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King Lear

Act I, sc. 2

EDMUND: This is the excellent foppery of the world, that,
when we are sick in fortune,--often the surfeit
of our own behavior,--we make guilty of our
disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as
if we were villains by necessity; fools by
heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and
treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards,
liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of
planetary influence; and all that we are evil in,
by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion
of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish
disposition to the charge of a star! My
father compounded with my mother under the
dragon's tail; and my nativity was under Ursa major;
so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.
Tut, I should have been that I am,
had the maidenliest star in the firmament
twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar--

Enter EDGAR

And pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy:

my cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.

O, these eclipses do portend these divisions!

fa, sol, la, mi.