. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord.
His wits begin t' unsettle.

Gloucester. Canst thou blame him?

Storm still.

His daughters seek his death. Ah, that good Kent,
He said it would be thus, poor banished man!
Thou say'st the King grows mad—I'll tell thee,
friend,
I am almost mad myself. I had a son,
Now outlawed from my blood; he sought my life
But lately, very late. I loved him, friend,
No father his son dearer. True to tell thee,
The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night's this!

gets begets suffer permit me Theban i.e., Greek philosopher study particular scientific study prevent balk outlawed from my blood disowned and tainted, like a carbuncle in the corrupted blood late recently
of Cynics who despise wealth, chose to live in rage, t shape in reproving vices.
I do beseech your Grace—

**Lear.** O, cry you mercy, sir.

Noble philosopher, your company.

**Edgar.** Tom's a-cold.

**Gloucester.** In, fellow, there, into th' hovel; keep thee warm.

**Lear.** Come, let's in all.

**Kent.** This way, my lord.

**Lear.** I will keep still with my philosopher.

**Kent.** Good my lord, soothe° him; let him take the fellow.

**Gloucester.** Take him you on.°

**Kent.** Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

**Lear.** Come, good Athenian.

**Gloucester.** No words, no words! Hush.

**Edgar.** Child Rowland to the dark tower came;°

His word was still,° "Fie, fo, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man."°

*Exeunt.*

---

214 cry you mercy I beg your pardon
216 soothe humor
217 you on with you
218 Athenian i.e., philosopher (like "Theban")
219 Child ... came (? from a lost ballad; "child" = a candidate for knighthood; Rowland was Charlemagne's nephew, the hero of The Song of Roland)
219 His ... still his motto was always
219-22 Fie ... man (a deliberately absurd linking of the chivalric hero with the nursery tale of Jack the Giant-Killer)
Scene V. [Gloucester's castle.]

Enter Cornwall and Edmund.

Cornwall. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

Edmund. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Cornwall. I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself.

Edmund. How malicious is my fortune that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens, that his treason were not! or not I the detector!

Cornwall. Go with me to the Duchess.

Edmund. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Cornwall. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edmund. [Aside] If I find him comforting the King, it will stuff his suspicion more fully—I will persever in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.
Entering the novel, Estes hallucinates from "buck" division of grandeur
Scene VI. [A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining the castle.]

Enter Kent and Gloucester. Fool, Lear, Edgar.

Gloucester. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can. I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience. The gods reward your kindness.

Lear: To have a thousand with red burning spits, come hizzing in upon 'em —

Edgar. Frateretto calls me, and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, Nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a wretch or a gentleman?

Lear. A king, a king.

Fool. No, he's a gentleman and a poor mad wretch.
Edgar: The foul fiend haunts me in the voice of a nightingale.

KENT. Have no food for thee.

How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed. Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

LEAR. I'll see their trial first. Bring in their evidence.
last line of Foods
in quart

physical
outburst

They betray Gonzalo
Blond Fem Ryan
Sweetheart - Cordelia

FOOL sees
this!!

APR
Lear. The little dogs and all,
   Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart—see, they bark at me.

Edgar. Avaunt, you curs.

Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edgar. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now
    That you so oft have boasted to retain?

41-44 Sleepes . . . harm (probably quoted or adapted from an Elizabethan song)  
42 corn wheat 43 minikin shrill 44 gray (devils were thought to assume the shape of a gray cat)  
45 Cry . . . joint stool (proverbial and deliberately impudent apology for overlooking a person. A joint stool was a low stool made by a joiner, perhaps here a stage property to represent Goneril and in line 52, Regan. "Joint stool" can also suggest the judicial bench; hence Goneril may be identified by the Fool, ironically, with those in power, who judge)  
53 store stuff  
54 Corruption . . . place bribery in the court  
55 counterjetting i.e., feigned madness  
56 or . . . or either . . . or
The scene was RAGE burns itself out

LEAR
Straddler Poor
Takes out knife
has to be seriously restrained by Kent

LeaV
A very outburst

all must remain vigilant?
Helps Lean with notepad

Let's find a place to be calm.
Tom with throwing thus his head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.
Do, de, de, de. Sessal: Purr, the cat is grey.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan. See what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that make these hard hearts? [To Edgar] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they are Persian, but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the curtains.
So, so. We'll go to supper i'th' morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Enter Gloucester.

Gloucester. Come hither, friend. Where is the King my master?

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

Gloucester. Good friend, I prithee take him in thy arms.

67 brach bitch 67 lym bloodhound (from the Ham or leash with which he was led) 68 bobtail . . . trundle-tail short-tailed or long-tailed cur 70 throwing jerking (as a hound lifts its head from the ground, the scent having been lost) 71 leaped the hatch leaped over the lower half of a divided door (i.e., left in a hurry) 72 Sessa be off 72 wakes feasts attending the dedication of a church 73 horn horn bottle which the Bedlam used in begging a drink (Edgar is suggesting that he is unable to play his role any longer) 75-76 Then . . . heart i.e., if the Bedlam's horn is dry, let Regan, whose heart has become as hard as horn, be dissected 77 make (subjunctive) 78 entertain engage 78 hundred i.e., Lear's hundred knights 80 Persian gorgeous (ironically of Edgar's rags) 82 curtains (Lear imagines himself in bed) 84 And . . . noon (the Fool's last words)
They have to be unsettled.

Flush from the focus of the court.
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.
There is a litter ready; lay him in't
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master.
If thou shouldst daily half an hour, his life,
With thine and all that offer to defend him;
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps.
This rest might yet have balmed thy broken sinews,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure. [To the Fool] Come, help to bear thy master.
Thou must not stay behind.

Gloucester. Come, come, away!

Exeunt [all but Edgar].

How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend makes the King bow.
He childed as I fathered. Tom, away.
What will hap more tonight, safe 'scape the King!
Lurk, lurk. [Exit.]
Some five or six and thirty of his knights, questrians after him, met him at gate; who, with some other of the lords dependants, are gone with him toward Dover, where they boast to have well-armed friends.

Cornwall. Get horses for your mistress. [Exit Oswald.]

Goneril. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

Cornwall. Edmund, farewell. [Exeunt Goneril and Edmund.]

Go seek the traitor Gloucester, pinion him like a thief, bring him before us. [Exeunt other Servants.]

Though well we may not pass upon his life without the form of justice, yet our power shall do a court'sy to our wrath, which men may blame, but not control.

Enter Gloucester, brought in by two or three. Who's there, the traitor?

Regan. Ingrateful fox, 'tis he.

Cornwall. Bind fast his corky arms.

Gloucester. What means your Graces? Good my friends, consider you are my guests. Do me no foul play, friends.

Cornwall. Bind him, I say. [Servants bind him.]


Gloucester. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

Cornwall. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find——

18 questrians searchers 19 lords dependants attendant lords (members of Lear's retinue) 20 pass upon pass judgment on 21 do a court'sy to indulge 22 corky sapless (because old)
III, vii

KING LEAR

[Regan plucks his beard.]

Gloucester. By the kind gods, 'tis mostly ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Regan. So white, and such a traitor?

Gloucester. Naughtye lady,
These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin
Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your host.
With robber's hands my hospitable favors
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

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

Regan. Be simple-an answered, for we know the truth.

Cornwall. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

Regan. To whose hands you have sent the lunatic King:
Speak.

Gloucester. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one opposed.

Cornwall. Cunning.

Regan. And false.

Cornwall. Where hast thou sent the King?

Gloucester. To Dover.

Regan. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charged at peril—

Cornwall. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.
Gloucester. I am tied to th’ stake, and I must stand the course."

Regan. Wherefore to Dover?

