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Titus Andronicus Act 1

[00:00:57] Drum roll
 [00:01:49] Romans, make way the good Andronicus.
 [00:01:53] Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
 [00:01:57] successful in the battles that he fights,
 [00:02:00] with honor and with fortune is returned
 [00:02:03] from where he circumscribed with his sword
 [00:02:06] and brought to yoke the enemies of Rome.
 [00:03:27] Hail, Rome,
 [00:03:29] victorious in thy mourning weeds.
 [00:03:34] Lo, as the bark that hath discharged her freight
 [00:03:37] returns with precious lading to the bay
 [00:03:40] from whence at first she weighed her anchorage,
 [00:03:42] cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
 [00:03:46] to resalute his country with his tears
 [00:03:49] tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
 [00:04:03] Thou great defender of this capitol,
 [00:04:06] stand gracious to the rights that we intend.
 [00:04:12] Romans of five and twenty valiant sons,
 [00:04:16] half of the number that King Priam had,
 [00:04:18] behold the poor remains, alive and dead.
 [00:04:22] These that survive let Rome reward with love,
 [00:04:27] these that I bring unto their latest home
 [00:04:30] with burial amongst their ancestors.
 [00:04:36] Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
 [00:04:49] Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,
 [00:04:53] why sufferest thou thy sons, unburied yet,
 [00:04:55] to hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
 [00:04:59] Make way to lay them by their brethren.
 [00:05:18] There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
 [00:05:21] and sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars.
 [00:05:27] O, sacred receptacle of my joys,
 [00:05:31] sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
 [00:05:34] how many sons hast thou of mine in store
 [00:05:37] that thou wilt never render to me more?
 [00:05:39] Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
 [00:05:42] that we may hew his limbs and on a pile,
 [00:05:44] ad manes fratrum, sacrifice his flesh
 [00:05:46] before this earthy prison of their bones
 [00:05:49] that so the shadows be not unappeased
 [00:05:51] nor we disturbed with prodigies on earth.
 [00:05:54] I give you him, the noblest that survives,
 [00:05:55] the eldest son of this distressed queen.
 [00:05:59] Stay, Roman brethren!
 [00:06:01] Gracious conqueror, victorious Titus,
 [00:06:04] rue the tears I shed,
 [00:06:06] a mother's tears in passion for her son.
 [00:06:09] And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
 [00:06:11] O, think my son to be as dear to me.
 [00:06:15] Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome
 [00:06:17] to beautify thy triumphs and return captive to thee
 [00:06:20] and to thy Roman yoke; but must my sons
 [00:06:24] be slaughtered in the streets for valiant doings
 [00:06:27] in their country's cause?
 [00:06:29] O, if to fight for king and commonweal
 [00:06:33] were piety in thine, it is in these.
 [00:06:39] Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
 [00:06:43] Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
 [00:06:46] Draw near them, then, in being merciful.

[00:06:48] Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
 [00:06:54] Thrice noble Titus, spare my firstborn son.
 [00:06:59] Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
 [00:07:02] These are their brethren whom your Goths beheld,
 [00:07:04] alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
 [00:07:07] religiously they ask sacrifice.
 [00:07:11] To this, your son is marked, and die he must,
 [00:07:17] to appease their groaning shadows that are gone.
 [00:07:19] Away with him, and make a path straight;
 [00:07:22] and with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
 [00:07:24] let's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed.
 [00:07:28] O, cruel, irreligious piety!
 [00:07:39] Was never Scythia half so barbarous?
 [00:07:41] Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
 [00:07:44] Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
 [00:07:47] to tremble under Titus' threatening look.
 [00:07:49] And, madam, stand resolved, but hope withal
 [00:07:52] the self-same gods that arm the queen of Troy
 [00:07:54] with opportunity of sharp revenge
 [00:07:56] upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent
 [00:07:58] may favor Tamora, the queen of Goths
 [00:08:01] when Goths were Goths and Tamora was queen
 [00:08:04] to quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.
 [00:08:14] See, lord and father, how we have performed
 [00:08:16] our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopped,
 [00:08:20] and entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
 [00:08:22] whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
 [00:08:25] Remaineth not but to inter our brethren
 [00:08:28] and with loud larums welcome them to Rome.
 [00:08:30] Let it be so, and let Andronicus
 [00:08:33] make this his latest farewell to their souls.
 [00:10:33] In peace and honor rest you here, my sons.
 [00:10:37] Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
 [00:10:41] secure from worldly chances and mishaps.
 [00:10:46] Here lurks no treason; here no envy swells.
 [00:10:51] Here grow no damned drugs; here are no storms,
 [00:10:54] no noise but silence and eternal sleep.
 [00:11:01] In peace and honor rest you here, my sons.
 [00:11:06] In peace and honor live Lord Titus long.
 [00:11:09] My noble lord and father, live in fame.
 [00:11:13] Lo, at this tomb, my tributary tears I render
 [00:11:17] for my brethren's obsequies.
 [00:11:29] And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy
 [00:11:31] shed on this earth for thy return to Rome.
 [00:11:36] O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
 [00:11:38] whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.
 [00:11:42] Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
 [00:11:46] the cordial of mine age to glad my heart.
 [00:11:52] Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days
 [00:11:55] and fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise.
 [00:12:00] Succession Saturninus. Succession Saturninus.
 [00:12:03] Succession Saturninus. Succession Saturninus.
 [00:12:07] Succession Saturninus. Succession!
 [00:12:10] Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
 [00:12:12] defend the justice of my cause with arms.
 [00:12:16] And, countrymen, my loving followers,
 [00:12:18] plead my successive title with your swords.
 [00:12:22] I am his firstborn son that was the last that wear
 [00:12:25] the imperial diadem of Rome.
 [00:12:28] Then let my father's honors live in me,

[00:12:30] nor wrong mine age with this indignity.
 [00:12:33] Romans, friends, followers, favorers of my right,
 [00:12:37] if ever Bassianus, Caesar's son,
 [00:12:39] were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
 [00:12:41] keep then this passage to the capitol
 [00:12:43] and suffer not dishonor to approach the imperial seat.
 [00:12:47] To virtue consecrate
 [00:12:49] to justice, continence, and nobility.
 [00:12:52] But let desert in pure election shine
 [00:12:54] and Romans fight for freedom in your choice.
 [00:12:57] Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
 [00:13:01] ambitiously for rule and empery,
 [00:13:04] know that the people of Rome,
 [00:13:05] for whom we stand a special party,
 [00:13:07] have, by common voice in election for the Roman empery,
 [00:13:10] chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
 [00:13:14] for many good and great desserts to Rome.
 [00:13:17] A nobler man, a braver warrior
 [00:13:19] lives not this day within the city wall.
 [00:13:23] He by the senate is accited home
 [00:13:25] from weary wars against the barbarous Goths
 [00:13:27] that with his sons, a terror to our foes,
 [00:13:31] hath yoked a nation strong, trained up in arms.
 [00:13:35] Ten years are spent
 [00:13:37] since first he undertook this cause for Rome
 [00:13:39] and chastised with arms our enemies' pride.
 [00:13:41] Five times, he hath returned bleeding to Rome,
 [00:13:45] bearing his valiant sons in coffins from the field.
 [00:13:48] And at this day,
 [00:13:49] to the monument of the Andronici done sacrifice of expiation
 [00:13:53] and slain the noblest prisoner of the Goths.
 [00:13:56] And now at last, laden with honor's spoils,
 [00:13:59] returns the good Andronicus to Rome;
 [00:14:02] renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
 [00:14:06] Let us entreat, by honor of his name
 [00:14:09] whom worthily you would have now succeed
 [00:14:11] and in the capitol and senate's right,
 [00:14:13] whom you pretend to honor and adore
 [00:14:15] let you withdraw you and abate your strength,
 [00:14:18] dismiss your followers and, as suitors should,
 [00:14:22] plead your desserts in peace and humbleness.
 [00:14:26] How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts.
 [00:14:30] Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
 [00:14:33] in thy uprightness and integrity,
 [00:14:35] and so I love and honor thee and thine,
 [00:14:37] thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
 [00:14:39] and her to whom my thoughts are humbled all, rich ornament,
 [00:14:45] that I will here dismiss my loving friends
 [00:14:47] and to my fortunes and the people's favor
 [00:14:50] commit my cause in balance to be weighed.
 [00:14:57] Friends that have been thus forward in my right,
 [00:15:00] I thank you all and here dismiss you all
 [00:15:03] and to the love and favor of my country
 [00:15:06] commit myself, my person, and the cause.
 [00:15:15] Rome, be as just and gracious unto me
 [00:15:19] as I am confident and kind to thee.
 [00:15:21] Romans, and me, a poor competitor.
 [00:15:38] Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
 [00:15:40] gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome.
 [00:15:43] Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

[00:15:46] And welcome, nephews, from successful wars
[00:15:48] you that survive and you that sleep in fame.
[00:15:53] Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
[00:15:55] whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
[00:15:57] send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
[00:16:00] this palliament of white and spotless hue
[00:16:03] and name you in election for the empery
[00:16:06] with these, our late-deceased emperor's sons.
[00:16:10] Be candidatus, then, and put it on,
[00:16:12] and help to set a head on headless Rome.
[00:16:18] A better head her glorious body fits
[00:16:21] than his that shakes for age and feebleness.
[00:16:25] What, should I don this robe and trouble you,
[00:16:28] be chosen with proclamations today,
[00:16:30] tomorrow yield up rule, resign my life,
[00:16:33] and set abroad new business for you all?
[00:16:38] Rome, I have been thy soldier 40 years
[00:16:42] and led my country's strength successfully
[00:16:45] and buried one and twenty valiant sons,
[00:16:48] knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
[00:16:51] in right and service of their noble country.
[00:16:55] Give me a staff of honor for mine age,
[00:16:59] not a scepter to control the world.
[00:17:02] Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.
[00:17:06] Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.
[00:17:10] Proud and ambitious tribune!
[00:17:12] Canst thou tell?
[00:17:13] Patience, Prince Saturninus.
[00:17:15] Romans, do me right!
[00:17:16] Patricians, draw your swords and sheath them not
[00:17:19] till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.
[00:17:21] Andronicus, would thou were shipped to hell
[00:17:23] rather than rob me of the people's hearts.
[00:17:25] Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
[00:17:27] that noble-minded Titus means to thee!
[00:17:33] Content thee, Prince; I will restore
[00:17:35] the people's hearts to thee and wean them from themselves.
[00:17:39] Andronicus, I do not flatter thee
[00:17:42] but honor thee, and will do till I die.
[00:17:44] My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
[00:17:47] I will most thankful be.
[00:17:48] And thanks to men of noble minds is honorable meed.
[00:17:59] People of Rome and people's tribunes here,
[00:18:02] I ask your voices and your suffrages.
[00:18:05] Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?
[00:18:09] To gratify the good Andronicus
[00:18:11] and gratulate his safe return to Rome,
[00:18:13] the people will accept whom he admits.
[00:18:16] Tribunes, I thank you, and this suit I make:
[00:18:20] that you create our emperor's eldest son, Lord Saturnine,
[00:18:24] whose virtues will, I hope,
[00:18:26] reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth
[00:18:29] and ripen justice in this commonweal.
[00:18:33] Then if you will elect by my advice,
[00:18:34] crown him, and say, "Long live our emperor."
[00:18:40] With voices and applause of every sort,
[00:18:42] patricians and plebeians,
[00:18:44] we create Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor
[00:18:48] and say, "Long live our Emperor Saturnine."
[00:18:51] Long live our Emperor Saturnine.

[00:19:30] Titus Andronicus, for thy favors done to us
[00:19:33] in our election this day, I give thee thanks
[00:19:36] in part of thy desserts and will with deeds
[00:19:40] requite thy gentleness.
[00:19:44] And for an onset, Titus,
[00:19:46] to advance thy name and honorable family,
[00:19:49] Lavinia will I make my empress,
[00:19:52] Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
[00:19:55] and in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
[00:19:59] Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?
[00:20:02] It doth, my worthy lord.
[00:20:03] And in this match I hold me highly honored of Your Grace.
[00:20:21] And here, in sight of Rome,
[00:20:23] to Saturnine, king and commander of our commonweal,
[00:20:27] the wide world's emperor, do I consecrate my sword,
[00:20:32] my chariot, and my prisoners,
[00:20:35] presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord.
[00:20:38] Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
[00:20:41] mine honor's ensigns humbled at thy feet.
[00:20:44] Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life.
[00:20:47] How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts
[00:20:51] Rome shall record.
[00:20:53] And when I do forget the least of these unspeakable desserts,
[00:20:56] Romans, forget your fealty to me.
[00:20:59] Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor,
[00:21:02] to him that for your honor and your state
[00:21:03] will use you nobly and your followers.
[00:21:11] A goodly lady trust me, of the hue
[00:21:15] that I would choose, were I to choose anew.
[00:21:20] Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance.
[00:21:24] Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
[00:21:27] thou comes not to be made a scorn in Rome.
[00:21:32] Princely shall be thy usage every way; rest on my word.
[00:21:35] And let not discontent daunt all your hopes.
[00:21:42] Madam, he comforts you can make you greater
[00:21:45] than the queen of Goths.
[00:21:52] You are not displeased with this, Lavinia?
[00:21:55] Not I, my lord, sith true nobility
[00:21:59] warrants these words in princely courtesy.
[00:22:02] Thanks, sweet Lavinia.
[00:22:06] Romans, let us go.
[00:22:10] Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.
[00:22:13] Proclaim our honors, lords, with trump and drum.
[00:22:23] Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[00:22:27] How, sir.
[00:22:29] Are you in earnest, then, my lord?
[00:22:31] Aye, noble Titus, and resolved withal
[00:22:33] to do myself this reason and this right.
[00:22:35] Suum cique is our Roman justice.
[00:22:37] This prince in justice seizeth but his own.
[00:22:40] And that he will, and shall if Lucius live.
[00:22:42] Traitors, avaunt!
[00:22:44] Where is the emperor's guard?
[00:22:46] Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surprised.
[00:22:48] Surprised by whom?
[00:22:49] By him that justly may bear his betrothed
[00:22:52] from all the world away.
[00:22:54] Brothers, help convey her hence away,
[00:22:56] and with my sword, I'll keep this door safe.
[00:22:58] Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

[00:23:00] My lord! You pass not here.
 [00:23:03] What, villain boy!
 [00:23:06] Bar'st me my way in Rome?
 [00:23:10] Help, Lucius, help!
 [00:23:15] My lord!
 [00:23:17] You are unjust, and more than so.
 [00:23:19] In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.
 [00:23:22] Nor thou nor here are any sons of mine.
 [00:23:23] My sons would never so dishonor me.
 [00:23:25] Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.
 [00:23:27] Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife
 [00:23:29] but as another's lawful promised love.
 [00:23:31] No, Titus, no.
 [00:23:33] The emperor needs her not;
 [00:23:35] nor her nor thee, nor any of thy stock.
 [00:23:39] I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once;
 [00:23:43] thee never, nor thy traitorous, haughty sons,
 [00:23:47] confederates all thus to dishonor me.
 [00:23:50] Was none in Rome to make a stale but Saturnine?
 [00:23:54] Full well, Andronicus,
 [00:23:55] agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine
 [00:23:57] that said'st I begged the empire at thy hands.
 [00:24:00] O, monstrous; what reproachful words are these?
 [00:24:02] Go thy ways; go, give that changing peace
 [00:24:06] to him that flourished for her with his sword.
 [00:24:08] A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy,
 [00:24:10] one fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
 [00:24:12] to ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.
 [00:24:14] These words are razors to my wounded heart.
 [00:24:16] I will, therefore.
 [00:24:18] Lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,
 [00:24:21] that like the stately Phoebe amongst her nymphs
 [00:24:23] dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome.
 [00:24:27] If thou be pleased with this, my sudden choice,
 [00:24:30] behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride
 [00:24:34] and will create thee empress of Rome.
 [00:24:37] Speak, queen of Goths.
 [00:24:39] Dost thou applaud my choice?
 [00:24:41] And here I swear, by all the Roman gods,
 [00:24:44] sith priest and holy water are so near,
 [00:24:46] and taper burn so bright, and everything in readiness
 [00:24:48] for Hymenaeus stand, I will not resalute
 [00:24:52] the streets of Rome or climb my palace
 [00:24:54] till from forth this place I lead espoused
 [00:24:56] my bride along with me.
 [00:24:59] And here in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
 [00:25:04] if Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
 [00:25:07] she will a handmaid be to his desires,
 [00:25:09] a loving nurse, a mother to his youth.
 [00:25:17] Ascend, fair queen, the Pantheon.
 [00:25:21] Lords, accompany your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
 [00:25:25] sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
 [00:25:27] whose wisdom hath her fortunes conquered.
 [00:25:31] There shall we consummate our spousal rites.
 [00:25:38] I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
 [00:25:41] Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
 [00:25:46] dishonored thus, and challenged of wrongs?
 [00:25:48] O, Titus, see; O, see what thou hast done:
 [00:25:51] in a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.
 [00:25:54] No, foolish tribune, no.

