

*Glo.* Set me where you stand.

*Edg.* Give me your hand: you're now within a foot  
Of th' extreme verge: for all below the moon  
Would not I leap outright.

*Glo.* Let go my hand:

Here, friend, 's another purse, in it a jewel  
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods  
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off,  
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

*Edg.* Now fare ye well, good fir!

[*seems to go.*]

*Glo.* With all my heart.

*Edg.* Why I do trifle thus with his despair,  
Is done to cure it.

*Glo.* O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce; and, in your fights,  
Shake patiently my great affliction off:

If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,

My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should

Burn itself out. If *Edgar* live; o, bless him!

Now, fellow, fare thee well!

[*he leaps and falls along.*]

*Edg.* Good fir, farewell! —

And yet I know not how conceit may rob

The treasury of life, when life itself

Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,

By this had thought been past. — Alive, or dead?

Hoa, you, fir! friend! hear you, fir? speak!

Thus might he pass indeed — yet he revives.

What are you, fir?

*Glo.* Away, and let me die.

*Edg.* Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,  
So many fathom down precipitating,

Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe,

Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not; speak, art found?

Ten masts attach'd make not the altitude

Which thou hast perpendicularly fall'n.

Thy