

LEAR  
 It shall be done ; I will arraign them straight.  
*[To Edgar]*  
 Come, sit thou here, most learned justice.  
*[To the Fool]*  
 Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now, you she-foxes –  
 EDGAR Look, where he stands and glares. Want'st thou  
 eyes at trial, madam ?  
 Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me.  
 FOOL Her boat hath a leak,  
 And she must not speak  
 Why she dares not come over to thee.  
 EDGAR The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a  
 nightingale. Hoppedance cries in Tom's belly for two  
 white herring. Croak not, black angel ; I have no food  
 for thee.

(III vi : 20-32)

LEAR Arraign her first. 'Tis Goneril, I here take my oath  
 before this honorable assembly, kicked the poor king  
 her father.  
 FOOL Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril ?  
 LEAR She cannot deny it.  
 FOOL Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

(III vi : 46-51)

LEAR Then let them anatomize Regan. See what breeds  
 about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes  
 these hard hearts ? *[to Edgar]* You, sir, I entertain for  
 one of my hundred ; only I do not like the fashion of  
 your garments. You will say they are Persian ; but let  
 them be changed.

(III vi : 74-79)

[KENT Oppressèd nature sleeps.  
 This rest might yet have balmèd thy broken sinews,  
 Which, if convenience will not allow,  
 Stand in hard cure.  
*[To the Fool]* Come, help to bear thy master.  
 Thou must not stay behind.]

(III vi : 95-99)

[EDGAR  
 When we our betters see bearing our woes,  
 We scarcely think our miseries our foes.  
 Who alone suffers suffers most i' th' mind,  
 Leaving free things and happy shows behind ;  
 But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip  
 When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.  
 How light and portable my pain seems now,  
 When that which makes me bend makes the King bow.  
 He childed as I fatherèd. Tom, away.]

(III vi : 100-108)

CORNWALL  
 Bind him, I say.  
*[Servants bind him.]*  
 REGAN Hard, hard ! O filthy traitor.  
 GLOUCESTER  
 Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.  
 CORNWALL  
 To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find –  
*[Regan plucks his beard.]*  
 GLOUCESTER  
 By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done  
 To pluck me by the beard.  
 REGAN  
 So white, and such a traitor ?  
 GLOUCESTER  
 Naughty lady,  
 These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin  
 Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your host.  
 With robber's hands my hospitable favors  
 You should not ruffle thus. What will you do ?

(III vii : 31-40)