

To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters; these things sting him
So venomously, that burning shame detains him
From his *Cordelia*.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of *Albany's* and *Cornwall's* pow'rs you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so; they are a-foot.

Kent. Well, fir, I'll bring you to our master *Lear*,
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up a while:
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. Pray, along with me. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

A Camp.

Enter Cordelia, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. **A**LACK, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud,
Crown'd with rank fumitory, and furrow-weeds,
With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. Send forth a cent'ry,
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phys. There are means, madam:
Our foster nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blest secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,

Spring