KING LEAR

And from some knowledge and assurance offer
This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,—
As fear not but you shall—show her this ring,
And she will tell you who that fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the King.

Gent. Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?
Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the King, in which your
pain
That way, I’ll this, he that first lights on him
Holla the other. [Exeunt severally. 55

SCENE II.—[Another part of the Heath.] Storm still.

Enter Lear and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench’d our steeples, drown’d the cocks!
You sulph’rous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o’th’world!
Crack Nature’s moulds, all germens spill at once
That makes ingrateful man!

Fool. O Nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better
than this rain-water out o’door. Good Nuncle, in,
ask thy daughters blessing; here’s a night pities
neither wise men nor Fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax you not, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call’d you children,
You owe me no subscription: then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis’d old man.
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That will with two pernicious daughters join
Your high-engender’d battles ’gainst a head
So old and white as this. O, ho! ’tis foul.

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in has a good
head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;
So beggars marry many.