**Extract Two**

**Act IV Sc VII**

**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!

**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  
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,  
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?

**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?

**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,  
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,  
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;  
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  
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.

**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.

**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,  
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?

**KING LEAR**

You must bear with me:  
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.

*Exeunt all but KENT and Gentleman*