[00:25:56] No son of mine, nor thou, nor these confederates
 [00:26:00] in the deed that hath dishonored all our family;
 [00:26:03] unworthy brother and unworthy sons.
 [00:26:06] But let us give him burial, as becomes.
 [00:26:08] Give Mutius burial with our brethren.
 [00:26:10] Traitors, away.
 [00:26:11] He rests not in this tomb.
 [00:26:17] This monument 500 years hath stood
 [00:26:20] which I have sumptuously reedified.
 [00:26:23] Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
 [00:26:26] repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls.
 [00:26:31] Bury him where you can.
 [00:26:32] He comes not here.
 [00:26:34] My lord, this is impiety in you.
 [00:26:36] My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him.
 [00:26:38] He must be buried with his brethren.
 [00:26:40] And shall, or him we will accompany.
 [00:26:42] "And shall."
 [00:26:44] What villain was it spake that word?
 [00:26:46] He that would vouch it in any place but here.
 [00:26:48] What, would you bury him in my despite?
 [00:26:50] No, noble Titus, but entreat of thee
 [00:26:52] to pardon Mutius and to bury him.
 [00:26:54] Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
 [00:26:55] and with these boys, mine honor thou hast wounded.
 [00:26:58] My foes I do repute you every one.
 [00:27:00] So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
 [00:27:06] He is not with himself.
 [00:27:07] Let us withdraw.
 [00:27:08] Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.
 [00:27:17] Brother, for in that name doth nature plead
 [00:27:21] Father, and in that name doth nature speak
 [00:27:23] Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.
 [00:27:26] Renowned Titus, more than half my soul
 [00:27:28] Dear father, soul and substance of us all
 [00:27:31] Suffer thy brother Marcus
 [00:27:32] to inter his noble nephew here in virtue's nest
 [00:27:35] that died in honor and Lavinia's cause.
 [00:27:39] Thou art a Roman; be not barbarous.
 [00:27:42] The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax that slew himself.
 [00:27:46] And wise Laertes' son did graciously plead his funerals.
 [00:27:50] Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
 [00:27:53] be barred his entrance here.
 [00:28:01] Rise, Marcus, rise.
 [00:28:05] The dismalest day is this that e'er I saw,
 [00:28:10] to be dishonored by my sons in Rome.
 [00:28:16] Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
 [00:28:27] There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
 [00:28:30] till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.
 [00:28:33] No man shed tears for noble Mutius.
 [00:28:37] He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.
 [00:28:44] My lord, to step out of these dreary dumps
 [00:28:47] How comes it that the subtle queen of Goths
 [00:28:49] is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?
 [00:28:51] I know not, Marcus, but I know it is;
 [00:28:55] whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.
 [00:28:59] Is she not, then, beholding to the man
 [00:29:02] that brought her for this high good turn so far?
 [00:29:05] Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.
 [00:29:17] So Bassianus, you have played your prize.

[00:29:20] God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.
 [00:29:23] And you of yours, my lord.
 [00:29:25] I say no more, nor wish no less.
 [00:29:26] And so I take my leave.
 [00:29:29] Traitor!
 [00:29:32] If Rome have law or we have power,
 [00:29:35] thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.
 [00:29:38] Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
 [00:29:40] my true betrothed love, and now my wife?
 [00:29:43] But let the laws of Rome determine all.
 [00:29:46] Meanwhile am I possessed of that is mine.
 [00:29:48] 'Tis good, sir; you are very short with us.
 [00:29:51] But if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.
 [00:29:54] My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
 [00:29:56] answer I must, and shall do with my life.
 [00:29:59] Only thus much I give Your Grace to know:
 [00:30:01] by all the duties that I owe to Rome,
 [00:30:03] this noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
 [00:30:05] is in opinion and in honor wronged;
 [00:30:08] that in the rescue of Lavinia with his own hand
 [00:30:10] did slay his youngest son in zeal to you
 [00:30:12] and highly moved to wrath to be controlled
 [00:30:14] in that he frankly gave.
 [00:30:16] Receive him then to favor, Saturnine,
 [00:30:19] that hath expressed himself in all his deeds
 [00:30:21] a father and a friend to thee and Rome.
 [00:30:23] Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds.
 [00:30:27] 'Tis thou and these that hath dishonored me.
 [00:30:30] Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge
 [00:30:33] how I have loved and honored Saturnine.
 [00:30:37] My worthy lord, if ever Tamora were gracious
 [00:30:41] in those princely eyes of thine, then hear me speak
 [00:30:45] indifferently for all, and at my suit, sweet,
 [00:30:48] pardon what has passed.
 [00:30:50] What, madam, be dishonored openly
 [00:30:52] and basely put it up without revenge?
 [00:30:54] Not so, my lord.
 [00:30:56] The gods of Rome forfend
 [00:30:58] I should be author to dishonor you.
 [00:31:00] But on mine honor may I undertake
 [00:31:02] for good Lord Titus' innocence in all,
 [00:31:04] whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs.
 [00:31:07] And at my suit, look graciously on him.
 [00:31:10] Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
 [00:31:14] nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.
 [00:31:20] My lord, be ruled by me.
 [00:31:22] Be won at last.
 [00:31:24] Dissemble all your griefs and discontents.
 [00:31:27] You are but newly planted in your throne.
 [00:31:29] Lest then the people and patricians too
 [00:31:31] upon a just survey take Titus' part,
 [00:31:33] and so supplant you for ingratitude
 [00:31:36] which Rome reposes to be a heinous sin
 [00:31:38] yield at entreats, and then let me alone.
 [00:31:46] I'll find a day to massacre them all
 [00:31:48] and raise their faction and their family,
 [00:31:50] the cruel father and his traitorous sons
 [00:31:53] to whom I sued for my dear son's life,
 [00:31:56] and make them know what 'tis to let a queen
 [00:31:58] kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.

[00:32:02] Come, come, sweet emperor.
[00:32:05] Come, Andronicus.
[00:32:06] Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
[00:32:09] that dies in tempest of thy angry frown.
[00:32:14] Rise, Titus, rise.
[00:32:16] My empress hath prevailed.
[00:32:18] I thank Your Majesty and her, my lord.
[00:32:21] These words, these looks infuse new life in me.
[00:32:24] Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
[00:32:27] a Roman now adopted happily.
[00:32:29] I must advise the emperor for his good.
[00:32:31] This day, all quarrels die, Andronicus.
[00:32:37] And let it me mine honor, good my lord,
[00:32:38] that I have reconciled your friends and you.
[00:32:41] For you, Prince Bassianus,
[00:32:43] I have passed my word and promise to the emperor
[00:32:47] that you will be more mild and tractable.
[00:32:49] And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia.
[00:32:52] By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
[00:32:54] you shall ask pardon of His Majesty.
[00:32:57] We do, and vow to heaven and to His Highness
[00:33:00] that what we did was, mildly as we might,
[00:33:03] tendering our sister's honor and our own.
[00:33:05] That, on mine honor, here do I protest.
[00:33:10] Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.
[00:33:12] Nay, nay, sweet emperor.
[00:33:14] We must all be friends.
[00:33:16] The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace.
[00:33:19] I will not be denied.
[00:33:22] Sweet heart, look back.
[00:33:32] Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,
[00:33:37] and at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
[00:33:42] I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
[00:33:46] Stand up.
[00:33:50] Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
[00:33:54] I found a friend.
[00:33:56] And sure as death, I swore
[00:33:58] I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
[00:34:04] Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
[00:34:09] you are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.
[00:34:13] This day shall be a love day, Tamora.
[00:34:17] Tomorrow, and it please Your Majesty
[00:34:20] to hunt the panther and a hart with me,
[00:34:23] with horn and hound, we'll give Your Grace bonjour.
[00:34:26] Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

Titus Andronicus Act 2

[00:34:46] Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
 [00:34:50] safe out of fortune shot, and sits aloft,
 [00:34:54] secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
 [00:34:58] advanced above pale envy's threatening reach.
 [00:35:04] As when the golden sun salutes the morn
 [00:35:08] and, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
 [00:35:11] gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach
 [00:35:14] and overlooks the highest peering hills, so Tamora.
 [00:35:20] Upon her wit doth earthly honor wait,
 [00:35:23] and virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
 [00:35:29] Then, Aaron, arm thy heart and fit thy thoughts
 [00:35:34] to mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
 [00:35:38] and mount her pitch whom thou in triumph
 [00:35:41] long hast prisoner held, fettered in amorous chains
 [00:35:46] and faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
 [00:35:49] than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
 [00:35:53] Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts.
 [00:35:57] I will be bright and shine in pearl and gold
 [00:36:01] to wait upon this new-made empress.
 [00:36:03] To wait, said I, to wonton with this queen,
 [00:36:07] this goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
 [00:36:11] this siren that will charm Rome's Saturnine
 [00:36:16] and see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.
 [00:36:20] Holloa, what storm is this?
 [00:36:28] Chiron, thy years want wit; thy wit wants edge
 [00:36:31] and manners, to intrude where I am graced,
 [00:36:34] and may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.
 [00:36:36] Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all,
 [00:36:38] and so in this, to bear me down with braves.
 [00:36:40] 'Tis not the difference of a year or two
 [00:36:42] makes me less gracious or thee more fortunate.
 [00:36:45] I am as able and as fit as thou to serve
 [00:36:47] and to deserve my mistress' grace.
 [00:36:49] And that my sword upon thee shall approve
 [00:36:52] and plead my passions for Lavinia's love.
 [00:36:54] Clubs, clubs; these lovers will not keep the peace.
 [00:36:57] Why, boy, although our mother unadvised
 [00:37:00] gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
 [00:37:02] are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?
 [00:37:05] Go to.
 [00:37:06] Have your lath glued within your sheath
 [00:37:08] till you know better how to handle it.
 [00:37:10] Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
 [00:37:14] full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.
 [00:37:18] Grow ye so brave?
 [00:37:19] Why, how now, lords.
 [00:37:21] So near the emperor's palace dare ye draw
 [00:37:24] and maintain such a quarrel openly?
 [00:37:27] Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge.
 [00:37:30] I would not for a million of gold
 [00:37:31] the cause were known to them it most concerns,
 [00:37:34] nor would your noble mother for much more
 [00:37:36] be so dishonored in the court of Rome.
 [00:37:39] For shame, put up.
 [00:37:41] Not I, till I have sheathed my rapier in his bosom
 [00:37:44] and withal thrust those reproachful speeches
 [00:37:46] down his throat that he hath breathed in my dishonor here.
 [00:37:49] For that I am prepared and full resolved.

[00:37:52] Foul-spoken coward that thunder'st with thy tongue
 [00:37:55] and with thy weapon nothing darest perform.
 [00:37:58] Away, I say.
 [00:37:59] Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
 [00:38:02] this petty brabble will undo us all.
 [00:38:07] Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
 [00:38:09] it is to jet upon a prince's right?
 [00:38:12] What, is Lavinia then become so loose
 [00:38:14] or Bassianus so degenerate that for her love such quarrels
 [00:38:17] may be broached without controlment,
 [00:38:20] justice, or revenge?
 [00:38:24] Young lords, beware.
 [00:38:26] And should the empress know this discord's ground,
 [00:38:29] the music would not please.
 [00:38:31] I care not, I, knew she and all the world.
 [00:38:33] I love Lavinia more than all the world.
 [00:38:36] Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice.
 [00:38:39] Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.
 [00:38:45] Are you mad, or know you not in Rome
 [00:38:48] how furious and impatient they be
 [00:38:50] and cannot brook competitors in love?
 [00:38:53] I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths by this device.
 [00:38:57] Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose
 [00:38:59] to achieve her whom I love.
 [00:39:02] To achieve her; how?
 [00:39:07] Why make'st thou it so strange?
 [00:39:10] She is a woman, therefore may be wooed.
 [00:39:12] She is a woman, therefore may be won.
 [00:39:15] She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
 [00:39:18] What, man.
 [00:39:20] More water glideth by the mill than wots the miller of.
 [00:39:25] And easy it is of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know.
 [00:39:29] Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
 [00:39:32] better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.
 [00:39:35] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.
 [00:39:37] Then why should he despair that knows to court it
 [00:39:40] with words, fair looks, and liberality?
 [00:39:43] What, hast not thou full often struck a doe
 [00:39:48] and borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?
 [00:39:51] Why, then, it seems some certain snatch or so
 [00:39:53] would serve your turns.
 [00:39:54] Ay, so the turn were served.
 [00:39:56] Aaron, thou hast hit it.
 [00:39:58] Would you had hit it too;
 [00:39:59] then should not we be tired with this ado.
 [00:40:01] Why, hark ye, hark ye,
 [00:40:05] and are you such fools to square for this?
 [00:40:08] Would it offend you, then, that both should speed?
 [00:40:11] Faith, not me.
 [00:40:13] Nor me, so I were one.
 [00:40:14] For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar.
 [00:40:17] 'Tis policy and stratagem must do that you affect.
 [00:40:20] And so must you resolve
 [00:40:22] that what you cannot as you would achieve
 [00:40:24] you must perforce accomplish as you may.
 [00:40:26] Take this of me:
 [00:40:28] Lucrece was not more chaste than this Lavinia,
 [00:40:32] Bassianus' love.
 [00:40:33] A speedier course than lingering languishment
 [00:40:36] must we pursue, and I have found the path.

