

**Act 2, Scene 3    A wood**

*(Enter EDGAR.)*

EDGAR

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 hairs in knots,  
 and with presented nakedness out face 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, sheep-cotes, and mills,  
 sometime with lunatic bans,\* sometime with prayers, enforce their charity.  
 Poor Turlygod! Poor Tom!\*  
 That's something yet: Edgar I nothing am.

*(Exit EDGAR.)*

*penury* - poverty, *Bedlam* - insane asylum in London; mad, insane,  
*object* - picture, *pelting* - paltry, *bans* - curses  
*Poor Turlygod! Poor Tom* - Edgar recites names Bedlam beggars give themselves