

Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?
By day and night he wrongs me;
every hour he flashes into one gross crime or other, that sets us all at odds.
I'll not endure it.
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us on every trifle.
When he returns from hunting, I will not speak with him; say I am sick.
If you come slack of former services, you shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.
Put on what weary negligence you please, you and your fellows; I'll have it come to question.
If he dislike it, let him to our sister, whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
not to be over-ruled.
Idle old man, that still would manage those authorities that he hath given away!
And let his knights have colder looks among you; what grows of it, no matter.
Advise your fellows so.
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, that I may speak.
I'll write straight to my sister, to hold my very course.
Prepare for dinner.