

With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,  
What is your pleasure with me?

*Cap.* Noble lady,  
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,  
The king's request that I would visit you;  
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me  
Sends you his princely commendations,  
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

*Cath.* O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;  
'Tis like a pardon after execution:  
That gentle physick giv'n in time had cur'd me;  
But now I'm past all comforts here but prayers.  
How does his highness?

*Cap.* Madam, in good health.

*Cath.* So may he ever do! and ever flourish,  
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name be  
Banish'd the kingdom! — *Patience*, is that letter  
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

*Pat.* No, madam.

*Cath.* Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver  
This to my lord the king.

*Cap.* Most willingly, madam.

*Cath.* In which I have commended to his goodness  
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:  
The dews of heav'n fall thick in blessings on her!  
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding;  
(She's young, and of a noble modest nature,  
I hope, she will deserve well) and a little  
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him  
Heav'n knows how dearly! my next poor petition  
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity  
Upon my wretched women, that so long  
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:  
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,  
(And now I should not lie) but well deserves,  
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,

For