

Andrew Ague-cheeke's Letter:

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Wonder not, nor admire not in thy minde why I doe call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Thou comst to the Lady Oliuia, and in my sight she vses thee kindly: but thou lyst in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me. Thou kilst me like a rogue and a villaine.

Fartheewell, and God haue mercie vpon one of our soules. He may haue mercie vpon mine, but my hope is better, and so looke to thy selfe. Thy friend as thou vvest him, & thy sworne enemy, Andrew Ague-cheeke.