

(Except this city now by us besieg'd)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions;
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hands with any princess of the world.

K. Philip. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lewis. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,^a
I do protest, I never lov'd myself
Till now infix'd I behold myself,
Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye. [*whispering with Blanch.*]

Bast. Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy

Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine:
If he see aught in you that makes him like,
That any thing, he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will:
Or, if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I see in you,
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge)
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? what say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom will vouchsafe to say.

^a ----- miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest -----

K. John.