

*Fool. He that has and a little tiny wit,
With heigh ho, the wind and the rain,
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.*

Lear. True, my good boy: come, bring us to this hovel. *Ex.*

Fool. 'Tis a brave night to cool a courtezan.

I'll speak a prophecy or ere I go:
When priests are more in words than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors tutors;
No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' suitors:
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.
When every case in law is right;
No 'squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When flanders do not live in tongues;
And cutpurfs come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' th' field;
And bawds and whores do churches build:
Then shall the realm of *Albion*
Come unto great confusion.
This prophecy *Merlin* shall make, for I do live before his time. [*Ex.*]

S C E N E IV.

An apartment in Glo'ster's castle.

Enter Glo'ster, and Bastard.

Glo. **A** Lack, 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, charg'd me, on pain of
perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him,
or any way sustain him.

Bast. Most savage, and unnatural!

VOL. III.

H

Glo.