A heath.

_Storm still. Enter KENT and a Gentleman, meeting_

**KENT**

Who's there, besides foul weather?

**Gentleman**

One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

**KENT**

I know you. Where's the king?

**Gentleman**

Contending with the fretful element:
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 out-scorn
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.

**KENT**
But who is with him?

**Gentleman**

None but the fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

**KENT**

Sir, I do know you;
And _dare_, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is _division_,
Although as yet the face of it be _cover'd_
With mutual _cunning_, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have--as who have not, that their great stars
Throned and set _high_?--servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our _state_; what hath been _seen_,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old _kind_ king; or something deeper,
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings;
But, true it is, from France there comes a _power_
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at _point_
To show their _open_ banner. Now to you:
If on my _credit_ you _dare_ build so _far_
To make your _speed_ to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and _assurance_, offer
This _office_ to you.
Gentleman

I will talk further with you.
KENT

No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,--
As fear not but you shall,--show her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gentleman

Give me your hand: have you no more to say?
KENT

Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king,--in which your pain
That way, I'll this,--he that first lights on him
Holla the other.

Exeunt severally