

Kent. All the pow'r of his wits has given way to his impatience :
the gods reward your kindness !

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. *Fraterreto* calls me ; and tells me, *Nero* is an angler in
the lake of darkness : pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a
gentleman, or a yeoman ?

Lear. A king, a king.

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son : for
he's a yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon 'em.

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, the health
of a horse, the love of a boy, or the oath of a whore.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign 'em straight.
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer, — [to the Fool.
Thou, sapient sir, sit here. — [to Edgar.] Now, ye she foxes ! —

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor *Tom* in the voice of a
nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in *Tom's* belly for two white
herrings. Croak not, black angel ; I have no food for thee.

Lear. I'll see their trial : bring me in the evidence. —
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place ; —
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side : — you are of the commission,
Sit you too. Arraign her first, 'tis *Gonerill*.

Fool. Come hither, mistress, is your name *Gonerill* ?

Lear. She can't deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a jointstool.

Lear. And here's another whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made of. — Stop her there !
Arms, arms, sword, fire ! corruption's in the place ! —
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape ?

Edg. 'Bless thy five wits !

Kent. O pity ! — Sir, where is the patience now,

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