```
ing, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.- Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund? Edm. [comes forward] No, my lord. Glou. My Lord of Kent. Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend. Edm. My services to your lordship. Kent. I must love you, and
  begot me, bred me, lov'd me; I Return those duties back as are right fit, Obey you, love you, and most honour 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.
 alf my care and duty. Sure I shall never marry like my sisters, To love my father all. Lear. But goes thy heart with this? Cor. So young, and true. Lear. Let it be so! thy truth then be thy dower! For, by the sacred radi
nce 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
  to set my rest On her kind nursery.- 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! Cornwall and Albany, With my two daughters' dowers digest this third; Let pride, which she calls plainnes
             do invest you jointly in my power, Preeminence, and all the large effects That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course, With reservation of an hundred knights, By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain The name, an
      additions to a king. The sway, Revenue, execution of the rest, Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm, This coronet part betwixt you. Kent. Royal Lear, Whom I have ever honour'd as my king, Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd, As my great patron thought on in my
               he bow is bent and drawn; make from the shaft. Kent. Let it fall rather, though the tork invade The region of my heart! Be Kent unmannerly When Lear is mad. What woulds thou do, old man? Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak When power to
      To plainness honour's bound When majesty falls to folly. Reverse thy doom; And in thy best conside ration check This hideous rashness. Answer my life my judgment, Thy youn
no hollowness. Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more! Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn To wage again st thine enemies; nor fear to lose it, Thy safety bein
                Now by Apollo, King, Thou swear'st thy gods in vain. Lear. O vassal! miscreant! [Lays
                                                                                                                                                                            Kent. Do! Kill thy physi cian, and the fee bestow Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift, Or, whilst I can vent clamour fr
           place can bear,- Our potency made good, take thy reward. Five days we do allot thee
                                                                                                                                                                          g. Since th us thou wilt
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ay spring from words of love. Thus Kent, O princes, bids you a
                                                                                                                        And your large speeches
                                                                                                                                                                                     deeds approv
                                                                                                                                                            m
                                                                                                                                                                    ay
                                                                                                                              Burgundy; Attendant s.
                                                                                                                                                                               Glou. Here's Franc e and
                                                                                                                                                                                                             Burgund
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      Most royal Majesty, I crave no more than hath your Highness offer'd
                                                                                                                                                                Election makes not up on such c
                                                                                                                                                                                          of your praise, balm of your age, Mos
                                                                                                                                       your fore-vouch'd affection Fall'
   is to dismantle So many folds of favour. Sure her offenc
                                                                 e Must be of s uch unnatural degre
                                                                                                                                                                                             taint: which to believe of
     et beseech your Majesty, If for I want that glib and oily
                                                                 art To speak a nd purpose not
  dishonoured step, That hath depriv'd me of
                                                                e and favour
 me in vour liking. Lear. Better thou Hads
                                                                 en born than
                                                                                                               ve pleas'd m
                                                                                                                                                                                                    ss in nature W
 Burgundy, What say you to the lady? Love's not
                                                                                                              vith regards that st
                                                                                                                                                               ands Alo of fro
                                                                                                                                                                                         m th' entire
                                                                                                                                                                                                      point, Will v
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            e her? She is herself a dowry, Bur, Royal Lear, Give but that pe
                                                                                                                                        r. N othing! I have sworn; I am
            vourself propos'd. And here I take Cord
                                                                 by the hand. Duch
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             n y ou h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ce, fors ake
 with Burgundy! Since that respects of fortune are h
                                                                        ve. I sha
                                                                                                                                                                                       being poor: Mo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               n: and most lov'd. despis'd! Thee and thy virtues here I seiz
upon. Be it lawful I take up what's cast
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 v dow'rless daughter. King, thrown to my chance, is guee
                                                                                                                                at from their cold'st negle
                                                                                                                                                                                                               inflam'd respect
                                                                                                   trange th
   us, of ours, and our fair France. Not all the
                                                                                                  Burgund
                                                                                                                                                                                          d of me. B
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  d them farewel
                                                                                                                                                 s unpriz'd pred
                                                                                                  h daugh
                                                                                                                                                                                         gain, T herefo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                be gone Without our grace , our love, our benison. Come,
       Lear. Thou hast her. France: let her be thine: for w
                                                                                                                                                         That face o
                                                                                       no suc
                                                                                                                                                                                                           vour sisters . Cor. Th
oble Burgundy. Flourish. Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, [Cornwall,
                                                                                     nv. Gl
                                                                                                                                                       tendantsl. Franc
                                                                                                                                                                                                 well to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ith wash'd eves Cordelia leaves
                                                                                                                                                                                                  r. To your pro
