

The body's delicate: 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'll punish home: —
 No, I will weep no more. — In such a night,
 To shut me out! — Pour on; I will endure: —
 In such a night as this! — O *Regan, Gonerill*,
 Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all —
 O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
 No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself, seek thine own ease,
 This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
 On things would hurt me more. — But I'll go in:
 In, boy, go first. You houseless poverty —
 Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll sleep. — [*Ex. Fool.*
 Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these? — O, I have ta'en
 Too little care of this: take physick, pomp!
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
 That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
 And show the heav'ns more just.

Edg. [*within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! poor *Tom*!

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit; help me, help me.
 [*the fool runs out from the hovel.*]

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.