

The Tragedy of King Lear

4.3

*Enter with a drummer and colours, Queen Cordelia,
Gentlemen, and soldiers*

CORDELIA

Alack, 'tis he! Why, he was met even now,
As mad as the vexed sea, singing aloud,
Crowned with rank fumitor and furrow-weeds,
With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow 5
In our sustaining corn. A century send forth.
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye.

[Exit one or more]

What can man's

wisdom

In the restoring his bereaveÁd sense,
He that helps him take all my outward worth. 10

[FIRST] GENTLEMAN

There is 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.

CORDELIA

All blest secrets, 15

All you unpublished virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears, be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress!±±Seek, seek for him,
Lest his ungoverned rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER

News, madam. 20

The British powers are marching hitherward.

CORDELIA

'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.±±O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France 25
My mourning and importuned tears hath pitied.

No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right.
Soon may I hear and see him!

Exeunt