## King Lear

1. By focusing closely on the literary and linguistic techniques used, discuss Shakespeare’s presentation of the relationship between Goneril and Albany in this extract from Act 4 Scene 2.

**[24]**

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| **ALBANY** | O Goneril! |
|  | You are not worth the dust which the rude wind |
|  | Blows in your face. I fear your disposition: |
|  | That nature, which contemns its origin, |
|  | Cannot be border'd certain in itself; |
|  | She that herself will sliver and disbranch |
|  | From her material sap, perforce must wither |
|  | And come to deadly use. |
| **GONERIL** | No more; the text is foolish. |
| **ALBANY** | Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile: |
|  | Filths savour but themselves. What have you done? |
|  | Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd? |
|  | A father, and a gracious aged man, |
|  | Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear would lick, |
|  | Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded. |
|  | Could my good brother suffer you to do it? |
|  | A man, a prince, by him so benefited! |
|  | If that the heavens do not their visible spirits |
|  | Send quickly down to tame these vile offences, |
|  | It will come, |
|  | Humanity must perforce prey on itself, |
|  | Like monsters of the deep. |
| **GONERIL** | Milk-liver'd man! |
|  | That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs; |
|  | Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning |
|  | Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st |
|  | Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd |
|  | Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum? |
|  | France spreads his banners in our noiseless land; |
|  | With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats; |
|  | Whiles thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and criest |
|  | 'Alack, why does he so?' |
| **ALBANY** | See thyself, devil! |
|  | Proper deformity seems not in the fiend |
|  | So horrid as in woman. |
| **GONERIL** | O vain fool! |
| **ALBANY** | Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame, |
|  | Be-monster not thy feature. Were't my fitness |
|  | To let these hands obey my blood, |
|  | They are apt enough to dislocate and tear |
|  | Thy flesh and bones: howe'er thou art a fiend, |
|  | A woman's shape doth shield thee. |
| **GONERIL** | Marry, your manhood now-- |