

ALBANY AND GONERIL ACT IV SCENE II

ALBANY O Goneril,

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. I fear your disposition. 40

That nature which contemns its origin
Cannot be bordered certain in itself.
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap perforce must wither
And come to deadly use. 45

GONERIL No more. The text is foolish.

ALBANY

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile.
Filths savor but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you performed?
A father, and a gracious aged man, 50

Whose reverence even the head-lugged bear would
lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate, have you
madded.

~~Could my good brother suffer you to do it? 55~~

~~A man, a prince, by him so benefited!~~

~~If that the heavens do not their visible spirits~~

~~Send quickly down to tame these vile offenses,~~

~~It will come:~~

~~Humanity must perforce prey on itself, 60~~

~~Like monsters of the deep.~~

GONERIL Milk-livered man,

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honor from thy suffering; that not know'st 65
Fools do those villains pity who are punished
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy
drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,
With plumèd helm thy state begins to threat, 70

Whilst thou, a moral fool, sits still and cries
"Alack, why does he so?"

ALBANY See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity shows not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.