

*Fool.* An thou hadst been set i' th' stocks for that question, thou'dst well deserv'd it.

*Kent.* Why, fool?

*Fool.* We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no lab'ring i' th' winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following; but the great one that goes upward, let it draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again; I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it. That fir which serves for gain,  
And follows but for form,  
Will pack when it begins to rain,  
And leave thee in a storm:  
And I will tarry, the fool will stay,  
And let the wise man fly:  
The knave turns fool that runs away,  
The fool no knave, perdy.

*Kent.* Where learn'd you this, fool?

*Fool.* Not i' th' stocks, fool.

## S C E N E IX.

*Enter Lear, and Glo'ster.*

*Lear.* Deny to speak with me? they're sick, they're weary,  
They have travell'd all the night? mere fetches,  
The images of revolt and flying off.  
Bring me a better answer —

*Glo.* My dear lord,  
You know the fiery quality of the duke,  
How unremoveable and fix'd he is  
In his own course.

*Lear.* Vengeance! plague! death! confusion! —  
Fiery? what fiery quality? why, *Glo'ster*,  
I'd speak with the duke of *Cornwall*, and his wife.

*Glo.*