

Ere I was risen from the place, that show'd
 My duty kneeling, came a reeking post,
 Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
 From *Gonerill* his mistress salutation;
 Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
 Which presently they read: on those contents
 They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse,
 Commanded me to follow and attend
 The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks;
 And meeting here the other messenger,
 Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
 Being the very fellow which of late
 Display'd so saucily against your highness,
 Having more man than wit about me, I drew;
 He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
 Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
 The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.
 Fathers that wear rags
 Do make their children blind,
 But fathers that bear bags
 Shall see their children kind.
 Fortune, that arrant whore,
 Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.
 But for all this thou shalt have as many dolours^a from thy dear
 daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up tow'rd my heart!
Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,
 Thy element's below: where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not, stay here.

[*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence
 But what you speak of?

Kent. None:

How chance the king comes with so small a number?

^a A quibble intended between dolours and dollars.

Fool.