

Henry VIII

Act II, sc. 4 (line 115)

QUEEN KATHERINE

My lord, my lord,

I am a simple woman, much too weak

To oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble-mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,

With meekness and humility; but your heart

Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.

You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,

Gone slightly o'er low steps and now are mounted

Where powers are your retainers, and your words,

Domestics to you, serve your will as't please

Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,

You tender more your person's honour than

Your high profession spiritual: that again

I do refuse you for my judge; and here,

Before you all, appeal unto the pope,

To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,

And to be judged by him.