LEAR

The king would speak with Cornwall. The dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands — tends — service.
Are they informed of this? My breath and blood!
Fiery? The fiery duke, tell the hot duke that —
No, but not yet. Maybe he is not well.
Infirnity doth still neglect all office
Where to our health is bound. We are not ourselves
When nature, being oppressed, commands the mind
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more header will
To take the indisposed and sickly fit
For the sound man. — Death on my state! Wherefore
Should he sit here? This act persuades me
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go tell the duke and his wife I'd speak with them!
Now, presently! Bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum
Till it cry sleep to death.

GLOUCESTER

I would have all well betwixt you. Exit.

LEAR

O me, my heart, my rising heart! But down!

FOOL  Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels
when she put 'em i' th' paste alive. She knapped 'em o'
th' coxcombs with a stick and cried, "Down, wantons,
down!" 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his
horse, buttered his hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, Servants.

LEAR

Good morrow to you both.

CORNWALL  Hail to your grace.

Kent here set at liberty.

REGAN

I am glad to see your highness.

LEAR

Regan, I think you are. I know what reason
I have to think so. If thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring an adultress. [To Kent] O, are you free?
Some other time for that. — Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught. O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-toothed unkindness, like a vulture, here.
I can scarce speak to thee. Thou'll not believe
With how depraved a quality — O Regan!

REGAN

I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope
You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.

LEAR  Say? How is that?

REGAN

I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation. If, sir, perchance
She have restrained the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.