

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this shou'd wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty: such smiling rogues,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
Too intrinsick to' unloose: sooth ev'ry passion
That in the nature of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With ev'ry gale and vary of their masters,
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
A plague upon your epileptick visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon *Sarum* plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to *Camelot*.^a

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? what is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stand on any shoulders that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he;
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and far corrupter ends,

^a In the parts of Somersetshire near Camelot there are many large moors upon which great numbers of geese are bred, so that many other places in England are from thence supplied with quills and feathers.

Than