

This heart shall break into a thousand flaws
Or ere I weep. O, fool, I shall go mad.

[*Exeunt* Lear, Glo'ster, Kent, and Fool.

S C E N E X I I.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm. [*storm and tempest.*

Reg. This house is small; the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame, he'ath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of *Glo'ster*?

Enter Glo'ster.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth: — he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse: but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the high winds
Do sorely rustle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O fir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters: shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desp'rate train,
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord, 'tis a wild night;
My *Regan* counsels well: come out o' th' storm. [*Exeunt.*

A C T