

Continue

No fear shakespeare titus andronicus

The Tomb of ANDRONICI appears; Tribune and Senators aloft. Enter, below, from one side, SATURNINUS and its followers; and, from the other side, BASSIANUS and its followers; and from the other side, BASSIANUS and its followers; and from the other side, BASSIANUS and its followers; and from the other side, BASSIANUS and its followers; and from the other side, BASSIANUS and its followers; and from the other side, BASSIANUS and its followers; and from the other side, BASSIANUS and its followers; and from the other side, BASSIANUS and from the other side, BASSIANUS and its followers; and from the other side, BASSIANUS and the other side, BASSIANUS swords: I am his firstborn, who was the last to wear the imperial headband of Rome; Then let my father's honors live in me, nor my wrong age with this indignity. BASSIANUS Romans, friends, followers, favors of my right, If bassianus, son of Caesar, were kind in the eyes of royal Rome, Then keep this passage to the Capitol and do not suffer dishonor to approach the imperial seat, consecrated virtue, justice, continence and nobility; But let the desert in pure elections shine, and, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice. Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the crown MARCUS ANDRONICUS princes, who strive for factions and friends Ambitiously for dominance and evil, Know that the people of Rome, for whom we find a special party, have, by common voice, In the election for the Roman empery, Andronicus chosen, surname Pius for many good and great deserts to Rome : A nobler man, a braver warrior, Does not live this day within the city walls: The by the Senate is home to tired wars against barbaric drips; That, with his children, a terror for our enemies, Hath yoked a strong nation, braided in arms. Ten years have passed since the first time he undertook this cause of Rome and punished with horror loot, he returned Bleeding to Rome, carrying his brave sons in coffins of the countryside; And now, at last, loaded with horror loot, he returns the good Andronicus to Rome, the renowned Titus, flourishing in weapons. I beg, out of honor of your name, who would I have succeeded now. And in the Capitol and the law of the Senate, whom you intend to honor and worship, that you withdraw and diminish your strength; Fire your followers and, like suitors, plead for your deserts in peace and humility. SATURNINUS How fair the tribune speaks to soothe my thoughts! BASSIANUS Marcus Andronicus, so I love you in your righteousness and integrity, and so I love you and honor you and yours, Your noble brother Titus and his children, And she whom my thoughts humble all, Graciosa Lavinia, the rich ornament of Rome, who here I will fire my dear friends, and in my favor of the people Commit my cause in balance. Exeunt the followers of BASSIANUS SATURNINUS Friends, who have been this way forward in my right, I thank you all and here I fire you all, and the love and favor of my country Commit me, my and the cause. Exeunt followers of SATURNINUS Rome, be as fair and kind to you. Open the doors, and let In. BASSIANUS Tribunes, and I, a poor competitor. Bloom. SATURNINUS and BASSIANUS join the Capitol Enters a captain Captain Romans, marks the way: the good Andronicus. Patron of virtue, the best champion of Rome, successful in the battles he fights, With honor and fortune is returned'd from where he circumscribed with his sword, and taken to the yoke, the enemies of Rome. Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter MARTIUS and MUTIUS; After them, two men with a coffin covered in black; then LUCIUS and QUINTUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, AARON and other drops, prisoners; Soldiers and people following. The carriers defined the coffin, and TITUS ANDRONICUS Hail, Rome, victorious in your herbs of mourning! It, like the bark, which has discharged its burden, returns with precious denifar to the bay from where at first it fished its anchorage, Cometh Andronicus, tied with bay branches, to greet his country again with his tears, Tears of true joy for his return to Rome. Great defender of this Capitol, be kind to the rites we intend! Romans, of five and twenty brave sons, half the number of King Riame, Behold the poor, living and dead remains! Those who survive that Rome reward with love; These who bring to their last home, with burial among their ancestors: Here the drips have given me permission to lay down my sword. Tito, cruel and careless of yours, Why do you suffer your children, without burying yet, to float on the terrible shore of Styx? Make way to put them for your brothers. The tomb opens There greets in silence, as the dead do not want, and sleep in peace, dead in the wars of their country! O sacred receptacle of my joys, Sweet cell of virtue and nobility, How many of the grones, so that we may cut off their limbs, and in a pile Ad manes fratrum sacrifice their flesh, Before this earthy prison of their bones; May the shadows not be displeased, nor disturb with wonders on earth. TITO ANDRONICUS I give you, the noblest surviving, the eldest son of this distraught queen. TamORA Stay, Roman brothers! Merciful conqueror, Victorious Titus, mourns the tears I shed, the tears of a mother in passion for her son: And if your children were ever loved for you, oh, think that my son is so dear to me! Suffice us to be brought to Rome, to beautify your triumphs and return, Captive to you and your Roman yoke, but must my children be massacred in the streets, by courageous actions in the cause of their country? Or, if fighting for the king and common piety were mercy in you, it is in these. Andronicus, don't stain your grave with blood: will you approach the nature of Gods? Approach them and then be merciful: Sweet mercy is the true insignia of the noble noblewoman: Three years, save my my Child. TITUS ANDRONICUS Patient yourself, ma'am, and forgive me. These are your brethren, whom you saints saw alive and dead, and for your religiously dead brethren ask for a sacrifice: To this your son is marked, and die must, to appease his shadows by moaning that they are gone. LUCIUS Away from him! and make a straight fire; And with our swords, on a pile of wood, we're going to cut off their limbs until they're cleaned. Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS and MUTIUS, with ALARBUS TAMORA Cruel and irreligious mercy! CHIRON, was Scythia ever half this barbaric? DEMETRIUS Do not oppose Escita to ambitious Rome. Alarbus will rest; and we survived to tremble under the menacing gaze of Titus. Then, ma'am, resolve, but wait with the same gods who ousted the Queen of the Goths -- When the Goths and Tamora was queen -- to leave the bloody evils upon her enemies. Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, with their bloody swords LUCIUS See, lord and father, how we have performed'd Our Roman rites: Alarbus's limbs are lopp'd, and the entrails feed the sacrificed fire, whose smoke, like incense, doth the perfume sky. Remains nothing, but for our brothers, and with strong 'larums welcome them to Rome. TITUS ANDRONICUS So be it; and let Andronicus make this his last goodbye to his souls. Trumpets sounded, and the coffin placed in the tomb In peace and honor rest you here, my children; Rome's most readiest champions rest you here at rest, ensure of worldly opportunities and misreach! Here is no fan of envy, Here grow there are no damn grudges; Here there are no storms, no noise, but silence and honor rest here, my children! Enter LAVINIA LAVINIA In peace and honor rest here, my children! Enter LAVINIA In peace and honor rest here, my children! In this tomb, my affluent tears which I make, for the gifts of my brethren; And at your feet I kneel, with tears of joy, poured out upon the earth, for your return to Rome: O bless me here with your victorious hand, whose fortune the best citizens of Rome applaud! TITUS ANDRONICUS Class Rome, which therefore with love has reserved the cordial of my age to brighten my heart! Lavinia, live; survive your father's days, and the eternal date of fame, for the praise of virtue! Enter, below, MARCUS ANDRONICUS and Tribunes; Re-entering saturninus and BASSIANUS, attended MARCUS ANDRONICUS Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother, triumphant funny in the eyes of Rome! TITO ANDRONICUS Thank you, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus. MARCUS AND nephews, of successful wars, You who survive, and you who sleep in fame! Righteous lords, your fortunes are equal in all, which at the service of your country drew your swords: But the safest triumph is this funeral pomp, whose friend in justice you have been, sent you for me, his tribune and his trust, This palliament of white and impeccable tone; And name you in the elections for the empire, With these the sons of our deceased emperor: Be candidatus then, and put it on, and help put a head in headless Rome. TITUS ANDRONICUS A better head its glorious body fits than yours that trembles with age and weakness: What should I wear this robe, and annoy you? To be elected with proclamations today, tomorrow to give rule, give up my life, and put abroad new businesses for all of you? Rome, I have been your soldier forty years, and drove the strength of my country successfully, and buried one and twenty brave sons, Knights in the field, killed in arms, In the right and service of your noble country Give me a cane of honor for my age, but not a scepter to control the world: Upright held it, gentlemen , who last held him. MARCUS ANDRONICUS, Saturnine Prince. SATURNINUS Proud and ambitious tribune, can you say? Patience TITUS ANDRONICUS, Saturnine is the emperria. SATURNINUS Proud and ambitious tribune, can you say? Patience TITUS ANDRONICUS, sturnine Prince. SATURNINUS Proud and ambitious tribune, can you say? Patience TITUS ANDRONICUS, sturnine Prince. SATURNINUS Proud and ambitious tribune, can you say? Patience TITUS ANDRONICUS, sturnine Prince. SATURNINUS Proud and ambitious tribune, can you say? Patience TITUS ANDRONICUS, sturnine Prince. SATURNINUS Proud and ambitious tribune, can you say? Patience TITUS ANDRONICUS, sturnine Prince. SATURNINUS Proud and ambitious tribune, can you say? Patience TITUS ANDRONICUS, sturnine Prince. SATURNINUS Provide and as the emperine of the emperin of stealing people's hearts! LUCIUS Proud Saturnine, good switch That noble tito means to you! TITUS ANDRONICUS Content, Prince; I'll restore people's hearts and weed them out of themselves. BASSIANUS Andronicus, I do not flatter you, but I honor you, and I will do until I die: My faction if you strengthen with your friends, I will be more grateful; and thanks to the men of noble minds it is honorable meed. TITUS ANDRONICUS The people of Rome, and the tribune of the people here, ask them their voices and their suffrages: Will He give andronicus, and tritulate his safe return to Rome, The people will accept whom he admits. TITUS ANDRONICUS Tribunes, I thank you: and this costume I make, that you create the eldest son of your emperor, Lord Saturnine; whose virtues, I hope, reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth, and mature justice in this common algae: Then, if you will for my advice, crown it and say 'Long live our emperor!' MARCUS ANDRONICUS With voices and applause of all kinds, patricians and commoners, we create the great emperor of Lord Saturnine Rome, and say 'Long live our Emperor Saturnine!' A long flowering until SATURNINUS Andronicus Tito Andronicus Tito Andronicus Tito Andronicus Tito Andronicus Comes down, for your favors done to us in our elections of this day, I thank you in part of your deserts, and with facts requisition your sweetness: And, for one start, Titus, to advance your name and honorable family, Lavinia will make my empress, the royal lover of Rome, lover of my heart, And in the sacred his spongion: Tell me, Andronicus, is this this Please, do you like me? TITO ANDRONICUS Does so, my worthy lord; and in this party I was very honored with your grace: And here in the sight of Rome to Saturnine, King and commander of our common alphaship, The Emperor of the Broad World, I assyment My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners; Introduce the worthy Imperial Lord of Rome: Let us receive them then, the tribute I owe, ensign of My Lordship humiliated at your feet. SATURNINUS Thank you, noble Titus, father of my life! How proud I am of you and your gifts Rome will engrave, and when I forget the least of these indescribable, Roman deserts, forget your loyalty to me. TITUS ANDRONICUS [TO TAMORA] Now, ma'am, are you imprisoned by an emperor; For him who, for your honor and your condition, will use you and your followers nobly. SATURNINUS A good lady, trust me; of the tone I would choose, if I chose again. Of course, beautiful queen, that cloudy countenance: Although the possibility of war has caused this change of joy, You do not come to be despised in Rome: Principesca will be your use in every way. Rest on my word, and do not unhappy Daunt all your hopes: ma'am, he comforts you You can make you bigger than the Queen of Drips. Lavinia, aren't you upset about this? LAVINIA Not me, my lord; sith true nobility justifies these words with princely courtesy. SATURNINUS Thank you, sweet Lavinia. Romans, come on; Without ransom here we release our prisoners: Proclaim our honors, gentlemen, with triumph and drum. Bloom. SATURNINUS woos TAMORA at the silly show BASSIANUS Lord Titus, with your permission, this maid is mine. Take over LAVINIA TITUS ANDRONICUS How, sir! Are you serious, my lord? BASSIANUS Ay, noble Titus; and resolved with him to make me this reason and this right. MARCUS ANDRONICUS 'Suum cuique' is our Roman justice: This prince in justice takes over his, but his. LUCIUS And he will, and he will, and he will, if Lucius lives. TITUS ANDRONICUS 'raitors, avaunt! Where's the emperor's guard? Betrayal, my lord! Lavinia is surprised! SATURNINUS Surprised! by whom? BASSIANUS For him who can just bear his fiancée from all over the world away. Exeunt BASSIANUS and MARCUS with LAVINIA MUTIUS Brothers, help transmit it therefore away, and with my sword I will keep this door safe. Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS ANDRONICUS What, villain! Am I in Rome? Stabbing MUTIUS MUTIUS Help, Lucius, help! Die During the fray, SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON and AARON come out and re-enter, above Reinsernce LUCIUS My Lord, you are unfair, and, more than that, In an unfair dispute you have killed your son. TITO ANDRONICUS Neither you, nor him, are my children; My children never both: Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor. LUCIUS Dead, if you like; but not to be his wife, that's someone else's legal promised love. Departure Do, Tito, no; the emperor does not need her, neither she nor you, nor any of her actions: I will trust, for leisure, that she mocks me once; You never, nor your treacherous altive children, trust me all like this to dishonor me. Wasn't there anyone else in Rome to make a stale, but Saturnine? Well, Andronicus, according to these actions with that proud boast of you, that said 'st le beg'd the empire at your hands. TITUS ANDRONICUS OR Monstrous! What reproached words are these? SATURNINUS But follow your ways; go, give that changing piece to him that flourished for her with her sword A brave son-in-law that you will enjoy; One suitable for bandy with your lawless children, for ruffles in the commonwealth of Rome. TITUS ANDRONICUS These words are knives for my wounded heart. SATURNINUS And therefore, beautiful Tamora, queen of the grones, who like the majestic Phoebe 'mongst her nymphs Dost overshine the gallant ladies'st of Rome, If you are pleased with this my sudden choice, Behold, I choose you, Tamora, for my bride, And will the Empress of Rome, Speak, Queen of the Goths, applaud my choice? And here I swear on all the Roman gods, the priest Sith and the holy water are so close and the faucets burn so bright and every thing in preparation for Hymenaeus stand, I will not say hello to the streets of Rome again, or climb my palace, until from the front this place I run defended my girlfriend together with me. TAMORA And here, in view of heaven, to Rome I swear, If Saturnine advances the Queen of The Drips, She will be a servant to her desires, A loving nurse, a mother for her youth. SATURNINUS Ascend, queen of the fair, Pantheon. Gentlemen, accompany Your noble emperor and his charming bride, sent through the heavens by Prince Saturnine, whose wisdom has conquered his fortune: There we will consume our rites in spirit. Exeunt to walk alone, Dishonour'd like this, and challenged with evils? Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS and MARTIUS MARCUS ANDRONICUS OR Titus, look, oh, look what you've done! In a bad fight he killed a virtuous son. TITO ANDRONICUS No, silly tribune, no; no son of mine, neither you nor these Confederates in the scripture that has disen honored our whole family; Unworthy brother and unworthy children! LUCIUS But let us give him burial, as he becomes; Give Mutius' burial with our brothers. Traitors TITUS ANDRONICUS, out! rest not in this tomb: This monument of five hundred years has remained, which I have sumptuously re-built: Here there are only soldiers and servants of Rome Repose in fame; none killed basely in fights: bury him where he can; doesn't come here. MARCUS ANDRONICUS My lord, this is an ungodliness in you: The actions of my nephew Mutius beg for him that to be buried with his brothers. QUINTUS MARTIUS And we'll go with him, or him. TITUS ANDRONICUS 'And will it!' which villain spoke that word? QUINTUS The one who would attest to it anywhere Here. TITUS ANDRONICUS 'And will it!' which villain spoke that word? QUINTUS MARTIUS AND we'll go with him, or him. TITUS ANDRONICUS 'And will it!' which villain spoke that word? QUINTUS The one who would attest to it anywhere Here. TITUS ANDRONICUS 'And will it!' which villain spoke that word? QUINTUS The one who would attest to it anywhere Here. TITUS ANDRONICUS 'And will it!' which villain spoke that word? QUINTUS The one who would attest to it anywhere Here. TITUS ANDRONICUS 'And will it!' ANDRONICUS Marco, even you have hit my crest, and with these boys, my honor has wounded you: My enemies rename each one of you; So, don't bother me anymore, but go. MARTIUS Not me, until Mutius' bones are buried. MARCUS and the Sons of TITUS kneel MARCUS ANDRONICUS Brother, because in that name nature begs,-- Father QUINTUS, and in that name nature speaks,-- TITUS ANDRONICUS Do not speak any more, if all the rest will accelerate. MARCUS ANDRONICUS Suffers your brother Marcus to inter his noble nephew here in a nest of virtue, who died in honor and the cause of Lavinia. You are a Roman; not to be barbaric: The Greeks behind the council buried Ajax who killed himself; and the wise son of Laertes begged kindly for his funerals: Don't be young Mutius, then that was your joy to be barr'd your entrance here. ANDRONIC TITUS disgraced by my children in Rome! Well, tain it and ingit to me the next one. MUTIUS is placed in the tomb LUCIUS There lie your bones, sweet Mutius; He lives in the fame he died from the cause. MARCUS ANDRONICUS My lord, to get out of these sad dumpsters how is it that the subtle Queen of Drips is suddenly thus advanced in Rome? TITO ANDRONICUS I don't know, Marcus; but I know it is, whether by device or not, the heavens can say: Isn't he then contemplating the man who brought her for this high good turn so far? Yes, and he'll nobly pay for it. Bloom. Re-entering, on the one hand, SATURNINUS attended, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON and AARON; from the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and other SATURNINUS So, Bassianus, you have touched your faction will say no more, nor desire less; And so I'm out of my way. Traitor SATURNINUS, if Rome has law or we have power, You and your faction will regret this violation. BASSIANUS Rape, call him, my lord, to seize my own promised love for the truth and now my wife? But let the laws of Rome determine everything; In the meantime, I own that's mine. SATURNINUS 'It's good, sir: you're very short with us; But if we live, we'll be so smart with you. BASSIANUS My lord, what I have done, the best I can, Answer I must and will do with my life. Only so much do I give your grace to know: For all the duties I owe Rome, noble gentleman, Lord Titus here, is in opinion and in honor of evil'd; That in the rescue of Lavinia with her own hand killed youngest son, In zeal to you and very moved to anger To be controll'd in that frankly gave: Receive it, then, for the favor, Saturnine, Who has expressed himself in all his actions A father and a friend to you and Rome. TITUS ANDRONICUS Prince Bassianus, let me plead my actions: 'It is you and those who have disgraced me.' Rome and the righteous heavens are my judge, how I have loved and honored Saturnine! TAMORA My worthy lord, if Tamora were ever kind before those princely eyes of you, then listen to me speak indifferently to all; And in my suit, sweetie, forgive me for what happened. SATURNINUS What, ma'am! be dishonorably openly, and base put it without revenge? TAMORA It is not so, my lord; the gods of Rome endorse me that I should be the author for dishonor! But in my honor I dare to undertake for The Innocence of Lord Titus in all; Whose fury does not dismount speaks his sorrows: Then, to my suit, look at him gracefully; Losing not so noble friend in vain suppose, Nor with sour looks afflict your soft heart. Apart from SATURNINUS to be finally won; Dismantle all your sorrows and discontents: You are newly planted on your throne; So that, then, the people, and the patricians too, In a just survey, take the part of Titus, and thus supplant by ingratitude, that Rome claims to be an atrocious sin, Yield to supplications; and then leave me alone: I will find a day to massacre them all and wipe out their faction and their faction and their faction s; and then leave me alone: I will find a day to massacre them all and wipe out their faction and th Andronicus; Take this good old man, and animate the heart that dies in the tempest of your angry frown. SATURNINUS Rise, Titus, get up; my Empress has prevailed. TITUS ANDRONICUS I thank Her Majesty, and her, my Lord: These words, these looks, instill new life in me. TAMORA Tito, I am incorporated into Rome, A Roman now happily adopted, and must advise the emperor for his sake. This day all fights die, Andronicus; And may it be my honor, my lord, that I have reconciled your friends and you. For my advice, all humiliated on your knees, you will apologise to His Majesty. LUCIUS We do, and we swear to heaven and His Highness, that what we did was gently as we could, he broke the honor of our sister and ours. MARCUS ANDRONICUS That, for my honor, here I protest. SATURNINUS Away, and don't talk; don't bother us anymore. TAMORA Nay, no, sweet emperor, we must all be friends: The tribune and his nephews kneel by grace; I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back. SATURNINUS Marcus, for your sake and your brother is here, and my Tamora's pleas, I row the heinous faults of these young men: Rise up. Get up. although you left me like a churl, I found a friend, and surely as death I swore I would not separate a bachelor from the priest. Come, if the emperor's court can celebrate two brides, you're my guest, Lavinia, and your friends. This day will be a day of love, Tamora. TITUS ANDRONICUS Tomorrow, and please your majesty hunt the panther and hare with me, With horn and hound we will give you your bonjour grace. SATURNINUS Be like this, Tito, and gramercia too. Bloom. Exeunt ACT II SCENE I. Rome. Before the Palace. Enter AARON AARON Now climb the top of Tamora Olympus, safe from the shot of fortune; and sits aloft, safe from the crack of thunder or lightning; Advanced above the menacing reach of pale envy. As when the golden sun greets the morning, and, having golden browned the ocean with its beams, Galop the zodiac in his shiny trainer, And overlooks the hills; So Tamora: On her ingenuity doth earthly honor wait, and virtue bends down and trembles in her frown. Then, Aarón, build your heart, and fit your thoughts, to ride aloft with your imperial lover, and assemble his plot, whom you in triumph long have held prisoner, bound in love chains and faster tied to the lovely eyes of Aarón who is Prometheus bound to the Caucasus. Stay away from servile herbs and servile thoughts! I will be brilliant, and I will shine in pearl and gold, to wait for this new Empress. Waiting, did I say? to defril this queen, this goddess, this semiramis, this nymph, This mermaid, who will captivate Saturnine of Rome, and see her shipwreck and her commonweal. Holloa! What storm is this? Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, challenging DEMETRIUS chiron, your years want wit, your wits want edge, and manners, to intrude where I am graceful; And that, for nothing you know, it will be affected. CHIRON Demetrius, you dost over-ween at all; And so, in this, to bear me with brave. 