[00:40:39] My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand.
 [00:40:43] There will the lovely Roman ladies troop.
 [00:40:46] The forest walks are wide and spacious,
 [00:40:49] and many unfrequented plots there are
 [00:40:51] fitted by kind for rape and villainy.
 [00:40:55] Single you thither, then, this dainty doe,
 [00:40:57] and strike her home by force, if not by words.
 [00:41:02] This way or not at all stand you in hope.
 [00:41:07] Come, come; our empress, with her sacred wit
 [00:41:11] to villainy and vengeance consecrate,
 [00:41:14] will we acquaint with all that we intend,
 [00:41:15] and she shall file our engines with advice
 [00:41:17] that will not suffer you to square yourselves,
 [00:41:20] but to your wishes' height advance you both.
 [00:41:25] The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
 [00:41:27] the palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears.
 [00:41:31] The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull.
 [00:41:37] There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns.
 [00:41:42] There serve your lust, shadowed from heaven's eye,
 [00:41:46] and revel in Lavinia's treasury.
 [00:41:49] Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.
 [00:41:52] Be it right or wrong,
 [00:41:53] till I find the stream to cool this heat,
 [00:41:56] a charm to calm this fits, I am in hell.
 [00:42:08] The hunt is up.
 [00:42:10] The morn is bright and grey.
 [00:42:12] The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green.
 [00:42:15] Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
 [00:42:17] and wake the emperor and his lovely bride
 [00:42:19] and rouse the prince and ring a hunter's peal,
 [00:42:21] that all the court may echo with the noise.
 [00:42:26] Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 [00:42:33] to attend the emperor's person carefully.
 [00:42:37] I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
 [00:42:41] but dawning day new comfort hath inspired.
 [00:43:02] Many good morrows to Your Majesty.
 [00:43:04] Madam, to you as many and as good.
 [00:43:06] I promised your grace a hunter's peal.
 [00:43:08] And you have rung it lustily, my lords;
 [00:43:10] somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
 [00:43:15] Lavinia, how say you?
 [00:43:16] I say no.
 [00:43:17] I have been broad awake two hours and more.
 [00:43:21] Come on, then.
 [00:43:22] Horse and chariots let us have, and to our sport.
 [00:43:25] Madam, now shall ye see our Roman hunting.
 [00:43:28] I have dogs, my lord,
 [00:43:29] will rouse the proudest panther in the chase
 [00:43:31] and climb the highest promontory top.
 [00:43:34] And I have horse will follow where the game make way
 [00:43:36] and run like swallows over the plain.
 [00:43:38] Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
 [00:43:41] but hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.
 [00:43:52] He that had wit would think that I had none,
 [00:43:55] to bury so much gold under a tree,
 [00:43:57] and never after to inherit it.
 [00:43:59] Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
 [00:44:02] know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
 [00:44:05] which, cunningly effected, will beget
 [00:44:08] a very excellent piece of villainy.

[00:44:11] And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest
 [00:44:15] that have their alms out of the empress' chest.
 [00:44:23] My lovely Aaron, wherefore looks thou sad,
 [00:44:26] when every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
 [00:44:27] The birds chant melody on every bush,
 [00:44:30] the snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,
 [00:44:33] the green leaves quiver with the cooling wind
 [00:44:36] and make a checkered shadow on the ground.
 [00:44:39] Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
 [00:44:42] and whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
 [00:44:45] replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
 [00:44:47] as if a double hunt were heard at once,
 [00:44:50] let us sit down and mark their yellowing noise.
 [00:44:56] And after conflict such as was supposed
 [00:44:59] the wandering prince and Dido once enjoyed,
 [00:45:02] when with a happy storm they were surprised
 [00:45:04] and curtained with a counsel-keeping cave,
 [00:45:08] we may, each wreathed in each other's arms,
 [00:45:12] our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
 [00:45:17] whilst hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
 [00:45:21] be unto us as is a nurse's song of lullaby
 [00:45:25] to bring her babe asleep.
 [00:45:29] Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
 [00:45:33] Saturn is dominator over mine.
 [00:45:36] What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
 [00:45:40] my silence and my cloudy melancholy,
 [00:45:43] my fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
 [00:45:46] even as an adder when she doth unroll
 [00:45:49] to do some fatal execution?
 [00:45:52] No, madam, these are no venereal signs.
 [00:45:56] Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand.
 [00:45:59] Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
 [00:46:03] Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
 [00:46:06] which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
 [00:46:10] this is the day of doom for Bassianus.
 [00:46:13] His Philomel must lose her tongue today,
 [00:46:17] thy sons make pillage of her chastity
 [00:46:20] and wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
 [00:46:22] Seest thou this letter?
 [00:46:24] Take it up, I pray thee,
 [00:46:25] and give the king this fatal plotted scroll.
 [00:46:28] Now question me no more.
 [00:46:30] We are espied.
 [00:46:31] Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty
 [00:46:34] which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.
 [00:46:37] O, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life.
 [00:46:41] No more, great empress; Bassianus comes.
 [00:46:43] Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy sons
 [00:46:46] to back thy quarrels, whatsoever they be.
 [00:46:52] Who have we here, Rome's royal empress,
 [00:46:58] unfurnished of her well-beseeming troop?
 [00:47:01] Or is it Dian, habited like her,
 [00:47:03] who hath abandoned her holy groves
 [00:47:05] to see the general hunting in this forest?
 [00:47:07] Saucy controller of my private steps,
 [00:47:10] had I the power that some say Dian had,
 [00:47:12] thy temples should be planted presently with horns,
 [00:47:14] as was Actaeon's, and the hounds
 [00:47:16] should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
 [00:47:19] unmannerly intruder as thou art.

[00:47:21] Under your patience, gentle empress,
 [00:47:23] 'tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning
 [00:47:26] and to be doubted that the Moor and you
 [00:47:28] are singled forth to try experiments.
 [00:47:31] Jove shield your husband from his hounds today.
 [00:47:35] 'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.
 [00:47:37] Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian doth make your honor
 [00:47:40] of his body's hue: spotted, detested, and abominable.
 [00:47:44] Why are you sequestered from all your train,
 [00:47:47] dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
 [00:47:49] and wandered hither to an obscure plot,
 [00:47:51] accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
 [00:47:53] if foul desire had not conducted you?
 [00:47:56] And being intercepted in your sport,
 [00:47:58] great reason that my noble lord be rated for sauciness.
 [00:48:03] I pray you, let us hence,
 [00:48:05] and let her joy her raven-colored love.
 [00:48:08] This valley fits the purpose passing well.
 [00:48:11] The king, my brother, shall have note of this.
 [00:48:13] Good king, to be so mightily abused.
 [00:48:15] Why have I patience to endure all this.
 [00:48:17] How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother.
 [00:48:20] Oh!
 [00:48:21] Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?
 [00:48:23] Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
 [00:48:25] These two have 'ticed me hither to this place.
 [00:48:28] a barren detested vale, you see it is.
 [00:48:31] The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
 [00:48:33] overcome with moss and baleful mistletoe.
 [00:48:36] Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
 [00:48:39] unless the nightly owl or fatal raven.
 [00:48:41] And when they showed me this abhorred pit,
 [00:48:44] they told me, here, at dead time of the night,
 [00:48:46] a thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 [00:48:48] ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 [00:48:52] would make such fearful and confused cries
 [00:48:54] that any mortal body hearing it should straight run mad,
 [00:48:57] or else die suddenly.
 [00:48:59] No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 [00:49:01] but straight they told me they would bind me here
 [00:49:04] unto the body of a dismal yew
 [00:49:06] and leave me to this miserable death.
 [00:49:08] And then they called me foul adulteress,
 [00:49:11] lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
 [00:49:15] that ever ear did hear to such effect.
 [00:49:17] And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 [00:49:20] this vengeance on me had they executed.
 [00:49:22] Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
 [00:49:25] or be ye not henceforth called my children!
 [00:49:27] This is a witness that I am thy son.
 [00:49:31] And this for me, struck home to show my strength.
 [00:49:33] Ay, come, Semiramis nay, barbarous Tamora,
 [00:49:41] for no name fits thy nature but thine own!
 [00:49:44] Give me the poniard; you shall know, my boys,
 [00:49:46] your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.
 [00:49:48] Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her.
 [00:49:51] First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.
 [00:49:53] This minion stood upon her chastity,
 [00:49:57] upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
 [00:49:59] and with this painted hope braves your mightiness.

[00:50:02] And shall she carry this unto her grave?
 [00:50:05] And if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
 [00:50:07] Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
 [00:50:10] and make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.
 [00:50:13] But when ye have the honey we desire,
 [00:50:14] let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.
 [00:50:16] I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.
 [00:50:18] Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
 [00:50:21] that nice-preserved honesty of yours.
 [00:50:23] O, Tamora, thou bearest a woman's face
 [00:50:25] I will not hear her speak; away with her.
 [00:50:27] Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.
 [00:50:29] Listen, fair madam; let it be your glory
 [00:50:31] to see her tears, but be your heart to them
 [00:50:34] as unrelenting flint to drops of rain.
 [00:50:37] When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
 [00:50:40] O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee.
 [00:50:43] The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble.
 [00:50:45] Even at thy teat, thou hadst thy tyranny.
 [00:50:48] Yet every mother breeds not sons alike.
 [00:50:51] Do thou entreat her, show her a woman's pity.
 [00:50:54] What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?
 [00:50:58] 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark.
 [00:51:01] Yet have I heard
 [00:51:04] O, could I find it now
 [00:51:06] The lion, moved with pity,
 [00:51:09] did endure to have his princely paws pared all away.
 [00:51:12] Some say the ravens foster forlorn children,
 [00:51:15] the whilst their own birds famish in the nest.
 [00:51:18] O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
 [00:51:21] nothing so kind, but something pitiful!
 [00:51:24] I know not what it means. Away with her!
 [00:51:27] O, let me teach thee!
 [00:51:28] For my father's sake, that gave thee life
 [00:51:30] when well he might have slain thee,
 [00:51:32] be not obdurate; open thy deaf ears.
 [00:51:34] Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
 [00:51:38] even for his sake am I pitiless.
 [00:51:41] Remember, boys, I poured forth tears in vain
 [00:51:43] to save your brother from the sacrifice.
 [00:51:45] But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
 [00:51:48] Away with her.
 [00:51:50] Use her as you will.
 [00:51:51] The worse to her, the better loved of me.
 [00:51:53] O, Tamora, be called a gentle queen,
 [00:51:55] and with thine own hands kill me in this place.
 [00:51:58] For 'tis not life that I have begged so long.
 [00:52:04] Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.
 [00:52:07] What beg'st thou, then, fond woman?
 [00:52:09] Let me go.
 [00:52:10] 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more
 [00:52:14] that womanhood denies a tongue to tell.
 [00:52:17] O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
 [00:52:20] and tumble me into some loathsome pit,
 [00:52:23] where never man's eyes may behold my body.
 [00:52:25] Do this, and be a charitable murderer.
 [00:52:30] So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.
 [00:52:35] No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.
 [00:52:39] Away, for thou hast stayed us here too long.
 [00:52:41] No grace?

[00:52:43] No womanhood?
 [00:52:45] Ah, beastly creature!
 [00:52:49] The blot and enemy to our general name.
 [00:52:53] Confusion fall
 [00:52:56] Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.
 [00:52:58] Bring thou her husband.
 [00:52:59] This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.
 [00:53:01] Farewell, my sons.
 [00:53:03] See that you make her sure.
 [00:53:05] Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
 [00:53:08] till all the Andronici be made away.
 [00:53:13] Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor
 [00:53:16] and let my spleenful sons this trull deflower.
 [00:53:37] Come on, my lords, the better foot before.
 [00:53:40] Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
 [00:53:42] where I espied the panther fast asleep.
 [00:53:46] My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.
 [00:53:50] And mine, I promise you.
 [00:53:51] Were it not for shame,
 [00:53:53] well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.
 [00:54:01] What subtle hole is this
 [00:54:02] whose mouth is covered with rude-growing briers,
 [00:54:05] upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
 [00:54:08] as fresh as morning dew distilled on flowers?
 [00:54:13] A very fatal place it seems to me.
 [00:54:17] Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
 [00:54:20] O brother, with the dismalest object hurt
 [00:54:22] that ever eye with sight made heart lament.
 [00:54:25] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
 [00:54:28] that he thereby may have a likely guess
 [00:54:30] how these were they that made away his brother.
 [00:54:35] Why dost not comfort me and help me out
 [00:54:37] from this unhallowed and blood-stained hole?
 [00:54:40] I am surprised with an uncouth fear.
 [00:54:43] A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints.
 [00:54:47] My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.
 [00:54:50] To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
 [00:54:52] Aaron and thou look down into this den
 [00:54:54] and see a fearful sight of blood and death.
 [00:54:56] Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart
 [00:55:00] will not permit mine eyes once to behold
 [00:55:02] the thing whereat it trembles by surmise.
 [00:55:04] O, tell me who it is, for nigh till now
 [00:55:08] was I a child to fear I know not what.
 [00:55:10] Lord Bassianus lies bewrayed in blood,
 [00:55:13] all on a heap, like to a slaughtered lamb,
 [00:55:16] in this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
 [00:55:19] If it be dark, how does thou know it is he?
 [00:55:21] Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
 [00:55:23] a precious ring that lightens all this hole,
 [00:55:25] which, like a taper in some monument,
 [00:55:27] doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks
 [00:55:29] and shows the ragged entrails of this pit.
 [00:55:32] So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
 [00:55:35] when he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.
 [00:55:39] O, brother, help me with thy fainting hand
 [00:55:42] if fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath
 [00:55:45] out of this fell devouring receptacle,
 [00:55:47] as hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.
 [00:55:49] Give me thy hand, that I may help thee out

[00:55:51] or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
 [00:55:53] I may be plucked into the swallowing womb
 [00:55:55] of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
 [00:56:04] I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.
 [00:56:07] Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.
 [00:56:09] Thy hand once more.
 [00:56:12] I will not loose again, till thou art here aloft or I below.
 [00:56:17] Thou canst not come to me.
 [00:56:20] I come to thee.
 [00:56:23] Along with me!
 [00:56:24] I'll see what hole is here
 [00:56:25] and what he is that now is leapt into it.
 [00:56:38] Say, who art thou that lately did'st descend
 [00:56:40] into this gaping hollow of the earth?
 [00:56:42] The unhappy sons of old Andronicus,
 [00:56:44] brought hither in a most unlucky hour
 [00:56:45] to find thy brother Bassianus dead.
 [00:56:49] My brother dead?
 [00:56:52] I know thou dost but jest.
 [00:56:54] He and his lady both are at the lodge
 [00:56:56] upon the north side of this pleasant chase.
 [00:56:58] 'Tis not an hour since I left them there.
 [00:57:00] We know not where you left them all alive,
 [00:57:03] but out alas, here have we found him dead.
 [00:57:07] Where is my lord the king?
 [00:57:09] Here, Tamora; though grieved with killing grief.
 [00:57:12] Where is thy brother Bassianus?
 [00:57:14] Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound.
 [00:57:18] Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.
 [00:57:21] Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
 [00:57:25] the complot of this timeless tragedy,
 [00:57:27] and wonder greatly that man's face can fold
 [00:57:30] in pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.
 [00:57:33] "And if we miss to meet him handsomely, sweet huntsman
 [00:57:36] "Bassianus 'tis we mean
 [00:57:38] "do thou so much as dig the grave for him.
 [00:57:42] "Thou know'st our meaning.
 [00:57:44] "Look for thy reward among the nettles at the elder-tree
 [00:57:47] "which overshades the mouth of that same pit
 [00:57:49] "where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
 [00:57:51] Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."
 [00:57:55] O, Tamora, was ever heard the like?
 [00:57:59] This is the pit and this the elder tree.
 [00:58:05] Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
 [00:58:07] that should have murdered Bassianus here.
 [00:58:09] My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
 [00:58:15] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
 [00:58:19] have here bereft my brother of his life.
 [00:58:24] Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison.
 [00:58:27] There let them bide until we have devised
 [00:58:29] some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.
 [00:58:33] What, are they in this pit?
 [00:58:35] O, wondrous thing!
 [00:58:37] How easily murder is discovered.
 [00:58:40] High Emperor, upon my feeble knee,
 [00:58:41] I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed,
 [00:58:44] that this vile fault of my accursed sons
 [00:58:48] accursed if the fault be proved in them
 [00:58:50] If it be proved!
 [00:58:52] You see it is apparent.

