

“What God has conjoined, let no man separate. I am the husband and my whole isle is my lawful wife.”

James VI/I

“Kings are justly called gods.”

James VI/I

“For Kings are not only God’s lieutenants upon earth, and sit upon God’s throne, but even by God himself they are called gods.”

James VI/I

“It follows lastly, that since the King or Magistrate holds his autoritie of the people, both originaly and naturally for their good in the first place, and not his own, then may the people as oft as they shall judge it for the best, either choose him or reject him, retaine him or depose him though no Tyrant, meerly by the liberty and right of free born Men, to be govern’d as seems to them best.”

John Milton, *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*

## 1 Etymologie

*Cordeilla* < *cor*(*dd*) + *deill*- “aus der Familie stammend”?

## 2 *Historia Regum Britanniae*

Cognouerat autem Brutus Ignogeg uxorem suam et ex ea genuit tres inclitos filios quibus erant nomina Locrinus, Kamber, Albanactus. Hi postquam pater in .xxiiii. anno aduentus sui ab hoc seculo migravit, sepelierunt eum infra urbem quam condiderat et diuiserunt regnum Britanniae inter se et secesserunt unusquisque in loco suo.

(...)

At Cordeilla iunior cum intellexisset eum predicatarum adulationibus adqueuisse, temptare illum cupiens aliter respondere perrexit: ‘Est uspiam, pater mi, filia que patrem suum plusquam patrem presumat diligere? Non reor equidem ullam esse hoc fateri audeat nisi iocosis uerbis ueritatem celare nitatur. (...)’

## 3 Eltern und Ehe in der Bibel

Ex 20,12: Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee.

Gen 2,24: Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh,

## 4 Legitimation des Souveräns

Edel en Hooch gheboren  
Van Keyserlicken Stam:  
Een Vorst des Rijcks vercoren  
Als een vroom Christen man,  
Voor Godes Woort ghepreesen  
Heb ick vrij onversaecht,  
Als een Helt sonder vreesen  
Mijn edel bloet ghewaecht.

Als David moeste vluchten  
Voor Saul den Tyran:  
Soo heb ick moeten suchen  
Met menich Edelman:  
Maer Godt heeft hem verheven  
Verlost uit alder noot,  
Een Coninckrijk ghegheven  
In Israel seer groot.

## 5 Richard II

### 5.1 Act 2, Scene 3

K. RICH. I had forgot myself, am I not king?  
Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.  
Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?

### 5.2 Act 3, Scene 2

K. RICH. (...)Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;  
The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
The deputy elected by the Lord;

## 6 1 Henry IV

### 6.1 Act 3, Scene 1

GLEND. Come, here is the map. Shall we divide our right  
According to our threefold order ta'en?  
MORT. The Archdeacon hath divided it  
Into three limits very equally:  
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,  
By south and east is to my part assign'd;  
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,

And all the fertile land within that bound,  
To Owen Glendower; and, dear coz, to you  
The remnant northward lying off from Trent.

## 7 A Midsummer Night's Dream

### 7.1 Act 5, Scene 1

THE. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.  
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake;  
And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect  
Takes it in might, not merit.  
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed  
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;  
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,  
Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,  
And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,  
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,  
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;  
And in the modesty of fearful duty  
I read as much as from the rattling tongue  
Of *saucy and audacious eloquence*.  
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity  
In least speak most, to my capacity.

## 8 King Lear

### 8.1 Act 1, Scene 1

LEAR. Mean time we shall express our darker purpose.  
Give me the map there. Know that we have divided  
In three our kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent  
To shake all cares and business from our age,  
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we  
Unburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,  
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,  
We have this hour a constant will to publish  
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife  
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,  
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,  
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,  
And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughters  
(Since now we will divest us both of rule,

Interest of territory, cares of state),  
Which of you shall we say doth love us most,  
That we our largest bounty may extend  
*Where nature doth with merit challenge?*  
GON. Sir, I love you *more than [words] can wield the matter,*  
Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty,  
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare,  
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor;  
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;  
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable:  
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

(...)

LEAR. To thee and thine hereditary ever  
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,  
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,  
Than that conferr'd on Goneril. – Now, our joy,  
Although our last and least, to whose young love  
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy  
Strive to be interest'd, what can you say to draw  
*A third more opulent than your sisters'?* Speak.

COR. Nothing, my lord.

LEAR. Nothing?

COR. Nothing.

LEAR. Nothing will come of nothing, speak again.

COR. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave  
My heart into my mouth. I love your Majesty  
*According to my bond,* no more nor less.

LEAR. How, how, Cordelia? Mend your speech a little,  
Lest you may mar your fortunes.

COR. Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I  
Return those duties back as are right fit,  
*Obey you, love you, and most honor you.*  
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say  
They love you all? Happily, when I shall wed,  
*That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry*  
*Half my love with him, half my care and duty.*

Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,  
To love my father all.

(...)

LEAR. (...) I do invest you jointly with my power,  
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects  
That troop with majesty. Ourselves, by monthly course,  
With reservation of an hundred knights  
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode  
Make with you by due turn. Only we shall retain

*The name, and all th' addition to a king;*  
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,  
Beloved sons, be yours, which to confirm,  
This coronet part between you.

(...)

FRANCE. Fairest Cordelia, that art *most rich being poor*,  
Most choice forsaken, and most lov'd despis'd,  
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon,  
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.  
Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st neglect  
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.  
Thy dow'rless daughter, King, thrown to my chance,  
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France.

## 8.2 Act 1, Scene 2

EDM. (...)Why bastard? Wherefore base?  
When my dimensions are as well compact,  
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,  
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us  
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?  
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take  
More composition, and fierce quality,  
Than doth within a dull, stale, tired bed  
Go to th' creating a whole tribe of fops,  
Got 'tween asleep and wake?

## 8.3 Act 2, Scene 4

LEAR. No more of that, I have noted it well. Go you and tell my daughter I  
would speak with her. [Exit an Attendant.] Go you call hither my Fool.  
[Exit another Attendant.]

Enter Steward [Oswald].

O, you, sir, you, come you hither, sir. *Who am I, sir?*

OSW. *My lady's father.*

LEAR. »My lady's father«? My lord's knave! You whoreson dog, you slave,  
you cur!

OSW. I am none of these, my lord, I beseech your pardon.

LEAR. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[Striking him.]

OSW. I'll not be stricken, my lord.

KENT. Nor tripp'd neither, you base football player.

[Tripping up his heels.]

(...)

FOOL. For you know, nuncle,  
»The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,  
That [it] had it head bit off by it young.«  
So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

## 9 Act 3, Scene 2

LEAR. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! Spout, rain!  
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire are my daughters.  
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;  
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;  
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall  
Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand your slave,  
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man;  
But yet I call you servile ministers,  
That will with two pernicious daughters join  
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head  
So old and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foul.

## 10 Act 5, Scene 1

EDM. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;  
Each jealous of the other, as the stung  
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?  
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd  
If both remain alive: to take the widow  
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril,  
And hardly shall I carry out my side,  
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use  
His countenance for the battle, which being done,  
Let her who would be rid of him devise  
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy  
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,  
The battle done, and they within our power,  
Shall never see his pardon; for my state  
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.