

Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever seen  
An emperor in Rome thus overborne,  
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent  
Of legal justice, used in such contempt?  
My lords, you know, as know the mightful gods,  
However these disturbers of our peace  
Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,  
But even with law, against the willful sons  
Of old Andronicus. And what an if  
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,  
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,  
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?  
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:  
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;  
This to Apollo; this to the god of war;  
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!  
What's this but libelling against the senate,  
And blazoning our injustice every where?  
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?  
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.  
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies  
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:  
But he and his shall know that justice lives  
In Saturninus' health, whom, if she sleep,  
He'll so awake as she in fury shall  
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.