

## SCENE XI.

*Enter Gonerill.*

*Lear.* Who stock'd my servant? *Regan*, I've good hope  
Thou didst not know on't. — Who comes here? O heav'ns!  
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway  
Hallow obedience, if yourselves are old,  
Make it your cause; send down and take my part!  
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?  
O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?

*Gon.* Why not by th' hand, sir? how have I offended?  
All's not offence that indiscretion finds,  
And dotage terms so.

*Lear.* O fides, you are too tough!  
Will you yet hold? how came my man i' th' stocks?

*Corn.* I set him there, sir: but his own disorders  
Deserv'd no less advancement.

*Lear.* You? did you?

*Reg.* I pray you, father, being 'wake, seem so.  
If, till the expiration of your month,  
You will return and sojourn with my sister,  
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;  
I'm now from home, and out of that provision  
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

*Lear.* Return to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?  
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose  
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,  
To wage, against the enmity o' th' air,  
Necessity's sharp pinch — Return with her?  
Why! the hot-blooded *France*, that dow'rless took  
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought  
To knee his throne, and, 'squire-like, pension beg,  
To keep base life a-foot. — Return with her?  
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter  
To this detested groom.