

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind ; that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, serv'd the lust of my mistress's 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 heav'n : one that slept on the contriving lust, and wak'd to do it : wine lov'd I deeply ; dice dearly ; and in woman, out-paramour'd 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. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman : 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, *Jessy* : let him trot by.

[*storm still.*]

Lear. Thou wert better in a grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd 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 us 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 cloths.*]

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented ; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart ; a small spark, and all the rest on's body cold. — Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul *Flibbertigibbet* ; he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock ; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the harelip ; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creatures of the earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold :
He met the nightmare, and her ninefold,
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And, aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee !

Kent. How fares your grace ?

SCENE