'It is not the difference of a year or two It makes me less kind or luckier: I am as capable and as fit as you to serve, and to deserve the grace of my lover; And may my sword upon you approve, and plead for my passions for the love of Lavinia. AARON [Apart] Clubs, Clubs, Clubs, Clubs, Clubs, these lovers will not keep the peace. DEMETRIUS Why, boy, although our mother, unannounced, gave you a rapier dancer by your side, are you so desperate, to threaten your friends? Go to; have you'll well sense how much I dare. DEMETRIUS Oh, boy, are you so brave? They draw AARON [Forward] Why, how now, gentlemen! So near the emperor's palace dare you draw, and keep a fight open? Well, I'll get hold of all this grudge: I wouldn't do it for a million gold The cause known to them more concerned; Nor would your noble mother for much more be so disgraced in the court of Rome. Shame on you, get up. DEMETRIUS Not me, until have entangled my rapist in his chest and thrust with these speeches reproached by his throat that he has breathed in my dishonor here. CHIRON That's what I'm prepared and solved for. Badly spoken coward, that thunder with your tongue, and with your weapon nothing give more acting! Aaron Away, I mean! Now, by the gods that the bellical Goths worship, this little bunker will undo us all. Why, gentlemen, and do you think it's not dangerous to fly over a prince's right? What, Lavinia then becomes so loose, or Bassianus so degenerate, that for her love such fights can be broach'd without control, justice, or revenge? Young gentlemen, watch out! and if the Empress knows the terrain of this discord, the music would not please her. CHIRON I don't care, I, knew her and everyone: I love Lavinia more than everyone else. DEMETRIUS Youngling, learn to make a meaner decision: Lavinia is your older brother's hope. AARON Why, are you crazy? or you don't know, in Rome how angry and impatient are competitors in love, and can't stream? I'm telling you, gentlemen, but you're planning your deaths on this device. CHIRON Aaron, a thousand deaths, do I propose to achieve it to who I love. AARON To achieve it! How? DEMETRIUS Why do you make it so strange? She is a woman, therefore it can be woo'd; She is a woman, therefore it can be woo' miller's; and easy is from a cut bread to steal a shive, we know: Although Bassianus be the emperor's brother. Better than the Vulcan plate has used. AARON [Apart] Oh, and as good as Saturnine can. DEMETRIUS Then why should he despair that he knows how to woo her with words, righteous looks and liberality? What, you haven't often hit a doe, and carried it cleanly down the guardian's nose? AARON Why, then, does it seem, some outburr or so it would serve your shifts. CHIRON Oh, so the shift was served. DEMETRIUS Aaron, you hit him. AARON, you would have hit him too! Then we shouldn't be tired with this finger. Wow, hark ye, hark ye, hark ye, and are they so dumb to the square for this? Would you be offended, then both should accelerate? CHIRON Faith, not me. DEMETRIUS Or me, so I was one. AARON By shame, be friends, and join what jars: 'It is political and stratagem must force to achieve as you can. Take this from me: Lucrece was no more chaste than this Lavinia, the love of Bassianus. A faster path than persistent languishing We must go, and I have found my way. My lords, a solemn hunt is in hand; There will be the beautiful troop of Roman ladies: The walks in the forest are spacious; And many rare plots there are fitted by kind rape and villany: Only there then this delicate doe, and hit your house by force, if not by words: This way, or not at all, standing hopefully. Come, see, our Empress, with her sacred ingenuity to the villain and consecrated vengeance, will we know all that we intend; And she will present our engines with tips, which will not suffer you to square, but to her desires the height advances to both. The emperor's court is like the house of fame, the palace full of tongues, eyes and ears: Forests are ruthless, terrible, deaf and dull; Don't talk, and strike, brave guys, and take your turns; There serve your desires, shadow of the eye of heaven, and delight in the treasure of Lavinia. CHIRON Your advice, boy, smells without cowardice, DEMETRIUS Sits fas aut nefas, until I find the current To cool this heat, a charm to soothe these adjustments. Per Styga, per manes vehor. Exeunt SCENE II. A forest near Rome. Horns and screaming of dogs ears. Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Hunters, & amp;c., MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS TITUS ANDRONICUS Hunting is up, the morning is bright and gray, The fields are fragrant and the forests are green: Undock here and let us make a bay and wake up the emperor and his charming bride and awaken the prince and ring of a hunter's stand, which the whole court can resonate with. Children, may it be your office, as it is ours, to assist the person of the emperor carefully: I have been concerned in my dream tonight, but dawn new comfort has inspired. A cry of hounds and horns, rolled up in a stand. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and Attendees Many good mornings to your majesty; Ma'am, to you as many and as good: I promised your grace a hunter's bath. SATURNINUS And you have sounded it with lust, my lord; Too soon for newlywed women. BASSIANUS Lavinia, how do you say that? LAVINIA I say, no; I've been awake for two hours or more. SATURNINUS Come on, then; horses and carts let us have, and our sport. To TAMORA ma'am, now you will see Our Roman hunt. MARCUS ANDRONICUS I have dogs, my lord, will wake up the proudest panther in the chase, and climb to the top of the highest promontory. TITUS ANDRONICUS And I have horse or hound, but I hope to start a delicate doe to the ground. Exeunt SCENE III. A lonely part of the forest. Aaron comes in, with a bag of AARON Gold He who thinks of me so abjectly know that this gold must coin a ploy, which, cunningly realized, will spawn an excellent piece of villany: And so rest, sweet gold, for his discomfort Hides the gold that his alms have from the empress's chest. Enter TAMORA Mi Aarón, therefore mira'st saddens you, When everything makes a cheerful boast? The birds sing melody in each bush, the snake is rolled in the cheerful sun, the green leaves shudder with the wind and make a chequer'd shadow on the ground: Under its sweet shadow, Aarón, let us sit down, and, while the babbling echo mocks the dogs, responding raucously to the well-tuned horns, as if a double hunt were heard at once, Let us sit down, and mark their noise screaming; And, after conflict as The Wandering Prince and Dido were supposed to once enjoy'd, When with a happy storm were surprised and curtain with a cave of care, We can, every crown in each other's arms, Our made pastimes, possess a dream of gold; While the hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds Be to us as is the singing of a cradle song nurse to bring your baby asleep. Aaron Madam, though Venus rules her desires, Saturn is dominating over mine: What does my deadly eye, My silence and my murky melancholy mean, My woolly-haired fleece that now unscrews even like a ladder as it unrolls to make some fatal execution? No, ma'am, these are not venereal signs: Revenge is in my head. Hark Tamora, the empress of my soul, who never expects more heaven to rest in you, This is the day of doom for Bassio: His Philomel must lose his tongue today, Your children plunder their chastity and wash their hands in the blood of Bassianus. See this letter? take it, I beg you, and give the king this fatal conspiratorial scroll. Now don't question me anymore; we are despised; Here comes a pack of our hopeful loot, which fears not yet the destruction of their lives. TAMORA Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter for me than life! AARON No more, great empress; Bassianus comes: Be cross with him; and I'm going to go get your kids to back up your fights, what are they. Leaving Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA BASSIANUS who do we have here? The Royal Empress of Rome, without furnishing her troop well like that? Or is it Dian, inhabited like her, who has left her holy groves to see general hunting in this forest? TAMORA Saucy controller of our private steps! If I had the power that some say Dian had, Your temples should drive over their new transformed limbs, unmanned intruder as you are! LAVINIA Under your patience, gentle Empress, 'Tis thought you have a good gift on the horn; And you have to doubt that you and your Moor are single to try experiments: Jove protects your husband from his dogs today! It's a shame they have to take it for a deer. BASSIANUS Believe me, gueen, your swarth Cimmerian Doth does your honor to the tonality of his body, stained, hated and abominable. Why are you kidnapping your entire train, dismantled from your good snow-white feeder. And wander here to a dark plot, Accompanied but with a barbarian Moor, If the dirty desire had not led you? LAVINIA And, being intercepted in his sport, Great reason for my noble lord to be defied by brazen. I beg you, leave us And let her cheerful her raven-color'd love; This valley fits well for the purpose of passing. BASSIANUS The king my brother will have a note of this. LAVINIA Oh, for these slips have made him point out a lot: Good king, be so powerfully abused! TAMORA Why am I patient enough to put up with all this? Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON DEMETRIUS How now, dear sovereign, and our funny mother! Why does Your Highness look so pale and wan? TAMORA Am I not right, you think, to look pale? These two have 'ticed me up here to this place: A sterile detested voucher, you see that it is; Trees, though summer, but helpless and thin, O'ercome with moss and balese mistletoe: Here never shines the sun; here nothing reproduces, unless the night, a thousand demons, a thousand whistling snakes, Ten thousand swollen toads, like many hedgehogs, would make screams as fearful and confused as any mortal body that hears it must fall directly crazy, or otherwise die suddenly. As soon as they had told it this hellish but righteous story they told me that they would bind me here to the body of a sad yion, And they would leave me to this wretched death: And then they called me a filthy adulterer, a lavish policeer, and all the bitterest terms the ear ever heard to that effect: And, if ye had not come for wonderful fortune, This vengeance on me if you had executed. Avenge him, as they love his mother's life, or you will not be called to my children from now on. DEMETRIUS This is a testimony that I am your son. Stab BASSIANUS CHIRON And this for me, hit home to show my strength. It also stabs BASSIANUS, who dies LAVINIA Ay, come, Semiramis, no, barbarian Tamora, by no name fits your mother will be wrong to your mother. DEMETRIUS Stay, ma'am; here is more belongs to it; First he hits the corn, then after burning the straw: This minion stood upon his chastity, upon his bridal vow, his loyalty, and with that painted hope confronts thy strength: And she will take this to her grave? CHIRON An if he does, I'd be a eunuch. Drag your husband to some secret hole, and make his dead log pillow to our lust. TAMORA But when you have the honey you want, do not survive this wasp, we both sting. CHIRON guarantee, ma'am, we'll make sure. Come on, ma'am, now we're going to enjoy that well-preserved honesty of yours. LAVINIA OR Tamora! you wear a woman's face,-- TAMORA I won't hear her speak; away with her! LAVINIA OR Tamora! you wear a woman's face,-- TAMORA I won't hear her speak; away with her! LAVINIA OR Tamora! you wear a woman's face,-to them as relentless flint to drops of LAVINIA When did the tiger youth teach the prey? Or, do not learn his wrath; she taught you; The milk you suck from it turned to marble; marble; on your you had your tyranny. However, every mother does not raise children alike: CHIRON is begged to show a compassion for women. CHIRON What, you want me to prove he's a bastard? LAVINIA 'It is true; the crow does not hatch a lark: However, I have heard,--O, could I find it now!