

Henry V

5.1

Enter Captain Gower and Captain Fluellen, with a leek in his cap and a cudgel

GOWER Nay, that's right. But why wear you your leek today? Saint Davy's day is past.

FLUELLEN There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. I will tell you, ass my friend, Captain Gower. The rascally scald beggarly lousy 5
pragging knave Pistol±±which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits±±he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not breed no 10
contention with him, but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Ensign Pistol

GOWER Why, here a comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

FLUELLEN 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey- 15
cocks.±±God pless you Ensign 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. 20

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 does not agree with it, I would desire you 25
to eat it.

PISTOL

Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

FLUELLEN There is one goat for you. *(He strikes Pistol)* Will
you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

PISTOL Base Trojan, thou shalt die. 30

FLUELLEN You say very true, scald 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. (*He strikes him*) You called me yesterday 'mountain-squire', but I will make you today a 'squire of low degree'. I pray 35 you, fall to. If you can mock a leek you can eat a leek.

[He strikes him]

GOWER Enough, captain, you have astonished him.

FLUELLEN By Jesu, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days and four nights.±± Bite, I pray you. It is good for your green wound and 40 your ploody 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±± 45
[Fluellen threatens him]

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, 50 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 55 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. 60

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 b'wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

Exit

PISTOL All hell shall stir for this. 65

GOWER Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knave.

Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an
honourable respect and worn as a memorable trophy
of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your
deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and 70
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 otherwise. And henceforth let a Welsh correction
teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. 75

Exit

PISTOL

Doth Fortune play the hussy with me now?
News have I that my Nell 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 80
Honour 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. 85

Exit