[00:58:55] Who found this letter?
 [00:58:56] Tamora, was it you?
 [00:58:57] Andronicus himself did take it up.
 [00:59:01] I did, my lord, yet let me be their bail;
 [00:59:04] for, by my fathers' reverend tomb,
 [00:59:06] I vow, they shall be ready at your Highness' will
 [00:59:08] to answer their suspicion with their lives.
 [00:59:11] Thou shalt not bail them; see thou follow me.
 [00:59:14] Some bring the murdered body, some the murderers.
 [00:59:18] Let them not speak a word.
 [00:59:19] The guilt is plain.
 [00:59:22] For by my soul, were there worse end than death,
 [00:59:24] that end upon them should be executed.
 [00:59:29] Andronicus, I will entreat the king.
 [00:59:32] Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.
 [00:59:46] Come, Lucius, come.
 [00:59:50] Stay not to talk with them.
 [01:00:01] Now go tell, and if thy tongue can speak,
 [01:00:03] who it was that cut thy tongue and ravished thee.
 [01:00:05] Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
 [01:00:08] and if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.
 [01:00:11] See how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.
 [01:00:13] Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.
 [01:00:18] She hath no tongue to call nor hands to wash.
 [01:00:20] And so let's leave her to her silent walks.
 [01:00:23] And 'twere my cause, I should go hang myself.
 [01:00:26] If thou had'st hands to help thee knit the cord.
 [01:00:36] Who is this?
 [01:00:38] My niece, that flies away so fast?
 [01:00:40] Cousin, a word.
 [01:00:42] Where is your husband?
 [01:00:50] If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me.
 [01:00:53] If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
 [01:00:55] that I may slumber in eternal sleep.
 [01:00:57] Speak, gentle niece.
 [01:01:02] What stern, ungentle hand
 [01:01:05] hath lopped and hewed and made thy body bare
 [01:01:09] of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
 [01:01:12] whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in?
 [01:01:17] Why dost not speak to me?
 [01:01:21] Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
 [01:01:25] like to a bubbling fountain stirred with wind,
 [01:01:27] doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
 [01:01:30] coming and going with thy honey breath.
 [01:01:34] But sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee
 [01:01:37] and, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.
 [01:01:40] Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame.
 [01:01:45] And notwithstanding all this loss of blood
 [01:01:49] as from a conduit with three issuing spouts
 [01:01:53] yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
 [01:01:56] blushing to be encountered with a cloud.
 [01:02:01] Shall I speak for thee?
 [01:02:03] Shall I say 'tis so?
 [01:02:07] O, that I knew thy heart and knew the beast,
 [01:02:12] that I might rail at him to ease my mind.
 [01:02:14] Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopped,
 [01:02:17] doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
 [01:02:20] Fair Philomel, why she but lost her tongue
 [01:02:22] and in a tedious sampler sewed her mind.
 [01:02:25] But, gentle niece, that mean is cut from thee.

[01:02:29] A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
[01:02:32] for he hath cut thy pretty fingers off
[01:02:35] that could have better sewed than Philomel.
[01:02:38] O, had the monster seen those lily hands
[01:02:41] tremble like aspen leaves upon the lute
[01:02:44] and make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
[01:02:46] he would not then have touched them for his life.
[01:02:51] Or had he heard the heavenly harmony
[01:02:54] which that sweet, sweet tongue hath made,
[01:02:56] he would have dropped his knife and fell asleep
[01:02:59] as Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
[01:03:04] Come, let us go and make thy father blind,
[01:03:10] for such a sight will blind a father's eye.
[01:03:15] When one hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads,
[01:03:18] what will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
[01:03:24] Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee.
[01:03:32] O, could our mourning ease thy misery.

Titus Andronicus Act 3

[01:03:43] Hear me, grave fathers, noble tribunes, stay.
 [01:03:49] For pity on mine age, whose youth was spent
 [01:03:52] in dangerous wars whilst you securely slept;
 [01:03:55] for all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed,
 [01:03:58] for all the frosty nights that I have watched,
 [01:04:00] and for these bitter tears, which now you see
 [01:04:03] filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
 [01:04:05] be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 [01:04:08] whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.
 [01:04:11] For two and twenty sons I never wept,
 [01:04:13] because they died in honor's lofty bed.
 [01:04:16] For these, tribunes, in the dust I write
 [01:04:20] my heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears.
 [01:04:23] Let my tears staunch the earth's dry appetite.
 [01:04:26] My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
 [01:04:29] O, earth, I will befriend thee more with rain
 [01:04:32] than youthful April shall with all his showers.
 [01:04:35] In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still.
 [01:04:37] In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow
 [01:04:39] and keep eternal springtime on thy face,
 [01:04:42] so thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.
 [01:04:46] O, reverend tribunes, gentle aged men,
 [01:04:49] unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death,
 [01:04:53] and let me say that never wept before,
 [01:04:55] my tears are now prevailing orators.
 [01:04:57] O, noble father, you lament in vain.
 [01:04:59] The tribunes hear you not.
 [01:05:01] No man is by, and you recount your sorrows to a stone.
 [01:05:03] Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.
 [01:05:07] Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.
 [01:05:09] My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.
 [01:05:14] Why, 'tis no matter, man.
 [01:05:17] If they did hear, they would not mark me.
 [01:05:20] If they did mark, they would not pity me.
 [01:05:22] Yet plead I must, and bootless unto them.
 [01:05:27] Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
 [01:05:30] who though they cannot answer my distress,
 [01:05:32] yet in some sort, they are better than the tribunes,
 [01:05:36] for that they will not intercept my tale.
 [01:05:39] When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
 [01:05:43] receive my tears and seem to weep with me.
 [01:05:48] And were they but attired in grave weeds,
 [01:05:51] Rome could afford no tribunes like to these.
 [01:05:55] A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones.
 [01:06:00] A stone is silent and offendeth not,
 [01:06:04] and tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
 [01:06:15] But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?
 [01:06:17] To rescue my two brothers from their death,
 [01:06:20] for which attempt the judges have pronounced
 [01:06:22] my everlasting doom of banishment.
 [01:06:24] O, happy man, they have befriended thee.
 [01:06:28] Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
 [01:06:31] that Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
 [01:06:33] Tigers must prey,
 [01:06:35] and Rome affords no prey but me and mine.
 [01:06:38] How happy art thou then,
 [01:06:39] from these devourers to be banished?
 [01:06:42] But who comes with my brother Marcus here?

[01:06:45] Titus, prepare thine aged eyes to weep
 [01:06:48] or, if not so, thy noble heart to break.
 [01:06:51] I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.
 [01:06:53] Will it consume me?
 [01:06:55] Let me see it, then.
 [01:06:56] This was thy daughter.
 [01:07:04] Why, Marcus, so she is.
 [01:07:07] Ay me; this object kills me.
 [01:07:09] Fainthearted boy, arise and look on her.
 [01:07:13] Speak, Lavinia!
 [01:07:17] What accursed hand
 [01:07:19] hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
 [01:07:23] What fool hath added water to the sea
 [01:07:25] or brought a fagot to bright-burning Troy?
 [01:07:28] My grief was at the height before thou came'st,
 [01:07:30] and now like Nilus it disdaineth bounds.
 [01:07:33] Give me a sword; I'll chop off my hands too,
 [01:07:36] for they have fought for Rome, and all in vain,
 [01:07:40] and they have nursed this woe in feeding life.
 [01:07:44] In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 [01:07:46] and they have served me to effectless use.
 [01:07:50] Now all the service I require of them
 [01:07:51] is that the one may help to cut the other.
 [01:07:55] 'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,
 [01:07:58] for hands to do Rome service is but vain.
 [01:08:03] Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyred thee?
 [01:08:08] O, that delightful engine of her thoughts
 [01:08:10] that blabbed them with such pleasing eloquence
 [01:08:12] is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
 [01:08:14] where like a sweet, melodious bird,
 [01:08:16] it sang sweet, varied notes, enchanting every ear.
 [01:08:20] O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?
 [01:08:23] O, thus I found her straying in the park,
 [01:08:25] seeking to hide herself as doth the deer
 [01:08:27] that hath received some unrecuring wound.
 [01:08:30] It was my deer, and he that wounded her
 [01:08:35] hath hurt me more than had he killed me dead;
 [01:08:40] for now I stand as one upon a rock
 [01:08:44] environed with a wilderness of sea
 [01:08:47] who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 [01:08:52] ever expecting when some envious surge
 [01:08:55] will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
 [01:08:59] This way to death my wretched sons are gone.
 [01:09:03] Here stands my other son, a banished man,
 [01:09:05] and here my brother, weeping at my woes.
 [01:09:09] But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn
 [01:09:12] is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.
 [01:09:18] Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
 [01:09:21] it would have madded me.
 [01:09:23] What shall I do, now I behold thy lively body so?
 [01:09:30] Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
 [01:09:35] nor tongue to tell me who hath martyred thee.
 [01:09:38] Thy husband, he is dead, and for his death
 [01:09:43] thy brothers are condemned and dead by this.
 [01:09:48] O, Marcus.
 [01:09:52] O, son Lucius, look on her.
 [01:09:54] When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 [01:09:58] stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew
 [01:10:02] upon a gathered lily almost withered.
 [01:10:05] Perchance she weeps because they killed her husband;

[01:10:08] perchance because she knows them innocent.
 [01:10:10] If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
 [01:10:13] because the law hath taken revenge on them.
 [01:10:16] No, no; they would not do so vile a deed.
 [01:10:21] Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
 [01:10:33] Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,
 [01:10:41] or give some sign how I may do thee ease.
 [01:10:52] Shall thy good uncle and thy brother Lucius
 [01:10:55] and thou and I sit round about some fountain,
 [01:10:58] looking all downwards to behold our cheeks,
 [01:11:00] how they are stained, like meadows yet not dry
 [01:11:04] with miry slime left on them by a flood?
 [01:11:07] And in that fountain shall we gaze so long,
 [01:11:10] till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness
 [01:11:14] and made a brine pit with our bitter tears?
 [01:11:19] Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
 [01:11:23] Or shall we bite our tongues and in dumb shows
 [01:11:26] pass the remainder of our hateful days?
 [01:11:28] What shall we do?
 [01:11:31] Let us that have our tongues plot some device
 [01:11:34] of further misery to make us wondered at in time to come.
 [01:11:38] Sweet father, cease your tears,
 [01:11:40] for at your grief see how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.
 [01:11:44] Patience, dear niece.
 [01:11:45] Good Titus, dry thine eyes.
 [01:11:49] O, Marcus, brother Marcus,
 [01:11:53] well I wot thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
 [01:11:57] for thou, poor man, hath drowned it with thine own.
 [01:12:00] Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.
 [01:12:04] Mark, Marcus, mark.
 [01:12:08] I understand her signs.
 [01:12:12] Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say that
 [01:12:14] to her brother which I said to thee.
 [01:12:17] His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
 [01:12:20] can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
 [01:12:27] O, what a sympathy of woe is this,
 [01:12:33] as far from help as Limbo is from bliss.
 [01:12:44] Titus Andronicus,
 [01:12:46] my lord, the emperor, sends thee this word:
 [01:12:48] that if thou love thy sons, let Marcus, Lucius,
 [01:12:51] or thyself, old Titus, or any one of you,
 [01:12:54] chop off your hand and send it to the king.
 [01:12:56] He for the same will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
 [01:13:00] and that shall be the ransom for their fault.
 [01:13:02] O, gracious emperor.
 [01:13:04] O, gentle Aaron.
 [01:13:06] Did ever raven sing so like a lark
 [01:13:08] to bring sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
 [01:13:10] With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand.
 [01:13:12] Good Aaron, will thou help to chop it off?
 [01:13:14] Stay, father, for that noble hand of thine
 [01:13:16] that hath thrown down so many enemies shall not be sent.
 [01:13:18] My hand will serve the turn.
 [01:13:20] My youth can better spare my blood than you,
 [01:13:22] and therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.
 [01:13:24] Which of your hands hath not defended Rome
 [01:13:25] and reared aloft the bloody battle-ax,
 [01:13:27] writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
 [01:13:29] O, none of both but are of high desert.
 [01:13:30] My hand hath been but idle.

[01:13:32] Let it serve to ransom my two nephews from their death.
[01:13:34] Then have I kept it to a worthy end.
[01:13:36] Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
[01:13:39] for fear they die before their pardon come.
[01:13:40] My hand shall go.
[01:13:42] By heaven, it shall not go.
[01:13:43] Sirs, strive no more.
[01:13:44] Such withered herbs as these are meet for plucking up,
[01:13:47] and therefore mine.
[01:13:48] Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
[01:13:50] let me redeem my brothers both from death.
[01:13:51] And for thy father's sake and mother's care,
[01:13:53] now let me show a brother's love to thee.
[01:13:55] Agree between you; I will spare my hand.
[01:13:57] Then I'll go fetch an ax.
[01:13:59] I will use the ax.
[01:14:00] Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both.
[01:14:02] Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.
[01:14:08] If that be called deceit, I will be honest
[01:14:12] and never whilst I live deceive men so.
[01:14:15] But I'll deceive thee in another sort,
[01:14:19] and that thou say ere half an hour pass.
[01:14:40] Now strive no more!
[01:14:42] What shall be is dispatched.
[01:14:48] Good Aaron, send His Majesty my hand.
[01:14:51] Tell him it was a hand
[01:14:53] that warded him from thousand dangers.
[01:14:56] Bid him bury it.
[01:14:57] More hath it merited; that let it have.
[01:15:03] As for my sons, say I account of them
[01:15:06] as jewels purchased at an easy price,
[01:15:10] and yet dear too, because I bought mine own.
[01:15:15] I go, Andronicus, and for thy hand
[01:15:19] look by and by to have thy sons with thee.
[01:15:24] Their heads, I mean.
[01:15:26] O, how this villainy doth fat me
[01:15:29] with the very thoughts of it.
[01:15:31] Let fools do good and fair men call for grace.
[01:15:37] Aaron will have his soul black like his face.
[01:15:43] O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven
[01:15:48] and bow this feeble ruin to the earth.
[01:15:52] If any power pities wretched tears, to that I call!
[01:15:59] What, wouldst thou kneel with me?
[01:16:01] Do, then, dear heart,
[01:16:03] for heaven shall hear our prayers.
[01:16:06] Or with our tears, we'll breathe the welkin dim
[01:16:10] and stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
[01:16:13] when they do hug him in their melting bosoms.
[01:16:15] O, brother, speak with possibility,
[01:16:18] and do not break into these deep extremes.
[01:16:20] Are not my sorrows deep?
[01:16:23] Having no limit, be then my passions limitless with them.
[01:16:27] But yet let reason govern thy lament.
[01:16:29] If there were reason for these miseries,
[01:16:32] then into limits could I bind my woes.
[01:16:36] When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
[01:16:41] If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
[01:16:44] threatening the welkin with his big-swollen face?
[01:16:47] And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
[01:16:52] I am the sea!