-- The mercilessly moved lion endured Having his princely legs wall all afield: Some say that crows encourage helpless children, While their own famish birds in their nests: Oh, be to me, though your hard heart say no, Nothing so kind, but something pitiful! TAMORA I don't know what it means; away with her! LAVINIA OR, let me show you! for the sake of my father, who gave you life, when well he could have died to you, Don't open, open your deaf ears. TAMORA had in person not offended me, even for its sake I am ruthless. Remember, boys, I poured tears in vain, to save your brother from sacrifice; But fierce andronic would not yield; So, away with her, and use her however you want, the worst for her, the best beloved of me. LAVINIA OR Tamora, be called'd a soft queen, and with her own hands kill me in this place! For it is not life that I have beengg'd so long; Poor thing I was killed when Bassianus died. TAMORA What are you begging for, then? loving woman, let me go. LAVINIA 'It is present death I beg you; and one more thing that the woman denies my tongue to say: O, they take me away from their worst lust than to kill, and throw me into some disgusting hole, where the eye of man can never contemplate my body: Do this, and be a charitable murderer. TAMORA So I must steal from my sweet children their quota: No, they will satisfy their lust over you. DEMETRIUS Away! because you've stayed here too long. LAVINIA No grace? no femininity? Ah, beastly creature! The stain and the enemy of our general name! Chiron Nay, then I'll stop your mouth. Bring your husband: This is the hole where Aaron asked us to hide it. DEMETRIUS throws BASSIANUS' body into the pit; then exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, dragging out LAVINIA TAMORA Goodbye, my children: see that you secure it. Ne'er make my heart taste joyful joy indeed, until all the Andronics are made out. Now, therefore, I will look for my lovely Moor, and let my children spleen this way offlow'r. Get out Aaron, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS AARON Come on, my lords, the best foot before: Straight I'll take you to the disgusting hole where I wait for the panther to sleep fast. QUINTUS My view is very dull, which is an omen. MARTIUS And mine, I promise you; weren't out of shame, well I could leave our sport to sleep for a while. Fall into the QUINTUS well what subtle hole is this, whose mouth is covered with thick-growing briers, on whose leaves are drops of again spilled As fresh as the morning dew distilled into the flowers? A very fatal place that I think. Speak, brother, have you hurt yourself with the fall? MARTIUS OR brother, with the dismall'st damage you always eye with your eyes made heart lament! AARON [Apart] Now I will look for the king to find them here, so that I can guess what they were like that made their brother. Leaving MARTIUS Why don't you comfort me, and help me from this unstained hole in blood? QUINTUS I am surprised with rude fear; A creepy sweat directs my shaky joints: My heart suspects more than my eye can see. MARTIUS To prove that you have a truly divine heart, you and Aron look down on this lair, and you see a fearful vision of blood and death. QUINTUS I am surprised with rude fear; A creepy sweat directs my eyes once to see the thing in which it trembles by assumption; Or tell me what it's like; for ne'er until now he was a child to fear I don't know what. MARTIUS Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here, All in a heap, like a slaughter'd lamb, In this loathed, dark, well to drink blood. QUINTUS If it's dark, how do you know it's him? MARTIUS Con his bloody finger he wears a beautiful ring, which lightens the whole hole, which, like a conical in some monument, Doth shines on the earthy cheeks of the dead man, and shows the uneven bowels of the pit: So pale shone the moon in Pyramus When at night he bathed in maiden blood. O brother, help me with your fainted hand -- If fear has made you faint, as I have -- of this fallen devouring receptacle, as odious as Cocytus' misty mouth. OUINTUS Reach your hand, to help you: Or, wanting strength to do you so much good, I may have my belly ripped from swallowing from this deep well, poor Bassianus' grave, I don't have the strength to go up without your help either. OUINTUS Your hand once again: I'm not going to lose again, until you're up here, or I'm down: You can't come to me: I come to you. Fall into Enter SATURNINUS with AARON SATURNINUS Along with me: I'm going to see what hole is here, and what is that is now jumping into it. Who are you who lately descended into this hollow of the earth? MARTIUS The unhappy son of old Andronicus: Brought here in an unfortunate hour, to find your brother Bassianus dead. SATURNINUS My dead brother! I know you don't speak to you: Both he and his lady are in the cabin on the north side of this pleasant persecution; It's not an hour since I left him there. MARTIUS We don't know where you left him alive; But, get out, oh! we found him dead here. Re-enter TAMORA, with attendees; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and Lucius TAMORA Where is my lord the king? SATURNINUS Here, Tamora, though afflicted by killing pain. TAMORA Where's your brother Bassianus? SATURNINUS Now at the bottom you look for my wound: Poor Bassianus? SATURNINUS Now at the bottom you look for my wound: Poor Bassianus? SATURNINUS Here is murdered. TAMORA Where's your brother Bassianus? SATURNINUS Here is murdered. TAMORA Then too late I bring fatal writing, The plot of this timeless tragedy; And I wonder to a large extent that the man's face can bend into pleasant smiles such killer killers She gives SATURNINUS a SATURNINUS [Lee] letter 'A if we miss knowing him generously -- Sweet hunter, Bassianus 'tis we mean -- Do as much as digging the grave for him: You know's our meaning. Seek your reward among the nettles in the larger tree that overmounts the mouth of that same well where we decree to bury Bassianus. Do this, and buy us your long-lasting friends. Oh Tamora! did you ever hear the taste? This is the bag of gold. SATURNINUS [A TITUS] Two of your whelps, bloody curs fell, have discouraged my brother from his life. Gentlemen, drag them from the pit to prison: Don't ask them until we've devised some who have never heard of torturing pain for them. TAMORA What, are you in this plessing, with not slightly shed tears, that this fell to blame for my cursed children, accused if the fault is demonstrated in them,-- SATURNINUS If proven! you see it's obvious. Who found this letter? Tamora, was that you? TAMORA Andronicus himself took it. TITO ANDRONICUS I did, my lord: however, let me be your bond; Because, by the grave of my father's Reverend, I swear you will be ready at Your Highness's will to answer your suspicions with your lives. SATURNINUS You won't abandon them: look how you're following me. Some bring the killer's body, others the kille come; stay and not talk to them. Exeunt SCENE IV. Another part of the forest. Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON with LAVINIA, ravished; his hands cut off, and his tongue can speak, who 'twas you cut your tongue can speak, who 'twas you cut your tongue can speak, who 'twas you cut your tongue and ravish'd you. CHIRON with LAVINIA, ravished; his hands cut off, and his tongue can speak, who 'twas you cut your tongue and ravish'd you.

the scribe. DEMETRIUS View, how with signs and tabs you can scrowl. CHIRON Go home, order fresh water, wash your hands. DEMETRIUS She has no tongue to call, no hands to help you weave the rope. Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON Enter MARCUS MARCUS Who is this? my niece, who flies so fast! Cousin, one word; Where's your husband? If I dream, all my wealth would wake me up! If I wake up, some planet knocks me down, so I can in the eternal dream! Speak, gentle niece, what stern hands without knights have lopp'd and hew'd and made his naked body of his two branches, those sweet ornaments, whose sweet ornaments, whose king shadows have tried to sleep in, and could not get such great happiness as having your love? Why don't you talk to me? Unfortunately, a crimson river of hot blood, like a bubbling fountain stirred with the wind, Doth rise and fall between your pink lips, coming and coming with your breath of honey. But, of course, some Tereus has deflowered you, and, unless you detect it, cut off your tongue. Ah, now you're turning your face away for shame! And, despite all this blood loss, from a conduit with three emitting beaks, however, make your cheeks look red as Titan's face flushed to be found with a cloud. Am I speaking for you? Should I say 'tis so? Or, who knew your heart; and I knew the beast, that I could roll up on it, to ease my mind! Hidden pain, like an oven stop, Doth burns his heart to ashes where he is. Filolamue, she, but lost her tongue, and in a tedious sampler sewed her mind: But, beautiful niece, that stocking is cut off those pretty fingers, which might have better sewn than Philomel. Or, if the monster had seen those lily hands have better seven than be and he's cut off those pretty fingers, which might have better sewn than Philomel. Or, if the monster had seen those lily hands have better seven than be and he's cut off those pretty fingers, which might have better seven than be and he's cut off those pretty fingers, which might have better seven than be and he's cut off those pretty fingers, which might have be and he's cut off those pretty finge tremble, like poplar leaves, on a laus, and make the silk ropes delight to kiss them, then it would not have fallen, and he would have fallen asleep like Cerberus at the feet of the poet Thracian. Come on, and blind your father; For such a sight shal blind the eye of a father: An hour of storm shall drown the fragrant meads; What whole months of tears does your father's eyes look like? Don't back down, because we'll cry with you O, could our mourn ease your misery! Exeunt ACT III SCENE I. Rome. A street. Enter Judges, Senators and Tribune, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, tied up, moving to the place of execution; TITUS goes before, begging TITUS ANDRONICUS Listen to me, grave parents! noble grandstands, stay! Out of pity of my age, whose youth was spent in dangerous wars, while you slept safely; For all my blood in the great fight of Rome; For all the icy nights I have seen; And by these bitter tears, which you now see filling the aged wrinkles on my cheeks; Be pitiful to my condemned children, whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thinks. For two and twenty children I never cried, because they died in the high bed of honor. Lie down; The Judges, and c., pass by him, and Exeunt For these, these tribune, in the dust I write the deep languor of my heart and the sad tears of my soul: May my tears seal the dry appetite of the earth; My children's sweet blood will make him ashamed and blushing. O land, I will befriend you more with the rain, It is distilled from these two ancient urns, than the youth of April all your rains: In the summer drought I will fall upon you still; In winter with warm tears I'm going to melt the snow and keep eternal spring on your face, so you to drink the blood of my dear children. Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn o Reverend Tribune! Oh, gentle, elderly men! It unraies my children, they reverse the doom of death; And let me say, that never before wept, My tears are now prevailing speakers. LUCIUS OR noble father, you lament in vain: The tribune do not hear you; no man is for; And you relate your sorrows to a stone. TITO ANDRONICUS Ah, Lucius, because your brothers let me beg. Serious grandstands, once again I beg you,-- LUCIUS My gentle lord, no tribune hears you speak. TITUS ANDRONICUS Why, tis doesn't matter, man; if they would not pity me, yet they beg that I should; Therefore, I say my sorrows to the stones; That, although they cannot respond to my anguish, however, in some kind of species they are better than the tribune, that they will not intercept my story: When I weep, humbly at my feet They receive my tears and seem to cry with me; And, if they were not dressed in the grave herbs, Rome could not afford grandstands with their tongues condemn men to death. He gets up, but why are you there with your gun lying down? LUCIUS Rescue my two brothers from their death: Which is why the judges have pronounced My eternal undoing of exile. TITUS ANDRONICUS OR Happy Man! have become friends with you. Why, silly Lucius, do you not perceive that Rome is nothing more than a desert of tigers? Tigers must be preyed on, and Rome offers no prey But me and mine: how happy you are, then, of these devourers to be banished! But who's coming with our brother Marcus? Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS Will you consume me? Let me see it, then. MARCUS ANDRONICUS This was your daughter. TITO ANDRONICUS Why, Marcus, that's right. LUCIUS Oh me, this object kills me! TITUS ANDRONICUS Weak-hearted child, get up, and look at her. Speak, Lavinia, what damn hand made you mangoes in your father's sight? What fool has added water to the sea, or brought a faggot to Troy burning the light? My pain was in the height before you arrived, and now as Nilus, I snevered the boundaries. Give me a sword, I will also cut off my hands; For they have been retained, and have served me for an effectless use: Now all the service I need from them is that the one that will help cut the other. All right, Lavinia, you have no hands; For the hands, to do the service in Rome, they are but LUCIUS O, that charming engine of his thoughts that blabb'd them with a pleasant eloquence, breaks out that pretty pretty cage, where, like a sweet melodious bird, sung sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear! LUCIUS O, say for her, who did this writing? MARCUS ANDRONICUS It was my deer; and the one who hurt her Hath hurt me more than he had killed me: For now I stand like one on a rock surrounded by a sea desert, Who marks the rising tide of wax wave by wave, Always waiting when some envious wave Will in his bowels of glitter swallow him. Thus until death, my wretched children are gone; Here's my other son, a banished man, and here's my brother, crying to my problems. But what gives my soul the greatest sparkling, is dear Lavinia, more dear than my soul. If I hadn't seen your image in this difficult situation, I would have gone crazy: what should I do now that I've seen your tears: No tongue, to tell me who has martyred you: Your husband is dead, and by his death Thy brethren are condemned, and dead for this. Look, Marcus! Ah, son Lucius, look at her! When I did not put the name of his brothers, then the fresh tears was put on his cheeks, as did the honey spray on an almost withered harvesting lily. MARCUS ANDRONICUS By chance because her husband was killed; By chance because you know them innocent. TITO ANDRONICUS If your husband was killed, then be joyful because the law has vengeance on them. No, no, they wouldn't do such bad writing; Witness your sister's pain. Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss your lips. Or make some sign of how I can make you easy: How are they stained, like meadows, but not dry, with miry slime left to them by a flood? And in the fountain we must look so long until the fresh taste is taken from that clarity, and made a brine-pit with our bitter tears? Or will we cut off our hands, like yours? Or do we bite our tongues, and in silly shows spend the rest of our days of hate? What are we going to do? come on, they have our tongues, plot a little deuce of more misery, To ask us in the time to come. LUCIUS Sweet father, cease your tears; because, in her pain, see how my wretched sister cries and cries. MARCUS ANDRONICUS Patience, dear niece. Good Tito, dry your eyes. TITUS ANDRONICUS Ah, my Lavinia, I'll wipe your cheeks. TITO ANDRONICUS Mark, Marcus, Mark! I understand your signs: If I had a tongue to speak, now he would say that to his brother that I said to you: His napkin, with its true tears, cannot do any service on his painful cheeks. Or, what sympathy for affliction this, so far from help as Limbo is from bliss! Enter AARON AARON AARON AARON AARON and the emperor sends you this word,-- that, if you love your children, let Marco, Lucius, or yourself, old Titus, or any of you, cut off your hand, and send it to the king: he by himself will send you here to your two living sons; And that will be the ransom because of you. Titus ANDRONICUS O gentle emperor! Oh, gentle Aaron! Did the crow ever make like a lark, giving new sweets from sunrise? With all my heart, I will send emperor My hand: Good Aron, will you help cut it off? Lucius Stay, Father! by that noble hand of yours, who has brought down so many enemies, he will not be sent: my hand will serve on the return: My youth can save my blood more than you; And therefore mine will save the lives of my brothers. MARCUS ANDRONICUS Which of your hands has not defended Rome, and reared the bloody battle axe, writing destruction in the enemy's castle? Oh, none of them, but they are high desert: My hand has been more idle; to rescue my two nephews from his death; Then I've kept it to a worthy end. AARON Nay, come, accept whose hand he will go, for fear that they will die before his forgiveness comes. MARCUS ANDRONICUS My hand will go. LUCIUS For heaven's sake, he's not leaving! TITUS ANDRONICUS Gentlemen, do not strive anymore: herbs as withered as these gather to pluck, and therefore mine. LUCIUS Sweet Father, if I believe your son, let me redeem my brothers from death. MARCUS ANDRONICUS And, for the sake of our father and the care of the mother, now let me show you the love of a brother. TITUS ANDRONICUS Agrees with you; I'll forgive my hand. LUCIUS Then I'll go get an axe. MARCUS ANDRONICUS But I'll use the axe. Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS TITUS ANDRONICUS Come here, Aaron; I will deceive you both: Lend me your hand, and I will give you mine. AARON [Apart] If that's calling'd deception, I'll be honest, and never, as long as I live, deceive men like this: But I'll fool you into another guy, and what you'll say, before half an hour pass. Cut off the hand of TITUS Re-entering LUCIUS and MARCUS TITUS Re-entering LUCIUS and MARCUS TITUS Re-entering LUCIUS and that bestowed upon him thousands of dangers; asked him to bury him more he deserved, and to let him have it. As for my children, let's say I tell of them as jewelry bought at an easy price; And yet, dear too, because I bought mine. AARON I go, Andronicus, and for your hand Look by and by to have your children with you. Apart from their heads, I mean. Oh, how this villany Doth makes me fat with her thoughts! May fools do good, and righteous men ask for grace. Aaron will have his black soul as his face. Leaving TITUS ANDRONICUS O, here I raise this hand up to the and I bow this weak ruin to the earth: If any power is sympathy with wretched tears, to what I call! TO LAVINIA What, Kneel with me? Then do dear heart; for heaven will hear our prayers; Or with our sighs we will breathe the little dim, and stain the sun with fog, as at some point clouds when they embrace it in their fusion breasts. MARCUS ANDRONICUS Isn't my deep pain, having no bottom? Then I know my bottomless passions with them. MARCUS ANDRONICUS But, nevertheless, reason governs your lament. TITUS ANDRONICUS If there was reason for these miseries, then on the limits I could tie my afflictions: When heaven cries, isn't it the o'erflow earth? If the winds get angry, doesn't it drive the sea wax crazy, threatening the belkin with his big wolf face? And you're going to have a reason for this coil? I am the sea; hark, how your sighs blow! She is the weeping crybaoon, I the earth? Then my sea must be moved with her sighs; Then my land with its continuous tears Become a flood, overflowing and drowned; Why my intestines can't hide their ills, but like a drunk I have to throw them up. Then give me permission, because the losers will have paid for that good hand you sent to the emperor. Here are the heads of your two noble sons; And here is your hand, in contempt for you sent back; Your sorrows their sports, your resolve mocks; That afflictions more than the memory of my father's death. Leaving MARCUS ANDRONICUS Now lets AEtna hot cool in Sicily, and be my heart a hell always burning! These miseries are more than can be endured. Crying with them who cry relieves some treatment; But the sadness that has been mocked is the double death. LUCIUS Ah, that this sight must make such a deep wound, and yet hated life did not shrink into it! That death should always let life carry its name, where life has no more interest than breathing! LAVINIA kisses TITUS MARCUS ANDRONICUS Wings, poor heart, that kiss is without comfort like frozen water to a hungry snake. TITUS ANDRONICUS When will this dreaded dream end? MARCUS ANDRONICUS When will this dreaded dream end? MARCUS ANDRONICUS When will this dreaded dream end? MARCUS ANDRONICUS Wings, poor heart, that kiss is without comfort like frozen water to a hungry snake. TITUS ANDRONICUS When will this dreaded dream end? MARCUS ANDRONICUS When will this dreaded dream end? sight beaten pale and bloodless; and your brother, me, even as a stony, cold, numb image. Ah, now I'm not going to control your sorrows: Rend of your silver hair, your other hand Royendo with your teeth; and be this sad sight The closing of our most miserable eyes; Now it's time to storm; Why are you still here? Titus ANDRONICUS Why are you laughing? doesn't fit this hour. TITUS ANDRONICUS Why, I have no other tears to shed: Besides, this pain is an enemy, and it would usurp over my weeping eyes and make them blind with affluent tears: So how will I find Cave? Because these two heads seem to speak to me, and threatening me I will never come to bliss until all these mischief is again even in their throats that have committed them. Come on, let me see what homework I have to do. You heavy people circulate to me, so that I may turn to each of you, and I will swear to my soul that I will understand your mistakes. The vote is done. Come on, brother, take a head; And in this hand the other hand I'll put up with it. Lavinia, you'll be employed: these arms! Take my hand, sweet girl, between your teeth. As for you, boy, go get you from my sight; Thou art an exile, and thou should not stay: Hurt the drips, and raise an army there: And if thou love me, as I believe thou do, let us kiss and separate, for we have much to do. Exeunt TITUS, MARCUS and LAVINIA LUCIUS Goodbye Andronicus, my noble father, the wofull man who has lived in Rome: Goodbye, proud Rome; until Lucius returns, he leaves his promises more dear than his life: Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister; Oh, wouldn't you do it before! But now neither Lucius nor Lavinia lives but in oblivion and his queen. Now I go to the drips, and raise a power, to take revenge on Rome and Saturnine. Exit SCENE II. A room at Tito's house. A banquet came out. Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA and Young LUCIUS, a TITUS ANDRONICUS So boy, so; now sit down: and see that you eat no more than you will preserve as much strength in us as these bitter evils of ours will avenge. Marcus, he unhooked that knot of pain: Your niece and I, poor creatures, we want our hands, and we can't passionate about our ten times pain with our arms crossed. This poor right hand of mine is allowed to be tyrannized on my chest; That, when my heart, all mad with misery, beats in this hollow prison of my flesh, then that's how I hit it down. To LAVINIA Map of affliction, you therefore dost talk in signs! When your poor heart beats with outrageous beating, you can't hit it like that to make it still. Wounded with sigh, girl, kill him with groans; Or get a little knife between your teeth, and right against your poor eyes drop can hit that sink, and soak up drowning the lamenting fool in tears of sea salt. MARCUS ANDRONICUS Fie, brother, fie! teach him not to put such violent hands on his tender life. TITUS ANDRONICUS How Now! Has the pain made you dowry yet? Marcus, no man should be angry, but I. What violent hands; To bid Enas to tell the story twice o'er, how was Troy burned and miserable? Or, don't handle the subject, to hand in hand, let's not remember yet that we don't have any. Fie, trust, how frantically I square my talk, as if we should forget that we had no hands, If Marco did not the word of hands! Come on, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this: There's no drink her pain, mesh'd on her cheeks: I complain without words, I will learn your thought; In your foolish action I will be as perfect as hurting ermitidos in his holy prayers: You will not sigh, nor will you hold your touches to heaven, no winks, no no nods, neither will I kneel, nor make a sign of them, but I snatched an alphabet from them and will continue to practice learning to know your meaning. Young LUCIUS Good grandson, leave these bitter deep wails: Make my aunt happy with a pleasant tale. MARCUS ANDRONICUS Alas, the tender boy, in the moved passion, Doth weep to see the heaviness of his grandson. TITUS ANDRONICUS Paz, Earthling; You're made of tears, and tears will quickly melt your life. MARCUS hits the plate with a knife What do you hit him, Marcus, with your knife? MARCUS ANDRONICUS In which I have killed a'd, my lord; a fly. TITUS ANDRONICUS Out of you, murderer! You kill my heart; My eyes are clumsy with the vision of tyranny: A work of death made about the innocent does not become Tito's brother: go away: I do not see that you are for my company. MARCUS ANDRONICUS Wings, my lord, I have nothing but to kill a fly. TITUS ANDRONICUS But how, if that fly had a father and a mother? How could he hang his thin golden wings, and hum lamenting you do in the air! Poor harmless fly, which, with its melody buzzing quite, came here to make us happy! And you killed him. TITO ANDRONICUS O, O, O, Then forgive me for repressive you, because you have done a charitable work. Give me your knife, I'll insult him; Flattering myself, as if I were the Moor Come here on purpose to poison me.