

1 Fie! nay prithee, John Do not quarrel, man,

2 You're a rogue, you've cheated me I'll prove be-fore this com-pa - ny; I

3 Sir, the charge is quite ab-surd, And here I'll make you eat your word, Or

Let's be mer - ry, and drink a - bout.

caren't a far - thing, Sir, for all you are so stout.

you shall an - swer with your sword, For who cares for you?