

OSWALD Good dawning to thee, friend. Art of this house ?
 KENT Ay.
 OSWALD Where may we set our horses ?
 KENT I' th' mire.
 OSWALD Prithee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.
 KENT I love thee not.
 OSWALD Why then, I care not for thee.
 KENT If I had thee in Lipsbury Pinfold, I would make thee care for me.
 OSWALD Why dost thou use me thus ? I know thee not.
 KENT Fellow, I know thee.
 OSWALD What dost thou know me for ?
 KENT A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats ; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave ; a lily-livered, action-taking, whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue ; one-trunk-inheriting slave ; one that wouldst be a bawd in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch ; one whom I will beat into clamorous whining if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.
 OSWALD Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee !
 KENT What a brazen-faced varlet art thou to deny thou knowest me ! Is it two days ago since I tripped up thy heels and beat thee before the King ? [*Draws his sword.*] Draw, you rogue, for though it be night, yet the moon shines. I'll make a sop o' th' moonshine of you. You whoreson cullionly barbermonger, draw !

(II ii: 1-30)

CORNWALL This is some fellow
 Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
 A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
 Quite from his nature. He cannot flatter, he ;
 An honest mind and plain – he must speak truth.
 An they will take it, so ; if not, he's plain.
 These kind of knaves I know which in this plainness
 Harbor more craft and more corrupter ends
 Than twenty silly-ducking observants
 That stretch their duties nicely.

(II ii: 90-99)

CORNWALL
 Speak yet, how grew your quarrel ?
 OSWALD This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his gray beard –
 KENT Thou whoreson zed, thou unnecessary letter ! My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my gray beard ? you wagtail.
 CORNWALL
 Peace, sirrah !
 You beastly knave, know you no reverence ?
 KENT
 Yes, sir, but anger hath a privilege.
 CORNWALL
 Why art thou angry ?
 KENT
 That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
 Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these
 Like rats oft bite the holy cords atwain
 Which are too intrinse t' unloose ; smooth every passion
 That in the natures of their lords rebel,
 Being oil to fire, snow to the colder moods ;
 Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
 With every gale and vary of their masters,
 Knowing naught, like dogs, but following.
 A plague upon your epileptic visage !
 Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool ?
 Goose, if I had you upon Sarum Plain,
 I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

(II ii: 56-79)