

That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They mar my counterfeiting.

[*aside.*]

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and *Sweet-heart*; see, they bark at me —

Edg. *Tom* will throw his head at them: avaunt, you curs!
Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mungrel grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail,
Tom will make him weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de: *Sessey*, come, march to wakes and fairs,
And market-towns: poor *Tom*, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize *Regan* — see what breeds about
her heart — Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard
hearts? — You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I
do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they
are *Persian*; but let them be chang'd.

Reenter Glo'ster.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest a while.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains:
So, so, we'll go to supper i' th' morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Glo. Come hither, friend; where is the king, my master?

Kent. Here, sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms;
I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive tow'rd *Dover*, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master.
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand