

To high promotions and great dignity :
 The king that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
 Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset* brother :
 Again shall you be mother to a king ;
 And all the ruins of distressful times
 Repair'd with double riches of content.
 What ! we have many goodly days to see.
 The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
 Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
 Advantaging their loan with interest
 Of ten times double gain of happiness.
 Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go,
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience ;
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale ;
 Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame
 Of golden sov'reignty ; acquaint the princess
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys :
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised
 The petty rebel, dulbrain'd *Buckingham*,
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;
 To whom I will retail my conquest won,
 And she shall be sole victress, *Cæsar's Cæsar*.

Queen. What were I best to say ? her father's brother
 Would be her lord ? or shall I say, her uncle ?
 Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles ?
 Under what title shall I woo for thee,
 That god, the law, my honour, and her love,
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years ?

K. Rich. Infer fair *England's* peace by this alliance.

Queen. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats —

Queen. That, at her hands, which the king's king forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen —

Queen. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Queen.