

**NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**

# **KING LEAR**

# KING LEAR

Characters viii

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## ACT FIVE

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# CHARACTERS

**King Lear**—The aging king of Britain and the protagonist of the play. Lear is used to enjoying absolute power and to being flattered, and he does not respond well to being contradicted or challenged. At the beginning of the play, his values are notably hollow—he prefers his two older daughters' obvious flattery over the actual devotion of Cordelia, and he wishes to maintain the power of a king while unburdening himself of the responsibility. Nevertheless, Lear inspires loyalty in subjects such as Gloucester, Kent, Cordelia, and Edgar, all of whom risk their lives for him.

**Cordelia**—Lear's youngest daughter, disowned by her father for refusing to flatter him. Cordelia is held in extremely high regard by all of the good characters in the play—the king of France marries her for her virtue alone, overlooking her lack of dowry. Cordelia remains loyal to Lear despite his cruelty toward her, forgives him, and displays a mild and forbearing temperament even toward her evil sisters, Goneril and Regan. Despite her obvious virtues, Cordelia's reticence makes her motivations difficult to read, as in her refusal to declare her love for her father at the beginning of the play.

**Goneril**—Lear's ruthless oldest daughter and the wife of the duke of Albany. Goneril is jealous, treacherous, and amoral. Shakespeare's audience would have been particularly shocked at Goneril's aggressiveness, a quality that it would not have expected in a female character. Goneril challenges Lear's authority, boldly initiates an affair with Edmund, and wrests military power away from her husband.

**Regan**—Lear's middle daughter and the wife of the duke of Cornwall. Regan is as ruthless as Goneril and as aggressive in all the same ways. In fact, it is difficult to think of any quality that distinguishes her from her sister. When they are not egging each other on to further acts of cruelty, they jealously compete for the same man, Edmund.

**Gloucester**—A nobleman loyal to King Lear whose rank, earl, is below that of duke. The first thing we learn about Gloucester is that he is an adulterer, having fathered a bastard son, Edmund. Gloucester's fate is in many ways parallel to that of Lear: he misjudges which of his children to trust. Also like Lear, Gloucester suffers tremendously for his mistakes.

**Edgar**—Gloucester's older, legitimate son. Edgar plays many different roles, starting out as a gullible fool easily tricked by his brother, then assuming a disguise as a mad beggar to evade his father's men, then carrying his impersonation further to aid Lear and Gloucester, and finally appearing as an armored champion to avenge his brother's treason. Edgar's propensity for disguises and impersonations makes him a complex and at times puzzling character.

**Edmund**—Gloucester's younger, illegitimate son. Edmund resents his status as a bastard and schemes to usurp Gloucester's title and possessions from Edgar. He is a formidable character, succeeding in almost all of his schemes and wreaking destruction upon virtually all of the other characters.

**Kent**—A nobleman of the same rank as Gloucester who is loyal to King Lear. Kent spends most of the play disguised as a peasant, calling himself "Caius," so that he can continue to serve Lear even after Lear banishes him. Kent is extremely loyal but gets himself into trouble throughout the play by being exceptionally blunt and outspoken.

**Albany**—The husband of Lear's daughter Goneril. Although Albany allows Goneril, Regan, and Cornwall to abuse their power, Albany himself is good at heart, eventually denouncing and opposing their cruelty and treachery. Yet Albany is indecisive and lacks foresight, not realizing the evil of his allies until quite late in the play.

**Cornwall**—The husband of Lear's daughter Regan. Unlike Albany, Cornwall is domineering, cruel, and violent, and he works with his wife and sister-in-law Goneril to persecute Lear and Gloucester.

**Fool**—Lear's jester. The Fool uses double-talk and seemingly frivolous songs to criticize Lear for the latter's foolish mistakes.

**Oswald**—The steward, or chief servant, in Goneril's house. Oswald obeys his mistress's commands and helps her in her conspiracies.

Act 1, Scene 1

Original Text	Modern Text
<i>Enter KENT, GLOUCESTER, and EDMUND</i>	<i>KENT, GLOUCESTER, and EDMUND enter.</i>
<b>KENT</b> I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.	<b>KENT</b> I thought the king preferred the Duke of Albany to the Duke of Cornwall.
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> It did always seem so to us. But now in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most, for equalities are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> We used to think so too. But the way he's divided the kingdom recently, nobody can tell which of the dukes he favors more. He's split the kingdom so evenly that it's impossible to see any indication of favoritism.
<b>KENT</b> (indicating EDMUND) Is not this your son, my lord?	<b>KENT</b> (pointing to EDMUND) Isn't this your son, my lord?
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge. I have so often blushed to acknowledge him that now I am brazed to it.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Yes, I've been responsible for his upbringing. I've had to acknowledge that he's my son so many times that now I can do it without embarrassment.
<b>KENT</b> I cannot conceive you.	<b>KENT</b> I can't conceive of what you mean.
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Sir, this young fellow's mother could, whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> You can't conceive? Well, this guy's mother could conceive him all to well. She grew a big belly and had a baby for her crib before she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell something naughty?
<b>KENT</b> I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.	<b>KENT</b> Well, I wouldn't want to undo the naughtiness, since the boy turned out so well.
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year older than this, who yet is no dearer in my account. Though this knave came something saucily to the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> But I have a legitimate son a few years older than this one, and I don't love him any more than I love my bastard. Edmund may have snuck into the world a little before his time, but his mother was pretty, we had a fun time making him, and now I have to acknowledge the guy as my son.—Do you know this gentleman, Edmund?

Act 1, Scene 1, Page 2

	Original Text	Modern Text
	<b>EDMUND</b> No, my lord.	<b>EDMUND</b> No, I don't, my lord.
25	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> (to EDMUND) My lord of Kent. Remember him hereafter as my honorable friend.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> (to EDMUND) This is Lord Kent. Remember him as my friend and an honorable man.
	<b>EDMUND</b> My services to your lordship.	<b>EDMUND</b> Very pleased to meet you, my lord.
	<b>KENT</b> I must love you and sue to know you better.	<b>KENT</b> I look forward to getting to know you better.
	<b>EDMUND</b> Sir, I shall study deserving.	<b>EDMUND</b> I'll try to make myself worth your knowledge.
30	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> He's been gone for nine years and he's leaving again soon.
	<i>Sennet.</i>	<i>Trumpets announce the arrival of King LEAR.</i>
	The king is coming.	The king is coming.
	<i>Enter one bearing a coronet, then King LEAR, then the Dukes of CORNWALL and ALBANY, next GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and attendants</i>	<i>A man bearing a crown enters, followed by KING LEAR, the Dukes of CORNWALL and ALBANY, then GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and attendants.</i>
	<b>LEAR</b> Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.	<b>LEAR</b> Go escort the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.
	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> I shall, my lord.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Yes, my lord.
	<i>Exit GLOUCESTER</i> <b>LEAR</b>	<i>GLOUCESTER exits.</i>
35	<b>LEAR</b> Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.— Give me the map there.—Know that we have divided In three our kingdom, and 'tis our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our age, Conferring them on younger strengths while we Unburdened crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,	<b>LEAR</b> In the meantime I'll get down to my real business. —Hand me that map over there.—I hereby announce that I've divided my kingdom into three parts, which I'm handing over to the younger generation so I can enjoy a little rest and peace of mind in my old age.—Cornwall and Albany, my loving sons-in-law, I now want to announce publicly what each of my daughters will inherit, to avoid hostilities after I die. The two
40	And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will to publish	

Original Text	Modern Text
<p>Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The two great princes, France and Burgundy, 45 Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn, And here are to be answered.—Tell me, my daughters, (Since now we will divest us both of rule, Interest of territory, cares of state) 50 Which of you shall we say doth love us most That we our largest bounty may extend Where nature doth with merit challenge?—Goneril, Our eldest born, speak first.</p>	<p>great princes of France and Burgundy, vying for the hand of my youngest Cordelia, have been at my court a long time and will soon have their answers. —My daughters, since I'm about to give up my throne and the worries that go along with it, tell me which one of you loves me most, so that I can give my largest gift to the one who deserves it most.— Goneril, my oldest daughter, you speak first.</p>
<p><b>GONERIL</b> Sir, I do love you more than words can wield the matter, 55 Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty, Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare, No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor, As much as child e'er loved or father found— A love that makes breath poor and speech unable. 60 Beyond all manner of so much I love you.</p>	<p><b>GONERIL</b> Sir, I love you more than words can say. I love you more than eyesight, space, and freedom, beyond wealth or anything of value. I love you as much as life itself, and as much as status, health, beauty, or honor. I love you as much as any child has ever loved her father, with a love too deep to be spoken of. I love you more than any answer to the question “How much?”</p>
<p><b>CORDELIA</b> (aside) What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and be silent.</p>	<p><b>CORDELIA</b> (to herself) What will I say? I can only love and be silent.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> Of all these bounds, even from this line to this, With shadowy forests and with champains riched, With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads, 65 We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issue Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter, Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall? Speak.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> I give you all this land, from this line to that one— dense forests, fertile fields, rivers rich with fish, wide meadows. This land will belong to your and Albany's children forever.—And now what does my second daughter Regan, the wife of Cornwall, have to say? Tell me.</p>
<p><b>REGAN</b> Sir, I am made of that self mettle as my sister, And prize me at her worth. In my true heart, 70 I find she names my very deed of love— Only she comes too short, that I profess</p>	<p><b>REGAN</b> Sir, I'm made of the same stuff as my sister and consider myself just as good as she is. She's described my feelings of love for you precisely, but her description falls a little short of the truth. I reject completely any</p>



Original Text	Modern Text
<p>Myself an enemy to all other joys, Which the most precious square of sense possesses. And find I am alone felicitate</p> <p>75 In your dear highness' love.</p>	<p>joy except my love for you, and I find that only your majesty's love makes me happy.</p>
<p><b>CORDELIA</b> (aside) Then poor Cordelia! And yet not so, since I am sure my love's More ponderous than my tongue.</p>	<p><b>CORDELIA</b> (to herself) Poor me, what am I going to say now? But I'm not poor in love—my love is bigger than my words are.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> To thee and thine hereditary ever 80 Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom, No less in space, validity, and pleasure Than that conferred on Goneril.—But now, our joy, Although our last and least, to whose young love The vines of France and milk of Burgundy 85 Strive to be interested. What can you say to draw A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> You and your heirs hereby receive this large third of our lovely kingdom, no smaller in area or value than what I gave Goneril.—Now, you, my youngest daughter, my joy, courted by the rich rulers of France and Burgundy, what can you tell me that will make me give you a bigger part of my kingdom than I gave your sisters? Speak.</p>
<p><b>CORDELIA</b> Nothing, my lord.</p>	<p><b>CORDELIA</b> Nothing, my lord.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> Nothing?</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Nothing?</p>
<p><b>CORDELIA</b> Nothing.</p>	<p><b>CORDELIA</b> Nothing.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> 90 How? Nothing will come of nothing. Speak again.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Come on, “nothing” will get you nothing. Try again.</p>
<p><b>CORDELIA</b> Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave My heart into my mouth. I love your majesty According to my bond, no more nor less.</p>	<p><b>CORDELIA</b> I'm unlucky. I don't have a talent for putting my heart's feelings into words. I love you as a child should love her father, neither more nor less.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> How, how, Cordelia? Mend your speech a little, 95 Lest you may mar your fortunes.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> What are you saying, Cordelia? Revise your statement, or you may damage your inheritance.</p>
<p><b>CORDELIA</b> Good my lord, You have begot me, bred me, loved me. I Return those duties back as are right fit—</p>	<p><b>CORDELIA</b> My lord, you brought me up and loved me, and I'm giving back just as I should: I obey you, love you, and</p>

Original Text		Modern Text	
100	Obey you, love you, and most honor you. Why have my sisters husbands if they say They love you all? Haply when I shall wed That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry Half my love with him, half my care and duty. Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters, To love my father all.		honor you. How can my sisters speak the truth when they say they love only you? Don't they love their husbands too? Hopefully when I get married, I'll give my husband half my love and half my sense of duty. I'm sure I'll never get married in the way my sisters say they're married, loving their father only.
	<b>LEAR</b> But goes thy heart with this?		<b>LEAR</b> But do you mean what you're saying?
<b>CORDELIA</b> Ay, good my lord.		<b>CORDELIA</b> Yes, my lord.	
<b>LEAR</b> So young and so untender?		<b>LEAR</b> So young and so cruel?	
<b>CORDELIA</b> So young, my lord, and true.		<b>CORDELIA</b> So young, my lord, and honest.	
110	<b>LEAR</b> Let it be so. Thy truth then be thy dower. For by the sacred radiance of the sun, The mysteries of Hecate and the night, By all the operation of the orbs From whom we do exist and cease to be— Here I disclaim all my paternal care, Propinquity, and property of blood, And as a stranger to my heart and me Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian, Or he that makes his generation messes To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom Be as well neighbored, pitied, and relieved As thou my sometime daughter.	115	<b>LEAR</b> Then that's the way it'll be. The truth will be all the inheritance you get. I swear by the sacred sun, by the mysterious moon, and by all the planets that rule our lives, that I disown you now as my daughter. As of now, there are no family ties between us, and I consider you a stranger to me. Foreign savages who eat their own children for dinner will be as close to my heart as you, ex- daughter of mine.
	<b>KENT</b> Good my liege—		<b>KENT</b> But sir—
<b>LEAR</b> Peace, Kent. Come not between the dragon and his wrath. I loved her most and thought to set my rest On her kind nursery.—		<b>LEAR</b> Be quiet, Kent. Don't get in my way when I'm angry. I loved Cordelia most of all and planned to spend my old age with her taking care of me. (to CORDELIA) Go	
125			

Act 1, Scene 1, Page 6

Original Text		Modern Text	
<p>(to CORDELIA) Hence, and avoid my sight!— So be my grave my peace as here I give Her father's heart from her.—Call France. Who stirs? Call Burgundy.—</p>		<p>away! Get out of my sight!—I guess if she doesn't love her father, then I'll only have peace when I'm dead.—Call the King of France. Why is nobody doing anything? Call the Duke of Burgundy.</p>	
<p><i>Exeunt several attendants</i></p>		<p><i>Several attendants exit.</i></p>	
130	<p>Cornwall and Albany, With my two daughters' dowers digest this third. Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her. I do invest you jointly with my power, Preeminence, and all the large effects That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,</p>		<p>Cornwall and Albany, you and your wives can divide this last third of my kingdom between you. If she wants to be proud, or "honest," as she calls it, she can just marry her own pride. I hereby grant to you two my crown and all the privileges that kingship brings. I'll live one month with one of you, the next month with the other one. All I ask is that you provide me with a hundred knights for my own entourage. I'll keep only the title of king, but you'll have everything else: all the authority and income that come with kingship. To confirm all this, take this crown to share between yourselves. (he gives CORNWALL and ALBANY the crown)</p>
135	<p>With reservation of an hundred knights By you to be sustained, shall our abode Make with you by due turns. Only shall we retain The name, and all th' additions to a king. The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,</p>		
140	<p>Belovèd sons, be yours; which to confirm, This coronet part between you. (gives CORNWALL and ALBANY the coronet)</p>		
	<p><b>KENT</b> Royal Lear, Whom I have ever honored as my king, Loved as my father, as my master followed,</p>		<p><b>KENT</b> King Lear, I've always honored you as king, loved you as my father, obeyed you as my master, and thanked you in my prayers—</p>
145	<p>As my great patron thought on in my prayers—</p>		
	<p><b>LEAR</b> The bow is bent and drawn. Make from the shaft.</p>		<p><b>LEAR</b> I'm furious and ready to snap. Stay away or else I'll take my anger out on you.</p>
	<p><b>KENT</b> Let it fall rather, though the fork invade The region of my heart. Be Kent unmannerly When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?</p>		<p><b>KENT</b> Let your anger fall on me then, even if its sharpness pierces my heart. Kent can speak rudely when Lear goes mad. What are you doing, old man? When powerful kings cave in to flatterers, do you think loyal men will be afraid to speak out against it? When a majestic king starts acting silly, then it's my duty to be blunt.</p>
150	<p>Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak When power to flattery bows? To plainness honor's bound When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state,</p>		

	Original Text	Modern Text
155	<p>And in thy best consideration check This hideous rashness. Answer my life my judgment, Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least, Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound Reverbs no hollowness.</p>	<p>Hold on to your crown and use your better judgment to rethink this rash decision. On my life I swear to you that your youngest daughter doesn't love you least. A loud mouth often points to an empty heart, and just because she's quiet doesn't mean she's unloving.</p>
	<p><b>LEAR</b> Kent, on thy life, no more.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Kent, if you want to stay alive, stop talking.</p>
160	<p><b>KENT</b> My life I never held but as a pawn To wage against thy enemies, nor fear to lose it, Thy safety being motive.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> I never considered my life as anything more than a chess pawn for you to play off against your enemies. I'm not afraid to lose it if it helps protect you.</p>
	<p><b>LEAR</b> Out of my sight!</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Get out of my sight!</p>
	<p><b>KENT</b> See better, Lear, and let me still remain The true blank of thine eye.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> Learn to see better, Lear, and let me stay here where you can look to me for good advice.</p>
	<p><b>LEAR</b> Now, by Apollo—</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Now, I swear by Apollo...</p>
	<p><b>KENT</b> Now, by Apollo, King, Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> By Apollo, King, you're taking the names of the gods in vain.</p>
165	<p><b>LEAR</b> O vassal! Miscreant!</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Oh, you lowlife! Scum!</p>
	<p><b>ALBANY, CORNWALL</b> Dear sir, forbear!</p>	<p><b>ALBANY, CORNWALL</b> Please stop, sir.</p>
	<p><b>KENT</b> Do, kill thy physician, and the fee bestow Upon thy foul disease. Revoke thy gift, Or whilst I can vent clamor from my throat, I'll tell thee thou dost evil.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> Sure, kill the doctor who's trying to cure you and pay your disease. Take back your gift to Albany and Cornwall. If you don't, then as long as I'm able to speak I'll keep telling you you've done a bad, bad thing.</p>
170	<p><b>LEAR</b> Hear me, recreant! On thine allegiance hear me. That thou hast sought to make us break our vows, Which we durst never yet, and with strained pride To come betwixt our sentence and our power, Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Listen to me, you traitor. You'll pay the price for trying to make me go back on the vow I made when I bequeathed my kingdom to them. I've never broken a vow yet. You tried to make me revise my judgment on my youngest daughter, disrespecting my power as</p>

## Act 1, Scene 1, Page 8

Original Text	Modern Text
<p>175 Our potency made good, take thy reward: Five days we do allot thee for provision To shield thee from diseases of the world. And on the sixth to turn thy hated back Upon our kingdom. If on the next day following</p> <p>180 Thy banished trunk be found in our dominions, The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter, This shall not be revoked.</p>	<p>king—which I can't put up with either as a ruler or as a person. This is your punishment: I'll give you five days to gather together what you need to survive, then on the sixth day you'll leave this kingdom that hates you. If the day after that you're found in my kingdom, you die. Now get out of here! I swear by Jupiter I'll never revoke this punishment.</p>
<p><b>KENT</b> Why, fare thee well, King. Sith thus thou wilt appear, Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.</p> <p>185 (to CORDELIA) The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid, That justly think'st and hast most rightly said! (to REGAN and GONERIL) And your large speeches may your deeds approve,</p> <p>190 That good effects may spring from words of love.— Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu. He'll shape his old course in a country new.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> Farewell, King. If this is how you act, it's clear that freedom has been banished from this kingdom.(to CORDELIA) I hope the gods will protect you, my dear girl, for thinking fairly and speaking correctly. (to REGAN and GONERIL) And you two, I hope your actions carry out your grand promises of love, so that big words can bring big results. Farewell to all of you. I'll carry on my old life in a new land.</p>
<p><i>Exit KENT</i></p>	<p><i>KENT exits.</i></p>
<p><i>Flourish. Enter GLOUCESTER with the King of FRANCE, the Duke of BURGUNDY, and attendants</i></p>	<p><i>Trumpets play. GLOUCESTER enters with the King of FRANCE, the Duke of BURGUNDY, and attendants.</i></p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> Here are the rulers of France and Burgundy, my lord.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> My lord of Burgundy.</p> <p>195 We first address towards you, who with this king Hath rivaled for our daughter. What in the least Will you require in present dower with her Or cease your quest of love?</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> My lord the ruler of Burgundy, I'll speak to you first. You've been competing with this king for my daughter. What's the least that you will settle for as a dowry?</p>

Original Text		Modern Text	
200	<b>BURGUNDY</b> Most royal majesty, I crave no more than hath your highness offered. Nor will you tender less.	<b>BURGUNDY</b> Your highness, I want nothing more than what you've already offered. I know you'll offer nothing less than that.	
	<b>LEAR</b> Right noble Burgundy, When she was dear to us we did hold her so, But now her price is fallen. Sir, there she stands. If aught within that little seeming substance, Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced And nothing more, may fitly like your grace, She's there, and she is yours.	<b>LEAR</b> Burgundy, I valued her highly when I cared about her. But now her price has fallen. There she is, over there. If there's anything you like about that worthless little thing, then go for it. She's all yours. But what you see is what you get—her only dowry is my disapproval. There she is.	
210	<b>BURGUNDY</b> I know no answer.	<b>BURGUNDY</b> I don't know what to say.	
	<b>LEAR</b> Sir, will you, with those infirmities she owes— Unfriended, new adopted to our hate, Dowered with our curse and strangled with our oath— Take her or leave her?	<b>LEAR</b> She's got big flaws. She has no friends or protectors. I no longer love her. Her only dowry is my curse and banishment. So do you take her or leave her?	
215	<b>BURGUNDY</b> Pardon me, royal sir. Election makes not up in such conditions.	<b>BURGUNDY</b> I'm sorry, sir, but nobody can make a choice like this in such circumstances.	
	<b>LEAR</b> Then leave her, sir, for by the power that made me, I tell you all her wealth. (to FRANCE) For you, great King, I would not from your love make such a stray To match you where I hate. Therefore beseech you T' avert your liking a more worthier way Than on a wretch whom Nature is ashamed Almost t' acknowledge hers.	<b>LEAR</b> Then leave her, sir. I swear to God she's not worth anything more than what I told you. (to FRANCE) And as for you, great King of France, I'd never insult our friendship by encouraging you to marry a girl I hate. So I beg you to look around for a better match than this wretched creature that you can barely call human.	
220	<b>FRANCE</b> This is most strange, That she that even but now was your best object— The argument of your praise, balm of your age, Most best, most dearest—should in this trice of time	<b>FRANCE</b> This is very odd. Until very recently she was your favorite, the object of all your praise and the delight of your old age. It's strange that someone so dear to you could do anything so horrible as to warrant this sudden	

Original Text	Modern Text
<p>Commit a thing so monstrous to dismantle            So many folds of favor. Sure, her offense            225 Must be of such unnatural degree            That monsters it (or your fore-vouched affection            Fall into taint), which to believe of her            Must be a faith that reason without miracle            Could never plant in me.</p>	<p>hatred. Her crime must be extreme and monstrous, or else your earlier love for her wasn't as true as it seemed. But it'd take a miracle to make me believe she could do anything that horrible.</p>
<p><b>CORDELIA</b>            230 (to LEAR) I yet beseech your majesty,            If for I want that glib and oily art            To speak and purpose not—since what I well intend,            I'll do 't before I speak—that you make known            It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,            235 No unchaste action or dishonored step            That hath deprived me of your grace and favor,            But even for want of that for which I am richer:            A still-soliciting eye and such a tongue            As I am glad I have not, though not to have it            240 Hath lost me in your liking.</p>	<p><b>CORDELIA</b>            (to LEAR) Please, your majesty, I don't have a glib way with words and I only say what I mean. If I decide to do something, then I do it instead of talking about it. So I beg your majesty to let people know that it wasn't because I did something atrocious that I fell from your favor. I didn't murder or commit any immoral or lustful act. I'm out of favor simply because I'm not a fortune-hunter and I don't have a smooth way with words—and I'm a better person because of it, even though it has cost me your love.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b>            Go to, go to. Better thou            Hadst not been born than not t' have pleased me better.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b>            Enough. It would've been better for you not to have been born at all than to displease me as you did.</p>
<p><b>FRANCE</b>            Is it no more but this—a tardiness in nature            Which often leaves the history unspoke            That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,            245 What say you to the lady? Love's not love            When it is mingled with regards that stands            Aloof from th' entire point. Will you have her?            She is herself a dowry.</p>	<p><b>FRANCE</b>            You mean this is the whole problem, that she is shy and hasn't said everything she means to say and do?—My lord of Burgundy, what do you have to say to this lady? Love's not love when it gets mixed up with irrelevant outside matters. Will you marry her? She herself is as valuable as any dowry could ever be.</p>
<p><b>BURGUNDY</b>            (to LEAR) Royal King,            250 Give but that portion which yourself proposed,            And here I take Cordelia by the hand,            Duchess of Burgundy.</p>	<p><b>BURGUNDY</b>            (to LEAR) King, just give me the dowry you promised me, and I'll make Cordelia the Duchess of Burgundy right away.</p>

Original Text		Modern Text	
<b>LEAR</b> Nothing. I have sworn. I am firm.		<b>LEAR</b> No, I'll give nothing. I won't budge on that.	
255	<b>BURGUNDY</b> (to CORDELIA) I am sorry then. You have so lost a father That you must lose a husband.	<b>BURGUNDY</b> (to CORDELIA) In that case, I'm sorry you have to lose me as a husband because you lost the king as a father.	
<b>CORDELIA</b> Peace be with Burgundy. Since that respects and fortunes are his love, I shall not be his wife.		<b>CORDELIA</b> Peace to you, my lord of Burgundy. Since you love money and power so much, I won't be your wife.	
260	<b>FRANCE</b> Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich being poor, Most choice forsaken, and most loved despised! Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon, Be it lawful I take up what's cast away. Gods, gods! 'Tis strange that from their cold'st neglect My love should kindle to inflamed respect.—	<b>FRANCE</b> Beautiful Cordelia, you're all the richer now that you're poor. You're more valuable now that you're rejected and more loved now that you're hated. I'll take you and your wonderful virtues here and now, if it's okay that I'm picking up what others have thrown away. It's so strange that in neglecting you so cruelly, the gods have made me love you so dearly.—King, the daughter you've rejected is now mine, as Queen of France. No Duke of spineless Burgundy can take this treasure of a girl from me now.—Say goodbye to them, Cordelia, even though they've been unkind to you. You'll find a much better place in France than what you're giving up here.	
265	Thy dowerless daughter, King, thrown to my chance, Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France. Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy Can buy this unprired precious maid of me.— Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind.		
270	Thou lovest here, a better where to find.		
<b>LEAR</b> Thou hast her, France. Let her be thine, for we Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see That face of hers again. (to CORDELIA) Therefore be gone Without our grace, our love, our benison.— Come, noble Burgundy.		<b>LEAR</b> She's yours, King of France. Take her. She's no longer my daughter, and I'll never see her face again. (to CORDELIA) So get out of here. Leave without any blessing or love from me.—Come with me, Burgundy.	
<i>Flourish</i>		<i>Trumpets play.</i>	
<i>Exeunt all but FRANCE, GONERIL, REGAN, and CORDELIA</i>		<i>Everyone exits except FRANCE, GONERIL, REGAN, and CORDELIA.</i>	
<b>FRANCE</b> Bid farewell to your sisters.		<b>FRANCE</b> Say goodbye to your sisters.	



Original Text		Modern Text	
280	<b>CORDELIA</b> The jewels of our father, with washed eyes Cordelia leaves you. I know you what you are, And like a sister am most loath to call Your faults as they are named. Love well our father. To your professèd bosoms I commit him. But yet, alas, stood I within his grace, I would prefer him to a better place. So farewell to you both.		<b>CORDELIA</b> Sisters, you whom our father loves so dearly, I leave you now with tears in my eyes. I know you for what you really are, but as your sister I'm reluctant to criticize you. Take good care of our father and show him the love that you have professed. I leave him in your care—but oh, if only I were still in his favor I could arrange for better care for him. Goodbye to you both.
	<b>REGAN</b> Prescribe not us our duty.		<b>REGAN</b> Don't tell us what our duty is.
	<b>GONERIL</b> Let your study Be to content your lord, who hath received you At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted, And well are worth the want that you have wanted.		<b>GONERIL</b> You should focus instead on pleasing your husband, who's taken you in as an act of charity. You've failed to obey your father and you deserve to be deprived of everything that's been taken away from you.
	<b>CORDELIA</b> Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides, Who covers faults at last with shame derides. Well may you prosper.		<b>CORDELIA</b> Time will tell what you've got up your sleeve. You can be deceitful in the short term, but eventually truth will come out. Have a good life.
290	<b>FRANCE</b> Come, my fair Cordelia.		<b>FRANCE</b> Come with me, my dear Cordelia.
	<i>Exeunt FRANCE and CORDELIA</i>		<i>FRANCE and CORDELIA exit.</i>
295	<b>GONERIL</b> Sister, it is not a little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence tonight.		<b>GONERIL</b> Sister, I have a lot to say about things that concern us both. I think that our father will leave here tonight.
	<b>REGAN</b> That's most certain, and with you. Next month with us.		<b>REGAN</b> Yes, I'm sure he will—to stay with you. Next month he'll stay with us.
	<b>GONERIL</b> You see how full of changes his age is. The observation we have made of it hath not been little. He always loved our sister most, and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.		<b>GONERIL</b> He's so flighty in his old age, as we keep noticing. He has always loved Cordelia best, and his bad judgment in disowning her now is obvious.

Original Text	Modern Text
<p>300 <b>REGAN</b></p> <p>'Tis the infirmity of his age. Yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.</p>	<p><b>REGAN</b></p> <p>He's going senile. But then again he's never really understood his own feelings very well.</p>
<p><b>GONERIL</b></p> <p>The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash. Then must we look from his age to receive not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.</p>	<p><b>GONERIL</b></p> <p>Yes, he was hotheaded even in the prime of his life. Now that he's old, we can expect to have to deal not only with his old character flaws, which have turned into deep-rooted habits, but also with the uncontrollable crabbiness that comes with old age.</p>
<p><b>REGAN</b></p> <p>Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.</p>	<p><b>REGAN</b></p> <p>We'll probably witness many more outbursts from him, like banishing Kent.</p>
<p><b>GONERIL</b></p> <p>There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let's sit together. If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.</p>	<p><b>GONERIL</b></p> <p>There's still the King of France's farewell ceremony. Let's put our heads together. If our father continues to use his authority as usual, then his recent abdication of the kingdom will just hurt us.</p>
<p><b>REGAN</b></p> <p>We shall further think on 't.</p>	<p><b>REGAN</b></p> <p>We'll have to think about it carefully.</p>
<p><b>GONERIL</b></p> <p>We must do something, and i' th' heat.</p>	<p><b>GONERIL</b></p> <p>We have to strike while the iron's hot.</p>
<p><i>Exeunt</i></p>	<p><i>They exit.</i></p>

## Act 1, Scene 2

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><i>Enter <b>EDMUND</b> the bastard, with a letter</i></p>	<p><i><b>EDMUND</b> enters with a letter.</i></p>
<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>Thou, nature, art my goddess. To thy law My services are bound. Wherefore should I Stand in the plague of custom and permit The curiosity of nations to deprive me 5 For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines Lag of a brother? Why “bastard”? Wherefore “base”? When my dimensions are as well compact, My mind as generous, and my shape as true As honest madam’s issue? Why brand they us 10 With “base,” with “baseness,” “bastardy,” “base,” “base”— Who in the lusty stealth of nature take More composition and fierce quality Than doth within a dull, stale, tired bed 15 Go to th’ creating a whole tribe of fops Got ‘tween a sleep and wake? Well then, Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land. Our father’s love is to the bastard Edmund As to the legitimate.—Fine word, “legitimate”!— 20 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed And my invention thrive, Edmund the base Shall top th’ legitimate. I grow, I prosper. Now, gods, stand up for bastards!</p>	<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>I only worship what’s natural, not what’s manmade. Why should I let myself be tortured by manmade social customs that deprive me of my rights simply because I was born twelve or fourteen months later than my older brother? Why do they call me “bastard” and “lowlife” when I’m just as gifted in mind and body as legitimate children? Why do they call us bastards “lowlives”? Always “lowlife,” “bastard,” “lowlife,” “lowlife.” At least we bastards were conceived in a moment of passionate lust rather than in a dull, tired marriage bed, where half- sleeping parents monotonously churn out a bunch of sissy kids. All right then, legitimate brother Edgar, I have to have your lands. Our father loves me just as much as the legitimate Edgar. What a nice word that is, “legitimate”! Well, my legitimate Edgar, if this letter works and my plan succeeds, Edmund the lowlife will beat the legitimate. Look out, I’m on my way up. Three cheers for bastards!</p>
<p><i>Enter <b>GLOUCESTER</b> <b>EDMUND</b> looks over his letter</i></p>	<p><i><b>GLOUCESTER</b> enters. <b>EDMUND</b> looks over his letter.</i></p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b></p> <p>Kent banished thus? And France in choler parted? And the king gone tonight, prescribed his power 25 Confined to exhibition? All this done Upon the gad?—Edmund, how now? What news?</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b></p> <p>Kent’s been banished just like that? And the King of France gone in a huff? And King Lear’s abdicated his authority, making his kingship a ceremonial title only? All this so suddenly?— Edmund, what’s going on? What’s the news?</p>

	Original Text	Modern Text
	<b>EDMUND</b> (pocketing the letter) So please your lordship, none.	<b>EDMUND</b> (pocketing the letter) No news, my lord.
	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Why are you hiding that letter?
	<b>EDMUND</b> I know no news, my lord.	<b>EDMUND</b> I don't have any news to report, my lord.
30	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> What paper were you reading?	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> What's that paper you were reading?
	<b>EDMUND</b> Nothing, my lord.	<b>EDMUND</b> It's nothing, my lord.
	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> No? What needed, then, that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? The quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see.—Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> No? Then why did you have to stick it in your pocket in such a hurry? If it were nothing, you wouldn't need to hide it. Let's see it. Come on, if it's nothing, I won't need glasses to read it.
	<b>EDMUND</b> I beseech you, sir, pardon me. It is a letter from my brother that I have not all o'er-read. And for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'erlooking.	<b>EDMUND</b> Please, sir, I beg you. It's a letter from my brother that I haven't finished reading yet. But judging from the bit I have read, it's not fit for you to see.
	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Give me the letter, sir.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Give me that letter, sir.
40	<b>EDMUND</b> I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.	<b>EDMUND</b> Now I'll offend you whether I give it to you or not. The problem is in what the letter says, as far as I can tell.
	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> (taking the letter) Let's see, let's see.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> (taking the letter) Let's see, let's see.
	<b>EDMUND</b> I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.	<b>EDMUND</b> I hope for my brother's sake that he just wrote it to test my honor.
45	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> (reads) "This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times, keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny, who sways not as it hath power but as it is suffered.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> (reads) "The custom of respecting the elderly makes it hard for the young and healthy to live well, and keeps us without our inheritance until we are so old we can't enjoy our happiness anyway. The power of the elderly is starting to feel like a silly and foolish slavery to me, and they only enjoy that power because we let them have it.

