

*Pet.* Great God, he dies. Help! help! lord Cardinals,  
The greatest soul in Europe passeth now. [help!

*Hild.* (*Staggers to his feet*) I am going Damiani, heard  
you sounds

Of rustling pinions? Did you know a presence  
That darkened all the horizon with its wings?

Nay, I can stand alone. Unhand me, Peter!

Lord Cardinals and Prelates to your knees!

Take you my blessing, 'tis my latest hour!

[*all kneel.*

All ye who have been true to Holy Church.

Take my last blessing. All who have been false,

Take ye my— Catherine! Catherine! O my God! (*Dies.*)

[*Curtain*