

“Poor naked wretches, wheresoe’er you are / That bide the pelting of
this pitiless storm / How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides...
Defend you / From seasons such as these? O, I have ta’en / Too little
care of this!” – Lear, 3:4, 28

“Adultery? / Thou shalt not die. Die for adultery? No! / The wren goes
to’t, and the small gilded fly / Does lecher in my sight. / Let copulation
thrive... For I lack soldiers!” Lear, 4:6, 111

“Thou hast seen a farmer’s dog bark at a beggar? ... There thou mightst
behold the great image of authority: a dog’s obeyed in office.” 4:6, 155

“A flies to wanton boys are we to the gods: / They kill us for their
sport.” Gloucester, 4:1, 36

“They durst not do’t, / They could not, would not do’t; ‘Tis worse than
murder, / To do upon respect such violent outrage.” Lear, 2:4, 22

“I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness: / I never gave you
kingdom, called you children;/ You owe me no subscription.” Lear, 3:2,
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