Act 3, Scene 1

Original Text

Storm still Enter KENT disguised and GENTLEMAN, severally

Modern Text

The storm continues to rage. KENT enters in disguise. The GENTLEMAN enters from a different direction.

---

KENT
Who’s there, besides foul weather?

KENT
Who’s there, aside from this foul weather?

GENTLEMAN
One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

GENTLEMAN
Someone whose mood is as foul as the weather, very troubled.

---

KENT
I know you. Where’s the king?

KENT
I know you. Where’s the king?

---

GENTLEMAN
Contending with the fretful elements.
Bi...
KENT
Sir, I do know you, and I trust you enough to share something very important with you. There's a feud between Albany and Cornwall, although they've been clever enough to hide it thus far. Like other powerful rulers, they have servants who are actually French spies in disguise. These spies have noticed something, perhaps in the squabbles between Albany and Cornwall, or in the tough line both of them have taken against the good old king, or perhaps in some deeper matter at the root of both of these problems—The point is that the King of France has sent troops into our divided kingdom. Some French agents are already at work in our main ports and are on the verge of declaring open war. Now this is where you come in. If you trust me enough to hurry to Dover, you'll earn the gratitude of many people when you fairly report the monstrous and maddening extent of the king's suffering. I'm a nobleman, and I know what I'm doing in assigning this job to you.

GENTLEMAN
I will talk further with you.

GENTLEMAN
Let's discuss it some more.
### Original Text

**KENT**

(giving GENTLEMAN a purse and a ring)

No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my outwall, open this purse and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia—
As fear not but you shall—show her this ring.
And she will tell you who that fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

**GENTLEMAN**

Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?

---

### Modern Text

**KENT**

(giving the GENTLEMAN a purse and a ring)  No, there's no need. To assure you that I am a nobleman in disguise, here is some money. If you see Cordelia—as I'm sure you will—show her this ring. She'll tell you who I am. Damn this storm! I'll go find the king.

**GENTLEMAN**

Let me shake your hand. Do you have anything else to tell me?

---

**KENT**

Few words, but to effect more than all yet:
That when we have found the king—in which your pain
That way; I'll this—he that first lights on him
Holla the other.

**KENT**

Only a few more words, but they're the most important. Let me go this way, and you go that way. When one of us finds the king, he'll call out to the other one.

---

**Exeunt severally**

They exit in opposite directions.
Storm still

Enter LEAR and FOOL

LEAR
Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage, blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks!
You sulfurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Smite flat the thick rotundity o’ th’ world,
Crack nature’s molds, all germens spill at once
That make ingrateful man!

FOOL
O nuncle, court holy water in a dry house is better than
this rainwater out o’ door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy
daughters blessing. Here’s a night pities neither wise
man nor fool.

LEAR
Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! Spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire are my daughters.
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness.
I never gave you kingdom, called you children.
You owe me no subscription. Why then, let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand, your slave—
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That will with two pernicious daughters joined
Your high engendered battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. Oh, ho! 'Tis foul.

FOOL
He that has a house to put 's head in has a good
headpiece.
The codpiece that will house

LEAR
Let thunder rumble! Let lightning spit fire! Let the
rain spray! The rain, the wind, the thunder and
lightning are not my daughters. Nature, I don’t
accuse your weather of unkindness. I never gave
you a kingdom or raised you as my child, and you
don’t owe me any obedience. So go ahead and
have your terrifying fun. Here I am, your slave—a
poor, sick, weak, hated old man. But I can still
accuse you of kowtowing, taking my daughters’
side against me, ancient as I am. Oh, it’s foul!

FOOL
Anyone who has a house to cover his head has a
good head on his shoulders.
The guy who finds a place to put his penis
Before he has a house of his own
Will wind up dirt poor and covered with lice
In modern text:

**Original Text**

Before the head has any—
The head and he shall lose.
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.
For there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

**Modern Text**

With a crowd of slut daughters to add to the slut wife.
The man who kicks away
The person he should love
Will bring himself pain
And sleepless nights.
For there never was a pretty woman who didn’t like to preen in the mirror.

---

30

**LEAR**

No, I will be the pattern of all patience.
I will say nothing.

**KENT**

Who’s there?

**FOOL**

Marry, here’s grace and a codpiece—that’s a wise man and a fool.

**KENT**

(to LEAR) Alas, sir, are you here? Things that love night
Love not such nights as these. The wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain I never
Remember to have heard. Man’s nature cannot carry
Th’ affliction nor the fear.

**LEAR**

Let the great gods
That keep this dreadful pudder o’er our heads
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch
That hast within thee undivulged crimes
Unwhipped of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand,
Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue

**KENT**

(to LEAR) Ah, sir, you’re here? Even creatures of the night aren’t out tonight in this storm. The angry skies terrify the animals that usually prowl in the dark, making them stay in their caves. Never in my life have I heard such horrible blasts of thunder, such a roaring downpour, such groaning winds. It’s too trying and terrifying for humans to bear.

**LEAR**

Let the gods who stirred up this dreadful storm bring their enemies to light. Any wretched person who has committed secret crimes and escaped justice should tremble in fear now. Better hide now, you murderers, you perjurers, you incest-practicing people who pretend to be virtuous. Tremble and shake, villain, for secretly plotting against human lives. Let all your bottled-up crimes come flooding out at last, as you beg for
### Act 3, Scene 2, Page 3

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Original Text</th>
<th>Modern Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>That art incestuous. Caitiff, to pieces shake,</td>
<td>mercy from the gods who summon these terrifying</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That under covert and convenient seeming</td>
<td>winds and thunderbolts. Other people have sinned</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hast practiced on man's life. Close pent-up guilts,</td>
<td>against me more than I have sinned against them.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rive your concealing continents and cry</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>More sinned against than sinning.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**KENT**

Alack, bareheaded?

Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest.

Repose you there, while I to this hard house—

More harder than the stones whereof 'tis raised,

Which even but now, demanding after you,

Denied me to come in—return, and force

Their scanted courtesy.

**LEAR**

My wits begin to turn.—

(to FOOL)

Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?

I am cold myself.

(to KENT)

Where is this straw, my fellow?

The art of our necessities is strange

That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart

That's sorry yet for thee.

**FOOL**

(sings)

He that has and a little tiny wit—

With heigh-ho, the wind and the rain—

Must make content with his fortunes fit,

For the rain it raineth every day.

**LEAR**

That’s true, my good boy.—Come on, take us to that hut.

**FOOL**

(singing)

The stupid man—

Hey-hoy, the wind and the rain—

Must take what he can get,

Since the rain comes every day.

**LEAR**

True, my good boy.—Come on, bring us to this hovel.

---

*Exeunt LEAR and KENT*
FOOL

This is a brave night to cool a courtesan. I'll speak a prophecy ere I go.

When priests are more in word than matter,
When brewers mar their malt with water,
When nobles are their tailors' tutors,
When every case in law is right,
No squire in debt nor no poor knight,
When slanders do not live in tongues,
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs,
No heretics burned but wenches' suitors,
When every law case is tried fairly,
When noblemen teach their tailors how to sew,
When instead of heretics being burned at the stake,
lovers are burned by syphilis,
When usurers tell their gold i' th' field,
And bawds and whores do churches build—
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.

Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
That going shall be used with feet,
This prophecy Merlin shall make, for I live before his time.

Exit

He exits.
Enter GLOUCESTER and EDMUND the bastard, with lights

GLOUCESTER
Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desire their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house, charged me on pain of their perpetual displeasure neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

EDMUND
Most savage and unnatural!

GLOUCESTER
Go to, say you nothing. There's a division betwixt the dukes. And a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night. 'Tis dangerous to be spoken. I have locked the letter in my closet. These injuries the king now bears will be revenged home. There's part of a power already footed. We must incline to the king. I will look him and privily relieve him. Go you and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill and gone to bed. Though I die for it—as no less is threatened me—the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund. Pray you, be careful.

Exit GLOUCESTER

EDMUND
This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke Instantly know, and of that letter too.
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me That which my father loses—no less than all.
The younger rises when the old doth fall.

Exit
Enter **LEAR, KENT** disguised, and **FOOL**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Original Text</th>
<th>Modern Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>KENT</strong></td>
<td><strong>LEAR</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here is the place, my lord. Good my lord, enter. The tyranny of the open night's too rough For nature to endure.</td>
<td>Here's the hut, my lord. Please go inside. The night's too rough for humans to bear.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>LEAR</strong></td>
<td><strong>KENT</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let me alone.</td>
<td>Good my lord, enter here.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>KENT</strong></td>
<td><strong>LEAR</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good my lord, enter here.</td>
<td>Will you break my heart?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>LEAR</strong></td>
<td><strong>KENT</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>KENT</strong></td>
<td><strong>LEAR</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.</td>
<td>You think it's a big deal that this fierce storm is soaking me to the skin. It's a big deal to you. But whenever you feel a larger pain, the smaller one disappears. You would run away from a bear, but if the only way to run was into the stormy ocean, you'd turn around and confront the bear. When your mind is at peace, your body is sensitive to the elements. But this storm in my mind keeps me from feeling anything except what's tormenting me—how ungrateful my children are! Isn't their ingratitude like the mouth biting the hand that feeds it? But I'll punish them thoroughly. No, I won't cry any more. Imagine them locking me out on a night like this! But let it rain; I'll survive. On a night like this! Oh, Regan, Goneril, your kind old father whose generous heart gave you everything—Oh, if I think about that I'll go mad. I want to avoid that. No more of these thoughts.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**Storm still**

**The storm continues.**
### Original Text

**KENT**
Good my lord, enter here.

**LEAR**
Prithee, go in thyself. Seek thine own ease.
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.
(to FOOL) In, boy. Go first. You houseless poverty—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

---

**LEAR**
Go inside yourself. Make yourself comfortable. This storm protects me from thoughts that would hurt me more. But I'll go in. (to FOOL) You go in first, boy. Oh, you suffering homeless people—No, you go in. I'll pray first, then I'll sleep.

**KENT**
Give me thy hand. Who's there?

**FOOL**
A spirit, a spirit. He says his name's Poor Tom.

**FOOL**
Come not in here, nuncle. Here's a spirit. Help me, help me!

**KENT**
Give me thy hand. Who's there?

**FOOL**
A spirit, a spirit. He says his name's Poor Tom.

**FOOL**
Don't come in here, uncle! There's a spirit in here! Help me, help me!

**KENT**
Give me thy hand. Who's there?

**FOOL**
A spirit, a spirit. He says his name's Poor Tom.

**KENT**
What art thou that dost grumble there i' th' straw? Come forth.

**EDGAR**
(within) Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

**EDGAR**
(from inside) The water in here is nine feet deep! Poor Tom!

---

**EDGAR**
Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? Oh, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp.
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them
And show the heavens more just.