Gloucester. Because I would not see thy cruel nails Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister In his anointed flesh rash boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head In hell-black night endured, would have buoyed up And quenched the stelled fires.
Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain. If wolves had at thy gate howled that doleful time, Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn the key.""

All cruels else subscribe. But I shall see The wingèd vengeance overtake such children.

Cornwall. See’t shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.
Upon these eyes of thine I’ll set my foot.

Gloucester. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help. — O cruel! O you gods!

Regan. One side will mock another. Th’ other too.

Cornwall. If you see vengeance——

First Servant. Hold your hand, my lord! I have served you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you Than now to bid you hold.

Regan. How now, you dog?

First Servant. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,

---

55 course coursing (in which a relay of dogs baits a bull or bear tied in the pit)
58 anointed holy (because king)
59 rash strike with the tusk, like a boar
61 buoyed risen
62 stelled (1) fixed (as opposed to the planets or wandering stars) (2) starry
64 dearn dread
65 turn the key i.e., unlock the gate
66 All cruels else subscribe all cruel creatures but man are compassionate
67 winged (1) heavenly (2) swift
70 will think expects
72 mock make ridiculous (because of the contrast)
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Cornwall. My villain!

Draw and fight.

First Servant. Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

Regan. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus?

She takes a sword and runs at him behind, kills him.

First Servant. O, I am slain! my lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him. O!

Cornwall. Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly. Where is thy luster now?

Gloucester. All dark and comfortless. Where's my son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature To quit this horrid act.

Regan. Out, treacherous villain, Thou call'st on him that hates thee. It was he That made the overture of thy treasons to us; Who is too good to pity thee.

Gloucester. O my follies! Then Edgar was abused.

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him.

Regan. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell His way to Dover. Exit [one] with Gloucester. How is't, my lord? How look you?

Cornwall. I have received a hurt. Follow me, lady, Turn out that eyeless villain. Throw this slave Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace.
interpret as " vile jelly"
then smell how it wants to donor
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

Second Servant. I'll never care what wickedness I do, if this man come to good.

Third Servant. If she live long, and in the end meet the old course of death, women will all turn monsters.

Second Servant. Let's follow the old Earl, and get the Bedlam to lead him where he would. His roulgishe madness allows itself to anything.

Third Servant. Go thou. I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs to apply to his bleeding face. Now heaven help him. [Exeunt severally.]
OLD MAN is cuttable.
ACT IV

Scene I. [The heath.]

Enter Edgar.

Edgar. Yet better thus, and known to be contemned, than still contemned and flattered. To be worst, The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune, Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear: The lamentable change is from the best; The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then, Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace! The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Gloucester, led by an Old-Man.

But who comes here?

My father, poorly led? World, world, O world! But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee, Life would not yield to age.°

Old-Man. O, my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Gloucester. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:

IV.i. known to be contemned conscious of being despised dejected abased esperance hope returns to laughter changes for the better Owes is in debt for poorly led (1) led like a poor man, with only one attendant (2) led by a poor man But . . . age we should not agree to grow old and hence die, except for the hateful mutability of life
Thy comforts\(^o\) can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.\(^o\)

Old Man. You cannot see your way.

Gloucester. I have no way and therefore want\(^o\) no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.\(^o\) Oh, dear son Edgar,
The food\(^o\) of thy abused\(^o\) father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in\(^o\) my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now! Who's there?

Edgar. [Aside] O gods! Who is 't can say "I am at
the worst"?
I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edgar. [Aside] And worse I may be yet: the worst
is not
So long as we can say "This is the worst."\(^o\)

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Gloucester. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Gloucester. He has some reason,\(^o\) else he could not
beg.
I' th' last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm. My son
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him. I have heard
more since.
As flies to wanton\(^o\) boys, are we to th' gods,

\(^{12-345}\) comforts ministrations 17 \textit{hurt} injure 18 want require 20-21 Our
. . . commodities our resources make us overconfident, while our
afflictions make for our advantage 22 food i.e., the object on which
Gloucester's anger fed 22 abused deceived 23 in i.e., with, by means
of 27-28 the . . . worst so long as a man continues to suffer (i.e., is
still alive), even greater suffering may await him 31 reason faculty
of reasoning 36 wanton (1) playful (2) reckless
They kill us for their sport.

Edgar. [Aside] How should this be?* 
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow, 
Ang’ring* itself and others. Bless thee, master!

Gloucester. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Gloucester. Then, prithee, get thee gone: if for my sake
Thou wilt o’ertake us hence a mile or twain
I’ th’ way toward Dover, do it for ancient* love,
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Which I’ll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.

Gloucester. ’Tis the times’ plague,* when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;*
Above the rest,* be gone.

Old Man. I’ll bring him the best ’parel* that I have,
Come on ’t what will. Exit.

Gloucester. Sirrah, naked fellow—

Edgar. Poor Tom’s a-cold. [Aside] I cannot daub it* further.

Gloucester. Come hither, fellow.

Edgar. [Aside] And yet I must. —Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Gloucester. Know’st thou the way to Dover?

Edgar. Both stile and gate, horse-way and footpath. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits.

Bless thee, good man’s son, from the foul fiends!

Five fiends have been in Poor Tom at once; of lust,——

*How should this be i.e., how can this horror be?  Ang’ring offending  ancient (1) the love the Old Man feels, by virtue of his long tenancy (2) the love that formerly obtained between master and man  times’ plague characteristic disorder of this time  thy pleasure as you like  the rest all  ’parel apparel  daub it lay it on (figure from plastering mortar)
as Obidicut; o Hobbididenee, prince of dumbness; o Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; Flibbertigibbet, of moppin and mowing, o who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Gloucester. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues Have humbled to all strokes:° that I am wretched Makes thee the happier. Heavens, deal so still! Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man, That slaves° your ordinance,° that will not see Because he does not feel, feel your pow'r quickly; So distribution should undo excess,° And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?

Edgar. Ay, master.

Gloucester. There is a cliff whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully° in the confined deep:°
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edgar. Give me thy arm:
Poor Tom shall lead thee. Exeunt.

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61 Obidicut Hoberdicut, a devil (like the four that follow, from Har­nett's Declaration) 61-62 dumbness muteness (like the crimes and afflictions in the next lines, the result of diabolic possession) 63 moppin and mowing grimacing and making faces 67 humbled to all strokes brought so low as to bear anything humbly 69 superfluous possessed of superfluities 69 lust-dieted whose lust is gratified (like Gloucester's) 70 slaves (1) tramples, spurns like a slave (2) ? tears, rends (Old English slaefan) 70 ordinance law 72 So . . . excess then the man with too much wealth would distribute it among those with too little 75 bending overhanging 75 fearfully occasioning fear 75 confined deep the sea, hemmed in below
Scene II.  [Before the Duke of Albany's palace.]

Enter Goneril and Edmund.

Goneril. Welcome, my lord: I marvel our mild husband Not met us on the way.

Enter Oswald.

Now, where's your master?

Oswald. Madam, within; but never man so changed. I told him of the army that was landed: He smiled at it. I told him you were coming; His answer was, "The worse." Of Gloucester's treachery, And of the loyal service of his son When I informed him, then he called me sot, And told me I had turned the wrong side out: What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him; What like, offensive.

Goneril. [To Edmund] Then shall you go no further. It is the cowish terror of his spirit, That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs, Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother; Hasten his musters and conduct his pow'r's.

IV. ii. 2 Not met did not meet 8 sot fool 11 What like what he should like 12 cowish cowardly 18 undertake venture 14 tie him to an answer oblige him to retaliate 14-15 Our ... effects our desires (that you might be my husband), as we journeyed here, may be fulfilled 18 musters collecting of troops 18 conduct his pow'r's lead his army
I must change names at home and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;

[Giving a favor]

Decline your head. This kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edmund. Yours in the ranks of death.

