

All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall  
On her ingrateful head! strike her young bones,  
You taking airs, with lameness!

*Corn.* Fie, fir! fie!

*Lear.* You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames  
Into her scornful eyes! infect her beauty,  
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'ful fun  
To fall, and blast her pride!

*Reg.* O the blest gods!  
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

*Lear.* No, *Regan*, thou shalt never have my curse:  
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give  
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine  
Do comfort, and not burn: 'tis not in thee  
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,  
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,  
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt  
Against my coming in. Thou better know'st  
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,  
Effects of courtesy, and dues of gratitude:  
Thy half o' th' kingdom thou hast not forgot,  
Wherein I thee endow'd.

*Reg.* Good fir, to th' purpose.

[trumpet within.]

*Lear.* Who put my man i' th' stocks?

*Enter Steward.*

*Corn.* What trumpet's that?

*Reg.* I know't, my sifter's: this approves her letter,  
That she would soon be here. Is your lady come?

*Lear.* This is a slave, whose easy-borrowed pride  
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.  
Out, varlet, from my sight!

*Corn.* What means your grace?

SCENE