---

**EDGAR**
Poor homeless creatures suffering this storm, wherever you are, how will you survive a night like this with no roof over your heads, no fat on your sides to keep you warm, and only rags for clothes? When I was king I didn't do enough to help you. Powerful men, take your medicine by learning about hardship. Go out and feel what the impoverished feel. Then you can give them your extra wealth and make the world more fair.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Original Text</th>
<th>Modern Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>KENT</strong> Good my lord, enter here.</td>
<td><strong>KENT</strong> My lord, please go inside here.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| **LEAR** Prithee, go in thyself. Seek thine own ease. This tempest will not give me leave to ponder On things would hurt me more. But I’ll go in. (to FOOL) In, boy. Go first. You houseless poverty—Nay, get thee in. I’ll pray, and then I’ll sleep. | **LEAR** Go inside yourself. Make yourself comfortable. This storm protects me from thoughts that would hurt me more. But I’ll go in. (to FOOL) You go in first, boy. Oh, you suffering homeless people—No, you go in. I’ll pray first, then I’ll sleep. |

| Poor naked wretches, whereso’er you are, That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm, How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides, Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you From seasons such as these? Oh, I have ta’en Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp. Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel, That thou mayst shake the superflux to them And show the heavens more just. | Poor homeless creatures suffering this storm, wherever you are, how will you survive a night like this with no roof over your heads, no fat on your sides to keep you warm, and only rags for clothes? When I was king I didn’t do enough to help you. Powerful men, take your medicine by learning about hardship. Go out and feel what the impoverished feel. Then you can give them your extra wealth and make the world more fair. |

| **EDGAR** (within) Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom! | **EDGAR** (from inside) The water in here is nine feet deep! Poor Tom! |

| **FOOL** Come not in here, nuncle. Here’s a spirit. Help me, help me! | **FOOL** Don’t come in here, uncle! There’s a spirit in here! Help me, help me! |
| **KENT** Give me thy hand. Who’s there? | **KENT** Give me your hand. Who’s there? |
| **FOOL** A spirit, a spirit. He says his name’s Poor Tom. | **FOOL** A ghost, a ghost! He says his name’s Poor Tom. |
| **KENT** What art thou that dost grumble there i’ th’ straw? Come forth. | **KENT** Who are you, moaning in the hut like that? Come out. |

Enter **EDGAR** disguised Enter **FOOL** disguise.
**EDGAR**
 Away! The foul fiend follows me! Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Hum! Go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

**LEAR**
 Didst thou give all to thy two daughters, and art thou come to this?

**EDGAR**
 Who gives any thing to Poor Tom, whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow and halters in his pew, set ratsbane by his porridge, made him proud of heart to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inch bridges to course his own shadow for a traitor? Bless thy five wits. Tom's a-cold. Oh, do-de, do-de, do-de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do Poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now—and there—and there again—and there.

**FOOL**
 Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

**LEAR**
 What, has his daughters brought him to this pass?—COuldst thou save nothing? Couldst thou give 'em all?

**FOOL**
 No, he kept a blanket to cover himself with. If he hadn't, we'd all be embarrassed to look at him.

**LEAR**
 Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters! He hath no daughters, sir.

**KENT**
 He doesn't have any daughters, sir.

---

Storm still

The storm continues.

---

**LEAR**
 Have his daughters made him crazy like this?—Couldn't you have kept something for yourself? Did you have to give them everything?
### Act 3, Scene 4, Page 4

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Original Text</th>
<th>Modern Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>LEAR</strong></td>
<td><strong>LEAR</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65</td>
<td>Like hell! Nothing but cruel daughters could have degraded him like this. Is it fashionable now for neglected fathers to get so little pity? That’s a fair punishment! I’m the one who fathered those bloodsucking daughters.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70</td>
<td>Those pelican daughters.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>EDGAR</strong></td>
<td><strong>EDGAR</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pillicock sat on Pillicock hill. Alow, alow, loo, loo!</td>
<td>Pillicock sat on Pillicock hill. La, la, la, la!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>FOOL</strong></td>
<td><strong>FOOL</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.</td>
<td>This stormy night will turn us all into fools and madmen.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>EDGAR</strong></td>
<td><strong>EDGAR</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Take heed o’ th’ foul fiend. Obey thy parents, keep thy word’s justice, swear not, commit not with man’s sworn spouse, set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom’s a-cold.</td>
<td>Beware of the devil. Obey your parents, keep your word, don’t swear, don’t sleep with another man’s wife, and don’t covet flashy clothes. Tom’s chilly.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>LEAR</strong></td>
<td><strong>LEAR</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What hast thou been?</td>
<td>What were you before this?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>EDGAR</strong></td>
<td><strong>EDGAR</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A servingman, proud in heart and mind, that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress’ heart and did the act of darkness with her, swore as many oaths as I spake words and broke them in the sweet face of heaven—one that slept in the contriving of lust and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply, dice dearly, and in woman outparamoured the Turk. False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand—hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders’ books, and defy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind, says, “Suum, mun, nonny.” Dauphin my boy, my boy, cessez. Let him trot by.</td>
<td>I used to be an honorable devoted servant who curled his hair, wore his mistress’s glove in his hat as a token of her affection, and slept with his mistress whenever she wanted. I swore oaths with every other word out of my mouth, and broke the oaths shamelessly. I used to dream of having sex and wake up to do it. I loved wine and gambling, and had more women than a Turkish sultan keeps in his harem. I was disloyal and violent. I eavesdropped. I was as lazy as a hog, as sneaky as a fox, as greedy as a wolf, as mad as a dog, and as ruthless as a lion. Don’t ever let a woman know what you’re thinking. Stay away from whores, don’t chase skirts, don’t borrow money, and resist the devil. The cold wind’s still blowing through the hawthorn tree. (speaking to an imaginary horse) Dauphin, my boy, stop that.—Let the horse go by.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Storm still**

The storm continues.
LEAR
Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well.—Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! Here’s three on ’s are sophisticated. Thou art the thing itself. Unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings! Come. Unbutton here. (tears at his clothes)

FOOL
Prithee, nuncle, be contented. ’Tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher’s heart—a small spark, all the rest on ’s body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire.

EDGAR
This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet. He begins at curfew and walks till the first cock. He gives the web and the pin, squints the eye and makes the harelip, mildews the white wheat and hurts the poor creature of earth. Swithold footed thrice the 'old. He met the nightmare and her ninefold, Bid her alight, And her troth plight. And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

KENT
How fares your grace?

