

*Lear.* No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.

*Edg.* O thou side-piercing fight!

*Lear.* Nature's above art in that respect. There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crowkeeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace! this piece of toasted cheese will do't—there's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, barb! i'th' clout, i'th' clout: hewgh! Give the word.

*Edg.* Sweet marjoram.

*Lear.* Pafs.

*Glo.* I know that voice.

*Lear.* Ha! *Gonerill!* hah, *Regan!* they flatter'd me like a dog, and told me I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say ay, and no, to every thing that I said—Ay and no too, was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words; they told me, I was every thing: 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

*Glo.* The trick of that voice I do well remember: is't not the king.

*Lear.* Ay, every inch a king.

When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.

I pardon that man's life: what was thy cause?

Adultery? thou shalt not die: die for adultery? no, the wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly does letcher in my sight. Let copulation thrive: for *Gloster's* bastard-son was kinder to his father, than my daughters got 'tween the lawful sheets. To't, luxury, pellmell; for I lack soldiers. Behold yon simpering dame, whose face 'tween her forks presages snow; that minces virtue, and does shake the head to hear of pleasure's name. The fitchew, nor the soyled horse goes to't with a more riotous appetite: down from the waste they are centaurs, though women all above; but to the girdle do the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends'. There's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding,