**King Lear**

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| ACT IV SCENE VII | *A tent in the French camp. Lear on a bed asleep.* |  |
| *[Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and Doctor]* | | |
| CORDELIA | O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work, |  |
|  | To match thy goodness? My life will be too short, |  |
|  | And every measure fail me. |  |
| KENT | To be acknowledged, madam, is o'erpaid. |  |
|  | All my reports go with the modest truth; | 5 |
|  | Nor more nor clipp'd, but so. |  |
| CORDELIA | Be better suited: |  |
|  | These weeds are memories of those worser hours: |  |
|  | I prithee, put them off. |  |
| KENT | Pardon me, dear madam; | 10 |
|  | Yet to be known shortens my made intent: |  |
|  | My boon I make it, that you know me not |  |
|  | Till time and I think meet. |  |
| CORDELIA | Then be't so, my good lord. |  |
| *[To the Doctor]* | | |
|  | How does the king? | 15 |
| Doctor | Madam, sleeps still. |  |
| CORDELIA | O you kind gods, |  |
|  | Cure this great breach in his abused nature! |  |
|  | The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up |  |
|  | Of this child-changed father! | 20 |
| Doctor | So please your majesty |  |
|  | That we may wake the king: he hath slept long. |  |
| CORDELIA | Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed |  |
|  | I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd? |  |
| Gentleman | Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep | 25 |
|  | We put fresh garments on him. |  |
| Doctor | Be by, good madam, when we do awake him; |  |
|  | I doubt not of his temperance. |  |
| CORDELIA | Very well. |  |
| Doctor | Please you, draw near. Louder the music there! | 30 |
| CORDELIA | O my dear father! Restoration hang |  |
|  | Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss |  |
|  | Repair those violent harms that my two sisters |  |
|  | Have in thy reverence made! |  |
| KENT | Kind and dear princess! | 35 |
| CORDELIA | Had you not been their father, these white flakes |  |
|  | Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face |  |
|  | To be opposed against the warring winds? |  |
|  | To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder? |  |
|  | In the most terrible and nimble stroke | 40 |
|  | Of quick, cross lightning? to watch--poor perdu!-- |  |
|  | With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog, |  |
|  | Though he had bit me, should have stood that night |  |
|  | Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father, |  |
|  | To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn, | 45 |
|  | In short and musty straw? Alack, alack! |  |
|  | 'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once |  |
|  | Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him. |  |
| Doctor | Madam, do you; 'tis fittest. |  |
| CORDELIA | How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty? | 50 |
| KING LEAR | You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave: |  |
|  | Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound |  |
|  | Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears |  |
|  | Do scald like moulten lead. |  |
| CORDELIA | Sir, do you know me? | 55 |
| KING LEAR | You are a spirit, I know: when did you die? |  |
| CORDELIA | Still, still, far wide! |  |
| Doctor | He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile. |  |
| KING LEAR | Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight? |  |
|  | I am mightily abused. I should e'en die with pity, | 60 |
|  | To see another thus. I know not what to say. |  |
|  | I will not swear these are my hands: let's see; |  |
|  | I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured |  |
|  | Of my condition! |  |
| CORDELIA | O, look upon me, sir, | 65 |
|  | And hold your hands in benediction o'er me: |  |
|  | No, sir, you must not kneel. |  |
| KING LEAR | Pray, do not mock me: |  |
|  | I am a very foolish fond old man, |  |
|  | Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less; | 70 |
|  | And, to deal plainly, |  |
|  | I fear I am not in my perfect mind. |  |
|  | Methinks I should know you, and know this man; |  |
|  | Yet I am doubtful for I am mainly ignorant |  |
|  | What place this is; and all the skill I have | 75 |
|  | Remembers not these garments; nor I know not |  |
|  | Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me; |  |
|  | For, as I am a man, I think this lady |  |
|  | To be my child Cordelia. |  |
| CORDELIA | And so I am, I am. | 80 |
| KING LEAR | Be your tears wet? yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not: |  |
|  | If you have poison for me, I will drink it. |  |
|  | I know you do not love me; for your sisters |  |
|  | Have, as I do remember, done me wrong: |  |
|  | You have some cause, they have not. | 85 |
| CORDELIA | No cause, no cause. |  |
| KING LEAR | Am I in France? |  |
| KENT | In your own kingdom, sir. |  |
| KING LEAR | Do not abuse me. |  |
| Doctor | Be comforted, good madam: the great rage, | 90 |
|  | You see, is kill'd in him: and yet it is danger |  |
|  | To make him even o'er the time he has lost. |  |
|  | Desire him to go in; trouble him no more |  |
|  | Till further settling. |  |
| CORDELIA | Will't please your highness walk? | 95 |
| KING LEAR | You must bear with me: |  |
|  | Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish. |  |
| *[Exeunt all but KENT and Gentleman]* | | |
| Gentleman | Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain? |  |
| KENT | Most certain, sir. |  |
| Gentleman | Who is conductor of his people? | 100 |
| KENT | As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester. |  |
| Gentleman | They say Edgar, his banished son, is with the Earl |  |
|  | of Kent in Germany. |  |
| KENT | Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the |  |
|  | powers of the kingdom approach apace. | 105 |
| Gentleman | The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you |  |
|  | well, sir. |  |
| *[Exit]* | | |
| KENT | My point and period will be throughly wrought, |  |
|  | Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. |  |
| *[Exit]* | | |