

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 beseech 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 diges-  
tions 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, scald knave, as eat it?

PISTOL

Base Trojan, thou shalt die!

FLUELLEN You say very true, scald knave, when God's  
will is. I will desire you to live in the meantime, 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. — Pite, 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, scald knave, heartily.  
Nay, pray you throw none away, the skin is good for  
your proken 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 goat 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 anything, I will pay you in  
cudgels. You shall be a woodmonger and buy nothing of  
me but cudgels. God bye you, and keep you, and heal  
your pate.

*Exit.*

PISTOL

All hell shall stir for this!

GOWER Go, go. You are a counterfeit cowardly knave.  
Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an  
honorable respect and won as a memorable trophy of  
predeceased valor, and dare not avouch in your deeds any  
of your words? I have seen you gleeing and galling at  
this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he  
could not speak English in the native garb, he could not  
therefore handle an English cudgel. You find it other-  
wise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a  
good English condition. Fare ye well.

*Exit.*

PISTOL

Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?  
News have I, that my Doll is dead i' th' spital  
Of a malady of France;

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.

Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs

Honor is cudgelled. Well, bawd I'll turn,

And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal;

And patches will I get unto these cudgelled scars

And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.

*Exit.*

(V.i: 17-81)