



ACT III. SCENE I.

A Heath.

*A storm is heard with thunder and lightning.**Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, severally.*

KENT.

WHO'S there besides foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.*Kent.* I know you: where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
 Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
 Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
 That things might change, or cease; tears his white hair,
 Which the impetuous blasts with eyeless rage
 Catch in their fury, and make nothing of.
 This night, in which the cub-drawn bear^a would couch,
 The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf
 Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
 And bids what will, take all.

Kent. But who is with him?*Gent.* None but the fool, who labours to out-jeff
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
 And dare upon the warrant of my note
 Commend a dear thing to you. There's division
 (Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
 With mutual craft) 'twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*:^b

^a By cub-drawn bear must be understood the she-bear drawn dry by the sucking of her cubs, and thence most ravenous and greedy of prey.

^b -----'twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*.

Who have (as who have not, whom their great stars
 Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less,
 Which are to *France* the spies and speculations