**King Lear**

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| ACT IV SCENE VI |  |  |
| *[Enter GLOUCESTER, and EDGAR dressed like a peasant]* | | |
| GLOUCESTER | When shall we come to the top of that same hill? |  |
| EDGAR | You do climb up it now: look, how we labour. |  |
| GLOUCESTER | Methinks the ground is even. |  |
| EDGAR | Horrible steep. |  |
|  | Hark, do you hear the sea? | 5 |
| GLOUCESTER | No, truly. |  |
| EDGAR | Why, then, your other senses grow imperfect |  |
|  | By your eyes' anguish. |  |
| GLOUCESTER | So may it be, indeed: |  |
|  | Methinks thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st | 10 |
|  | In better phrase and matter than thou didst. |  |
| EDGAR | You're much deceived: in nothing am I changed |  |
|  | But in my garments. |  |
| GLOUCESTER | Methinks you're better spoken. |  |
| EDGAR | Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still. How fearful | 15 |
|  | 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: half way down |  |
|  | Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade! |  |
|  | Methinks he seems no bigger than his head: | 20 |
|  | The fishermen, that walk upon the beach, |  |
|  | Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark, |  |
|  | Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy |  |
|  | Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge, |  |
|  | That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes, | 25 |
|  | Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more; |  |
|  | Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight |  |
|  | Topple down headlong. |  |
| GLOUCESTER | Set me where you stand. |  |
| EDGAR | Give me your hand: you are now within a foot | 30 |
|  | Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon |  |
|  | Would I not leap upright. |  |
| GLOUCESTER | Let go my hand. |  |
|  | Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel |  |
|  | Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods | 35 |
|  | Prosper it with thee! Go thou farther off; |  |
|  | Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going. |  |
| EDGAR | Now fare you well, good sir. |  |
| GLOUCESTER | With all my heart. |  |
| EDGAR | Why I do trifle thus with his despair | 40 |
|  | Is done to cure it. |  |
| GLOUCESTER | *[Kneeling]* O you mighty gods! |  |
|  | This world I do renounce, and, in your sights, |  |
|  | Shake patiently my great affliction off: |  |
|  | If I could bear it longer, and not fall | 45 |
|  | 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. |  |
| *[He falls forward]* | | |
| EDGAR | Gone, sir: farewell. | 50 |
|  | And yet I know not how conceit may rob |  |
|  | 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! | 55 |
|  | Thus might he pass indeed: yet he revives. |  |
|  | What are you, sir? |  |
| GLOUCESTER | Away, and let me die. |  |
| EDGAR | Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air, |  |
|  | So many fathom down precipitating, | 60 |
|  | Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe; |  |
|  | Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound. |  |
|  | Ten masts at each make not the altitude |  |
|  | Which thou hast perpendicularly fell: |  |
|  | Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again. | 65 |
| GLOUCESTER | But have I fall'n, or no? |  |
| EDGAR | From the dread summit of this chalky bourn. |  |
|  | Look up a-height; the shrill-gorged lark so far |  |
|  | Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up. |  |
| GLOUCESTER | Alack, I have no eyes. | 70 |
|  | Is wretchedness deprived that benefit, |  |
|  | To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort, |  |
|  | When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage, |  |
|  | And frustrate his proud will. |  |
| EDGAR | Give me your arm: | 75 |
|  | Up: so. How is 't? Feel you your legs? You stand. |  |
| GLOUCESTER | Too well, too well. |  |
| EDGAR | This is above all strangeness. |  |
|  | Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that |  |
|  | Which parted from you? | 80 |
| GLOUCESTER | A poor unfortunate beggar. |  |
| EDGAR | As I stood here below, methought his eyes |  |
|  | Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses, |  |
|  | Horns whelk'd and waved like the enridged sea: |  |
|  | It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father, | 85 |
|  | Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours |  |
|  | Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee. |  |
| GLOUCESTER | I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear |  |
|  | Affliction till it do cry out itself |  |
|  | 'Enough, enough,' and die. |  |