

**KING LEAR Audition Side #6 – Albany, Goneril**

ALBANY.

O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind  
Blows in your face! I fear your disposition;  
That nature which contemns its origin  
Cannot be bordered certain in itself.  
She that herself will sliver and disbranch  
From her material sap, perforce must wither  
And come to deadly use.

GONERIL.

No more; the text is foolish.

ALBANY.

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;  
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?  
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?  
A father, and a gracious aged man,  
Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear would lick,  
Most barbarous, most degenerate, have you madded.  
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?  
A man, a prince, by him so benefitted!  
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits  
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,  
It will come,  
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,  
Like monsters of the deep.

GONERIL.

Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;  
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning  
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st  
Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd  
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?  
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;  
With plumed helm thy state begins to threat,  
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest  
'Alack, why does he so?'

ALBANY.

See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend

So horrid as in woman.

GONERIL.

O vain fool!

ALBANY.

Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame!

Be-monster not thy feature! Were't my fitness

To let these hands obey my blood,

They are apt enough to dislocate and tear

Thy flesh and bones. Howe'er thou art a fiend,

A woman's shape doth shield thee.

GONERIL.

Marry, your manhood, mew!