Goneril. My most dear Gloucester!

O, the difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's services are due:
My fool usurps my body.

Oswald. Madam, here comes my lord.

Enter Albany.

Goneril. I have been worth the whistle.

Albany. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. Fear your disposition:
That nature which contents its origin
Cannot be bordered in itself.
She that herself will sliver and disbranch

change names i.e., exchange the name of "mistress" for that of "master" 17 distaff spinning stick (wifely symbol) 21 mistress's lover's (and also, Albany having been disposed of, lady's or wife's)
22 Decline your head i.e., that Goneril may kiss him 24 Conceive understand (with a sexual implication, that includes "stretch thy spirits," 1. 23; and "death," 1. 25: "to die," meaning "to experience sexual intercourse") 25 My fool usurps body my husband wrongfully enjoys me 29 I ... whistle i.e., once you valued me (the proverb is implied, "It is a poor dog that is not worth the whistling")
disposition nature contents despises bordered . . . itself kept within its normal bounds sliver and disbranch cut off
From her material sap, perforce must wither
And come to deadly use.

Goneril. No more; the text is foolish.

Albany. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths savor but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you performed?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence even the head-lugged bear
would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate, have you maddened.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited!
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offenses,
It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Goneril. Milk-livered man!
That beard a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honor from thy suffering; that not know'st
Fools do those villains pity who are punished
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless
land,
With plumèd helm thy state begins to threat,

85 material sap essential and life-giving sustenance 86 come to deadly use i.e., be as a dead branch for the burning 87 text i.e., on which your sermon is based 89 Filths savor but themselves the filthy relish only the taste of filth 42 head-lugged bear bear-baited by the dogs, and hence enraged 43 maddened made mad 46 visible spirits avenging spirits in material form 50 Milk-livered lily-livered (hence cowardly, the liver being regarded as the seat of courage) 52-53 discerning suffering able to distinguish between insults that ought to be resented, and ordinary pain that is to be borne 54-55 Fools . . . mischief only fools are sorry for criminals whose intended criminality is prevented by punishment 56 noiseless i.e., the drum, signifying preparation for war, is silent 57 helm helmet 57 thy . . . threat France begins to threaten Albany's realm
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sits still and cries
"Alack, why does he so?"

Albany.

See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Goneril.

O vain fool!

Albany. Thou changèd and self-covered thing,
For shame —
Be monster not thy feature. Were 't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,

They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones: however thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Goneril. Marry, your manhood mew —

Enter a Messenger.

Albany. What news?

Messenger. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead,
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloucester.

Albany. Gloucester's eyes!

Messenger. A servant that he bred, thrilled with remorse,
Opposed against the act, bending his sword
To his great master, who thereat enraged
Flew on him, and amongst them felled him dead,
But not without that harmful stroke which since

58 moral moralizing; but also with the implication that morality and folly are one 60 Proper (1) natural (to a fiend) (2) fair-appearing 62 changèd and self-covered i.e., transformed, by the contorting of her woman's face, on which appears the fiendish behavior she has allowed herself. (Goneril has disguised nature by wickedness) 63 Be-monster not thy feature do not change your appearance into a fiend's 68 my fitness appropriate for me 64 blood passion 68 however but even if 68 Marry by the Virgin Mary 68 your manhood mew (1) coop up or confine your (pretended) manhood (2) molt or shed it, if that is what is supposed to "shield" me from you 71 going to as he was about to 72 bred reared 73 thrilled with remorse pierced by compassion 75 amongst them felled others assisting, they felled
Hath plucked him after. 0

Albany. This shows you are above,
You justicers, 0 that these our nether 0 crimes
So speedily can venge. 0 But, O poor Gloucester!
Lost he his other eye?

Messenger. Both, both, my lord.
This letter, madam, craves 0 a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Goneril. [Aside] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. 0 Another way, 0
The news is not so tart. 0—I'll read, and answer.

Albany. Where was his son when they did take his
eyes?

Messenger. Come with my lady hither.
Albany. He is not here.

Messenger. No, my good lord; I met him back 0 again.
Albany. Knows he the wickedness?

Messenger. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he informed
against him,
And quit the house on purpose, that their punish-
ment
Might have the freer course.

Albany. Gloucester, I live
To thank thee for the love thou showed'st the
King,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend:
Tell me what more thou know'st. Exeunt.
CUT some
for plot
but for Andela
Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back, know you no reason?

Gentleman. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his coming forth is thought of, which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger that his personal return was most required and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gentleman. The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gentleman. Ay, sir; she took them read them in my presence,
And now and then an ample tear trilled down
Her delicate cheek: it seemed she was a queen
Over her passion, who most rebel-like
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it moved her.

Gentleman. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better way: those happy smilets
That played on her ripe lip seemed not to know
What guests were in her eyes, which parted thence
IN SIGHT
Candela SE IV

LEAR moved to Safe Zone
As pearls from diamonds dropped. In brief, Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved, If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question? 25

Gentleman. Faith, once or twice she heaved the name of “father” Pantingly forth, as if it pressed her heart; Cried “Sisters! Sisters! Shame of ladies! Sisters! Kent! Father! Sisters! What, i’ th’ storm? i’ th’ night? Let pity not be believed!” There she shook The holy water from her heavenly eyes, And clamor moistened: then away she started To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars, The stars above us, govern our conditions; Else one self mate and make could not beget Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gentleman. No.

Kent. Was this before the King returned?

Gentleman. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear’s i’ th’ town; Who sometime in his better tune remembers What we are come about, and by no means Will yield to see his daughter.

Gentleman. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness.

24-25 Sorrow . . . it sorrow would be a coveted jewel if it became others as it does her 28 heaved expressed with difficulty 30 Let pity not be believed let it not be believed for pity 32 clamor moistened moistened clamor, i.e., mixed (and perhaps assuaged) her outcries with tears 34 govern our conditions determine what we are 35-36 Else . . . issues otherwise the same husband and wife could not produce such different children 43 better tune composed, less jangled intervals 43 sovereign overpowering 43 elbows jogs his elbow i.e., reminds him
That stripped her from his benediction, turned her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights,
To his dog-hearted daughters: these things sting
His mind so venomously that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gentleman. Alack, poor gentleman!
Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gentleman. 'Tis so; they are afoot.
Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [Exeunt.]

[Scene IV. The same. A tent.]

Enter, with drum and colors, Cordelia, Doctor,
and Soldiers.

Cordelia. Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vexed sea; singing aloud;
Crowned with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,
With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flow'rs,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
IV, iv  

**KING LEAR**  

And bring him to our eye [*Exit an Officer.*] What can man's wisdom²
In the restoring his bereaved⁴ sense?
He that helps him take all my outward⁵ worth.

*Doctor.* There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse⁶ of nature is repose,
The which he lacks: that to provoke⁰ in him,
Are many simples operative,⁰ whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

*Cordelia.* All blest secrets,
All you unpublished virtues⁰ of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate⁰
In the good man's distress! Seek, seek for him,
Lest his ungoverned rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to load it.

**Enter Messenger.**

*Messenger.* News, madam;
The British pow'rs are marching hitherward.

*Cordelia.* 'Tis known before. Our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore⁰ great France
My mourning and importuned⁰ tears hath pitied.
No blown⁰ ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right:
Soon may I hear and see him!  

**Exeunt.**

---

² *What can man's wisdom accomplish?*
³ *bereaved impaired*
⁴ *outward material*
⁵ *foster-nurse fostering nurse*
⁶ *provoke induce*
⁷ *simples operative efficacious medicinal herbs*
⁸ *unpublished virtues i.e., secret remedial herbs*
⁹ *remediate remedial*
¹⁰ *wants... it i.e., lacks the reason to control the rage*
¹¹ *Therefore because of that*
¹² *importuned importunate*
¹³ *blown puffed up*
[Scene V.  Gloucester’s castle.]

