

Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear.
 The lamentable change is from the *best*;
 The *worst* returns to laughter. Welcome then,
 Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
 The wretch that thou hast blown unto the *worst*,
 Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Glo'ster, led by an old man.

But who comes here?
 My father poorly led? World, world, o world!
 But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
 Life would not yield to^a age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant,
 And your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
 Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
 Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
 I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
 Meanness secures us, and our mere defects
 Prove our commodities. O dear son *Edgar*,
 The food of thy abused father's wrath!
 Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
 I'd say, I had eyes again.

Old Man. How now? who's there?

Edg. O gods! who is't can say, I'm at the worst?
 I'm worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad *Tom*.

Edg. And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,
 So long as we can say, this is the worst.

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman, and beggar too.

^a Yield to signifies no more than give way to, sink under, in opposition to the struggling with, bearing up against, the infirmities of age.