[01:16:55] Hark how her sighs do blow.
 [01:16:58] She is the weeping welkin, I the earth.
 [01:17:02] Then must my sea be moved with her sighs.
 [01:17:06] Then must my earth with her continual tears
 [01:17:09] become a deluge, overflowed and drowned.
 [01:17:13] For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
 [01:17:18] but like a drunkard must I vomit them.
 [01:17:23] Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
 [01:17:29] to ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.
 [01:17:34] Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
 [01:17:39] for that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
 [01:17:44] Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
 [01:17:48] and here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back
 [01:17:56] thy grief their sports, thy resolution mocked,
 [01:18:01] that woe is me to think upon thy woes,
 [01:18:04] more than remembrance of my father's death.
 [01:18:28] Now let hot Etna cool in Sicily,
 [01:18:30] and be my heart an ever-burning hell.
 [01:18:33] These miseries are more than may be borne.
 [01:18:36] To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
 [01:18:39] but sorrow flouted at is double death.
 [01:18:44] Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
 [01:18:48] and yet detested life not shrink thereat.
 [01:18:51] That ever death should let life bear his name
 [01:18:55] where life hath no more interest but to breathe.
 [01:19:00] Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless
 [01:19:02] as frozen water to a starved snake.
 [01:19:07] When will this fearful slumber have an end?
 [01:19:13] Now farewell, flattery.
 [01:19:16] Die, Andronicus.
 [01:19:17] Thou dost not slumber.
 [01:19:19] See thy two sons' heads, thy warlike hand,
 [01:19:22] thy mangled daughter here, thy other banished son
 [01:19:25] with this dear sight struck pale and bloodless,
 [01:19:27] and thy brother, I,
 [01:19:28] even like a stony image, cold and numb.
 [01:19:32] Ah! Now no more will I control thy griefs.
 [01:19:34] Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
 [01:19:36] gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal sight
 [01:19:39] the closing up of our most wretched eyes.
 [01:19:42] This is a time to storm!
 [01:19:44] Why art thou still?
 [01:19:46] Ha, ha, ha.
 [01:19:48] Why dost thou laugh?
 [01:19:49] It fits not with this hour.
 [01:19:53] Why, I have not another tear to shed.
 [01:20:01] Besides, this sorrow is an enemy
 [01:20:08] and would usurp upon my watery eyes
 [01:20:10] and make them blind with tributary tears.
 [01:20:13] Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
 [01:20:19] For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
 [01:20:22] and threat me, I shall never come to bliss
 [01:20:26] till all these mischiefs be returned again,
 [01:20:28] even in their throats which have committed them.
 [01:20:35] Come, let me see what task I have to do.
 [01:20:40] You heavy people, circle me about,
 [01:20:43] that I may turn me to each one of you
 [01:20:46] and swear upon my soul to right your wrongs.
 [01:21:11] The vow is made.
 [01:21:16] Marcus, take thou a head,

[01:21:22] and in this hand the other will I bear.
 [01:21:26] Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in this.
 [01:21:29] Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
 [01:21:33] As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight.
 [01:21:35] Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay.
 [01:21:39] Hie to the Goths and raise an army there.
 [01:21:44] And if you love me and I think it so
 [01:21:49] let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.
 [01:22:09] Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,
 [01:22:12] the woofullest man that ever lived in Rome.
 [01:22:17] Farewell, proud Rome, till Lucius come again.
 [01:22:22] He loves his pledges dearer than his life.
 [01:22:27] Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister.
 [01:22:31] O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been.
 [01:22:35] But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
 [01:22:40] but in oblivion and hateful griefs.
 [01:22:45] If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs
 [01:22:48] and make proud Saturnine and his empress
 [01:22:51] beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen.
 [01:22:56] Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power
 [01:23:00] to be revenged on Rome and Saturnine.
 [01:23:27] So so, now sit.
 [01:23:47] And look you eat no more
 [01:23:49] than will preserve just so much strength in us
 [01:23:51] as will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
 [01:23:54] Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot.
 [01:23:57] Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands
 [01:23:59] and cannot passionate our tenfold grief with folded arms.
 [01:24:03] This poor right hand of mine is left to tyrannize
 [01:24:06] upon my breast, who, when my heart,
 [01:24:08] all mad with misery, beats in the hollow prison
 [01:24:11] of this flesh, then thus I thump it down.
 [01:24:17] Thou map of woe that thus must talk in signs.
 [01:24:21] When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
 [01:24:24] thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
 [01:24:29] Wound it with sighing, girl; kill it with groans,
 [01:24:32] or get some little knife between thy teeth
 [01:24:34] and just against thou heart make thou a hole,
 [01:24:37] that all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
 [01:24:40] may run into that sink and, soaking in,
 [01:24:42] drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.
 [01:24:45] Fie, brother, fie!
 [01:24:47] Teach her not thus to lay such violent hands
 [01:24:49] upon her tender life.
 [01:24:51] How now; has sorrow made thee dote already?
 [01:24:54] Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
 [01:24:57] What violent hands can she lay on her life?
 [01:25:01] O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
 [01:25:03] lest we remember still that we have none.
 [01:25:06] Fie, fie, how frantically I shape my talk,
 [01:25:10] as if we could forget we have no hands
 [01:25:12] if Marcus did not name the word of hands.
 [01:25:18] Come, let's fall to.
 [01:25:22] Gentle girl, eat this.
 [01:25:31] Here is no drink.
 [01:25:35] Hark, Marcus, what she says.
 [01:25:38] I can interpret all her martyred signs.
 [01:25:42] She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
 [01:25:45] brewed with her sorrows, meshed upon her cheeks.
 [01:25:47] Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought.

[01:25:51] In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
[01:25:53] as begging hermits at their holy prayers.
[01:25:56] Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
[01:25:59] nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
[01:26:03] but I of these will wrest an alphabet
[01:26:05] and by still practice learn to know thy meaning.
[01:26:09] Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments.
[01:26:12] Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.
[01:26:16] Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,
[01:26:18] doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.
[01:26:28] Peace, tender sapling.
[01:26:30] Thou art made of tears,
[01:26:31] and tears will quickly melt thy life away.
[01:26:34] What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?
[01:26:37] At that that I have killed, my lord a fly.
[01:26:39] Out on thee, murderer; thou kill'st my heart!
[01:26:43] Mine eyes are cloyed with view of tyranny.
[01:26:46] A deed of death done on the innocent
[01:26:48] becomes not Titus' brother.
[01:26:49] Get thee gone.
[01:26:50] I see thou art not for my company.
[01:26:52] Alas, my lord, I have but killed a fly.
[01:26:54] But how if that fly had a father and mother?
[01:27:02] How would he hang his slender gilded wings
[01:27:05] and buzz lamenting doings in the air.
[01:27:07] Poor harmless fly that with his pretty buzzing melody
[01:27:10] came here to make us merry, and thou hast killed him.
[01:27:16] O, pardon, sir; it was a black, ill-favored fly,
[01:27:19] like to the empress' Moor; therefore I killed him.
[01:27:29] O, then pardon me for reprehending thee,
[01:27:33] for thou hast done a charitable deed.
[01:27:35] Give me thy knife; I will insult on him,
[01:27:38] flattering myself as if it were the Moor
[01:27:40] come hither purposely to poison me.
[01:27:42] There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.
[01:27:45] Ah, sirrah!
[01:27:56] Yet, I think, we are not brought so low
[01:27:58] but that between us we can kill a fly
[01:28:00] that comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.
[01:28:05] Alas, poor man; grief has so wrought on him,
[01:28:07] he takes false shadows for true substances.
[01:28:17] Come, take away.
[01:28:21] Lavinia, go with me.
[01:28:23] I'll to thy closet and go read with thee
[01:28:25] sad stories chanced in the times of old.
[01:28:30] Come, boy, and go with me.
[01:28:41] Thy sight is young,
[01:28:43] and thou shalt read when mine begin to dazzle.

Titus Andronicus Act 4

[01:29:27] Help, Grandsire, help!
[01:29:29] My aunt Lavinia follows me everywhere.
[01:29:30] I know not why.
[01:29:32] Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.
[01:29:35] Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
[01:29:37] Stand by me, Lucius.
[01:29:38] Do not fear thine aunt.
[01:29:40] She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
[01:29:42] Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.
[01:29:44] What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?
[01:29:46] Fear her not, Lucius; somewhat does she mean.
[01:29:50] See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee.
[01:29:53] Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
[01:29:55] Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
[01:29:57] read to her sons than she hath read to thee
[01:29:59] sweet poetry and Tully's orator.
[01:30:02] Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?
[01:30:05] My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
[01:30:08] unless some fit or frenzy do possess her.
[01:30:10] For I have heard my grandsire say full oft
[01:30:12] extremities of grief would make men mad.
[01:30:15] And I have read that Hecuba of Troy ran mad for sorrow.
[01:30:18] That made me to fear.
[01:30:20] Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
[01:30:22] loves me as dear as e'er my mother did
[01:30:24] and would not but in fury fright my youth,
[01:30:26] which made me down to throw my books and fly
[01:30:29] causeless, perhaps.
[01:30:30] But pardon me, sweet aunt.
[01:30:32] And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
[01:30:35] I will most willingly attend your ladyship.
[01:30:37] Lucius, I will.
[01:30:43] How now, Lavinia.
[01:30:44] Marcus, what means this?
[01:30:48] Some book there is that she desires to see.
[01:30:50] Which is it, girl, of these?
[01:30:52] Open them, boy.
[01:30:53] But thou art deeper read and better skilled.
[01:30:56] Come and take choice of all my library,
[01:30:59] and so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens reveal
[01:31:01] the damned contriver of this deed.
[01:31:05] Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?
[01:31:08] I think she means that there were
[01:31:10] more than one confederate in the fact.
[01:31:13] Ay, more there was;
[01:31:14] or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.
[01:31:16] Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?
[01:31:21] Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's "Metamorphoses."
[01:31:23] My mother gave it me.
[01:31:24] For love of her that's gone,
[01:31:26] perhaps she culled it from among the rest.
[01:31:27] Soft.
[01:31:28] So busily she turns the leaves.
[01:31:31] What would she find?
[01:31:33] Help her.
[01:31:35] Lavinia, shall I read?
[01:31:44] This is the tragic tale of Philomel
[01:31:46] and treats of Tereus' treason and his rape.

[01:31:55] And rape, I fear, was root of thy annoy.
[01:31:59] See, brother, see.
[01:32:02] Note how she quotes the leaves.
[01:32:03] Lavinia, were thou thus surprised, sweet girl,
[01:32:06] ravished and wronged as Philomela was,
[01:32:09] forced in the vast and ruthless, gloomy woods?
[01:32:14] Ay, see, see.
[01:32:17] Such a place there is where we did hunt
[01:32:19] O, had we never, never hunted there!
[01:32:22] patterned by this the poet here describes,
[01:32:25] by nature made for murders and for rapes.
[01:32:29] O, why should nature build so foul a den,
[01:32:32] unless the gods delight in tragedies?
[01:32:35] Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,
[01:32:39] what Roman lord it was durst do the deed.
[01:32:42] Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
[01:32:45] that left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?
[01:32:50] Sit down, sweet niece.
[01:32:52] Brother, sit down with me.
[01:33:00] Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mercury,
[01:33:04] inspire me, that I may this treason find.
[01:33:15] My lord, look here.
[01:33:20] Look here, Lavinia.
[01:33:23] This sandy plot is plain.
[01:33:26] Guide, if thou canst, this after me.
[01:33:34] I have writ my name
[01:33:36] without the help of any hand at all.
[01:33:39] Cursed be the heart that forced us to this shift.
[01:33:43] Write thou, good niece, and here display at last
[01:33:48] what God will have discovered for revenge.
[01:33:51] Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
[01:33:57] that we may know the traitors and the truth.
[01:35:15] Do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?
[01:35:30] "Rape."
[01:35:34] "Chiron."
[01:35:36] "Demetrius."
[01:35:39] Magni Dominator poli, Tam lentus audis scelera?
[01:35:46] Tam lentus vides?
[01:35:48] O, calm thee, gentle lord,
[01:35:50] although I know there is enough written upon this earth
[01:35:53] to stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts
[01:35:56] and arm the minds of infants to exclams.
[01:35:59] Kneel down with me.
[01:36:02] Lavinia, kneel.
[01:36:03] And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope
[01:36:08] and swear with me as with the woeful fere
[01:36:11] and father of that chaste, dishonored dame,
[01:36:13] Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece's rape
[01:36:16] that we will prosecute by good advice
[01:36:18] mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths
[01:36:20] and see their blood or die with this reproach.
[01:36:26] 'Tis sure enough, and you knew how.
[01:36:33] But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware.
[01:36:38] The dam will wake; and if she wind ye once,
[01:36:42] she's with the lion deeply still in league
[01:36:46] and lulls him while she playeth on her back.
[01:36:49] And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
[01:36:55] You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let alone.
[01:37:00] Come.
[01:37:01] I will go get a leaf of brass and with a gad of steel

[01:37:05] will write these words and lay it by.
 [01:37:09] The angry northern wind will blow these sands
 [01:37:14] like Sibyl's leaves abroad.
 [01:37:16] And where's our lesson then?
 [01:37:18] Boy, what say you?
 [01:37:20] I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
 [01:37:22] their mother's bedchamber should not be safe
 [01:37:24] for these base bondmen to the yoke of Rome.
 [01:37:27] Ay, there's my boy.
 [01:37:28] Thy father hath full oft
 [01:37:29] for his ungrateful country done the like.
 [01:37:31] And, uncle, so will I, and if I live.
 [01:37:34] Come, go with me into mine armory.
 [01:37:35] Lucius, I'll fit thee, and my boy withal
 [01:37:38] shall carry from me to the empress' sons
 [01:37:40] presents that I intend to send them both.
 [01:37:44] Come, come; thou'lt do my message, wilt thou not?
 [01:37:46] Ay, and with my dagger in their bosoms, Grandsire.
 [01:37:49] No, boy, not so.
 [01:37:52] I'll teach thee another course.
 [01:37:56] Lavinia, come.
 [01:37:58] Marcus, look to my house.
 [01:38:00] Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court.
 [01:38:04] Ay, marry, will we, sir, and we'll be waited on.
 [01:38:09] O, heavens, can you hear a good man groan
 [01:38:12] and not relent and not compassion him?
 [01:38:14] Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy
 [01:38:17] that hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
 [01:38:20] than foemen's marks upon his battered shield,
 [01:38:23] and yet so just that he will not revenge.
 [01:38:27] Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus.
 [01:38:56] Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius.
 [01:39:00] He hath some message to deliver us.
 [01:39:01] Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.
 [01:39:05] My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
 [01:39:07] I greet your honors from Andronicus
 [01:39:09] and pray the Roman gods confound you both.
 [01:39:12] Gramercy, lovely Lucius.
 [01:39:16] What's the news?
 [01:39:17] That you are both deciphered that's the news
 [01:39:20] for villains marked with rape.
 [01:39:22] May it please you, my grandsire,
 [01:39:24] well advised, hath sent by me
 [01:39:26] the goodliest weapons of his armory
 [01:39:28] to gratify your honorable youth,
 [01:39:29] the hope of Rome, for so he bid me say.
 [01:39:32] And so I do, and with his gifts present
 [01:39:35] Your Lordships, that whenever you have need,
 [01:39:36] you may be armed and appointed well.
 [01:39:38] And so I leave you both...
 [01:39:42] like bloody villains.
 [01:39:43] What's here?
 [01:39:45] A scroll, and written round about.
 [01:39:49] Let's see.
 [01:39:51] "Integer vitae, scelerisque purus,
 [01:39:58] non eget Mauri iaculis, nec arcu."
 [01:40:07] O, 'tis a verse in Horace.
 [01:40:09] I know it well.
 [01:40:10] I read it in the grammar long ago.
 [01:40:12] Ay, just A verse in Horace.

