

Henry V

2.1

Enter Corporal Nim and Lieutenant Bardolph

BARDOLPH Well met, Corporal Nim.

NIM Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

BARDOLPH What, are Ensign Pistol and you friends yet?

NIM For my part, I care not. I say little, but when time
shall serve, there shall be smiles±±but that shall be as 5
it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out
mine iron. It is a simple one, but what though? It will
toast cheese, and it will endure cold, as another man's
sword will±±and there's an end.

BARDOLPH I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, 10
and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France. Let't
be so, good Corporal Nim.

NIM 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. 15

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.

NIM I cannot tell. Things must be as they may. Men may
sleep, and they may have their throats about them at 20
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.

Enter Ensign Pistol and Hostess Quickly

BARDOLPH Good morrow, Ensign Pistol. (To Nim) Here 25
comes Ensign Pistol and his wife. Good Corporal, be
patient here.

[NIM] How now, mine host Pistol?

PISTOL

Base tick, call'st thou me host? Now by Gad's lugs
I swear I scorn the term. Nor shall my Nell keep
lodgers. 30

HOSTESS No, by my troth, not long, for we cannot lodge
and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live

honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be
thought we keep a bawdy-house straight.

[Nim draws his sword]

O well-a-day, Lady! If he be not hewn now, we shall 35
see wilful adultery and murder committed.

[Pistol draws his sword]

BARDOLPH Good lieutenant, good corporal, offer nothing
here.

NIM Pish.

PISTOL

Pish for thee, Iceland dog. Thou prick-eared cur of
Iceland. 40

HOSTESS Good Corporal Nim, show thy valour, and put
up your sword.

They sheathe their swords

NIM Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.

PISTOL

`*Solus*', egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face, 45
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea in thy maw pardie±±
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, 50
And flashing fire will follow.

NIM I am not Barbason, you cannot conjure me. I have
an humour 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 55
prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may, and
that's the humour of it.

PISTOL

O braggart vile, and damneÁd furious wight!
The grave doth gape and doting death is near.
Therefore ex-hale. 60

Pistol and Nim draw their swords

BARDOLPH Hear me, hear me what I say.

[He draws his sword]

He that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the
hilts, as I am a soldier.

PISTOL

An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.

[They sheathe their swords]

(To Nim) Give me thy fist, thy forefoot to me give. 65

Thy spirits are most tall.

NIM I will cut thy throat one time or other, in fair terms,
that is the humour of it.

PISTOL *Couple a gorge,*

That is the word. I thee defy again. 70

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. 75

I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly

For the only she, and $\pm\pm$ *pauca*, there's enough. Go to.

Enter the Boy [running]

BOY Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and
you, hostess. He is very sick, and would to bed. $\pm\pm$ Good
Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the 80
office of a warming-pan. $\pm\pm$ Faith, he's very ill.

BARDOLPH Away, you rogue!

HOSTESS By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one
of these days. The King has killed his heart. Good
husband, come home presently. 85

Exit [with Boy]

BARDOLPH Come, shall I make you two friends? We must
to France together. Why the devil should we keep
knives to cut one another's throats?

PISTOL

Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

NIM You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at 90
betting?

PISTOL Base is the slave that pays.

NIM That now I will have. That's the humour of it.

PISTOL

As manhood shall compound. Push home.

Pistol and Nim draw their swords

BARDOLPH *[drawing his sword]* By this sword, he that makes 95
the first thrust, I'll kill him. By this sword, I will.

PISTOL

Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

[He sheathes his sword]

BARDOLPH Corporal Nim, an thou wilt be friends, be
friends. An thou wilt not, why then be enemies with
me too. Prithee, put up. 100

NIM I shall have my eight shillings?

PISTOL

A noble shalt thou have, and present pay,
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood.
I'll live by Nim, and Nim shall live by me. 105
Is not this just? For I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

NIM I shall have my noble?

PISTOL In cash, most justly paid. 110

NIM Well then, that's the humour of't.

[Nim and Bardolph sheathe their swords.]

Enter Hostess Quickly

HOSTESS As ever you come of women, come in quickly to
Sir John. Ah, poor heart, he is so shaken of a burning
quotidian-tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold.
Sweet men, come to him. 115

[Exit]

NIM The King hath run bad humours on the knight,
that's the even of it.

PISTOL Nim, thou hast spoke the right.
His heart is fractured and corroborate.

NIM The King is a good king, but it must be as it may. 120
He passes some humours and careers.

PISTOL

Let us condole the knight±±for, lambkins, we will live.

Exeunt