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Sancho. *Stepping up and whispering* — Bit, Sir! Bit, upon my Honour! No Clap this Bout I assure you! — Your reputed Friends have all seen their Mistake and are gone over to the Enemy —

Don Quixote. (*confounded*) *turns upon his Heel in a Rage.* No Matter for that! I'm no Coward — I want no Seconds — I know I'm his Match, and will fight him, singly, at any Weapon he Pleases — or, if I don't like it — at a *Profound Silence* —

Sancho. Ay! Ay! At the last mentioned, Sir, if you please — The D—l's in't if you a'n't a Match for him at that.

Then brandishing his dreadful Bodkin o'r his puny Head, by Way of Defiance, and taking a few hasty Strides across the Fairy Circle, Don Quixote struts out of the Field in great State and Triumph — Sancho following and mimicking his Master.

Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.

EXEUNT.

Omnes. { Ha! Ha! Ha!
He! He! He!

F I N I S.



ERRATA. Page 6. line 12, after *who*, dele *Comma*.
p. 8, l. 25, for *Work*, read *Works*.









