

scalding, stench, consumption: fie, fie, fie; pah, pah! give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination! there's money for thee.

*Glo.* O, let me kiss that hand.

*Lear.* Let me wipe it first, it smells of mortality.

*Glo.* O ruin'd piece of nature! this great world shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know me?

*Lear.* I remember thine eyes well enough: dost thou squint at me? no, do thy worst, blind *Cupid*, I'll not love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning of it.

*Glo.* Were all the letters funs, I could not see one.

*Edg.* I would not take this from report; [aside.  
It is, and my heart breaks at it.

*Lear.* Read.

*Glo.* What, with this case of eyes?

*Lear.* O ho, are you there with me? no eyes in your head, nor money in your purse? your eyes are in heavy case, your purse in a light; yet you see how this world goes.

*Glo.* I see it feelingly.

*Lear.* What, art mad? a man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark in thine ear: change places, and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

*Glo.* Ay, sir.

*Lear.* And the creature run from the cur? there thou might'st behold the great image of authority; a dog's obey'd in office. Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand: Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thy own back, Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind, For which thou whipp'st her. Th' usurer hangs the cozener. Through tatter'd cloths small vices do appear; Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate fins with gold, And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks: Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it. None does offend, I say, none, I'll absolve 'em;

Take