

It really is too bad
 To grieve so good a lad ;
 I think it wise
 To show surprise,
 Lest danger should be near,
 Or enemies to fear.

PEDRILLO AND INIGO.

In this disguise
 I doubt my eyes ;
 It really is quite sad
 To see deceit so bad,
 While each denies
 We recognize
 Our wives to us so dear—
 Identity is clear.

BOMBARDOS.

I must get rid of them at any cost.

PEDRILLO.

You take us for two fools.

INIGO.

Your senses you have lost.

BOMBARDOS.

Your impudence is such I blush with shame
 But I know who you are and what's your game ;
 You follow a vile calling,
 To all honest men appalling,
 And disgraceful in all eyes,
 You are nothing else than spies.

PEDRILLO AND INIGO.

What ! you call us spies !
 Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !
 You must excuse us if we laugh.

BOMBARDOS.

Discipline divided,
 Learn I have decided—
 What shall be your lot.