

# KING LEAR, I ii

## BASTARD

Enter

Thou Nature art my Goddess, to thy Law  
My seruices are bound, wherefore should I  
Stand in the plague of custome, and permit  
The curiosity of Nations, to depriue me?  
For that I am some twelue, or fourteene Moonshines  
Lag of a Brother? Why Bastard? Wherefore base?  
When my Dimensions are as well compact,  
My minde as generous, and my shape as true  
As honest Madams issue? Why brand they vs  
With Base? With basenes Bastardie? Base, Base?  
Who in the lustie stealth of Nature, take  
More composition, and fierce qualitie,  
Then doth within a dull stale tyred bed  
Goe to th' creating a whole tribe of Fops  
Got 'twene a sleepe, and wake? Well then,  
Legitimate *Edgar*, I must haue your land,  
Our Fathers loue, is to the Bastard *Edmond*,  
As to th' legitimate: fine word: Legitimate.  
Well, my Legittimate, if this Letter speed,  
And my inuention thriue, *Edmond* the base  
Shall to 'th' Legitimate: I grow, I prosper:  
Now Gods, stand vp for Bastards.