

Henry V, Part One

Act V, sc. 3 (line 58)

SUFFOLK

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 prisoner 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 power 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?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?

Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,

Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.