Enter Regan and Oswald.

Regan. But are my brother’s pow’rs set forth?
Oswald. Ay, madam.
Regan. Himself in person there?
Oswald. Madam, with much ado:°
Your sister is the better soldier.
Regan. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?

5  Oswald. No, madam.
Regan. What might import° my sister’s letter to him?
Oswald. I know not, lady.
Regan. Faith, he is posted° hence on serious matter.
    It was great ignorance,° Gloucester’s eyes being out,
    To let him live. Where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
    In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted° life; moreover, to descry
    The strength o’ th’ enemy.

Oswald. I must needs after him, madam, with my

15  letter.
Regan. Our troops set forth tomorrow: stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Oswald. I may not, madam:
    My lady charged my duty° in this business.

IV.v.  2 ado bother and persuasion  5 import purport, carry as its message  8 is posted has ridden speedily  9 ignorance folly  13 nighted (1) darkened, because blinded (2) benighted  18 charged my duty ordered me as a solemn duty
IV, v  

**REGAN.** Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike, Some things I know not what. I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.

**OSWALD.** Madam, I had rather——

**REGAN.** I know your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and at her late being here
She gave strange eliads and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.

**OSWALD.** I, madam?

**REGAN.** I speak in understanding: y'are; I know 't:
Therefore I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talked;
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's: you may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

**OSWALD.** Would I could meet him, madam! I should show
What party I do follow.

**REGAN.** Fare thee well.  

*Exeunt.*

---

20 *Transport her purposes* convey her intentions  
20 *Belike* probably
24 *late* recently 25 *eliads* amorous looks  
26 *of her bosom* in her confidence  
29 *take this note* take note of this  
31 *convenient* fitting  
32 *gather more* surmise more yourself  
33 *this this advice*  
35 *call recall*  
36 *Preferment* promotion
[Scene VI. Fields near Dover.]

Enter Gloucester and Edgar.

Gloucester. When shall I come to th' top of that same hill?

Edgar. You do climb up it now. Look, how we labor.

Gloucester. Methinks the ground is even.

Edgar. Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Gloucester. No, truly.

Edgar. Why then your other senses grow imperfect

By your eyes’ anguish.

Gloucester. So may it be indeed,

Methinks thy voice is altered, and thou speak’st

In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edgar. Y’are much deceived: in nothing am I changed

But in my garments.

Gloucester. Methinks y’are better spoken.

Edgar. Come on, sir; here’s the place: stand still. How fearful

And dizzy ’tis to cast one’s eyes so low!

The crows and choughs—that wing the midway air—

Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.

The fishermen that walk upon the beach

Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark

Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy.

IV.vi. anguish pain  choughs a kind of crow  midway air i.e., halfway down the cliff  gross large  samphire samphire, an aromatic herb associated with Dover Cliffs  anchoring anchored  cock cockboat, a small boat usually towed behind the ship
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge
That on th' unnumb'red idle pebble\(^o\) chafes
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight
Topple\(^o\) down headlong.

Gloucester. Set me where you stand.

Edgar. Give me your hand: you are now within a foot
Of th' extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.\(^o\)

Gloucester. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies\(^o\) and gods
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edgar. Now fare ye well, good sir.

Gloucester. With all my heart.

Edgar. [Aside] Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.

Gloucester. O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer and not fall
To quarrel\(^o\) with your great opposeless\(^o\) wills,
My snuff\(^o\) and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him!
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

He falls.

Edgar. Gone, sir, farewell.

21 unnumb'red idle pebble innumerable pebbles, moved to and fro
by the waves to no purpose 22-24 the deficient sight/Topple my failing
sight topple me 27 upright i.e., even up in the air, to say nothing
of forward, over the cliff 29 Fairies (who are supposed to guard
and multiply hidden treasure) 33-34 Why ... it I play on his despair
in order to cure it 37-38 fall/To quarrel with rebel against 38 oppose-
less not to be, and not capable of being, opposed 39 snuff the gutter-
ing (and stinking) wick of a burnt-out candle
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past. Alive or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend! Hear you, sir! speak!
Thus might he pass indeed: yet he revives.
What are you, sir?

**Gloucester.** Away, and let me die.

**Edgar.** Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou’dst shivered like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed’st not; speak’st; art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly tell.

**Gloucester.** Thy life’s a miracle. Speak yet again.

**Edgar.** But have I fall’n, or no?

**Gloucester.** Alack, I have no eyes.

**Edgar.** Give me your arm. Up, so. How is ’t? Feel you your legs? You stand.

**Gloucester.** Too well, too well.

**Edgar.** This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o’ th’ cliff, what thing was that
enters through auditorium involving audience.
Which parted from you?

Gloucester. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edgar. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns-whelked and waved like the enridged sea:
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honors
Of men’s impossibilities, have preserved thee.

Gloucester. I do remember now: henceforth I’ll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself
"Enough, enough," and die. That thing you speak
Of.
I took it for a man; often ’twould say
"The fiend, the fiend"—he led me to that place.

Edgar. Bear free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear [fantastically dressed with wild flowers].

But who comes here?

The safer sense will ne’er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining. I am the King himself.

Edgar. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature’s above art in that respect. There’s your press-money. That fellow handles his bow

71 whelked twisted 71 enridged i.e., furrowed into waves 72 happy father fortunate old man 73 clearest purest 73-74 who . . . impossibilities who cause themselves to be honored and revered by performing miracles of which men are incapable 80 free i.e., emancipated from grief and despair, which fetter the soul 81 safer sounder, saner 81 accommodate dress, adorn 83 touch me for coining arrest me for minting coins (the king’s prerogative) 86 Nature’s . . . respect i.e., a born king is superior to legal (and hence artificial) inhibition. There is also a glance here at the popular Renaissance debate, concerning the relative importance of nature (inspiration) and art (training) 87 press-money (paid to conscripted soldiers)
Mouse refers
to his
demonstrates
his strength
& 
occupy

Mouse is a Aceteria

No recognition
re her beauty:
& Art not ashamed to look upon this beast?

& Pelican daughter

Leon has been King

for maybe 60 yrs

F. James

Her decree of
Divine Right & Kind

Open
Rhythm

for discovery

back to verse
for audience
like a scarecrow; draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace: this piece of toasted cheese will do 't. There's my gauntlet, I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, bird! i' th' clout, i' th' clout! hewgh! Give the word.

Edgar. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Gloucester. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril, with a white beard! They flattered me like a dog, and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say "ay" and "no" to everything that I said "ay" and "no" too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was everything; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Gloucester. The trick of that voice I do well remember: Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king.

When I do stare, see how the subject quakes. I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?

crow-keeper a farmer scaring away crows clothier's yard (the standard English arrow was a cloth-yard long. Here the injunction is to draw the arrow back, like a powerful archer, a full yard to the ear) gauntlet armored glove, thrown down as a challenge prove it on maintain my challenge even against brown bills halberds varnished to prevent rust (here the reference is to the soldiers who carry them) well flown (falconer's cry; and perhaps a reference to the flight of the arrow) clout the target shot at hewgh? imitating the whizzing of the arrow word password Sweet marjoram herb, used as a remedy for brain disease like a dog as a dog flatters no good divinity (bad theology, because contrary to the Biblical saying [II Corinthians 1:18], "Our word toward you was not yea and nay." See also James 5:12 "But let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay; lest ye fall into condemnation"; and Matthew 5:36-37) ague-proof secure against fever trick intonation cause offense
James 1st
drunkard, witchcraft
beaccid
James brought in
drown fight of kings

because I can't stop
you

Verse 5
praise lives
chopped lives

apocalyptic
despair
the deepest
pattern

the single hand
from one human
hand to another
Adultery?
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery? No!
The wren goes to 't; and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive: for Gloucester's bastard son
Was kinder to his father than his daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To 't, luxury; pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.
Behold yond simp'ring dame,
Whose face between her forks presages snow,
That minces virtue and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name.
The polecat, nor the horse, goes to 't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiend's:
There's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit,
Burning, scalding, stench, consumption, fie, fie, fiel
pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet; good apothecary,
sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Gloucester. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Gloucester. O ruined piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought. "Dost thou know me?"

