

Doll - 2.4

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! alas, poor ape,  
how thou sweatest! come, let me wipe thy face;  
come on, you whoreson chops: ah, rogue! i'faith, I  
love thee: thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy,  
worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than  
the Nine Worthies: ah, villain!

**FALSTAFF**

A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

Do, an thou darest for thy heart: an thou dost,  
I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

*Enter Music*

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The music is come, sir.

**FALSTAFF**

Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll.  
A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me  
like quicksilver.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church.  
Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,  
when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining  
o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?