

PEDRILLO.

But your two nieces—there they stand.

BOMBARDOS.

How dare you ! Silence ! I command.

PEDRILLO.

That is my wife !

INIGO.

And that is mine.

INEZ.

Ha ! ha ! ha !

I your wife, you must be mad ;
You come it rather strong, you know.
Poor man ! it really is too bad ;
My name, good sir, is Diego.

PEDRILLO.

Manuel !

INIGO.

And Diego !

PEDRILLO.

Then they are men !

PEPITA,

Yes, we are men ;
Well, and what then ?
Do you doubt it, pray ?
Who are you any way ?
Now, young man, I'm going to begin
To swear by every sort of thing
That swearing to these lips can bring.

ENSEMBLE.

PEPITA, INEZ, AND BOMBARDOS.

Disguise defies
A husband's eyes ;