

*Glo.* He has some reason, else he could not beg.  
 I th' last night's storm I such a fellow saw;  
 Which made me think a man, a worm. My son  
 Came then into my mind; and yet my mind  
 Was then scarce friends with him: Iv'e heard more since.  
 As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' gods;  
 They kill us for their sport.

*Edg.* How should this be?  
 Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,  
 Anguishing't self and others. — 'Bless thee, master!

*Glo.* Is that the naked fellow?

*Old Man.* Ay, my lord.

*Glo.* Get thee away: if, for my sake,  
 Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain  
 I th' way tow'rd *Dover*, do it for ancient love;  
 And bring some covering for this naked soul,  
 Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

*Old Man.* Alack, sir, he is mad.

*Glo.* 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind:  
 Do as I bid, or rather do thy pleasure;  
 Above the rest, be gone.

*Old Man.* I'll bring him the best 'parrel that I have,  
 Come on't what will.

[*Exit.*

*Glo.* Sirrah, you, naked fellow.

*Edg.* Poor *Tom's* a-cold. I cannot dally further.

[*aside.*

*Glo.* Come hither, fellow.

*Edg.* And yet I must: —  
 'Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

[*aside.*

*Glo.* Know'st thou the way to *Dover*?

*Edg.* Both stile and gate, horseway and footpath: poor *Tom*  
 hath been scar'd out of his good wits. 'Bless thee, good man, from  
 the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor *Tom* at once: of lust,  
 as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididen*, prince of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing;  
*Mobu*, of murder; *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing;  
 who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women.

*Glo.* Here take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues  
 Have