

KING HENRY Fair Katherine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love suit to her gentle heart?

KATHERINE Your majesty shall mock at me. I cannot
speak your England.

KING HENRY O fair Katherine, if you will love me
soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear
you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do
you like me, Kate?

(V, ii: 99-108)

KING HENRY Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate? I'll
ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night
when you come into your closet, you'll question this
gentlewoman about me, and I know, Kate, you will to
her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your
heart; but, good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather,
gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou
beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells
me thou shalt, I get thee with scrambling, and thou must
therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not
thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George,
compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall
go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard?
Shall we not?

(V, ii: 191-204)

KING HENRY Now, fie upon my false French! By mine
honor in true English, I love thee, Kate; by which honor
I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to
flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and
untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my
father's ambition! He was thinking of civil wars when he
got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside,
with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies,
I fright them. But in faith, Kate, the elder I wax the bet-
ter I shall appear. My comfort is that old age, that ill
layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face.
Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou
shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and
therefore tell me, most fair Katherine, will you have
me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts
of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by
the hand, and say, 'Harry of England, I am thine!' which
word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal
but I will tell thee aloud, 'England is thine, Ireland is
thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine';
who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow
with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good
fellows. Come, your answer in broken music! for thy
voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen
of all, Katherine, break thy mind to me in broken
English. Wilt thou have me?

(V, ii: 214-239)

KING HENRY O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings.
Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the
weak list of a country's fashion. We are the makers of
manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places
stops the mouth of all findfaults, as I will do yours for
upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying
me a kiss. Therefore patiently, and yielding. [*Kisses
her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate. There is
more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the
tongues of the French Council, and they should sooner
persuade Harry of England than a general petition of
monarchs. Here comes your father.

(V, ii: 260-272)