[01:40:15] Right, you have it.
 [01:40:19] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass.
 [01:40:22] Here's no sound jest.
 [01:40:25] The old man hath found their guilt
 [01:40:27] and sends them weapons wrapped about with lines
 [01:40:30] that wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
 [01:40:33] But were our witty empress well afoot,
 [01:40:35] she would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
 [01:40:39] But let her rest in her unrest awhile.
 [01:40:43] And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
 [01:40:48] led us to Rome, strangers,
 [01:40:50] and more than so captives
 [01:40:52] to be advanced to this height?
 [01:40:53] It doth me good to see so great a lord
 [01:40:56] basely insinuate and send us gifts.
 [01:41:00] Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
 [01:41:03] Did you not use his daughter very friendly?
 [01:41:06] I would we had a thousand Roman dames
 [01:41:09] at such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.
 [01:41:12] A charitable wish, and full of love.
 [01:41:14] Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.
 [01:41:16] And would she for twenty thousand more.
 [01:41:18] Come, let us go and pray to all the gods
 [01:41:22] for our beloved mother in her pains.
 [01:41:24] Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.
 [01:41:29] Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?
 [01:41:31] Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.
 [01:41:33] Soft. Who comes here?
 [01:41:37] O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?
 [01:41:40] Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
 [01:41:43] here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?
 [01:41:46] O, gentle Aaron, we are all undone.
 [01:41:49] Now help, or woe betide thee evermore.
 [01:41:52] Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep.
 [01:41:54] What dost thou wrap and fumble in thy arms?
 [01:41:56] O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye.
 [01:41:59] Our empress' shame and stately Rome's disgrace.
 [01:42:04] She is delivered, lords; she is delivered.
 [01:42:07] To whom?
 [01:42:08] I mean she is brought abed.
 [01:42:10] Well, God give her good rest.
 [01:42:11] What hath he sent her?
 [01:42:13] A devil.
 [01:42:14] Why, then she is the devil's dam;
 [01:42:16] a joyful issue.
 [01:42:18] A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.
 [01:42:22] Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
 [01:42:25] amongst the fair-faced breeders of our clime.
 [01:42:28] The empress sends it thee thy stamp, thy seal
 [01:42:33] and bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.
 [01:42:37] Zounds, ye whore!
 [01:42:38] Is black so base a hue?
 [01:42:49] Sweet blowse,
 [01:42:52] you are a beauteous blossom sure.
 [01:42:56] Villain, what hast thou done?
 [01:43:00] That which thou canst not undo.
 [01:43:02] Thou hast undone our mother.
 [01:43:04] Villain, I have done thy mother.
 [01:43:07] And therein, hellish dog, hast thou undone her.
 [01:43:11] Woe to her chance,

[01:43:14] Damned her loathed choice.
 [01:43:16] Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend.
 [01:43:19] It shall not live.
 [01:43:21] It shall not die.
 [01:43:22] Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.
 [01:43:25] What, must it, nurse?
 [01:43:26] Then let no man but I do execution
 [01:43:29] on my flesh and blood.
 [01:43:31] I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point.
 [01:43:33] Nurse, give it to me!
 [01:43:35] My sword shall soon dispatch it.
 [01:43:37] Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up!
 [01:43:40] Stay, murderous villains; will you kill your brother!
 [01:43:44] Now, by the burning tapers of the sky
 [01:43:47] that shone so brightly when this boy was got,
 [01:43:49] he dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
 [01:43:52] that touches this, my first-born son and heir.
 [01:43:56] I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
 [01:43:59] with all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
 [01:44:03] nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
 [01:44:06] shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
 [01:44:15] What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys
 [01:44:21] ye white-limed walls, ye alehouse painted signs!
 [01:44:26] Coal-black is better than another hue
 [01:44:29] in that it scorns to bear another hue.
 [01:44:32] For all the water in the ocean
 [01:44:34] can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
 [01:44:37] although she lave them hourly in the flood.
 [01:44:47] Tell the empress from me, I am of age to keep mine own;
 [01:44:51] excuse it how she can.
 [01:44:54] Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?
 [01:44:57] My mistress is my mistress, this my self
 [01:45:03] the vigor and the picture of my youth.
 [01:45:06] This before all the world do I prefer.
 [01:45:10] This maugre all the world will I keep safe,
 [01:45:16] or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.
 [01:45:19] By this our mother is for ever shamed.
 [01:45:22] Rome will despise her for this foul escape.
 [01:45:25] The emperor in his rage will doom her death.
 [01:45:28] I blush to think upon this ignomy.
 [01:45:30] Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears.
 [01:45:34] Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
 [01:45:37] the close enacts and counsels of thy heart.
 [01:45:41] Here's a young lad framed of another leer.
 [01:45:44] Look how the black slave smiles upon the father,
 [01:45:48] as who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."
 [01:45:53] He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
 [01:45:56] of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
 [01:45:59] and from your womb where you imprisoned were,
 [01:46:01] he is enfranchised and brought to light.
 [01:46:04] Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
 [01:46:07] although my seal be stamped in his face.
 [01:46:10] Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?
 [01:46:20] Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
 [01:46:23] and we will all subscribe to thy advice.
 [01:46:27] Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.
 [01:46:30] Then sit we down and let us all consult.
 [01:46:34] My son and I will have the wind of you.
 [01:46:37] Keep there.
 [01:46:44] Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[01:46:53] How many women saw this child of his?
 [01:46:55] Why, so, brave lords
 [01:46:58] When we join in league, I am a lamb.
 [01:47:01] But if you brave the Moor,
 [01:47:03] the chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
 [01:47:06] the ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.
 [01:47:10] But say again, how many saw the child?
 [01:47:14] Cornelia the midwife and myself,
 [01:47:17] and no one else but the delivered empress.
 [01:47:19] The empress, the midwife, and yourself.
 [01:47:23] Two may keep counsel when the third's away.
 [01:47:29] Go to the empress; tell her this I said.
 [01:47:35] Weeke, weeke!
 [01:47:39] So cries a pig prepared to the spit.
 [01:47:41] What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou this?
 [01:47:44] O, Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy.
 [01:47:47] Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
 [01:47:50] a long-tongued babbling gossip?
 [01:47:51] No, lords, no.
 [01:47:53] And now be it known to you my full intent.
 [01:47:56] Not far, one Muliteus, my countryman.
 [01:47:58] His wife but yesternight was brought to bed.
 [01:48:00] His child is like to her, fair as you are.
 [01:48:03] Go pack with him, give the mother gold
 [01:48:04] and tell them both the circumstance of all,
 [01:48:06] and how by this their child shall be advanced
 [01:48:09] and be received for the emperor's heir
 [01:48:12] and substituted in the place of mine
 [01:48:14] to calm this tempest whirling in the court;
 [01:48:16] and let the emperor dandle him for his own.
 [01:48:21] Hark ye, lords.
 [01:48:23] You see I have given her physic.
 [01:48:26] And you must needs bestow her funeral.
 [01:48:29] The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.
 [01:48:32] This done, see that you take no longer days,
 [01:48:34] but send the midwife to me presently.
 [01:48:36] The midwife and the nurse well made away,
 [01:48:38] then let the ladies tattle what they please.
 [01:48:45] Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air with secrets.
 [01:48:50] For this care of Tamora,
 [01:48:52] herself and hers are highly bound to thee.
 [01:49:05] Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies,
 [01:49:08] there to dispose this treasure in mine arms
 [01:49:11] and secretly to greet the empress' friends.
 [01:49:14] Come on, you thick-lipped slave.
 [01:49:16] I'll bear you hence;
 [01:49:18] for it is you that puts us to our shifts.
 [01:49:21] I'll make you feed on berries and on roots
 [01:49:24] and feed on curds and whey and suck the goat
 [01:49:27] and cabin in a cave and bring you up
 [01:49:31] to be a warrior and command a camp.
 [01:50:04] Come, Marcus, come.
 [01:50:06] Kinsmen, this is the way.
 [01:50:09] Sir boy, let me see your archery.
 [01:50:13] Look you draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.
 [01:50:31] The goddess of justice has left the earth.
 [01:50:35] Be you remembered, Marcus: she's gone, she's fled.
 [01:50:40] Sirs, take you to your tools.
 [01:50:49] You, cousins,
 [01:50:50] shall so sound the ocean, cast your nets.

[01:50:53] Happily you may catch her in the sea.
 [01:50:55] Well, there's as little justice as at land.
 [01:50:58] No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it.
 [01:51:01] 'Tis you must dig; with mattock and with spade,
 [01:51:04] pierce the inmost centre of the earth.
 [01:51:06] Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
 [01:51:07] I pray you, deliver him this petition.
 [01:51:09] Tell him it is for justice and for aid
 [01:51:13] and that it comes from old Andronicus,
 [01:51:15] shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.
 [01:51:21] O, Rome.
 [01:51:26] Well, well, I made thee miserable
 [01:51:29] that time I threw the people's suffrages
 [01:51:32] on him that now doth tyrannize o'er me.
 [01:51:40] Go get you gone, and pray be careful all.
 [01:51:43] Leave you not one man-of-war unsearched.
 [01:51:45] This wicked emperor may have shipped her hence;
 [01:51:47] then kinsmen, we may go pipe for justice.
 [01:51:56] Publius, is not this a heavy case,
 [01:51:58] to see thy noble uncle thus distract?
 [01:52:00] Therefore, my lords, it highly us concerns
 [01:52:02] by day and night to attend him carefully
 [01:52:04] and feed his humor kindly as we may
 [01:52:06] till time beget some careful remedy.
 [01:52:08] My son, his sorrows are past remedy.
 [01:52:11] Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
 [01:52:13] take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
 [01:52:15] and vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.
 [01:52:17] Publius, how now?
 [01:52:18] How now, my masters?
 [01:52:20] What, have you met with her?
 [01:52:22] No, my good lord. but Pluto sends you word,
 [01:52:24] if you will have Revenge in hell, you shall.
 [01:52:26] Marry, for Justice, she is so employed, he thinks,
 [01:52:29] with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
 [01:52:31] so that perforce you must needs stay a time.
 [01:52:33] He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
 [01:52:38] I'll dive into the burning lake below
 [01:52:40] and pull her out of Acheron by the heels.
 [01:52:51] Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
 [01:52:57] no big-boned men framed of the cyclops' size.
 [01:53:04] But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
 [01:53:09] yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear.
 [01:53:13] And, sith there is no justice in earth or hell,
 [01:53:18] we will solicit heaven, move the gods
 [01:53:23] to send down justice for to wreak our wrongs.
 [01:53:26] Come, to this gear.
 [01:53:27] You are a good archer, Marcus.
 [01:53:30] "Ad Jovem " that's for you.
 [01:53:33] Here "Ad Apollinem."
 [01:53:35] "Ad Martem " that's for myself.
 [01:53:41] Here, boy, "To Pallas."
 [01:53:43] Here "To Mercury."
 [01:53:45] "To Saturn," Caius not to Saturnine.
 [01:53:49] You were as good to shoot against the wind.
 [01:53:56] Come to it, boy.
 [01:54:02] Marcus, loose when I bid.
 [01:54:05] Of my word, I have written to effect.
 [01:54:07] There's not a god left unsolicited.
 [01:54:09] Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court.

[01:54:13] We will afflict the emperor in his pride.
 [01:54:27] Now, masters,
 [01:54:31] draw.
 [01:54:40] Well done, Lucius!
 [01:54:43] My lord, I aimed a mile beyond the moon.
 [01:54:44] Your letter is with Jupiter by this.
 [01:54:46] Why, there it goes.
 [01:54:47] God give his lordship joy.
 [01:54:54] News, news from heaven.
 [01:54:58] Marcus, the post is come.
 [01:55:00] Sirrah, what tidings?
 [01:55:01] Have you any letters?
 [01:55:02] Shall I have justice?
 [01:55:04] What says Jupiter?
 [01:55:06] Oh, the gibbet-maker?
 [01:55:09] He says that he hath taken them down again,
 [01:55:12] for the man must not be hanged till the next week.
 [01:55:14] But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?
 [01:55:18] Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter.
 [01:55:21] I never drank with him in all my life.
 [01:55:24] Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?
 [01:55:26] Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.
 [01:55:32] Why, didst thou not come from heaven?
 [01:55:37] From heaven?
 [01:55:39] Alas, sir, no, I never came there.
 [01:55:43] God forbid I should be so bold
 [01:55:45] to press to heaven in my young days.
 [01:55:47] Why, I am going with my pigeons
 [01:55:49] to the Tribunal Plebs, to take up a matter
 [01:55:52] of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the imperial's men.
 [01:55:55] Why, sir, this is as fit as can be
 [01:55:57] to serve you for your oration.
 [01:55:59] Let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.
 [01:56:02] Can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?
 [01:56:06] Nay, truly, sir.
 [01:56:08] I could never say grace in all my life.
 [01:56:10] Come hither, sirrah.
 [01:56:16] Make no more ado, but give your pigeons to the emperor.
 [01:56:19] By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
 [01:56:22] Hold, hold.
 [01:56:24] Here is money for your charges.
 [01:56:29] Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver up a supplication?
 [01:56:33] Ay, sir.
 [01:56:35] Then here is a supplication for you.
 [01:56:38] And when you come to him,
 [01:56:39] at the first approach, you must kneel,
 [01:56:41] and then kiss his foot,
 [01:56:44] and then deliver up your pigeons,
 [01:56:45] and then look for your reward.
 [01:56:48] I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.
 [01:56:51] I warrant you, sir, I will.
 [01:56:53] Sirrah, hast thou a knife?
 [01:56:56] Ay, sir.
 [01:56:58] Well, let me see it.
 [01:57:04] Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
 [01:57:08] for thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.
 [01:57:14] And when you have given it to the emperor,
 [01:57:16] knock at my door; tell me what he says.
 [01:57:19] God be with you, sir; I will.
 [01:57:25] Come, Marcus, come.

[01:57:26] Publius, follow me.
 [01:57:48] Why, lords, what wrongs are these!
 [01:57:53] Was ever seen an emperor in Rome
 [01:57:56] thus overborne, troubled, confronted thus and,
 [01:58:00] for the extent of egal justice, used in such contempt?
 [01:58:05] My lords, you know, as know the mighty gods,
 [01:58:09] however these disturbers of our peace
 [01:58:10] buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath passed
 [01:58:12] but even with law against the wilful sons
 [01:58:15] of old Andronicus.
 [01:58:18] And what and if his sorrows have so overwhelmed his wits?
 [01:58:21] Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
 [01:58:24] his fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
 [01:58:28] And now he writes to heaven for his redress.
 [01:58:32] See, here's "To Jove,"
 [01:58:36] and this "To Mercury."
 [01:58:38] This "To Apollo,"
 [01:58:41] this "To the God of War."
 [01:58:45] Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
 [01:58:49] What's this but libelling against the Senate
 [01:58:51] and blazoning our injustice everywhere?
 [01:58:56] A goodly humor, is it not, my lords,
 [01:58:58] as who would say in Rome no justice were?
 [01:59:01] But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
 [01:59:05] shall be no shelter to these outrages;
 [01:59:07] but he and his shall know that justice lives
 [01:59:10] in Saturninus' health, whom, if she sleep,
 [01:59:14] he'll so awake as he in fury
 [01:59:16] shall cut off the proudest conspirator that lives.
 [01:59:27] My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
 [01:59:32] lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
 [01:59:36] calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
 [01:59:41] the effects of sorrow for his valiant sons
 [01:59:43] whose loss hath pierced him deep and scarred his heart;
 [01:59:47] and rather comfort his distressed plight
 [01:59:49] than prosecute the meanest or the best for these contempts.
 [01:59:59] Why, thus it shall become high-witted Tamora
 [02:00:03] to gloze with all.
 [02:00:04] But Titus, I have touched thee to the quick,
 [02:00:07] thy life-blood out.
 [02:00:09] If Aaron now be wise, then all is safe,
 [02:00:13] the anchor in the port.
 [02:00:16] How now, good fellow.
 [02:00:17] Wouldst thou speak with us?
 [02:00:19] Yea, forsooth, and your mistership be imperial.
 [02:00:23] Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.
 [02:00:28] 'Tis he.
 [02:00:31] God and Saint Stephen give you godden.
 [02:00:34] I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.
 [02:00:44] Go take him away, and hang him presently.
 [02:00:47] How much money must I have?
 [02:00:51] Come, sirrah; you must be hanged.
 [02:00:53] Hanged by our lady?
 [02:00:55] Then I have brought up a neck to a fair end.
 [02:01:02] Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
 [02:01:06] Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
 [02:01:09] I know from whence this same device proceeds.
 [02:01:13] May this be borne as if his traitorous sons
 [02:01:16] that died by law for murder of our brother
 [02:01:18] have by my means been butchered wrongfully?