-- There's for yourself, and that's for Tamora. Ah, sir! However, I don't think they bring us that low, but that between us we can kill a fly that comes in the likeness of a black coal Moor. MARCUS ANDRONICUS Oh, poor man! pain has done so much in it, Taking false shadows for true substances. TITO ANDRONICUS Come, take me. Lavinia, go with me: J go to your closet; and go read with you sad stories chance in the times of yesteryear. Come, boy, and go with me: J go to your closet; and go read when mine starts dazzled. Exeunt ACT IV SCENE I. Rome. Tito's garden. The young LUCIUS enters, and LAVINIA runs after him, and the boy flies from it, with books under his arm. Then enter TITUS and MARCUS Young LUCIUS enters, and LAVINIA runs after him, and the boy flies from it, with books under his arm. Then enter TITUS and MARCUS Young LUCIUS enters, and LAVINIA runs after him, and the boy flies from it, with books under his arm. Then enter TITUS and MARCUS Young LUCIUS enters, and LAVINIA runs after him, and the boy flies from it, with books under his arm. Then enter TITUS and MARCUS Young LUCIUS enters, and LAVINIA runs after him, and the boy flies from it, with books under his arm. Then enter TITUS and MARCUS Young LUCIUS enters, and LAVINIA runs after him, and the boy flies from it, with books under his arm. MARCUS ANDRONICUS Stay by my side, Lucius; don't be afraid of your aunt. TITUS ANDRONICUS She loves you, boy, too well to do Damage. Young LUCIUS Ay, when my father was in Rome, did. MARCUS ANDRONICUS What does my niece Lavinia mean by these signs? TITUS ANDRONICUS Don't be afraid, Lucius; something knows how to say: Look, Lucius, look how long ago it's been: Some would make you go with her. Ah, boy, Cornelia never more carefully read to her children than she has read to Tully's sweet poetry and speaker. MARCUS ANDRONICUS Can't you guess why you think so? Young LUCIUS My lord, I do not know, I, nor can I guess, unless some adjustment or frenzy possesses it: For I have heard my grandson say full a la carte, The end of sorrows would make men angry; And I have read that Hecuba of Troy Ran was angry through pain: that made me fear; Although, my lord, I know that made me fear; Although, my lord, I know that made me fear; Although, my lord, I know that made me fear; Although pain: that made me fear; Although pai sweet aunt: And, ma'am, if my uncle Marcus goes, I will attend more voluntarily to your lordship. MARCUS ANDRONICUS Lucius, I will. LAVINIA turns with its touches the books that LUCIUS has dropped TITUS ANDRONICUS How now, Lavinia! Marcus, what does this mean? Some book is that she wants to see. What is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy. But you are deeper to read, and better skill'd come, and take the choice of my whole library, and thus deceive your pain, until the heavens reveal the damn contriver of this work. Why are you raising your arms in sequence? MARCUS ANDRONICUS I think it means that there was more than one Confederation in fact: oh, there was more; Or heaven, she stirs them up for revenge. TITUS ANDRONICUS Lucius, which book is that that she throws at him? Young LUCIUS Grandsire, Metamorphosis of Ovid' My mother gave it to me. MARCUS ANDRONICUS For love of her that is gone, Maybe she c sacrificed it from the rest. see how busy the leaves spin! Helping her, what would you find? Lavinia, can I read? This is Philomel's tragic story, and it deals with Tereus' betrayal and rape. And rape, I'm afraid, was the root of your annoyance. MARCUS ANDRONICUS View, brother, look; consider how you quote the sheets. TITUS ANDRONICUS Lavinia, so surprised, sweet girl, Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was, forced into ruthless, vast and gloomy forests? See, look! Oh, a place so there is, where we hunt -- or, if we had never, ever hunted there!-- Pattern'd for which the poet here describes, by nature made for murders and rapes. MARCUS ANDRONICUS OR, why should nature build such a dirty lair, unless the gods revel in tragedies? TITUS ANDRONICUS Give signs, sweet girl, because here there are nothing but friends, What Roman lord dared to do the work: Or did not sink Saturnine, like Tarquin erst, who left the camp to sin in Lucrece's bed? ANDRONICUS Sit down, sweet niece: brother, sit next to me. Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Inspired me to find this betrayal! My lord, look here: look here, Lavinia: This sand plot is flat; guide, if you can this after me, when I have written my name without the help of any hand at all. Write his name with his cane, and guide him with his feet and cursed mouth be that heart that forced us to this change! Write your good niece; and here to show, at last, what God will have discovered for vengeance; Heaven guides it with her moles, and writes TITUS ANDRONICUS O, do you read, my lord, what she has written? Stuprum. Chiron. Demetrius. MARCUS ANDRONICUS What, what! Tamora Performers' lustful sons of this heinous, bloody act? TITUS ANDRONICUS O, calm down, Mr. Gentile; although I know there is enough written on this earth to stir a mutiny in the softest thoughts and assemble the minds of babies to exclaim. My lord, kneel with me; Lavinia, kneel; And kneel; And kneel; And kneel; And kneel; And swear to me, for, with the sad fere and father of that dishonest caste I give you, Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape, that we will prosecute for good advice revenge on these goth traitors, and see their blood, or die with this reproach. TITUS ANDRONICUS It's safe, you knew how. But if you hunt these bears, then be careful: The prey will wake up; and, if she rolls you up once, she's with the lion deep in the league, and numbs him as she plays on her back, and when she sleeps she'll do what she's ready for. You're a young hunter, Marcus; leave him alone; And, let's get a bronze leaf, and with a steel gad he'll write these words, and put it for: the angry north wind will blow these sands, like the leaves of Sibyl, abroad, and where's your lesson, then? Boy, what do you say? Young LUCIUS I say, my lord, that if I were a man, your mother's bed chamber should not be safe for these bad men of bad ties to the yoke of Rome. MARCUS ANDRONICUS Oh, that's my boy! your father has been filled to the extent of his ungrateful country done the same. Young LUCIUS And, man, so am I, and if I live. TITUS ANDRONICUS Come, go with me to my arsenal; Lucius, I will fit you in; and conal, my son, Shalt bring from me the children of empress Gifts that I intend to send to you both: Come, come; You make your message, don't you? Young LUCIUS Oh, with my dagger on her breasts, grandson. TITUS ANDRONICUS No, boy, it's not like that; I'll show you another course. Lavinia, come here. Marcus, look at my house: Lucius and I will become brave in court: Oh, marry, sir; and the young LUCIUS MARCUS Or heavens, can you hear a good man moan, not give in, or not give him compassion? Marcus, take care of him. take care of him. his ecstasy, which has more pain scars on his heart than the marks of enemies on his batting shield; But nevertheless, just so he doesn't get revenge. Revenge, my gos, for old Andronicus! Exit SCENE II. The same. A room in the palace. Enter, from one side, AARON, DEMETRIUS and CHIRON; on the other side, the young LUCIUS, and an Assistant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses written about them CHIRON Demetrius, here is Lucius' son; He's got a message to give us. AARON Oh, a crazy message from your crazy grandfather. Young LUCIUS My lords, with all the humility I can, I greet your honors from Andronicus. And pray the Roman gods to confuse you both! DEMETRIUS Gramercy, charming Lucius: what's the news? Young LUCIUS [Apart] That both are deciphered, that is the news, For the villains mark'd with rape.--Let him eat him, My grandson, well advised, has sent for me the most good weapons of his armory to please his honorable youth, The Hope of Rome; so he asked me to say; And so I do, and with your gifts present to the honourable Members, who, whenever they need it, may be armed and well equipped: And so I leave you both: aside as damn villains. Exeunt Young LUCIUS, and Attendant DEMETRIUS What's here? A parchment; and written around? Let's see; Read 'Integer vitae, scelerisque purus, Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.' CHIRON O, 'tis to be seen in Horace; I know it well: I read it in grammar a long time ago. AARON Oh, only; a verse in Horace: Right, you got it. Besides now, what it's like to be an ass! There are no sound jokes here! the old man has found his fault; And he sends them weapons wrapped with lines, which wounded, beyond his feeling, to the rapid. But if our witty empress went to bed well, she would applaud Andronicus's presumption: But let her rest in her discomfort for a while. And now, young gentlemen wasn't he a happy star who took us to Rome, strangers, and more than that, captives, to be advanced at this point? It did me good, before the palace gate to challenge the tribune in his brother's audience. DEMETRIUS But I'd be nicer, to see such a great mr. Basely insinuate and send us gifts. Aaron wasn't right, Lord Demetrius? Didn't you use your daughter very kindly? DEMETRIUS I would like to have a thousand Roman ladies in such a bay, in turn to serve our lust. CHIRON A charitable desire full of love. AARON here lacks your mother saying amen. CHIRON And that would be for twenty thousand more. DEMETRIUS Come, come on; and pray to all the gods for our beloved mother in her pains. AARON [Apart] Pray to the demons; The gods have given us. Trumpets sound inside DEMETRIUS Why do the emperor's trumpets bloom like this? CHIRON Belike, joyfully the emperor has a son. DEMETRIUS Soft! Who's coming here? Enter a whit in Here is Aarón; And what about Aaron now? Nurse O gentle Aaron, we're all undone! Now help me, or I'll hear from you anymore! AARON Why, what a caterer you stay for! What do you wrap and wrap in your arms? Nurse O, what I would hide from the eyes of heaven, the shame of our Empress, and the misfortune of Rome manor! She is liberated, gentlemen; she is delivered.d. AARON To whom? Nurse, I mean, she's brought a bed. AARON Well, God give him a good rest! What sent her? Nurse A devil. AARON Why, then she is the devil's prey; a joyful subject. Nurse A way-hearted, gloomy, black and painful problem: Here's the baby, as disgusting as a toad Among the fairest breeders in our climate: The Empress sends it to you, your seal, and asks you to baptize him with the point of your dagger. AARON 'Zounds, bitch! it's black so base a tone? Sweet blown, you're a beautiful flower, for sure. DeMETRIUS Villano, what have you done? AARON What you can't undo. CHIRON You've undone our mother. Aaron Villain, I made your mother. Demetries and there, hell dog, you've undone it. Oh, your chance, and damn your hateful choice! son of a bitch! CHIRON won't live. AARON Won't let any man, but I do the execution in my flesh and blood. DEMETRIUS I'm going to board the tadpole at my rapper's point: Nurse, give me; my sword will soon dispatch him. AARON Before this sword plow your intestines up. Take the Nurse's Child, and draw Stay, killer villains! You're going to kill your brother? Now, by the burning ribbons of heaven, which shone so brightly when this child was achieved, Die at the sharp point of my scimitar Who touches this my firstborn and heir! I tell you, young people, not encephalic, with all his menacing band from Typhoon's off, nor great Alcides, nor the god of war, will take this prey out of his father's hands. What, what, bloody ye, shallow-hearted boys! White walls! ye alehouse painted signs! Coal-black is better than another tone, in which he despises to carry another tone; For all the Empress of me that