

THE KING LEAR.

Lear. — Pray, do not mock me :
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward ; 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 past 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.

(Ἦδε ἀντικρὺ τὴν μετάφρασιν.)