[02:01:21] Go drag the villain hither by the hair.
 [02:01:23] Nor age nor honor shall shape privilege.
 [02:01:27] For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughterman,
 [02:01:30] sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
 [02:01:34] in hope thyself should govern Rome and me.
 [02:01:37] What news with thee, Aemilius?
 [02:01:39] Arm, my lords!
 [02:01:41] Rome never had more cause.
 [02:01:43] The Goths have gathered head,
 [02:01:45] and with a power of high resolved men bent to the spoil,
 [02:01:48] they hither march amain, under conduct of Lucius,
 [02:01:50] son to old Andronicus, who threats in course of his revenge
 [02:01:54] to do as much as ever Coriolanus did.
 [02:01:57] Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
 [02:02:03] These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
 [02:02:07] as flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
 [02:02:14] Ay, now begins our sorrows to approach.
 [02:02:21] 'Tis he the common people love so much.
 [02:02:26] Myself hath often heard them say
 [02:02:27] when I have walked like a private man
 [02:02:29] that Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
 [02:02:31] and they have wished that Lucius were their emperor.
 [02:02:33] Why should you fear?
 [02:02:34] Is not your city strong?
 [02:02:35] Ay, but the citizens favor Lucius
 [02:02:37] and will revolt from me to succor him.
 [02:02:40] King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
 [02:02:44] Is the sun dimmed, that gnats do fly in it?
 [02:02:48] The eagle suffers little birds to sing
 [02:02:50] and is not careful what they mean thereby,
 [02:02:52] knowing that with the shadow of his wings
 [02:02:54] he can at pleasure stint their melody.
 [02:02:57] Even so mayest thou the giddy men of Rome.
 [02:03:03] Then cheer thy spirit; for know thou, Emperor,
 [02:03:07] I will enchant the old Andronicus
 [02:03:09] with words more sweet and yet more dangerous
 [02:03:12] than baits to fish or honey-stalks to sheep,
 [02:03:14] when as the one is wounded with the bait,
 [02:03:16] the other rotted with delicious feed.
 [02:03:18] But he will not entreat his son for us.
 [02:03:22] If Tamora entreat him, then he will;
 [02:03:24] for I can smooth and fill his aged ears
 [02:03:27] with golden promises, that, were his heart
 [02:03:30] almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
 [02:03:33] yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
 [02:03:36] Go thou before.
 [02:03:38] Be our ambassador.
 [02:03:39] Say that the emperor requests a parley
 [02:03:42] of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting
 [02:03:44] even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.
 [02:03:49] Aemilius, do this message honorably.
 [02:03:52] And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
 [02:03:55] bid him demand what pledge will please him best.
 [02:03:57] Your bidding shall I do effectually.
 [02:04:01] Now will I to that old Andronicus,
 [02:04:03] and temper him with all the art I have
 [02:04:06] to pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
 [02:04:10] And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again
 [02:04:14] and bury all thy fears in my devices.
 [02:04:17] Then go incessantly, and plead to him.

Titus Andronicus Act 5

[02:04:58] Approved warriors and my faithful friends,
 [02:05:01] I have received letters from great Rome,
 [02:05:04] which signifies what hate they bear their emperor
 [02:05:07] and how desirous of our sight they are.
 [02:05:09] Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
 [02:05:12] imperious and impatient of your wrongs;
 [02:05:15] and wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
 [02:05:18] let him make treble satisfaction.
 [02:05:22] Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
 [02:05:28] whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,
 [02:05:32] whose high exploits and honorable deeds
 [02:05:35] ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
 [02:05:40] be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,
 [02:05:44] like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
 [02:05:47] led by their master to the flowered fields,
 [02:05:51] and be avenged on cursed Tamora.
 [02:05:55] And as he saith, so say we all with him.
 [02:05:59] Ay.
 [02:06:00] I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
 [02:06:03] But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?
 [02:06:08] Renowned Lucius, from our troops I strayed
 [02:06:11] to gaze upon a ruinous monastery.
 [02:06:14] And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
 [02:06:15] upon the wasted building,
 [02:06:17] suddenly I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
 [02:06:19] I made unto the noise, when soon I heard
 [02:06:21] the crying babe controlled with this discourse:
 [02:06:24] "Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dame!
 [02:06:28] "Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
 [02:06:31] "had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
 [02:06:33] "villain, thou mightst have been an emperor.
 [02:06:35] "But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
 [02:06:38] "they never do beget a coal-black calf.
 [02:06:40] Peace, villain, peace! "
 [02:06:41] even thus he rates the babe
 [02:06:43] "For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,
 [02:06:45] "who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
 [02:06:47] will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."
 [02:06:49] With this, my weapon drawn, I rushed upon him,
 [02:06:52] surprised him suddenly, and brought him hither
 [02:06:54] to use as you think needful of the man.
 [02:06:56] O, worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
 [02:07:00] that robbed Andronicus of his good hand.
 [02:07:03] This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye.
 [02:07:07] And here's the base fruit of her burning lust.
 [02:07:12] Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
 [02:07:15] this growing image of thy fiend-like face?
 [02:07:18] Why dost not speak?
 [02:07:20] What, deaf?
 [02:07:22] Not a word?
 [02:07:24] A halter, soldiers!
 [02:07:25] Hang him on this tree,
 [02:07:27] and by his side his fruit of bastardy.
 [02:07:29] Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.
 [02:07:31] Too like the sire for ever being good.
 [02:07:33] First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,
 [02:07:37] a sight to vex the father's soul withal.
 [02:07:40] Get me a ladder.

[02:07:41] Lucius, save the child,
 [02:07:43] and bear it from me to the empress.
 [02:07:45] If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things
 [02:07:47] that highly may advantage thee to hear.
 [02:07:50] If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
 [02:07:53] I'll speak no more but vengeance rot you all!
 [02:07:56] Say on; and if it please me which thou speak'st,
 [02:07:58] thy child shall live, and I will see it nourished.
 [02:08:00] And if it please thee.
 [02:08:02] Why, assure thee, Lucius,
 [02:08:03] 'twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
 [02:08:07] for I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
 [02:08:10] acts of black night, abominable deeds,
 [02:08:13] complots of mischief, treason, villainies,
 [02:08:15] ruthless to hear, yet piteously performed.
 [02:08:19] And this shall all be buried in my death,
 [02:08:21] unless thou swear to me my child shall live.
 [02:08:24] Tell on thy mind.
 [02:08:25] I say thy child shall live.
 [02:08:27] Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.
 [02:08:28] Who should I swear by?
 [02:08:29] Thou believest no god.
 [02:08:31] That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?
 [02:08:33] What if I do not, as indeed I do not?
 [02:08:35] Yet, for I know thou art religious
 [02:08:38] and hast a thing within thee called conscience;
 [02:08:41] therefore, I urge thy oath.
 [02:08:43] For that I know an idiot holds his bauble for a god,
 [02:08:47] and keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
 [02:08:50] to that I'll urge him.
 [02:08:52] Therefore, thou shalt vow by that same god
 [02:08:54] what god soe'er it be that thou adorest
 [02:08:56] and hast in reverence
 [02:08:57] to save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
 [02:09:00] or else I will discover nought to thee.
 [02:09:05] Even by my god, I swear to thee I will.
 [02:09:32] First know thou, I begot him on the empress.
 [02:09:36] O, most insatiate and luxurious woman!
 [02:09:38] Tut, Lucius; this was but a deed of charity
 [02:09:42] to that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
 [02:09:45] 'Twas her two sons that murdered Bassianus.
 [02:09:49] They cut thy sister's tongue and ravished her
 [02:09:52] and cut her hands and trimmed her as thou saw'st.
 [02:09:56] O, detestable villain!
 [02:09:58] Call'st thou that trimming?
 [02:09:59] Why, she was washed and cut and trimmed,
 [02:10:02] and 'twas trim sport for them which had the doing of it.
 [02:10:05] O, barbarous beastly villains like thyself!
 [02:10:07] Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.
 [02:10:09] That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
 [02:10:12] as sure a card as ever won the set.
 [02:10:15] That bloody mind, I think, they learned of me,
 [02:10:19] as true a dog as ever fought at head.
 [02:10:21] Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
 [02:10:24] I trained thy brethren to that guileful hole
 [02:10:28] where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay.
 [02:10:31] I wrote the letter that thy father found
 [02:10:34] and hid the gold within that letter mentioned,
 [02:10:36] confederate with the queen and her two sons.
 [02:10:39] And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

[02:10:42] wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
 [02:10:45] I played the cheater for thy father's hand,
 [02:10:48] and when I had it, drew myself apart
 [02:10:51] and almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
 [02:10:54] I pried me through the crevice of a wall,
 [02:10:56] when, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads,
 [02:10:59] beheld his tears, and laughed so heartily
 [02:11:03] that both mine eyes were rainy like to his.
 [02:11:06] And when I told the empress of this sport,
 [02:11:08] she sounded almost at my pleasing tale
 [02:11:11] and for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.
 [02:11:14] What, canst thou say all this and never blush?
 [02:11:18] Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.
 [02:11:22] Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?
 [02:11:25] Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
 [02:11:29] Even now I curse the day and yet, I think,
 [02:11:32] few come within the compass of my curse
 [02:11:34] wherein I did not some notorious ill
 [02:11:37] as kill a man, or else devise his death,
 [02:11:41] ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it,
 [02:11:44] accuse some innocent and forswear myself,
 [02:11:47] set deadly enmity between two friends,
 [02:11:50] make poor men's cattle break their necks,
 [02:11:54] set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,
 [02:11:57] and bid the owners quench them with their tears.
 [02:12:01] Oft have I digged up dead men from their graves
 [02:12:04] and set them upright at their dear friends' door
 [02:12:06] even when their sorrows almost was forgot
 [02:12:09] and on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 [02:12:12] have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
 [02:12:15] "Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."
 [02:12:17] Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
 [02:12:21] as willingly as one would kill a fly,
 [02:12:24] and nothing grieves me heartily indeed
 [02:12:27] but that I cannot do ten thousand more.
 [02:12:30] Bring down the devil, for he must not die
 [02:12:31] so sweet a death as hanging presently.
 [02:12:33] If there be devils, would I were a devil,
 [02:12:36] to live and burn in everlasting fire,
 [02:12:38] so I might have your company in hell
 [02:12:40] but to torment you with my bitter tongue!
 [02:12:43] Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more!
 [02:12:47] My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
 [02:12:50] desires to be admitted to your presence.
 [02:12:51] Let him come near.
 [02:12:55] Welcome, Aemilius.
 [02:12:57] What's the news from Rome?
 [02:12:58] Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
 [02:13:01] the Roman emperor greets you all by me,
 [02:13:04] and, for he understands you are in arms,
 [02:13:06] he craves a parley at your father's house,
 [02:13:09] willing you to demand your hostages,
 [02:13:11] and they shall be immediately delivered.
 [02:13:13] What says our general?
 [02:13:16] Aemilius, let the emperor give his pledges
 [02:13:18] unto my father and my uncle Marcus, and we will come.
 [02:13:21] March away!
 [02:13:46] Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
 [02:13:49] I will encounter with Andronicus
 [02:13:51] and say I am Revenge, sent from below

[02:13:54] to join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
 [02:13:59] Knock at his study, where they say he keeps
 [02:14:01] to ruminare strange plots of dire revenge.
 [02:14:04] Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
 [02:14:06] and work confusion on his enemies.
 [02:14:21] Who doth molest my contemplation?
 [02:14:25] Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
 [02:14:28] that so my sad decrees may fly away
 [02:14:30] and all my study be to no effect?
 [02:14:33] You are deceived; for what I mean to do
 [02:14:35] see here in bloody lines I have set down,
 [02:14:39] and what is written shall be executed.
 [02:14:41] Titus, I am come to talk with thee.
 [02:14:45] No, not a word.
 [02:14:49] How can I grace my talk,
 [02:14:50] wanting a hand to give it that accord?
 [02:14:53] You have the odds of me; therefore no more.
 [02:14:56] If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.
 [02:14:59] I am not mad; I know thee well enough.
 [02:15:02] Witness this wretched stump.
 [02:15:04] Witness these crimson lines.
 [02:15:06] Witness these trenches made by grief and care.
 [02:15:09] Witness the tiring day and heavy night.
 [02:15:12] Witness all sorrow that I know thee well
 [02:15:14] for our proud empress, mighty Tamora.
 [02:15:16] Is not thy coming for my other hand?
 [02:15:18] Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora.
 [02:15:22] She is thy enemy and I thy friend.
 [02:15:26] I am Revenge, sent from the infernal kingdom
 [02:15:30] to ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind
 [02:15:33] by working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
 [02:15:38] Therefore, come down and welcome me to this world's light.
 [02:15:43] Confer with me of murder and of death;
 [02:15:47] There's not a hollow cave or lurking place,
 [02:15:49] no vast obscurity or misty vale
 [02:15:52] where bloody murder or detested rape
 [02:15:54] can couch for fear but I will find them out
 [02:15:57] and in their ear tell them my dreadful name,
 [02:16:01] Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.
 [02:16:05] Art thou Revenge?
 [02:16:08] And art thou sent to me to be a torment to mine enemies?
 [02:16:12] I am; therefore come down and welcome me.
 [02:16:18] Do me some service ere I come to thee.
 [02:16:21] Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands.
 [02:16:24] Now give some surance that thou art Revenge.
 [02:16:27] Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheel.
 [02:16:29] And then I'll come and be thy wagoner
 [02:16:31] and whirl along with thee about the globes.
 [02:16:33] Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,
 [02:16:36] to hale thy vengeful wagon swift away,
 [02:16:38] and find out murderers in their guilty caves.
 [02:16:41] And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
 [02:16:44] I will dismount, and by thy wagon wheel
 [02:16:48] trot like a servile footman, all day long,
 [02:16:51] even from Hyperion's rising in the east
 [02:16:54] until his very downfall in the sea.
 [02:16:56] And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
 [02:17:01] so thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.
 [02:17:04] These are my ministers and come with me.
 [02:17:09] Are they thy ministers?

