

Whom should we match with *Henry*, being a king,
 But *Marg'ret*, that is daughter to a king?
 Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
 Approves her fit for none, but for a king.
 Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
 More than in woman commonly is seen,
 Answer our hope in issue of a king:
 For *Henry*, son unto a conqueror,
 Is likely to beget more conquerors,
 If with a lady of so high resolve
 As is fair *Marg'ret*, he be link'd in love.
 Then yield, my lords, and here conclude with me,
 That *Marg'ret* shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Henry. Whether it be through force of your report,
 My noble lord of *Suffolk*, or for that
 My tender youth was never yet attaint
 With any passion of inflaming love,
 I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
 I feel such sharp dissention in my breast,
 Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
 As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
 Take therefore shipping; post, my lord, to *France*;
 Agree to any covenants, and procure
 That lady *Marg'ret* do vouchsafe to come
 To cross the seas to *England*, and be crown'd
 King *Henry's* faithful and anointed queen:
 For your expences and sufficient charge,
 Among the people gather up a tenth.
 Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
 I am perplexed with a thousand cares. —
 And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
 If you do censure me by what you were,
 Not what you are, I know it will excuse
 This sudden execution of my will.
 And so conduct me, where from company
 I may revolve and ruminate my grief.

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[Exit.
Glou.]