LEAR
(indicating GLOUCESTER) What’s he?

KENT
Who’s there? What is ’t you seek?

LEAR
You’d be better off dead than facing the storm as naked as you are. Is this all a human being is? Look at him. (to EDGAR) You are not indebted to animals for your clothes since don’t wear silk, leather, or wool—not even perfume. Ha! The three of us are sophisticated compared to you. You’re the real thing. The human being unburdened by the trappings of civilization is no more than a poor, naked, two-legged animal like you. Off with these clothes borrowed from animals! Let me unbutton this. (he tears at his clothes)

GLOUCESTER enters with a torch.

FOOL
Please calm down, uncle. This is a nasty night to go swimming. On a night like this a campfire in an empty field would be like the heart of a dirty old man—a tiny spark in a cold body. Look, here comes a walking fire.

EDGAR
This is the devil Flibbertigibbet. He gets up at nightfall and wanders around till dawn. He can make your eyes squint and film over and give you a harelip. He rots ripened wheat and hurts the poor creatures of the earth. Saint Withold crossed the field three times, He met a she-demon and her nine kids, He told her to promise To stop doing harm. And go away, witch, go away.

KENT
How are you, your highness?

LEAR
(pointing at GLOUCESTER) Who’s that?

KENT
Who are you? What do you want?
**Act 3, Scene 4, Page 6**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Original Text</th>
<th>Modern Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>GLOUCESTER</strong></td>
<td><strong>GLOUCESTER</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What are you there? Your names?</td>
<td>Who are you? What are your names?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| 120 | | 135 |
|------|-----------------|
| **EDGAR** | Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow dung for salads, swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog, drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing and stocked, punished and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, Horse to ride and weapon to wear. But mice and rats and such small deer Have been Tom’s food for seven long year. Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin. Peace, thou fiend! | GLOUCESTER | (to LEAR) What, hath your grace no better company? |

| (to LEAR) What, hath your grace no better company? | (to LEAR) Don’t you have anyone more respectable with you, your highness? |

| 135 | | 140 |
|------|-----------------|
| **EDGAR** | The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman. Modo he’s called, and Mahu. | GLOUCESTER | (to LEAR) Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile That it doth hate what gets it. |

| (to LEAR) Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile That it doth hate what gets it. | (to LEAR) My lord, our children have become so beastly that they hate their own parents. |

| 140 | | |
|------|-----------------|
| **EDGAR** | Poor Tom’s a-cold. | GLOUCESTER | (to LEAR) Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughters’ hard commands. Though their injunction be to bar my doors And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you, Yet have I ventured to come seek you out And bring you where both fire and food is ready. |

| (to EDGAR) What is the cause of thunder? | (to EDGAR) What causes thunder? |

| **LEAR** | First let me talk with this philosopher.— | GLOUCESTER | Come back to my house with me. I couldn’t bear to obey all of your daughters’ harsh orders. They commanded me to lock my doors and leave you out in this merciless storm, but I’ve come out here to find you and take you where there’s warmth and food. |

| (to EDGAR) What is the cause of thunder? | First let me talk with this philosopher here.— |
KENT
(to LEAR) Good my lord, take his offer. Go into the house.

LEAR
I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.—
What is your study?

EDGAR
How to prevent the fiend and to kill vermin.

LEAR
Let me ask you one word in private.

LEAR
and EDGAR talk aside

KENT
(aside to GLOUCESTER) Importune him once more to go, my lord.
His wits begin t' unsettle.

GLOUCESTER
Canst thou blame him?

Storm still

LEAR
and EDGAR talk privately.

KENT
(speaking so that only GLOUCESTER can hear)
Ask him again to return with you, my lord. He's beginning to lose his mind.

GLOUCESTER
Can you blame him?

His daughters seek his death. Ah, that good Kent—
He said it would be thus, poor banished man.
Thou say'st the king grows mad. I'll tell thee, friend, I am almost mad myself. I had a son,
Now outlawed from my blood. He sought my life,
But lately, very late. I loved him, friend—
No father his son dearer. Truth to tell thee,

His daughters want to kill him. Ah, good old Kent said this would happen—that poor, banished man.
You say the king is losing his mind. Let me tell you, my friend, I'm almost insane myself. I had a son, whom I've legally disowned. He tried to kill me recently, very recently. I loved him, as much as any father ever loved his son. To tell you the truth, I'm crazed with grief.
### Act 3, Scene 4, Page 8