118 lecher copulate 119 Got begot 120 luxury lechery 121 for
soldiers i.e., (1) whom copulation will supply (2) and am therefore powerless 121 Whose . . . snow whose cold demeanor seems to promise chaste behavior ("forks": legs) 122 minces squamishly pretends to 123 pleasure's name the very name of sexual pleasure 124 fitchew polecat (and slang for "prostitute") 124 soiled put to pasture, and hence wanton with feeding 126 Centaurs lustful creatures, half man and half horse 128 girdle waist 128 inherit possess 132 civet perfume 135 mortality (1) death (2) existence 136-37 This . . . nought i.e., the universe (macrocosm) will decay to nothing in the same way as the little world of man (microcosm)
e.g. Pale blue paper
from lens's opening
dot point

aha! so you're with me there!

open it available

to other people's responses

if later w/ Carolyne

love I got this?

[Inscribed:

If Oswald
at Ken's

bought

or

put

anything

in lens face]
Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squint at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid, I'll not love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning of it.

Gloucester. Were all thy letters suns, I could not see.

Edgar. I would not take this from report: it is, And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Gloucester. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? in a heavy case, see how this world goes, Your eyes are yet you

Gloucester. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark in thine ear: change places, and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Gloucester. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.

verse. Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand; Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back,

Thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind.

139 squint squint, look sideways, like a prostitute 139 blind Cupid the sign hung before a brothel 140 challenge a reminiscence of Il. 89-90 143 take believe 144 case empty sockets 247 are me is that what you tell me 149 heavy case sad plight (pun on l. 146) 149 light i.e., empty 151 feelingly (1) by touch (2) by feeling pain (3) with emotion 154 simple common, of low estate 155 handy-dandy i.e., choose, guess (after the children's game—"Handy-dandy, prickly prandy"—of choosing the right hand) 156 image of authority symbol revealing the true meaning of authority 158-61 a office i.e., whoever has power is obeyed 163 beadle parish constable 164 kind i.e., sexual act
Fools = victims!

Solomon

Lee removes crown of Honor
LEAR FINALLY GROUNDED
For which thou whip'st her.

Through tattered clothes and vices do appear;
Robes and furred gowns hide all; Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pygmy's straw does pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none.

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now.
Pull off my boots: harder, harder: so.

Edgar. O, matter and impertinency mixed!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloucester.
Thou must be patient. We came crying hither:
Thou know'st the first time that we smell the air
We wawl and cry, I will preach to thee: mark.

Gloucester. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools. This's a good block.

164-85 The usurer ... cozenor i.e., the powerful moneylender, in his role as judge, puts to death the petty cheat 167 Robes and furred gowns (worn by a judge) 168 hurtless i.e., without hurting the sinner 170 able vouch for 171 that (the immunity just conferred) (l. 170) 172 glass eyes spectacles 173 scurvy politician vile politic man 176 matter and impertinency sense and nonsense 185 This' this is 185 block (various meanings have been suggested, for example, the stump of a tree, on which Lear is supposed to climb; a mounting-block, which suggests "horse" l. 187; a hat [which Lear or another must be made to wear], from the block on which a felt hat is molded, and which would suggest a "felt" l. 187. The proposal here is that "block" be taken to denote the quintain, whose function is to bear blows, "a mere lifeless block" [As You Like It, I.ii.263], an object shaped like a man and used for tilting practice. See also Much Ado, II.i.246-7, "she misused me past the endurance of a block!" and, in the same passage, the associated reference, "I stood like a man at a mark [target]" [l. 253])
It's been very balmimg for Leon to realise he doesn't need knighship; he sees how the world was. BUT the reality is the Son-In-Laws OR a new weight into his former self

Surgile by Guillermo
Leon assumes his 2 personas

Leon can be / struggle

So son of Freud, of Freud? Crazy burst of energy before collapse in upcoming Cordelia

Are a dramatic surprise after the meditative dignity humour + weight v. Chuchill

And actually escaping from EVERYTHING
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt. I'll put 't in proof,
And when I have stol'n upon these son-in-laws,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter a Gentleman [with Attendants].

Gentleman. O, here he is: lay hand upon him. Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. Use me well,
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;
I am cut to th' brains.

Gentleman. You shall have anything.

Lear. No seconds? all myself?
Why, this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

Gentleman. Good sir—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom.

Gentleman. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in 't. Come, and you get it,
you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

Exit [running; Attendants follow].

Gentleman. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one daughter
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.°
IV, vi  

**King Lear**

*Edgar.* Hail, gentle sir.

*Gentleman.* Sir, speed you: what's your will?

*Edgar.* Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

*Gentleman.* Most sure and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

*Edgar.* But, by your favor,
How near's the other army?

*Gentleman.* Near and on speedy foot; the main
descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

*Edgar.* I thank you, sir: that's all.

*Gentleman.* Though that the Queen on special cause
is here,
Her army is moved on.

*Edgar.* I thank you, sir.  

*Exit [Gentleman].*

*Gloucester.* You ever-gentle gods, take my breath
from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please.

*Edgar.* Well pray you, father.

*Gloucester.* Now, good sir, what are you?

*Edgar.* A most poor man, made tame to fortune's
blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

*Gloucester.* Hearty thanks;

---

211 *gentle* noble  
211 *speed* God speed  
212 *toward* impending  
213 *vulgar* common knowledge  
216-17 *the* . . . *thought* we expect to see the
main body of the army any hour  
221 *worser spirit* bad angel, evil
side of my nature  
224 *tame* submissive  
225 *art* . . . *sorrows* instruction
of sorrows painfully experienced  
226 *pregnant* disposed  
227 *biding* place of refuge
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot.

Enter Oswald.

Oswald. A proclaimed prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Gloucester. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to 't.

[Edgar interposes.]

Oswald. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a published traitor? Hence
Lest that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edgar. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Oswald. Let go, slave, or thou diest!

Edgar. Good gentleman, go your gait and let poor volk pass. And chud ha' bin zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' bin so long as 'tis by a week night. Nay, come not near th' old man; keep out, che vor' ye, or I'se try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder: chill be plain with you.

Oswald. Out, dunghill!

They fight.

---

benson blessing To boot, and boot also, and in the highest degree
proclaimed prize i.e., one with a price on his head happy fortunate (for Oswald) framed created thyself remember i.e., pray, think of your sins friendly i.e., because it offers the death Gloucester covets published proclaimed Chill ... (Edgar speaks in rustic dialect) Chill I will vurther 'casion further occasion gait way volk folk And chud ha' bin zwaggered if I could have been swaggered Che vor' ye I warrant you I'se I shall costard head (literally, "apple") ballow cudgel
Edgar. Chill pick your teeth, o zir: come; no matter vor your foins.

[Oswald falls.]

Oswald. Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain, take my purse:
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the letters which thou find'st about me
To Edmund Earl of Gloucester; seek him out
Upon the English party. O, untimely death!
Death!

He dies.

Edgar. I know thee well. A serviceable villain,
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.

Gloucester. What, is he dead?

