

KENT

Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Loved as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,--

~~**KING LEAR**~~

~~The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.~~

KENT

Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wilt thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,
When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And, in thy best consideration, cheque
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.
My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thy enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

~~**KING LEAR**~~

~~Out of my sight!~~

KENT

See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.