

Inter. Baskos thromaldo beskos.

Par. I know, you are the *Muskos* regiment.
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here *German*, or *Dane*, low *Dutch*,
Italian, or *French*, let him speak to me,
I'll discover that which shall undo the *Florentine*.

Inter. Baskos vauvado: I understand thee, and can speak thy
tongue, *Kerelybonto:* fir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen
poniards are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

Inter. Oh, pray, pray, pray.
Mancha ravanha dulce.

Lord. Osceoribi dulchos volivorco.

Inter. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show;
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Inter. Acordo linta.

Come on, thou art granted space.

[Exit.

[a short alarum within.

Lord. Go, tell the count *Roussillon* and my brother,
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.

Sol. Captain, I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto ourselves;
Inform 'em that.

Sol. So I will, fir.

Lord. Till then I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd.

[Exeunt.

SCENE