Original Text	Modern Text
<p>Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue forever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar.”</p> <p>Hum, conspiracy? “Sleep till I wake him, you should enjoy half his revenue”—my son Edgar? Had he a hand to write this, a heart and brain to breed it in? When came this to you? Who brought it?</p>	<p>Come talk to me about this. If our father were dead you'd receive half of his revenue forever, and you'd have my undying love, Edgar.”</p> <p>Hmm, what's this, a conspiracy? “If our father were dead, you'd receive half of his revenue forever”—my son Edgar? How did he bring himself to write such a thing? How could he have even entertained these thoughts in his heart? How did you get this letter? Who delivered it?</p>
<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>It was not brought me, my lord. There's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.</p>	<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>Nobody delivered it, my lord. That's what's clever about it. It was tossed into the window of my room.</p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b></p> <p>You know the character to be your brother's?</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b></p> <p>You're sure the handwriting is your brother's?</p>
<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his.</p> <p>But in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.</p>	<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>If he'd written nice things, I'd swear yes right away. But as it stands, I wish I could believe it wasn't.</p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b></p> <p>It is his.</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b></p> <p>But it is his handwriting?</p>
<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>It is his hand, my lord, but I hope his heart is not in the contents.</p>	<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>It's his handwriting, my lord, but I hope he didn't mean what he wrote.</p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b></p> <p>Has he never before sounded you in this business?</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b></p> <p>Has he ever tested out these ideas on you before?</p>
<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>Never, my lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit that, sons at perfect age and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.</p>	<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>Never, my lord. But I've often heard him argue that when sons are at their prime and their fathers are declining, the sons should be their fathers' guardians and manage their fathers' money.</p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b></p> <p>O villain, villain! His very opinion in the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain—worse than</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b></p> <p>Oh, what a villain! That's just what he said in the letter. Evil villain! Monstrous, hateful, bestial villain! Worse</p>

Original Text	Modern Text
<p>brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him. I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! Where is he?</p>	<p>than a beast! Go look for him. I'll arrest him. Horrid villain! Where is he?</p>
<p><b>EDMUND</b> I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course—where if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honor and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him that he hath wrote this to feel my affection to your honor and to no other pretense of danger.</p>	<p><b>EDMUND</b> I'm not sure, my lord. But it may be a good idea to restrain your rage until you find out exactly what he meant. If you go after him and then find out that you made a mistake, it would damage your reputation and greatly undermine his loyalty to you. I'll bet my life that he only wrote this letter to gauge my love for you, and for no other reason.</p>
<p>85 <b>GLOUCESTER</b> Think you so?</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> Do you think so?</p>
<p><b>EDMUND</b> If your honor judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction—and that without any further delay than this very evening.</p>	<p><b>EDMUND</b> If you agree, I'll hide you somewhere where you can eavesdrop on us talking about it, and hear how he feels with your own ears. You won't have to wait longer than until tonight.</p>
<p>90 <b>GLOUCESTER</b> He cannot be such a monster—</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> He can't possibly be such a monster—</p>
<p><b>EDMUND</b> Nor is not, sure.</p>	<p><b>EDMUND</b> And I'm sure he isn't.</p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek him out, wind me into him, I pray you. Frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> —toward his own father who loves him so completely. Oh, God! Edmund, go find him. Gain his confidence for me, please. Manage him however you think best. I'd give up my rank and fortune to be free from my doubts.</p>
<p><b>EDMUND</b> I will seek him, sir, presently, convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.</p>	<p><b>EDMUND</b> I'll find him right away, sir, and carry out the business as well as I can. Then I'll let you know what's happening.</p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us. Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide, in cities</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> These recent eclipses of the sun and moon don't bode well for us. Though science can explain them away, disasters still come after eclipses. Love cools off, friendships break up, and brothers become enemies. Riots</p>

Original Text	Modern Text
<p>mutinies, in countries discord, in palaces treason, and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction—there's son against father. The king falls from bias of nature—there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time. Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund. It shall lose thee nothing. Do it carefully.—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished, his offense honesty! 'Tis strange, strange.</p>	<p>break out, civil war erupts, kings are betrayed, and the bond between father and son snaps. This wicked son of mine confirms the prediction —son against father. The king acts unnaturally—father against child. We've seen the best our age has to offer. Conspiracies, fakery, betrayal, and disorder are all that's left until we die. Find out what this villainous Edgar is thinking, Edmund. You won't lose any respect. Just do it carefully.—And to think that the noble and loyal Kent has been banished, for the crime of telling the truth! It's strange, strange.</p>
<p><i>Exit</i> <b>GLOUCESTER</b></p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> <i>exits.</i></p>
<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>This is the excellent foppery of the world that when we are sick in fortune—often the surfeit of our own behavior—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars, as if we were villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence, and all that we are evil in by a divine thrusting-on. An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail and my nativity was under Ursa Major, so that it follows I am rough and lecherous. Fut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—</p>	<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>This is a classic example of the idiocy of the world: when we're down and out—often because of our own excesses —we put all the blame on the sun, the moon, and the stars, as if they forced us to be bad, or the heavens compelled us to be villainous or stupid. As if we become thieves and traitors according to astrological signs or obey planetary influences to become drunks, liars, and adulterers! As if some universal power pushed us into evil deeds! What a sneaky trick it is for lustful mankind to blame our horniness on some star! My father and mother coupled when the demonic moon was descending, and I was born under the Big Dipper, so it's inevitable that I'm rude and oversexed. Christ! I would have been what I am even if the most virginal star in the heavens had twinkled at my conception. Edgar—</p>
<p><i>Enter</i> <b>EDGAR</b></p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b> <i>enters.</i></p>
<p>and pat on 's cue he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy. My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. Oh, these eclipses do portend these divisions! Fa, sol, la, mi.</p>	<p>and, speak of the devil, here he comes, right on cue. I've got to play the role and sigh like a poor beggar.—Oh, these eclipses predict such disorder. Fa, sol, la, mi.</p>

	Original Text	Modern Text
130	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Hello, brother Edmund. What are you thinking about so seriously?</p>
	<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.</p>	<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>I was thinking about what an astrologer predicted the other day. He wrote about what these eclipses mean.</p>
	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Do you busy yourself about that?</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Are you spending your valuable time on that?</p>
135	<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily — as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent, death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities, divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles, needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.</p>	<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>Oh, I assure you the things he writes about are wretched — things like divisions between parents and children, death, famine, broken friendships, political rebellion, treason against the king and noblemen, exiled friends, dissolved armies, adultery, and I don't know what else.</p>
	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>How long have you been a sectary astronomical?</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>How long have you believed in astrology?</p>
	<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>Come, come. When saw you my father last?</p>	<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>Come on. When was the last time you saw my father?</p>
	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Why, the night gone by.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Why, last night.</p>
	<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>Spake you with him?</p>	<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>Did you speak to him?</p>
145	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Ay, two hours together.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Yes, we talked for a couple of hours.</p>
	<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance?</p>	<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>Did you leave on good terms? Did he express any dissatisfaction with you, either in his words or his face?</p>
	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>None at all.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>No, none at all.</p>
	<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him. And at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.</p>	<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>Try to remember how you might have offended him, and try to avoid spending time with him until his anger has cooled a little. Right now he's so angry that even if he harmed you physically, he'd still be raging.</p>



Act 1, Scene 2, Page 7

Original Text		Modern Text	
<b>EDGAR</b> Some villain hath done me wrong.		<b>EDGAR</b> Some villain has told lies about me.	
155	<b>EDMUND</b> That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower. And as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray ye, go. There's my key. If you do stir abroad, go armed.	<b>EDMUND</b> That's what I'm afraid of. I suggest you lay low until his rage cools a little. In the meantime, come home with me, and when the time is right I'll take you to talk to him. Please go. Here's my key. If you go outside, arm yourself.	
160	<b>EDGAR</b> Armed, brother?	<b>EDGAR</b> Arm myself?	
<b>EDMUND</b> Brother, I advise you to the best. Go armed. I am no honest man if there be any good meaning towards you. I have told you what I have seen and heard—but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.		<b>EDMUND</b> Brother, I'm giving you good advice. Arm yourself. I'd be a liar if I told you nobody wanted to hurt you. I've told you what I've seen and heard, but I've toned it down a lot. I've spared you you the full extent of the horror that threatens you. Now please go.	
165	<b>EDGAR</b> Shall I hear from you anon?	<b>EDGAR</b> Will I hear from you soon?	
<b>EDMUND</b> I do serve you in this business.		<b>EDMUND</b> I'll help you through this business.	
<i>Exit EDGAR</i>		<i>EDGAR exits.</i>	
170	A credulous father, and a brother noble— Whose nature is so far from doing harms That he suspects none, on whose foolish honesty My practices ride easy. I see the business. Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit. All with me's meet that I can fashion fit.	A gullible father and a brother who's so innocent that he can't suspect anyone else of wanting to hurt him—these are the two fools I need for my plan to work. I know exactly how to proceed. If I can't have an estate by birthright, then I'll get it by being clever. Any trick that works is good for me.	
<i>Exit</i>		<i>He exits.</i>	

Act 1, Scene 3

Original Text		Modern Text	
<i>Enter GONERIL and her steward OSWALD</i>		<i>GONERIL enters with her steward, OSWALD.</i>	
<b>GONERIL</b> Did my father strike my gentleman For chiding of his fool?		<b>GONERIL</b> Did my father hit one of my attendants for scolding his fool?	
<b>OSWALD</b> Ay, madam.		<b>OSWALD</b> Yes, ma'am.	
5	<b>GONERIL</b> By day and night he wrongs me. Every hour He flashes into one gross crime or other That sets us all at odds. I'll not endure it. His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us On every trifle. When he returns from hunting, I will not speak with him. Say I am sick. If you come slack of former services, 10 You shall do well. The fault of it I'll answer.		<b>GONERIL</b> He constantly offends me. Every hour he comes out with some horrible new offense that puts us all on edge. I won't stand for it. His knights are getting out of control, and he himself reprimands us about every little detail. When he comes back from hunting, I'm not going to speak to him. Tell him I'm sick. And if you're not as attentive in serving him as you used to be, that'll be good. I'll take responsibility for it.
	<b>OSWALD</b> He's coming, madam. I hear him.		<b>OSWALD</b> He's coming, ma'am. I hear him.
<i>Hunting horns within</i>		<i>Hunting horns play offstage.</i>	
15	<b>GONERIL</b> Put on what weary negligence you please, You and your fellow servants. I'll have it come to question. If he distaste it, let him to our sister, Whose mind and mine I know in that are one, Not to be overruled. Idle old man That still would manage those authorities That he hath given away! Now by my life, 20 Old fools are babes again and must be used With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abused. Remember what I have said.		<b>GONERIL</b> Be as lazy and neglectful as you like around him— you and the other servants. I want it to become an issue. If he doesn't like it, he can go live with my sister. I know she feels the same way about him that I do, and she'll stand her ground. That useless old man still thinks he can wield all the powers he's given away. I swear, old fools become like babies again. You can't just flatter them; you also have to discipline them when you see that they're misguided. Remember what I've told you.
	<b>OSWALD</b> Very well, madam.		<b>OSWALD</b> Very well, ma'am.

Act 1, Scene 3, Page 2

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>GONERIL</b></p> <p>And let his knights have colder looks among you. What grows of it, no matter. Advise your fellows so. I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, 25 That I may speak. I'll write straight to my sister To hold my very course. Go, prepare for dinner.</p> <p><i>Exeunt severally</i></p>	<p><b>GONERIL</b></p> <p>And make sure the servants are less friendly to his knights. Don't worry about the consequences. Tell your men as much. I want this to provoke confrontations, so I can give him a piece of my mind. I'll write to my sister and tell her my plans. Now go, set up for dinner.</p> <p><i>They exit in opposite directions.</i></p>

## Act 1, Scene 4

Original Text	Modern Text
<i>Enter <b>KENT</b> disguised</i>	<i><b>KENT</b> enters in disguise.</i>
<p><b>KENT</b></p> <p>If but as well I other accents borrow, That can my speech diffuse, my good intent May carry through itself to that full issue For which I razed my likeness. Now, banished Kent, 5 If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemned, So may it come thy master, whom thou lovest, Shall find thee full of labors.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b></p> <p>If I can disguise my voice as well as my appearance, then I'll be able to carry out my plan perfectly. I was banished, but hopefully I can serve the very king who condemned me. I love my master, and he'll find me very hard-working.</p>
<i>Horns within Enter <b>LEAR</b> with attendant knights</i>	<i>Trumpets play offstage. <b>LEAR</b> enters with his attendant knights.</i>
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Let me not stay a jot for dinner. Go get it ready.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Don't make me wait for dinner even a moment. Get it ready immediately.</p>
<i>Exit attendant</i>	<i>An attendant exits.</i>
(to KENT) How now, what art thou?	(to KENT) Well now, who are you?
<p><b>KENT</b></p> <p>10 A man, sir.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b></p> <p>A man, sir.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>What's your profession? What do you want from me?</p>
<p><b>KENT</b></p> <p>I do profess to be no less than I seem—to serve him truly that will put me in trust, to love him that is honest, to converse with him that is wise and says little, to fear judgment, to fight when I cannot choose, and to eat no fish.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b></p> <p>I profess that I'm as good as I seem—I'll faithfully serve a master who trusts me, love those who are honest, talk with those who are wise and don't talk too much. I'm God-fearing, I fight if I must, and I don't eat fish.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>What art thou?</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>But who are you?</p>
<p><b>KENT</b></p> <p>A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b></p> <p>An honest guy who's as poor as the king.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>If thou beest as poor for a subject as he's for a king, thou'rt poor enough. What wouldst thou?</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>If you're as poor a subject as he is a king, you definitely are poor. What do you want?</p>

Act 1, Scene 4, Page 2

Original Text	Modern Text
<div>20</div> <p><b>KENT</b> Service.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> To work as a servant.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> Who wouldst thou serve?</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Who do you want to work for?</p>
<p><b>KENT</b> You.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> You.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> Dost thou know me, fellow?</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Do you know me?</p>
<p><b>KENT</b> No, sir. But you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> No, sir, but there's something about your face that makes me want to serve you.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> What's that?</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> What do you see in my face?</p>
<p><b>KENT</b> Authority.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> Authority.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> What services canst thou do?</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> What work can you do?</p>
<p><b>KENT</b> I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly. That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in. And the best of me is diligence.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> I can be discreet in honorable matters, ride a horse, run, tell a good story badly, and deliver a plain message bluntly. I'm good at everything that ordinary men can do. The best thing about me is that I'm hardworking.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> How old art thou?</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> How old are you?</p>
<p><b>KENT</b> Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for anything. I have years on my back forty- eight.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> Not young enough to fall in love with a woman because she sings well, but not old enough to dote on a woman for any reason. I'm forty-eight.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> Follow me. Thou shalt serve me. If I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner! Where's my knave, my fool?—Go you, and call my fool hither.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Follow me. You'll work for me. If I still like you after dinner, I won't send you away yet.—Hey, dinnertime! Dinner! Where's my fool?—Go call my fool and have him come here.</p>
<i>Exit attendant</i>	<i>An attendant exits.</i>
<i>Enter OSWALD the steward</i>	<i>OSWALD enters.</i>

Original Text	Modern Text
You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?	You, sir, where's my daughter?
<b>OSWALD</b> So please you—	<b>OSWALD</b> I beg your pardon, sir—
<i>Exit OSWALD</i>	<i>OSWALD exits.</i>
<b>LEAR</b> What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.	<b>LEAR</b> What did that guy say? Call the numbskull back in here.
<i>Exit FIRST KNIGHT</i>	<i>The FIRST KNIGHT exits.</i>
Where's my fool, ho? I think the world's asleep.	Where's my fool? You'd think everyone was asleep.
<i>Enter FIRST KNIGHT</i>	<i>The FIRST KNIGHT enters again.</i>
45 How now? Where's that mongrel?	So what's going on? Where's that dog?
<b>FIRST KNIGHT</b> He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.	<b>FIRST KNIGHT</b> He says your daughter's not feeling well, my lord.
<b>LEAR</b> Why came not the slave back to me when I called him.	<b>LEAR</b> Why didn't the jerk come back to me when I called him?
<b>FIRST KNIGHT</b> Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner he would not.	<b>FIRST KNIGHT</b> Sir, he told me quite bluntly that he didn't feel like it.
<b>LEAR</b> He would not?	<b>LEAR</b> Didn't feel like it?
50 <b>FIRST KNIGHT</b> My lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my judgment your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont. There's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.	<b>FIRST KNIGHT</b> My lord, I don't know what's going on, but it seems to me that your highness isn't being treated as politely as before. The servants, the duke, and your daughter all seem to be treating you less kindly.
55 <b>LEAR</b> Ha! Sayest thou so?	<b>LEAR</b> Huh! Do you really mean that?
<b>FIRST KNIGHT</b> I beseech you pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken—for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.	<b>FIRST KNIGHT</b> Please forgive me if I'm mistaken, my lord—but I can't keep quiet when I think you're being insulted.

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretense and purpose of unkindness. I will look further into 't. But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>No, you're just reminding me of something I've also noticed. I've felt neglected recently, but I decided that it was more likely that I was being hypersensitive than that they were intentionally unkind. I'll look into it further. But where's my fool? I haven't seen him for two days.</p>
<p><b>FIRST KNIGHT</b></p> <p>Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.</p>	<p><b>FIRST KNIGHT</b></p> <p>Ever since Cordelia left for France, sir, the fool has been depressed.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>No more of that. I have noted it well. Go you and tell my daughter I would speak with her.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Let's not talk about it. I've noticed it myself. Go and tell my daughter I want to speak with her.</p>
<p><i>Exit an attendant</i></p>	<p><i>An attendant exits.</i></p>
<p>Go you, call hither my fool.</p>	<p>And you, go call my fool.</p>
<p><i>Exit another attendant</i></p>	<p><i>Another attendant exits.</i></p>
<p><i>Enter OSWALD</i></p>	<p><b>OSWALD enters.</b></p>
<p>O you sir, you, come you hither, sir. Who am I, sir?</p>	<p>You there, sir, come here please. Who am I, sir?</p>
<p><b>OSWALD</b></p> <p>My lady's father.</p>	<p><b>OSWALD</b></p> <p>The father of the lady of the house, sir.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>"My lady's father"? My lord's knave, your whoreson dog!</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>"The father of the lady of the house"? You scoundrel! You lowlife son-of-a-bitch! You dog, you peasant!</p>
<p><b>OSWALD</b></p> <p>I am none of these, my lord. I beseech your pardon.</p>	<p><b>OSWALD</b></p> <p>I'm sorry, sir, but I'm not any of those things.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? (he strikes OSWALD)</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Are you making faces at me, you scoundrel? (he hits OSWALD)</p>
<p><b>OSWALD</b></p> <p>I'll not be stricken, my lord.</p>	<p><b>OSWALD</b></p> <p>I won't be hit, my lord.</p>
<p><b>KENT</b></p> <p>(tripping OSWALD)</p> <p>Nor tripped neither, you base football player.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b></p> <p>(tripping OSWALD) Or tripped, you lowlife football player?</p>

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretense and purpose of unkindness. I will look further into 't. But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>No, you're just reminding me of something I've also noticed. I've felt neglected recently, but I decided that it was more likely that I was being hypersensitive than that they were intentionally unkind. I'll look into it further. But where's my fool? I haven't seen him for two days.</p>
<p><b>FIRST KNIGHT</b></p> <p>Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.</p>	<p><b>FIRST KNIGHT</b></p> <p>Ever since Cordelia left for France, sir, the fool has been depressed.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>No more of that. I have noted it well. Go you and tell my daughter I would speak with her.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Let's not talk about it. I've noticed it myself. Go and tell my daughter I want to speak with her.</p>
<p><i>Exit an attendant</i></p>	<p><i>An attendant exits.</i></p>
<p>Go you, call hither my fool.</p>	<p>And you, go call my fool.</p>
<p><i>Exit another attendant</i></p>	<p><i>Another attendant exits.</i></p>
<p><i>Enter OSWALD</i></p>	<p><b>OSWALD enters.</b></p>
<p>O you sir, you, come you hither, sir. Who am I, sir?</p>	<p>You there, sir, come here please. Who am I, sir?</p>
<p><b>OSWALD</b></p> <p>My lady's father.</p>	<p><b>OSWALD</b></p> <p>The father of the lady of the house, sir.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>"My lady's father"? My lord's knave, your whoreson dog!</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>"The father of the lady of the house"? You scoundrel! You lowlife son-of-a-bitch! You dog, you peasant!</p>
<p><b>OSWALD</b></p> <p>I am none of these, my lord. I beseech your pardon.</p>	<p><b>OSWALD</b></p> <p>I'm sorry, sir, but I'm not any of those things.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? (he strikes OSWALD)</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Are you making faces at me, you scoundrel? (he hits OSWALD)</p>
<p><b>OSWALD</b></p> <p>I'll not be stricken, my lord.</p>	<p><b>OSWALD</b></p> <p>I won't be hit, my lord.</p>
<p><b>KENT</b> (tripping OSWALD)</p> <p>Nor tripped neither, you base football player.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> (tripping OSWALD) Or tripped, you lowlife <b>football</b> player?</p>



# Act 1, Scene 4, Page 5

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>LEAR</b> (to KENT) I thank thee, fellow. Thou servest me, and I'll love thee.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> (to KENT) Thank you, sir. You serve me well, and I'll love you for it.</p>
<p><b>KENT</b> (to OSWALD) Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences. Away, away. If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry. But away, go to. Have you wisdom? So.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> (to OSWALD) Come on, sir, get up and get out of here! I'll teach you to respect your betters. If you want me to trip you again, then stick around. If not, get going. Go on. Do you know what's good for you? There you go.</p>
<i>Exit OSWALD</i>	<i>OSWALD exits.</i>
<p><b>LEAR</b> Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Now, my friendly servant, thank you.</p>
<i>Enter FOOL</i>	<i>The FOOL enters.</i>
(gives KENT money) There's earnest of thy service.	(giving KENT money) Here's a token of my gratitude.
<p><b>FOOL</b> Let me hire him too.—Here's my coxcomb. (offers KENT his cap)</p>	<p><b>FOOL</b> Wait, let me hire him too.—Here's my fool's cap, a token of my gratitude. (he offers KENT his cap)</p>
<p>85 <b>LEAR</b> How now, my pretty knave? How dost thou?</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Well hello, my good boy. How are you doing?</p>
<p><b>FOOL</b> (to KENT) Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.</p>	<p><b>FOOL</b> (to KENT) Guy, you'd better take my cap.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> Why, Fool?</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Why, Fool?</p>
<p><b>FOOL</b> Why? For taking one's part that's out of favor. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'll catch cold shortly. There, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on 's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will. If thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters.</p>	<p><b>FOOL</b> Why? For standing up for this unpopular king. No, if you can't adjust to political changes, you'll suffer for it. There, take my fool's cap. This guy here has banished two of his daughters and blessed the third one without intending to. If you work for him, you're a fool and should wear a fool's cap.—So how's it going, uncle? I wish I had two fool's caps and two daughters.</p>

Original Text		Modern Text	
95	<b>LEAR</b> Why, my boy?	<b>LEAR</b> Why, my boy?	
	<b>FOOL</b> If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine. Beg another of thy daughters.	<b>FOOL</b> If I gave them all I own, I'd have two fool's caps for myself. Here's mine. Ask your daughters for another one.	
	<b>LEAR</b> Take heed, sirrah—the whip.	<b>LEAR</b> Watch out, boy—remember I can whip you.	
	<b>FOOL</b> Truth's a dog that must to kennel. He must be whipped out, when Lady Brach may stand by th' fire and stink.	<b>FOOL</b> I get whipped like a dog for telling the truth, while Lady Bitch gets to stand around the fire and stink the place up with her false words.	
	<b>LEAR</b> A pestilent gall to me!	<b>LEAR</b> A constant pain to me!	
	<b>FOOL</b> Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.	<b>FOOL</b> I'll recite something for you, guy.	
	<b>LEAR</b> Do.	<b>LEAR</b> Yes, do that.	
105	<b>FOOL</b> Mark it, nuncle. Have more than thou showest, Speak less than thou knowest, Lend less than thou owest, Ride more than thou goest, Learn more than thou trowest,	<b>FOOL</b> Listen up, uncle. Have more than you show, Speak less than you know, Lend less than you owe. Ride more than you walk, Don't believe everything you hear, Don't bet everything on one throw of the dice,	
110	Set less than thou throwest, Leave thy drink and thy whore And keep in-a-door, And thou shalt have more Than two tens to a score.	Leave behind your booze and your whore, And stay indoors, And you'll end up with more Than two tens to a twenty.	
115	<b>KENT</b> This is nothing, Fool.	<b>KENT</b> That makes no sense, Fool. It's nothing.	
	<b>FOOL</b> Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer. You gave me nothing for 't.—Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?	<b>FOOL</b> In that case it's like the words of an unpaid lawyer. You paid me nothing for it. Can't you make any use of nothing, uncle?	

Original Text	Modern Text
<b>LEAR</b> Why no, boy. Nothing can be made out of nothing.	<b>LEAR</b> Why, no, boy. Nothing can be made out of nothing.
<b>FOOL</b> (to KENT) Prithee, tell him so much the rent of his land comes to. He will not believe a fool.	<b>FOOL</b> (to KENT) Please tell him that his income is nothing, now that he's given his lands away. He won't believe a fool.
<b>LEAR</b> A bitter fool.	<b>LEAR</b> You're a bitter fool.
<b>FOOL</b> Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?	<b>FOOL</b> Do you know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?
<b>LEAR</b> No, lad. Teach me.	<b>LEAR</b> No, son. Tell me.
125 <b>FOOL</b> That lord that counseled thee To give away thy land, Come place him here by me. Do thou for him stand. The sweet and bitter fool 130 Will presently appear— The one in motley here, The other found out there.	<b>FOOL</b> Bring here The gentleman who advised you To give away your land. You can stand in his place. The sweet and bitter fool Will appear right away. The sweet fool in a fool's costume—that's me. The bitter one is the other one—that's you.LEAR
<b>LEAR</b> Dost thou call me fool, boy?	<b>LEAR</b> Are you calling me a fool, boy?
<b>FOOL</b> All thy other titles thou hast given away that thou wast born with.	<b>FOOL</b> Well, you've given away all your other rightful titles. The title of "fool" is the only one left.
<b>KENT</b> This is not altogether fool, my lord.	<b>Kent</b> This isn't entirely a joke, your highness.
<b>FOOL</b> No, faith, lords and great men will not let me. If I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't. And ladies too—they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching. Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.	<b>FOOL</b> No. I wish I could be a complete joker—but so many lords and important men are also playing fools that I can't have a monopoly on it. Ladies too—they're always snatching away my role as the biggest fool.—Uncle, give me an egg, and I'll give you two crowns.

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>LEAR</b> What two crowns shall they be?</p> <p><b>FOOL</b> Why—after I have cut the egg i' th' middle and eat up the meat—the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' th' middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thy ass o' th' back o'er the dirt. Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so. (sings) Fools had ne'er less wit in a year, For wise men are grown foppish. They know not how their wits to wear, Their manners are so apish.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Which two crowns would those be?</p> <p><b>FOOL</b> Well, when I cut the egg in half and eat the whites, the yolk will be in two parts like two golden crowns. When you cut your own crown and kingdom in half and gave away both parts, you were as foolish as the old man in the old story who carries his donkey on his back instead of letting the donkey carry him. You didn't have much brains inside the bald crown of your head when you gave away the gold crown of your kingdom. If I'm telling the truth like a fool in saying all this, whip the first person who thinks I sound foolish. (he sings) Fools have had a hard time this year. They've been displaced by wise men who've grown foolish. These men no longer know how to use their brains, And they don't know how to behave except by foolishly imitating others.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> 155 When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?</p> <p><b>FOOL</b> I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers. For when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches, (sings) Then they for sudden joy did weep And I for sorrow sung, That such a king should play bo-peep And go the fools among. Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie. I would fain learn to lie.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> When did you become so fond of singing, boy?</p> <p><b>FOOL</b> I've been singing ever since you made your daughters into your mothers by giving them all your power. That's when you gave them the spanking paddle and pulled your pants down, (he sings) Then your daughters wept for joy, And I sang in sadness, Seeing such a king become A child and a fool. Please, uncle, hire a teacher who can teach your fool to lie. I want to learn how to lie.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> If you lie, boy, we'll have you whipped.</p>

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>FOOL</b></p> <p>I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are. They'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying, and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool. And yet I would not be thee, nuncle. Thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides and left nothing i' th' middle. Here comes one o' the parings.</p>	<p><b>FOOL</b></p> <p>I'm amazed how similar you and your daughters are. They want to whip me for telling the truth, you want to whip me for lying, and sometimes I'm even whipped for keeping quiet. I'd rather be anything besides a fool. And yet I wouldn't want to be you, uncle. When you gave away pieces of your kingdom, it's as if you cut off pieces on both sides of your brain and left nothing in the middle. Here comes the owner of one piece.</p>
<p><i>Enter GONERIL</i></p>	<p><i>GONERIL enters.</i></p>
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>How now, daughter? What makes that frontlet on?</p> <p>175 Methinks you are too much of late i' th' frown.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>What's going on, daughter? Why are you frowning like that? I think you've been frowning too much recently.</p>
<p><b>FOOL</b></p> <p>(to LEAR) Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning. Now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now. I am a fool. Thou art nothing.</p> <p>(to GONERIL) Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue. So your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum, He that keeps nor crust nor crumb, Weary of all, shall want some.</p> <p>(indicates LEAR) That's a shelled peascod.</p>	<p><b>FOOL</b></p> <p>(to LEAR) You were better off when you didn't have to care whether she frowned or not. Now you're a big zero, with no digit in front of it to give it value. I'm better than you are—I'm a fool and you're nothing.</p> <p>(to GONERIL) Yes, I promise I'll shut up. That's what you're telling me with that expression on your face, even though you don't say anything. Mum, mum,</p> <p>The man who gives away his crust and his crumbs Will discover that he needs some crumbs back.</p> <p>(pointing at LEAR) That guy is an empty pea pod.</p>
<p><b>GONERIL</b></p> <p>(to LEAR) Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool, But other of your insolent retinue Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth In rank and not-to-be-endurèd riots. Sir,</p> <p>190 I had thought by making this well known unto you To have found a safe redress, but now grow fearful By what yourself too late have spoke and done That you protect this course and put it on By your allowance—which if you should, the fault</p> <p>195 Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep Which in the tender of a wholesome weal Might in their working do you that offense,</p>	<p><b>GONERIL</b></p> <p>(to LEAR) It's not just your fool here who can say whatever he wants, but your whole obnoxious entourage keeps whining and arguing, bursting out in intolerably vicious riots. Sir, I thought you could put an end to all this if I told you about it. But judging by what you've said and done recently, I'm worried that you don't mind this chaos, and even approve of it. If that's true, it's shameful. I realize that restraining your knights</p>

Original Text		Modern Text	
Which else were shame, that then necessity Will call discreet proceeding.		will damage your reputation with them—and under ordinary circumstances it would be unfortunate to have them see you as an ogre. However, this is an extreme situation, and it's more important to control it than to worry about how you'll look.	
200	<b>FOOL</b> For you know, nuncle, The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long, That it's had it head bit off by it young. So out went the candle and we were left darkling.	<b>FOOL</b> You know, uncle, A sparrow once raised a cuckoo in its nest Until the cuckoo grew up and bit the sparrow's head off. So the candle went out and now we're all in the dark.	
<b>LEAR</b> Are you our daughter?		<b>LEAR</b> Are you my daughter?	
205	<b>GONERIL</b> Come, sir, I would you would make use of that good wisdom Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away These dispositions that of late transform you From what you rightly are.	<b>GONERIL</b> Come on, sir. I know you're very wise, and I wish you would use some of that wisdom to snap out of this mood you've been in lately and be your true self again.	
210	<b>FOOL</b> May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee.	<b>FOOL</b> Even an idiot knows when the normal order has been inverted and the cart is pulling the horse. Whoo-hoo, honey, I love you!	
215	<b>LEAR</b> Does any here know me? Why, this is not Lear. Doth Lear walk thus? Speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings Are lethargied. Ha, sleeping or waking? Sure, 'tis not so. Who is it that can tell me who I am?	<b>LEAR</b> Does anyone here know who I am? I'm not Lear. Does Lear walk and talk like this? Where are his eyes? Either his mind is losing its grip or his judgment is screwy.—Hey, am I awake? I don't think so. Who can tell me who I am?	
<b>FOOL</b> Lear's shadow.		<b>FOOL</b> You're Lear's shadow.	
220	<b>LEAR</b> I would learn that. For by the marks Of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.	<b>LEAR</b> I'd like to find out who I am, since the obvious signs around me wrongly indicate that I've got daughters.	
<b>FOOL</b> Which they will make an obedient father.		<b>FOOL</b> Daughters who can make you obey them.	
<b>LEAR</b> (to GONERIL) Your name, fair gentlewoman?		<b>LEAR</b> (to GONERIL) What's your name, my dear lady?	

Original Text		Modern Text	
225	<b>GONERIL</b> This admiration, sir, is much o' th' savor Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you To understand my purposes aright. As you are old and reverend, should be wise. Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires, Men so disordered, so debauched and bold	230	<b>GONERIL</b> This fake astonishment of yours is just like your other pranks. I'm asking you to understand my point of view. Since you're old and respected, you should be wise. But you're keeping a hundred knights here who are so disorderly, vulgar, and obnoxious that our noble court is starting to look like a noisy cheap hotel. They're such oversexed gluttons that I feel like we're living in a pub or a whorehouse rather than a respectable palace. It's shameful, and we have to make some changes right away. Please, as a favor to me—and if you don't do it for me, I'll do it myself—reduce the number of your knights a little. Keep the ones who are older, like you, and who act their age.
	<b>GONERIL</b> That this our court, infected with their manners, Shows like a riotous inn. Epicurism and lust Make it more like a tavern or a brothel Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak For instant remedy. Be then desired		<b>GONERIL</b> By her that else will take the thing she begs, A little to disquantity your train, And the remainder that shall still depend To be such men as may besort your age, Which know themselves and you.
240	<b>LEAR</b> Darkness and devils! Saddle my horses. Call my train together.— Degenerate bastard, I'll not trouble thee. Yet have I left a daughter.	245	<b>LEAR</b> Hell and damnation! Saddle up my horses. Call my knights together. I won't bother you any more, you monstrous bastard. You're not really my daughter, but I still have one daughter left.
	<b>GONERIL</b> You strike my people, and your disordered rabble Make servants of their betters.		<b>GONERIL</b> You hit my servants, and your disorderly mob of knights treat their superiors like servants.
Enter <b>ALBANY</b>		<b>ALBANY</b> enters.	
	<b>LEAR</b> Woe that too late repents!— (to <b>ALBANY</b> ) O sir, are you come? Is it your will? Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.		<b>LEAR</b> You'll be sorry later, but it'll be too late. (to <b>ALBANY</b> ) Oh, sir, are you here now? You decided to come? Answer me, sir. (to attendants) Get my horses ready.
	Exit attendant		An attendant exits.

