

Linger your patience on, and we'll digest  
Th' abuse of distance, force a play.  
The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,  
The king is set from London, and the scene  
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.  
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit,  
And thence to France shall we convey you safe  
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas  
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,  
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.

(II: chorus)

NYM Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain  
of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I  
may. That is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

BARDOLPH It is certain, corporal, that he is married to  
Nell Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you  
were troth-plight to her.

NYM I cannot tell. Things must be as they may. Men may  
sleep, and they may have their throats about them at  
that time, and some say knives have edges. It must be as  
it may. Though patience be a tired mare, yet she will  
plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

(II, i: 13-23)

PISTOL

Coupe la gorge!  
That is the word. I thee defy again.  
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?  
No; to the spital go,  
And from the powd'ring tub of infamy  
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,  
Doll Tearsheet, she by name, and her espouse.  
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly  
For the only she; and, pauca! there's enough.  
Go to!

(II, i: 68-77)

PISTOL

'Solus,' egregious dog? O viper vile!  
The 'solus' in thy most mervailous face!  
The 'solus' in thy teeth, and in thy throat,  
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy!  
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!  
I do retort the 'solus' in thy bowels;  
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up.  
And flashing fire will follow.

NYM I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have an  
humor to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul  
with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may,  
in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your  
guts a little in good terms, as I may, and that's the humor  
of it.

PISTOL

O braggard vile, and damnèd furious wight,  
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near.

(II, i: 44-59)