

What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,  
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

*King.* Upon thy certainty and confidence,  
What dar'st thou venture?

*Hel.* Tax of impudence,  
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame  
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name  
Sear'd: otherwise, the worst of worst extended,  
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

*King.* Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak,  
It powerful sounds within an organ weak;  
And what impossibility would slay  
In common sense, sense saves another way.  
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate  
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;  
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all  
That happiness and prime can happy call:  
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate  
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.  
Sweet practiser, thy physick I will try,  
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

*Hel.* If I break time, or flinch in property  
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;  
And well deserv'd: not helping, death's my fee;  
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

*King.* Make thy demand.

*Hel.* But will you make it even?

*King.* Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.

*Hel.* Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,  
What husband in thy power I will command.  
Exempted be from me the arrogance  
To choose from forth the royal blood of *France*;  
My low and humble name to propagate  
With any branch or image of thy state:  
But such a one, thy vassal; whom I know  
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.