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      fessed bosoms
ou. I know you what you are; And, like a sister, am most I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             et, alas, stood I within his grace
  ould prefer him to a better place! So farewell to you
                                                                                                                          be not us our duties. Reg. Let your study Be to conten
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ho hath recei v'd vo
      are worth the want that you have wante d. Co r. Time shall
                                                                                                                         plighted cunning hides. Who cover faults, at last shame th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   Well may you
                                                                                                                          both. I think our father will hence to-night. Reg. That's most c
rance and Cordelia. Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say of what
                                                                                    ost nea rlv an
                                                                                                                                                                                                               nd with you; next m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     onth
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 with us. Gon. You see how full of changes I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           her off ap
                                                                                                          his time hath been but
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             imp erfec
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ions
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         of long-ingraffed condition, but ther
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   t's ba
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    nishment. G
          unruly waywardness that infirm
                                                                                                           them. Reg. Suc
                                                                                                                                       nconstant starts are we like to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            f Ken
          between France and him. Prav
                                             you let's hit toa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  Thou, Nature,
          must do something, and i' th' h eat. Exeunt. Scene
  oound. Wherefore should I Stand in the plague of custom, and p
                                                                                           urio sitv of
            dimensions are as well compact, M
                                                                           nd as ger
                                                 h of nature, tak
                                                                                                                                        on a nd fierce quality Than doth, within a du
             in the lusty stealt
                                                                                               ore co mpo
  Edmund the base Shall top th' legiti
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    s? a nd France i n chole
                                                                                             nd, ho w no
                                                                                                                                    Edm. So plea se vour lordship, none, [Puts up the le
                                                                                                                                                                                                                        lou. Why so
                                                                                              lord . Glo
                                                                                                                                                   d then that terrible dis
                                                                                                                                                                                     patch of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   oui
          Let's see. Come, if it be nothing. I shall not need spectacles. Edm
                                                                                                                             ch vou, sir, pardo
                                                                                                                                                   n me. It is a letter from my
                                                                                                                                                                                     brother th
   it not fit for your o'erlooking. Glou. Ĝive me the letter, sir. Edm. I shall offend,
                                                                                                                             r to detain or giv
                                                                                                                                                    e it. The contents, as in par
                                                                                                                                                                                        underst
            's iustification. he wrote this but as an essav o  r taste o  f  m
                                                                                                                              e. Glou. (reads)
                                                                                                                                                   This policy and reverence o
us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle
                                                                                                                                 the oppress
                                                                                                                                                    on of aged tyranny, who
  speak more. If our father would sleep till I wak'd him, you s
                                                                                                                                                    his revenue for eve
   wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue.'
                                                                                                                                                     would fain think
         were good, my lord. I durst swear it were
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      villain! His very opinion in the letter! Abhorred villair
                                                                                                                                                   apprehend him . Abo
                                                                                                                                                m him better testim onv
                                                                                                                                                                                                         of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ou should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed
                                                                                                                                                our and shake in pie ce
                                                                                                                                                                                                         s t
                                                                                                                                                 you so? Ed m. If y our
                                                                                                                                                                                                         ho
                                                                                                                                                  very ev ening. Glou.
   and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek him out; wi
                                                                                                                                     nto h im, l p ray you; frame
               sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find mea
                                                                                                                  su
                                                                                                                 ve
                 Edgar- Enter Edgar, and pat! he comes, like the catastr oph
   Do you busy yourself with that? Edm. I promise you, the effects he
                                                                                                                                                        ap
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              he night gone by. Edm. Spake you with him? Edg. Ay, two hours together. Ed
                                                                                                                                          ou
                                                                                                                                                                at
m. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word or
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him; and at my entreaty
orbear his presence until some little time hath qualified the heat of his disp
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         stant so rageth in him that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely alla
           ne villain hath done me wrong. Edm. That's my fear. I pray you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   he speed of his rage goes slower: and, as I sav, retire with me to my lod
                                                                                                                               y.
