

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night; smile once more, turn thy wheel!

[*he sleeps.*]

SCENE VII.

Changes to a part of a heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I'VE heard myself proclaimed;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free, no place
That guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and the 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 hair 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 numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheepcots, and mills,
Sometimes with lunatick bans, sometimes with pray'rs,
Enforce their charity: poor *Turlurè!* poor *Tom!*
That's something yet: *Edgar* I nothing am.

[*Exit.*]

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 inform'd
Of my obscured course. I shall find time
From this enormous state, and seek to give
Losses their remedies. All weary, &c.

SCENE