

The Tragedy of King Lear

1.3

Enter Goneril and Oswald, her steward

GONERIL

Did my father strike my gentleman
For chiding of his fool?

OSWALD

Ay, madam.

GONERIL

By day and night he wrongs me. Every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other
That sets us all at odds. I'll not endure it. 5
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting
I will not speak with him. Say I am sick.
If you come slack of former services
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer. 10

[Horns within]

OSWALD

He's coming, madam. I hear him.

GONERIL

Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows. I'd have it come to question.
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine I know in that are one. 15
Remember what I have said.

OSWALD

Well, madam.

GONERIL

And let his knights have colder looks among you.
What grows of it, no matter. Advise your fellows so.
I'll write straight to my sister to hold my course.
Prepare for dinner. 20

Exeunt severally