Original Text	Modern Text
<p>250 Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend, More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child Than the sea monster.</p>	<p>Ingratitude is always hideous, but an ungrateful child is uglier than a sea monster!</p>
<p><b>ALBANY</b> Pray, sir, be patient.</p>	<p><b>ALBANY</b> Please, sir, be patient.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> (to GONERIL) Detested kite, thou liest! My train are men of choice and rarest parts 255 That all particulars of duty know And in the most exact regard support The worships of their name. O most small fault, How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show, Which like an engine wrenched my frame of nature 260 From the fixed place, drew from heart all love, And added to the gall! O Lear, Lear, Lear! (strikes his head) Beat at this gate that let thy folly in And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> (to GONERIL) You disgusting vulture, you're a liar! My knights are the finest men who can attend a king, and they meticulously uphold their reputation. Oh, how ugly did Cordelia's small flaw appear! And now Cordelia's small flaw has bent me completely out of shape and sucked all the love out of my heart. Oh, Lear, Lear, Lear! (he hits himself on the head) Let me beat this portal that let my good sense out and my foolishness in!— Go, go, people.</p>
<p><b>ALBANY</b> 265 My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant, Of what hath moved you.</p>	<p><b>ALBANY</b> My lord, I have no idea what's upset you, but whatever it is, I had nothing to do with it.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> It may be so, my lord. Hear, Nature, hear, dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose if thou didst intend 270 To make this creature fruitful. Into her womb convey sterility. Dry up in her the organs of increase, And from her derogate body never spring A babe to honor her. If she must teem, 275 Create her child of spleen, that it may live And be a thwart disnatured torment to her. Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth, With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> That may be true, my lord. Ah, dear Nature, my goddess, listen to me! Change your plans if you ever intended for this woman to have children. Make her sterile and dry up her womb so that no baby will ever come out of her body and honor her. If she must give birth, make her child a bad seed who will torment her, give her a forehead wrinkled with worry, make her cry until her cheeks are sunken.</p>



Original Text		Modern Text	
280	Turn all her mother's pains and benefits To laughter and contempt, that she may feel— That she may feel How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is To have a thankless child.—Away, away!		Let it be a wicked child who mocks the mother who cares for it. Make my daughter feel—make her feel how an ungrateful child hurts worse than a snakebite.—Now let's leave. Go!
<i>Exeunt LEAR, FOOL, KENT, FIRST KNIGHT and the other attendants</i>		<i>LEAR, the FOOL, KENT, FIRST KNIGHT, and attendant knights exit.</i>	
	<b>ALBANY</b> Now gods that we adore, whereof comes this?		<b>ALBANY</b> Dear gods in heaven, what's the reason for this?
285	<b>GONERIL</b> Never afflict yourself to know more of it, But let his disposition have that scope That dotage gives it.		<b>GONERIL</b> Don't even bother to ask the reasons. Just let him rant and rave. He's senile.
<i>Enter LEAR and FOOL</i>		<i>LEAR enters with the FOOL.</i>	
	<b>LEAR</b> What, fifty of my followers at a clap? Within a fortnight?		<b>LEAR</b> What, fifty of my knights dismissed all at once? In only two weeks?
290	<b>ALBANY</b> What's the matter, sir?		<b>ALBANY</b> What are you talking about, sir?
295	<b>LEAR</b> I'll tell thee. (to GONERIL) Life and death! I am ashamed That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus, That these hot tears which break from me perforce Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee! Th' untented woundings of a father's curse Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes, BewEEP this cause again, I'll pluck ye out		<b>LEAR</b> I'll tell you. (to GONERIL) I'm ashamed that you have the power to upset me like this, as though you're worth the tears you're making me shed. Damn you! May you feel every pain a father's curse can bring! If I cry again because of you, I'll rip my eyes out of their sockets and throw them and their wet tears down to moisten the earth. Has it come to this? Then so be it. I have one more daughter who I'm sure is kind. When

Original Text	Modern Text
<p>300 And cast you, with the waters that you loose, To temper clay. Yea, is 't come to this? Ha? Let it be so. I have another daughter, Who I am sure is kind and comfortable. When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails She'll flay thy wolvisish visage. Thou shalt find 305 That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think I have cast off for ever. Thou shalt, I warrant thee.</p> <p><i>Exit LEAR</i></p>	<p>she hears what you've done to me, she'll tear up your wolflike face with her fingernails. And then you'll see that despite what you thought, I'll be as powerful as I was before. You'll see, I promise you.</p> <p><i>LEAR exits.</i></p>
<p><b>GONERIL</b> Do you mark that, my lord?</p>	<p><b>GONERIL</b> Did you hear that?</p>
<p><b>ALBANY</b> I cannot be so partial, Goneril, To the great love I bear you—</p>	<p><b>ALBANY</b> Goneril, you know how much I love you, but still I have to say—</p>
<p>310 <b>GONERIL</b> Pray you, content. Come, sire, no more.—What, Oswald, ho! (to FOOL) You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.</p>	<p><b>GONERIL</b> Shush, please. Come, sir, no more.—Oswald, come here! (to FOOL) And you, sir, you're more of a rascal than a fool. Go follow your master.</p>
<p><b>FOOL</b> Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry and take the fool with thee. A fox when one has caught her 315 And such a daughter Should sure to the slaughter, If my cap would buy a halter. So the fool follows after.</p> <p><i>Exit FOOL</i></p>	<p><b>FOOL</b> Uncle Lear, uncle Lear, wait. Take your fool with you. A fox you've trapped And such a daughter Should both be slaughtered, If my fool's cap is worth a rope to bind them. So the fool follows you.</p> <p><i>The FOOL exits.</i></p>
<p><b>GONERIL</b> This man hath had good counsel—a hundred knights! 'Tis politic and safe to let him keep 320 At point a hundred knights, yes, that on every dream, Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike, He may enguard his dotage with their powers And hold our lives in mercy?—Oswald, I say!</p>	<p><b>GONERIL</b> My father can't think straight—a hundred knights! Just imagine the risk we run in letting him keep a hundred knights around! He could use them to strong-arm us into bowing to every little whim of his, and keep us at his mercy.—Oswald, where are you?</p>

	Original Text	Modern Text
	<b>ALBANY</b> Well, you may fear too far.	<b>ALBANY</b> You may be exaggerating the risks.
325	<b>GONERIL</b> Safer than trust too far. Let me still take away the harms I fear, Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart. What he hath uttered I have writ my sister. If she sustain him and his hundred knights	<b>GONERIL</b> That's better than exaggerating our trust. It's always better to get rid of what you're scared of than to be afraid. I know how his mind works. I've written to my sister telling her everything he's said. If she welcomes him and his hundred knights after
330	When I have showed th' unfitness—	I've shown how inappropriately he's behaved—
	<i>Enter OSWALD the steward</i>	<i>OSWALD enters.</i>
	<b>OSWALD</b> Here, madam.	<b>OSWALD</b> Here, ma'am.
	<b>GONERIL</b> How now, Oswald? What, have you writ that letter to my sister?	<b>GONERIL</b> Well, Oswald? Have you written that letter to my sister yet?
	<b>OSWALD</b> Ay, madam.	<b>OSWALD</b> Yes, ma'am.
335	<b>GONERIL</b> Take you some company, and away to horse. Inform her full of my particular fear, And thereto add such reasons of your own As may compact it more. Get you gone And hasten your return.	<b>GONERIL</b> Take some men and horses and go to her. Tell her everything that worries me. Add details of your own to back up what I'm saying. Now go, and hurry back.
	<i>Exit OSWALD</i>	<i>OSWALD exits.</i>
340	No, no, my lord, Though I condemn not, yet under pardon You are much more attasked for want of wisdom Than praised for harmful mildness.	No, no, my husband, I'm not angry that you urge me to deal more gently with my father. But you're showing a lack of wisdom that that is much more noticeable than your tenderness toward him.
	<b>ALBANY</b> How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell. Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.	<b>ALBANY</b> Maybe you know more than I do. But people often screw things up trying to make them better.

# Act 1, Scene 4, Page 16

Original Text	Modern Text
<div>345</div> <div><b>GONERIL</b></div> <div>Nay, then—</div>	<div><b>GONERIL</b></div> <div>No, not at all—</div>
<div><b>ALBANY</b></div> <div>Well, well, th' event.</div>	<div><b>ALBANY</b></div> <div>All right, all right. Time will tell.</div>
<div><i>Exeunt</i></div>	<div><i>They exit.</i></div>

Act 1, Scene 5

Original Text	Modern Text
<i>Enter <b>LEAR</b>, <b>KENT</b> disguised, and <b>FOOL</b></i>	<i><b>LEAR</b> enters with <b>KENT</b> in disguise, and the <b>FOOL</b>.</i>
<b>LEAR</b> (to KENT, giving him letters) Go you before to Gloucester with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with anything you know than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.	<b>LEAR</b> (to KENT, giving him letters) Go ahead of us and deliver these letters to the Earl of Gloucester. Answer my daughter's questions about the letter, but don't tell her anything else you know. If you're not quick enough, I'll get there before you.
<b>KENT</b> I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter.	<b>KENT</b> I won't sleep until I've delivered your letter, my lord.
<i>Exit <b>KENT</b></i>	<i><b>KENT</b> exits.</i>
<b>FOOL</b> If a man's brains were in 's heels, were 't not in danger of kibes?	<b>FOOL</b> If a man's brain were in his feet, wouldn't it be susceptible to frostbite?
<b>LEAR</b> Ay, boy.	<b>LEAR</b> Yes, boy.
<b>FOOL</b> 10 Then, I prithee, be merry. Thy wit shall ne'er go slipshod.	<b>FOOL</b> In that case, cheer up. Your brains won't need slippers to protect them from frostbite, since your brains aren't in your feet—if they were you wouldn't take this useless journey to see Regan.
<b>LEAR</b> Ha, ha, ha!	<b>LEAR</b> Ha, ha, ha!
<b>FOOL</b> Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly. For though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.	<b>FOOL</b> Your other daughter Regan will treat you kindly, you'll see. Even though she's as similar to Goneril as one crabapple is like another, still... I know what I know.
<b>LEAR</b> 15 Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?	<b>LEAR</b> And what do you know, boy?
<b>FOOL</b> She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' th' middle on 's face?	<b>FOOL</b> I know that Regan will taste just like Goneril—both of them sour crabapples. Do you know why the nose is in the middle of a person's face?

	Original Text	Modern Text
	<b>LEAR</b> No.	<b>LEAR</b> No.
	<b>FOOL</b> Why, to keep one's eyes of either side 's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.	<b>FOOL</b> Why, to keep the eyes on the sides, so that you can see anything that you can't sniff out.
	<b>LEAR</b> I did her wrong—	<b>LEAR</b> I was wrong to her—
	<b>FOOL</b> Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?	<b>FOOL</b> Do you know how an oyster makes its shell?
	<b>LEAR</b> No.	<b>LEAR</b> No.
	<b>FOOL</b> Nor I neither. But I can tell why a snail has a house.	<b>FOOL</b> Me neither. But I know why a snail carries its house on its back.
25	<b>LEAR</b> Why?	<b>LEAR</b> Why?
	<b>FOOL</b> Why, to put 's head in—not to give it away to his daughters and leave his horns without a case.	<b>FOOL</b> So that he always has a roof over his head. He can't give his house away to his daughters, leaving himself without shelter.
	<b>LEAR</b> I will forget my nature. So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?	<b>LEAR</b> I want to forget what I am. Such a kind father!—Are my horses ready?
30	<b>FOOL</b> Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.	<b>FOOL</b> Your attendant asses are getting the horses ready. There's a nice reason why the constellation Pleiades has only seven stars in it.
	<b>LEAR</b> Because they are not eight?	<b>LEAR</b> Because it doesn't have eight?
	<b>FOOL</b> Yes indeed. Thou wouldst make a good fool.	<b>FOOL</b> That's right. You'd make a good fool.
	<b>LEAR</b> To take 't again perforce— Monster ingratitude!	<b>LEAR</b> I could take back my crown by force—What outrageous ingratitude!

Original Text		Modern Text	
35	<b>FOOL</b> If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.	<b>FOOL</b> If you were my fool, uncle, I'd have you beaten for getting old before your time.	
	<b>LEAR</b> How's that?	<b>LEAR</b> How's that?	
40	<b>FOOL</b> Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.	<b>FOOL</b> You're not supposed to get old until you're wise.	
	<b>LEAR</b> O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! I would not be mad.	<b>LEAR</b> Oh, dear God, don't let me go mad! Keep me balanced and sane. I don't want to go mad.	
	Keep me in temper. I would not be mad.		
<i>Enter a GENTLEMAN</i>		<i>A GENTLEMAN enters.</i>	
How now? Are the horses ready?		So, are the horses ready?	
<b>GENTLEMAN</b> Ready, my lord.		<b>GENTLEMAN</b> They're ready, my lord.	
<b>LEAR</b> Come, boy.		<b>LEAR</b> Come on, boy.	
<i>Exeunt LEAR and GENTLEMAN</i>		<i>LEAR and the GENTLEMAN exit.</i>	
45	<b>FOOL</b> She that's a maid now and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maid long unless things be cut shorter.	<b>FOOL</b> (speaking to the audience) Any girl who laughs because I'm going with the king is too foolish to remain a virgin very long.	
	<i>Exit</i>	<i>He exits.</i>	

## Act 2, Scene 1

Original Text		Modern Text	
<i>Enter EDMUND the bastard and CURAN, severally</i>		<i>EDMUND and CURAN enter from different directions.</i>	
<b>EDMUND</b> Save thee, Curan.		<b>EDMUND</b> Hello, Curan.	
<b>CURAN</b> And you, sir. I have been with your father and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.		<b>CURAN</b> Hello, sir. I just saw your father the Lord Gloucester and notified him that the Duke of Cornwall and his wife Regan will stay with him here tonight.	
5	<b>EDMUND</b> How comes that?	<b>EDMUND</b> Why is that?	
<b>CURAN</b> Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad?—I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.		<b>CURAN</b> I don't know. Have you heard the latest news?—I mean the whispered rumors, since that's all they are at this point.	
<b>EDMUND</b> Not I. Pray you, what are they?		<b>EDMUND</b> No, I haven't. What's going on?	
10	<b>CURAN</b> Have you heard of no likely wars toward 'twixt the two Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?	<b>CURAN</b> You haven't heard of the war brewing between the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?	
<b>EDMUND</b> Not a word.		<b>EDMUND</b> Not a word.	
<b>CURAN</b> You may do then in time. Fare you well, sir.		<b>CURAN</b> You may hear about it soon. Goodbye, sir.	
<i>Exit CURAN</i>		<i>CURAN exits.</i>	
15	<b>EDMUND</b> The duke be here tonight? The better—best! This weaves itself perforce into my business. My father hath set guard to take my brother. And I have one thing, of a queasy question, Which I must act. Briefness and fortune, work!—Brother, a word. Descend, brother, I say.	<b>EDMUND</b> The duke will be here tonight? All the better—in fact it's the best that could happen. His arrival fits perfectly into my plan. My father's ready to arrest my brother, and I have one risky thing to do. Fast work and a little luck are all I need.—Brother, could I have a word with you? Come down, brother.	



Act 2, Scene 1, Page 2

Original Text		Modern Text	
<i>Enter EDGAR</i>		<i>EDGAR enters.</i>	
20	My father watches. O sir, fly this place. Intelligence is given where you are hid. You have now the good advantage of the night. Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall aught?	Father is on the lookout. Get out of here quickly! It has leaked out that you're hiding here. If you leave now, you can take advantage of the darkness and sneak away. You haven't said anything against the Duke of Cornwall, have you? He's rushing on his way here right now, and Regan's with him. Have you said anything against Cornwall or Albany? Think about it.	
25	He's coming hither—now, i' th' night, i' th' haste, And Regan with him. Have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany? Advise yourself.		
<b>EDGAR</b> I am sure on 't, not a word.		<b>EDGAR</b> I'm sure of it. I haven't said a word.	
<b>EDMUND</b> I hear my father coming. Pardon me. In cunning I must draw my sword upon you.		<b>EDMUND</b> I hear my father coming. Forgive me. I have to pretend to threaten you with my sword. Draw your sword too, as if you're defending yourself. Be convincing. (loudly) Give up! Go see my father.—Bring in some light!(speaking so that only EDGAR can hear) Run, brother. (loudly) Torches, bring in the torches! (speaking so that only EDGAR can hear) Goodbye, then.	
30	Draw. Seem to defend yourself. Now quit you well.— (loudly) Yield! Come before my father. Light, ho! Here! (aside to Edgar) Fly, brother, fly. (loudly) Torches, torches! (aside to Edgar) So, farewell.		
<i>Exit EDGAR</i>		<i>EDGAR exits.</i>	
35	Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion. Of my more fierce endeavor. (cuts his own arm) I have seen drunkards Do more than this in sport.—Father, father!— Stop, stop!—No help?	If I had some blood on me it would look like I'd fought more fiercely. (he cuts his own arm) I've seen drunk men do worse than this just fooling around.—Father, father!—Stop, stop!—Won't anyone help me?	
<i>Enter GLOUCESTER and servants with torches</i>		<i>GLOUCESTER enters along with servants carrying torches.</i>	
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Now Edmund, where's the villain?		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Edmund, where's your wicked brother?	
40			

Original Text		Modern Text	
<b>EDMUND</b> Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out, Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon To stand 's auspicious mistress—		<b>EDMUND</b> He was standing here in the dark with his sword pointing at me. He was mumbling some black magic spells, appealing to the moon to help him in his evil plans—	
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> But where is he?		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> But where is he?	
45	<b>EDMUND</b> Look, sir, I bleed.	<b>EDMUND</b> Look, sir, I'm bleeding.	
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Where is the villain, Edmund?		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Where is the villain, Edmund?	
<b>EDMUND</b> Fled this way, sir, when by no means he could—		<b>EDMUND</b> He ran out that way, sir, when he couldn't—	
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Pursue him, ho! Go after.		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Follow him, now! Go.	
<i>Exeunt some servants</i>		<i>Some servants exit.</i>	
"By no means" what?		When he couldn't what?	
50	<b>EDMUND</b> Persuade me to the murder of your lordship, But that I told him the revenging gods 'Gainst parricides did all the thunder bend, Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond The child was bound to th' father. Sir, in fine, Seeing how loathly opposite I stood To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,	<b>EDMUND</b> When he couldn't persuade me to kill you. I told him that the gods hate men who kill their fathers and unleash all their thunder on them, and that the bond between father and child was sacred. In short, when I told him how firmly opposed I was to his hideous plan, he pulled out his sword and lunged at my defenseless body, cutting my arm.	
55	With his preparèd sword he charges home My unprovided body, latched mine arm. And when he saw my best alarumed spirits, Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the encounter, Or whether ghasted by the noise I made,	Bolstered by righteousness, I prepared to fight, and when he saw my excitement—or perhaps because my shouting scared him—he ran away suddenly.	
60	Full suddenly he fled.		
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Let him fly far. Not in this land shall he remain uncaught. And found—dispatch. The noble duke my master, My worthy arch and patron, comes tonight.		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Let him run far away. If he stays in this country he'll be found. And if he's caught, he'll be executed. The Duke of Cornwall, my master and patron, is arriving tonight. On his authority I'll proclaim that whoever finds Edgar and helps bring the murderous coward to	

Original Text		Modern Text	
<p>By his authority I will proclaim it</p> <p>65 That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks, Bringing the murderous coward to the stake. He that conceals him, death.</p>		<p>justice will be rewarded. Whoever helps Edgar hide will die.</p>	
<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>When I dissuaded him from his intent, And found him pight to do it, with cursed speech</p> <p>70 I threatened to discover him. He replied, "Thou unpossessing bastard! Dost thou think If I would stand against thee, would the reposal Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee Make thy words faithed? No. What I should deny—</p> <p>75 As this I would, ay, though thou didst produce My very character—I'd turn it all To thy suggestion, plot, and damnèd practice. And thou must make a dullard of the world, If they not thought the profits of my death</p> <p>80 Were very pregnant and potential spirits To make thee seek it."</p>		<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>After I urged him not to kill you, I saw that he was still determined to do it. Enraged, I threatened to expose him. He answered, "You penniless bastard! Do you really think that if it came down to my word against yours, anyone would believe you? No. I'd deny whatever evidence you had against me— even if it were in my own handwriting—and turn it all into evidence against you and your plans for treachery. And you must think people are stupid if you believe they wouldn't realize all the motives you have for trying to kill me."</p>	
<p><i>Tucket within</i></p>		<p><i>Trumpets play offstage.</i></p>	
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b></p> <p>O strange and fastened villain! Would he deny his letter, said he? I never got him.— Hark, the duke's trumpets. I know not why he comes. All ports I'll bar. The villain shall not 'scape.</p> <p>85 The duke must grant me that. Besides, his picture I will send far and near, that all the kingdom May have the due note of him.—And of my land, Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means To make thee capable.</p>		<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b></p> <p>Oh, how monstrously evil! He said he would deny that he wrote his letter? He cannot truly be my son. —Listen. The duke's trumpets. I don't know why he's come here. I'll forbid all ships from leaving our harbors. The villain won't escape. The duke will agree with me on that. And I'll send his picture everywhere so that the whole kingdom will know what he looks like.—And as for you, my loyal and true son, I'll find some way to make you my heir.</p>	
<p><i>Enter the Duke of <b>CORNWALL</b>, <b>REGAN</b>, and attendants</i></p>		<p><i>The Duke of <b>CORNWALL</b> enters with <b>REGAN</b> and attendants.</i></p>	
<p><b>CORNWALL</b></p> <p>90 How now, my noble friend? Since I came hither, Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.</p>		<p><b>CORNWALL</b></p> <p>How are you, my friend? Ever since I arrived here, just now, I've been hearing strange rumors.</p>	

	Original Text	Modern Text
	<b>REGAN</b> If it be true, all vengeance comes too short Which can pursue th' offender. How dost, my lord?	<b>REGAN</b> If they're true, no punishment is harsh enough for the criminal. How are you, my lord?
	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> O madam, my old heart is cracked, it's cracked.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Oh, madam, my old heart is broken, broken.
95	<b>REGAN</b> What, did my father's godson seek your life?— He whom my father named, your Edgar?	<b>REGAN</b> Did my father's godson try to kill you? The one whom my father named, your son Edgar?
	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Oh, my lady, I'm ashamed to admit it.
	<b>REGAN</b> Was he not companion with the riotous knights That tend upon my father?	<b>REGAN</b> Wasn't he friends with all those brawling knights who serve my father?
100	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> I know not, madam. 'Tis too bad, too bad.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> I don't know, madam. Oh, it's too terrible.
	<b>EDMUND</b> Yes, madam, he was of that consort.	<b>EDMUND</b> To answer your question, ma'am—yes, he was friendly with those knights.
105	<b>REGAN</b> No marvel then, though he were ill affected. 'Tis they have put him on the old man's death, To have th' expense and spoil of his revenues. I have this present evening from my sister Been well informed of them—and with such cautions That if they come to sojourn at my house I'll not be there.	<b>REGAN</b> Then it's no surprise they had a bad influence on him. They probably put him up to killing old man Gloucester to get his money. Tonight I received a letter from my sister telling me all about them—and warning me not be at home in case they come to stay at my house.
110	<b>CORNWALL</b> Nor I, assure thee, Regan.— Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father A childlike office.	<b>CORNWALL</b> And I won't be there either.—Edmund, I'm told you've acted like a true son to your father.
	<b>EDMUND</b> It was my duty, sir.	<b>EDMUND</b> I just did my duty, sir.
	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> He did bewray his practice, and received This hurt you see striving to apprehend him.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> He exposed Edgar's murderous plot, and was wounded, as you see there, when trying to apprehend him.
	<b>CORNWALL</b> Is he pursued?	<b>CORNWALL</b> Are your men searching for him?

Act 2, Scene 1, Page 6

Original Text		Modern Text	
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Ay, my good lord.		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Yes, my lord.	
115	<b>CORNWALL</b> If he be taken, he shall never more Be feared of doing harm. Make your own purpose How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund, Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant So much commend itself, you shall be ours. Natures of such deep trust we shall much need.	<b>CORNWALL</b> If he's caught, he'll never make trouble for anyone again. Feel free to use my authority however you wish in order to apprehend him.—As for you, Edmund, you've been so loyal and virtuous throughout this whole business. I'd like you to work for me. I need people as trustworthy as you.	
120	You we first seize on.		
<b>EDMUND</b> I shall serve you, sir, Truly, however else.		<b>EDMUND</b> I'll always be loyal to you, sir.	
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> (to CORNWALL) For him I thank your grace.		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> (to cornwall) Thank you, my lord, for your kindness to Edmund.	
<b>CORNWALL</b> You know not why we came to visit you—		<b>CORNWALL</b> You don't know why we came to visit you—	
125	<b>REGAN</b> Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night. Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poise, Wherein we must have use of your advice: Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister, Of differences, which I least thought it fit To answer from our home. The several messengers	<b>REGAN</b> Yes, and so unexpectedly, at night. There are some important matters we need your advice on, Gloucester. My father and my sister have both recently written to me about arguments between them. I realized it would be inconvenient to answer them from home, especially since the king may be on his way there. Their messengers are ready, waiting to deliver our response in these matters. So please, old friend, give us some good advice. We need it desperately and immediately.	
130	From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend, Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow Your needful counsel to our business, Which craves the instant use.		
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> I serve you, madam. 135 Your graces are right welcome.		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> I'm at your service, madam. Both of you are very welcome here.	
Flourish. Exeunt		Trumpets play. They all exit.	

## Act 2, Scene 2

Original Text	Modern Text
<i>Enter <b>KENT</b> disguised and <b>OSWALD</b> the steward, severally</i>	<i><b>KENT</b> enters in disguise. <b>OSWALD</b> enters from elsewhere.</i>
<b>OSWALD</b> Good dawning to thee, friend. Art of this house?	<b>OSWALD</b> Good morning to you, friend. Do you work in this house?
<b>KENT</b> Ay.	<b>KENT</b> Yes, I do.
<b>OSWALD</b> Where may we set our horses?	<b>OSWALD</b> Where should we stable our horses?
<b>KENT</b> I' th' mire.	<b>KENT</b> In the mud.
5 <b>OSWALD</b> Prithee, if thou lovest me, tell me.	<b>OSWALD</b> Please, sir, be kind to me and tell me.
<b>KENT</b> I love thee not.	<b>KENT</b> I won't be kind to you.
<b>OSWALD</b> Why, then, I care not for thee.	<b>OSWALD</b> In that case, I don't much care for you either.
<b>KENT</b> If I had thee in Lipsbury pifold, I would make thee care for me.	<b>KENT</b> If I could get my hands on you, I'd make you care.
10 <b>OSWALD</b> Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.	<b>OSWALD</b> Why are you talking to me like this? I don't even know you.
<b>KENT</b> Fellow, I know thee.	<b>KENT</b> Ah, but I know you.
<b>OSWALD</b> What dost thou know me for?	<b>OSWALD</b> Who am I then?
<b>KENT</b> A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd in way of good service; and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clamorous whining if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.	<b>KENT</b> You're a lowlife, a rascal who eats leftover scraps. You're an ignoble, arrogant, shallow, vulgar, pretentious, conceited, filthy third-rate servant who thinks he's something special. You're a cowardly lawyer-loving bastard; a vain, brown-nosing, prissy scoundrel who'd pimp himself out to advance his career; a bag lady. You're nothing but a lowlife, a beggar, a coward, and a pimp, the son and heir of a mutt bitch. I'll beat you until you whine and cry if you deny the least bit of this.

## Act 2, Scene 2, Page 2

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>OSWALD</b> Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee!</p>	<p><b>OSWALD</b> What an ogre you are to slander someone you don't know, and who doesn't know you!</p>
<p><b>KENT</b> What a brazen-faced varlet art thou to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days ago since I tripped up thy heels and beat thee before the king? Draw, you rogue, for though it be night yet the moon shines. I'll make a sop o' th' moonshine of you. (draws his sword) Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw!</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> What a shameless jerk you are to pretend you don't know me! It was just two days ago that I tripped you and beat you up in front of the king. Draw your sword, scoundrel. It may be nighttime, but there's enough moonlight to fight by. I'll make ground beef out of you. (he draws his sword) Draw, you affected, preening son of a bitch! Draw your sword!</p>
<p>30 <b>OSWALD</b> Away! I have nothing to do with thee.</p>	<p><b>OSWALD</b> Get away from me! I've got nothing to do with you.</p>
<p><b>KENT</b> Draw, you rascal. You come with letters against the king and take Vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks. Draw, you rascal! Come your ways.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> Draw your sword, you jerk! You come here with letters against the king, and you take his conceited daughter's side against his royal highness. Draw your sword, scoundrel, or I'll slice your thighs like flank steak. Draw your sword! Come on!</p>
<p>35 <b>OSWALD</b> Help, ho! Murder! Help!</p>	<p><b>OSWALD</b> Help! Murderer! Help!</p>
<p><b>KENT</b> Strike, you slave. Stand, rogue. Stand, you neat slave, strike! (strikes OSWALD)</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> Fight, peasant. Don't run away, scoundrel. Stand and fight, you overdressed servant, fight! (he hits OSWALD)</p>
<p><b>OSWALD</b> Help, ho! Murder, murder!</p>	<p><b>OSWALD</b> Help! Murder, murder!</p>
<p><i>Enter <b>EDMUND</b> the bastard with his rapier drawn, the Duke of <b>CORNWALL</b>, the Duchess <b>REGAN</b>, <b>GLOUCESTER</b>, and servants</i></p>	<p><i><b>EDMUND</b> enters with his sword drawn, followed by the Duke of <b>CORNWALL</b>, the Duchess <b>REGAN</b>, <b>GLOUCESTER</b>, and servants.</i></p>
<p><b>EDMUND</b> How now? What's the matter? Part.</p>	<p><b>EDMUND</b> What's going on here? Get away from each other.</p>
<p>40 <b>KENT</b> (to EDMUND) With you, goodman boy, if you please. Come, I'll flesh ye. Come on, young master.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> (to EDMUND) Well, kid, let's see you fight. Come on, I'll show you how.</p>

Original Text		Modern Text	
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Weapons, arms? What's the matter here?		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> You have weapons? What's going on here?	
<b>CORNWALL</b> Keep peace, upon your lives. He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?		<b>CORNWALL</b> Stop it, I order you. The next person to strike again dies. What's going on here?	
45	<b>REGAN</b> The messengers from our sister and the king.	<b>REGAN</b> These are the messengers from my sister and the king.	
<b>CORNWALL</b> What is your difference? Speak.		<b>CORNWALL</b> What are you fighting about? Tell me.	
<b>OSWALD</b> I am scarce in breath, my lord.		<b>OSWALD</b> I'm out of breath, sir.	
<b>KENT</b> No marvel, you have so bestirred your valor. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee. A tailor made thee.		<b>KENT</b> No wonder, with all your exertions, you cowardly rascal. You're not worth being called a man. The only thing manly about you are your clothes. A tailor made you.	
50	<b>CORNWALL</b> Thou art a strange fellow. A tailor make a man?	<b>CORNWALL</b> That's an odd thing to say. How can a tailor make a person?	
<b>KENT</b> Ay, a tailor, sir. A stone-cutter or painter could not have made him so ill though they had been but two years o' th' trade.		<b>KENT</b> Definitely a tailor, sir. A sculptor or a painter couldn't have screwed him up as bad as that, even as an apprentice.	
<b>CORNWALL</b> Speak yet. How grew your quarrel?		<b>CORNWALL</b> But tell me what you're fighting about.	
55	<b>OSWALD</b> This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his gray beard—	<b>OSWALD</b> This old ruffian here, whom I didn't kill because he's so old—	
<b>KENT</b> Thou whoreson zed, thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my gray beard, you wagtail?		<b>KENT</b> You useless bastard—you're like the letter “z,” a totally unnecessary addition to the alphabet.—My lord, please let me grind this lumpy lowlife into a powder and use it to plaster up the bathroom walls.—You didn't kill me because I'm so old, you fawning dog?	
<b>CORNWALL</b> Peace, sirrah! You beastly knave, know you no reverence?		<b>CORNWALL</b> Calm down. Don't you have any manners, you savage?	
<b>KENT</b> Yes, sir, but anger hath a privilege.		<b>KENT</b> Yes, sir, but not when I'm enraged.	



Act 2, Scene 2, Page 4

Original Text		Modern Text	
<b>CORNWALL</b> Why art thou angry?		<b>CORNWALL</b> Why are you enraged?	
<b>KENT</b> 65 That such a slave as this should wear a sword, Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these, Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain Which are too intrinse t' unloose, smooth every passion That in the natures of their lords rebel, 70 Bring oil to fire, snow to the colder moods; Renega, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks With every gale and vary of their masters, Knowing naught, like dogs, but following.— A plague upon your epileptic visage! 75 Smile you my speeches as I were a fool? Goose, an I had you upon Sarum plain, I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.		<b>KENT</b> I'm angry that a dishonorable lowlife like this wears a sword like a gentleman. Smiling swindlers such as he undo the sacred bonds that unite people together, and only encourage the unreasonable passions of their masters. They foster both rage and apathy. They say “Yes” and “No,” turning their noses whichever way the wind blows without taking a firm stance on anything. They blindly follow their masters' impulses, like dogs.—Damn your ugly stinking face! Are you laughing at what I say, as if I were a fool? If I had my way with you right now, I'd send you to back to where you came from.	
<b>CORNWALL</b> Why, art thou mad, old fellow?		<b>CORNWALL</b> Are you insane, old man?	
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> (to KENT) How fell you out? 80 Say that.		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> (to KENT) What did you start quarreling over? Just tell us.	
<b>KENT</b> No contraries hold more antipathy Than I and such a knave.		<b>KENT</b> I couldn't hate that jerk over there any more than I do.	
<b>CORNWALL</b> Why dost thou call him “knave”? What's his offense?		<b>CORNWALL</b> Why are you calling him a jerk? What did he do to you?	
<b>KENT</b> His countenance likes me not.		<b>KENT</b> I don't like his face.	
<b>CORNWALL</b> 85 No more perchance does mine, nor his, nor hers.		<b>CORNWALL</b> But maybe you don't like mine, or his, or hers either.	
<b>KENT</b> Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain. I have seen better faces in my time Than stands on any shoulder that I see Before me at this instant.		<b>KENT</b> I'm used to telling the truth, sir, and I have to say that I've seen better faces than those I see here.	

Act 2, Scene 2, Page 5

Original Text		Modern Text	
90	<b>CORNWALL</b> This is some fellow, Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect A saucy roughness and constrains the garb Quite from his nature. He cannot flatter, he. An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth. An they will take it, so. If not, he's plain.		<b>CORNWALL</b> This is a guy who's been praised for his honest bluntness, and who now insolently pretends to be plainspoken and twists the natural meanings of words. No flattery for him, no sir! He's honest, he's got to speak the truth. If people take what he says, fine. If not, he's got truth on his side! I know his type. He's sneaky behind all his so-called bluntness, sneakier than twenty brown-nosing bootlickers who only tell you what you want to hear.
	95 These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness Harbor more craft and more corrupter ends Than twenty silly-ducking observants That stretch their duties nicely.		
100	<b>KENT</b> Sir, in good faith, or in sincere verity, Under th' allowance of your great aspect, Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire On flickering Phoebus' front—		<b>KENT</b> Dearest, kindest, most honorable sir, may I say, with your esteemed approval, which is lit up by the illuminating radiance of the sun-god Phoebus, that —
	<b>CORNWALL</b> What mean'st by this?		
	<b>KENT</b> To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer. He that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave, which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to 't.		<b>KENT</b> I tried to stop speaking plainly, since you dislike plain speech so much. Sir, I know I'm not a flatterer. The guy who tricked you with plain language was just a plain crook—which I'm not, however much I may displease you by not being one.
	<b>CORNWALL</b> (to OSWALD) What was th' offense you gave him?		
110	<b>OSWALD</b> I never gave him any. It pleased the king his master very late To strike at me upon his misconstruction When he, conjunct and flattering his displeasure, Tripped me behind; being down, insulted, railed, And put upon him such a deal of man That worthied him, got praises of the king For him attempting who was self-subdued.		<b>OSWALD</b> I never offended him at all. Recently, the king hit me because of a misunderstanding. This man took sides with the king and tripped me. When I was down on the ground he insulted me, and then started acting tough to seem courageous in front of the king. The king praised him, even though I had never offered any resistance at all. Now he pulled out his sword on me again, still riled up from our first encounter.
	115 And in the fleshment of this dread exploit Drew on me here again.		

Original Text		Modern Text	
<b>KENT</b> None of these rogues and cowards But Ajax is their fool.		<b>KENT</b> These cowards manage to make fools of brave men.	
<b>CORNWALL</b> Fetch forth the stocks, ho!— You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart, We'll teach you.		<b>CORNWALL</b> Bring out the <b>stocks</b> !—We'll teach you, you stubborn old bastard, you arrogant show-off.	
120	<b>KENT</b> Sir, I am too old to learn. Call not your stocks for me. I serve the king, On whose employment I was sent to you. You shall do small respect, show too bold malice Against the grace and person of my master, Stocking his messenger.	<b>KENT</b> Sir, I'm too old to be taught anything. Don't put me in the stocks. I serve the king, who sent me here. If you put me in the stocks you'll insult him both as a king and as a man.	
125	<b>CORNWALL</b> Fetch forth the stocks! As I have life and honor, there shall he sit till noon.	<b>CORNWALL</b> Bring out the stocks! I swear on my life and honor, he'll sit here in the stocks until noon.	
<b>REGAN</b> Till noon? Till night, my lord, and all night too.		<b>REGAN</b> Only until noon, my lord? No, the whole day, and all night too.	
<b>KENT</b> Why, madam, if I were your father's dog, You should not use me so.		<b>KENT</b> Ma'am, you wouldn't treat me like this if I were your father's dog.	
<b>REGAN</b> Sir, being his knave, I will.		<b>REGAN</b> But since you're his scoundrel servant, I will.	
<i>Stocks brought out</i>		<i>The stocks are brought out.</i>	
130	<b>CORNWALL</b> This is a fellow of the selfsame color Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks!	<b>CORNWALL</b> This guy is exactly the kind of person your sister warned us about.—Come on, bring in the stocks, now!	
135	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Let me beseech your grace not to do so. His fault is much, and the good king his master Will check him for 't. Your purposed low correction Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches For pilferings and most common trespasses Are punished with.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> I beg you not to do this, my lord. He's done wrong, and his master the king will punish him for it. But the kind	

Act 2, Scene 2, Page 7

Original Text		Modern Text	
The king his master needs must take it ill, That he, so slightly valued in his messenger, Should have him thus restrained.		of punishment you propose is more suited to petty shoplifters than to royal attendants. The king will be offended to find out that his messenger is so badly treated.	
<b>CORNWALL</b> I'll answer that.		<b>CORNWALL</b> I'll take responsibility for that.	
140	<b>REGAN</b> My sister may receive it much more worse To have her gentleman abused, assaulted For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.	<b>REGAN</b> My sister would be much more offended to have her trusted messenger abused and assaulted just for carrying out her orders.—Put his legs in the stocks.	
<i>KENT is put in the stocks</i>		<i>KENT is put in the stocks.</i>	
<b>CORNWALL</b> (to GLOUCESTER) Come, my good lord, away.		<b>CORNWALL</b> (to GLOUCESTER) Let's go, my lord.	
<i>Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER and KENT</i>		<i>Everyone exits except GLOUCESTER and KENT.</i>	
145	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> I am sorry for thee, friend. 'Tis the duke's pleasure, Whose disposition, all the world well knows, Will not be rubbed nor stopped. I'll entreat for thee.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> I'm sorry, my friend. The duke always gets it his way, and everyone knows you can't budge him once he's made up his mind. I'll try talking to him again.	
150	<b>KENT</b> Pray you do not, sir. I have watched and traveled hard. Some time I shall sleep out. The rest I'll whistle. A good man's fortune may grow out at heels. Give you good morrow.	<b>KENT</b> Please don't, sir. I've been up for a long time and have done a lot of traveling recently. This punishment will be a good chance to catch up on my sleep. The rest of the time I'll whistle to entertain myself. Even good men have bad luck. Have a good morning.	
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> The duke's to blame in this. 'Twill be ill taken.		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> It's wrong for the duke to do this. The king will be angry with him.	
<i>Exit GLOUCESTER</i>		<i>GLOUCESTER exits.</i>	

## Act 2, Scene 2, Page 8

### Original Text

#### KENT

Good King, that must approve the common saw,  
Thou out of heaven's benediction comest  
To the warm sun.

