

**PISTOL**

Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What!  
you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen  
mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for  
your master.

**PISTOL**

I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away!  
by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy  
chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away,  
you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale  
juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God's  
light, with two points on your shoulder? much!

**PISTOL**

God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.

**FALSTAFF**

No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here:  
discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

No, Good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

**DOLL TEARSHEET**

Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou  
not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were  
of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for  
taking their names upon you before you have earned  
them. You a captain! you slave, for what? for  
tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a  
captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy  
stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's  
light, these villains will make the word as odious  
as the word 'occupy;' which was an excellent good  
word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains  
had need look to 't.