

# The Life of King Henry the Fifth

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## SCENE I. France. The English camp.

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER*

### 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, asse my friend,  
Captain Gower: the rascally, scald, beggarly,  
lousy, 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 place  
where I could not breed no 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 PISTOL*

### GOWER

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

### FLUELLEN

'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his  
turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient 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.

### 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 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, scauld knave, as eat it?

### PISTOL

Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

### FLUELLEN

You say very true, scauld 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.

*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. Bite, 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, scauld knave, heartily. Nay, 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  
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 any thing, 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.

**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  
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.

*Exit*

## **PISTOL**

Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?  
News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital  
Of malady of France;  
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.  
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs  
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 cudgell'd scars,  
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.

*Exit*

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