- 155 (takes out a letter)  
Approach, thou beacon to this underglobe,  
That by thy comfortable beams I may  
Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles  
But misery. I know 'tis from Cordelia,  
160 Who hath most fortunately been informed  
Of my obscurèd course and (reads the letter) "shall find  
time  
From this enormous state, seeking to give  
Losses their remedies." All weary and o'erwatched,  
165 Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold  
This shameful lodging.  
Fortune, good night. Smile once more. Turn thy wheel.  
(sleeps)

### Modern Text

#### KENT

Oh, good King Lear, you're proving that, just as they say, everything goes from good to bad. (he takes out a letter) Rise and shine, sun, so I can read this letter. Only those who are truly miserable see miracles. I know this letter is from Cordelia, who knows that I'm serving the king in disguise. (looking at the letter) She says that she will have time, now that she's away from the monstrous conditions here, to find a way to fix things. I'm exhausted. I've been awake too long. This fatigue gives me an excuse to shut my eyes so I can't see myself humiliated in the stocks. Good night, Lady Luck. Smile and spin your wheel of fortune again. (he sleeps)

Act 2, Scene 3

Original Text		Modern Text	
<i>Enter EDGAR</i>		<i>EDGAR enters.</i>	
<b>EDGAR</b> I heard myself proclaimed, And by the happy hollow of a tree Escaped the hunt. No port is free, no place That guard and most unusual vigilance Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape, I will preserve myself, and am bethought To take the basest and most poorest shape That ever penury in contempt of man Brought near to beast. My face I'll grime with filth, Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots, And with presented nakedness outface The winds and persecutions of the sky. The country gives me proof and precedent Of Bedlam beggars, who with roaring voices Strike in their numbed and mortified bare arms Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary, And with this horrible object from low farms, Poor pelting villages, sheepcotes, and mills, Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers, Enforce their charity. "Poor Turlygod!" "Poor Tom!"— That's something yet. Edgar I nothing am.		<b>EDGAR</b> I heard myself declared an outlaw and escaped capture by hiding in the trunk of a hollow tree. Every town and port is crawling with henchmen on the lookout, waiting to capture me. But I'll survive while I can. I've decided to disguise myself as the lowliest and rattiest beggar that mankind has ever seen. I'll smear my face with filth, put on a loincloth, make my hair matted and tangled, and face the bad weather wearing almost nothing. I've seen beggars out of insane asylums who stick pins and nails into their numb arms. They pray or roar lunatic curses, horrifying farmers and villagers into giving them alms. "Poor crazy Tom!" they call themselves. Well, at least that's something. As Edgar, I'm nothing at all.	
<i>Exit</i>		<i>He exits.</i>	

Act 2, Scene 4

Original Text	Modern Text
<i>KENT in the stocks Enter LEAR, FOOL, and GENTLEMAN</i>	<i>KENT is in the stocks. LEAR enters with the FOOL and the GENTLEMAN.</i>
<b>LEAR</b> 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home, And not send back my messenger.	<b>LEAR</b> It's strange that Regan and her husband left their house without sending back my messenger.
<b>GENTLEMAN</b> As I learned, The night before there was no purpose in them Of this remove.	<b>GENTLEMAN</b> According to what I heard, they had no travel plans as of last night.
5 <b>KENT</b> (to LEAR) Hail to thee, noble master!	<b>KENT</b> (to LEAR) Hail, noble master!
<b>LEAR</b> Ha! Makest thou this shame thy pastime?	<b>LEAR</b> What's this? Are you sitting around in this humiliation to amuse yourself?
<b>KENT</b> No, my lord.	<b>KENT</b> No, my lord.
<b>FOOL</b> Ha, ha! Look, he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied by the heads, dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs. When a man's overlusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.	<b>FOOL</b> Ha, ha! That's a nasty garter belt. You tie up horses by their heads, dogs and bears by their necks, monkeys by their waists, and humans by their legs. When a person's prone to wanderlust, he has to wear wooden socks, like a chastity belt around his ankles.
<b>LEAR</b> (to KENT) What's he that hath so much thy place mistook To set thee here?	<b>LEAR</b> (to KENT) Who could have misunderstood your assignment so completely as to lock you up like this?
<b>KENT</b> It is both he and she: Your son and daughter.	<b>KENT</b> Your daughter and son-in-law.
<b>LEAR</b> No.	<b>LEAR</b> No.
<b>KENT</b> Yes.	<b>KENT</b> Yes.
<b>LEAR</b> No, I say.	<b>LEAR</b> I'm telling you "No."
<b>KENT</b> I say "Yea."	<b>KENT</b> And I'm telling you "Yes."

## Act 2, Scene 4, Page 2

	Original Text	Modern Text
	<b>LEAR</b> No, no, they would not.	<b>LEAR</b> No, no, they wouldn't.
	<b>KENT</b> Yes, they have.	<b>KENT</b> Yes, they have.
15	<b>LEAR</b> By Jupiter, I swear "No."	<b>LEAR</b> By the god Jupiter above, I swear "No."
	<b>KENT</b> By Juno, I swear "Ay."	<b>KENT</b> By Jupiter's wife Juno, I swear "Yes."
20	<b>LEAR</b> They durst not do 't. They could not, would not do 't. 'Tis worse than murder To do upon respect such violent outrage. Resolve me with all modest haste which way Thou mightst deserve or they impose this usage, Coming from us.	<b>LEAR</b> They wouldn't dare. They couldn't, they wouldn't. It's worse than murder to humiliate a king's messenger like this. Tell me as quickly and clearly as you can what you did to deserve this punishment, or what made them think they could inflict it on you.
25	<b>KENT</b> My lord, when at their home I did commend your highness' letters to them. Ere I was risen from the place that showed My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post, Stewed in his haste, half breathless, panting forth From Goneril his mistress salutations, Delivered letters spite of intermission, Which presently they read, on whose contents They summoned up their meiny, straight took horse, Commanded me to follow and attend The leisure of their answer, gave me cold looks. And meeting here the other messenger, Whose welcome I perceived had poisoned mine— Being the very fellow which of late Displayed so saucily against your highness— Having more man than wit about me, drew. He raised the house with loud and coward cries. Your son and daughter found this trespass worth The shame which here it suffers.	<b>KENT</b> My lord, when I arrived at their home I gave them your letter. Before I had a chance to get up from my respectful kneeling position, Goneril's messenger arrived, stinky, sweaty, and out of breath. He interrupted me, spouted out greetings from her, and delivered her letter, which they opened immediately. After reading it, they gathered their entourage together and got on their horses to go. They glared at me and ordered me to follow them and wait for their answer. After we arrived here, I ran into that other messenger who made them give me the cold shoulder—the very same guy who was so rude to you, King. I admit it was foolish to draw my sword on him, but I had to act like a man. He woke up the whole house with his loud and cowardly screams. That's why your daughter and son-in-law are punishing me shamefully.



## Act 2, Scene 4, Page 3

	Original Text	Modern Text
	<b>FOOL</b>	<b>FOOL</b>
40	Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way. Fathers that wear rags Do make their children blind. But fathers that bear bags Shall see their children kind. Fortune, that arrant whore, Ne'er turns the key to th' poor. But for all this thou shalt have as many dolors for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.	This story bodes more stormy weather. Fathers who wear rags Make their children neglect them. But fathers who are rich Make their children kind. Lady Luck is a fickle whore And never gives the poor a break. But despite all this, your daughters will give you a lot of money—or do I mean pain?—in the coming year.
	<b>LEAR</b>	<b>LEAR</b>
50	O, how this mother swells up toward my heart! Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow. Thy element's below.—Where is this daughter?	I'm getting hysterical. I feel my stomach squeezing up against my heart. Calm down, you belong lower down!—Where is this daughter of mine?
	<b>KENT</b>	<b>KENT</b>
	With the earl, sir, here within.	Inside, sir, with the earl.
	<b>LEAR</b>	<b>LEAR</b>
	Follow me not. Stay here.	Don't follow me. Stay here.
	<i>Exit LEAR</i>	<i>He exits.</i>
	<b>GENTLEMAN</b>	<b>GENTLEMAN</b>
	Made you no more offense but what you speak of?	You didn't do anything else to earn this punishment?
	<b>KENT</b>	<b>KENT</b>
55	None. How chance the king comes with so small a train?	Nothing. Tell me, why did the king arrive with such a small entourage?
	<b>FOOL</b>	<b>FOOL</b>
	An thou hadst been set i' th' stocks for that question, thou'dst well deserved it.	If they'd put you in the stocks for asking that question, you would've deserved it.
	<b>KENT</b>	<b>KENT</b>
	Why, Fool?	Why, Fool?
	<b>FOOL</b>	<b>FOOL</b>
60	We'll set thee to school to an ant to teach thee there's no laboring i' th' winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men, and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it.	You need to learn what ants know well about winter —there's no point in slaving away if there's no hope for profit. Serving the king will get you nowhere. Everyone can see that, and even blind men can smell the stench of his misery now. When you see a huge wheel rolling down a hill, you shouldn't try to hold on to it or it'll break your neck.

## Act 2, Scene 4, Page 4

Original Text	Modern Text
<p>65 But the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again. I would have none but knaves follow it since a fool gives it.</p> <p>That sir which serves and seeks for gain, And follows but for form, Will pack when it begins to rain And leave thee in the storm. But I will tarry. The fool will stay. And let the wise man fly. The knave turns fool that runs away; The fool, no knave, perdie.</p>	<p>But if you see a wheel going uphill, latch on for the ride. And when a wise man gives you better advice than I just did, give me my advice back again. I only want idiots following my advice, the advice of a fool. The gentleman who serves you only for profit And is only superficially loyal to you Will take off when it starts to rain And leave you alone in the storm. But I'll linger. The fool will stay. And let the wise man run away. The servant who runs away is a fool. But this fool is no scoundrel, by God.</p>
<p><b>KENT</b> Where learned you this, Fool?</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> Where did you learn that song, Fool?</p>
<p><b>FOOL</b> Not i' th' stocks, fool.</p>	<p><b>FOOL</b> Not in the stocks, fool.</p>
<p><i>Enter <b>LEAR</b> and <b>GLOUCESTER</b></i></p>	<p><i><b>LEAR</b> and <b>GLOUCESTER</b> enter.</i></p>
<p>80 <b>LEAR</b> Deny to speak with me? They are sick? They are weary? They have traveled all the night?—mere fetches, ay! The images of revolt and flying off. Fetch me a better answer.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> How can they refuse to speak with me? How can they say that they're sick or exhausted or that they have traveled all night!? They're playing with me. These are tricks. This is rebellion. Go ask them again and make them see me this time.</p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> My dear lord, You know the fiery quality of the duke, How unremoveable and fixed he is 85 In his own course.</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> My dear lord, you know how passionately stubborn the duke is. He never changes his mind.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> Vengeance, plague, death, confusion! "Fiery"? What "quality"? Why, Gloucester, Gloucester, I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Hell! Damn it all to hell! "Passionately"? What "passion"? Gloucester, Gloucester, I want to speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.</p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> Well, my good lord, I have informed them so.</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> My lord, I informed them as much.</p>

Act 2, Scene 4, Page 5

Original Text		Modern Text	
<b>LEAR</b> “Informed them”? Dost thou understand me, man?		<b>LEAR</b> “Informed them”? Do you understand what I'm saying, man?	
90	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Ay, my good lord.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Yes, my lord.	
95	<b>LEAR</b> The king would speak with Cornwall. The dear father Would with his daughter speak, commands, tends service. Are they “informed” of this? My breath and blood! “Fiery”? The “fiery” duke? Tell the hot duke that Lear— No, but not yet. Maybe he is not well. Infirmity doth still neglect all office Whereto our health is bound. We are not ourselves When nature, being oppressed, commands the mind	<b>LEAR</b> The king wants to speak with Cornwall. The father wants to speak with his daughter. He orders them —he begs them. Did you inform them of that? This is unbelievable! “Passionate”? The “passionate” duke? Tell the hot-headed duke that I... But no, not yet. Maybe he’s not feeling well. When we’re ill we can’t carry out our duties as well as when we’re healthy. When our bodies are out of order, our minds can’t function properly. I’ll hold off, and subdue my impulsive temper, which makes me judge a sick man as if he were well. (he notices KENT again) A curse on my royal power! Why should he sit here like this? The fact that they punished him convinces me that Regan and the duke are avoiding me on purpose. I want my servant released. Go tell the duke and his wife I’ll speak to them right now, at once. Tell them to come here and hear me out, or else I’ll beat a drum at their bedroom door until they can’t sleep any more.	
100	To suffer with the body. I'll forbear, And am fallen out with my more headier will To take the indisposed and sickly fit For the sound man. (notices KENT again)		
105	Death on my state! Wherefore Should he sit here? This act persuades me That this remotion of the duke and her Is practice only. Give me my servant forth. Go tell the duke and 's wife I'd speak with them— Now, presently. Bid them come forth and hear me,		
110	Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum Till it cry sleep to death.		
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> I would have all well betwixt you.		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> I just want everything to be all right between you.	
<i>Exit GLOUCESTER</i>		<i>GLOUCESTER exits.</i>	
<b>LEAR</b> O me, my heart, my rising heart! But down.		<b>LEAR</b> Oh, my heart, my heart is rising into my throat! Stay down, heart.	

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>FOOL</b></p> <p>Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' th' paste alive. She knapped 'em o' th' coxcombs with a stick and cried, "Down, wantons, down!" 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.</p>	<p><b>FOOL</b></p> <p>That's right, uncle, talk to your heart, like the <a href="#">housewife</a> who yelled at the eels she was putting in her pie. She hit 'em on the head with a stick and shouted, "Down, you naughty things, down!" That was the woman whose brother wanted to be nice to his <a href="#">horse</a>, and buttered its hay.</p>
<p><i>Enter the Duke of <b>CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER</b>, and servants</i></p>	<p><i>The Duke of <b>CORNWALL, REGAN, and GLOUCESTER</b> enter with their servants.</i></p>
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Good morrow to you both.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Good morning to you both.</p>
<p><b>CORNWALL</b></p> <p>Hail to your grace.</p>	<p><b>CORNWALL</b></p> <p>Hail to your majesty.</p>
<p><i><b>KENT</b> here set at liberty</i></p>	<p><i><b>KENT</b> is set free.</i></p>
<p><b>REGAN</b></p> <p>I am glad to see your highness.</p>	<p><b>REGAN</b></p> <p>I'm glad to see your highness.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Regan, I think you are. I know what reason I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulchring an adultriss.</p> <p>(to <b>KENT</b>) Oh, are you free?</p> <p>Some other time for that.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>I believe you are, Regan. You know why I think so? Because if you weren't glad, I'd divorce your dead mother, because I'd know she cheated on me. Any true daughter of mine would definitely be glad to see me. (to <b>KENT</b>) Oh, are you free? We'll talk about it later.</p>
<p><i>Exit <b>KENT</b></i></p>	<p><i><b>KENT</b> exits.</i></p>
<p><b>125</b> Belovèd Regan,</p> <p>Thy sister's naught. O Regan, she hath tied Sharp-toothed unkindness, like a vulture, here. (indicates his heart)</p> <p>I can scarce speak to thee. Thou'lt not believe With how depraved a quality— O Regan!</p>	<p>My dear Regan, your sister's not worth anything. Oh, Regan, she's torn me apart with unkindness, like a vulture, right here. (points to his heart) I can hardly speak. You'll never believe how monstrously—oh, Regan!</p>

Act 2, Scene 4, Page 7

Original Text		Modern Text	
130	<p><b>REGAN</b></p> <p>I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope You less know how to value her desert Than she to scant her duty.</p>		<p><b>REGAN</b></p> <p>Calm down, sir, please. I hope there's been a misunderstanding. It's more likely that you don't know how to appreciate her than that she'd ever fail in her duties as a daughter.</p>
	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Say, how is that?</p>		<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>How do you mean?</p>
135	<p><b>REGAN</b></p> <p>I cannot think my sister in the least Would fail her obligation. If, sir, perchance She have restrained the riots of your followers, 'Tis on such ground and to such wholesome end As clears her from all blame.</p>		<p><b>REGAN</b></p> <p>I can't believe my sister would neglect her obligations in any way. If she restrained your rowdy knights, she had such a good reason that you can't blame her for it.</p>
	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>My curses on her!</p>		<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>I curse her.</p>
140	<p><b>REGAN</b></p> <p>O sir, you are old. Nature in you stands on the very verge Of his confine. You should be ruled and led By some discretion that discerns your state Better than you yourself. Therefore I pray you That to our sister you do make return.</p>		<p><b>REGAN</b></p> <p>Sir, you're old. Your life is stretched to its limit. You should let others take care of you and submit to people who know better than you do what's good for you. Please go back to Goneril's house. Admit you were wrong.</p>
145	<p>Say you have wronged her, sir.</p>		
	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Ask her forgiveness? Do you but mark how this becomes the house?— (kneels) "Dear daughter, I confess that I am old. Age is unnecessary. On my knees I beg That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."</p>		<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Apologize? Do you think this kind of thing is appropriate for the royal family? (he kneels) "Dear daughter, I admit I'm old. Old people are useless. I'm begging you, on my knees, to give me food, clothes, and a bed."</p>
150	<p><b>REGAN</b></p> <p>Good sir, no more. These are unsightly tricks. Return you to my sister.</p>		<p><b>REGAN</b></p> <p>No more, please. These are ugly antics. Go back to my sister's.</p>

Original Text		Modern Text	
155	<p><b>LEAR</b> (rising) Never, Regan. She hath abated me of half my train, Looked black upon me, struck me with her tongue, Most serpentlike, upon the very heart. All the stored vengeance of heaven fall On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones, You taking airs, with lameness!</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> (getting up) Never, Regan. She's sent away half my knights, glared at me, and aimed her venomous insults straight at my heart. She and her ingratitude can go to hell! I hope she gets sick and becomes lame!</p>	
	<p><b>CORNWALL</b> Fie, sir, fie!</p>	<p><b>CORNWALL</b> Shush, sir, please!</p>	
	<p><b>LEAR</b> You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty, You fen-sucked fogs drawn by the powerful sun, To fall and blister!</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> I hope lightning strikes her in the eyes! I hope poisonous swampy fog covers her face and ruins her complexion!</p>	
	<p><b>REGAN</b> O the blessed gods! So will you wish on me when the rash mood is on.</p>	<p><b>REGAN</b> Oh, dear gods! That's how you'll talk about me when you're in this mood.</p>	
	<p><b>LEAR</b> No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse. Thy tender-hafted nature shall not give Thee o'er to harshness. Her eyes are fierce, but thine Do comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train, To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes, And in conclusion to oppose the bolt Against my coming in. Thou better know'st The offices of nature, bond of childhood, Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude. Thy half o' th' kingdom hast thou not forgot, Wherein I thee endowed.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> No, Regan. I'll never curse you. You're so gentle, you'd never be harsh like her. Her eyes are vicious, but yours are comforting. You'd never deny me my pleasures, downsize my entourage, insult me thoughtlessly, reduce my allowance, or lock me out of the house. You know better than she does how important the duties of a child to a parent are, and the responsibilities that come from gratitude. You haven't forgotten the half of a kingdom I gave you.</p>	
175	<p><b>REGAN</b> Good sir, to the purpose.</p>	<p><b>REGAN</b> Sir, let's get to the point.</p>	
	<p><b>LEAR</b> Who put my man i' th' stocks?</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Who put my messenger in the stocks?</p>	

Original Text		Modern Text	
<i>Tucket within</i>		<i>Trumpets play offstage.</i>	
<b>CORNWALL</b> What trumpet's that?		<b>CORNWALL</b> What's that trumpet?	
<i>Enter <b>OSWALD</b> the steward</i>		<i><b>OSWALD</b> enters.</i>	
<b>REGAN</b> I know 't—my sister's. This approves her letter That she would soon be here. (to <b>OSWALD</b> ) Is your lady come?		<b>REGAN</b> I know it. It's my sister's. She'll be here soon, just like her letter said. (to <b>OSWALD</b> ) Has my sister arrived?	
180	<b>LEAR</b> This is a slave whose easy borrowed pride Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.— Out, varlet, from my sight!	<b>LEAR</b> This is a lowlife who basks in the reflection of the fading glory of the woman he works for.—Get out of my sight, scoundrel!	
<b>CORNWALL</b> What means your grace?		<b>CORNWALL</b> What do you mean, your highness?	
<i>Enter <b>GONERIL</b></i>		<i><b>GONERIL</b> enters.</i>	
185	<b>LEAR</b> Who stocked my servant? Regan, I have good hope Thou didst not know on 't.—Who comes here? O heavens, If you do love old men, if your sweet sway Allow obedience, if yourselves are old, Make it your cause. Send down, and take my part! (to <b>GONERIL</b> ) Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?— O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?	<b>LEAR</b> Who put my servant in the stocks? Regan, I hope you didn't know anything about that.—Ah, who's this? Dear gods, if you love old men like me, if you believe in obedience, if you yourselves are old, then please send me down some help! (to <b>GONERIL</b> ) Aren't you ashamed to look at me after the way you've treated me in my old age?—Oh, Regan, are you taking her by the hand?	
190	<b>GONERIL</b> Why not by th' hand, sir? How have I offended? All's not offense that indiscretion finds And dotage terms so.	<b>GONERIL</b> Why shouldn't she take my hand, father? How exactly have I offended you? Just because a senile man with poor judgment calls something an insult doesn't necessarily mean it is one.	
<b>LEAR</b> O sides, you are too tough. Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' th' stocks?		<b>LEAR</b> Oh, how can the sides of my body hold in my grieving heart?—How did my messenger wind up in the stocks?	

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>CORNWALL</b> I set him there, sir, but his own disorders Deserved much less advancement.</p>	<p><b>CORNWALL</b> I sent him there, sir, but his crimes deserved a worse punishment.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> You! Did you?</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> You! You did it?</p>
<p><b>REGAN</b> I pray you, father, being weak, seem so. If till the expiration of your month, You will return and sojourn with my sister, Dismissing half your train, come then to me. I am now from home, and out of that provision Which shall be needful for your entertainment.</p>	<p><b>REGAN</b> Please, father, since you're weak, act like it. Get rid of half your knights and go back to spend the rest of your month with my sister. Afterward, you can stay with me. Right now I'm away from home and I can't provide you with proper care.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> Return to her, and fifty men dismissed? No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose To be a comrade with the wolf and owl— To wage against the enmity o' th' air— Necessity's sharp pinch! Return with her? Why, the hot-blooded France that dowerless took Our youngest born—I could as well be brought To knee his throne, and, squirelike, pension beg To keep base life afoot. Return with her? Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter To this detested groom. (indicates OSWALD)</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Go back with her? Send away fifty of my knights? No. I'd rather renounce living in a house, and wander in the open air in the hardships of poverty, as a friend of the wolf and the owl. Go back with her? I might as well go before the King of France, who took my youngest daughter without a dowry, kneel before his throne, and beg him to give me a tiny pension to stay alive. Go back with her? I'd rather be a slave or a packhorse for this hateful stablehand here. (he points to OSWALD)</p>
<p><b>GONERIL</b> At your choice, sir.</p>	<p><b>GONERIL</b> As you wish, sir.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> Now, I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad. I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewell. We'll no more meet, no more see one another. But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter— Or rather a disease that's in my flesh, Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a boil, A plague-sore or embossèd carbuncle In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee. Let shame come when it will. I do not call it.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> I beg you, daughter, don't make me crazy. I won't bother you. We'll never see each other again. But you're still my child, my flesh and blood—or rather you're a disease in my flesh, a disease I still have to call my own. You're a pustule, a sore, a tumor digesting my bloodline. But I'll stop rebuking you. You'll feel shame when the time is right, and I don't urge you to be ashamed now. I won't beg the gods to punish you, or caution you to fear their judgment. Become a better</p>



## Act 2, Scene 4, Page 11

	Original Text	Modern Text
225	I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot, Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove. Mend when thou canst. Be better at thy leisure. I can be patient. I can stay with Regan, I and my hundred knights.	person when you're ready, if you're inclined. I'll wait patiently. Meanwhile I'll stay with Regan with my hundred knights.
230	<b>REGAN</b> Not altogether so, sir. I looked not for you yet, nor am provided For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister. For those that mingle reason with your passion Must be content to think you old, and so— But she knows what she does.	<b>REGAN</b> It's not quite that simple. I wasn't expecting you, and I'm not ready to receive you. Please hear what Goneril is saying. We're trying to be reasonable while you're so upset, and we understand that you're old, and... But Goneril knows what she's doing.
	<b>LEAR</b> Is this well spoken now?	<b>LEAR</b> Do you mean what you've just said?
235	<b>REGAN</b> I dare avouch it, sir. What, fifty followers? Is it not well? What should you need of more— Yea, or so many—sith that both charge and danger Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house, Should many people under two commands Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.	<b>REGAN</b> Yes, I do. Isn't fifty knights enough for you? Why would you need more than that? Or even that many. Fifty knights are expensive to maintain, and there's always a risk they'll rebel. How could so many people, under two masters, get along under one roof? It would be hard, almost impossible.
	<b>GONERIL</b> Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance From those that she calls servants, or from mine?	<b>GONERIL</b> Why couldn't you be attended by my servants, or by Regan's?
240	<b>REGAN</b> Why not, my lord? If then they chanced to slack you, We could control them. If you will come to me— For now I spy a danger—I entreat you To bring but five and twenty. To no more Will I give place or notice.	<b>REGAN</b> Yes, why not, my lord? Then if they're negligent, we could control them. Now that I think about the danger of these knights, if you come to stay with me, please bring no more than twenty-five of them with you. I won't lodge any more than that under my roof.
245	<b>LEAR</b> I gave you all—	<b>LEAR</b> I gave you everything—
	<b>REGAN</b> And in good time you gave it.	<b>REGAN</b> And it was about time too.

Original Text		Modern Text	
250	<b>LEAR</b> Made you my guardians, my depositaries, But kept a reservation to be followed With such a number. What, must I come to you With five and twenty, Regan? Said you so?		<b>LEAR</b> I made you de facto rulers of my kingdom on condition that I could keep a hundred knights of my own. Why should I now have to make do with only twenty-five? Regan, is that what you said?
	<b>REGAN</b> And speak 't again, my lord. No more with me.		<b>REGAN</b> Yes, I'll say it again, my lord. No more than twenty-five.
255	<b>LEAR</b> Those wicked creatures yet do look well favored When others are more wicked. Not being the worst Stands in some rank of praise. (to GONERIL) I'll go with thee. Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty, And thou art twice her love.		<b>LEAR</b> Bad people start to look better in comparison with worse people. Not being the worst daughter deserves some praise, I guess. (to GONERIL) I'll go stay with you, then. Your fifty is twice her twenty-five, so you must love me twice as much as she does.
	<b>GONERIL</b> Hear me, my lord. What need you five and twenty, ten, or five To follow in a house where twice so many Have a command to tend you?		<b>GONERIL</b> Hear me out, my lord. Why do you need twenty-five knights, or ten, or even five, when you're staying in a house with a staff of double that at your service?
260	<b>REGAN</b> What need one?		<b>REGAN</b> Why do you need even one?
265	<b>LEAR</b> O, reason not the need! Our basest beggars Are in the poorest thing superfluous. Allow not nature more than nature needs, Man's life's as cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady. If only to go warm were gorgeous,		<b>LEAR</b> Oh, don't ask me why I "need" them! Even the poorest beggars have some meager possessions they don't really "need." If you allow people no more than what they absolutely need to survive, then a human life is no better than an animal's. You're a well-dressed lady. If you dressed only to stay warm, you wouldn't need these gorgeous clothes you're wearing—which don't keep you warm at all. If you want to talk about true needs, what I really need is patience. Oh, gods, give me patience! You see me here, gods, a grieving old man, as wretched in his grief as he is in his old age. If you're the ones setting my daughters against me, don't let me be foolish enough to take it lying down. Give me noble anger, and don't let any womanly tears fall down my
	Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st, Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need— You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need. You see me here, you gods, a poor old man, As full of grief as age, wretched in both. If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts Against their father, fool me not so much To bear it tamely. Touch me with noble anger. And let not women's weapons, water drops, Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,		
270			
275			

## Act 2, Scene 4, Page 13

	Original Text	Modern Text
280	<p>I will have such revenges on you both That all the world shall—I will do such things— What they are yet I know not, but they shall be The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep? No, I'll not weep.</p>	<p>man's cheeks. No, you monstrous hags, I'll get revenge on you both that will make the whole world... I will do such things—I don't know what I'll do exactly, but it'll be devastating. You expect me to cry? Well, I won't.</p>
	<i>Storm and tempest</i>	<i>A storm breaks out.</i>
	<p>I have full cause of weeping, but this heart Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws, Or ere I'll weep.—O Fool, I shall go mad!</p>	<p>I have a good reason to cry, but my heart will splinter into a hundred thousand pieces before I let myself cry.—Oh, Fool, I'll go mad!</p>
	<i>Exeunt LEAR, GENTLEMAN, FOOL, and GLOUCESTER</i>	<i>King LEAR, the GENTLEMAN, and the FOOL exit with GLOUCESTER.</i>
	<p><b>CORNWALL</b> Let us withdraw. 'Twill be a storm.</p>	<p><b>CORNWALL</b> Let's go inside. There's going to be a storm.</p>
285	<p><b>REGAN</b> This house is little. The old man and his people Cannot be well bestowed.</p>	<p><b>REGAN</b> This is a small house. There's no room for the old man and his followers.</p>
	<p><b>GONERIL</b> 'Tis his own blame. Hath put himself from rest, And must needs taste his folly.</p>	<p><b>GONERIL</b> It's his fault that he's all worked up like this. He has to pay the price for his foolish actions.</p>
290	<p><b>REGAN</b> For his particular I'll receive him gladly, But not one follower.</p>	<p><b>REGAN</b> I'll be happy to keep him in my house, but not a single knight.</p>
	<p><b>GONERIL</b> So am I purposed. Where is my lord of Gloucester?</p>	<p><b>GONERIL</b> That's what I intend to do too. Where is Gloucester?</p>
	<p><b>CORNWALL</b> Followed the old man forth. He is returned.</p>	<p><b>CORNWALL</b> He followed the old man. Here he comes back.</p>
	<i>Enter GLOUCESTER</i>	<i>GLOUCESTER returns.</i>
	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> The king is in high rage.</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> The king is enraged.</p>

## Act 2, Scene 4, Page 14

	Original Text	Modern Text
	<b>CORNWALL</b> Whither is he going?	<b>CORNWALL</b> Where's he going?
	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> He calls to horse, but will I know not whither.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> He has called for his horse, but I don't know where he's headed.
295	<b>CORNWALL</b> 'Tis best to give him way. He leads himself.	<b>CORNWALL</b> It's best just to let him go. He won't listen to anyone's advice.
	<b>GONERIL</b> (to GLOUCESTER) My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.	<b>GONERIL</b> (to GLOUCESTER) My lord, don't try to persuade him to stay.
	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Alack, the night comes on, and the high winds Do sorely ruffle. For many miles about There's scarce a bush.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Ah, but it's getting dark, and the winds are strong and stormy. There's hardly a bush for miles around. He'll have no shelter.
300	<b>REGAN</b> O sir, to wiiful men, The injuries that they themselves procure Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors. He is attended with a desperate train. And what they may incense him to, being apt To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.	<b>REGAN</b> Oh, sir, impetuous people learn their lessons from the consequences of their foolish actions. Lock the doors. His attendants are desperate, violent men. I'm afraid of what they might encourage him to do, considering the state he's in.
305	<b>CORNWALL</b> Shut up your doors, my lord. 'Tis a wild night. My Regan counsels well. Come out o' th' storm.	<b>CORNWALL</b> Lock the doors, my lord. It's a wild night. Regan gives good advice. Come in out of the storm.
	<i>Exeunt</i>	<i>They all exit.</i>

Act 3, Scene 1

Original Text		Modern Text	
<i>Storm still Enter <b>KENT</b> disguised and <b>GENTLEMAN</b>, severally</i>		<i>The storm continues to rage. <b>KENT</b> enters in disguise. The <b>GENTLEMAN</b> enters from a different direction.</i>	
<b>KENT</b> Who's there, besides foul weather?		<b>KENT</b> Who's there, aside from this foul weather?	
<b>GENTLEMAN</b> One minded like the weather, most unquietly.		<b>GENTLEMAN</b> Someone whose mood is as foul as the weather, very troubled.	
<b>KENT</b> I know you. Where's the king?		<b>KENT</b> I know you. Where's the king?	
<b>GENTLEMAN</b> Contending with the fretful elements. 5 Bids the winds blow the earth into the sea Or swell the curlèd water 'bove the main, That things might change or cease. Tears his white hair, Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage, Catch in their fury and make nothing of. 10 Strives in his little world of man to outscorn The to-and-fro—conflicting wind and rain. This night—wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch, The lion and the belly-pinchèd wolf Keep their fur dry—unbonneted he runs, 15 And bids what will take all.		<b>GENTLEMAN</b> Struggling with the wind and rain. He's shouting at the wind to blow the earth into the sea, or make the sea flood the earth—he wants to see the world return to primal chaos. He keeps tearing out his white hair, which the blindly raging winds catch up and blow away into nothingness. Small but brave in his surroundings, he's trying to stand up against the wind and rain blowing back and forth. He's running bareheaded, calling for the end of the world, out there on a night like this, when even savage animals ravenous with hunger crawl under cover and hide.	
<b>KENT</b> But who is with him?		<b>KENT</b> But who's with him?	
<b>GENTLEMAN</b> None but the fool, who labors to outjest His heart-struck injuries.		<b>GENTLEMAN</b> Nobody but the fool, who's trying to soothe the wounds in the king's heart with jokes.	

