

Before you all, appeal unto the pope
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[She courtsies to the King, and offers to depart.]

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt t'accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Catharine, queen of *England*, come into the court.

Usher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return. — Now the lord help,
They vex me past my patience! — pray, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts. *[Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.]*

S C E N E VII.

King. Go thy ways, *Kate*:
That man i'th' world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness faint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious, could but speak thee out)
The queen of earthly queens. — She's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself tow'rs me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears (for where I'm robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd, although not there