

*Hel.* Be not afraid that I your hand should take,  
[to the third lord.

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:  
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed  
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

*Laf.* These boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her: sure,  
they are bastards to the *English*; the *French* ne'er got 'em.

*Hel.* You are too young, too happy, and too good  
[to the fourth.

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

*4 Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

*Par.* There's one grape yet, I am sure, thy father drunk wine.

*Laf.* But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen:  
I have known thee already.

*Hel.* I dare not say I take you, but I give  
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,  
Into your guiding power: this is the man. [to Bertram.

*King.* Why then, young *Bertram*, take her, she's thy wife.

*Ber.* My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,  
In such a business give me leave to use  
The help of mine own eyes.

*King.* Know'st thou not, *Bertram*,  
What she hath done for me?

*Ber.* Yes, my good lord,  
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

*King.* Thou know'st, she rais'd me from my sickly bed.

*Ber.* But follows it, my lord, to bring me down  
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:

She had her breeding at my father's charge:

A poor physician's daughter: she my wife!

Disdain rather corrupt me ever!

*King.* 'Tis

But title thou disdain'st in her; the which

I can build up: strange is it that our bloods

Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,

Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off