Act 3, Scene 1, Page 2

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>KENT</b></p> <p>Sir, I do know you, And dare upon the warrant of my note Commend a dear thing to you. There is division, 20 Although as yet the face of it be covered With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall, Who have—as who have not that their great stars Throned and set high?—servants, who seem no less, Which are to France the spies and speculations 25 Intelligent of our state. What hath been seen, Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes, Or the hard rein which both of them hath borne Against the old kind king, or something deeper, Whereof perchance these are but furnishings— 30 But true it is. From France there comes a power Into this scattered kingdom, who already, Wise in our negligence, have secret feet In some of our best ports and are at point To show their open banner. Now to you. 35 If on my credit you dare build so far To make your speed to Dover, you shall find Some that will thank you, making just report Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow The king hath cause to plain. 40 I am a gentleman of blood and breeding, And from some knowledge and assurance offer This office to you.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b></p> <p>Sir, I 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.</p>
<p><b>GENTLEMAN</b></p> <p>I will talk further with you.</p>	<p><b>GENTLEMAN</b></p> <p>Let's discuss it some more.</p>

## Act 3, Scene 1, Page 3

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>KENT</b> (giving GENTLEMAN a purse and a ring) No, do not.</p> <p>45 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</p> <p>50 That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm! I will go seek the king.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> (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.</p>
<p><b>GENTLEMAN</b> Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?</p>	<p><b>GENTLEMAN</b> Let me shake your hand. Do you have anything else to tell me?</p>
<p><b>KENT</b> Few words, but to effect more than all yet: That when we have found the king—in which your pain</p> <p>55 That way; I'll this—he that first lights on him Holla the other.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> 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.</p>
<p><i>Exeunt severally</i></p>	<p><i>They exit in opposite directions.</i></p>

Act 3, Scene 2

Original Text		Modern Text	
<i>Storm still Enter <b>LEAR</b> and <b>FOOL</b></i>		<i>The storm continues. <b>LEAR</b> and the <b>FOOL</b> enter.</i>	
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>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, 5 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!</p>		<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Blow, winds! Blow until your cheeks crack! Rage on, blow! Let tornadoes spew water until the steeples of our churches and the weathervanes are all drowned. Let quick sulfurous lightning, strong enough to split enormous trees, singe the white hair on my head. Let thunder flatten the spherical world, crack open all the molds from which nature forms human beings, and spill all the seeds from which ungrateful humans grow!</p>	
<p><b>FOOL</b></p> <p>10 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.</p>		<p><b>FOOL</b></p> <p>Oh, uncle, it's better to smile and flatter indoors where it's dry than get soaked out here. Please, uncle, let's go in and ask your daughters to forgive you. This storm has no pity for either wise men or fools.</p>	
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! Spout, rain! 15 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— 20 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.</p>		<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>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!</p>	
<p><b>FOOL</b></p> <p>25 He that has a house to put 's head in has a good headpiece. The codpiece that will house</p>		<p><b>FOOL</b></p> <p>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</p>	



Act 3, Scene 2, Page 2

Original Text		Modern Text	
30	Before the head has any— The head and he shall louse. 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.		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.
	<i>Enter KENT disguised</i>		<i>KENT enters in disguise.</i>
35	<b>LEAR</b> No, I will be the pattern of all patience. I will say nothing.		<b>LEAR</b> No, I'll be patient. I won't say a word.
	<b>KENT</b> Who's there?		<b>KENT</b> Who's there?
	<b>FOOL</b> Marry, here's grace and a codpiece—that's a wise man and a fool.		<b>FOOL</b> A wise man and a fool.
40	<b>KENT</b> (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. Snce 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.		<b>KENT</b> (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.
50	<b>LEAR</b> 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		<b>LEAR</b> 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

Original Text	Modern Text
<p>That art incestuous. Caitiff, to pieces shake, That under covert and convenient seeming 55 Hast practiced on man's life. Close pent-up guilts, Rive your concealing continents and cry These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man More sinned against than sinning.</p>	<p>mercy from the gods who summon these terrifying winds and thunderbolts. Other people have sinned against me more than I have sinned against them.</p>
<p><b>KENT</b> Alack, bareheaded? Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel. 60 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 65 Their scanted courtesy.</p> <p><b>LEAR</b> 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? 70 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.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> Why, you're not even wearing a hat? My lord, there's a hut nearby. It will give you some protection from this storm. Rest there while I go back to the unfriendly house where your sisters are staying, and ask them for help. They are harder than the stones the house is made of. Just now, when I asked them if they knew where you were, they wouldn't let me in. But I'll go back and force them to be polite.</p> <p><b>LEAR</b> I'm starting to lose my mind. (to the FOOL) Come on, my boy. How are you? Are you cold? I'm cold myself. (to KENT) Where's this hut, man? Odd how when you're desperate, even shoddy things like this hut can seem precious. Show me where that hut is. Poor fool, part of me still feels sorry for you.</p>
<p><b>FOOL</b> (sings) 75 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.</p>	<p><b>FOOL</b> (singing) The stupid man— Hey-hoy, the wind and the rain— Must take what he can get, Since the rain comes every day.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> That's true, my good boy.—Come on, take us to that hut.</p>

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>FOOL</b></p> <p>80 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, 85 No heretics burned but wenches' suitors, 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, 90 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, 95 That going shall be used with feet. This prophecy Merlin shall make, for I live before his time.</p>	<p><b>FOOL</b></p> <p>This would be a great night to satisfy a whore's lust. I'll recite a prophecy before I go. One day, when priests don't practice what they preach, When brewers dilute their beer with water, When noblemen teach their tailors how to sew, When instead of heretics being burned at the stake, lovers are burned by syphilis, When every law case is tried fairly, When no gentleman is in debt, When no one slanders anyone else, When no one snatches wallets in crowds, When moneylenders count their gold in the open air, And pimps and whores build fine churches— Then the kingdom of England Will come to ruin. And whoever lives to see that day Will walk with his feet. This is the prophecy that the wizard <b>Merlin</b> will make one day. I'm a little ahead of my time in saying it now.</p>
<i>Exit</i>	<i>He exits.</i>

Act 3, Scene 3

Original Text	Modern Text
<i>Enter <b>GLOUCESTER</b> and <b>EDMUND</b> the bastard, with lights</i>	<i><b>GLOUCESTER</b> and <b>EDMUND</b> enter with torches.</i>
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> 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.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Oh, oh, Edmund, I don't like this monstrous business. When asked the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall if I could take pity on the king and shelter him from the storm, they took my house away from me and ordered me never to talk about him, lobby for him, or support him in any way.
<b>EDMUND</b> Most savage and unnatural!	<b>EDMUND</b> That's uncivilized and unnatural!
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> 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.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Oh, be quiet. There's a feud between the two dukes. And there's something even worse than that. I got a letter tonight. It's dangerous to talk about it. I've locked it up in my room. The humiliation that the king is suffering now will be revenged thoroughly. Armed forces have already landed. We have to take the king's side. I'll look for him and secretly help him. You go and talk to the duke so he won't notice I'm helping the king. If he asks to see me, tell him I'm sick and went to bed. Even if I have to die—as they threaten—I have to help the king. Strange things are about to happen, Edmund. Please be careful.
<i>Exit <b>GLOUCESTER</b></i>	<i><b>GLOUCESTER</b> exits.</i>
<b>EDMUND</b> This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke Instantly know, and of that letter too. 20 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.	<b>EDMUND</b> I'll tell the duke right away that you're going to see the king, which is forbidden. And I'll tell him about the letter too. You'll get what you deserve, and I'll be rewarded with everything you lose—in other words, all your lands. The young generation rises while the old one falls.
<i>Exit</i>	<i>He exits.</i>

Act 3, Scene 4

Original Text	Modern Text
<i>Enter <b>LEAR</b>, <b>KENT</b> disguised, and <b>FOOL</b></i>	<i><b>LEAR</b> enters with <b>KENT</b> in disguise and the <b>FOOL</b>.</i>
<b>KENT</b> Here is the place, my lord. Good my lord, enter. The tyranny of the open night's too rough For nature to endure.	<b>KENT</b> Here's the hut, my lord. Please go inside. The night's too rough for humans to bear.
<i>Storm still</i>	<i>The storm continues.</i>
<b>LEAR</b> Let me alone.	<b>LEAR</b> Leave me for a bit.
<b>KENT</b> Good my lord, enter here.	<b>KENT</b> My lord, here is the entrance.
<b>LEAR</b> Wilt break my heart?	<b>LEAR</b> Will you break my heart?
5 <b>KENT</b> I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.	<b>KENT</b> I'd rather break my own heart. Now please go in.
<b>LEAR</b> Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm Invades us to the skin. So 'tis to thee. But where the greater malady is fixed The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear, 10 But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea Thou'dst meet the bear i' th' mouth. When the mind's free, The body's delicate. The tempest in my mind Doth from my senses take all feeling else 15 Save what beats there—filial ingratitude. Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand For lifting food to 't? But I will punish home. No, I will weep no more. In such a night To shut me out! Pour on, I will endure. 20 In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril, Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all— Oh, that way madness lies. Let me shun that. No more of that.	<b>LEAR</b> 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.

Act 3, Scene 4, Page 2

Original Text		Modern Text	
<b>KENT</b> Good my lord, enter here.		<b>KENT</b> My lord, please go inside here.	
25	<b>LEAR</b> 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.	<b>LEAR</b> 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.	
	<i>Exit FOOL</i>	<i>The FOOL exits.</i>	
30	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,	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.	
35	That thou mayst shake the superflux to them And show the heavens more just.		
<b>EDGAR</b> (within) Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!		<b>EDGAR</b> (from inside) The water in here is nine feet deep! Poor Tom!	
<i>Enter FOOL</i>		<i>FOOL enters.</i>	
<b>FOOL</b> Come not in here, nuncle. Here's a spirit. Help me, help me!		<b>FOOL</b> Don't come in here, uncle! There's a spirit in here! Help me, help me!	
<b>KENT</b> Give me thy hand. Who's there?		<b>KENT</b> Give me your hand. Who's there?	
40	<b>FOOL</b> A spirit, a spirit. He says his name's Poor Tom.	<b>FOOL</b> A ghost, a ghost! He says his name's Poor Tom.	
<b>KENT</b> What art thou that dost grumble there i' th' straw? Come forth.		<b>KENT</b> Who are you, moaning in the hut like that? Come out.	
<i>Enter EDGAR disguised</i>		<i>EDGAR enters disguised.</i>	

Original Text		Modern Text	
<b>KENT</b> Good my lord, enter here.		<b>KENT</b> My lord, please go inside here.	
25	<b>LEAR</b> Prithce, 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.	<b>LEAR</b> 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.	
	<i>Exit FOOL</i>	<i>The FOOL exits.</i>	
30	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,	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.	
35	That thou mayst shake the superflux to them And show the heavens more just.		
<b>EDGAR</b> (within) Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!		<b>EDGAR</b> (from inside) The water in here is nine feet deep! Poor Tom!	
<i>Enter FOOL</i>		<i>FOOL enters.</i>	
<b>FOOL</b> Come not in here, nuncle. Here's a spirit. Help me, help me!		<b>FOOL</b> Don't come in here, uncle! There's a spirit in here! Help me, help me!	
<b>KENT</b> Give me thy hand. Who's there?		<b>KENT</b> Give me your hand. Who's there?	
40	<b>FOOL</b> A spirit, a spirit. He says his name's Poor Tom.	<b>FOOL</b> A ghost, a ghost! He says his name's Poor Tom.	
<b>KENT</b> What art thou that dost grumble there i' th' straw? Come forth.		<b>KENT</b> Who are you, moaning in the hut like that? Come out.	
<i>Enter EDGAR disguised</i>		<i>EDGAR enters disguised.</i>	

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Away! The foul fiend follows me! Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Hum! Go to thy cold bed and warm thee.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Go away! The devil's after me! The cold wind blows through the hawthorn trees. Ha! Get into your cold beds and warm yourselves up.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Didst thou give all to thy two daughters, and art thou come to this?</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Did you give everything to your two daughters and end up like this?</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>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-inched 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.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Whoever gave a thing to Poor Tom? The devil has chased him through fires, across rivers and whirlpools, and over swamps. The devil has put knives under Tom's pillow and hangman's ropes in his church pew, encouraging him to kill himself. The devil has put rat poison next to Poor Tom's oatmeal and made him gallop his horse over narrow bridges, chasing his own shadow as if it were a traitor. Bless your five senses! Tom's chilly. Oh do-de, do-de, do-de. God protect you from tornadoes, evil stars, and diseases! Take pity on Poor Tom, who is persecuted by the devil. I can almost catch him. There!... And over there!... And over there!</p>
<p><i>Storm still</i></p>	<p><i>The storm continues.</i></p>
<p>60 <b>LEAR</b></p> <p>What, has his daughters brought him to this pass?— Couldst thou save nothing? Wouldst thou give 'em all?</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Have his daughters made him crazy like this?— Couldn't you have kept something for yourself? Did you have to give them everything?</p>
<p><b>FOOL</b></p> <p>Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.</p>	<p><b>FOOL</b></p> <p>No, he kept a blanket to cover himself with. If he hadn't, we'd all be embarrassed to look at him.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Then may your daughters be cursed with all the horrible fates that await sinners!</p>
<p><b>KENT</b></p> <p>He hath no daughters, sir.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b></p> <p>He doesn't have any daughters, sir.</p>



Act 3, Scene 4, Page 4

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>65 Death, traitor! Nothing could have subdued nature To such a lowness but his unkind daughters. Is it the fashion that discarded fathers Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? Judicious punishment! 'Twas this flesh begot</p> <p>70 Those pelican daughters.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>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.</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Pillicock sat on Pillicock hill. Alow, alow, loo, loo!</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Pillicock sat on Pillicock hill. La, la, la, la!</p>
<p><b>FOOL</b></p> <p>This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.</p>	<p><b>FOOL</b></p> <p>This stormy night will turn us all into fools and madmen.</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>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.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>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.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>What hast thou been?</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>What were you before this?</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>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.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>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.</p>

Storm still

The storm continues.

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>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.</p> <p>Unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—</p> <p>Off, off, you lendings! Come. Unbutton here. (tears at his clothes)</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>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 <a href="#">perfume</a>. Ha! The three of us are sophisticated compared to you. You're the real thing.</p> <p>The human being unburdened by the trappings of civilization is no more than a poor, naked, two-legged animal like you.</p> <p>Off with these clothes borrowed from animals! Let me unbutton this. (he tears at his clothes)</p>
<p><i>Enter GLOUCESTER with a torch</i></p>	<p><i>GLOUCESTER enters with a torch.</i></p>
<p><b>FOOL</b></p> <p>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.</p>	<p><b>FOOL</b></p> <p>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.</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>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.</p> <p>He met the nightmare and her ninefold, Bid her alight, And her troth plight. And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p>
<p><b>KENT</b></p> <p>How fares your grace?</p>	<p><b>KENT</b></p> <p>How are you, your highness?</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>(indicating GLOUCESTER) What's he?</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>(pointing at GLOUCESTER) Who's that?</p>
<p><b>KENT</b></p> <p>Who's there? What is 't you seek?</p>	<p><b>KENT</b></p> <p>Who are you? What do you want?</p>

Original Text		Modern Text	
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> What are you there? Your names?		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Who are you? What are your names?	
120	<b>EDGAR</b> 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!		<b>EDGAR</b> Poor Tom, who eats frogs, toads, tadpoles, lizards, and newts. When the devil tells me to, I eat cow dung for salads, I swallow old rats and dead dogs, I drink pond scum. In every village I'm whipped and put in the stocks, punished and imprisoned. But I used to be a respectable servant, with three suits and six shirts. Once I had a horse to ride and a sword to wear, but now poor Tom's been eating rats and mice for seven long years. Beware of the devil who follows me around. Calm down, Smulkin, you fiend!
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> (to LEAR) What, hath your grace no better company?		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> (to LEAR) Don't you have anyone more respectable with you, your highness?	
<b>EDGAR</b> The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman. Modo he's called, and Mahu.		<b>EDGAR</b> Oh, the devil is quite a gentleman. He's called Modo and Mahu.	
135	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> (to LEAR) Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile That it doth hate what gets it.		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> (to LEAR) My lord, our children have become so beastly that they hate their own parents.
<b>EDGAR</b> Poor Tom's a-cold.		<b>EDGAR</b> Poor Tom's chilly.	
140	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> 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.		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> 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.
<b>LEAR</b> First let me talk with this philosopher.— (to EDGAR) What is the cause of thunder?		<b>LEAR</b> First let me talk with this philosopher here.—(to EDGAR) What causes thunder?	

Act 3, Scene 4, Page 7

Original Text		Modern Text	
145	<b>KENT</b> (to LEAR) Good my lord, take his offer. Go into the house.	<b>KENT</b> (to LEAR) Sir, please take him up on his offer and go back with him.	
	<b>LEAR</b> I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.— What is your study?	<b>LEAR</b> I want to chat a bit with this wise Greek man.— What kind of philosophy do you study?	
	<b>EDGAR</b> How to prevent the fiend and to kill vermin.	<b>EDGAR</b> How to keep the devil away and kill rats.	
<b>LEAR</b> Let me ask you one word in private.		<b>LEAR</b> Let me ask you something in private.	
<i>LEAR and EDGAR talk aside</i>		<i>LEAR and EDGAR talk privately.</i>	
150	<b>KENT</b> (aside to GLOUCESTER) Importune him once more to go, my lord. His wits begin t' unsettle.	<b>KENT</b> (speaking so that only GLOUCESTER can hear) Ask him again to return with you, my lord. He's beginning to lose his mind.	
	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Canst thou blame him?	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Can you blame him?	
	<i>Storm still</i>	<i>The storm continues.</i>	
155	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

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

## Act 3, Scene 5

Original Text	Modern Text
<i>Enter <b>CORNWALL</b> and <b>EDMUND</b></i>	<i><b>CORNWALL</b> enters with <b>EDMUND</b>.</i>
<b>CORNWALL</b> I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.	<b>CORNWALL</b> I'll get my revenge before I leave this house.
<b>EDMUND</b> How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.	<b>EDMUND</b> 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.
<b>CORNWALL</b> 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.	<b>CORNWALL</b> 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.
<b>EDMUND</b> 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!	<b>EDMUND</b> 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.
<b>CORNWALL</b> Go with me to the duchess.	<b>CORNWALL</b> Come with me to see the duchess.
<b>EDMUND</b> If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.	<b>EDMUND</b> If this letter's right, you've got a lot to deal with.
<b>CORNWALL</b> 15 True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.	<b>CORNWALL</b> 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.
<b>EDMUND</b> (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.	<b>EDMUND</b> (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.
<b>CORNWALL</b> I will lay trust upon thee, and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love.	<b>CORNWALL</b> I put my trust in you. You'll see that I'm a better father to you than Gloucester.
<i>Exeunt</i>	<i>They exit.</i>

Act 3, Scene 6

Original Text		Modern Text	
<i>Enter <b>GLOUCESTER</b>, <b>LEAR</b>, <b>KENT</b> disguised, <b>FOOL</b>, and <b>EDGAR</b> disguised</i>		<i><b>GLOUCESTER</b> enters with <b>LEAR</b>, the <b>FOOL</b>, and <b>KENT</b> and <b>EDGAR</b>, both in disguise.</i>	
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> 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.		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> 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.	
5	<b>KENT</b> All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience. The gods reward your kindness!	<b>KENT</b> He can't bear his grief and so he's losing his mind. May God reward you for your kindness!	
<i>Exit <b>GLOUCESTER</b></i>		<i><b>GLOUCESTER</b> exits.</i>	
<b>EDGAR</b> Frateretto calls me and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.		<b>EDGAR</b> The devil Frateretto is telling me that the diabolical Roman emperor <b>Nero</b> likes to go fishing in hell. Pray to the gods, you fool, and beware the foul devil.	
<b>FOOL</b> Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?		<b>FOOL</b> Here's a riddle, uncle. Is the lunatic a gentleman or an ordinary guy?	
10	<b>LEAR</b> A king, a king!	<b>LEAR</b> He's a king, a king!	
<b>FOOL</b> 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.		<b>FOOL</b> 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.	
<b>LEAR</b> To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing in upon 'em!		<b>LEAR</b> I see Regan and Goneril in hell—A thousand hissing devils with sizzling red pitchforks come up to them!	
15	<b>EDGAR</b> The foul fiend bites my back.	<b>EDGAR</b> The nasty devil's biting my butt.	

## Act 3, Scene 6, Page 2

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>FOOL</b> He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.</p>	<p><b>FOOL</b> You've got to be crazy to trust a wolf that pretends to be tame, a horse that seems healthy, a teenager in love, or a whore who swears she'll be faithful.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> It shall be done. I will arraign them straight. (to EDGAR) Come, sit thou here, most learnèd justicer. 20 (to FOOL) Thou, sapient sir, sit here.—Now, you she-foxes—</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> I'll do it. I'll put them on <b>trial</b> right now. (to EDGAR) Come sit here, our able judge. (to FOOL) And you sit here, wise sir.—Now, you she-foxes—</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b> Look, where he stands and glares!—Want'st thou eyes at trial, madam? (sings) Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me—</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b> There he is, standing and glaring at me!—Hey, lady, can't you see how the judge is? (sings) Come over the stream to me, dear Bessy—</p>
<p><b>FOOL</b> (sings) Her boat hath a leak, And she must not speak Why she dares not come over to thee.</p>	<p><b>FOOL</b> (sings) She's getting her period, And she won't tell you Why she won't come see you.</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b> 30 The foul fiend haunts Poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hoppedance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel. I have no food for thee.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b> The devil sings like a nightingale to haunt Poor Tom. The demon Hoppedance is in Tom's belly, crying for some fish to eat. Stop whining, devil. I've got no food to give you.</p>
<p><b>KENT</b> (to LEAR) How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed. Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> (to LEAR) How are you, sir? Please don't stand there in a daze. Wouldn't you like to lie down on the pillows?</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> 35 I'll see their trial first. Bring in the evidence. (to EDGAR) Thou robèd man of justice, take thy place. (to FOOL) And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, Bench by his side. (to KENT) You are o' th' commission. 40 Sit you too.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> No, I want to see their trial first. Let's have the evidence. (to EDGAR) Take your place, honorable judge. (to FOOL) And you, his fellow justice of the peace, sit next to him. (to KENT) You can also be a judge. Sit down as well.</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b> Let us deal justly.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b> Let's give a fair verdict.</p>



Original Text	Modern Text
<p>(sings) Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd? Thy sheep be in the corn. 45 And for one blast of thy minikin mouth, Thy sheep shall take no harm. Purr! The cat is gray.</p>	<p>(sings) Are you asleep or awake, happy shepherd? Your sheep are running around the cornfield. But if you blow your cute little horn, Your sheep will be fine. Purr! The devil-cat is gray.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> Arraign her first. 'Tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honorable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Let's put Goneril on trial first. There she is. I hereby swear before this honored assembly that she kicked her father when he was down.</p>
<p><b>FOOL</b> Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?</p>	<p><b>FOOL</b> Come here, ma'am. Is your name Goneril?</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> She cannot deny it.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> She can't deny it.</p>
<p><b>FOOL</b> Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.</p>	<p><b>FOOL</b> I'm so sorry, ma'am, I thought you were a good person, a well-made chair instead of a crude stool.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> And here's another, whose warped looks proclaim 55 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?</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> And here's Regan, whose grotesque face betrays her twisted heart. Stop her! Guards, guards, use your weapons. Fire! The courtroom is in chaos. You corrupt judge, why did you let her escape?</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b> Bless thy five wits.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b> Bless your heart.</p>
<p><b>KENT</b> (to LEAR) O pity! Sir, where is the patience now, 60 That thou so oft have boasted to retain?</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> (to LEAR) How sorrowful! Sir, where's the self- control you used to be so proud of?</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b> (aside) My tears begin to take his part so much, They'll mar my counterfeiting.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b> (to himself) I feel so sorry for him that my tears are starting to ruin my disguise.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart—see, they bark at me.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Look at the three little dogs, Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart—all barking at me.</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b> Tom will throw his head at them.—Avaunt, you curs! 65 Tooth that poisons if it bite, Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b> Tom will chase them off.—Go away, you mongrels! Whether you bite to kill, Mastiff, greyhound, or ugly mutt,</p>

Act 3, Scene 6, Page 4

Original Text		Modern 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.		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.	
75	<b>LEAR</b> 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.	<b>LEAR</b> 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.	
	<b>KENT</b> Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.	<b>KENT</b> Please lie down and rest a while, my lord.	
	<b>LEAR</b> Make no noise, make no noise. Draw the curtains—so, so, so. We'll go to supper i' th' morning. So, so, so. (sleeps)	<b>LEAR</b> Be quiet, be quiet. Draw the curtains, just like that. We'll have supper in the morning. That's right. (he falls asleep)	
<b>FOOL</b> And I'll go to bed at noon.		<b>FOOL</b> And I'll go to bed at noon.	
<i>Enter GLOUCESTER</i>		<i>GLOUCESTER enters.</i>	
85	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> (to KENT) Come hither, friend. Where is the king my master?	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> (to KENT) Come here, my friend. Where's my master the king?	
	<b>KENT</b> Here, sir, but trouble him not. His wits are gone.	<b>KENT</b> He's here, sir, but please don't bother him. He's out of his right mind.	
	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms. I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Please get him, my friend, I beg you. I've overheard people plotting to kill him. I have a carriage ready. Put	

Act 3, Scene 6, Page 5

Original Text		Modern Text	
90	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 dally half an hour, his life, With thine and all that offer to defend him,		him inside and take him to Dover, where you'll find people who'll welcome and protect him. Carry your master out. If you waste even half an hour, he'll be killed, along with you and everyone else helping him. Bring him here, carry him and follow me. I'll quickly take you to where you can find supplies.
95	Stand in assurèd loss. Take up, take up, And follow me, that will to some provision Give thee quick conduct.		
	<b>KENT</b> Oppressèd nature sleeps.— This rest might yet have balmèd thy broken sinews, Which, if convenience will not allow,		<b>KENT</b> Lear's suffering has finally put him to sleep. (to the sleeping LEAR) This rest might have calmed your shattered nerves. It will be difficult for you to get better now that rest is impossible. (to FOOL) Come on, help me carry your master. You can't stay here.
100	Stand in hard cure. (to FOOL) Come, help to bear thy master. Thou must not stay behind.		
	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Come, come, away.		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Come on, come on.
<i>Exeunt all but EDGAR</i>		<i>Everyone exits except EDGAR.</i>	
	<b>EDGAR</b> When we our betters see bearing our woes, We scarcely think our miseries our foes.		<b>EDGAR</b> When we see that our betters have the same problems we do, we can almost forget our own misery. The person who suffers alone suffers the most. Companions in sorrow alleviate our grief. My troubles seem so easy to bear now that I see the king collapsing under a similar sorrow. His children have done the same to him as my father has to me. Let's go, Tom. We'll pay attention to the political situation, and you'll be able to reveal your true identity when you're proven innocent. Whatever else happens tonight, I hope the king escapes safely! Lurk out of sight.
105	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		
110	When that which makes me bend makes the king bow. He childèd as I fathered. Tom, away! Mark the high noises and thyself bewray When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee, In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.		
115	What will hap more tonight, safe 'scape the king! Lurk, lurk.		
<i>Exit</i>		<i>He exits.</i>	

Act 3, Scene 7

Original Text	Modern Text
<i>Enter <b>CORNWALL</b>, and <b>REGAN</b>, and <b>GONERIL</b>, and <b>EDMUND</b> the bastard, and servants</i>	<b>CORNWALL</b> enters with <b>REGAN</b> , <b>GONERIL</b> , <b>EDMUND</b> , and servants.
<b>CORNWALL</b> (to GONERIL) Post speedily to my lord your husband. Show him this letter. The army of France is landed. — Seek out the traitor Gloucester.	<b>CORNWALL</b> (to GONERIL) Hurry to your husband. Show him this letter. The French army has landed.—Find the traitor Gloucester.
<i>Exeunt some servants</i>	<i>Some servants exit.</i>
<b>REGAN</b> Hang him instantly.	<b>REGAN</b> Hang him immediately.
<b>GONERIL</b> Pluck out his eyes.	<b>GONERIL</b> Gouge out his eyes!
<b>CORNWALL</b> 5 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.	<b>CORNWALL</b> 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.
<i>Enter <b>OSWALD</b> the steward</i>	<b>OSWALD</b> enters.
How now? Where's the king?	Hello. Where's the king?
<b>OSWALD</b> My lord of Gloucester hath conveyed him hence. Some five or six and thirty of his knights, Hot questrists after him, met him at gate, Who with some other of the lord's dependants Are gone with him towards Dover, where they boast To have well-armèd friends. 15	<b>OSWALD</b> 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.

Act 3, Scene 7, Page 2

Original Text		Modern Text	
<b>CORNWALL</b> Get horses for your mistress.		<b>CORNWALL</b> Prepare the horses for your lady.	
<i>Exit OSWALD</i>		<i>OSWALD exits.</i>	
20	<b>GONERIL</b> Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.	<b>GONERIL</b> Goodbye, my sweet lord.—Goodbye, my sister.	
<b>CORNWALL</b> Edmund, farewell.		<b>CORNWALL</b> Goodbye, Edmund.	
<i>Exeunt GONERIL and EDMUND the bastard</i>		<i>GONERIL and EDMUND exit.</i>	
Go seek the traitor Gloucester. Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.		Go find the traitor Gloucester. Tie him up like a thief and bring him here to me.	
<i>Exeunt some servants</i>		<i>Some servants exit.</i>	
25	Though well we may not pass upon his life Without the form of justice, yet our power Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men May blame, but not control.—Who's there? The traitor?	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?	
<i>Enter GLOUCESTER, brought in by two or three servants</i>		<i>Two or three servants bring in GLOUCESTER.</i>	
<b>REGAN</b> Ingrateful fox, 'tis he.		<b>REGAN</b> Ungrateful traitor! That's him.	
<b>CORNWALL</b> Bind fast his corky arms.		<b>CORNWALL</b> Tie up his withered old arms.	
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> What mean your graces? Good my friends, consider You are my guests. Do me no foul play, friends.		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> What are you doing? My friends, remember that you're my guests here. Don't play any nasty tricks on me.	
30	<b>CORNWALL</b> Bind him, I say.	<b>CORNWALL</b> Tie him up, I tell you.	
<i>Servants bind GLOUCESTER</i>		<i>Servants tie up GLOUCESTER.</i>	

Original Text	Modern Text
<b>REGAN</b> Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor!	<b>REGAN</b> Tie him up harder.—You filthy traitor!
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> I'm not a traitor, unfair lady.
<b>CORNWALL</b> To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find—	<b>CORNWALL</b> Tie him to this chair.—You'll see, criminal—
<i>REGAN plucks GLOUCESTER's beard</i>	<i>REGAN pulls GLOUCESTER's beard.</i>
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done To pluck me by the beard.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> By the gods, it's disgraceful for you to pull my beard.
35 <b>REGAN</b> So white, and such a traitor?	<b>REGAN</b> As old and white-haired as you are, and you're such a traitor?
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Naughty lady, These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your host. With robbers' hands my hospitable favors 40 You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> 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?
<b>CORNWALL</b> Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?	<b>CORNWALL</b> Tell us about the letters that you got from France.
<b>REGAN</b> Be simple-answered, for we know the truth.	<b>REGAN</b> Get to the point, since we already know the truth.
<b>CORNWALL</b> And what confederacy have you with the traitors Late footed in the kingdom?	<b>CORNWALL</b> And what's your connection with the traitors who landed in our kingdom recently?
45 <b>REGAN</b> To whose hands You have sent the lunatic king. Speak.	<b>REGAN</b> The ones you've sent our lunatic king to. Tell us.
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> I have a letter guessingly set down, Which came from one that's of a neutral heart, And not from one opposed.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> 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.
<b>CORNWALL</b> Cunning.	<b>CORNWALL</b> How clever of you.

Original Text	Modern Text
<b>REGAN</b> And false.	<b>REGAN</b> Clever lies.
<b>CORNWALL</b> Where hast thou sent the king?	<b>CORNWALL</b> Where have you sent the king?
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> To Dover.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> To Dover.
<b>REGAN</b> 50 Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charged at peril—	<b>REGAN</b> Why Dover? Weren't you ordered, on penalty of—
<b>CORNWALL</b> Wherefore to Dover?—Let him first answer that.	<b>CORNWALL</b> Why Dover?—Let him answer that question first.
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> I am tied to th' stake, and I must stand the course.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> I'm backed into a corner with nowhere to run.
<b>REGAN</b> Wherefore to Dover, sir?	<b>REGAN</b> Why Dover?
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> 55 Because I would not see thy cruèl 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. 60 Yet poor old heart, he help the heavens to rain. If wolves had at thy gate howled that stern time, Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn the key," All cruèls else subscribed. But I shall see The wingèd vengeance overtake such children.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> 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.
<b>CORNWALL</b> 65 "See" 't shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair.— Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.	<b>CORNWALL</b> You won't be seeing anything.—Hold his chair still, men.—I'm going to put my foot on his eyes.
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> He that will think to live till he be old, Give me some help!	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Oh, help me, anyone who wants to live long!
<b>CORNWALL</b> plucks out one of <b>GLOUCESTER</b> 's eyes and stamps on it	<b>CORNWALL</b> gouges out one of <b>GLOUCESTER</b> '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!	
70	<b>REGAN</b> One side will mock another—th' other too.	<b>REGAN</b> Now he's a little crooked. Gouge out the other eye too.	
<b>CORNWALL</b> If you see vengeance—		<b>CORNWALL</b> If you see vengeance—	
<b>FIRST SERVANT</b> Hold your hand, my lord! I have served you ever since I was a child. But better service have I never done you		<b>FIRST SERVANT</b> Stop, my lord! I've served you since childhood, but I've never done you a better service than telling you to stop.	
75	Than now to bid you hold.		
<b>REGAN</b> How now, you dog?		<b>REGAN</b> What's this, you dog?	
<b>FIRST SERVANT</b> If you did wear a beard upon your chin, I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?		<b>FIRST SERVANT</b> I am willing to fight you if I must. What do you mean by all this?	
<b>CORNWALL</b> My villain!		<b>CORNWALL</b> My peasant, acting like this?	
<b>FIRST SERVANT</b> Nay then, come on, and take the chance of anger.		<b>FIRST SERVANT</b> Come on then. Over my dead body.	
<i><b>FIRST SERVANT</b> and <b>CORNWALL</b> draw and fight <b>CORNWALL</b> is wounded</i>		<i>The <b>FIRST SERVANT</b> and <b>CORNWALL</b> draw swords and fight. <b>CORNWALL</b> is wounded.</i>	
80	<b>REGAN</b> (to another servant) Give me thy sword.—A peasant stand up thus? (takes a sword, runs at <b>FIRST SERVANT</b> behind, and kills him)	<b>REGAN</b> (to another servant) Give me your sword.—A lowly peasant defying his lord like this? She takes a sword and stabs the <b>FIRST SERVANT</b> from behind, killing him.	
<b>FIRST SERVANT</b> Oh, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left To see some mischief on him. Oh!		<b>FIRST SERVANT</b> I am dying!—My lord, you still have one eye left to see Cornwall punished. Oh!(he dies)	
85	(dies)		
<b>CORNWALL</b> Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly!		<b>CORNWALL</b> We'll just have to stop him from seeing ever again. Out, vile jelly, pop out of your eye sockets!	



Original Text		Modern Text	
(plucks out GLOUCESTER's other eye) Where is thy luster now?		(he gouges out GLOUCESTER's other eye) Where's your sparkle now?	
90	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> All dark and comfortless. Where's my son Edmund? Edmund, kindle all the sparks of nature To quit this horrid act.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Nothing but darkness and horror. Where's my son Edmund? Edmund, let your love for me ignite your bloodlust to avenge this horrible crime!	
	<b>REGAN</b> 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.	<b>REGAN</b> 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.	
95	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> O my follies! Then Edgar was abused. Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> What a fool I've been! This means I've mistreated Edgar. Dear God, forgive me. Let him be well!	
	<b>REGAN</b> Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell His way to Dover.	<b>REGAN</b> Kick him out of the gate. He can sniff his way to Dover.	
<i>Exeunt some servants with <b>GLOUCESTER</b></i>		<i>Some servants exit with <b>GLOUCESTER</b>.</i>	
(to CORNWALL) How is 't, my lord? How look you?		(to CORNWALL) What is it, my lord? Why do you look like that?	
100	<b>CORNWALL</b> 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.	<b>CORNWALL</b> 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.	
	<i>Exit <b>CORNWALL</b> with <b>REGAN</b></i>	<i><b>CORNWALL</b> and <b>REGAN</b> exit.</i>	
105	<b>SECOND SERVANT</b> I'll never care what wickedness I do, If this man come to good.	<b>SECOND SERVANT</b> If our criminal master gets off free, I won't care what happens to me anymore.	
	<b>THIRD SERVANT</b> If she live long, And in the end meet the old course of death, Women will all turn monsters.	<b>THIRD SERVANT</b> If she lives a long and happy life, then all women may as well turn into monsters.	