Edgar. Sit you down, father; rest you.
Let's see these pockets; the letters that he speaks of
May be my friends. He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other deathsman. Let us see:
Leave, gentle wax; and manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts;
Their papers is more lawful.

Reads the letter.

"Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: then am I the prisoner, and his bed my jail; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labor.

"Your—wife, so I would say—affectionate
servant, and for you her own for venture;  

275  Goneril."  

A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;  
And the exchange of my brother! Here in the sands  
Thence I'll rake up, the post unsanctified  

280  Of murderous lechers; and in the mature time,  
With this ungracious paper strike the sight  
Of the death-practiced Duke: for him 'tis well  
That of thy death and business I can tell.  

Gloucester. The King is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,  

285  That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling  
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:  
So should my thoughts be severed from my griefs,  
And woes by wrong imaginations lose  
The knowledge of themselves.

Drum afar off.

Edgar.  

Give me your hand:  
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.  
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

Exeunt.

Scene VII. [A tent in the French camp.]  

Enter Cordelia, Kent, Doctor, and Gentleman.

Cordelia. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work,
IV, vii  

KING LEAR  

To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,  
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledged, madam, is o'erpaid.  
All my reports go with the modest truth,  
Nor more nor clipped, but so.

Cordelia. Be better suited:  
These weeds are memories of those worser  
hours:  
I prithee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear madam;  
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:  
My boon I make it, that you know me not  
Till time and I think meet.

Cordelia. Then be 't so, my good lord. [To the Doctor.] How does the King?

Doctor. Madam, sleeps still.

Cordelia. O you kind gods!  
Cure this great breach in his abused nature.  
Th' untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up  
Of this child-changed father.

Doctor. So please your Majesty  
That we may wake the King: he hath slept long.

Cordelia. Be governed by your knowledge, and  
proceed  
I' th' sway of your own will. Is he arrayed?

Enter Lear in a chair carried by Servants.

IV.vii. 5 go conform 6 clipped curtailed 6 suited attired 7 weeds clothes 7 memories reminders 9 Yet ... intent to reveal myself just yet interferes with the plan I have made 10 My boon I make it I ask this reward 11 meet fitting 15 abused disturbed 15 wind up tune 17 child-changed changed, deranged (and also, reduced to a child) by the cruelty of his children 20 I' th' sway of according to
it's been edited from Tenants
and the poor
(pur tone of pure empathy)

LEAP CROWNS
Gentleman. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep
We put fresh garments on him.

Doctor. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cordelia. Very well.

Doctor. Please you, draw near. Louder the music there!

Cordelia. O my dear father, restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made.

Kent. Kind and dear Princess.

Cordelia. Had you not been their father, these white
flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be opposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning to watch—poor perdu!
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short, and musty-straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him.

Doctor. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

24 temperance sanity 25 reverence revered person 26 flakes hairs (in long strands) 27 challenge claim 28 deep dread-bolted deep-voiced and furnished with the dreadful thunderbolt 29 cross zigzag 30 perdu (1) sentry in a forlorn position (2) lost one 31 helm helmet (his scanty hair) 32 fain pleased 33 rogues vagabonds 34 short (when straw is freshly cut, it is long, and suitable for bedding, given its flexibility and crispness. As it is used, it becomes musty, shreds into pieces, is "short." In contemporary Maine usage, "short manure" refers to dung mixed with straw that has been broken up; "long manure" to dung mixed with coarse new straw) 35 concluded all come to a complete end.
Cordelia is sustaining order
(but Gen -Reg have gone into
2002)

but just: "he's still mad!"
buts my experiences have
been more than instinct or a road to wisdom
human understanding
one of his former medals

full of him's

The most beautiful
(-

12-385
Cordelia. How does my royal lord? How fares your Majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o’ th’ grave. Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound Upon a wheel of fire that mine own tears Do scald like molten lead.

Cordelia. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; Where did you die?

Cordelia. Still, still, far wide.  

Doctor. He’s scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight? I am mightily abused. I should ev’n die with pity. To see another thus, I know not what to say, I will not swear these are my hands: let’s see – I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured Of my condition. (True to rise)

Cordelia. (Kneels) O, look upon me, sir, And hold your hand in benediction o’er me.  

No, sir, You must not kneel.

Lear. Pray do not mock me; I am a very foolish fond old man, Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less, And, to deal plainly, I fear I am not in my perfect mind. Methinks I should know you and know this man, Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant What place this is, and all the skill I have Remembers not these garments; nor I know not Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me, For, as I am a man, I think this lady To be my child Cordelia.

Cordelia. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray weep not, If you have poison for me, I will drink it.

wheel of fire (torment associated by the Middle Ages with Hell, where Lear thinks he is) wide i.e., of the mark (of sanity) abused deluded fond in dotage mainly entirely
hit a fault but part of her

QUITE BIG ENGLAND IS HELL or balanced

Completely out of my control content own the upcoming battle
I know you do not love me, for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause, they have not.

Cordelia. No cause, no cause.
Lear. Am I in France? (doesn't know about the war: he must take himself (?)
Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doctor. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is killed in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er—the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more:
Till further settling.

Cordelia. Will 't please your Highness walk?
Lear. You must bear with me. Pray you now, forget
and forgive; I am old and foolish. (GREAT ECHO OR OPENING)

Exeunt. Mane[n]t Kent and Gentleman.

Gentleman. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?
Kent. Most certain, sir.
Gentleman. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester.
Gentleman. They say Edgar, his banished son, is with
the Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about;
the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Gentleman. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [Exit.]

Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought.

Exit.
ACT V

Scene I. [The British camp near Dover.]

Enter, with drum and colors, Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Edmund. Know o of the Duke if his last purpose hold, o
Or whether since he is advised o by aught
To change the course: he's full of alteration
And self-reproving: bring his constant pleasure. o

[To a Gentleman, who goes out.]

Regan. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edmund. 'Tis to be doubted, o madam.

Regan. Now, sweet lord,
    You know the goodness I intend upon you:
    Tell me, but truly, but then speak the truth,
    Do you not love my sister?

Edmund. In honored o love.

Regan. But have you never found my brother's way
    To the forfended o place?

Edmund. That thought abuses o you.

V.i. 1 Know learn 1 last purpose hold most recent intention (to fight)
be maintained 2 advised induced 4 constant pleasure fixed (final)
decision 5 miscarried come to grief 6 doubted feared 9 honored
honorable 11 forfended forbidden 11 abuses (1) deceives (2) de-
means, is unworthy of
Regan. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
    And bosomeed with her, as far as we call hers 16
Edmund. No, by mine honor, madam.

Regan. I shall never endure her: dear my lord,
    Be not familiar with her.

Edmund. Fear me not.
    She and the Duke her husband!

Enter, with drum and colors, Albany, Goneril
    [and] Soldiers.

Goneril. [Aside] I had rather lose the battle than
    that sister
    Should loosen him and me.

Albany. Our very loving sister, well be-met.
    Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his daughter,
    With others whom the rigor of our state
    Forced to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
    I never yet was valiant: for this business,
    It touches us, as France invades our land;
    Not bolds the King, with others, whom I fear,
    Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edmund. Sir, you speak nobly.

Regan. Why is this reasoned?

Goneril. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
    For these domestic and particular broils
    Are not the question here.

Albany. Let's then determine
    With th' ancient of war on our proceeding.

Edmund. I shall attend you presently at your tent.
Regan. Sister, you'll go with us?
Goneril. No.
Regan. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.
Goneril. [Aside] O, ho, I know the riddle—I will go.

Exeunt both the Armies. Enter Edgar [disguised].

Edgar. If e'er your Grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Albany. [To those going out] I'll overtake you. [To Edgar] Speak.

Exeunt [all but Albany and Edgar].

