

Henry V by William Shakespeare

M/M UA, QS, Kn

FLUELLEN

'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless you!

PISTOL

Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan, To have me fold up Parca's fatal web? Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

FLUELLEN

I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

PISTOL

Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

FLUELLEN

There is one goat for you.

Strikes him

Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it?

PISTOL

Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

FLUELLEN

You say very true, scauld knave, when God's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it.

Strikes him

You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

GOWER

Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

FLUELLEN

I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or
I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you; it
is good for your green wound and your bloody coxcomb.

PISTOL

Must I bite?

FLUELLEN

Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question
too, and ambiguities.

PISTOL

By this leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat
and eat, I swear--

FLUELLEN

Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to
your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

PISTOL

Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

FLUELLEN

Much good do you, scauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray
you, throw none away; the skin is good for your
broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks
hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

PISTOL

Good.

FLUELLEN

Ay, leeks is good: hold you, there is a groat to
heal your pate.

PISTOL

Me a groat!

FLUELLEN

Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

PISTOL

I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

FLUELLEN

If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

Exit

PISTOL

All hell shall stir for this.