

LEAR Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so ;
But now her price is fallen. Sir, there she stands.
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced
And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

BURGUNDY I know no answer.

LEAR
Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dow' red with our curse, and strangered with our oath,
Take her, or leave her ?

(Ii: 195-205)

CORDELIA I yet beseech your Majesty,
If for I want that glib and oily art
To speak and purpose not since what I well intend
I'll do't before I speak, that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder or foulness,
No unchaste action or dishonorèd step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favor ;
But even for want of that for which I am richer -
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

LEAR Better thou
Hadst not been born than not t' have pleased me better.

FRANCE
Is it but this ? A tardiness in nature
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do. My Lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady ? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards that stands
Aloof from th' entire point. Will you have her ?
She is herself a dowry.

(Ii: 223-241)

GLoucester These late eclipses in the sun and moon
portend no good to us. Though the wisdom of nature can
reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by
the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off,
brothers divide. In cities, mutinies ; in countries, dis-
cord ; in palaces, treason ; and the bond cracked 'twixt
son and father. This villain of mine comes under the pre-
diction, there's son against father ; the King falls from
bias of nature, there's father against child. We have seen
the best of our time. Machinations, hollowness, treach-
ery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our
graves.

(Iii: 101-112)

GLoucester
(reads) 'This policy and reverence of age
makes the world bitter to the best of our times ; keeps our
fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I
begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression
of aged tyranny, who sways, not as it hath power, but as
it is suffered.

(Iii: 45-50)

FRANCE This is most strange,
That she whom even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous to dismantle
So many folds of favor. Sure her offense
Must be of such unnatural degree
That monsters it, or your fore-vouched affection
Fall'n into taint ; which to believe of her
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

(Ii: 213-223)

FRANCE
Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich being poor,
Most choice forsaken, and most loved despised,
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon.
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods ! 'Tis strange that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflamed respect.
Thy dow' rless daughter, King, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France.
Not all the dukes of wat' rish Burgundy
Can buy this unprized precious maid of me.
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind.
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

(Ii: 250-261)

EDMUND I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed
unhappily : [as of unnaturalness between the child and
the parent ; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient ami-
ties ; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions
against king and nobles ; needless diffidences, banish-
ment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches,
and I know not what.

(Iii: 139-145)

EDMUND
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms
That he suspects none ; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy. I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit ;
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit.

(Iii: 172-177)

LEAR What services canst thou do ?
KENT I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious
tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly.
That which ordinary men are fit for I am qualified in,
and the best of me is diligence.

LEAR How old art thou ?
KENT Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor
so old to dote on her for anything. I have years on my
back forty-eight.

(Iiv: 30-39)