Edgar. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove there.
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you.

Albany. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edgar. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.

Albany. Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy paper. Exit [Edgar].

Enter Edmund.

Edmund. The enemy's in view: draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery; but your haste

us me (rather than Edmund) convenient fitting, desirable rid- de real reason (for Regan's curious request) sound/For summon prove i.e., by trial of combat avouched maintained of in machination plotting o'erlook read over guess estimate By diligent discovery obtained by careful reconnoitering
Is now urged on you.

Albany. We will greet the time. Exit.

Edmund. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enjoyed,
If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we’ll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. Exit.

Scene II. [A field between the two camps.]

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colors,
Lear, Cordelia, and Soldiers, over the stage; and exit.

Enter Edgar and Gloucester.

Edgar. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive.
If ever I return to you again,
I’ll bring you comfort.

Gloucester. Grace go with you, sir.

Exit [Edgar].

54 greet i.e., meet the demands of 58 jealous suspicious 61 carry ... side (I) satisfy my ambition (2) fulfill my bargain (with Goneril) countenance authority 68-69 for ... debate my position requires me to act, not to reason about right and wrong Vii. a.d. Alarum: a trumpet call to battle father i.e., venerable old man (Edgar has not yet revealed his identity)
V, iii  
KING LEAR  

Alarum and retreat within. [Re-]enter Edgar.

Edgar. Away, old man; give me thy hand; away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand; come on.

Gloucester. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edgar. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all. Come on.

Gloucester. And that's true too.

Exeunt.

Scene III. [The British camp near Dover.]

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colors, Edmund; Lear and Cordelia, as prisoners; Soldiers, Captain.

Edmund. Some officers take them away: good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cordelia. We are not the first
Who with best meaning have incurred the worst.
For thee, oppressed King, I am cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' th' cage.
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh.
great warrior
Saman brought brand from heaven - killed a temple
smoking forces out of their holes

* Lear embraces her heart - a final appeal up to her
  indifferent gods.

a spiritual sacred
environment

Ref to connected childhood
good experience.
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too—
Who loses and who wins, who's in, who's out—
And take upon's the mystery of things
As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out
In a walled prison, packs and sects of great ones
That ebb and flow by th' moon.

**Edmund.**
Take them away.

**Lear.** Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The good years shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep. We'll see 'em starved first.

*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*

**Edmund.** Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note: go follow them to prison:
One step I have advanced 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 employment
Will not bear question; either say thou 't, or thrive
By other means.

**Captain.**
I'll do 't, my lord.

---

16 gilded butterflies i.e., gorgeously attired courtiers, fluttering after nothing
18-17 take . . . spies profess to read the riddle of existence, as if endowed with divine omniscience
17 wear out outlast packs
... moon intriguing and partisan cliques of those in high station, whose fortunes change every month
20-21 Upon . . . incense i.e., the gods approve our renunciation of the world
22-23 He . . . foxes no human agency can separate us, but only divine interposition, as of a heavenly torch parting us like foxes who are driven from their place of refuge by fire and smoke
24 good years plague and pestilence ("undefined malefic power or agency," *N.E.D.*)
24 them i.e., the enemies of Lear and Cordelia
25 fell skin as the time is i.e., absolutely determined by the exigencies of the moment
26 become a sword besit a soldier
26 bear question admit of discussion
a toast? here
Edmund. About it; and write happy when 'tis done.
Mark; I say, instantly, and carry it so As I have set it down.

Captain. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I'll do 't. Exit Captain.

Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan [another Captain, and] Soldiers.

Albany. Sir, you have showed today your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: you have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
I do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edmund. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable King
To some retention and appointed guard;
Whose age had charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impressed lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen:
My reason all the same; and they are ready
Tomorrow, or at further space, t' appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness.
The question of Cordelia and her father
60 Albany. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Regan. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up
And call itself your brother.

Goneril. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself
More than in your addition.

Regan. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Goneril. That were the most, if he should husband you.


Goneril. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so looked but a-squint.

Regan. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls is thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord, and master.

Goneril. Mean you to enjoy him?

80 Albany. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

---

60 subject of subordinate in  62 list to grace wish to honor  65-67 Bore
... brother was authorized, as my deputy, to take command; his
present status, as my immediate representative, entitles him to be con-
sidered your equal  69 your addition honors you have bestowed on
him 70 compeers equals 71 most most complete investing in your
rights 73 husband you become your husband 78 a-squint cross-eyed
79 From ... stomach angrily 76 patrimony inheritance 77 walls is
shine i.e., Regan's person, which Edmund has stormed and won
80 let-alone power to prevent
Edmund. Nor in thine, lord.

Albany. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Regan. [To Edmund] Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

Albany. Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I arrest thee on capital treason; and in thy attaint this gilded serpent [pointing to Goneril]. For your claim, fair sister, I bar it in the interest of my wife. 'Tis she is subcontracted to this lord, and I, her husband, contradict your banes. If you will marry, make your loves to me; My Lady is bespoke.

Goneril. An interlude!

Albany. Thou art armed, Gloucester: let the trumpet sound:

If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge [throwing down a glove]:
I'll make it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaimed thee.

Regan. Sick, O, sick!

Goneril. [Aside] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.

Edmund. [Throwing down a glove] There's my exchange: what in the world he is That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:

Call by the trumpet: he that dares approach,
KING LEAR

On him, on you—who not?—I will maintain
My truth and honor firmly.

Albany. A herald, ho!

Edmund. A herald, ho, a herald!

Albany. Trust to thy single virtue;* for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Regan. My sickness grows upon me.

Albany. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[Exit Regan, led.]

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald. Let the trumpet sound—
And read out this.

Captain. Sound, trumpet!

A trumpet sounds.

Herald. (Reads.) "If any man of quality or degree* within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defense."

Edmund. Sound!

First trumpet.

Herald. Again!

Second trumpet.

Herald. Again!

Third trumpet.

Trumpet answers within. Enter Edgar, at the third sound, armed, a trumpet before him.*

Albany. Ask him his purposes, why he appears.

Upon this call o' th' trumpet.

Herald. What are you?

104 single virtue unaided valor 111 quality or degree rank or position
112 lists rolls 113 s.d. trumpet before him trumpeter preceding him
Your name, your quality, and why you answer this present summons?

Edgar. Know, my name is lost; By treason’s tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit: Yet am I noble as the adversary I come to cope.

Albany. Which is that adversary?

Edgar. What's he that speaks for Edmund, Earl of Gloucester?

Edmund. Himself: what say'st thou to him?

Edgar. Draw thy sword, That if my speech offend a noble heart, Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine. Behold it is my privilege, The privilege of mine honors, My oath, and my profession. I protest, Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence, Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune, Thy valor and thy heart, thou art a traitor, False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father, Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince, And from th' extremest upward of thy head To the descent and dust below thy foot, A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou "No," This sword, this arm and my best spirits are bent To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak, Thou liest.

Edmund. In wisdom I should ask thy name, But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding
breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets, speak!

Alarums. [They] fight. [Edmund falls.]

Albany. Save him, save him!

Goneril. This is practice, Gloucester:
By th' law of war thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquished,
But cozened and beguiled.

Albany. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it. Hold, sir;
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil.
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

Goneril. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine:
Who can arraign me for 't?

Albany. Most monstrous! O!
Know'st thou this paper?

Goneril. Ask me not what I know.

Exit.

Albany. Go after her; she's desperate; govern her.

