EDMUND: 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.
Tut, I should have been that I am,
had the maidenliest star in the firmament
twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar--
Enter EDGAR

And pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy:

my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.

O, these eclipses do portend these divisions!

fa, sol, la, mi.