

S C E N E VI.

Enter Edgar, disguis'd like a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me. Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Humph! go to thy bed, and warm thee.

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

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor *Tom*? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pue; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse, over four-inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor: — Bless thy five wits! *Tom's* a-cold. O do, de, do, de, do de: — 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 here again, and there. [*Storm still.*]

Lear. What! have his daughters brought him to this pass? Couldst thou save nothing? didst 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!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters. Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock-hill; — Alow, alow, loo, loo.

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

Edg. Take heed o' th' foul fiend, obey thy parents, keep thy word justly, 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?

Edg.