**Side 3 - King & Bertram**

**KING**

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

**BERTRAM**

 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 has done for me?

**BERTRAM**

 Yes, my good lord;

 But never hope to know why I should marry her.

**KING**

 Thou know'st she has raised me from my sickly bed.

**BERTRAM**

 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 my wife! Disdain

 Rather corrupt me ever!

**KING**

 'Tis only 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

 In differences so mighty. If she be

 All that is virtuous, save what thou dislikest,

 A poor physician's daughter, thou dislikest

 Of virtue for the name: but do not so:

 From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,

 The place is dignified by the doer's deed.

 She is young, wise, fair; what should be said?

 If thou canst like this creature as a maid,

 I can create the rest: virtue and she

 Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

**BERTRAM**

 I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

**KING**

 Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.