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Original Text</th>
<th>Modern Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night's this! (to LEAR) I do beseech your grace—</td>
<td>What a storm! (to LEAR) Your highness, please, I'm begging you—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LEAR O, cry your mercy, sir.— (to EDGAR) Noble philosopher, your company.</td>
<td>LEAR Excuse me, sir.—(to EDGAR) Noble philosopher, come talk to me.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EDGAR Tom's a-cold.</td>
<td>EDGAR Tom's chilly.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GLOUCESTER In, fellow. There, into th' hovel. Keep thee warm.</td>
<td>GLOUCESTER Get into the hut, man. Stay warm.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LEAR Come let's in all.</td>
<td>LEAR Come on, let's all go inside.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KENT This way, my lord.</td>
<td>KENT This way, my lord.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LEAR (indicating EDGAR) With him! I will keep still with my philosopher.</td>
<td>LEAR (pointing to EDGAR) I'll go with him. I want to stay with my philosopher.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KENT (to GLOUCESTER) Good my lord, soothe him. Let him take the fellow.</td>
<td>KENT (to GLOUCESTER) My lord, calm him down. Let him take that guy inside too.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GLOUCESTER Take him you on.</td>
<td>GLOUCESTER All right, bring him along.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KENT (to EDGAR) Sirrah, come on. Go along with us.</td>
<td>KENT (to EDGAR) Boy, come along with us.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LEAR Come, good Athenian.</td>
<td>LEAR Come on, my dear Greek philosopher.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GLOUCESTER No words, no words. Hush.</td>
<td>GLOUCESTER Hush, don't talk.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EDGAR Child Roland to the dark tower came, His word was still &quot;Fie, foh, and fum, I smell the blood of a British man.&quot;</td>
<td>EDGAR The young knight Roland came to the dark tower. He said, &quot;Fee, fie, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman.&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Exeunt They all exit.
Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Original Text</th>
<th>Modern Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>CORNWALL</td>
<td>CORNWALL enters with EDMUND.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.</td>
<td>I'll get my revenge before I leave this house.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EDMUND</td>
<td>EDMUND</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.</td>
<td>I'm afraid to think how I'll be criticized for letting my natural affection for my father give way to my loyalty to you.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CORNWALL</td>
<td>EDMUND</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death, but a provoking merit set awork by a reprovable badness in himself.</td>
<td>Now I realize your brother tried to kill your father not just because your brother is an evil man, but because your father deserved it by being wicked himself.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EDMUND</td>
<td>EDMUND</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! (giving CORNWALL a letter) This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens, that this treason were not, or not I the detector!</td>
<td>How unlucky am I, having to apologize for doing the right thing! (giving CORNWALL a letter) This is the letter he was talking about, and it confirms he was a spy for France. Oh God, I wish he had never betrayed us, or that I hadn't been the one to discover his treason.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CORNWALL</td>
<td>EDMUND</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go with me to the duchess.</td>
<td>Come with me to see the duchess.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EDMUND</td>
<td>EDMUND</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.</td>
<td>If this letter's right, you've got a lot to deal with.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CORNWALL</td>
<td>CORNWALL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.</td>
<td>Right or not, it's made you the Earl of Gloucester. Go find your father and let him know we're going to arrest him.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EDMUND</td>
<td>EDMUND</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(aside) If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. (to CORNWALL) I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.</td>
<td>(to himself) If I catch my father helping the king, he'll seem even more guilty. (to CORNWALL) I'll do what I must loyally, even though it pains me to take action against my father.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CORNWALL</td>
<td>CORNWALL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I will lay trust upon thee, and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love.</td>
<td>I put my trust in you. You'll see that I'm a better father to you than Gloucester.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Exeunt

They exit.
Enter GLOUCESTER, LEAR, KENT disguised, FOOL, and EDGAR disguised

GLOUCESTER
Here is better than the open air. Take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can. I will not be long from you.

KENT
All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience. The gods reward your kindness!

EDGAR
Frateretto calls me and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

FOOL
Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

LEAR
A king, a king!

LEARNKED
No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son, for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

LEAR
To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing in upon 'em!

EDGAR
The foul fiend bites my back.

GLOUCESTER
It's better here than outside. Be happy about it. I'll do what I can to make you even more comfortable. I won't be gone long.

KENT
He can't bear his grief and so he's losing his mind. May God reward you for your kindness!

EDGAR
The devil Frateretto is telling me that the diabolical Roman emperor Nero likes to go fishing in hell. Pray to the gods, you fool, and beware the foul devil.

FOOL
Here's a riddle, uncle. Is the lunatic a gentleman or an ordinary guy?

LEAR
He's a king, a king!

LEARNKED
No, he's an ordinary guy who's got a gentleman for a son, since someone would have to be crazy to let his son become a gentleman before he's achieved that distinction himself.

LEAR
I see Regan and Goneril in hell—A thousand hissing devils with sizzling red pitchforks come up to them!

EDGAR
The nasty devil's biting my butt.
### Act 3, Scene 6, Page 2

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Original Text</th>
<th>Modern Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>FOOL</strong></td>
<td><strong>FOOL</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He’s mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse’s health,</td>
<td>You’ve got to be crazy to trust a wolf that pretends to be tame, a horse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>health, a boy’s love, or a whore’s oath.</td>
<td>that seems healthy, a teenager in love, or a whore who swears she’ll be</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>faithful.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>LEAR</strong></td>
<td><strong>LEAR</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It shall be done. I will arraign them straight.</td>
<td>I’ll do it. I’ll put them on trial right now. (to EDGAR)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(to EDGAR) Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer.</td>
<td>Come sit here, our able judge. (to FOOL) And you sit here, wise sir.—Now,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(to FOOL) Thou, sapient sir, sit here.—Now, you she-foxes—</td>
<td>you she-foxes—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>EDGAR</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Look, where he stands and glares!—Want’st thou eyes at trial, madam?</td>
<td>There he is, standing and glaring at me!—Hey, lady, can’t you see how the</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(sings) Come o’er the bourn, Bessy, to me—</td>
<td>judge is?—Hey, lady, can’t you see how the judge is?—Hey, lady, can’t you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>see how the judge is?—Hey, lady, can’t you see how the judge is?—Hey,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>judge is?—Hey, lady, can’t you see how the judge is?—Hey, lady, can’t you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>FOOL</strong></td>
<td>see how the judge is?—Hey, lady, can’t you see how the judge is?—Hey,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(sings) Her boat hath a leak,</td>
<td>judge is?—Hey, lady, can’t you see how the judge is?—Hey, lady, can’t you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And she must not speak</td>
<td>see how the judge is?—Hey, lady, can’t you see how the judge is?—Hey,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why she dares not come over to thee.</td>
<td>judge is?—Hey, lady, can’t you see how the judge is?—Hey, lady, can’t you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>see how the judge is?—Hey, lady, can’t you see how the judge is?—Hey,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>EDGAR</strong></td>
<td>judge is?—Hey, lady, can’t you see how the judge is?—Hey, lady, can’t you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The foul fiend haunts Poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale.</td>
<td>see how the judge is?—Hey, lady, can’t you see how the judge is?—Hey,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoppedance cries in Tom’s belly for two white herring.</td>
<td>judge is?—Hey, lady, can’t you see how the judge is?—Hey, lady, can’t you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Croak not, black angel. I have no food for thee.</td>
<td>see how the judge is?—Hey, lady, can’t you see how the judge is?—Hey,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>judge is?—Hey, lady, can’t you see how the judge is?—Hey, lady, can’t you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>see how the judge is?—Hey, lady, can’t you see how the judge is?—Hey,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>KENT</strong></td>
<td><strong>KENT</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(to LEAR) How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed.</td>
<td>(to LEAR) How are you, sir? Please don’t stand there in a daze. Would’n’t</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?</td>
<td>you like to lie down on the pillows?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>LEAR</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I’ll see their trial first. Bring in the evidence.</td>
<td>No, I want to see their trial first. Let’s have the evidence. (to EDGAR)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(to EDGAR) Thou robed man of justice, take thy place.</td>
<td>Take your place, honorable judge. (to EDGAR)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(to FOOL) And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, Bench by his side.</td>
<td>And thou, his fellow justice of the peace, sit next to him. (to KENT)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(to KENT) You are o’ th’ commission.</td>
<td>You can also be a judge. Sit down as well.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sit you too.</td>
<td><strong>EDGAR</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let us deal justly.</td>
<td>Let’s give a fair verdict.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
(sings)
Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn.
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.
Purr! The cat is gray.