Edmund. What you have charged me with, that have I done;

And more, much more; the time will bring it out.
'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou

say assay (i.e., touch, sign)  
safe and nicely cautiously and punctiliously  
delay to avoid  
treasons accusations of treason  
hell-hated hated like hell  
Which ... ever which accusations of treason, since as yet they do no harm, even though I have hurled them back, I now thrust upon you still more forcibly, with my sword, so that they may remain with you permanently. Save spare  
practice trickery  
opposite opponent  
Hold, sir (to Edmund: "Just a moment!")  
Thou (probably Goneril)  
govern  control
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edgar. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more th' hast wronged me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

Edmund. Th' hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Albany. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father!

Edgar. Worthy Prince, I know 't.

Albany. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edgar. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale;
And when 'tis told, 0, that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape
That followed me so near—O, our lives' sweetness,
That we the pain of death would hourly die
Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags, 't assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begged for him, saved him from despair;

fortune on victory over  
charity forgiveness and love  
blood lineage  
If more if I am more noble (since legitimate)  
of our pleasant out of our pleasurable  
the adulterous bed  
got begot  
Wheel . . . here i.e., Fortune's wheel, on which Edmund ascended, has now, in its downward turning, deposited him at the bottom, whence he began  
gait did prophesy carriage did promise  
Worthy honorable  
to escape (my wish) to escape the sentence of death  
O . . . once how sweet is life, that we choose to suffer death every hour rather than make an end at once  
habit attire  
rings sockets
Never—O fault!—revealed myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was armed,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I asked his blessing, and from first to last
Told him our pilgrimage. But his flawed heart—
Alack, too weak the conflict to support—
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edmund. This speech of yours hath moved me,
And shall perchance do good: but speak you on;
(You look as you had something more to say—
Albany. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.)

Edgar. This would have seemed a period
To such as love not sorrow, but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamor, came there in a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunned my abhorred society, but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong arms
He fastened on my neck, and bellowed out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear received; which, in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack; twice then the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him—tranced.

Edgar. Kent, sir, the banished Kent; who in disguise
Followed his enemy—king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

198 our pilgrimage of our (purgatorial) journey. 198 flawed cracked 208 dissolve i.e., into tears. 208 period limit. 207-09 but . . . extremity just one woe more, described too fully, would go beyond the extreme limit. 210 big in clamor loud in lamentation. 211 estate condition. 212 abhorred abhorrent. 218 puissant overmastering. 220 tranced insensible. 222 enemy hostile.
the reins of govt
facing the harsh realities
Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife.

Gentleman. Help, help, O, help!

Edgar. What kind of help?

Albany. Speak, man.

Edgar. What means this bloody knife?

Gentleman. 'Tis hot, it smokes; it came even from the heart of—O, she's dead!


Gentleman. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister

By her is poisoned; she confesses it.

Edmund. I was contracted to them both: all three

Now marry in an instant.

Edgar. Here comes Kent.

Albany. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.

[Exit Gentleman.]

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,

Touches us not with pity.

Enter Kent.

O, is this he?

The time will not allow the compliment which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come

To bid my king and master aye good night:

Is he not here?

Albany. Great thing of us forgot!

Speak, Edmund, where's the King? and where's Cordelia?

Seest thou this object, Kent?

The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.

Kent. Alack, why thus?

smokes  steams  contracted  betrothed  marry i.e., unite in death

compliment  ceremony  very manners  ordinary civility

aye  forever  thing of matter by  object  sight (the bodies of Goneril and Regan)
in charge
Edmund. Yet Edmund was beloved:  

The one the other poisoned for my sake,  

And after slew herself.  

Albany. Even so. Cover their faces.  

Edmund. I pant for life: I some good I mean to do;  

Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,  

Be brief in it, to th' castle; for my writ  

Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:  

Nay, send in time.  

Albany.  

Run, run, O, run!  

Edgar. To who, my lord? Who has the office? Send  

Thy token of reprieve.  

Edmund. Well thought on: take my sword,  

Give it the captain.  

Edgar. Haste thee, for thy life.  

[Exit Messenger.]  

Edmund. He hath commission from thy wife and me  

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and  

To lay the blame upon her own despair,  

That she fordid herself.  

Albany. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.  

[Edmund is borne off.]  

Enter Lear, with Cordelia in his arms [Gentleman, and others following].  

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones!  

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so  

That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone for ever.  

I know when one is dead and when one lives;  

She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;  

If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,  

Why then she lives.
1st meeting with Cairns
of him in the trailer
V, iii

KING LEAR

Kent. Is this the promised end?\(^\circ\)

Edgar. Or image\(^\circ\) of that horror?

Albany. Fall and cease.\(^\circ\)

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives. If it be so,
   It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
   That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master.

Lear. Prithee, away.

Edgar. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
   I might have saved her; now she's gone for ever,
   Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha,
   What is 't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft,
   Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.
   I killed the slave that was a-hanging thee.

Gentleman. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
   I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion,
   I would have made him skip. I am old now,
   And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
   Mine eyes are not o' th' best: I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If Fortune brag of two\(^\circ\) she loved and hated,
   One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same,
   Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?\(^\circ\)

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
   He'll strike, and quickly too. He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man.

---

265 promised end Doomsday 266 image exact likeness 268 Fall and cease i.e., let the heavens fall, and all things finish 268 redeem make good 278 falchion small curved sword 280 crosses troubles 280 spoil me i.e., my prowess as a swordsman 281 tell you straight recognize you straightway 283 two i.e., Lear, and some hypothetical second, who is also a prime example of Fortune's inconstancy (“loved and hated”) 284 dull sight (1) melancholy spectacle (2) faulty eyesight (Lear's own, clouded by weeping) 285 Caius (Kent's name, in disguise)
Cordelia and your fortune

Leon can "see" the desk borders

Edmund → vertical

TABLEAU of dead.

most likely to Cordelia but 'tis Fool — has seen
Lear. I'll see that straight.  

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay have followed your sad steps.  

Lear. You are welcome hither.  

Kent. Nor no man else: all's cheerless, dark and deadly.  

Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,  

And desperately are dead.  

Lear. Ay, so I think.  

Albany. He knows not what he says, and vain is it  

That we present us to him.  

Edgar. Very bootless.  

Enter a Messenger.  

Messenger. Edmund is dead, my lord.  

Albany. That's but a trifle here.  

You lords and noble friends, know our intent.  

What comfort to this great decay may come shall be applied. For us, we will resign,  

During the life of this old majesty,  

To him our absolute power: [To Edgar and Kent]  

you, to your rights;  

With boot, and such addition as your honors  

Have more than merited. All friends shall taste  

The wages of their virtue, and all foes  

The cup of their deservings. O, see, see!  

Lear. And my poor fool is hanged: no, no, no life!  

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,  

see that straight attend to that in a moment your ... decay beginning of your decline in fortune Nor no man else no, I am not welcome, nor is anyone else fordone destroyed desperately in despair What ... come whatever aid may present itself to this great ruined man us, we (the royal “we”) boot good measure addition additional titles and rights fool Cordelia (“fool” being a term of endearment. But it is perfectly possible to take the word as referring also to the Fool)
hystenica?
passio.
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more, 
Never, never, never, never, never.
Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, sir,
Do you see this? Look on her. Look, her lips,
Look there, look there.

He dies.

Edgar. He faints. My lord, my lord!

Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break.
Edgar. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! He hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edgar. He is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is he hath endured so long:
He but usurped his life.

Albany. Bear them from hence. Our present business
Is general woe. [To Kent and Edgar] Friends of my soul, you twain,
Rule in this realm and the gored state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls me, I must not say no.

Edgar. The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

Exeunt, with a dead march.

FINIS

811 undo this button i.e., to ease the suffocation Lear feels 815 Vex ...
... ghost do not trouble his departing spirit 816 rack instrument of torture, stretching the victim's joints to dislocation 817 longer (1) in time (2) in bodily length 819 usurped possessed beyond the allotted term 825 obey submit to