h
ging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray ye, go! T h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            go arm'd. Edg. Arm'd, brother? Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best. Go arm
                                                                                              er
                                                                                                            e's my k e
                                                                                                                                                                        0
                                                                                                                                                                             u
                                                                                                                                                                                  d
                                                                                                                                                                                      0
                                                                                                                                                                                            stir abroa
                                                                                                                                                                                                           d,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ut faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away! Edg. Shall I h
d. I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you. I have told
                                                                                                                what
                                                                                                                                                                                           nd hea
                                                                                              VΟ
                                                                                                                                                                             en
                                                                                                                                                                                       а
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            nature is so far from doing harms That he suspects none; on whose foolish ho
ear from you anon? Edm. I do serve you in this business. Exit Edgar. A credu
                                                                                              оu
                                                                                                                    fat h
                                                                                                                                 er!
                                                                                                                                                      nd a br
                                                                                                                                                                  ot
                                                                                                                                                                                                       Who
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     е
                                                                                                                                                                                      n
                                                                                                                                                                                          oble,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            fashion fit. Exit. Scene III. The Duke of Albany's Palace. Enter Goneril and [he
nesty My practices ride easy! I see the business. Let me, if not by birth, have I
                                                                                              nd
                                                                                                                                                   All with me
                                                                                                                                                                                          et th
r] Steward [Oswald]. Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ight, he wrongs me! Every hour He flashes into one gross crime or other That
                                                                                              ool
                                                                                                                   sw. A
                                                                                                                                                 y, ma
                                                                                                                                                          dam.
                                                                                                                                                                                                       ay
sets us all at odds. I'll not enduré it. His knights grow riotous, and himself upbrai
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           om hunting, I will not speak with him. Say I am sick. If you come slack of forme
                                                                                              ds
                                                                                                         us
                                                                                                                   On ev
                                                                                                                                                 ry tri
                                                                                                                                                                                       h en he
r services, You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer. [Horns within.] Osw. He's co
                                                                                                                                                                                                   on. Pu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 t on wha t weary negligence you please, You and your fellows. I'd have it come to quest
                                                                                              mi
                                                                                                                                                              he
                                                                                                                                                                                          im. G
                                                                                                       ng, ma
                                                                                                                                                                                      h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  old man, That still would manage those authorities That he hath given away! Now, by
ion. If he distaste it, let him to our sister, Whose mind and mine I know in that are on
                                                                                                                                                                                       rr ul'd. I
                                                                                                                               ot
                                                                                                                                                             be o
                                                                                                                                                                             ve
my life, Old fools are babes again, and must be us'd With checks as flatteries, when
                                                                                                                                                                                           . Re
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ber what I have said. Osw. Very well, madam. Gon. And let his knights have colder look
                                                                                                                                                             n ab
                                                                                                                                                                              us
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  . I'll write straight to my sister To hold my very course. Prepare for dinner. Exeunt. Sce
s among you. What grows of it, no matter. Advise your fellows so. I would breed fr
                                                                                                   m he nc e occasi ons
                                                                                                                                                            hall, Th
                                                                                                                                                                              at
                                                                                                                                                                                       Im ays
ne IV. The Duke of Albany's Palace. Enter Kent, [disguised]. Kent. If but as well I
                                                                                                                 ccen ts bo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ood intent May carry through itself to that full issue For which I raz'd my likeness. No
                                                                                             ot
                                                                                                   her a
                                                                                                                                  rr
                                                                                                                                                        at can m y s
                                                                                                                                                                                       ech de
                                                                                                                                                                                                 fus
                                                                                                                                                                                                        e, my g
                                                                                                                                           OW
w, banish'd Kent, If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd, So ma
                                                                                                                                                  hou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    Il of labours. Horn's within. Enter Lear, [Knights,] and Attendants. Lear. Let me not s
                                                                                                  me, th
                                                                                                                                                                                     hall find
                                                                                                                y mas ter, wh
                                                                                                                                           m t
                                                                                                                                                               lov'st.
