

The History of King Lear

Sc.3

Enter Gonoril and Oswald, her gentleman

GONORIL

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

OSWALD

Yes, madam.

GONORIL

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
[Hunting horns within]

OSWALD He's coming, madam. I hear him.

GONORIL

Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellow servants. I'd have it come in
question.
If he dislike it, let him to our sister,
Whose mind and mine I know in that are one, 15
Not to be overruled. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away! Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again, and must be used
With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abused. 20
Remember what I tell you.

OSWALD

Very well, madam.

GONORIL

And let his knights have colder looks among you.
What grows of it, no matter. Advise your fellows so.
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak. I'll write straight to my sister 25
To hold my very course. Go prepare for dinner.
Exeunt severally