

FOOL He that has a house to put 's head in has a good headpiece.

The codpiece that will house  
Before the head has any,  
The head and he shall louse :  
So beggars marry many.  
The man that makes his toe  
What he his heart should make  
Shall of a corn cry woe,  
And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

(III ii: 25-36)

LEAR My wits begin to turn.  
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?  
I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow?  
The art of our necessities is strange,  
And can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.  
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart  
That's sorry yet for thee.

(III ii: 68-73)

LEAR Let the great gods  
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads  
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,  
That hast within thee undivulged crimes  
Unwhipped of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand.  
Thou perjured, and thou simular of virtue  
That art incestuous. Caitiff, to pieces shake,  
That under covert and convenient seeming  
Has practiced on man's life. Close pent-up guilts,  
Rive your concealing continents and cry  
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man  
More sinned against than sinning.

(III ii: 49-60)

FOOL This is a brave night to cool a courtesan. I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than matter ;  
When brewers mar their malt with water ;  
When nobles are their tailors' tutors,  
No heretics burned, but wenches' suitors ;  
When every case in law is right,  
No squire in debt nor no poor knight ;  
When slanders do not live in tongues,  
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs ;  
When usurers tell their gold i' th' field,  
And bawds and whores do churches build -  
Then shall the realm of Albion  
Come to great confusion.  
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,  
That going shall be used with feet.

(III ii: 79-94)

LEAR  
Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm  
Invades us to the skin. So 'tis to thee,  
But where the greater malady is fixed  
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear ;  
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,  
Thou'dst meet the bear i' th' mouth. When the mind's  
free,  
The body's delicate. The tempest in my mind  
Doth from my senses take all feeling else  
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude,  
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand  
For lifting food to't? But I will punish home.  
No, I will weep no more. In such a night  
To shut me out! Pour on; I will endure.  
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril,  
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all -  
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that.  
No more of that.

(III iv: 6-22)