

Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

*Glo.* But have I fall'n, or no?

*Edg.* From the dread summit of this chalky bourn!  
Look up a height, the shrill-gorg'd lark so far  
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

*Glo.* Alack, I have no eyes.  
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit  
To end itself by death? 'twas yet some comfort,  
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,  
And frustrate his proud will.

*Edg.* Give me your arm.  
Up; so — how is't? feel you your legs? you stand.

*Glo.* Too well, too well.

*Edg.* This is above all strangeness.  
Upon the crown o' th' cliff, what thing was that  
Which parted from you?

*Glo.* A poor unfortunate beggar.

*Edg.* As I stood here below, methought, his eyes  
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,  
Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridged sea:  
It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,  
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours  
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

*Glo.* I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear  
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,  
*Enough, enough,* and die. That thing you speak of,  
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,  
The fiend, the fiend — he led me to that place.

*Edg.* Bear free and patient thoughts.

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter Lear, dress'd madly with flowers.*

But who comes here?  
The safer sense would ne'er accommodate  
His master thus.

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*Lear.*