

Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!  
 You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,  
 Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,  
 Singe my white head! And thou all-shaking thunder,  
 Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world,  
 Crack nature's mould, all germens spill at once  
 That make ingrateful man!

*Fool.* O nuncle, court-holy-water in a dry house is better than  
 the rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, ask thy daughters  
 blessing; here's a night that pities neither wise men nor fools.

*Lear.* Rumble thy belly full! spit fire! spout rain!  
 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:  
 I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,  
 I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,  
 You owe me no submission: then let fall  
 Your horrible pleasure; here I stand your slave,  
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man!  
 But yet I call you servile ministers,  
 That have with two pernicious daughters join'd  
 Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head  
 So old and white as this. O, o! 'tis foul.

*Fool.* He that has a house to put's head in, has a good headpiece:  
 The codpiece that will house, before the head has any:  
 The head and he shall louse; so beggars marry many.  
 That man that makes his toe, what he his heart should make,  
 Shall of a corn cry wo, and turn his sleep to wake.  
 For there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a  
 glass.

## S C E N E III.

*To them, Enter Kent.*

*Lear.* No, I will be the pattern of all patience,  
 I will say nothing.

*Kent.* Who's there?

*Fool.* Marry, here's grace, and a codpiece; that's a wise man,  
 and a fool.

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*Kent.*