(LEAR)
Arraign her first. 'Tis Goneril. I here take my oath before
this honorable assembly, she kicked the poor king her
father.

(FOOL)
Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

(LEAR)
She cannot deny it.

(FOOL)
Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

(LEAR)
And here's another, whose warped looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on. Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire, corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

(EDGAR)
Bless thy five wits.

(KENT)
(to LEAR) O pity! Sir, where is the patience now,
That thou so oft have boasted to retain?

(EDGAR)
(aside) My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting.

(LEAR)
The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart—see, they bark at me.

(EDGAR)
Tom will throw his head at them.—Avaunt, you curs!

(LEAR)
Look at the three little dogs, Tray, Blanch, and
Sweetheart—all barking at me.

(EDGAR)
Tom will chase them off.—Go away, you mongrels!
Whether you bite to kill,
Mastiff, greyhound, or ugly mutt,
### Original Text

Hound or spaniel, brach or him,  
Bobtail tyke or trundle-tail—  
Tom will make them weep and wail.  
For with throwing thus my head,  
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.  
Be thy mouth or black or white,  
Do-de, de-de. Cessez! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

### Modern Text

Hound or spaniel, bitch or dog,  
Whether your tail is short or curly—  
Tom will make you cry and wail.  
With one little toss of his head,  
He can scare you off for good.  
Whether your mouth is black or white,  
Do-dee, dee-dee da. Stop! Run off, go visit fairs and festivals! Poor Tom, your cup is empty.

#### LEAR

Then let them anatomize Regan. See what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts? (to EDGAR) You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred. Only I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they are Persian attire, but let them be changed.

#### KENT

Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

#### LEAR

Make no noise, make no noise. Draw the curtains—so, so, so. We’ll go to supper i’ th’ morning. So, so, so. (sleeps)

#### FOOL

And I’ll go to bed at noon.

### Modern Text

Now let them dissect Regan and her hard heart. Is there any natural cause for hardening of the heart? (to EDGAR) Sir, you can serve me as one of my hundred knights. But I don’t like your style of clothes. I’m sure you’ll tell me they’re fabulous, but I think you should change them anyway.

#### KENT

Please lie down and rest a while, my lord.

#### LEAR

Be quiet, be quiet. Draw the curtains, just like that. We’ll have supper in the morning. That’s right. (he falls asleep)

#### FOOL

And I’ll go to bed at noon.

Enter GLOUCESTER

GLOUCESTER (to KENT) Come hither, friend. Where is the king my master?

KENT  
Here, sir, but trouble him not. His wits are gone.

GLOUCESTER  
Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms. I have o’erheard a plot of death upon him.

GLOUCESTER (to KENT) Come here, my friend. Where’s my master the king?

KENT  
He’s here, sir, but please don’t bother him. He’s out of his right mind.

GLOUCESTER  
Please get him, my friend, I beg you. I’ve overheard people plotting to kill him. I have a carriage ready. Put
There is a litter ready. Lay him in 't
And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master.
If thou shouldst daily half an hour, his life,
With thine and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

KENT
Oppressèd nature sleeps.—
This rest might yet have balmed thy broken sinews,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.
(to FOOL)
Come, help to bear thy master.
Thou must not stay behind.

GLOUCESTER
Come, come, away.

EDGAR
When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' th' mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind.
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip
When grief hath mates and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now
When that which makes me bend makes the king bow.
He childed as I fathered. Tom, away!
Mark the high noises and thyself betray
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more tonight, safe 'scape the king!
Lurk, lurk.

Exit

GLOUCESTER
Come, come, on.

Everyone exits except EDGAR.

Exit
Act 3, Scene 7

Enter CORNWALL, and REGAN, and GONERIL, and EDMUND the bastard, and servants.

CORNWALL (to GONERIL) Post speedily to my lord your husband. Show him this letter. The army of France is landed.—Seek out the traitor Gloucester.

CORNWALL (to GONERIL) Hurry to your husband. Show him this letter. The French army has landed.—Find the traitor Gloucester.

Exeunt some servants

REGAN Hang him instantly.

REGAN Hang him immediately.

GONERIL Pluck out his eyes.

GONERIL Gouge out his eyes!

CORNWALL Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company. The revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke where you are going, to a most festinate preparation. We are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us.—Farewell, dear sister. (to EDMUND) Farewell, my lord of Gloucester.

