

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 ;