ay a jot for dinner; go get it ready. [Exit an Attendant.] How now? What art thou? Ken
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ou with us? Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem, to serve him truly that wil
                                                                                                               n, sir. Lear. W
                                                                                                                                                  dos
                                                                                                                                                              t thou p
                                                                                                                                                                                of
                                                                                                                                                                                                    t wou
                                                                                                                                                                                                            ldst th
                                                                                                  t. A ma
                                                                                                                                            at
                                                                                                                                                                                     ess? Wha
I put me in trust, to love him that is honest, to converse with him that is wise and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          to eat no fish. Lear. What art thou? Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as p
                                                                                                 says lit
                                                                                                               tle, to f ear ju
                                                                                                                                                                                     en I canno
                                                                                                                                                                                                    t ch
                                                                                                                                                 ent,
                                                                                                                                                               to fiaht
                                                                                                                                             gm
oor as the King. Lear. If thou be'st as poor for a subject as he's for a king, tho
                                                                                                              r enough. Wh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            thou serve? Kent. You. Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow? Kent. No, sir; but
                                                                                                                                 at
                                                                                                                                              wo ulds
                                                                                                                                                             t thou? Ke
                                                                                                                                                                                     Service. Le
                                                                                                  art poo
                                                                                                                                                                                                     ar.
ou have that in your countenance which I would fain call master. Lear. What's that?
                                                                                                                                                                            ou
                                                                                                  Ke nt.
                                                                                                             Authority. Le
                                                                                                                                             hat s
                                                                                                                                                       ervices canst th
                                                                                                                                                                                            Kent
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it and deliver a plain mess
age bluntly. That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ng , sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for anything. I have yea
                                                                                                                                        r. H
                                                                                                                                             ow old art th
                                                                                                                                                               ou? Ken
                                                                                                                                                                                     No
                                                                                                            ligen
                                                                                                                     ce. L
                                                                                                                                                                                                          you
                                                                                                                  inner, I
rs on my back forty-eight. Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me. If I like thee no w o
                                                                                                                                        ill n ot part
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ho, dinner! Where's my knave? my fool? Go you and call my fool hither. [Exit an atter
                                                                                                                                                                fro m the
                                                                                                       er c
dant.] Enter [Oswald the] Steward. You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter? Osw.
                                                                                                                                       it. L ear. W
                                                                                                                                                              hat s ays th
                                                                                                                                                                                    ell
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      here? Call the clotpoll back. [Exit a Knight.] Where's my fool, ho? I think the world's
                                                                                                  leas
                                                                                                                   vo u-
asleep. [Enter Knight] How now? Where's that mongrel? Knight. He says, my lo rd
                                                                                           , yo ur dau
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     k to me when I call'd him? Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he
                                                                                                                 ghte ri
                                                                                                                                       not
                                                                                                                                             well. L
                                                                                                                                                             ear. W hy cam
                                                                                                                                                                                    ot
                                                                                                                                                                                           the slave
                                                                                                                                                                              e n
would not. Lear. He would not? Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ceremonious affection as you were wont. There's a great abatement of kindness ap
                                                                                                                      en
                                                                                                                                       your
                                                                                                                                              Highn
                                                                                                                                                            ess is not en
                                                                                                                                                                              tert ai
                                                                                                                                                                                           n'd
pears as well in the general dependants as in the Duke himself also and your da ug hte
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your Highness w
                                                                                                                                       y'st t
                                                                                                                                              hou so
                                                                                                                                                          ? Knig ht. I be
                                                                                                                                                                               see ch
                                                                                                                                                                                           V
rong'd. Lear. Thou but rememb'rest me of mine own conception. I have perceive d'a m
                                                                                                                                                             hic h I hav
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness. I will
                                                                                                        fa
                                                                                                               int n
                                                                                                                              le
                                                                                                                                              late,
                                                                                                                                                                               e ra th
                                                                                                                                        ct of
                                                                                                                                                                                           er
                                                                                                                      eg
look further into't. But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days. Knight. Sin
                                                                                                                             n
E
                                                                                                                                         g lad y's g
                                                                                                                                                         oi
                                                                                                                                                             ng
ald
                                                                                                                                                                               o Fra
                                                                                                                                                                                           nce
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  foo I hath much pined away. Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well. Go you and tell
                                                                                                                     ou
                                                                                                                                                                       nt
                                                                                                              my y
my daughter I would speak with her. [Exit Knight.] Go you, call hither my fool. [Exit an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 u, si r, you! Come you hither, sir. Who am I, sir? Osw. My lady's father. Lear. 'My lady's
                                                                                                                     nt.]
