**REGAN**

I am glad to see your highness.

**KING 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,  
Sepulchring an adultress.

Beloved Regan,  
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied  
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here:

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt 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.

**KING LEAR**

Say, how is that?

**REGAN**

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

**KING LEAR**

My curses on her!

**REGAN**

O, sir, you are old.  
Nature in you stands on the very verge  
Of her confine: you should be ruled and led  
By some discretion, that discerns your state  
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,  
That to our sister you do make return;  
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

**KING LEAR**

Ask her forgiveness?  
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:  
'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;

Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg  
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.'

**REGAN**

Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:  
Return you to my sister.

**KING LEAR**

Never, Regan:  
She hath abated me of half my train;  
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,  
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:  
All the stored vengeances of heaven fall  
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,  
You taking airs, with lameness!

**REGAN**

O the blest gods! so will you wish on me,  
When the rash mood is on.

**KING LEAR**

No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:  
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give  
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce; but thine  
Do comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee  
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,  
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,  
And in conclusion to oppose the bolt  
Against my coming in: thou better know'st  
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,  
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;  
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,  
Wherein I thee endow'd.