

MB

MonologueBlogger.com

King Lear

Act I, sc. 1

CORDELIA: Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave My heart
into my mouth: I love your majesty

According to my bond; nor more nor less.

KING LEAR: How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

CORDELIA: Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I

Return those duties back as are right fit,

Obey you, love you, and most honour you.

Why have my sisters husbands, if they say

They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,

That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry

Half my love with him, half my care and duty:

Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,

To love my father all.