

I have to think so; if thou wert not glad,  
 I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,  
 Sepulchring an adult'res. O, are you free? [to Kent.  
 Some other time for that. Beloved *Regan*,  
 Thy sister's naught: o *Regan*, she hath tied  
 Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here: [points to his heart.  
 I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe  
 With how deprav'd a quality — o *Regan*! —

*Reg.* I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,  
 You less know how to value her desert,  
 Than she to scan her duty.

*Lear.* How is that? —

*Reg.* I cannot think my sister in the least  
 Would fail her obligation. If, perchance,  
 She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,  
 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,  
 As clears her from all blame.

*Lear.* My curses on her!

*Reg.* O Sir, you are old,  
 Nature in you stands on the very verge  
 Of her confine; you should be rul'd and led  
 By some discretion, that discerns your state  
 Better than you yourself: therefore I pray you,  
 That to our sister you do make return;  
 Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

*Lear.* Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becometh us:  
*Dear daughter, I confess that I am old; [the king kneeling.*  
*Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg,*  
*That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.*

*Reg.* Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:  
 Return you to my sister.

*Lear.* Never, *Regan*:  
 She hath abated me of half my train;  
 Look'd black upon me, struck me with her tongue  
 Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.

All