

DOCTOR CAIUS: Jack Rugby!

RUGBY: Sir?

DOCTOR CAIUS: Vat is de clock, Jack?

RUGBY: 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

DOCTOR CAIUS: By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

RUGBY: He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

DOCTOR CAIUS: By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

RUGBY: Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

DOCTOR CAIUS: Villany, take your rapier.

RUGBY: Forbear; here's company. *{Enter HOST}*

HOST: Bless thee, bully doctor!

DOCTOR CAIUS: Vat be all you, come for?

HOST: To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there.

DOCTOR CAIUS: By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de vorld; he is not show his face.

HOST: Thou art a Castalion-King-Urinal. Hector of Greece, my boy!

DOCTOR CAIUS: I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

HOST: He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. A word, Mounseur Mockwater.

DOCTOR CAIUS: Mock-vater! vat is dat?

HOST: Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

DOCTOR CAIUS: By gar, den, I have as mush mock-vater as de Englishman. Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

HOST: He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

DOCTOR CAIUS: Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

HOST: That is, he will make thee amends.

DOCTOR CAIUS: By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

HOST: And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

DOCTOR CAIUS: Me tank you for dat.

HOST: And, moreover, bully,--

DOCTOR CAIUS: By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

HOST: Let him die: sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore: I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her.

DOCTOR CAIUS: By gar, me dank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

HOST: For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well?

DOCTOR CAIUS: By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

HOST: Let us wag, then.

DOCTOR CAIUS: Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. *Exeunt*