I'm of legal age To keep mine, excuse me how you can. DEMETRIUS Will you betray your noble lover like that? AARON My lover is my lover; this myself, The vigour and image of my youth: This before all the world I prefer; This maugre everyone will keep me safe, or some of you will smoke for it in Rome. DEMETRIUS This is why our mother is ashamed forever. CHIRON Rome will despise you for this dirty escape. Nurse The Emperor, in his will condemn his death. CHIRON blushed when I think of this ignomy. AARON Why, there is the privilege that carries your beauty: Fie, treacherous tone, who will betray with blush El El promulgates and tips of the heart! Here's a young man framed from another reading: Look, how the black slave smiles at the father, as he should say 'Old boy, I'm yours.' He is your brother, gentlemen, sensibly fed from that blood that first gave you life, and from that belly where you imprisoned he is enfranced and comes to light: No, he is your brother on the safer side, even if my seal is stamped on his face. Nurse will all subscribe to your counsel: Save the child, so that we may all be safe. AARON Then we sit down, and we're going to consult everyone. My son and I will have the wind of you: Stay there: now speak to the pleasure of your safety. How many women saw your child? AARON Why, so, brave gentlemen! when we join the league, I am a lamb: but if you face the Moor, the grazed boar, the mountain lioness, The ocean swells not as well as Aaron irrumca. But let's say, again; How many saw the child? Nurse Cornelia the midfe and I; And no one but the surrendered Empress, the Parter and yourself: Two can keep the council when the third is out: Go to the Empress, tell her this I said. Kill Nurse Weke, Weke! so a pig ready for spit cries. DEMETRIUS What do you mean, Aarón? Why did you do this? AARON or Lord, sir, 'is it a work of politics: Will you live to betray this guilt of ours, a babbling long-tongued gossip? No, gentlemen, no: And now my complete intention is known to you. Not far away, a Muli lives, my compatriot; His wife, but yesternight was brought to bed; Her son is like her, just like you: Go pack with him, and give gold to the mother, and tell them so much the circumstance of all; And how by this his son shall be received by the heir of the emperor catch him for his own. Hark you, gentlemen; you see that I have given him a physicist, pointing to the nurse and you must grant her funeral; The fields are close, and you are gallant boyfriends: This done, see that it no longer takes days, but send the parter to me today. The midmather and nurse got rid of it, so let the crooked ladies as they please. CHIRON Aaron, I see you won't trust the air with secrets. DEMETRIUS For this care of Tamora, she and hers are closely linked to you. Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON that take nurse AARON Now's body to drips, as fast as swallow flies; There to arrange this treasure in my arms, and secretly to greet the Empress's friends. Come on, thick lipstick slave, I'll take you therefore; Because you're the one who puts us to turns: I'll make you feed on berries and roots, and feed on curd and serum, and suck the goat, and cabin in a cave, and bring you in to be a warrior, and command a camp. Departure Departure III. Same thing. A public place. Enter TITUS, carrying arrows with letters at the ends of them; with him, MARCUS, Young LUCIUS, PUBLIUS, SEMPRONIUS, CAIUS, and other knights, with bows TITUS ANDRONICUS Ven, Marcus; come, relatives; this is the way. Mr. Boy, now let me see your archery; Look home close enough, and it's straight there. Terras Astraea reliquit: If you remember, Marcus, he's gone, he's run away. Gentlemen, take your tools. You cousins will ring the ocean, and cast your nets; Happily you can catch it at sea; However, there is as little justice as on earth: No; Publius and Sempronius, must do so; 'It is that you must dig with mattock and shovel, and pierce the innermost center of the earth: Then, when you come to the region of Pluto, I beg you to give him this request; Tell him, it is for justice and for help, and that he comes from the old Andronicus, shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome. Ah, Rome! Well, well; I made you miserable What time did I throw away the town's suffrages that thus tyrannize o'er me. Go away, go; And pray beware of all, and do not be left by an unexplated man of war: This wicked emperor may have sent it therefore; And, relatives, then we can go and seek justice. MARCUS ANDRONICUS OR Publius, isn't this a heavy case, see your noble uncle distract like that? PUBLIUS Therefore, my lord, we care day and night to attend to him carefully, and feed his humor kindly as we can, Until time beget some careful remedy. MARCUS ANDRONICUS Kinsmen, your sorrows are a past remedy. Join the drips; and with vengeful warfare Take Rome for this ingratitude, and revenge against the traitor Saturnine. TITUS ANDRONICUS Publius, how now, my hands! Have you met with her? PUBLIO NO, my good lord; but Pluto sends you a word, If you're going to have Revenge of Hell, you will: Marry, for justice, she's so employed,- Think, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else, So the strength she needs must stay for a while. TITUS ANDRONICUS Makes me sick of delays. I'll dive into the burning lake below, and pull it out of Acheron by the heels. Marcus, we are nothing but shrubs, not cedars that there are no men of large bones framed the size of the Cyclops; But the metal, Marcus, the steel behind it, yet twisted with evils more than our backs can bear: And, sith there is no justice to cause our mistakes. Come on, this team. You're a good archer, Marcus; It gives them the arrows 'Ad Jovem', that is for you: here, 'Ad Apollinem:' 'Ad Martem', that is for me: Here, boy, to Pallas: here, to Mercury: To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine; You were so good at shooting at the That's it, boy! Marcus, let go when I offer you. From my word, I have written for it to take effect; There is no god left unsolicited. MARCUS ANDRONICUS Kinsmen, shoot all its axles on the court: court: afflict the emperor in his pride. TITUS ANDRONICUS Now, teachers, draw. O's been shot, well said, Lucius! Good boy, on Virgo's lap; give him Pallas. MARCUS ANDRONICUS Ha, ha! Publius, what have you done? See, you shot one of Taurus's horns. MARCUS ANDRONICUS This was the sport, my lord: when Publio shot, El Toro, being gall'd, hit Aries so hard that the ram's horns fell on the court; And who should find them but the Empress's villain? She laughed, and told the Moor that she should not choose but give them to her master for a gift. TITUS ANDRONICUS Why, there it goes: God gives his lordship joy! Enter a clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it News news from heaven! Marcus, the post's here. Sirrah, what news? Do you have any letters? Should I have justice? what does Jupiter say? Clown O, the manufacturer of gibbet! says he has knocked them down again, because the man should not be hanged until the following week. TITUS ANDRONICUS But what Does Jupiter Say, I ask you? Clown Wings, sir, I don't know Jupiter I've never had a drink with him in my whole life. TITUS ANDRONICUS Why, villain, aren't you the bearer? Clown Oh, of my pigeons, sir; Nothing else. TITO ANDRONICUS Why didn't you come from heaven? Sky clown! Unfortunately, sir, I never got there God forbid I was so bold to press heaven on my young days. Why, I go with my pigeons to the plebs court, to take a fight between my uncle and one of the men of the emperor of you. TITUS ANDRONICUS Tell me, can you give the emperor a prayer with a grace? Clown Nay, really, sir, I could never say grace in my whole life. TITUS ANDRONICUS Sirrah, come here: don't do any more finger, but give your pigeons to the emperor: For me you will have justice in your hands. Wait, In the meantime, there's money here for you. And when you come to him, in the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, and when you come to him and ink. Sirrah, can you gracefully deliver a plea? Clown Oh, sir. TITUS ANDRONICUS So here's a plea for you. And when you come to him, in the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, and when you come to him and ink. Sirrah, can you gracefully deliver a plea? Clown Oh, sir. then deliver your pigeons, and then seek your reward. I'll be even, sir; see that you do it bravely. I guarantee you, sir, leave me alone. TITO ANDRONICUS Sirrah, do you have a knife? Come on, let me see it. Here, Marcus, bend it in prayer; Because you've done it as a humble understudy. And when you've hit the emperor, knock on my door and tell me what he says. Clown God be with you, sir; I will. TITO ANDRONICUS Come, Marcus, let us go. Publio, follow me. Exeunt SCENE IV. The same. Before the palace. SATURNINUS, the arrows in hand TITUS fired SATURNINUS Why, gentlemen, what mistakes are these! was seen an emperor in Rome therefore overcensed, tormented, confronted thus; and, by the magnitude of egal justice, used in such contempt? My lords, you know, as you know the gods, yet these disturbers of our Buz peace in the ears of the people, nothing has happened, but even with the law, against the intentional children of the old Andronicus. What if His sorrows have overwhelmed his wits so much: Will we thus be afflicted in their afflictions, His attacks, their frenzy, and their bitterness? And now he writes to heaven for his repair: Look, here is Jove, and this to Mercury; This to Apollo; this to the god of war; Sweet scrolls to fly through the streets of Rome! What is this but libelling against the Senate, and blazoning our injustice everywhere? Good mood, isn't it, gentlemen? As I would say who, in Rome there was no justice. But if I live, his fake ecstasy will not be a refuge for these outrages: But he and his own will know that justice lives in the health of Saturnine, whom, if he sleeps, he will wake up as much as she in fury will cut off the proud conspirator who lives. TAMORA My gentle lord, my beautiful Saturnine, whom, if he sleeps, he will wake up as much as she in fury will cut off the proud conspirator who lives. the faults of titus's age, The effects of pain on his brave children, whose loss has pierced him deeply and his heart has been sneered; And rather comfort your afflicted affliction than prosecute the cruellest or the best for these contempts. Apart from why, so it will become High ingenious Tamora to gloze with everyone: But, Titus, I have touched you to the fast, Your blood-life out: if Aarón is now wise, Then it is all safe, the anchor is in the port. Come in clown How now, good man! Would you talk to us? Clown yes, forsooth, a mystery being emperial. TamORA Empress I am, but there sits the emperor. The clown is him. God and St. Stephen give you good lair: I brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here. SATURNINUS reads the letter SATURNINUS Go, take it and hang it today. Clown, how much money should I have? TAMORA Come, Sirrah, you must be hanged. The clown hanged! for r ma'am, then I brought a neck to a just end. Get out, watch out SATURNINUS Despite the evils despite intolerable mistakes! Should I stand this monstrous villain? I know where this same device comes from: Let this be endured?