

my tongue is too foolhardy, but my heart hath the fear of *Mars* before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [aside.]

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say, came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give; wherefore what's the instance? tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of *Bajazet's* mute, if you prattle me into these perils.

Lord. Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is? [aside.]

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my *Spanish* sword.

Lord. We cannot afford you so. [aside.]

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do. [aside.]

Par. Or to drown my cloths, and say, I was strip'd.

Lord. Hardly serve. [aside.]

Par. Though I swore, I leap'd from the window of the citadel —

Lord. How deep? [aside.]

Par. Thirty fathom.

Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [aside.]

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemies; I would swear, I recover'd it.

Lord. You shall hear one anon. [aside.]

Par. A drum now of the enemies. [alarum within.]

Lord. *Tbroco movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.*

Par. Oh! ransom, ransom; do not hide mine eyes.

[they seize him and blindfold him.
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