**OSWALD**

Good dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?

**KENT**

Ay.

**OSWALD**

Where may we set our horses?

**KENT**

I' the mire.

**OSWALD**

Prithee, if thou lovest 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 knave, a whoreson,
glass-gazing, super-serviceable 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, pandar,
and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I
will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest
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? Draw, you
rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon
shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you:
draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw.

**OSWALD**

Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

**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.

**OSWALD**

Help, ho! murder! help!

**KENT**

Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat
slave, strike.

**OSWALD**

Help, ho! murder! murder!