Act 3, Scene 7, Page 7

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Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>SECOND SERVANT</b></p> <p>110 Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam To lead him where he would. His roguish madness Allows itself to any thing.</p>	<p><b>SECOND SERVANT</b></p> <p>Let's follow the old earl, and get that crazy Tom to take him wherever he wants to go. As a wandering lunatic, he can do whatever he wants.</p>
<p><b>THIRD SERVANT</b></p> <p>Go thou. I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs To apply to his bleeding face. Now heaven help him!</p>	<p><b>THIRD SERVANT</b></p> <p>Go ahead. I'll get some cloth and egg whites to bandage his bleeding face. Heaven help him!</p>
<p><i>Exeunt severally</i></p>	<p><i>They exit in different directions.</i></p>

Act 4, Scene 1

Original Text		Modern Text	
<i>Enter <b>EDGAR</b> disguised</i>		<i><b>EDGAR</b> enters in disguise.</i>	
<b>EDGAR</b> Yet better thus, and known to be contemned, Than still contemned and flattered. To be worst, The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear. 5 The lamentable change is from the best; The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then, Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace! The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst Owes nothing to thy blasts.		<b>EDGAR</b> Still, I'm better off now, as a beggar who is openly hated, than when I was flattered to my face hated in secret. The lowliest and most dejected creatures live without fear and still harbor hope. The worst kind of change is when good fortune turns sour. At the bottom, any change is for the better. So I welcome this wind freely. I've sunk as far down as I can go, so I've got nothing more to fear from the weather.	
<i>Enter <b>GLOUCESTER</b> led by an <b>OLD MAN</b></i>		<i><b>GLOUCESTER</b> enters, led by an <b>OLD MAN</b>.</i>	
10 But who comes here? My father, poorly led? World, world, O world! But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee, Life would not yield to age.		But who is this? My father, led by a poor peasant? Oh, life is full of surprises! We age and die because they wear us out.	
<b>OLD MAN</b> (to <b>GLOUCESTER</b> ) O my good lord, I have been your tenant and your father's tenant these fourscore years.		<b>OLD MAN</b> (to <b>GLOUCESTER</b> ) My good lord, I've rented land from you and your father for eighty years.	
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Away, get thee away. Good friend, be gone. Thy comforts can do me no good at all. Thee they may hurt.		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Away, get out of here. Leave me, my friend. There's nothing you can do to help me now, and being with me puts your life in danger.	
20 <b>OLD MAN</b> Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.		<b>OLD MAN</b> But you can't see where you're going, sir.	
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> I have no way, and therefore want no eyes.		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> I don't have anywhere to go, so I don't need to see. When I could see, I didn't always see clearly. I made	

Original Text	Modern Text
<p>I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen, Our means secure us and our mere defects Prove our commodities. O dear son Edgar, 25 The food of thy abused father's wrath, Might I but live to see thee in my touch, I'd say I had eyes again!</p>	<p>mistakes, I stumbled and fell. It's often the case that having something makes us spoiled, while not having it turns out to be advantageous. So may it be with my eyesight. Oh, my dear son Edgar, how enraged I was at you when I was deceived. If I live long enough to touch you again, that would be as good as having my eyesight back.</p>
<p><b>OLD MAN</b> How now? Who's there?</p>	<p><b>OLD MAN</b> Who's that? Who's there?</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b> (aside) O gods! Who is 't can say "I am at the worst"? I am worse than e'er I was.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b> (to himself) Oh, gods! Who can ever say, "This is as bad as it can get"? I'm worse off now than ever before.</p>
<p>30 <b>OLD MAN</b> (to GLOUCESTER) 'Tis poor mad Tom.</p>	<p><b>OLD MAN</b> (to GLOUCESTER) It's poor crazy Tom.</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b> (aside) And worse I may be yet. The worst is not So long as we can say "This is the worst."</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b> (to himself) And my life could still be worse. If you have the presence of mind to say, "This is the worst," then it's not the worst yet.</p>
<p><b>OLD MAN</b> (to EDGAR) Fellow, where goest?</p>	<p><b>OLD MAN</b> (to EDGAR) Where are you going, man?</p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> Is it a beggarman?</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> Is it a beggar?</p>
<p>35 <b>OLD MAN</b> Madman and beggar too.</p>	<p><b>OLD MAN</b> Yes, he's both crazy and a beggar.</p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> He has some reason, else he could not beg. I' th' last night's storm I such a fellow saw, Which made me think a man a worm. My son Came then into my mind, and yet my mind 40 Was then scarce friends with him. I have heard more since. As flies to wanton boys are we to th' gods. They kill us for their sport.</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> Well, he can't be completely crazy, or he wouldn't be able to beg. Last night during the storm I saw a man who was both poor and crazy. He made me think that men are as weak and insignificant as worms. I was reminded of my son, even though I despised my son at that time. Now I know better. The gods play around with us as cruelly as schoolboys who pull the wings off flies.</p>

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>EDGAR</b> (aside) How should this be? Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow, 45 Angering itself and others.—Bless thee, master!</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b> (to himself) What's going on? I hate pretending I'm a wandering beggar when all I want to do now is comfort my poor father.—Bless you, master.</p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> Is that the naked fellow?</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> Is that the naked guy?</p>
<p><b>OLD MAN</b> Ay, my lord.</p>	<p><b>OLD MAN</b> Yes, my lord.</p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> Then prithee, get thee gone. If for my sake Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain I' th' way toward Dover, do it for ancient love. 50 And bring some covering for this naked soul, Which I'll entreat to lead me.</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> (to the OLD MAN) Then please go. If you're willing to do me a favor, as an old friend, then catch up to us a mile or two further on the way to Dover, and bring some clothes for this poor beggar. I'll ask him to be my guide.</p>
<p><b>OLD MAN</b> Alack, sir, he is mad.</p>	<p><b>OLD MAN</b> But sir, he's crazy.</p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> 'Tis the time's plague when madmen lead the blind. Do as I bid thee. Or rather, do thy pleasure. Above the rest, be gone.</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> It's the tragedy of our times that lunatics must lead the blind. Do as I asked you. Or rather, do what you feel like doing. But above all, get out of here.</p>
<p><b>OLD MAN</b> 55 I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have, Come on 't what will.</p>	<p><b>OLD MAN</b> I'll bring the crazy beggar the best clothes I have, no matter what happens.</p>
<p><i>Exit OLD MAN</i></p>	<p><i>He exits.</i></p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> Sirrah, naked fellow—</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> Hey, naked guy—</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b> Poor Tom's a-cold. (aside) I cannot daub it further.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b> Poor Tom's chilly. (to himself) I can't play this role any longer.</p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> Come hither, fellow.</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> Come here, man.</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b> 60 (aside) And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b> (to himself) But I must.—Bless you, sir. Your dear eyes are bleeding.</p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> Know'st thou the way to Dover?</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> Do you know the way to Dover?</p>

Original Text		Modern Text	
<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Both stile and gate, horseway and footpath. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits. Bless thee, goodman's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once: of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididence, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing, who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So bless thee, master.</p>		<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>I know it like the back of my hand, every step of the way. Poor Tom has been scared out of his mind. Bless you, good man, and stay away from the devil. Five devils haunted Poor Tom at the same time: Obidicut, the devil of lust; Hobbididence, the devil of mutes; Mahu, the devil of stealing; Modo, the devil of murder; and Flibbertigibbet, the devil of mockery, who causes chambermaids to make silly faces. Bless you, master.</p>	
70	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b></p> <p>(giving EDGAR a purse)</p> <p>Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues Have humbled to all strokes. That I am wretched Makes thee the happier. Heavens, deal so still.</p>		<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b></p> <p>(giving EDGAR a purse) Here, take some money. The torments of heaven have brought you down to this humble state. My misery makes you more fortunate in comparison. It should always work like that. The spoiled man who has everything, who</p>
75	<p>Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man, That slaves your ordinance, that will not see Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly. So distribution should undo excess, And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?</p>		<p>can't see the misery around him because he doesn't feel it himself, should be made to feel agony so he can learn to share his wealth. That way wealth would be redistributed until everyone has enough to survive. Are you familiar with Dover?</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Ay, master.</p>		<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Yes, sir.</p>	
80	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b></p> <p>There is a cliff, whose high and bending head Looks fearfully in the confinèd deep. Bring me but to the very brim of it, And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear With something rich about me. From that place</p>		<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b></p> <p>There's a cliff there that leans precariously over the deep sea. Take me to the edge of it, and I'll reward all your troubles with something valuable. Once I'm there, I won't need a guide anymore.</p>
85	<p>I shall no leading need.</p>		
<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Give me thy arm. Poor Tom shall lead thee.</p>		<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Give me your arm. Poor Tom will take you there.</p>	

Act 4, Scene 2

Original Text	Modern Text
<i>Enter GONERIL and EDMUND the bastard</i>	<i>GONERIL enters with EDMUND.</i>
<b>GONERIL</b> Welcome, my lord. I marvel our mild husband Not met us on the way.	<b>GONERIL</b> Welcome, my lord. I'm surprised my bland husband didn't meet me on the way here.
<i>Enter OSWALD</i>	<i>OSWALD enters.</i>
Now, where's your master?	Where's your master?
<b>OSWALD</b> Madam, within—but never man so changed. I told him of the army that was landed. 5 He smiled at it. I told him you were coming. His answer was "The worse." Of Gloucester's treachery And of the loyal service of his son, When I informed him, then he called me "sot," And told me I had turned the wrong side out. 10 What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him; What like, offensive.	<b>OSWALD</b> He's inside, ma'am, but he has changed dramatically since you last saw him. When I told him that the invading army has landed, he just smiled at me. When I told him you were on your way, he replied, "Too bad." When I told him about Gloucester's betrayal and his son Edmund's loyal service, he called me an idiot and said I had it all wrong. He was delighted by the bad news and disgusted by the good news.
<b>GONERIL</b> (to EDMUND) Then shall you go no further. It is the cowish terror of his spirit That dares not undertake. He'll not feel wrongs 15 Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother. Hasten his musters and conduct his powers. I must change names at home, and give the distaff Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant 20 Shall pass between us. Ere long you are like to hear— If you dare venture in your own behalf— A mistress's command. Wear this. Spare speech. Decline your head. This kiss, if it durst speak, Would stretch thy spirits up into the air. 25 (kisses EDMUND) Conceive, and fare thee well.	<b>GONERIL</b> (to EDMUND) Then don't come in with me. He's a coward and can't commit himself to doing anything risky. He chooses not to be insulted rather than challenge those who offend him. But what we talked about with longing on the way may soon come true. Edmund, go back to see my brother-in- law. Gather his soldiers and organize his troops. I plan to take charge of my household. From now on I will wear the pants, and my husband can play the housewife. We can trust Oswald to carry messages between us. If you act boldly, you will soon obey me as your true mistress. Take this as a token of my esteem. Don't speak. Lean down. This kiss should encourage you. (she kisses EDMUND ) I hope you understand me. Goodbye, and good luck.

Act 4, Scene 2, Page 2

Original Text	Modern Text
<b>EDMUND</b> Yours in the ranks of death.	<b>EDMUND</b> I'm at your service until death.
<b>GONERIL</b> My most dear Gloucester!	<b>GONERIL</b> My dear Gloucester!
<i>Exit EDMUND</i>	<i>EDMUND exits.</i>
30 Oh, the difference of man and man! To thee a woman's services are due. My fool usurps my body.	What a man!—especially compared to my husband. Edmund, you deserve me to be your woman. There's a fool sharing my bed now.
<b>OSWALD</b> Madam, here comes my lord.	<b>OSWALD</b> Ma'am, my master's coming.
<i>Exit OSWALD</i>	<i>He exits.</i>
<i>Enter ALBANY</i>	<i>ALBANY enters.</i>
<b>GONERIL</b> I have been worth the whistle.	<b>GONERIL</b> So you finally find me worthy of your attentions.
35 <b>ALBANY</b> O Goneril, You are not worth the dust which the rude wind Blows in your face. I fear your disposition. That nature, which condemns its origin Cannot be bordered certain in itself. She that herself will sliver and disbranch From her material sap perforce must wither And come to deadly use.	<b>ALBANY</b> Goneril, you aren't worth the dust the wind blows in your face. I don't trust you. You can't trust anyone who abuses her own father, her flesh and blood. A woman who breaks off relations with her bloodline is like a branch that tries to break away from the tree. She will wither and come to a bad end.
<b>GONERIL</b> No more. The text is foolish.	<b>GONERIL</b> Oh, shut up. Your words are idiotic.
40 <b>ALBANY</b> Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile. Filths savor but themselves. What have you done? Tigers, not daughters, what have you performed? A father, and a gracious agèd man, Whose reverence even the head-lugged bear would lick, Most barbarous, most degenerate, have you madded.	<b>ALBANY</b> Bad people can't appreciate wisdom or goodness. They only like things as bad as themselves. What have you two sisters done? You're tigers, not daughters. Barbaric degenerates, you've driven insane a kindly old father, whom even an angry bear would treat gent-ly. Could my good brother-in- law—a man to whom the



Original Text	Modern Text
<p>45 Could my good brother suffer you to do it— A man, a prince by him so benefited? If that the heavens do not their visible spirits Send quickly down to tame these vile offenses, It will come:</p> <p>50 Humanity must perforce prey on itself Like monsters of the deep.</p>	<p>king gave half his kingdom—have allowed you to do it? If the heavens don't punish these crimes immediately, the end will come. Human beings will become cannibals, like ravenous sea fishes.</p>
<p><b>GONERIL</b> Milk-livered man That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs— Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning Thine honor from thy suffering; that not know'st</p> <p>55 Fools do those villains pity who are punished Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum? France spreads his banners in our noiseless land, With plumèd helm thy state begins to threaten, Whiles thou, a moral fool, sits still and cries,</p> <p>60 "Alack, why does he so?"</p> <p><b>ALBANY</b> See thyself, devil! Proper deformity shows not in the fiend So horrid as in woman.</p>	<p><b>GONERIL</b> Coward! You take everything lying down, you just turn the other cheek—you can't even see the difference between being honored and being taken advantage of! If we punish criminals before they have a chance to commit their crimes, you're a fool to pity them. Why aren't you preparing for war? The French have invaded our peaceful country. Your territory is at risk, and all you can do is sit around like a preachy fool and whine, "Ah, why is he doing that?"</p> <p><b>ALBANY</b> Look at yourself, devilish shrew! A woman deformed by hatred and rage is more horrifying than the devil!—at least the devil is supposed to look that way.</p>
<p><b>GONERIL</b> O vain fool!</p>	<p><b>GONERIL</b> You useless fool!</p>
<p><b>ALBANY</b> Thou changèd and self-covered thing, for shame! Bemonster not thy feature. Were 't my fitness</p> <p>65 To let these hands obey my blood, They are apt enough to dislocate and tear Thy flesh and bones. Howe'er thou art a fiend, A woman's shape doth shield thee.</p>	<p><b>ALBANY</b> Shame on you, warped hag! Your true demonic features are distorting your body. If I let myself do what I yearn to, I'd rip the flesh off your bones. But I won't attack a woman, even if she is a demon.</p>
<p><b>GONERIL</b> Marry, your manhood, mew!</p>	<p><b>GONERIL</b> I sneeze on your manhood. Ha!</p>
<p><i>Enter FIRST MESSENGER</i></p>	<p><i>The FIRST MESSENGER enters.</i></p>

Original Text		Modern Text	
70	<b>ALBANY</b> What news?	<b>ALBANY</b> What news do you bring?	
	<b>FIRST MESSENGER</b> O my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead, Slain by his servant, going to put out The other eye of Gloucester.	<b>FIRST MESSENGER</b> Oh my lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead. He was killed by his servant as he about to gouge out Glouces-ter's other eye.	
	<b>ALBANY</b> Gloucester's eyes?	<b>ALBANY</b> Gloucester's eyes?	
75	<b>FIRST MESSENGER</b> A servant that he bred, thrilled with remorse, Opposed against the act, bending his sword To his great master; who thereat enraged Flew on him and amongst them felled him dead— But not without that harmful stroke, which since Hath plucked him after.	<b>FIRST MESSENGER</b> A servant Gloucester had raised in his house, full of compunction, opposed the blinding and turned his sword on the Duke of Cornwall. Enraged, Cornwall attacked and killed the servant, but not without receiving his own wound, of which he later died.	
	<b>ALBANY</b> This shows you are above, You justicers, that these our nether crimes So speedily can venge! But oh, poor Gloucester— Lost he his other eye?	<b>ALBANY</b> There's justice in heaven after all! That these crimes are punished so quickly is proof. But oh, poor Glou-cest-er! Did he lose his other eye?	
	<b>FIRST MESSENGER</b> Both, both, my lord.— This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer. 'Tis from your sister.	<b>FIRST MESSENGER</b> He lost both, my lord.—Ma'am, this letter is from your sister, and needs an immediate answer.	
85	<b>GONERIL</b> (aside) One way I like this well. But being widow, and my Gloucester with her, May all the building in my fancy pluck Upon my hateful life. Another way The news is not so tart.—I'll read and answer.	<b>GONERIL</b> (to herself) In a way I'm glad to hear that Cornwall is dead. But on the other hand, Edmund is traveling with Regan, who is now a widow. If something happens between them on the road, it would shatter my hopes of having Edmund for myself and escaping this hateful life. Still, there are benefits to having Cornwall out of the way.—I'll read this letter and answer it.	
	<i>Exit GONERIL</i>	<i>She exits.</i>	

## Act 4, Scene 2, Page 5

Original Text	Modern Text
<b>ALBANY</b> 90 Where was his son when they did take his eyes?	<b>ALBANY</b> Where was Gloucester's son Edmund when they gouged his eyes out?
<b>FIRST MESSENGER</b> Come with my lady hither.	<b>FIRST MESSENGER</b> He was on his way here with your wife.
<b>ALBANY</b> He is not here.	<b>ALBANY</b> But he isn't here now.
<b>FIRST MESSENGER</b> No, my good lord. I met him back again.	<b>FIRST MESSENGER</b> No, my lord. I met him going back again.
<b>ALBANY</b> Knows he the wickedness?	<b>ALBANY</b> Does he know about this wicked crime?
<b>FIRST MESSENGER</b> 95 Ay, my good lord. 'Twas he informed against him, And quit the house on purpose that their punishment Might have the freer course.	<b>FIRST MESSENGER</b> Yes, my lord. He was the one who denounced his father. He then left the house specifically so that the punishment might be carried out without concern for their father-son bond.
<b>ALBANY</b> Gloucester, I live To thank thee for the love thou showed'st the king, And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend. Tell me what more thou know'st.	<b>ALBANY</b> Gloucester, I'll thank you forever for the love you've shown the king. I'll get revenge for what they did to your eyes.—Come here, my friend. What else you do know?
<i>Exeunt</i>	<i>They exit.</i>

Act 4, Scene 3

Original Text	Modern Text
<i>Enter <b>KENT</b> disguised and <b>GENTLEMAN</b></i>	<i><b>KENT</b> enters in disguise, along with the <b>GENTLEMAN</b>.</i>
<b>KENT</b> Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?	<b>KENT</b> Do you know why the King of France suddenly went back home?
<b>GENTLEMAN</b> Something he left imperfect in the state which, since his coming forth, is thought of; which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger that his personal return was most required and necessary.	<b>GENTLEMAN</b> He'd left some unfinished business, which he remembered after arriving here. It was urgent and important enough to require his personal presence.
<b>KENT</b> Who hath he left behind him general?	<b>KENT</b> Whom did he leave in charge here?
<b>GENTLEMAN</b> The Marshal of France, Monsieur la Far.	<b>GENTLEMAN</b> The marshal of France, Monsieur la Far.
<b>KENT</b> Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?	<b>KENT</b> Was Queen Cordelia aggrieved by the letters you delivered?
<b>GENTLEMAN</b> Ay, sir. She took them, read them in my presence, And now and then an ample tear trilled down Her delicate cheek. It seemed she was a queen Over her passion, who, most rebel-like, Sought to be king o'er her.	<b>GENTLEMAN</b> Yes, sir. She took the letters and read them in front of me. Now and then a large tear trickled down her delicate cheek. She seemed to be trying to control her emotions, which were overwhelming her.
<b>KENT</b> O, then it moved her?	<b>KENT</b> So she was moved by it?
<b>GENTLEMAN</b> Not to a rage. Patience and sorrow strove Who should express her goodliest. You have seen Sunshine and rain at once—her smiles and tears Were like a better way. Those happy smilets That played on her ripe lip seemed not to know What guests were in her eyes, which parted thence As pearls from diamonds dropped. In brief, Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved If all could so become it.	<b>GENTLEMAN</b> There were no outbursts. She was struggling between emotion and self-control. You've seen how it can rain while the sun shines? That's how she was, smiling and crying at once, only more lovely. The little smile on her full lips didn't seem aware of the tears that were dropping like diamonds from her pearly eyes. If everyone looked so lovely in their sorrow, then sorrow would be highly prized.

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>KENT</b> Made she no verbal question?</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> She didn't ask anything?</p>
<p><b>GENTLEMAN</b></p> <p>25 Faith, once or twice she heaved the name of "father" Pantingly forth as if it pressed her heart, Cried, "Sisters, sisters! Shame of ladies, sisters! Kent, father, sisters! What, i' th' storm, i' th' night? Let pity not be believed." There she shook</p> <p>30 The holy water from her heavenly eyes, And clamor moistened. Then away she started To deal with grief alone.</p>	<p><b>GENTLEMAN</b></p> <p>Actually, once or twice she sighed and said, "father," as if the word were pressing on her chest. Once she exclaimed, "Sisters, sisters, shame on you! Kent, father, sisters! What, out in a storm in the middle of the night? I can't believe it." The tears fell from her eyes like holy water. Then she ran away to grieve alone.</p>
<p><b>KENT</b> It is the stars, The stars above us, govern our conditions. Else one self mate and mate could not beget</p> <p>35 Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> It must be fate that makes us who we are— otherwise someone as good as Cordelia could not possibly be related to those two witches. Have you not spoken to her since then?</p>
<p><b>GENTLEMAN</b> No.</p>	<p><b>GENTLEMAN</b> No.</p>
<p><b>KENT</b> Was this before the king returned?</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> Did this happen before the King of France returned home?</p>
<p><b>GENTLEMAN</b> No, since.</p>	<p><b>GENTLEMAN</b> No, afterward.</p>
<p><b>KENT</b> Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear's i' th' town, Who sometime in his better tune remembers</p> <p>40 What we are come about, and by no means Will yield to see his daughter.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> Well, sir, poor delirious Lear is in town. Sometimes when he's lucid he remembers why we're here, and absolutely refuses to see his daughter.</p>
<p><b>GENTLEMAN</b> Why, good sir?</p>	<p><b>GENTLEMAN</b> Why, good sir?</p>
<p><b>KENT</b> A sovereign shame so elbows him. His own unkindness That stripped her from his benediction turned her To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights</p> <p>45 To his dog-hearted daughters. These things sting His mind so venomously that burning shame Detains him from Cordelia.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> He's too overwhelmed with shame. He remembers how unkind he was to her, how he disowned her and sent her abroad, how he gave her rightful inheritance to her two dog-hearted sisters. All those memories pain his mind so deeply that guilt and shame keep him away from Cordelia.</p>

Act 4, Scene 3, Page 3

Original Text	Modern Text
<b>GENTLEMAN</b> Alack, poor gentleman!	<b>GENTLEMAN</b> Oh, the poor man!
<b>KENT</b> Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?	<b>KENT</b> Have you heard about Albany's and Cornwall's troops?
<b>GENTLEMAN</b> 'Tis so. They are afoot.	<b>GENTLEMAN</b> I have. They're on the march.
<div>50</div> <b>KENT</b> Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause Will in concealment wrap me up awhile. When I am known aright you shall not grieve Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go <div>55</div> Along with me.	<b>KENT</b> Well, sir, I'll take you to Lear and have you stay with him a while. I have important business that requires me to remain in disguise a while longer. When I've revealed my true identity, you'll be glad you took the time to help me out. Please come with me.
<i>Exeunt</i>	<i>They exit.</i>

Act 4, Scene 4

Original Text	Modern Text
<i>Enter, with drum and colors, <b>CORDELIA, DOCTOR,</b> and soldiers</i>	<i><b>CORDELIA</b> enters with a <b>DOCTOR</b> and soldiers carrying drums and banners.</i>
<b>CORDELIA</b> Alack, 'tis he. Why, he was met even now As mad as the vexed sea, singing aloud, Crowned with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds, With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers, 5 Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth. Search every acre in the high-grown field, And bring him to our eye.	<b>CORDELIA</b> Sadly, it's the king that's missing. They saw him just now as mad and deranged as the stormy sea, singing loudly, wearing a crown of nettles, thorns, hemlock, and all the other weeds that grow in our cornfields.—Send out a hundred soldiers to find him. Search high and low, in every acre of the fields, and bring him here for me to see him.
<i>Exit some soldiers</i>	<i>Some soldiers exit.</i>
10 What can man's wisdom In the restoring his bereavèd sense? He that helps him take all my outward worth.	What can human knowledge do to make him sane again? I'd give all my wealth to whoever can help him.
<b>DOCTOR</b> There is means, madam. Our foster nurse of nature is repose, The which he lacks—that to provoke in him Are many simples operative, whose power 15 Will close the eye of anguish.	<b>DOCTOR</b> There is a way, ma'am. Nature heals people with rest, which Lear hasn't had. But there are many herbs that will help him rest and take his mind off his anguish for a while.
<b>CORDELIA</b> All blessed secrets, All you unpublished virtues of the earth, Spring with my tears. Be aidant and remediate In the good man's distress. Seek, seek for him, Lest his ungoverned rage dissolve the life 20 That wants the means to lead it.	<b>CORDELIA</b> Then I'll water all those precious herbs with my tears to make them grow. May they relieve a sick old man's suffering. Go find those herbs for him, before his madness puts his life in danger.
<i>Enter <b>SECOND MESSENGER</b></i>	<i>The <b>SECOND MESSENGER</b> enters.</i>
<b>SECOND MESSENGER</b> News, madam. The British powers are marching hitherward.	<b>SECOND MESSENGER</b> I have news, ma'am. The British forces are on their way here.

## Act 4, Scene 4, Page 2

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Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>CORDELIA</b></p> <p>'Tis known before. Our preparation stands In expectation of them. O dear father, It is thy business that I go about.</p> <p>25 Therefore great France My mourning and importuned tears hath pitied. No blown ambition doth our arms incite, But love—dear love!—and our aged father's right. Soon may I hear and see him.</p>	<p><b>CORDELIA</b></p> <p>We already knew that. Our forces are ready for them. Oh, father, I'm taking care of your business. That's why the King of France listened to my pleas and tears. We're not invading England out of ambition or greed, but out of love—dear love!—and my father's right to his kingdom. I hope I see him and hear him again soon.</p>
<i>Exeunt</i>	<i>They all exit.</i>



Act 4, Scene 5

Original Text	Modern Text
<i>Enter <b>REGAN</b> and the steward <b>OSWALD</b></i>	<i><b>REGAN</b> enters with <b>OSWALD</b>.</i>
<b>REGAN</b> But are my brother's powers set forth?	<b>REGAN</b> Have my brother-in-law's troops been mobilized?
<b>OSWALD</b> Ay, madam.	<b>OSWALD</b> Yes, ma'am.
<b>REGAN</b> Himself in person there?	<b>REGAN</b> Is he there in person?
<b>OSWALD</b> Madam, with much ado. Your sister is the better soldier.	<b>OSWALD</b> Yes, making a big fuss. Your sister's the better soldier of the two.
5 <b>REGAN</b> Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?	<b>REGAN</b> Lord Edmund didn't speak to your master at home?
<b>OSWALD</b> No, madam.	<b>OSWALD</b> No, ma'am.
<b>REGAN</b> What might import my sister's letter to him?	<b>REGAN</b> What could my sister's letter to him say?
<b>OSWALD</b> I know not, lady.	<b>OSWALD</b> I don't know, ma'am.
10 <b>REGAN</b> Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter. It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out, To let him live. Where he arrives he moves All hearts against us. Edmund I think is gone In pity of his misery to dispatch His nighted life; moreover to descry 15 The strength o' th' enemy.	<b>REGAN</b> He rushed away on serious business. It was a huge mistake to let old Gloucester live after we blinded him. Wherever he goes, he inspires compassion and people turn against us. I think Edmund went off to kill him, to put him out of his blind misery. And also to find out the size of the enemy army.
<b>OSWALD</b> I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.	<b>OSWALD</b> I have to follow him and give him the letter.
<b>REGAN</b> Our troops set forth tomorrow. Stay with us. The ways are dangerous.	<b>REGAN</b> Our troops are deployed tomorrow. Stay with us tonight. It's dangerous out there.

Act 4, Scene 5, Page 2

Original Text		Modern Text	
<b>OSWALD</b> I may not, madam. My lady charged my duty in this business.		<b>OSWALD</b> I can't, ma'am. My lady ordered me to deliver her letter.	
20	<b>REGAN</b> Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you Transport her purposes by word? Belike Some things—I know not what. I'll love thee much. Let me unseal the letter.	<b>REGAN</b> Why would she write to Edmund? Couldn't you just deliver the message orally? It probably has something to do with... I don't know. I'll be so grateful to you if you let me open that letter.	
<b>OSWALD</b> Madam, I had rather—		<b>OSWALD</b> Ma'am, I'd rather—	
25	<b>REGAN</b> I know your lady does not love her husband. I am sure of that. And at her late being here She gave strange oeilades and most speaking looks To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.	<b>REGAN</b> I know your lady Goneril doesn't love her husband. I'm sure of that. And when she was here recently she flirted with Edmund and gave him significant glances. I know she trusts you and tells you everything.	
<b>OSWALD</b> I, madam?		<b>OSWALD</b> Me, ma'am?	
30	<b>REGAN</b> I speak in understanding. Y' are. I know 't. Therefore I do advise you, take this note. My lord is dead. Edmund and I have talked, And more convenient is he for my hand Than for your lady's. You may gather more. If you do find him, pray you give him this.	<b>REGAN</b> I know what I'm talking about. You're close to her, I know it. So I recommend you take note of what I'm about to say. My husband is dead. Edmund and I have talked, and it makes more sense for him to marry me than Goneril. You can figure out the rest. If you find him, please give him this. And when	
35	And when your mistress hears thus much from you, I pray desire her call her wisdom to her. So fare you well. If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor, Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.	your mistress hears about all this, please tell her to use her head next time. So goodbye. If you happen to hear anything about that blind traitor Gloucester, I'll reward anyone who snuffs him out.	
40	<b>OSWALD</b> Would I could meet him, madam, I should show What party I do follow.	<b>OSWALD</b> If I could run into him, ma'am, I'd prove which side I'm on.	
<b>REGAN</b> Fare thee well.		<b>REGAN</b> Goodbye.	
Exeunt severally		They exit in opposite directions.	

Act 4, Scene 6

Original Text	Modern Text
<i>Enter <b>GLOUCESTER</b>, and <b>EDGAR</b> disguised in peasant clothing</i>	<i><b>GLOUCESTER</b> enters with <b>EDGAR</b>, who is dressed as a peasant.</i>
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> When shall we come to th' top of that same hill?	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> When will we get to the top of that cliff?
<b>EDGAR</b> You do climb up it now. Look how we labor.	<b>EDGAR</b> We're walking up to the top right now. See how hard it is to climb?
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Methinks the ground is even.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> The ground feels flat to me.
<b>EDGAR</b> Horrible steep. Hark, do you hear the sea?	<b>EDGAR</b> No, it's dreadfully steep. Listen. Do you hear the sea?
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> No, truly.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> No, really, I don't.
5 <b>EDGAR</b> Why then, your other senses grow imperfect By your eyes' anguish.	<b>EDGAR</b> Then your other senses must be getting worse because of the trauma of blindness.
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> So may it be indeed. Methinks thy voice is altered, and thou speak'st In better phrase and matter than thou didst.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> It may be so. It seems to me that your voice has changed, and that your speech is more elegant than it used to be.
10 <b>EDGAR</b> You're much deceived. In nothing am I changed But in my garments.	<b>EDGAR</b> You're mistaken about all that. The only thing different about me is my clothes.
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Methinks you're better spoken.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> I think you're more articulate.
<b>EDGAR</b> Come on, sir. Here's the place. Stand still. How fearful And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low! The crows and choughs that wing the midway air Show scarce so gross as beetles. Halfway down 15 Hangs one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade! Methinks he seems no bigger than his head. The fishermen that walk upon the beach Appear like mice. And yon tall anchoring bark,	<b>EDGAR</b> Come on, sir. This is the place. Stand still. It's so scary to look down! It makes me dizzy. The crows flying down below look as small as ants. Halfway down the cliff there's somebody clinging to the rock and gathering wild herbs—a risky business! He looks like a dot to me. The fishermen walking along the beach are as small as mice. That big ship over there looks no bigger

Original Text	Modern Text
<p>20 Diminished to her cock, her cock a buoy Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge That on th' unnumbered idle pebbles chafes Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight Topple down headlong.</p>	<p>than its lifeboat, and its lifeboat looks as small as a tiny buoy. Up here you can't even hear the waves crashing against the rocks. I have to stop looking, or my head will start spinning and I'll fall.</p>
<p>25 <b>GLOUCESTER</b> Set me where you stand.</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> Lead me to where you're standing.</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b> Give me your hand. You are now within a foot Of th' extreme verge. For all beneath the moon Would I not leap upright.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b> Give me your hand. You're now within a foot of the cliff's edge. I wouldn't try to jump up and down here for anything on earth.</p>
<p>30 <b>GLOUCESTER</b> Let go my hand. (gives EDGAR another purse) Here, friend, 's another purse, in it a jewel Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies and gods Prosper it with thee! Go thou farther off. Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> Let go of my hand. (he gives EDGAR another purse) Here's another purse, my friend. Inside it there's a jewel that any poor man would be happy to have. I hope it's only the beginning of future prosperity for you. Now go further away. Say goodbye to me, and let me hear your footsteps as you walk away.</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b> Now fare you well, good sir.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b> Goodbye, good sir.</p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> With all my heart.</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> With all my heart.</p>
<i>EDGAR moves aside</i>	
<p>35 <b>EDGAR</b> (aside) Why I do trifle thus with his despair Is done to cure it.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b> (to himself) I'm toying with his despair to cure him of it.</p>
<p>40 <b>GLOUCESTER</b> O you mighty gods, (kneels) This world I do renounce, and in your sights Shake patiently my great affliction off. If I could bear it longer and not fall To quarrel with your great opposeless wills, My snuff and loathed part of nature should Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!— Now, fellow, fare thee well. (falls)</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> Oh, you mighty gods! (he kneels) I hereby renounce this world and all my troubles and torments. If I could bear them better, and not fight against your unstoppable decisions, then I would simply wait until I expired naturally. If Edgar's alive, bless him, gods!—Now, man, goodbye. (he falls)</p>

Act 4, Scene 6, Page 3

Original Text		Modern Text	
	<b>EDGAR</b> Gone, sir. Farewell. (aside) And yet I know not how conceit may rob 45 The treasury of life when life itself Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought, By this had thought been past. Alive or dead?— Ho you, sir, friend! Hear you, sir? Speak.— Thus might he pass indeed. Yet he revives.— 50 What are you, sir?		<b>EDGAR</b> Gone, sir. Goodbye. (to himself) But I still wonder if it's possible for his own imagination to kill him, since he's so willing to die. If he'd been standing on the edge of the cliff as he thought, he'd be dead right now. Is he alive or dead?—Hey, sir, friend! Can you hear me? Answer me.—Maybe he passed away after all. But no, he's stirring.—Who are you, sir?
	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Away, and let me die.		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Go away and let me die.
	<b>EDGAR</b> Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air, So many fathom down precipitating, Thou'dst shivered like an egg. But thou dost breathe, Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art sound. 55 Ten masts at each make not the altitude Which thou hast perpendicularly fell. Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.		<b>EDGAR</b> Even if you were made of feathers and air, you should've been smashed in pieces like an egg after falling as far as you just did. But your flesh is solid, your mind is strong, you're breathing and talking, you're not bleeding. You just fell the height of ten ship masts, straight down. It's a miracle you're alive. Say something again.
	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> But have I fall'n, or no?		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> But did I fall or not?
	<b>EDGAR</b> From the dread summit of this chalky bourn. 60 Look up a-height. The shrill-gorged lark so far Cannot be seen or heard. Do but look up.		<b>EDGAR</b> You fell from the terrifying top of this chalk cliff. Look for yourself—see the top of the cliff way up there? The lark shrilly singing up there is too far away to be heard. Just look.
	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Alack, I have no eyes. Is wretchedness deprived that benefit, To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort 65 When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage And frustrate his proud will.		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> I can't. I have no eyes. If you're wretched and desperate, aren't you allowed to kill yourself? It used to be the last ditch comfort of miserable people.
	<b>EDGAR</b> Give me your arm. Up so. How is 't? Feel you your legs? You stand.		<b>EDGAR</b> Give me your arm. Get up. There you go. How do you feel? Can you feel your legs? You're standing.
	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Too well, too well.		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Only too well.