CORNWALL Leave him to my wrath.—Edmund, go with my sister-in-law. You shouldn’t have to see the punishment we inflict on your father. Tell the Duke of Albany to prepare for war immediately. We will do the same. We’ll keep the lines of communication open between us. (to GONERIL) Goodbye, my dear sister-in-law. (to EDMUND) Goodbye, lord Gloucester.

Enter OSWALD the steward

OSWALD enters.

OSWALD Lord Gloucester has helped him leave. Thirty-five or thirty-six of his knights met him at the gate, and together with some others they’ve set off for Dover, where they claim to have powerful friends.
**Original Text**  

**CORNWALL**  
Get horses for your mistress.

**GONERIL**  
Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

**CORNWALL**  
Edmund, farewell.

**Exit OSWALD**

**Go seek the traitor Gloucester.**

*Some servants exit.*

**Though well we may not pass upon his life**

**Regan**  
Ingrateful fox, 'tis he.

**CORNWALL**  
Bind fast his corky arms.

**Servants bind Gloucester**

**GLOUCESTER**  
What mean your graces? Good my friends, consider

**CORNWALL**  
Bind him, I say.

**Servants tie up Gloucester**

**Modern Text**  

**CORNWALL**  
Prepare the horses for your lady.

**GONERIL**  
Goodbye, my sweet lord.—Goodbye, my sister.

**CORNWALL**  
Goodbye, Edmund.

**OSWALD exits.**

**Go find the traitor Gloucester. Tie him up like a thief and bring him here to me.**

**I can’t condemn him to death without a formal trial, but I’m powerful enough that I can still do something to express my anger. Some men may blame me for doing this, but they won’t be able to do anything about it.—Who’s there? Is that the traitor?**

**Two or three servants bring in Gloucester.**

**Servants tie up Gloucester.**
### Act 3, Scene 7, Page 3

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Original Text</th>
<th>Modern Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>REGAN&lt;br&gt;Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor!</td>
<td>REGAN&lt;br&gt;Tie him up harder.—You filthy traitor!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GLOUCESTER&lt;br&gt;Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.</td>
<td>GLOUCESTER&lt;br&gt;I'm not a traitor, unfair lady.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CORNWALL&lt;br&gt;To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find—</td>
<td>CORNWALL&lt;br&gt;Tie him to this chair.—You'll see, criminal—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REGAN&lt;br&gt;'s beard</td>
<td>REGAN&lt;br&gt;pulls GLOUCESTER 's beard.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GLOUCESTER&lt;br&gt;By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done&lt;br&gt;To pluck me by the beard.</td>
<td>GLOUCESTER&lt;br&gt;By the gods, it's disgraceful for you to pull my beard.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REGAN&lt;br&gt;So white, and such a traitor?</td>
<td>REGAN&lt;br&gt;As old and white-haired as you are, and you're such a traitor?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GLOUCESTER&lt;br&gt;Naughty lady,&lt;br&gt;These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin&lt;br&gt;Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your host.&lt;br&gt;With robbers' hands my hospitable favors&lt;br&gt;You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?</td>
<td>GLOUCESTER&lt;br&gt;Wicked woman, these white hairs you're pulling off my chin will come to life and accuse you of wrong-doing. You are my guests. This is no way to treat a host who has welcomed you into his house. What do you think you're doing?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CORNWALL&lt;br&gt;Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?</td>
<td>CORNWALL&lt;br&gt;Tell us about the letters that you got from France.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REGAN&lt;br&gt;Be simple-answered, for we know the truth.</td>
<td>REGAN&lt;br&gt;Get to the point, since we already know the truth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CORNWALL&lt;br&gt;And what confederacy have you with the traitors&lt;br&gt;Late footed in the kingdom?</td>
<td>CORNWALL&lt;br&gt;And what's your connection with the traitors who landed in our kingdom recently?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REGAN&lt;br&gt;To whose hands&lt;br&gt;You have sent the lunatic king. Speak.</td>
<td>REGAN&lt;br&gt;The ones you've sent our lunatic king to. Tell us.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GLOUCESTER&lt;br&gt;I have a letter guessingly set down,&lt;br&gt;Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,&lt;br&gt;And not from one opposed.</td>
<td>GLOUCESTER&lt;br&gt;I got a letter that made some guesses about what was going on, without any proof. It came from a neutral party, not from someone opposed to you.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CORNWALL&lt;br&gt;Cunning.</td>
<td>CORNWALL&lt;br&gt;How clever of you.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**Act 3, Scene 7, Page 4**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Original Text</th>
<th>Modern Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>REGAN</strong></td>
<td><strong>REGAN</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And false.</td>
<td>Clever lies.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>CORNWALL</strong></td>
<td><strong>CORNWALL</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where hast thou sent the king?</td>
<td>Where have you sent the king?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>GLOUCESTER</strong></td>
<td><strong>GLOUCESTER</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Dover.</td>
<td>To Dover.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>REGAN</strong></td>
<td><strong>REGAN</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charged at peril—</td>
<td>Why Dover? Weren’t you ordered, on penalty of—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>CORNWALL</strong></td>
<td><strong>CORNWALL</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wherefore to Dover?—Let him first answer that.</td>
<td>Why Dover?—Let him answer that question first.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>GLOUCESTER</strong></td>
<td><strong>GLOUCESTER</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I am tied to th’ stake, and I must stand the course.</td>
<td>I’m backed into a corner with nowhere to run.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>REGAN</strong></td>
<td><strong>REGAN</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wherefore to Dover, sir?</td>
<td>Why Dover?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>GLOUCESTER</strong></td>
<td><strong>GLOUCESTER</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Because I would not see thy cruel nails Pluck out his poor old eyes, nor thy fierce sister In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs. The sea, with such a storm as his bare head In hell-black night endured, would have buoyed up, And quenched the stellèd fires. Yet poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain. If wolves had at thy gate howled that stern time, Thou shouldst have said, “Good porter, turn the key,” All cruels else subscribed. But I shall see The wingèd vengeance overtake such children.</td>
<td>Because I didn’t want to watch while you gouged out his poor old eyes with your cruel fingernails, or while your vicious sister sank her fangs into his sacred flesh. You left him out in the storm in the black night, bareheaded, a storm so terrible that if it had happened at sea, the waters would have risen up and extinguished the fire burning in the stars. And the poor old man just wept, mixing his tears with the rain. If wolves had been howling outside your gate at the heart of that storm, you would’ve told your doorman to let them in, despite all the cruelties you inflict on the world. But soon I’ll see the gods punish you for your lack of respect to your father.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>CORNWALL</strong></td>
<td><strong>CORNWALL</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“See” I shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair.— Upon these eyes of thine I’ll set my foot.</td>
<td>You won’t be seeing anything.—Hold his chair still, men.—I’m going to put my foot on his eyes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>GLOUCESTER</strong></td>
<td><strong>GLOUCESTER</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He that will think to live till he be old, Give me some help!</td>
<td>Oh, help me, anyone who wants to live long!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*CORNWALL plucks out one of GLOUCESTER’s eyes and stamps on it*  
*CORNWALL gouges out one of GLOUCESTER’s eyes and steps on it*
Act 3, Scene 7, Page 5

