

BLOCK 5.4a

Alarum. Enter Suffolke with Margaret in his hand.

SUFFOLK Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

Gazes on her.

Oh Fairest Beautie, do not feare, nor flye:
For I will touch thee but with reuerend hands,
Who art thou, say? that I may honor thee.

MARGARET Margaret my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, who so ere thou art.

SUFFOLK An Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd.
Be not offended Natures myracle,
Thou art allotted to be tane by me:
So doth the Swan her downie Signets saue,
Keeping them prisoner vnderneath her wings:
Yet if this seruile vsage once offend,
Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend.

She is going

Oh stay: I haue no power to let her passe.
*My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no.
Faine would I woe her, yet I dare not speake:
Fye Suffolk, disable not thy selfe:
Hast not a Tongue? Is she not heere?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans sight?*

MARGARET Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be so,
What ransome must I pay before I passe?

SUFFOLK *(Aside.)* How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite,
Before thou make a triall of her loue?

MARGARET Why speak'st thou not? What ransom must I pay?

SUFFOLK *(Aside.)* She's beautifull; and therefore to be Wooed:
She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.

MARGARET Wilt thou accept of ransome, yea or no?

SUFFOLK *(Aside.)* Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,
Then how can Margaret be thy Paramour?