                                                                                                                                    n
                                                                                                                                           ter [ Os
                                                                                                                                                                     he
                                                                                                                                                                                  St
                                                                                                                                                                                           ewar
                                                                                                             nda
father'? My lord's knave! You whoreson dog! you slave! you cur! Osw. I am none o ft hes
                                                                                                                     lord
                                                                                                                                            esee ch
                                                                                                                                                         y our
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ou bandy looks with me, you rascal? [Strikes him.] Osw. I'll not be strucken, my lord.
                                                                                                                                    b
                                                                                                                                                                    par
                                                                                                                                                                                d on
                                                                                                                                                                                            Lea r. D
                                                                                                              my
ent. Nor tripp'd neither, you base football player? [Trips up his heels. Lear. I thank   th  ee, f
                                                                                                                                                                                           d I'll I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ee. Kent. Come, sir, arisé, away! I'll teach you differences. Away, away! If you will mea
                                                                                                                    w. Th
                                                                                                                            ou
                                                                                                                                              erv'st
                                                                                                                                                             me
                                                                                                                                                                     , a
                                                                                                                                                                                  n
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ve. I thank thee. There's earnest of thy service. [Gives money.] Enter Fool. Fool. Let m
sure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away! Go to! Have you wisdom? So. [Pu s   hes h
                                                                                                                    t.] Le
                                                                                                                                                                  m
                                                                                                                                                                                           friend
                                                                                                            m ou
                                                                                                                            ar.
                                                                                                                                                                                                   ly
                                                                                                                                                 ow,
e hire him too. Here's my coxcomb. [Offers Kent his cap.] Lear. How now, my pre tt
                                                                                                            ve?
                                                                                                                   How d
                                                                                                                            ost
                                                                                                                                                   ou
                                                                                                                                                                                  0
                                                                                                                                                                                          I. Sirra h,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    were best take my coxcomb. Kent. Why, fool? Fool. Why? For taking one's part that's
                                                                                                                                             h
out of favour. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold sh ort
                                                                                                                                                                                          this fe llo
                                                                                                                                                                                                             hath b_anish'd two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will. If thou follow
                                                                                                                                             omb
                                                                                                                                                                    Wh
                                                                                                           re, t
                                                                                                                   ake my
                                                                                                                             COX
                                                                                                                                                                                  у,
                                                                                                                                                                                                            ol. If i g ave them all my living, I'ld keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine! beg another of
him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.- How now, nuncle? Would I had two cox comb
                                                                                                            and
                                                                                                                   two dau ghte
                                                                                                                                                Lear
                                                                                                                                                                   Wh
                                                                                                                                                                                        my boy?
                                                                                                                                                                                                           y th' fire and stink. Lear. A postilent gall to me! Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech. Lear. Do
hy daughters. Lear. Take heed, sirrah- the whip. Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he mu
                                                                                                           be w
                                                                                                                   hipp'd ou t, w
                                                                                                                                                               he bra
                                                                                                                                                                          Ċ
                                                                                                                                            n L ady
                                                                                                                                                                                        may st an
Fool. Mark it, nuncle. Have more than thou showest, Speak less than thou knowest,
                                                                                                        le ss t
                                                                                                                                                                                                          arn mor e than thou trowest, Set less than thou throwest; Leave thy drink and thy whore, And
                                                                                                                   han thou owe s
                                                                                                                                                              e t han
                                                                                                                                                                                ho
                                                                                                                                             Ride
                                                                                                                                                    mor
keep in-a-door, And thou shalt have more Than two tens to a score. Kent. This is not hing, f
                                                                                                                   ol. Then 'ti s li
                                                                                                                                             the b
                                                                                                                                                              th of a
                                                                                                                                                                                nfe
                                                                                                                                                                                                    er- y ou gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle? Lear. Why, no, boy. Nothin
                                                                                                                                                     rea
                                                                                                                                                                                                        Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool? Lear. No, lad; tea
g can be made out of nothing. Fool. [to Kent] Prithee tell him, so much the rent of his I and co
                                                                                                                   He will not be
                                                                                                                                          e ve a fo
                                                                                                                                                     ol.
                                                                                                                                                                            bit
                                                                                                       mes
                                                                                                             to.
