

LEAR

The King would speak with Cornwall. The dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands – tends –
service.

Are they informed of this? My breath and blood!
Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that –
No, but not yet. May be he is not well.
Infirmity doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound. We are not ourselves
When nature, being oppressed, commands the mind
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;

(IIiv: 96-104)

REGAN

I am glad to see your Highness.

LEAR

Regan, I think you are. I know what reason
I have to think so. If thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adulteress. [to Kent] O, are you free?
Some other time for that. – Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught. O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-toothed unkindness, like a vulture, here.
I can scarce speak to thee. Thou'lt not believe
With how depraved a quality – O Regan!

REGAN

I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope
You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.

LEAR

Say? How is that?

REGAN

I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation. If, sir, perchance
She have restrained the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

(IIiv: 123-140)

CORNWALL

Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.

REGAN

This house is little; the old man and 's people
Cannot be well bestowed.

GONERIL

'Tis his own blame; hath put himself from rest
And must needs taste his folly.

(IIiv: 282-286)

GLOUCESTER

Alack, the night comes on, and the high winds
Do sorely ruffle. For many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

REGAN

O, sir, to willful men

The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors
He is attended with a desperate train,
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.

CORNWALL

Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night.
My Regan counsels well. Come out o' th' storm.

(IIiv: 295-304)

LEAR [rises]

Never, Regan.

She hath abated me of half my train,
Looked black upon me, struck me with her tongue
Most serpent-like upon the very heart.
All the stored vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness.

CORNWALL

Fie, sir, fie!

LEAR

You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-sucked fogs drawn by the pow'ful sun
To fall and blister –

REGAN

O the blessed gods!

So will you wish on me when the rash mood is on.

LEAR

No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse.
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness. Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in. Thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude.
Thy half o' th' kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endowed.

(IIiv: 153-176)

KENT

Who's there besides foul weather?

GENTLEMAN

One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

KENT

I know you. Where's the King?

GENTLEMAN

Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curlèd waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease; [tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man to outscorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.]

KENT

But who is with him?

GENTLEMAN

None but the fool, who labors to outjest
His heart-struck injuries.

(IIIi: 1-17)