

# *King Lear*

by  
William Shakespeare  
Act 5, Scene 3

**EDMUND** Sir, I thought it fit  
To send the old and miserable king  
To some retention and appointed guard;  
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,  
To pluck the common bosom on his side,  
An turn our impress'd lances in our eyes  
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;  
My reason all the same; and they are ready  
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear  
Where you shall hold your session. At this time  
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;  
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed  
By those that feel their sharpness:  
The question of Cordelia and her father  
Requires a fitter place.