

Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;  
I doubt not of his temperance.

*Cor.* O my dear father! Restauration hang  
Her medicine on my lips, and let this kifs  
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters  
Have in thy reverence made!

*Kent.* Kind and dear princess!

*Cor.* Had you not been their father, these white flakes  
Did challenge pity of them. Was this face  
To be expos'd against the warring winds?  
Mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me, shou'd  
Have stood that night against my fire: and wast  
Thou fain, poor father, to hovel thee with swine  
And rogues forlorn, in short and musty straw?  
Alack, 'tis wonder that thy life and wits,  
At once, had not concluded all. He wakes;  
Speak to him.

*Phys.* Madam, do you speak, 'tis fittest.

*Cor.* How does my royal lord? how fares your majesty?

*Lear.* You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave:  
Thou art a soul in blifs; but I am bound  
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears  
Do scald like molten lead.

*Cor.* Sir, do you know me?

*Lear.* You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?

*Cor.* Still, still, far wide —

*Phys.* He's scarce awake, let him alone a while.

*Lear.* Where have I been? where am I? fair daylight?  
I'm much abus'd: I should ev'n die with pity  
To see another thus. I know not what;  
I will not swear these are my hands: let's see;  
I feel this pin prick: would I were assur'd  
Of my condition!

*Cor.* O, look on me, fir,  
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.  
No, fir, you must not kneel.

M 2

*Lear.*