

S C E N E III.

Bast. To both these sisters have I sworn my love :
 Each jealous of the other, as the stung
 Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take ?
 Both ? one ? or neither ? neither can be enjoy'd,
 If both remain alive : to take the widow,
 Exasperates, makes mad her sister *Gonerill* ;
 And hardly shall I carry out my fide,
 Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
 His countenance for the battle ; which being done,
 Let her who would be rid of him devise
 His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
 Which he intends to *Lear*, and to *Cordelia*,
 The battle done, and they within our power,
 They shall ne'er see his pardon : for my state
 Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

A Field.

*Alarum within. Enter with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia,
 and Soldiers over the stage, and exeunt.*

Enter Edgar, and Glo'ter.

Edg. **H**ERE, father, take the shadow of this tree
 For your good host ; pray that the right may thrive :
 If ever I return to you again,
 I'll bring you comfort, sir !

Glo. Grace be with you, sir !

[Exit Edgar.]

[alarum and retreat within.]

Reenter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away ;

King