Original Text		Modern Text	
70	<b>EDGAR</b> This is above all strangeness. Upon the crown o' th' cliff, what thing was that Which parted from you?	<b>EDGAR</b> This is beyond weird. What was that thing I saw moving away from you up on the cliff before you fell?	
	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> A poor unfortunate beggar.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> That was a poor unlucky beggar.	
	<b>EDGAR</b> As I stood here below, methought his eyes Were two full moons. He had a thousand noses, Horns whelked and waved like the enragèd sea. It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father, I took it for a man. Often 'twould say, Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.	<b>EDGAR</b> From down here, I thought his eyes looked like full moons. He had a thousand noses and twisted horns, like wave crests in a storm at sea. It was some devil. You lucky old man, it seems that the gods have saved your life. They love to perform miracles so that humans will worship them.	
80	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> 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.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> I understand now. From now on I'll put up with my anguish until the anguish itself cries out, "Enough, enough!" and disappears. I thought that thing you're talking about was a man. It would often talk about the devil. It took me to that deadly place.	
	<b>EDGAR</b> Bear free and patient thoughts.	<b>EDGAR</b> Cheer up and be at peace.	
	<i>Enter LEAR, mad</i>		<i>LEAR enters, insane.</i>
85	But who comes here? The safer sense will ne'er accommodate His master thus.		But who is that? A sane person would never dress like this.
	<b>LEAR</b> No, they cannot touch me for coining. I am the king himself.	<b>LEAR</b> No, they can't accuse me of counterfeiting coins. I'm the king himself.	
	<b>EDGAR</b> (aside) O thou side-piercing sight!	<b>EDGAR</b> (to himself) Oh, what a heartbreaking sight!	
<b>LEAR</b> Nature's above art in that respect. There's your press- money. That fellow handles his bow like a crowkeeper. Draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace,		<b>LEAR</b> Life's better at <a href="#">breaking hearts</a> than art is.—Hey, a new recruit. Here's your enlistment bonus.—Look how awkwardly he handles his crossbow.—Come on, pull it back farther!—Look, look, a mouse! Calm down, this	

Original Text	Modern Text
<p>90 peace, this piece of toasted cheese will do 't. There's my gauntlet. I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, bird. I' th' clout, i' th' clout. Hewgh! Give the word.</p>	<p>piece of cheese will get him.—I challenge you to a match. I'll even fight a giant.—Call out the infantry. —Oh, that arrow was well shot. Whoosh! Right in the bull's eye.—What's the password?</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b> Sweet marjoram.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b> Sweet marjoram.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> 95 Pass.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> That's it!</p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> I know that voice.</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> I know that voice.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> Ha! Goneril with a white beard? Ha, Regan? They flattered me like a dog and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say "Ay" and "No" to everything that I said "Ay" and "No" to was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding—there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words. They told me I was everything. 'Tis a lie, I am not agueproof.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Ha! Goneril with a white beard? Ha, Regan?—They flattered me and told me how wise I was, wise before my time. To agree to everything I said was not truly devout.—The rain came to drench me, and the wind to make me shiver, and the thunder wouldn't stop roaring when I ordered it to. That's when I learned the truth about them. That's when I sniffed them out. I tell you, they are not honest men. They told me I was everything. It's a lie. I'm not immune to chills.</p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> The trick of that voice I do well remember. Is 't not the king?</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> I recognize something about that voice. Isn't that the king?</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> Ay, every inch a king. When I do stare, see how the subject quakes. I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause? Adultery? Thou shalt not die. Die for adultery? No. The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly does lecher in my sight. Let copulation thrive, for Gloucester's bastard son Was kinder to his father than my daughters got 'tween the lawful sheets. To 't, luxury, pell-mell—for I lack soldiers.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Yes, every inch a king. My subjects tremble when I look at them. I pardon that man. What are you accused of? Adultery? I'll commute your death sentence. To die for adultery? No. Little birds do it, and dragonflies copulate right in front of me. Let's have more sex in the world, since Gloucester's bastard son was kinder to him than my daughters, conceived in lawful wedlock, have been to me. Get to it, be lustful, sleep around—I need soldiers for my army. Look at that simpering lady over there. From looking at her face, I'd say she's</p>

Original Text	Modern Text
<p>115 Behold yond simpering dame, whose face between her forks presages snow, that minces virtue and does shake the head to hear of pleasure's name. The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to 't with a more riotous appetite. Down from the waist they are centaurs, though women all above. But to the girdle do the gods inherit; beneath is all the fiends'. There's hell, there's darkness, there's the sulfurous pit— burning, 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.</p>	<p>frigid. She pretends to be virtuous and to disdain the word "sex, but she's hornier than a passel of rabbits. Women are sex machines below the waist, though they're chaste up above. Above the waist they belong to God, but the lower part belongs to the devil. That's where hell is, and darkness, and fires and stench! Death and orgasm! Ah, ah, ah! Give me an aphrodisiac, pharmacist. Let me have sweet dreams. There's money in it for you.</p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> 125 O, let me kiss that hand!</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> Oh, let me kiss his hand!</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> Let me wipe it first. It smells of mortality.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Let me wipe it off first. It stinks of death.</p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> O ruined piece of nature! This great world Shall so wear out to naught. Dost thou know me?</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> A ruined man! This is how the whole world will end up, worn away to nothing.—Do you know who I am?</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> 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.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> I remember your eyes quite well. Are you squinting at me? Go ahead, try to make me fall in love, blind Cupid. I won't ever love again. Read this letter. Just look at the handwriting.</p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> Were all thy letters suns, I could not see one.</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> If every letter on that page were a sun, I couldn't see even one of them.</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b> (aside) I would not take this from report. It is, And my heart breaks at it.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b> (to himself) I wouldn't believe this if I weren't seeing it with my own eyes. It's real, and it breaks my heart.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> 135 Read.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Read it.</p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> What, with the case of eyes?</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b> How? With my eye sockets?</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> Oh ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light. Yet you see how this world goes.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Oh ho, is that what you're getting at? You want money before you'll read? No eyes in your head til there's money in your wallet? Your eyes are in a bad way, your wallet's empty, but you understand the ways of the world.</p>



Act 4, Scene 6, Page 7

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b></p> <p>140 I see it feelingly.</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b></p> <p>I do understand, by touch.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears. See how yon justice rails upon yon 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?</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>What, are you crazy? You don't need eyes to see how the world works. Look with your ears. Look how the judge yells at a simple thief. Listen. But mix them up, have them switch places, and do you think you'd be able to tell which one is which? Have you seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?</p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b></p> <p>Ay, sir.</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b></p> <p>Yes, sir.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.</p> <p>Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand.</p> <p>Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back. Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.</p> <p>Through tattered clothes great vices do appear; Robes and furred gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold, And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks. Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it. None does offend—none, I say, none. I'll able 'em. Take that of me, my friend, who have the power To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes, And like a scurvy politician seem To see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now, Pull off my boots. Harder, harder. So.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>And you saw how the beggar ran from the mutt? That's authority! Even a dog is obeyed sometimes. You stupid cop, stop your violence! Why are you whipping that whore? You should be whipping yourself, since you lust after her and yearn to do the same thing for which you're punishing her. One criminal punishes another. Poor men's sins are much more noticeable than rich men's. Cover up a crime with gold and the arm of justice can't touch it. But dress the crime in rags and it's caught easily. Everyone sins. You can't blame anyone for it anyone, I say. I'll vouch for that. Believe me, my friend, since I have the power to stop the prosecutors. Get yourself some glass eyes, and pretend to see things you can't, like a crooked politician. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my boots. Harder, harder. Like that.</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>(aside) O matter and impertinency mixed! Reason in madness!</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>(to himself) Oh, wisdom and absurdity mixed up together! Reason in madness!</p>

Original Text		Modern Text	
165	<b>LEAR</b> If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes. I know thee well enough. Thy name is Gloucester. Thou must be patient. We came crying hither. Thou know'st the first time that we smell the air We wawl and cry. I will preach to thee. Mark me.		<b>LEAR</b> If you want to cry over my bad luck, I'll give you my eyes. I know you. Your name's Gloucester. You have to be patient with me. I came here crying. The first time we see the world as newborns, we cry and scream. I'll read you a sermon. Listen to this.
	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Alack, alack the day!		<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Oh, how awful!
175	<b>LEAR</b> When we are born, we cry that we are come To this great stage of fools. This a good block. It were a delicate stratagem to shoe A troop of horse with felt. I'll put 't in proof. And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law, Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!		<b>LEAR</b> When we're born, we cry because we've arrived on the stage of life, like all the other fools. That's a nice hat you've got there. How ingenious to make horseshoes out of felt. I'll test it out. And when I've sneaked up on my sons-in-law, then I'll kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!
	<i>Enter GENTLEMAN with two others</i>		<i>The GENTLEMAN enters with two other gentlemen.</i>
	<b>GENTLEMAN</b> Oh, here he is. Lay hand upon him.—Sir, Your most dear daughter—		<b>GENTLEMAN</b> (noticing LEAR) Oh, here he is. Grab him.—Sir, your most dear daughter—
	<b>LEAR</b> No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even The natural fool of fortune. Use me well. You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons. I am cut to th' brains.		<b>LEAR</b> What, I'm a prisoner? No rescue for me? My luck has always been bad. Treat me well. There's a ransom. I need a doctor. My brains are injured.
180	<b>GENTLEMAN</b> You shall have anything.		<b>GENTLEMAN</b> You can have anything you want.
	<b>LEAR</b> No seconds? All myself? Why, this would make a man a man of salt, To use his eyes for garden water-pots, Ay, and laying autumn's dust.		<b>LEAR</b> Will no one back me up? Am I all alone? That would make anyone cry enough to water his garden with his tears.
185	<b>GENTLEMAN</b> Good sir—		<b>GENTLEMAN</b> Good sir—

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom. What, I will be jovial. Come, come. I am a king, my masters, know you that?</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>I'll die <b>courageously</b>, like a well-dressed bridegroom. Okay, I'll be cheery. I'm king. Did you know that, gentlemen?</p>
<p><b>GENTLEMAN</b></p> <p>190 You are a royal one, and we obey you.</p>	<p><b>GENTLEMAN</b></p> <p>You're of royal blood, and we obey you.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Then there's life in 't. Come, an if you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b></p> <p>Then there's still a chance. Come and get it! But you'll have to catch me! Catch me if you can! Sa, sa, sa, sa.</p>
<p><i>Exit <b>LEAR</b> running, followed by two gentlemen</i></p>	<p><i><b>LEAR</b> exits running, chased by two gentlemen.</i></p>
<p><b>GENTLEMAN</b></p> <p>A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch, Past speaking of in a king. Thou hast a daughter</p> <p>195 Who redeems nature from the general curse Which twain have brought her to.</p>	<p><b>GENTLEMAN</b></p> <p>This is a difficult to see even in a beggar. In a king, the sight is unbearable. He has a daughter good enough to cancel out the wickedness of the other two.</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Hail, gentle sir.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Hello, good sir.</p>
<p><b>GENTLEMAN</b></p> <p>Sir, speed you. What's your will?</p>	<p><b>GENTLEMAN</b></p> <p>How do you do, sir. How can I help you?</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Have you heard any news of impending battle?</p>
<p><b>GENTLEMAN</b></p> <p>Most sure and vulgar. Everyone hears that That can distinguish sound.</p>	<p><b>GENTLEMAN</b></p> <p>Certainly. Everyone who can hear has heard about it.</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>But, by your favor, how near's the other army?</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Could you tell me how near the enemy is?</p>
<p><b>GENTLEMAN</b></p> <p>Near and on speedy foot. The main descry Stands in the hourly thought.</p>	<p><b>GENTLEMAN</b></p> <p>Very near, and approaching fast. The main body of the army is expected here any hour now.</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>I thank you, sir. That's all.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Thank you, sir. That's all I wanted to know.</p>

Original Text		Modern Text	
205	<b>GENTLEMAN</b> Though that the queen on special cause is here, Her army is moved on.	<b>GENTLEMAN</b> The queen is here on special business, and her army has moved on.	
	<b>EDGAR</b> I thank you, sir.	<b>EDGAR</b> Thank you, sir.	
<i>Exit GENTLEMAN</i>		<i>The GENTLEMAN exits.</i>	
	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me. Let not my worser spirit tempt me again To die before you please.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Gentle gods in heaven, please let me die. Don't tempt me to suicide again.	
	<b>EDGAR</b> Well pray you, father.	<b>EDGAR</b> Pray well, father.	
	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Now, good sir, what are you?	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> And who are you, good sir?	
210	<b>EDGAR</b> A most poor man made tame to fortune's blows, Who by the art of known and feeling sorrows Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand, I'll lead you to some bidding.	<b>EDGAR</b> I'm a poor man who's been humbled by many misfortunes. I've had enough sorrow in my life to feel compassion for others. Give me your hand. I'll lead you to some shelter.	
	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Hearty thanks. The bounty and the benison of heaven To boot and boot.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Thank you very much. May heaven bless you.	
	<i>Enter OSWALD the steward</i>	<i>OSWALD enters.</i>	
220	<b>OSWALD</b> A proclaimed prize! Most happy! That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor, Briefly thyself remember. The sword is out That must destroy thee.	<b>OSWALD</b> What good luck! I'll get the promised reward. That blind head of yours was created to make me rich. You old traitor, repent all your sins. Prepare to die.	
	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Now let thy friendly hand Put strength enough to 't.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Death is exactly what I want. I hope you're strong enough to do it.	

Original Text		Modern Text
	<i>EDGAR interferes</i>	<i>EDGAR steps in between GLOUCESTER and OSWALD.</i>
	<b>OSWALD</b> Wherefore, bold peasant, Darest thou support a published traitor? Hence, Lest that th' infection of his fortune take 225 Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.	<b>OSWALD</b> Whoa, man, you dare to support someone who's been proclaimed a traitor? Get out of here, before his bad luck infects you too. Let go of his arm.
	<b>EDGAR</b> 'Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.	<b>EDGAR</b> Oh no, sir, I won't let him go, sir, not without a good reason.
	<b>OSWALD</b> Let go, slave, or thou diest!	<b>OSWALD</b> Let go of him, peasant, or you die!
	<b>EDGAR</b> Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. An 'chud ha' bin zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man. Keep out, che vor' ye, or I'se try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder. 'Chill be plain with you.	<b>EDGAR</b> Get on with your business, sir, and leave the poor people alone. If <b>macho talk</b> like yours could kill me, I'd have died weeks ago. No, don't come near the old man. Keep away, I'm warning you, or I'll find out whether your head is harder than my walking stick. I'm completely serious.
	<b>OSWALD</b> Out, dunghill!	<b>OSWALD</b> Get out of here, you pile of crap.
	<b>EDGAR</b> 'Chill pick your teeth, zir. Come, no matter vor your foins.	<b>EDGAR</b> I'll knock your teeth out, sir. To hell with your sword.
	<i>EDGAR and OSWALD fight</i>	<i>EDGAR and OSWALD fight.</i>
	<b>OSWALD</b> (falling) Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain, take my purse. If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body. And give the letters which thou find'st about me To Edmund, Earl of Gloucester. Seek him out Upon the British party. O untimely death! (dies)	<b>OSWALD</b> (falling) You peasant, you've killed me! Villain, take my money. If you survive, make sure I have a decent burial. Give the letters I'm carrying to Edmund, Earl of Gloucester. He's with the English camp. Oh, early death! (he dies)
	<b>EDGAR</b> 240 I know thee well—a serviceable villain, As duteous to the vices of thy mistress As badness would desire.	<b>EDGAR</b> I know you well. You're a hardworking villain who'd do anything his evil mistress wanted him to.
	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> What, is he dead?	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Is he dead?

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Sit you down, father. Rest you.</p> <p>Let's see these pockets. The letters that he speaks of May be my friends. He's dead. I am only sorry He had no other death's-man. Let us see. (takes letters out of OSWALD's pocket and opens them) Leave, gentle wax, and, manners, blame us not. To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts. Their papers is more lawful. (reads) "Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off. If your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done if he return the conqueror. Then am I the prisoner and his bed my gaol, from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labor. Your— wife, so I would say—affectionate servant, and for you her own for venture, Goneril."</p> <p>O indistinguished space of woman's will! A plot upon her virtuous husband's life, And the exchange my brother!—Here in the sands Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified Of murderous lechers. And in the mature time With this ungracious paper strike the sight Of the death-practiced duke. For him 'tis well That of thy death and business I can tell.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Sit down and rest, father. Let's look in his pockets. The letters he spoke of may help me. He's dead. I'm just sorry I had to be the one to kill him. Let's see here. (takes letters out of OSWALD's pocket and opens them) Come on, envelope, open up for me. I know it's bad manners, but we kill our enemies to know their secrets. Reading their mail isn't as bad. (reads) "Don't forget the vows we made to each other. You have many chances to kill Albany. If you have the strength of will to do it, you'll have many opportunities. If he returns in triumph, then all is lost. I'll be his prisoner, and his bed will be my prison. Help me escape him, and you can take his place. Your—I wish I could say "wife"—loving servant, who is ready to love you, Goneril."</p> <p>Is there no limit to women's lust? She's plotting against the life of her virtuous husband, and wants my brother to replace him! (to the dead OSWALD) I'll bury you here in a shallow grave, you messenger for lustful criminals. In due time I'll show this ugly letter to the duke whose life's at risk. It's a good thing for him that I can tell him about your death and the letter you were carrying.</p>
<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b></p> <p>The king is mad. How stiff is my vile sense, That I stand up and have ingenious feeling Of my huge sorrows. Better I were distract— So should my thoughts be severed from my griefs, And woes by wrong imaginations lose The knowledge of themselves.</p>	<p><b>GLOUCESTER</b></p> <p>The king is insane. I hate the fact that I'm sane enough to be aware of my own great suffering. It'd be better to be delirious and unaware of anything. Then my mind would be free of sorrow, and sadness would be forgotten in my hallucinations.</p>
<p><i>Drum afar off</i></p>	<p><i>Drums play in the distance.</i></p>

Act 4, Scene 6, Page 13

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Give me your hand.</p> <p>270 Far off methinks I hear the beaten drum.</p> <p>Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>Give me your hand. I think I hear the drums far away. Come, father, I'll leave you at a friend's house.</p>
<p><i>Exeunt</i></p>	<p><i>They exit.</i></p>

Act 4, Scene 7

Original Text		Modern Text	
<i>Enter CORDELIA, KENT disguised, GENTLEMAN, and DOCTOR</i>		<i>CORDELIA enters with KENT in disguise, the GENTLEMAN, and the DOCTOR.</i>	
<b>CORDELIA</b> O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work To match thy goodness? My life will be too short, And every measure fail me.		<b>CORDELIA</b> Oh, Kent, what could I ever do to become as good as you are? I won't live long enough, and all my efforts will fail me.	
<b>KENT</b> To be acknowledged, madam, is o'erpaid. 5 All my reports go with the modest truth, Nor more, nor clipped, but so.		<b>KENT</b> Just being thanked is more than enough for me, madam. I hope all reports about me simply tell the truth, no more or less.	
<b>CORDELIA</b> Be better suited. These weeds are memories of those worser hours. I prithee, put them off.		<b>CORDELIA</b> Change into better clothes. These rags will just remind us of those bad times when you had to wear a disguise. Please take them off.	
<b>KENT</b> Pardon, dear madam. Yet to be known shortens my made intent. 10 My boon I make it that you know me not Till time and I think meet.		<b>KENT</b> I'm sorry, madam, but I can't do that yet. If people recognize me now, I won't be able to carry out my plans. I have to ask you, as a favor, not to let on that you recognize me until the time is right.	
<b>CORDELIA</b> Then be 't so, my good lord.— How does the king?		<b>CORDELIA</b> All right, my lord.—How's the king doing?	
<b>DOCTOR</b> Madam, sleeps still.		<b>DOCTOR</b> He's still sleeping, ma'am.	
<b>CORDELIA</b> O you kind gods, Cure this great breach in his abusèd nature, Th' untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up, 15 Of this child-changèd father!		<b>CORDELIA</b> Kind gods, heal the wounds that he's wrongly suffered! Restore the sanity of this father whose children have driven him mad and changed him into a child again!	
<b>DOCTOR</b> So please your majesty That we may wake the king? He hath slept long.		<b>DOCTOR</b> Would you mind if we woke up the king? He's slept a long time.	



Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>CORDELIA</b> Be governed by your knowledge, and proceed I' th' sway of your own will. Is he arrayed?</p>	<p><b>CORDELIA</b> Do whatever you think best. Is he in his royal garments?</p>
<p><i>Enter <b>LEAR</b> asleep in a chair carried by servants</i></p>	<p><i>Servants carry in <b>LEAR</b> sleeping in a chair.</i></p>
<p><b>GENTLEMAN</b> Ay, madam. In the heaviness of his sleep 20 We put fresh garments on him.</p>	<p><b>GENTLEMAN</b> Yes, ma'am. We changed his clothes while he was fast asleep.</p>
<p><b>DOCTOR</b> Be by, good madam, when we do awake him. I doubt not of his temperance.</p>	<p><b>DOCTOR</b> Stay close by when we wake him up, ma'am. I'm sure he will stay under control.</p>
<p><b>CORDELIA</b> Very well.</p>	<p><b>CORDELIA</b> All right.</p>
<p><b>DOCTOR</b> Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there!</p>	<p><b>DOCTOR</b> Please come closer.— Make the music louder, please!</p>
<p><b>CORDELIA</b> (kisses LEAR) O my dear father, restoration hang 25 Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss Repair those violent harms that my two sisters Have in thy reverence made!</p>	<p><b>CORDELIA</b> (kisses LEAR) Oh, my dear father, please get better. May my kiss heal the wounds inflicted on you by my sisters—who should have respected and cherished you.</p>
<p><b>KENT</b> Kind and dear princess!</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> Kind and dear princess!</p>
<p><b>CORDELIA</b> Had you not been their father, these white flakes Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face 30 To be opposed against the warring winds? To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder In the most terrible and nimble stroke Of quick cross lightning? To watch—poor perdu!— With this thin helm? Mine enemy's meanest dog, 35 Though he had bit me, should have stood that night Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father, To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn In short and musty straw? Alack, alack! 'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once 40 Had not concluded all.—He wakes. Speak to him.</p>	<p><b>CORDELIA</b> If you hadn't been their father, your white hair would have inspired in them only compassion. Is this a face that should have endured the freezing winds or withstood the dreadful thunder or the terrible lightning? To stay awake all night like a guardsman—poor lost soul!—with only your thinning hair for a helmet? I would've let even my enemy's nastiest dog stay inside by the fireplace on that night, even if he had bit me. And were you then happy to find shelter on a bed of hay along with swine and homeless bums? Oh, oh! It's a wonder you didn't lose your life and your mind all at once.—He's waking up. Talk to him.</p>

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>DOCTOR</b> Madam, do you. 'Tis fittest.</p>	<p><b>DOCTOR</b> You talk to him, ma'am. That's most appropriate.</p>
<p><b>CORDELIA</b> How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?</p>	<p><b>CORDELIA</b> How are you, my royal lord? How is your majesty doing?</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave. Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound 45 Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears Do scald like molten lead.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> You do me wrong by taking me out of the grave. You're a soul in heaven, but I'm tied to the fiery wheel of a torture machine in hell. Even my tears burn me like molten lead.</p>
<p><b>CORDELIA</b> Sir, do you know me?</p>	<p><b>CORDELIA</b> Sir, do you know who I am?</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> You are a spirit, I know. Where did you die?</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> You're a spirit, I know. Where did you die?</p>
<p><b>CORDELIA</b> (aside to DOCTOR) Still, still far wide!</p>	<p><b>CORDELIA</b> (whispering to the DOCTOR) He's still in outer space.</p>
<p><b>DOCTOR</b> He's scarce awake. Let him alone awhile.</p>	<p><b>DOCTOR</b> He's still half asleep. Let him be for a bit.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> 50 Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight? I am mightily abused. I should ev'n die with pity To see another thus. I know not what to say. I will not swear these are my hands. Let's see. I feel this pinprick. Would I were assured 55 Of my condition.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Where have I been? Where am I? Is it daytime? I've been tricked. I would die of pity to see someone else in my condition. I don't know what to say. I can't even be sure these are my hands. Let's see. I feel this pinprick. I wish I knew what is happening.</p>
<p><b>CORDELIA</b> (kneels) O, look upon me, sir, And hold your hands in benediction o'er me. No, sir, you must not kneel.</p>	<p><b>CORDELIA</b> (kneeling) Look at me, sir, and give me your blessing. No, sir, don't kneel.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> Pray, do not mock me. I am a very foolish fond old man, 60 Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less. And to deal plainly I fear I am not in my perfect mind. Methinks I should know you, and know this man.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Please don't make fun of me. I'm a foolish, senile old man, eighty-something years old, not an hour more or less. To put it plainly, I'm afraid I'm not quite sane. I feel I should recognize you and that man (he points to KENT),</p>

Original Text	Modern Text
<p>65 Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant What place this is, and all the skill I have Remembers not these garments. Nor I know not Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me, For as I am a man, I think this lady To be my child Cordelia.</p>	<p>but I'm not sure. I don't know where I am. I don't remember these clothes. I can't recall where I slept last night. Don't laugh at me, but I swear I think this lady is my child Cordelia.</p>
<p><b>CORDELIA</b> And so I am, I am.</p>	<p><b>CORDELIA</b> And I am, I am.</p>
<p>70 <b>LEAR</b> Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not. If you have poison for me, I will drink it. I know you do not love me, for your sisters Have, as I do remember, done me wrong. You have some cause; they have not.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Are your tears wet? Yes, indeed they are. Please don't cry. If you have poison for me, I'll drink it. I know you don't love me. If I remember, your sisters did me wrong for no reason. But you didn't, even though you had every reason.</p>
<p><b>CORDELIA</b> No cause, no cause.</p>	<p><b>CORDELIA</b> I had no reason, no reason.</p>
<p>75 <b>LEAR</b> Am I in France?</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Am I in France?</p>
<p><b>KENT</b> In your own kingdom, sir.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b> You're in your own kingdom, sir.</p>
<p><b>LEAR</b> Do not abuse me.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> Don't deceive me.</p>
<p>80 <b>DOCTOR</b> Be comforted, good madam. The great rage, You see, is killed in him. And yet it is danger To make him even o'er the time he has lost. Desire him to go in. Trouble him no more Till further settling.</p>	<p><b>DOCTOR</b> You can relax, ma'am. His insane period is over. But it's dangerous to make him try to make sense of the time he lost. Ask him to go in. Don't trouble him further until his mind is more settled.</p>
<p><b>CORDELIA</b> Will 't please your highness walk?</p>	<p><b>CORDELIA</b> Would your highness like to take a walk?</p>
<p>85 <b>LEAR</b> You must bear with me. Pray you now, forget and forgive. I am old and foolish.</p>	<p><b>LEAR</b> You'll have to bear with me. Please forgive and forget. I'm old and foolish.</p>
<p><i>Exeunt</i></p>	<p><i>They exit.</i></p>
<p><i>Manent KENT and GENTLEMAN</i></p>	<p><i>KENT and the GENTLEMAN remain.</i></p>

## Act 4, Scene 7, Page 5

Original Text	Modern Text
<b>GENTLEMAN</b> Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?	<b>GENTLEMAN</b> Is it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was killed as they say?
<b>KENT</b> Most certain, sir.	<b>KENT</b> Yes, it's true, sir.
<b>GENTLEMAN</b> Who is conductor of his people?	<b>GENTLEMAN</b> Who is leading his men?
<b>KENT</b> As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester.	<b>KENT</b> They say Gloucester's bastard son is.
90 <b>GENTLEMAN</b> They say Edgar, his banished son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.	<b>GENTLEMAN</b> I hear that Edgar, Gloucester's exiled son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.
<b>KENT</b> Report is changeable. Tis time to look about. The powers of the kingdom approach apace.	<b>KENT</b> You can't trust all the rumors. It's time to reassess the situation. The British troops are coming near.
<b>GENTLEMAN</b> The arbitrament is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir.	<b>GENTLEMAN</b> It will likely be a bloody fight. Goodbye, sir.
<i>Exit GENTLEMAN</i>	<i>He exits.</i>
95 <b>KENT</b> My point and period will be thoroughly wrought, Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought.	<b>KENT</b> My life and my plans completely depend on how today's battle ends.
<i>Exit</i>	<i>He exits.</i>

Act 5, Scene 1

Original Text		Modern Text	
<i>Enter with drum and colors</i> <b>EDMUND, REGAN,</b> <i>gentlemen, and soldiers</i>		<b>EDMUND, REGAN,</b> <i>gentlemen, and soldiers</i> <i>enter with drums and banners.</i>	
<b>EDMUND</b> (to a gentleman) Know of the duke if his last purpose hold, Or whether since he is advised by aught To change the course. He's full of alteration And self-reproving. Bring his constant pleasure.		<b>EDMUND</b> (to a gentleman) Go find out from the Duke of Albany if his decision still holds, or if he's changed his mind. He's always going back and forth and second-guessing himself. Come back and tell me what his final decision is.	
<i>Exit gentleman</i>		<i>Gentleman exits.</i>	
5	<b>REGAN</b> Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.	<b>REGAN</b> My sister's servant Oswald has certainly run into trouble.	
<b>EDMUND</b> 'Tis to be doubted, madam.		<b>EDMUND</b> I'm afraid that may be the case, madam.	
<b>REGAN</b> Now, sweet lord, You know the goodness I intend upon you. Tell me but truly—but then speak the truth— Do you not love my sister?		<b>REGAN</b> Now, my sweet lord, you know how much I like you. Tell me truthfully, do you love my sister?	
<b>EDMUND</b> In honored love.		<b>EDMUND</b> Yes, truly and honorably.	
10	<b>REGAN</b> But have you never found my brother's way To the forfended place?	<b>REGAN</b> But have you ever gone in my brother-in-law's bed and had sex with her?	
<b>EDMUND</b> That thought abuses you.		<b>EDMUND</b> No. You dishonor yourself and our relationship by thinking that.	
<b>REGAN</b> I am doubtful that you have been conjunct And bosomed with her as far as we call hers.		<b>REGAN</b> I'm just worried that you've been cozying up to her, and gotten intimate with her.	
15	<b>EDMUND</b> No, by mine honor, madam.	<b>EDMUND</b> No, I swear on my honor, I haven't, madam.	

Original Text		Modern Text	
<b>REGAN</b> I never shall endure her. Dear my lord, Be not familiar with her.		<b>REGAN</b> I can't stand her. Please, my lord, don't be friendly with her.	
<b>EDMUND</b> Fear me not.— She and the duke her husband!		<b>EDMUND</b> Don't worry about me.—Your sister and the duke are here.	
<i>Enter with drum and colors</i> <b>ALBANY</b> and <b>GONERIL</b> , <i>with troops</i>		<i><b>ALBANY</b>, <b>GONERIL</b>, and soldiers enter with drums and banners.</i>	
20	<b>GONERIL</b> (aside) I had rather lose the battle than that sister Should loosen him and me.	<b>GONERIL</b> (to herself) I'd rather lose this battle than allow that sister of mine to come between me and Edmund.	
25	<b>ALBANY</b> Our very loving sister, well bemet.— Sir, this I hear: the king is come to his daughter, With others whom the rigor of our state Forced to cry out. Where I could not be honest I never yet was valiant. For this business, It touches us as France invades our land, Not bolds the king, with others whom I fear Most just and heavy causes make oppose.	<b>ALBANY</b> My dear and loving sister-in-law, I'm happy to see you. (to EDMUND) Sir, I've heard that the king has joined up with his daughter as well as others who have complained about our strict policies. I've never fought for a cause I didn't believe in. I'm concerned about the French because they have invaded our soil, not because they support King Lear or those others—who, I'm afraid, may have legitimate grievances against us.	
<b>EDMUND</b> Sir, you speak nobly.		<b>EDMUND</b> Noble words, sir.	
<b>REGAN</b> Why is this reasoned?		<b>REGAN</b> Why are we talking about this?	
30	<b>GONERIL</b> Combine together 'gainst the enemy, For these domestic and particular broils Are not the question here.	<b>GONERIL</b> We must join forces against the enemy. Our domestic squabbles are not the issue here.	
<b>ALBANY</b> Let's then determine with the ancient of war On our proceedings.		<b>ALBANY</b> Then let's meet with our senior command and discuss what to do next.	
35	<b>EDMUND</b> I shall attend you presently at your tent.	<b>EDMUND</b> I'll meet you at your tent.	
<b>REGAN</b> Sister, you'll go with us?		<b>REGAN</b> Goneril, are you coming with us?	

Original Text		Modern Text	
<b>GONERIL</b> No.		<b>GONERIL</b> No.	
<b>REGAN</b> 'Tis most convenient. Pray you, go with us.		<b>REGAN</b> It's the best thing to do. Please come with me.	
<b>GONERIL</b> (aside) Oh ho, I know the riddle.—I will go.		<b>GONERIL</b> (to herself) Oh ho, I know her little tricks.—Okay, I'll go.	
<i>Enter <b>EDGAR</b> disguised</i>		<i><b>EDGAR</b> enters, disguised as a peasant.</i>	
40	<b>EDGAR</b> (to ALBANY) If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor, Hear me one word.	<b>EDGAR</b> (to ALBANY) If you can stoop to speak to a man as poor as I am, then listen to me, please.	
<b>ALBANY</b> (to EDMUND, REGAN, and GONERIL) I'll overtake you.—		<b>ALBANY</b> (to EDMUND, REGAN, and GONERIL exiting) I'll catch up with you.—	
<i>Exeunt all but <b>ALBANY</b> and <b>EDGAR</b></i>		<i>Everyone exits except <b>ALBANY</b> and <b>EDGAR</b>.</i>	
Speak.		Go ahead.	
45	<b>EDGAR</b> (giving ALBANY a letter) Before you fight the battle, ope this letter. If you have victory, let the trumpet sound For him that brought it. Wretched though I seem, I can produce a champion that will prove What is avouchèd there. If you miscarry, Your business of the world hath so an end, 50 And machination ceases. Fortune love you.	<b>EDGAR</b> (giving ALBANY a letter) Before you go into battle, open this letter. If you win, then blow your trumpet as a signal for me. I may look wretched, but I'll bravely stand up to defend my claims. If you die in battle, all your projects and this plan are off. Good luck to you.	
<b>ALBANY</b> Stay till I have read the letter.		<b>ALBANY</b> Wait until I read the letter.	
<b>EDGAR</b> I was forbid it. When time shall serve, let but the herald cry, And I'll appear again.		<b>EDGAR</b> I was ordered not to. When the time comes, tell the herald to blow the trumpet and I'll return.	
55	<b>ALBANY</b> Why, fare thee well. I will o'erlook thy paper.	<b>ALBANY</b> Goodbye, then. I'll take a look at your letter.	
<i>Exit <b>EDGAR</b></i>		<i><b>EDGAR</b> exits.</i>	
<i>Enter <b>EDMUND</b></i>		<i><b>EDMUND</b> enters.</i>	

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>The enemy's in view. Draw up your powers. (gives ALBANY a document) Here is the guess of their true strength and forces By diligent discovery, but your haste Is now urged on you.</p>	<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>The enemy's in sight. Prepare your troops. (gives ALBANY a document) The reconnaissance operation has returned this estimate of the enemy's manpower and weaponry. But now, please hurry.</p>
<p><b>ALBANY</b></p> <p>We will greet the time.</p>	<p><b>ALBANY</b></p> <p>We'll be ready when the time comes.</p>
<p><i>Exit ALBANY</i></p>	<p><i>He exits.</i></p>
<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>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 enjoyed If both remain alive. To take the widow Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril, And hardly shall I carry out my side, 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, Shall never see his pardon, for my state Stands on me to defend, not to debate.</p>	<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>I've sworn my love to both of these sisters. They're jealous of each other like poisonous snakes. Which one of them should I pick? Both? One? Neither? I can't enjoy either of them as long as the other one's alive. Goneril would go crazy if I chose Regan, but it would be hard to get in with Goneril while her husband's still alive. I'll use Albany's power and authority for now to win the war, but afterward one of the sisters—whichever one wants to—can get rid of him. Albany wants to spare Lear and Cordelia, but once they are my prisoners after the battle, they won't stay alive long enough to see his pardon. I have to defend my position with actions, not words.</p>
<p><i>Exit</i></p>	<p><i>He exits.</i></p>



Act 5, Scene 2

Original Text	Modern Text
<i>Alarum within Enter with drum and colors the powers of France over the stage, and <b>CORDELIA</b> with her father <b>LEAR</b> in her hand And exeunt</i>	<i>Sounds of battle offstage. <b>CORDELIA</b> enters hand in hand with <b>LEAR</b>, accompanied by drums, banners, and French troops. They cross the stage and exit.</i>
<i>Enter <b>EDGAR</b> disguised and <b>GLOUCESTER</b></i>	<i><b>EDGAR</b> enters, disguised, along with <b>GLOUCESTER</b>.</i>
<b>EDGAR</b> Here, 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.	<b>EDGAR</b> Here, father, rest awhile in the shade of this tree. Say a little prayer for our side in battle. If I ever come back, I'll bring you good news.
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Grace go with you, sir.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> Good luck, sir.
<i>Exit <b>EDGAR</b></i>	<i><b>EDGAR</b> exits.</i>
<i>Alarum and retreat within</i>	<i>Sounds of battle offstage. They grow fainter.</i>
<i>Enter <b>EDGAR</b></i>	<i><b>EDGAR</b> returns.</i>
<b>EDGAR</b> Away, old man. Give me thy hand. Away! King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en. Give me thy hand. Come on.	<b>EDGAR</b> We have to get out of here, old man. Let me help you up. Let's go! King Lear's been defeated. He and his daughter are captured. Give me your hand. Come on.
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> No further, sir. A man may rot even here.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> I can't go any further, sir. This is as good a place as any to die.
<b>EDGAR</b> What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure Their going hence even as their coming hither. Ripeness is all. Come on.	<b>EDGAR</b> Are you depressed again? You can't choose your time of death any more than your time of birth. We live and die when our time comes. Come on.
<b>GLOUCESTER</b> And that's true too.	<b>GLOUCESTER</b> And that's true too.
<i>Exeunt</i>	<i>They exit.</i>

## Act 5, Scene 3

Original Text	Modern Text
<i>Enter in conquest with drum and colors</i> <b>EDMUND</b> , with <b>LEAR</b> and <b>CORDELIA</b> as prisoners, and <b>FIRST CAPTAIN</b> with soldiers	<i><b>EDMUND</b> enters, victorious, with drums and banners. <b>LEAR</b> and <b>CORDELIA</b> enter as prisoners, led by the <b>FIRST CAPTAIN</b> and soldiers.</i>
<b>EDMUND</b> Some officers take them away. Good guard Until their greater pleasures first be known That are to censure them.	<b>EDMUND</b> Officers, take them away. Guard them carefully until we decide how to punish them.
<b>CORDELIA</b> (to LEAR) We are not the first 5 Who with best meaning have incurred the worst. For thee, oppressed King, I am cast down. Myself could else outfrown false fortune's frown. Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?	<b>CORDELIA</b> (to LEAR) At least we're not the first ones in our position. The road to hell is paved with good intentions. But I'm worried about you, my poor King. If it were only me, I would just wait out my bad luck. Should we meet with my sisters?
<b>LEAR</b> No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison. 10 We two alone will sing like birds i' th' cage. When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live, And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues 15 Talk of court news, and we'll talk with them too— Who loses and who wins, who's in, who's out— And take upon 's the mystery of things As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out In a walled prison packs and sects of great ones 20 That ebb and flow by the moon.	<b>LEAR</b> No, no, no, no! Come on, let's go to prison. The two of us together will sing like birds in a cage. We will be good to each other. When you ask for my blessing, I'll get down on my knees and ask you to forgive me. That's how we'll live—we'll pray, we'll sing, we'll tell old stories, we'll laugh at pretentious courtiers, we'll listen to nasty court gossip, we'll find out who's losing and who's winning, who's in and who's out. We'll think about the mysteries of the universe as if we were God's spies. In prison we'll outlast hordes of rulers that will come and go as their fortunes change.
<b>EDMUND</b> Take them away.	<b>EDMUND</b> Take them away.
<b>LEAR</b> Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee? He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes.	<b>LEAR</b> My Cordelia, even the gods admire how much you've sacrificed for me. Have I hugged you yet? Anyone who wants to separate us will have to smoke us out of the cave of our togetherness like foxes. Wipe your eyes.