                                                                                                                                                              Le ar. A
ch me. Fool. That lord that counsell'd thee To give away thy land, Come place him here by me
                                                                                                                                                                                                 pres ently appear; The one in motley here, The other found out there. Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy
                                                                                                                                          nd. The s we
                                                                                                                                                             et and b
                                                                                                                                                                           ter
? Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with. Kent. This is not alto
                                                                                                                                                                                                 will not let me. If I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't. And ladies too, they will not let me h
                                                                                                       aethe r fo
                                                                                                                                           ool. No, fai
                                                                                                                                                             th; lord
                                                                                                                                                                           and gre
                                                                                                                    ol. mv lor d.
ave all the fool to myself; they'll be snatching. Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two cro wns. Lear.
                                                                                                                                                                                                ter I have cut the egg i' th' middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy
                                                                                                                                             owns shall
                                                                                                                                                             they be
                                                                                                                                                                            Fool.
crown i' th' middle and gav'st away both parts, thou bor'st thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt. Thou hadst little wit in
                                                                                                                                             bald crown
                                                                                                                                                                        ho u gav'st
                                                                                                                                                                                               olden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so. [Sings] Fools had ne
                                                                                                                                                             when t
'er less grace in a year, For wise men are grown foppish; They know not how their wits to wear, Th eir manne 🛭 rs are s 🛭 o apish
                                                                                                                                                                                              so full of songs, sirrah? Fool. I have us'd it, nuncle, ever since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mother; for
                                                                                                                                               Lear. Wh
                                                                                                                                                                         yo u wont t
                                                                                                                                                           en were
when thou gav'st them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches, [Sings] Then they for sudden joy did wee p, And I for sorr
I would fain learn to lie. Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd. Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy da ughters are. The
                                                                                                                                                                                         ould play bo-peep And go the fools among. Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie
                                                                                                                                              ow sung,
                                                                                                                                                            T hat su
                                                                                                                                                                        ch a king sh
                                                                                                                                                                                               true; thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and sometimes I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather b
                                                                                                                                               v'll have
                                                                                                                                                          me whip
                                                                                                                                                                        p'd f or spea
e 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' m
                                                                                                                                                                                         rings. Enter Goneril. Lear. How now, daughter? What makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much o' la
                                                                                                                                               iddle. Her e c omes
                                                                                                                                                                        one o 'the pa
e i' th' frown. Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning. Now thou art an O without a figur
                                                                                                                                              e. I am bet te r than t
                                                                                                                                                                         hou art now: I am a fool, thou art nothing. [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 crum, Weary of all, shall want some.- [Pŏints at Lear] That's a sheal'd peasco d. Gon. No t only, sir
                                                                                                                                                                          , this your all-I icens'd fool, But other of your insolent retinue Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth In rank and not-to-
be-endured riots. Śir, I had thought, by making this well known unto you, To have found a safe redress, but now grow fearful, By w hat yourself 🕠 t 🛛 oo, late
                                                                                                                                                                          have spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it on By your allowance; which if you should, the fault Would n
ot scape censure, nor the redresses sleep, Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal, Might in their working do you that offence Which else were s hame, tha t then necessity Must call discreet proceeding. Fool. For you know, nuncle, The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long Th
at it had it head bit off by it young. So out went the candle, and we were left darkling. Lear. Are you our daughter? Gon. Come, sir, I would you woul d make us e 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. Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop, Jug, I love thee! Lear. Doth Lear walk thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, his discernings Are lethargied- Ha! waking?
