CORDELIA
   O you kind gods,
   Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
   Th' untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up
   Of this child-changed father!

DOCTOR
   So please your majesty
   That we may wake the king? He hath slept long.

CORDELIA
   Be governed by your knowledge, and proceed
   T' th' sway of your own will. Is he arrayed?
   
   Enter Lear in a chair carried by Servants.

GENTLEMAN
   Ay, madam. In the heaviest of sleep
   We put fresh garments on him.

DOCTOR
   Be by, good madam, when we do awake him.
   I doubt not of his temperance.

    [CORDELIA
    Very well.
    "Music."

DOCTOR
   Please draw near. Louder the music there.

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.

KENT
   Kind and dear princess.

CORDELIA
   Had you not been their father, these white flakes

32 Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
33 To be opposed against the jarring winds?
34 [To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
35 In the most terrible and nimble stroke
36 Of quick cross lightning to watch, poor perdu,
37 With this thin helm?] Mine enemy's dog,
38 Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
39 Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
40 To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn
41 In short and musty straw? Alack, alack,
42 "Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
43 Had not concluded all. — He wakes. Speak to him.

DOCTOR
   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' th' 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. Where did you die?

CORDELIA
   Still, still, far wide!

DOCTOR
   He's scarce awake. Let him alone awhile.

LEAR
   Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?
   I am mightily abused. I should e'en die with pity