

SCENE VII.

Enter Glo'ster with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? what is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? your names?

Edg. Poor *Tom*, that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole; the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for falllets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whip'd from tything to tything, and stock-punish'd, and imprison'd; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear:

*But mice, and rats, and such small geer
Have been Tom's food for seven long year;*

Beware my follower. Peace, *Smulkin*, peace thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman, *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mahu*.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. *Tom's* a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
T' obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food are ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher: —
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. My good lord, take his offer,
Go into th' house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned *Theban*: —
What is your study?

Edg.