Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend

*King Lear* (1.1.56—57).

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,

*King Lear* (2.4.313—17).

Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the winds blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled water ‘bove the main,
That things might change or cease; (tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man to outscorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.)

*King Lear* (3.1.4—17).

Blow winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage, blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks.
You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head. And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Smite flat the thick rotundity o' th' world.

*King Lear* (3.2.1—9).

As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' gods;
They kill us for their sport.

*King Lear* (4.1.41—42).