

*Gon.* Then shall you go no further. [to Edmund.  
 It is the cowardly terror of his spirit  
 That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs  
 Which tie him to an answer: that our wishes  
 On th' way may prove effects, back, to my brother,  
 Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers.  
 I must change arms at home, and give the distaff  
 Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant  
 Shall pass between us: you ere long shall hear,  
 If you dare venture in your own behalf,  
 A mistress's command. Wear this; [*gives him a ring.*] spare speech;  
 Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,  
 Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:  
 Conceive, and fare thee well.

*Bast.* Yours in the ranks of death.

*Gon.* My most dear *Glo'ster*! [Exit Bastard.  
 O, the strange difference of man and man!  
 To thee a woman's services are due;  
 My fool usurps my body.

*Stew.* Madam, here comes my lord.

*Enter Albany.*

*Gon.* I have been worth the whistle.

*Alb.* O *Gonerill*,

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind  
 Blows in your face. I fear your disposition.  
 That nature which contemns its origin,  
 Cannot be border'd certain in itself;  
 She that herself will fliver and dis-branch  
 From her maternal sap, perforce must wither,  
 And come to deadly use.

*Gon.* No more, 'tis foolish.

*Alb.* Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:  
 Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?  
 A father, and a gracious aged man,  
 Most barb'rous, most degenerate, have you madded.

Could