

*Suf.* Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose  
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

*Mar.* To be a queen in bondage, is more vile  
Than is a slave in base servility:  
For princes should be free.

*Suf.* And so shall you,  
If happy *England's* royal king be free.

*Mar.* Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

*Suf.* I'll undertake to make thee *Henry's* queen,  
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,  
And set a precious crown upon thy head,  
If thou wilt condescend to be my —

*Mar.* What?

*Suf.* His love.

*Mar.* I am unworthy to be *Henry's* wife.

*Suf.* No, gentle madam, I unworthy am  
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,  
And have no portion in the choice myself.  
How say you, madam, are you so content?

*Mar.* An if my father please, I am content.

*Suf.* Then call our captains, and our colours, forth.  
And, madam, at your father's castle walls,  
We'll crave a parley to confer with him.

## S C E N E V.

*Sound.* Enter Reignier on the walls.

*Suf.* See, *Reignier*, see thy daughter prisoner.

*Reig.* To whom?

*Suf.* To me.

*Reig.* *Suffolk*, what remedy?  
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,  
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

*Suf.* Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:  
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,  
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;