

KENT Good my liege—

LEAR Peace, Kent. 135

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I loved her most and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. *To Cordelia.* Hence and avoid
my sight!—

~~So be my grave my peace as here I give——140~~

~~Her father's heart from her.—~~Call France. Who stirs?

Call Burgundy. *An Attendant exits.* Cornwall and
Albany,

With my two daughters' dowers digest the third.

Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her. 145

I do invest you jointly with my power,

Preeminence, and all the large effects

That troop with majesty. Ourselves by monthly course,

With reservation of an hundred knights

By you to be sustained, shall our abode 150

Make with you by due turn. Only we shall retain

The name and all th' addition to a king.

The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,

Belovèd sons, be yours, ~~which to confirm,~~

~~This coronet part between you.~~ 155

KENT Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honored as my king,

Loved as my father, as my master followed,

As my great patron thought on in my prayers—

LEAR

The bow is bent and drawn. Make from the shaft. 160

KENT

Let it fall rather, though the fork invade

The region of my heart. Be Kent unmannerly

When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?

Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak

When power to flattery bows? ~~To plainness honor's——165~~

~~bound~~

~~When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state,~~

~~And in thy best consideration check~~

~~This hideous rashness. Answer my life my~~

~~judgment,~~ 170

~~Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least,~~

~~Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sounds
Reverb no hollowness.~~

LEAR Kent, on thy life, no more.

KENT

My life I never held but as a pawn 175
To wage against thine enemies, nor fear to lose
it,
Thy safety being motive.

LEAR Out of my sight!

KENT

See better, Lear, ~~and let me still remain~~——180
~~The true blank of thine eye.~~

LEAR Now, by Apollo—

KENT Now, by Apollo, king,

Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

LEAR ~~O vassal! Miscreant!~~ 185

~~ALBANY/CORNWALL Dear sir, forbear.~~

KENT

~~Kill thy physician, and thy fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift,
Or whilst I can vent clamor from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.~~