

*Glend.* I blame him not: at my nativity  
The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cressets; know, that, at my birth,  
The frame and the foundation of the earth  
Shook like a coward.

*Hot.* So it wou'd have done  
At the same season, if your mother's cat  
Had kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

*Glend.* I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

*Hot.* I say, the earth then was not of my mind;  
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook.

*Glend.* The heav'ns were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

*Hot.* O, then th' earth shook to see the heav'ns on fire,  
And not in fear of your nativity.  
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth  
In strange eruptions; and the teeming earth  
Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind  
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,  
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down  
High tow'rs and moss-grown steeples. At your birth,  
Our grandam earth, with this distemperature,  
In passion shook.

*Glend.* Cousin, of many men  
I do not bear these crossings: give me leave  
To tell you once again, that, at my birth,  
The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes,  
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
Were strangely clam'rous in the frightened fields:  
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;  
And all the courses of my life do show,  
I am not in the roll of common men.  
Where is he living, clip'd in with the sea  
That chides the banks of *England, Wales, or Scotland,*  
Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me?  
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,

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