

Win you this city without stroke or wound;
 Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
 That here come sacrifices for the field:
 Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. *John*. Speak on; with favour we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of *Spain*, the lady *Blanch*,
 Is near to *England*; look upon the years
 Of *Lewis* the dauphin, and that lovely maid.
 If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
 Where should he find it fairer than in *Blanch*?
 If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
 Where should he find it purer than in *Blanch*?
 If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
 Whose veins bound richer blood than lady *Blanch*?
 Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
 Is the young dauphin every way complete:
 If not complete, o, say, he is not she;
 And she again wants nothing, to name want,
 If want it be not, that she is not he.
 He is the half part of a blessed man,
 Left to be finished by such a she;
 And she a fair divided excellence,
 Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
 O! two such silver currents, when they join,
 Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
 And two such shores to two such streams made one,
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
 To these two princes, if you marry them.
 This union shall do more than battery can,
 To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
 With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
 And give you entrance: but, without this match,
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
 Lions so confident, mountains and rocks
 So free from motion; no, not death himself