

Although our last and least, to whose young love ¹²
 The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
 Strive to be interest'd,¹³ what can you say to draw
 A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing!

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing. Speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
 My heart into my mouth. I love your Majesty
 According to my bond; no more nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia! Mend your speech a little,
 Lest you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
 You have begot me, bred me, lov'd 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].

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor.

Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so; thy truth, then, be thy dower!
 For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
 The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
 By all the operation of the orbs
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
 Propinquity and property¹⁴ of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me

¹² The quarto reading is, *Although the last, not least in our dear love.*

¹⁴ Relationship.

¹³ Attached.