

HEKATON'S LAMENT

Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend

King Lear (1.1.56–57).

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,

King Lear (2.4.313–17).

Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the winds blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled water '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;
Strives in his little world of man to outscorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.)

King Lear (3.1.4–17).

Blow winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage, blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd thecocks.
You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head. And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Smite flat the thick rotundity o' th' world.

King Lear (3.2.1–9).

As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' gods;
They kill us for their sport.

King Lear (4.1.41–42).