[02:17:11] What are they called?
 [02:17:14] Rape and Murder; therefore called so
 [02:17:17] 'cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.
 [02:17:21] Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
 [02:17:27] And you the empress!
 [02:17:32] But we worldly men have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
 [02:17:40] O, sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee.
 [02:17:45] And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
 [02:17:48] I will embrace thee in it by and by.
 [02:17:55] This closing with him fits his lunacy.
 [02:17:58] Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick humors
 [02:18:00] do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
 [02:18:02] for now he firmly takes me for Revenge.
 [02:18:05] And, being credulous in this mad thought,
 [02:18:07] I'll make him send for Lucius his son,
 [02:18:09] and whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
 [02:18:12] I'll find some cunning practice out of hand
 [02:18:14] to scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
 [02:18:16] or at the least, make them his enemies.
 [02:18:18] See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.
 [02:18:26] Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.
 [02:18:30] Welcome, dread Fury, to my woeful house.
 [02:18:35] Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too.
 [02:18:40] How like the empress and her sons you are.
 [02:18:45] Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor.
 [02:18:47] Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
 [02:18:50] For well I wot the empress never wags
 [02:18:52] but in her company there is a Moor.
 [02:18:56] And, would you represent our queen aright,
 [02:18:58] it were convenient you had such a devil.
 [02:19:02] But welcome as you are.
 [02:19:05] What shall we do?
 [02:19:08] What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?
 [02:19:10] Show me a murderer; I'll deal with him.
 [02:19:14] Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
 [02:19:16] and I am sent to be revenged on him.
 [02:19:17] Show me a thousand that hath done thee wrong,
 [02:19:20] and I will be revenged on them all.
 [02:19:23] Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
 [02:19:28] and when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
 [02:19:30] good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.
 [02:19:34] Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
 [02:19:36] to find another that is like to thee,
 [02:19:39] good Rapine, stab him; he's a ravisher.
 [02:19:43] Go thou with them, and in the emperor's court
 [02:19:47] there is a queen, attended by a Moor.
 [02:19:49] Well shalt thou know her by thine own proportion,
 [02:19:51] for up and down she doth resemble thee.
 [02:19:55] I pray thee, do on them some violent death.
 [02:20:00] They have been violent to me and mine.
 [02:20:04] Well hast thou lessoned us.
 [02:20:07] This shall we do.
 [02:20:09] But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
 [02:20:12] to send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
 [02:20:14] who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
 [02:20:17] and bid him come and banquet at thy house.
 [02:20:20] When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
 [02:20:23] I will bring in the empress and her sons,
 [02:20:27] the emperor himself, and all thy foes.
 [02:20:29] And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,

[02:20:32] and on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
 [02:20:35] What says Andronicus to this device?
 [02:20:39] Marcus, my brother!
 [02:20:43] 'Tis sad Titus calls.
 [02:20:50] Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius.
 [02:20:53] Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths.
 [02:20:57] Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
 [02:20:59] some of the chiefest princes of the Goths.
 [02:21:02] Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.
 [02:21:05] Tell him the emperor and the empress too
 [02:21:10] feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
 [02:21:14] This do thou for my love, and so let him,
 [02:21:17] as he regards his aged father's life.
 [02:21:19] This shall I do, and soon return again.
 [02:21:27] Now will I hence about thy business,
 [02:21:30] and take my ministers along with me.
 [02:21:32] Nay, nay,
 [02:21:34] let Rape and Murder stay with me,
 [02:21:39] or else I'll call my brother back again
 [02:21:42] and cleave to no revenge but Lucius.
 [02:21:47] What say you, boys?
 [02:21:48] Will you abide with him
 [02:21:50] whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
 [02:21:51] how I have governed our determined jest?
 [02:21:53] Yield to his humor, smooth and speak him fair,
 [02:21:56] and tarry with him till I turn again.
 [02:22:00] I knew them all, though they suppose me mad,
 [02:22:06] and will o'er reach them in their own devices
 [02:22:10] a pair of hell-hounds and their cursed dam.
 [02:22:13] Madam, depart at pleasure.
 [02:22:16] Leave us here.
 [02:22:19] Farewell, Andronicus.
 [02:22:21] Revenge now goes to lay a complot
 [02:22:25] to betray thy foes.
 [02:22:27] I know thou dost;
 [02:22:28] and sweet Revenge, farewell.
 [02:22:40] Tell us, old man, how shall we be employed?
 [02:22:46] Tut, I have work enough for you to do.
 [02:22:50] Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine.
 [02:22:56] What is your will?
 [02:22:58] Know you these two?
 [02:23:00] The empress' sons, I take them: Chiron, Demetrius.
 [02:23:03] Fie, Publius, fie; thou art too much deceived.
 [02:23:09] The one is Murder, and Rape is the other's name.
 [02:23:14] And therefore bind them, gentle Publius
 [02:23:20] Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them.
 [02:23:24] Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
 [02:23:26] and now I find it; therefore bind them sure,
 [02:23:30] and stop their mouths if they begin to cry.
 [02:23:35] Villains, forbear!
 [02:23:36] We are the empress' sons.
 [02:23:38] And therefore do what we are commanded.
 [02:23:43] Stop close their mouths.
 [02:23:45] Let them not speak a word.
 [02:23:47] Is he sure bound?
 [02:23:50] Look that you bind them fast.
 [02:24:25] Come, come, Lavinia.
 [02:24:27] Look, thy foes are bound.
 [02:24:29] Sirs, stop their mouths.
 [02:24:31] Let them not speak to me.

[02:24:35] But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
 [02:24:41] O, villains, Chiron and Demetrius.
 [02:24:45] Here stands the spring whom you have stained with mud;
 [02:24:49] this goodly summer with your winter mixed.
 [02:24:52] You killed her husband, and for that vile fault
 [02:24:56] two of her brothers were condemned to death,
 [02:24:59] my hand cut off and made a merry jest.
 [02:25:02] Both her sweet hands, her tongue,
 [02:25:04] and that more dear than hands or tongue
 [02:25:06] her spotless chastity
 [02:25:09] inhuman traitors, you constrained and forced.
 [02:25:15] What would you say, if I should let you speak?
 [02:25:17] Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
 [02:25:22] Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
 [02:25:26] This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
 [02:25:29] whiles that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
 [02:25:32] the basin that receives your guilty blood.
 [02:25:35] You know your mother means to feast with me
 [02:25:38] and calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.
 [02:25:42] Hark, wretches; I will grind your bones to dust,
 [02:25:46] and with your blood and it I'll make a paste;
 [02:25:48] and of the paste a coffin I will rear
 [02:25:52] and make two pasties of your shameful heads
 [02:25:54] and bid that strumpet, your unhallowed dam,
 [02:25:59] like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
 [02:26:03] This is the feast that I have bid her to
 [02:26:06] and this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
 [02:26:08] for worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
 [02:26:11] and worse than Progne I will be revenged.
 [02:26:15] And now prepare your throats.
 [02:26:26] Lavinia, come, receive the blood.
 [02:26:33] Come, come, be every one officious
 [02:26:37] to make this banquet, which I wish may prove
 [02:26:40] more stern and bloody than the centaurs' feast.
 [02:27:12] Bring them in, for I will play the cook
 [02:27:15] and see them ready against their mother comes.
 [02:28:12] Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind
 [02:28:16] that I repair to Rome, I am content.
 [02:28:18] And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.
 [02:28:22] Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
 [02:28:25] this ravenous tiger, this accursed devil.
 [02:28:28] Let him receive no sustenance.
 [02:28:30] Fetter him till he be brought unto the empress' face
 [02:28:32] for testimony of her foul proceedings.
 [02:28:37] And see the ambush of our friends be strong.
 [02:28:39] I fear the emperor means no good to us.
 [02:28:45] Some devil whisper curses in my ear
 [02:28:48] and prompt me that my tongue may utter forth
 [02:28:51] the venomous malice of my swelling heart!
 [02:28:54] Away, inhuman dog, unhallowed slave!
 [02:28:59] Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.
 [02:29:06] The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.
 [02:29:31] What, hath the firmament more suns than one?
 [02:29:33] What boots it thee to can thyself a sun?
 [02:29:36] Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle.
 [02:29:39] These quarrels must be quietly debated.
 [02:29:42] The feast is ready which the careful Titus
 [02:29:45] hath ordained to an honorable end,
 [02:29:48] for peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome.
 [02:29:51] Please you, therefore, draw nigh and take your places.

[02:29:54] Marcus, we will.
 [02:30:36] Welcome, my lord.
 [02:30:38] Welcome, dread queen.
 [02:30:41] Welcome, ye warlike Goths.
 [02:30:44] Welcome, Lucius.
 [02:30:45] And welcome all.
 [02:30:47] Although the cheer be poor, 'twill fill your stomachs.
 [02:30:51] Please you eat of it.
 [02:31:55] Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?
 [02:31:58] Because I would be sure to have all well
 [02:32:00] to entertain Your Highness and your empress.
 [02:32:04] We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.
 [02:32:06] And if Your Highness knew my heart, you were.
 [02:33:22] My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
 [02:33:25] was it well done of rash Virginius
 [02:33:29] to slay his daughter with his own right hand
 [02:33:32] because she was enforced, stained, and deflowered?
 [02:33:38] It was, Andronicus.
 [02:33:40] Your reason, mighty lord.
 [02:33:44] Because the girl should not survive her shame
 [02:33:47] and by her presence still renew his sorrows.
 [02:33:51] A reason mighty, strong, and effectual
 [02:33:57] a pattern, precedent, and lively warrant
 [02:34:04] for me, most wretched, to perform the like.
 [02:34:22] Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;
 [02:34:30] and with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!
 [02:34:34] What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?
 [02:34:37] Killed her for whom my tears have made me blind.
 [02:34:42] I am as woeful as Virginius was
 [02:34:45] and have a thousand times more cause than he
 [02:34:49] to do this outrage.
 [02:34:52] And it now is done.
 [02:34:55] What, was she ravished?
 [02:34:58] Tell who did the deed.
 [02:35:00] Will it please you eat?
 [02:35:03] Will it please Your Highness feed?
 [02:35:05] Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?
 [02:35:08] Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius.
 [02:35:11] They ravished her, and cut away her tongue,
 [02:35:13] and they, 'twas they that did her all this wrong.
 [02:35:17] Go, fetch them hither to us presently.
 [02:35:19] Why, there they are, both baked in this pie
 [02:35:22] whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
 [02:35:24] eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
 [02:35:28] 'Tis true, 'tis true: witness my knife's sharp point.
 [02:35:34] Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed!
 [02:35:42] Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
 [02:35:45] There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed!
 [02:35:54] You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,
 [02:35:59] by uproars severed as a flight of fowl
 [02:36:02] scattered by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
 [02:36:06] O, let me teach you how to knit again
 [02:36:10] this scattered corn into one mutual sheaf,
 [02:36:14] these broken limbs again into one body,
 [02:36:16] lest Rome herself be bane unto herself
 [02:36:20] and she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
 [02:36:23] like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
 [02:36:25] do shameful execution on herself.
 [02:36:29] But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
 [02:36:31] grave witnesses of true experience,

[02:36:34] cannot induce you to attend my words,
 [02:36:37] speak, Rome's dear friend, as erst our ancestor,
 [02:36:42] when with his solemn tongue he did discourse
 [02:36:45] to love-sick Dido's sad attending ear
 [02:36:47] the story of that baleful burning night,
 [02:36:50] when subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's Troy.
 [02:36:53] Tell us what Sinon hath bewitched our ears,
 [02:36:57] and who hath brought the fatal engine in
 [02:36:59] that gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
 [02:37:05] My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,
 [02:37:09] nor can I utter all our bitter griefs,
 [02:37:12] but floods of tears will drown my oratory
 [02:37:16] and break my utterance, even in the time
 [02:37:18] when it should move ye to attend me most,
 [02:37:20] and force you to commiseration.
 [02:37:24] Here's Rome's young captain.
 [02:37:27] Let him tell the tale
 [02:37:29] while I stand by and weep to hear him speak.
 [02:37:34] Then, gracious auditory, be it known to you
 [02:37:38] that Chiron and the damned Demetrius
 [02:37:40] were they that murdered our emperor's brother.
 [02:37:43] And they it were that ravished our sister.
 [02:37:47] For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
 [02:37:50] our father's tears despised, and basely cozened
 [02:37:55] of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out
 [02:37:57] and sent her enemies unto the grave.
 [02:38:00] Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
 [02:38:05] the gates shut on me, and turned weeping out
 [02:38:10] to beg relief among Rome's enemies,
 [02:38:12] who drowned their enmity in my true tears
 [02:38:15] and oped their arms to embrace me as a friend.
 [02:38:19] I am the turned forth, be it known to you,
 [02:38:22] that have preserved her welfare in my blood
 [02:38:25] and from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 [02:38:27] sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
 [02:38:31] Alas; you know I am no vaunter, I.
 [02:38:34] My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 [02:38:37] that my report is just and full of truth.
 [02:38:41] But, soft; methinks I do digress too much,
 [02:38:44] citing my worthless praise.
 [02:38:46] O, pardon me.
 [02:38:48] For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.
 [02:38:53] Now is my turn to speak.
 [02:38:57] Behold the child.
 [02:39:00] Of this was Tamora delivered,
 [02:39:02] the issue of an irreligious Moor,
 [02:39:05] chief architect and plotter of these woes.
 [02:39:08] The villain is alive in Titus' house,
 [02:39:10] and as he is, to witness this is true.
 [02:39:16] Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
 [02:39:21] these wrongs unspeakable, past patience,
 [02:39:25] or more than any living man could bear.
 [02:39:29] Now have you heard the truth.
 [02:39:31] What say you, Romans?
 [02:39:33] Have we done aught amiss, show us wherein,
 [02:39:36] and, from the place where you behold us pleading,
 [02:39:39] the poor remainder of Andronici
 [02:39:41] will, hand in hand, all headlong hurl ourselves
 [02:39:44] and on the ragged stones beat forth our souls
 [02:39:47] and make a mutual closure of our house.

[02:39:51] Speak, Romans, speak.
 [02:39:53] And if you say we shall, lo, hand in hand,
 [02:39:57] Lucius and I will fall.
 [02:40:00] Come, Marcus, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
 [02:40:05] and bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
 [02:40:09] Lucius our emperor;
 [02:40:11] for well I know the common voice do cry it shall be so.
 [02:40:14] Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!
 [02:40:21] Go to old Titus' sorrowful house
 [02:40:23] and hither hale that misbelieving Moor
 [02:40:25] to be adjudged some direful slaughtering death
 [02:40:27] as punishment for his most wicked life.
 [02:40:31] Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!
 [02:40:42] Thanks, gentle Romans.
 [02:40:44] May I govern so to heal Rome's harms
 [02:40:47] and wipe away her woe.
 [02:40:49] But gentle people, give me aim awhile,
 [02:40:53] for nature puts me to a heavy task.
 [02:40:55] Stand all aloof, but, uncle, draw you near
 [02:41:00] to shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.
 [02:41:08] O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
 [02:41:12] these sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stained face
 [02:41:17] the last true duties of thy noble son.
 [02:41:23] Tear for tear and loving kiss for kiss
 [02:41:27] thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.
 [02:41:32] O, were the sum of these that I should pay
 [02:41:34] countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.
 [02:41:40] Come hither, boy.
 [02:41:42] Come, come, and learn of us to melt in showers.
 [02:41:50] Thy grandsire loved thee well.
 [02:41:53] Many a time he danced thee on his knee,
 [02:41:57] sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow.
 [02:42:00] Many a story hath he told to thee
 [02:42:03] and bid thee bear his pretty tales in mind
 [02:42:06] and talk of them when he was dead and gone.
 [02:42:11] How many thousand times have these poor lips,
 [02:42:13] when they were living, warmed themselves on thine.
 [02:42:17] O, now, sweet boy, give them their latest kiss.
 [02:42:20] Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave.
 [02:42:24] Do them that kindness and take leave of them.
 [02:42:28] Grandsire, Grandsire, even with all my heart,
 [02:42:31] were I were dead so you did live again.
 [02:42:34] O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping.
 [02:42:38] My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.
 [02:42:40] You sad Andronici, have done with woes.
 [02:42:44] Give sentence on the execrable wretch
 [02:42:46] who hath been breeder of these dire events.
 [02:43:06] Set him breast-deep in earth and famish him.
 [02:43:10] There let him stand and rave and cry for food.
 [02:43:15] If any one relieves or pities him,
 [02:43:16] for the offence he dies.
 [02:43:18] This is our doom.
 [02:43:22] Ah, why should wrath be mute and fury dumb?
 [02:43:27] I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
 [02:43:31] I should repent the evils I have done.
 [02:43:33] Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
 [02:43:36] would I perform, if I might have my will.
 [02:43:39] If one good deed in all my life I did,
 [02:43:43] I do repent it from my very soul.
 [02:43:55] Some loving friends convey the emperor hence

[02:43:58] and give him burial in his father's grave.
[02:44:01] My father and Lavinia shall forthwith be closed
[02:44:05] in our household's monument.
[02:44:07] As for that ravenous tiger, Tamora
[02:44:11] no funeral rite nor man in mourning weed.
[02:44:18] No mournful bell shall ring her burial,
[02:44:21] but throw her forth to beasts and birds to prey.
[02:44:26] Her life was beastly and devoid of pity,
[02:44:30] and being dead, let birds on her take pity.