

Chief Justice - 5.2

I then did use the person of your father;

The image of his power lay then in me:

And, in the administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,

Your highness pleased to forget my place,

The majesty and power of law and justice,

The image of the king whom I presented,

And struck me in my very seat of judgment;

Whereon, as an offender to your father,

I gave bold way to my authority

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the garland,

To have a son set your decrees at nought,

To pluck down justice from your awful bench,

To trip the course of law and blunt the sword

That guards the peace and safety of your person;

Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image

And mock your workings in a second body.

Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;

Be now the father and propose a son,

Hear your own dignity so much profaned,

See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,

Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;

And then imagine me taking your part

And in your power soft silencing your son:

After this cold considerance, sentence me;

And, as you are a king, speak in your state

What I have done that misbecame my place,

My person, or my liege's sovereignty.