

EDGAR Who gives anything 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 halts 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 acold. O, do, de, do, de, do, de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking.

(III iv: 50-58)

LEAR

Has his daughters brought him to this pass?

Couldst thou save nothing? Wouldst thou give 'em all?

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

LEAR

Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

KENT

He hath no daughters, sir.

LEAR

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

Those pelican daughters.

(III iv: 61-73)

LEAR

First let me talk with this philosopher.

What is the cause of thunder?

KENT

Good my lord, take his offer; go into th' house.

LEAR

I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.

What is your study?

EDGAR

How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

(III iv: 145-150)

LEAR What hast thou been?

EDGAR 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 out-paramoured 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.

(III iv: 80-93)

EDGAR Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the todpole, the wall-newt and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets, swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog, drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stock-punished and imprisoned;

(III iv: 121-127)