Tis not so! Who is it that can tell me who I am? Fool. Lear's shadow. Lear. I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty, Knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters. Fool. Which they will make an obedient father. Lear. I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty, Knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters. Fool. Which they will make an obedient father. Lear. I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty, Knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters. Fool. Which they will make an obedient father. Lear. I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty, Knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters. Fool. Which they will make an obedient father. Lear. I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty, Knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters. Fool. Which they will make an obedient father. Lear. I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty, Knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters. Fool. Which they will make an obedient father. Lear. I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty, Knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters. Fool. Which they will make an obedient father. Lear. I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty, Knowledge, and the false persuaded I had daughters. Fool. Which they will make an observe the father. Lear. I would learn that the father than the 
court, infected with their manners, Shows like a riotous inn. Epicurism and lust Make it more like a tavern of a brothel Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak For instant remedy. Be then desir d 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 devils! Saddle my horses! Call my train together! Degenerate bastard, I'll not trouble thee; Yet have I left a daughter. Gon. You strike my people
and your disorder'd rabble Make servants of their betters. Enter Albany. Lear. Woe that too late repents!- O, sir, are you come? Is it your will? Speak, sir!- Prepare my horses. Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend, More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child Than the sea-mons
er! Alb. Pray, sir, be patient. Lear. [to Goneril] Detested kite, thou liest! My train are men of choice and rarest parts, 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,
ike an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear! Beat at this gate that let thy folly in [Střikes his head.] And thy dear judgment out! Go, go, my people. Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you. Lear. It may be so, my lord. Hear, Nature, hear! dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend 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 bab e to honour her! If she must teem, Create her child of spleen, that it may live And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her. Let it stamp wrinkles in her cheeks, Turn all her mother's pains and benefits To laughter and contempt, that s
he may feel How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is To have a thankles's child! Away, away! Exit. Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this? Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause; But let his disposition have that scope That dotage gives it. Enter Lear. What, fif
y of my followers at a clap? Within a fortnight? Alb. What's the matter, sir? Lear. I'll tell thee. [To Goneril] Life and death! I am asham'd 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 fo
gs 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, And cast you, with the waters that you lose, To temper clay. Yea, is it come to this? Let it be so. Yet have I left a daughter, Who I am su
re is kind and comfortable. When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails She'll flay thy wolvish visage. Thou shalt find That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee. Exeunt [Lear, Kent, and Attendants]. Gon. Do you mark that, m
 lord? Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril, To the great love I bear you - Gon. Pray you, content.- What, Oswald, ho! [To the Fool] You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master! Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry! Take the fool with thee. A fox when one has caught her, And suc
h a daughter, Should sure to the slaughter, If my cap would buy a halter. So the fool follows after. Exit. Gon. This man hath had good counsel! A hundred knights? 'Tis politic and safe to let him keep At point a hundred knights; yes, that on every dream, Each buzz, each fancy, each
complaint, dislike, He may enguard his dotage with their pow'rs And hold our lives in mercy.- Oswald, I say! Alb. Well, you may fear too far. Let me still take away the harms I fear, Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart. What he hath utter'd I have wri
my sister. If she sustain him and his hundred knights, When I have show'd th' unfitness- Enter [Oswald the J Steward. How now, Oswald? What, have you writ that letter to my sister? Osw. Yes, madam. Gon. 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. [Exit Oswald.] No, no, my lord! This milky gentleness and course of yours, Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon, You are much more at task for want of wisdom
Than prais'd for harmful mildness. Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell. Striving to better, oft we mar what's well. Gon. Nay then- Alb. Well, well; th' event. Exeunt. Scene V. Court before the Duke of Albany's Palace. Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool. Lear. Go you before to Gloud
ester 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. Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. Exit. Fool. If a man's brains were
n's heels, were't not in danger of kibes? Lear. Ay, boy. Fool. Then I prithee be merry. Thy wit shall ne'er go slip-shod. Lear. Ha, ha! Fool. 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. Lear. Wha
canst tell, boy? Fool. She'll 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? Lear. No. Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, 'a may spy into. Lear. I did her wrong. Fool. Canst tell
how an oyster makes his shell? Lear. No. Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house. Lear. Why? Fool. Why, to put's head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case. Lear. I will forget my nature. So kind a father!- Be my horses ready? F
ol. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no moé than seven is a pretty reason. Lear Because they are not eight? Fool. Yes indéed. Thou wouldst make a good fool. Lear. To tak't again perforce! Monster ingratitude! Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'ld
have thee beaten for being old before thy time. Lear. How's that? Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise. Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper; I would not be mad! [Enter a Gentleman.] How now? Are the horses ready? Ger
t. Ready, my lord. Lear. Come, boy. Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter Exeunt. ACT II. Scene I. A court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloucester. Enter [Edmund the] Bastard and Curan, meeting. Edm. Sav
e thee, Curán. Cur. 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. Edm. How comes that? Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad- I mean the whisper'd ones, for the
y are yet but ear-kissing arguments? Edm. Not I. Pray you, what are they? Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward 'twixt the two Dukes of Cornwall and Albany? Edm. Not a word. Cur. You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. Exit. Edm. The Duke be here to-night? The better
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