Scene 2

*Enter Kent in disguise and Oswald, the Steward,  
severally.*

OSWALD Good dawning to thee, friend. Art of this

house?

KENT Ay.

OSWALD Where may we set our horses?

KENT I’ th’ mire. 5

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. 10

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, 15

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 20~~

~~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 25

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? *~~He draws~~* ~~30~~

*~~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!

OSWALD Away! I have nothing to do with thee. 35

KENT Draw, you rascal! You come with letters against

the King and take Vanity the puppet’s part against

the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I’ll so

carbonado your shanks! Draw, you rascal! Come

your ways. 40

OSWALD Help, ho! Murder! Help!

KENT Strike, you slave! Stand, rogue! Stand, you neat

slave! Strike! *He beats Oswald.*

OSWALD Help, ho! Murder, murder!