

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewel:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease, that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a bile,
A plague-fore, or embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood: but I'll not chide thee.
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging *Jove*.
Mend, when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with *Regan*,
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not all together,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome: give ear to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so —
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir; what, fifty followers?
Is it not well? what should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? since both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number: how, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? if then they chanc'd to slack ye,
We could control them; if you'll come to me,
(For now I spy a danger) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all —

Reg.