

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermine.

Lear. Let us ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him to go, my lord,
His wits begin t' unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him?

His daughters seek his death: ah, that good *Kent*! [*Storm still.*]

He said, it would be thus: poor banish'd man!

Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,

I'm almost mad myself: I had a son,

Now outlaw'd from my blood, he fought my life

But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,

No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!

I do beseech your grace, —

Lear. O cry you mercy, sir: —

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, into th' hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; along with us.

Lear. Come, good *Athenian*.

Glo. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. * Child *Rowland* to the dark tower came,
His word was still, fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a *British* man.

[*Exeunt.*]

* The fables of such a turn as that from which these lines are quoted being generally taken from books of Spanish chivalry, it is probable the word stood there *Infante Orlando* for which the translator ignorantly put *Child Rowland*: whereas *Infante* meant a prince, one of the king's sons.