Original Text | Modern Text
--|--
O cruel! O you gods! | Oh, so cruel! Oh dear gods!

REGAN
One side will mock another—th' other too.

REGAN
Now he's a little crooked. Gouge out the other eye too.

CORNWALL
If you see vengeance—

CORNWALL
If you see vengeance—

FIRST SERVANT
Hold your hand, my lord!
I have served you ever since I was a child.
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.

FIRST SERVANT
Stop, my lord! I've served you since childhood, but
I've never done you a better service than telling you
to stop.

REGAN
How now, you dog?

REGAN
What's this, you dog?

FIRST SERVANT
If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

FIRST SERVANT
I am willing to fight you if I must. What do you
mean by all this?

CORNWALL
My villein!

CORNWALL
My peasant, acting like this?

FIRST SERVANT
Nay then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

FIRST SERVANT
Come on then. Over my dead body.

FIRST SERVANT and CORNWALL draw and fight
CORNWALL is wounded

The FIRST SERVANT and CORNWALL draw
swords and fight. CORNWALL is wounded.

FIRST SERVANT
(to another servant)
Give me thy sword.—A peasant stand up thus?
(takes a sword, runs at FIRST SERVANT behind, and
kills him)

FIRST SERVANT
I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him. Oh!

FIRST SERVANT
I am dying!—My lord, you still have one eye left to
see Cornwall punished. Oh!(he dies)

CORNWALL
Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly!

CORNWALL
We'll just have to stop him from seeing ever again.
Out, vile jelly, pop out of your eye sockets!
### Act 3, Scene 7, Page 6

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Original Text</th>
<th>Modern Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(plucks out GLOUCESTER's other eye) Where is thy luster now?</td>
<td>(he gouges out GLOUCESTER's other eye) Where’s your sparkle now?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GLOUCESTER All dark and comfortless. Where’s my son Edmund? Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature To quit this horrid act.</td>
<td>GLOUCESTER Nothing but darkness and horror. Where’s my son Edmund? Let your love for me ignite your bloodlust to avenge this horrible crime!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REGAN Out, treacherous villain! Thou call’st on him that hates thee. It was he That made the overture of thy treasons to us, Who is too good to pity thee.</td>
<td>REGAN Wrong, evil traitor. You’re appealing to a son who hates you. He was the one who revealed your treason to us. He’s too good to have any compassion for you.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GLOUCESTER O my follies! Then Edgar was abused. Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!</td>
<td>GLOUCESTER What a fool I’ve been! This means I’ve mistreated Edgar. Dear God, forgive me. Let him be well!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REGAN Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell His way to Dover.</td>
<td>REGAN Kick him out of the gate. He can sniff his way to Dover.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Exit some servants with GLOUCESTER**

**Some servants exit with GLOUCESTER.**

(to CORNWALL) How is ’t, my lord? How look you? (to CORNWALL) What is it, my lord? Why do you look like that?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Original Text</th>
<th>Modern Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>CORNWALL I have received a hurt. Follow me, lady.— Turn out that eyeless villain. Throw this slave Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace. Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.</td>
<td>CORNWALL I’m wounded. Follow me, madam.—Throw the blind traitor outside. And throw this dead peasant into the manure pit.—Regan, I’m bleeding. It’s a bad time for such an injury. Give me your arm.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Exit CORNWALL with REGAN**

**CORNWALL and REGAN exit.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Original Text</th>
<th>Modern Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SECOND SERVANT I’ll never care what wickedness I do, If this man come to good.</td>
<td>SECOND SERVANT If our criminal master gets off free, I won’t care what happens to me anymore.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THIRD SERVANT If she live long, And in the end meet the old course of death, Women will all turn monsters.</td>
<td>THIRD SERVANT If she lives a long and happy life, then all women may as well turn into monsters.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Act 3, Scene 7, Page 7

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Original Text</th>
<th>Modern Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **SECOND SERVANT**<br>
Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam<br>To lead him where he would. His roguish madness<br>Allows itself to any thing. | **SECOND SERVANT**<br>Let's follow the old earl, and get that crazy Tom to<br>take him wherever he wants to go. As a wandering<br>lunatic, he can do whatever he wants. |
| **THIRD SERVANT**<br>Go thou. I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs<br>To apply to his bleeding face. Now heaven help him! | **THIRD SERVANT**<br>Go ahead. I'll get some cloth and egg whites to<br>bandage his bleeding face. Heaven help him! |

*Exeunt severally*  
*They exit in different directions.*