

KING LEAR Audition Side #7 – Cordelia, Physician, Lear

CORDELIA.

How does the King?

PHYSICIAN.

Madam, sleeps still.

CORDELIA.

O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father.

PHYSICIAN.

So please your majesty
That we may wake the King: he hath slept long.

CORDELIA.

Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

PHYSICIAN.

Ay, madam. In the heaviness of sleep
We put fresh garments on him.
Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

CORDELIA.

Very well.

PHYSICIAN.

Please you draw near.

CORDELIA.

O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

PHYSICIAN.

Kind and dear princess!

CORDELIA.

Had you not been their father, these white flakes
 Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
 To be oppos'd against the warring winds?
 To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
 In the most terrible and nimble stroke
 Of quick cross lightning? to watch, poor perdu!
 With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
 Though he had bit me, should 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, alack!
 'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
 Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him.

PHYSICIAN.

Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

CORDELIA.

How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

LEAR.

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

CORDELIA.

Sir, do you know me?

LEAR.

You are a spirit, I know: when did you die?

CORDELIA.

Still, still, far wide!

PHYSICIAN.

He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

LEAR.

Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?
 I am mightily abus'd. I should e'en die with pity,

To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands: let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!

CORDELIA.

O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.
No, sir, you must not kneel.

LEAR.

Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

CORDELIA.

And so I am. I am.

LEAR.

Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause, they have not.

CORDELIA.

No cause, no cause.