

SECOND LORD He can come no other way but by this hedge  
corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible  
language you will. Though you understand it  
not yourselves, no matter. For we must not seem to  
understand him, unless some one among us whom  
we must produce for an interpreter. 5

FIRST SOLDIER Good captain, let me be th' interpreter.

SECOND LORD Art not acquainted with him? Knows he not thy  
voice?

FIRST SOLDIER No, sir, I warrant you. 10

SECOND LORD But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to  
us again?

FIRST SOLDIER E'en such as you speak to me.

SECOND LORD He must think us some band of strangers i' th'  
adversary's entertainment. Now, he hath a smack  
of all neighboring languages. Therefore we must  
every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know  
what we speak one to another. So we seem to know  
is to know straight our purpose: choughs' language,  
gabble enough and good enough. As for  
you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But  
couch, ho! Here he comes to beguile two hours in  
a sleep and then to return and swear the lies he  
forges. 15 20

*They move aside.*

*Enter Parolles.*

PAROLLES 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? I would I had any drum of the enemy's. I  
would swear I recovered it. 35 40

SECOND LORD, *aside* You shall hear one anon. 65

PAROLLES A drum, now, of the enemy's—

*Alarum within.*

SECOND LORD, *advancing* *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo,*  
*cargo.*

ALL *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

*They seize him.*

PAROLLES O ransom, ransom! Do not hide mine eyes. 70

*They blindfold him.*

FIRST SOLDIER *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

PAROLLES

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. 75  
I'll discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

FIRST SOLDIER *Boskos vauvado*, I understand thee and  
can speak thy tongue. *Kerelybonto*, sir, betake thee  
to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy  
bosom. 80

PAROLLES O!

FIRST SOLDIER O, pray, pray, pray! *Manka reuania*  
*dulche.*

SECOND LORD *Oscorbidulchos voliuorco.*

FIRST SOLDIER

The General is content to spare thee yet 85

And, hoodwinked as thou art, will lead thee on  
To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst inform  
Something to save thy life.

PAROLLES O, let me live,  
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show, 90  
Their force, their purposes. Nay, I'll speak that  
Which you will wonder at.

FIRST SOLDIER But wilt thou faithfully?

PAROLLES If I do not, damn me.

FIRST SOLDIER *Acordo linta*. Come on, thou art 95  
granted space.

*He exits with Parolles under guard.  
A short alarum within.*

SECOND LORD

Go tell the Count Rossillion and my brother  
We have caught the woodcock and will keep him  
muffled

Till we do hear from them. 100

He will betray us all unto ourselves.

Inform on that.

Till then I'll keep him dark and safely locked. 105

*They exit.*