

SCENE IV.

Alarm. Enter Suffolk with Margaret in his hand.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [*gazes on her.*
O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly,
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands:
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say; that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The king of *Naples*, whoso'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and *Suffolk* am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,

Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them pris'ners underneath her wings.

Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as *Suffolk's* friend.

[*she is going.*

O, stay! — I have no pow'r to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says, no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,

Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.

Fie, *De la Pole*! disable not thyself:

Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy pris'ner?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?

O, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses crouch.

Mar. Say, earl of *Suffolk*, if thy name be so,
What ransom must I pay before I pass?

For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love?

[*aside.*
Mar.