Act 5, Scene 3, Page 2

Original Text		Modern Text	
25	The good years shall devour them, flesh and fell, Ere they shall make us weep. We'll see 'em starve first. Come.	Our jailers will shrivel up with old age before they make us cry again. We'll watch them starve to death first. Come on.	
<i>Exeunt <b>LEAR</b> and <b>CORDELIA</b>, led by soldiers</i>		<i><b>LEAR</b> and <b>CORDELIA</b> exit, led by soldiers.</i>	
	<b>EDMUND</b> Come hither, captain. Hark. (gives <b>FIRST CAPTAIN</b> a document)	<b>EDMUND</b> Come here, captain. Listen. (gives the <b>FIRST CAPTAIN</b> a sheet of paper) Take this note. Follow those two to prison and follow these instructions. I've already promoted you once. If you do as you're told, you'll be richly rewarded. Just remember this: you have to go with the times, and these are the times for being tough. A soldier can't afford to be a ninny. There'll be no quibbling about this assignment. Either you accept it, or go find some other way to support yourself.	
30	Take thou this note. Go follow them to prison. One step I have advanced thee. If thou dost As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way To noble fortunes. Know thou this: that men Are as the time is. To be tender-minded		
35	Does not become a sword. Thy great employment Will not bear question. Either say thou't do 't, Or thrive by other means.		
	<b>FIRST CAPTAIN</b> I'll do 't, my lord.	<b>FIRST CAPTAIN</b> I'll do it, sir.	
	<b>EDMUND</b> About it, and write "happy" when thou'st done. Mark, I say, instantly, and carry it so	<b>EDMUND</b> Then off you go. When you've finished, you'll be a happy man. Go immediately, and do exactly as I wrote down.	
40	As I have set it down.		
	<b>FIRST CAPTAIN</b> I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats. If it be man's work, I'll do 't.	<b>FIRST CAPTAIN</b> Jobs are hard to come by. I can't pull a cart or eat dried oats like a horse. If it's work for a man, I'll do it.	
<i>Exit <b>FIRST CAPTAIN</b></i>		<i>The <b>FIRST CAPTAIN</b> exits.</i>	
<i>Flourish Enter the Duke of <b>ALBANY</b>, the two ladies <b>GONERIL</b> and <b>REGAN</b>, a <b>SECOND CAPTAIN</b>, and soldiers</i>		<i>Trumpets play. <b>ALBANY</b> enters with <b>GONERIL</b> and <b>REGAN</b>, a <b>SECOND CAPTAIN</b>, and more soldiers.</i>	
	<b>ALBANY</b> (to <b>EDMUND</b> ) Sir, you have shown today your valiant strain,	<b>ALBANY</b> (to <b>EDMUND</b> ) Sir, you've shown your true courage today, and luck was on your side. You've taken prisoner the leaders of the opposition. I need to take cus-	
45	And fortune led you well. You have the captives That were the opposites of this day's strife.		

Original Text	Modern Text
I do require them of you, so to use them As we shall find their merits and our safety May equally determine.	tody of them so I can do what's best out of concern for their honor and the safety of the kingdom.
<b>EDMUND</b> Sir, I thought it fit To send the old and miserable king 50 To some retention and appointed guard— Whose age has charms in it, whose title more— To pluck the common bosom on his side, An turn our impressed lances in our eyes Which do command them. With him I sent the queen, 55 My reason all the same, and they are ready Tomorrow or at further space t' appear Where you shall hold your session. At this time We sweat and bleed. The friend hath lost his friend, And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed 60 By those that feel their sharpness. The question of Cordelia and her father Requires a fitter place.	<b>EDMUND</b> Sir, I decided it was appropriate to send the pathetic old king to a guarded prison cell. His old age and his title make him so popular among the commoners that I was worried our enlisted soldiers would turn against us on his behalf. I sent the French queen with him too, for the same reason. They're ready to meet with you tomorrow, or whenever you like, wherever you'd like to hold your hearing. These are difficult times. Many have lost friends in battle, and soldiers will curse even a justified war if it causes them pain. We need a more appropriate place to discuss Cordelia and her father.
<b>ALBANY</b> I hold you but a subject of this war, Not as a brother.	<b>ALBANY</b> I'm sorry, sir, but in this war I consider you a subordinate, not my equal.
<b>REGAN</b> That's as we list to grace him. 65 Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers, Bore the commission of my place and person— The which immediacy may well stand up And call itself your brother.	<b>REGAN</b> That's for to me to decide. You might have asked my opinion before saying something so rude. Edmund has led our forces well, and implemented my wishes—and his close connection with me gives him the right to be considered your equal.
<b>GONERIL</b> Not so hot. 70 In his own grace he doth exalt himself More than in your addition.	<b>GONERIL</b> Not so fast. He has distinguished himself as a great soldier in his own right, deserving more than any honor you can bestow on him.
<b>REGAN</b> In my rights, By me invested, he compeers the best.	<b>REGAN</b> I'm the one who gave him his military commission, and it is as my proxy that he fought bravely.

Act 5, Scene 3, Page 4

	Original Text	Modern Text
	<b>ALBANY</b> That were the most if he should husband you.	<b>ALBANY</b> He'd really be your proxy if he married you.
	<b>REGAN</b> Jesters do oft prove prophets.	<b>REGAN</b> Don't joke, it might come true.
	<b>GONERIL</b> Holla, holla! That eye that told you so looked but asquint.	<b>GONERIL</b> Whoa, whoa! You're so infatuated with him that you're hallucinating.
75	<b>REGAN</b> Lady, I am not well, else I should answer From a full-flowing stomach. (to EDMUND) General, Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony. Dispose of them, of me. The walls is thine.	<b>REGAN</b> Hey, lady, if I weren't feeling a little sick, I'd give you a piece of my mind. (to EDMUND) General, take my soldiers, my prisoners, my whole inheritance, and do as you like with them. I surrender myself to your good judgment. Let the whole world see that I hereby make you my lord and master.
80	Witness the world that I create thee here My lord and master.	
	<b>GONERIL</b> Mean you to enjoy him then?	<b>GONERIL</b> Are you trying to sleep with him?
	<b>ALBANY</b> The let-alone lies not in your good will.	<b>ALBANY</b> (to GONERIL) It's not up to you to say "Yes" or "No."
	<b>EDMUND</b> Nor in thine, lord.	<b>EDMUND</b> Nor is it up to you, my lord.
	<b>ALBANY</b> Half-blooded fellow, yes.	<b>ALBANY</b> Yes it is, you half-blood.
	<b>REGAN</b> (to EDMUND) Let the drum strike and prove my title thine.	<b>REGAN</b> (to EDMUND) Let the drums beat. Prove your right to me by defeating any challenger.
85	<b>ALBANY</b> Stay yet. Hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee On capital treason, and in thine attainst This gilded serpent.(indicates GONERIL) (to REGAN) For your claim, fair sister, I bar it in the interest of my wife.	<b>ALBANY</b> Hang on a second. Listen to me.—Edmund, you're under arrest for capital treason. Along with you, your co-conspirator, this snake of a woman. (points at GONERIL. Then, speaking to REGAN) My dear sister-in-law, I veto your marriage announcement for the benefit of my wife, who is already engaged to Edmund. So if you want to get married, you'll have to woo me. My wife's already spoken for.
90	'Tis she is subcontracted to this lord. And I, her husband, contradict your banns. If you will marry, make your loves to me, My lady is bespoke.	

Original Text		Modern Text	
<b>GONERIL</b> An interlude!		<b>GONERIL</b> What a farce!	
95	<b>ALBANY</b> Thou art armed, Gloucester. Let the trumpet sound. If none appear to prove upon thy person Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons, There is my pledge. (throws down his glove) I'll make it on thy heart, Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less 100 Than I have here proclaimed thee.	<b>ALBANY</b> You've got a sword, Gloucester. Blow the trumpets. If nobody else comes to challenge you and prove what an abominable traitor you have been, I'll have to challenge you myself. (he throws down his glove) I'll prove soon enough that you're just as wicked as I say you are.	
<b>REGAN</b> Sick, oh, sick!		<b>REGAN</b> Oh, I'm sick, sick!	
<b>GONERIL</b> (aside) If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.		<b>GONERIL</b> (to herself) If she's not ill, I'll never trust drugs again.	
105	<b>EDMUND</b> (throwing down his glove) There's my exchange. What in the world he is That names me traitor, villainlike he lies. Call by thy trumpet. He that dares approach, On him—on you, who not?—I will maintain My truth and honor firmly.	<b>EDMUND</b> (throwing down his glove) You're on. Whoever calls me a traitor is a vicious liar. Blow the trumpet. Anyone who dares to step forward and make that accusation—you or anyone else—go ahead. I'll uphold my truth and my honor.	
<b>ALBANY</b> A herald, ho!		<b>ALBANY</b> A <b>herald!</b> Call a herald!	
110	<b>EDMUND</b> A herald, ho, a herald!	<b>EDMUND</b> A herald, a herald!	
<i>Enter a <b>HERALD</b></i>		<i>A <b>HERALD</b> enters.</i>	
<b>ALBANY</b> (to EDMUND) Trust to thy single virtue, for thy soldiers, All levied in my name, have in my name Took their discharge.		<b>ALBANY</b> (to EDMUND) You're on your own now. The soldiers were all drafted in my name, and now they are discharged in my name.	
<b>REGAN</b> My sickness grows upon me.		<b>REGAN</b> I feel sicker and sicker.	
<b>ALBANY</b> She is not well. Convey her to my tent.		<b>ALBANY</b> She's not feeling well. Take her to my tent.	

Original Text		Modern Text	
<i>Exit REGAN, led</i>		<i>REGAN is helped to exit.</i>	
115	Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound,— And read out this. (gives the HERALD a document)		Come here, herald.—Let the trumpet sound!— Read this out. (he hands the HERALD a document)
<b>SECOND CAPTAIN</b> Sound, trumpet!		<b>SECOND CAPTAIN</b> Blow the trumpet!	
<i>A trumpet sounds</i>		<i>A trumpet sounds.</i>	
<b>HERALD</b> (reads) “If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defense.”		<b>HERALD</b> (reads) “If any noble man in the army asserts that Edmund, so-called Earl of Gloucester, is a traitor many times over, let him step forward by the third trumpet blast.”	
<b>EDMUND</b> Sound!		<b>EDMUND</b> Sound!	
<i>First trumpet</i>		<i>First trumpet sounds.</i>	
<b>HERALD</b> Again!		<b>HERALD</b> Again!	
<i>Second trumpet</i>		<i>Second trumpet sounds.</i>	
<b>HERALD</b> Again!		<b>HERALD</b> Again!	
<i>Third trumpet Trumpet answers within Enter EDGAR, at the third sound, armed, a trumpet before him</i>		<i>Third trumpet sounds. Another trumpet answers inside. EDGAR enters, wearing armor.</i>	
125	<b>ALBANY</b> (to HERALD) Ask him his purposes, why he appears Upon this call o' th' trumpet.		<b>ALBANY</b> (to HERALD) Ask him why he's stepping forward.
<b>HERALD</b> What are you? Your name, your quality, and why you answer This present summons?		<b>HERALD</b> Who are you? What's your name and rank, and why are you stepping forward?	

Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>EDGAR</b> O, know, my name is lost. By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit. 130 Yet am I noble as the adversary I come to cope withal.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b> I've lost my name and title to a traitor. But I'm as noble as my opponent.</p>
<p><b>ALBANY</b> Which is that adversary?</p>	<p><b>ALBANY</b> And who is that?</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b> What's he that speaks for Edmund, Earl of Gloucester?</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b> Who's the spokesman for Edmund, Earl of Gloucester?</p>
<p><b>EDMUND</b> Himself. What sayst thou to him?</p>	<p><b>EDMUND</b> I'm my own spokesman. What do you have to say to me?</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b> Draw thy sword, That if my speech offend a noble heart 135 Thy arm may do thee justice. (draws his sword) Here is mine. Behold: it is the privilege of mine honors, My oath, and my profession. I protest— Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence, 140 Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune, Thy valor and thy heart—thou art a traitor, False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father, Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince, And from th' extremest upward of thy head 145 To the descent and dust below thy foot A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou "No," This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak, Thou liest.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b> Draw your sword. If I offend you by what I say, you can use your sword to take revenge. Here's mine. (he draws his sword) Look at it. It's the symbol of my honor, my rank, and my status as a knight. In spite of your youth, rank, strength, and excellence at warfare, in spite of your courage, your recent victory, and your good luck, I declare that you're a traitor. You've betrayed your gods, your brother, and your father. You've plotted against this noble duke. You're a rotten traitor, through and through, from the top of your head to the soles of your feet. If you disagree with me, I'm ready to use this sword and my courage to prove that you're a liar.</p>
<p><b>EDMUND</b> In wisdom I should ask thy name. But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike, 150 And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes, What safe and nicely I might well delay By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn. Back do I toss these treasons to thy head, With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart—</p>	<p><b>EDMUND</b> Normally I would ask you what your name is first. But since you look so fine and noble, and since you're so well mannered in your speech, I'm prepared to overlook the rules of knighthood, which say I should refuse to fight a man I don't know. I throw your accusations back in your face. Your lies can hardly hurt me, but I'll</p>



Original Text		Modern Text	
155	Which, for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise, This sword of mine shall give them instant way, Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak!	still fight you and embed your lies back in your hellish heart.—Trumpets, blow!	
<i>Alarums</i> <b>EDMUND</b> and <b>EDGAR</b> fight <b>EDMUND</b> falls		<i>Trumpets play.</i> <b>EDMUND</b> and <b>EDGAR</b> fight. <b>EDMUND</b> falls.	
<b>ALBANY</b> Save him, save him!		<b>ALBANY</b> (to EDGAR) Save him, save him!	
<b>GONERIL</b> This is practice, Gloucester. 160 By th' law of arms thou was not bound to answer An unknown opposite. Thou art not vanquished, But cozened and beguiled.		<b>GONERIL</b> You were tricked into fighting, Gloucester. According to the laws of war, you didn't have to fight a stranger. You haven't lost this fight; you've been tricked and deceived.	
<b>ALBANY</b> Shut your mouth, dame, Or with this paper shall I stop it.—Hold, sir, (gives the letter to EDMUND) 165 Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil.— (to GONERIL) Nay, no tearing, lady. I perceive you know it.		<b>ALBANY</b> Shut your mouth, woman, or I'll shove this paper in it.—Stop, sir. (gives the letter to EDMUND) You despicable criminal, read your crime. (to GONERIL) Don't try to tear it up, madam. I take it you know what this letter says.	
<b>GONERIL</b> Say, if I do? The laws are mine, not thine. Who can arraign me for 't?		<b>GONERIL</b> And what if I do? I make the laws, not you. Who can prosecute me for it?	
<b>ALBANY</b> Most monstrous, oh! (to EDMUND) Know'st thou this paper?		<b>ALBANY</b> Oh, monstrous! (to EDMUND) Do you know what letter this is?	
<b>EDMUND</b> 170 Ask me not what I know.		<b>EDMUND</b> Don't ask me what I know.	
<i>Exit</i> <b>GONERIL</b>		<b>GONERIL</b> exits.	
<b>ALBANY</b> Go after her. She's desperate. Govern her.		<b>ALBANY</b> Follow her. She's desperate. Make sure she doesn't do anything stupid.	
<i>Exit a soldier</i>		<i>A soldier</i> exits.	

Original Text		Modern Text
175	<b>EDMUND</b> What you have charged me with, that have I done— And more, much more. The time will bring it out. 'Tis past, and so am I. (to EDGAR) But what art thou That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble, I do forgive thee.	<b>EDMUND</b> I've done everything you accuse me of—and more, much more. You'll find out everything in due time. It's all over now, and so am I. (to EDGAR) But who are you, you who've managed to defeat me? If you're a nobleman, I forgive you.
	<b>EDGAR</b> Let's exchange charity. I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund. If more, the more thou'st wronged me. 180 My name is Edgar, and thy father's son. The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices Make instruments to plague us. The dark and vicious place where thee he got Cost him his eyes.	<b>EDGAR</b> Let's forgive each other. I'm no less noble than you are, Edmund. If I'm more noble than you, you've done me wrong. My name is Edgar, and I'm your father's son. The gods are fair, and they use our little vices to punish us. The woman he committed adultery with, your mother, cost him his eyes.
185	<b>EDMUND</b> Thou'st spoken right. 'Tis true. The wheel is come full circle. I am here.	<b>EDMUND</b> You're right. That's true. It's all come full circle, and here I am.
	<b>ALBANY</b> Methought thy very gait did prophesy A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee. Let sorrow split my heart if ever I Did hate thee or thy father.	<b>ALBANY</b> I suspected that you were noble when I saw how you walked. Let me embrace you. I swear I never hated you or your father!
190	<b>EDGAR</b> Worthy prince, I know 't.	<b>EDGAR</b> I know, prince.
	<b>ALBANY</b> Where have you hid yourself? How have you known the miseries of your father?	<b>ALBANY</b> Where have you been hiding? How did you know what happened to your poor father?
195	<b>EDGAR</b> By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale, And when 'tis told, oh, that my heart would burst! The bloody proclamation to escape, That followed me so near—O our lives' sweetness,	<b>EDGAR</b> I knew because I helped nurse him through his suffering. Listen to my little story, and when it's done, oh, my heart will break! To escape the decree condemning me

## Act 5, Scene 3, Page 10

Original Text	Modern Text
<p>That we the pain of death would hourly die  Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift  Into a madman's rags, t' assume a semblance</p> <p>200 That very dogs disdained. And in this habit  Met I my father with his bleeding rings,  Their precious stones new lost, became his guide,  Led him, begged for him, saved him from despair.  Never—O fault!—revealed myself unto him</p> <p>205 Until some half-hour past, when I was armed.  Not sure, though hoping of this good success,  I asked his blessing, and from first to last  Told him my pilgrimage. But his flawed heart—  Alack, too weak the conflict to support—</p> <p>210 'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,  Burst smilingly.</p>	<p>to death, I disguised myself as a madman beggar  and became a creature despised even by dogs.—  Oh, how sweet our lives must be if we prefer to die  gradually by debasing ourselves rather than dying  all at once!—In that disguise I met up with my  father with bloody sockets where his beautiful eyes  used to be. I became his guide, I led him and  begged for him, and kept him from suicide. I never  —oh, what a mistake!—revealed myself to him  until half an hour ago, when I was in my armor.  With hope in my heart I asked him for his blessing,  not sure that he'd give it to me. He did. I told him  everything that had happened on my journey. But  his frail heart, too weak to grapple with such a  conflict between joy and sadness, gave out.</p>
<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>This speech of yours hath moved me,  And shall perchance do good. But speak you on.  You look as you had something more to say.</p>	<p><b>EDMUND</b></p> <p>Your words have moved me, and maybe it'll do  some good. But go on. You look like you have  something more to say.</p>
<p><b>ALBANY</b></p> <p>If there be more, more woeful, hold it in.</p> <p>215 For I am almost ready to dissolve,  Hearing of this.</p>	<p><b>ALBANY</b></p> <p>If there's anything more sorrowful left to add, keep  it to yourself. I'm almost ready to break down  hearing this much.</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>This would have seemed a period  To such as love not sorrow, but another  To amplify too much would make much more  And top extremity.</p> <p>220 Whilst I was big in clamor came there in a man  Who, having seen me in my worst estate,  Shunned my abhorred society, but then, finding  Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong arms  He fastened on my neck, and bellowed out</p> <p>225 As he'd burst heaven, threw him on my father,  Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him  That ever ear received—which in recounting</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>This may have seemed like the pinnacle of  sadness, but if I went on I could outdo it. While I  was sobbing loudly, a man came in. He had seen  me in my ragged clothes and shunned me, but  when he found out who I was, he clasped my neck  with his strong arms and cried to high heaven. He  threw himself on my father and told the saddest  story you've ever heard about Lear and him. As he  was telling that story he grieved more and</p>

Original Text	Modern Text
230 His grief grew puissant and the strings of life Began to crack. Twice then the trumpets sounded, And there I left him tranced.	more, until his heart started to break. Then I heard the trumpets blow twice, and left him there in a trance.
<b>ALBANY</b> But who was this?	<b>ALBANY</b> But who was that man?
<b>EDGAR</b> Kent, sir, the banished Kent, who in disguise Followed his enemy king and did him service Improper for a slave.	<b>EDGAR</b> It was Kent, sir, the exiled Kent, who, after the king treated him like an enemy of the state, put on a disguise and followed his king, carrying out tasks unworthy of even a slave.
<i>Enter <b>SECOND KNIGHT</b> with a bloody knife</i>	<i>The <b>SECOND KNIGHT</b> enters with a bloody knife.</i>
<b>SECOND KNIGHT</b> Help, help, O, help!	<b>SECOND KNIGHT</b> Help, help, oh, help!
<b>EDGAR</b> What kind of help?	<b>EDGAR</b> What kind of help do you need?
<b>ALBANY</b> Speak, man.	<b>ALBANY</b> Say something, man!
235 <b>EDGAR</b> What means that bloody knife?	<b>EDGAR</b> What is that bloody knife?
<b>SECOND KNIGHT</b> 'Tis hot, it smokes. It came even from the heart of—oh, she's dead!	<b>SECOND KNIGHT</b> It's still warm from the cut. It was just removed from from the heart of—oh, she's dead!
<b>ALBANY</b> Who dead? Speak, man.	<b>ALBANY</b> Who's dead? Speak, man.
240 <b>SECOND KNIGHT</b> Your lady, sir, your lady. And her sister By her is poisoned. She confesses it.	<b>SECOND KNIGHT</b> Your wife, sir, your wife. And her sister's dead too, poisoned by your wife. She confessed.
<b>EDMUND</b> I was contracted to them both. All three Now marry in an instant.	<b>EDMUND</b> I was engaged to both of them. All three of us will marry now in death.
<b>EDGAR</b> Here comes Kent.	<b>EDGAR</b> Here comes Kent.

Original Text		Modern Text	
245	<b>ALBANY</b> Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead. This judgment of the heavens that makes us tremble Touches us not with pity.	<b>ALBANY</b> (to SECOND KNIGHT) Bring the bodies here, whether they're alive or dead. We tremble at the gods' wrath, but we don't mourn these deaths.	
	<i>Exit SECOND KNIGHT</i>	<i>The SECOND KNIGHT exits.</i>	
<i>Enter KENT</i>		<i>KENT enters.</i>	
Oh, is this he? The time will not allow the compliment Which very manners urges.		Oh, is that Kent? There's no time for polite greetings.	
<b>KENT</b> I am come To bid my king and master aye good night. Is he not here?		<b>KENT</b> I've come to say farewell to my king and master. Isn't he here?	
250	<b>ALBANY</b> Great thing of us forgot!— Speak, Edmund, where's the king? And where's Cordelia?—	<b>ALBANY</b> What an enormous thing for us to forget!— Edmund, tell us, where's the king? And where's Cordelia?—	
	<i>REGAN's and GONERIL's corpses are brought out</i>	<i>GONERIL's and REGAN's bodies are brought out.</i>	
Seest thou this object, Kent?		Do you see this, Kent?	
<b>Kent</b> Alack, why thus?		<b>KENT</b> Oh, why is this so?	
255	<b>EDMUND</b> Yet Edmund was beloved. The one the other poisoned for my sake, And after slew herself.	<b>EDMUND</b> Still, Edmund was beloved. One of the sisters poisoned the other out of love for me, and then killed herself.	
	<b>ALBANY</b> Even so.—Cover their faces.	<b>ALBANY</b> Apparently so.—Cover their faces.	
260	<b>EDMUND</b> I pant for life. Some good I mean to do Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send— Be brief in it—to th' castle, for my writ Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia.	<b>EDMUND</b> I wish I could live longer. I want to do a little good despite my evil nature. Go quickly—hurry—to the castle, for I've given orders to have Lear and Cordelia killed. Hurry, send someone immediately!	
	Nay, send in time!		

# Act 5, Scene 3, Page 13

Original Text	Modern Text
<b>ALBANY</b> Run, run, O, run!	<b>ALBANY</b> Run, run, oh, run!
<b>EDGAR</b> To who, my lord?—Who hath the office? Send Thy token of reprieve.	<b>EDGAR</b> Whom should we look for in the castle?—Whose job is it? Send something along to prove you're withdrawing the orders.
<b>Edmund</b> Well thought on. Take my sword. The captain— Give it the captain.	<b>EDMUND</b> Good idea. Take my sword. The captain—give it to the captain.
<b>ALBANY</b> Haste thee for thy life.	<b>EDGAR</b> Run as if your life depended on it.
265 <b>Edmund</b> He hath commission from thy wife and me To hang Cordelia in the prison and To lay the blame upon her own despair, That she fordid herself.	<b>EDMUND</b> My wife and I ordered him to hang Cordelia in prison and then to make it look as if she committed suicide in despair.
<b>ALBANY</b> The gods defend her!—hear him hence awhile.	<b>ALBANY</b> Heaven help her!—Get him out of here for now.
<i>Exit soldiers with <b>EDMUND</b></i>  <i>Enter <b>LEAR</b> with <b>CORDELIA</b> in his arms, a <b>THIRD KNIGHT</b> following</i>	<i>Soldiers exit with <b>EDMUND</b>.</i>  <i><b>LEAR</b> enters with <b>CORDELIA</b> in his arms, followed by the <b>THIRD KNIGHT</b>.</i>
270 <b>LEAR</b> Howl, howl, howl, howl! Oh, you are men of stones. Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone forever. I know when one is dead and when one lives. She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass.  275 If that her breath will mist or stain the stone, Why then, she lives.	<b>LEAR</b> Howl, howl, howl, howl! Oh, you men are made of stone! If I were you with eyes and a tongue to speak with, I'd crack heaven wide open with my laments! She's gone forever. I know how to tell when someone is alive or dead. She's as dead as the cold ground. Let me borrow a mirror. If her breath steams up the glass, then she's alive.
<b>KENT</b> Is this the promised end?	<b>KENT</b> Is this doomsday? The end of the world?
<b>EDGAR</b> Or image of that horror?	<b>EDGAR</b> Or just a foretaste of it?

Original Text		Modern Text	
<b>ALBANY</b> Fall and cease.		<b>ALBANY</b> Let the world collapse around us.	
280	<b>LEAR</b> This feather stirs. She lives. If it be so, It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows That ever I have felt.	<b>LEAR</b> This feather moved because of her breath. She's alive. If that's true, it makes up for all the sorrows I've ever known.	
<b>KENT</b> O my good master!		<b>KENT</b> Oh, my good master!	
<b>LEAR</b> Prithee, away.		<b>LEAR</b> Please, go away.	
<b>EDGAR</b> 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.		<b>EDGAR</b> It's noble Kent, your friend.	
285	<b>LEAR</b> A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all! I might have saved her. Now she's gone for ever.— Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha? What is 't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft, Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.— I killed the slave that was a-hanging thee.	<b>LEAR</b> Curse you all, you're all murderers and traitors! I could have saved her. Now she's gone forever.— Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a while. Ha? What are you saying?—Her voice always was so soft and gentle. That's a good thing in a woman.—I killed the scum who was hanging you.	
<b>THIRD KNIGHT</b> 'Tis true, my lords, he did.		<b>THIRD KNIGHT</b> It's true, my lords, he did.	
290	<b>LEAR</b> Did I not, fellow? I have seen the day with my good biting falchion I would have made them skip. I am old now, And these same crosses spoil me. (to KENT) Who are you? Mine eyes are not o' th' best, I'll tell you straight.	<b>LEAR</b> Didn't I? Back in the old days I would've made him dance with my sword. But I'm old now, and suffering has weakened me. (to KENT) Who are you? My eyesight's not the best, I'll tell you straight.	
<b>KENT</b> If Fortune brag of two she loved and hated, One of them we behold.		<b>KENT</b> We're looking at the unluckiest man who ever lived.	
295	<b>LEAR</b> This a dull sight. Are you not Kent?	<b>LEAR</b> My vision is dull. Aren't you Kent?	
<b>KENT</b> The same. Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?		<b>KENT</b> That's me. Your servant Kent. Where's your servant Caius?	

Original Text	Modern Text
<b>LEAR</b> He's a good fellow, I can tell you that. He'll strike, and quickly too. He's dead and rotten.	<b>LEAR</b> He's a good fellow, I can tell you that much. Not afraid to fight, he's a feisty one. He's dead and rotting in the dirt now.
<b>KENT</b> 300 No, my good lord. I am the very man—	<b>KENT</b> No, my lord, that was me. I'm the one who—
<b>LEAR</b> I'll see that straight.	<b>LEAR</b> I'll get right on that.
<b>KENT</b> That from your first of difference and decay Have followed your sad steps.	<b>KENT</b> —followed you on your sad wanderings, ever since your bad luck began.
<b>LEAR</b> You're welcome hither.	<b>LEAR</b> Nice to see you.
<b>KENT</b> 305 Nor no man else. All's cheerless, dark, and deadly. Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves, And desperately are dead.	<b>KENT</b> It was me, no one else. Everything is gloomy, dark, and dreadful. Your eldest daughters destroyed themselves and died in despair.
<b>LEAR</b> Ay, so I think.	<b>LEAR</b> Yes, I think that's true.
<b>ALBANY</b> He knows not what he says, and vain it is That we present us to him.	<b>ALBANY</b> He doesn't know what he's saying. It's useless to try to talk to him.
<i>Enter THIRD MESSENGER</i>	<i>The THIRD MESSENGER enters.</i>
<b>EDGAR</b> Very bootless.	<b>EDGAR</b> Yes, it's pointless.
<b>THIRD MESSENGER</b> Edmund is dead, my lord.	<b>THIRD MESSENGER</b> Edmund is dead, my lord.
<b>ALBANY</b> 310 That's but a trifle here.— You lords and noble friends, know our intent. What comfort to this great decay may come Shall be applied. For us, we will resign During the life of this old majesty To him our absolute power.	<b>ALBANY</b> That doesn't matter much with everything else that's going on.—Gentlemen, I will announce my plans. I'll do everything I can to ease the king's suffering. As for me, I'm surrendering all my power over to him, giving him absolute authority for the rest of his life.



Original Text		Modern Text
315	(to EDGAR and KENT) You, to your rights With boot, and such addition as your honors Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste The wages of their virtue, and all foes The cup of their deservings. O, see, see!	(to EDGAR and KENT) You will get back your rightful property and titles, along with new honors that you have more than deserved.—My friends and allies will be rewarded for their support, and my enemies will get what they deserve. Look, look!
320	<b>LEAR</b> And my poor fool is hanged.—No, no, no life? Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life, And thou no breath at all? Oh, thou'lt come no more, Never, never, never, never, never.— Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, sir.	<b>LEAR</b> And my poor fool was hanged.— No, no, no life left? Why should a dog or horse or rat have life, but not you? You'll never come to me again, never, never, never, never, never.—Please help me undo this button. Thank you, sir. Do you see that? Look
325	Do you see this? Look on her. Look, her lips. Look there, look there. O, O, O, O. (dies)	at her. Look, her lips. Look there, look there. Oh, oh, oh, oh. (he dies)
	<b>EDGAR</b> He faints!—My lord, my lord!	<b>EDGAR</b> He's fainted.—My lord, my lord!
	<b>KENT</b> Break, heart. I prithee, break!	<b>KENT</b> My heart will break, break.
330	<b>EDGAR</b> (to LEAR) Look up, my lord.	<b>EDGAR</b> (to LEAR) Look at me, my lord.
	<b>KENT</b> Vex not his ghost. O, let him pass. He hates him That would upon the rack of this tough world Stretch him out longer.	<b>KENT</b> Don't disturb his soul. Let it go up to heaven. His soul would be angry at anyone who tried to keep him in the torture chamber of this life any longer.
	<b>EDGAR</b> Oh, he is gone indeed.	<b>EDGAR</b> Oh, he's really gone.
335	<b>KENT</b> The wonder is he hath endured so long. He but usurped his life.	<b>KENT</b> What's amazing is how long he lasted. He was living on borrowed time at the end.
	<b>ALBANY</b> Bear them from hence. Our present business Is to general woe. (to KENT and EDGAR) Friends of my soul, you twain Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.	<b>ALBANY</b> Carry them away. Our business now is mourning and grief. (to KENT and EDGAR) My friends and soulmates, you two will reign over this kingdom and keep the wounded country alive.

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Original Text	Modern Text
<p><b>KENT</b></p> <p>340 I have a journey, sir, shortly to go. My master calls me. I must not say no.</p>	<p><b>KENT</b></p> <p>I will have to go on a journey to death soon, sir. My master's calling me. I can't say no.</p>
<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>The weight of this sad time we must obey. Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say. The oldest hath borne most. We that are young</p> <p>345 Shall never see so much, nor live so long.</p>	<p><b>EDGAR</b></p> <p>We must remember the gravity of this sad day. We should speak what we feel, not what we ought to say. The oldest one suffered the most. We young ones will never see as much as he has seen, or live as long.</p>
<p><i>Exeunt with a dead march</i></p>	<p><i>They exit in a funeral march.</i></p>