

# King Lear

Act I, sc. 4 (line 227)

## GONERIL

This admiration, sir, is much o' the savour  
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you  
To understand my purposes aright:  
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.  
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;  
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold,  
That this our court, infected with their manners,  
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust  
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel  
Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak  
For instant remedy: be then desired  
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,  
A little to disquantity your train;  
And the remainder, that shall still depend,  
To be such men as may besort your age,  
And know themselves and you.