-- as if his treacherous sons, who died by law for the murder of our brother, Have by my mean butcher unjustly! Go, drag the villain to the hair; Neither age nor honor shall shape privileges: For this proud mock that I will be thy slaughterhouse; Sly frantic bastard, who holp'st to make me great, In the hope of yourself you must rule Rome and I. Enter What news do you have, AEmilius? AEMILIUS Arm, arm, my lord;--Rome never had more cause. The drips have gathered heads; and with a power of the men highly resolved, inclined to the spoils, they here march amain, under the conduct of son of old Andronicus; What threats, in the course of this vengeance, to do as much as Coriolanus always did. SATURNINUS Is the General Pike wary of dripping? This news stings me, and I hang my head like flowers with frost or grass beaten with storms: Oh, now our sorrows begin to approach: 'He is the ordinary people love so much; I myself have often heard them say: When I have walked like a private man, that Lucius's banishment was unjustly, and they have wished Lucius to be their emperor. TAMORA Why should you be afraid? Isn't your city strong? SATURNINUS Oh, but citizens favor Lucius, and he will rebel on me to dodge him. TAMORA King, be your imperious thoughts, as your name. Is the sun dimmed, that the gnats fly in it? The eagle suffers little birds to sing, and is not careful what they mean so, knowing that with the shadow of its wings can for pleasure pass its melody: Still, the dizzy men of Rome. Then animate your spirit : to know, emperor, I will enchant the old Andronicus With sweeter words, and even more dangerous, than baits to fish, or honey stalks to sheep, When as he is wounded with bait, The other rotten and fill his aged ear with promises of gold; that, if his heart was almost impregnable, his old ears deaf, yet he must both ear and heart obey my tongue. To Emilioi Ves before, be our ambassador: Say that the emperor asks for a flash of War Lucius, and appoints the meeting even at his father's house, old Andronicus. SATURNINUS AEmilius, make this message with honor: And if you are held hostage for your safety, ask him to demand what the promise will please best. AEMILIUS Your offer will do so effectively. Leaving TAMORA Now I'm going to that old Andronicus; And temper it with all the art I have, to proudly pluck Pike from the dripping warriors. And now, sweet emperor, be cheerful again, and bury all your fear on my devices. SATURNINUS Then go successfully, and beg him. Exeunt ACT V SCENE I. Plains near Rome. Enter LUCIUS with an army of drops, with drum and colors lucius warriors approved, and my faithful friends, I have received letters from the great Rome, which mean what hatred they bring to their emperor and how eager of our sight they are. Therefore, great lords, be, as your witness titles, Imperious and impatient with your evils and in which Rome has made you any scathing, may he make triple satisfaction. First valiant dripping slip, sprouted from the great Andronicus, whose name was once our terror, now our comfort; Whose high feats and honorable works Ingrateful Rome is requisitioned with fetid contempt, be bold in us: where you take, like the stinging bees on the hottest day of summer Guided by their master to the blossomed fields, and avenged by cursed tamora. All And as he says, that's what we all say with him. LUCIUS I thank you humbly, and I thank you all. But who comes here, guided by a lustful drip? Entering a tooth, carrying AARON with his Child in his arms Second Goto Renamed Lucius, from our troops diverts me to contemplate a ruinous monastery; And, as I fixed my eye on the wasted building, I suddenly heard a child cry under a wall. I made the noise; when I soon heard the baby crying controll'd with this speech: 'Peace, griffny slave, half of me and half your prey! Didn't your tone of who you are, If nature had lent you, but the gaze of your mother, villain, you could have been an emperor: But where the bull and cow are milk white, they never beget a black charcoal calf. Peace, villain, peace! -even so rate the baby,-- 'Because I have to take you to a drop of confidence; That, when he knows you're the Empress's baby, he'll hold you very expensive for your mother's sake. With this, my weapon drawn, I hurried upon him, suddenly surprised, and brought him here, to use as you think necessary of man. LUCIUS OR worthy Goth, this is the devil incarnate who robb'd Andronicus of his good hand; This is the pearl that pleased its Empress, and here is the base fruit of his fiery lust. Tell me, wall-eyed slave, where would you convey this growing image of your devilish face? Why doesn't dost talk? What, deaf? Not a word? A halter, soldiers! hang it on this tree. And by his side his fruit as a bastard. AARON Do not touch the child; he's real-blooded. LUCIUS also as the lord forever be good. First hang the child, so he can see it expand; A spectacle to engender the father's soul. Get me a ladder. A ladder brought, which AARON is made to ascend Aaron Lucius, save the child, and take him from me to the Empress. If you do this, I'll show you wonderful things, which can highly give you the advantage of listening: If you don't want to, you'll fall whatever can happen, I won't talk anymore, but 'Revenge will rot you all!' LUCIUS Say it: a if I like that you speak's Your son will live, and I will speak, For I must speak of murders, rapes and massacres, of 'T' vex your sou'lt alk anymore, but 'Revenge will rot you all!' LUCIUS Say it: a if I like that you speak's Your son will live, and I will speak of murders, rapes and massacres, acts of black night, abominable acts, plots of mischief, betrayal, rutetas of listening villainies, but piously fulfilled: And all this will be buried by my death, unless you swear to me that my son will live. LUCIUS Tell him in his mind; I say your son will live. AARON swears that he, and then I'll begin. LUCIUS Tell him in his mind; I say your son will live. an oath? AARON, what if I don't? like, in fact, I don't; However, because I know you're religious and you have one thing of you called conscience, With twenty tricks and ceremonies popías, which I have seen you be careful to observe: Therefore, I urge your oath; that's why I'm an idiot idiot. His bauble by a god and keeps the oath that by that god swears, to that I will urge him: therefore, you will swear by that same god, what God soe'er is, that you worship and have in reverence, to save my son, to nourish and raise him; Or I won't find out anything. LUCIUS Oh, most insatiated and luxurious woman! AARON Tut, Lucius, this was nothing but a charity you'll hear from me anon. 'It was his two sons who murdered Bassianus; They cut off your sister's tongue and disliked her and cut off her hands and trimmed her the way you saw her. LUCIUS OR loathsome villain! call you that clipping? AARON Why, she was washed and cut and trimmed, and it was the Trim sport for them who had it done. LUCIUS OR barbarian, beastly villains, like yourself! AARON In fact, I was his tutor to instruct them: That codding spirit had of their mother, as surely a letter as he always won the set; That damn mind, I think, they learn from me, like a dog as true as ever fought to the head. Well, may my actions witness my courage. I trained your brothers to that deceptive hole where Bassianus' body was: I wrote the letter your father found and hid the gold inside the mention'd letter, Confederate with the Queen and her two children: And what did he not do, that you have reason to regret, Where did I not have any stroke of mischief in it? I played the crack of a wall when, for his hand, I had the head of his two children; I saw his tears, and laughed so heartbroken, that both eyes were rainy as he was: And when I told the empress of this sport, She fainted almost in my pleasant tale, And by my news she gave me twenty kisses. First Goth What, can you say all this, and never blush? AARON Oh, like a black dog, as the saying goes. LUCIUS Don't you regret these appalling works? AARON Oh, I hadn't done a thousand more. Even now I curse the day -- and yet, I believe, few enter the compass of my curse,-- in which I did not make some notorious sick people, such as killing a man, or otherwise desing his death, Ravish a maiden, or conspiring the way to do so, accusing some innocent and parading me, Establishing mortal enmity between two friends, Making the poor men's cattle break their necks; Burn in barns and piles of hay at night, and bid on the owners to put them upright at the doors of their dear friends, even when their sorrows are almost forgotten; And on their skins, as in the bark of the trees, Have with my knife carved in Roman letters, your pain dies, even if I'm dead.' Tut, I've done a thousand terrible things as voluntarily as one would kill a fly, and nothing afflicts me with my heart But I can't do ten thousand more. LUCIUS Take down the devil; because a death must not die as sweet as hanging today. AARON If there were demons, would I be a devil, to live and burn in eternal fire, So I could have his company in hell, but to torment you with my bitter tongue! LUCIUS Lords, stop your mouth and don't let him talk anymore. Enter a drip my lord, there is a messenger from Rome Wishes to be admitted in your presence. LUCIUS Let him get close. Enter a drip my lord, there is a messenger from Rome Wishes to be admitted in your presence. LUCIUS Let him get close. Enter a drip my lord, there is a messenger from Rome Wishes to be admitted in your presence. drips, The Roman emperor greets you all for me; And, because he understands that you are in arms, he yearns for a parley in your father's house, ready to demand your hostages, and they will be immediately released. First drip What does our general say? LUCIUS AEmilius, may the emperor give his promises to my father and uncle Marco, and we will go. March. Exeunt SCENE II. Rome. Before TITUS' house. Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, TAMORA disguised Therefore, in this strange and sad skill, I will meet Andronicus, and say that I am vengeance, sent from below to join him and correct his heinous mistakes. Hitting his studio, where, they say, guards, to ruminate strange plots of terrible revenge; Tell him Revenge has come to join him, and work confusion on his enemies. They call Enter TITUS, above TITUS ANDRONICUS Who makes my contemplation? Is it your trick to make me escape the door, so that my sad decrees can fly away, and my whole study is without any effect? You are deceived: for what I want to do See here in bloody lines that I have established; And what is written will be executed. TAMORA Titus, I've come to talk to you. TITUS ANDRONICUS No, not a word; How can I decorate my talk, want a hand to give it action? You have a chance of me; therefore, no more. TAMORA If you knew me, you'd talk to me. TITO ANDRONICUS I'm not crazy; I know you well enough: Witness this wretched stump, witness these trenches made by pain and care, witness the grueling day and heavy night; Witness to all sadness, that I know you well by our proud Empress, mighty Tamora; She is your enemy, and I am your friend: I am Vengeance: sent from the infernal kingdom, to relieve the reneing vulture of your mind, by working a miserable vengeance upon your enemies. Come down, and welcome me into the light of this world; Confer me on murder and death: There is no great darkness or misty valley, where bloody murder or detested rape can sofa out of fear, but the And in your ears tell them my terrible name, Vengeance, which makes the evil offender tremble TITO ANDRONICUS Are you the revenge? and you're sent to me, to be a torment to my enemies? TAMORA I am; I am; come down, and welcome me. TITUS ANDRONICUS Do me a service before it comes to you. It, by your side, where rape and murder is; Now give me some surance that you're Revenge, Stab them, or break them on your cart wheels; And then I'll go and be your tramp, and I'll turn the world with you. Provide two appropriate palfreys, black as jet, to make your vengeful waggon swift away, and discover killers in their guilty caves: And when your car is loaded with their heads, I'm going to dismantle, and by the waggon wheel jog, like a man standing servile, all day, even from Hyperion rises in the east to his fall into the sea : And day by day I'm going to do this heavy task, so destroy Rapine and Murder there. TAMORA These are my ministers, and come with me. TITUS ANDRONICUS Are they your ministers? What's their name? TAMORA Rapine and Murder; therefore so called, because they take revenge on such men. TITUS ANDRONICUS Lord, like the empress's children! And you, the Empress! but we worldly men have miserable, crazy eyes, confusing. O sweet vengeance, now I come to you; And, if the hug of one arm pleases you, I'll hug you in it little by little. Going above TAMORA This closure with him fits his crazy Whate'er forge to fuel his strokes of brain disease, Do you keep and keep in your speeches, for now it takes me firmly to get revenge; And, being believer in this mad thought, I will send him for Lucius his son; And while I at a banquet will keep him safe, I will find some cunning practice out of control, to disperse and disperse dizzying drips, or at least turn them into their enemies. Look, here he comes, and I must fear. Enter TITUS under TITUS and I must fear. Enter TITUS and I must fear. my sad home: Rapine and Murder, you are also welcome. How you are the Empress and her children! Well, are you fit, if you weren't a Moor: couldn't all hell allow you a demon? For good, I wot the Empress never moves, but in her company there is a Moor; And could you represent our queen well, It was convenient for you to have such a devil: But welcome, as you are. What are we going to do? TAMORA What do you want us to do, Andronicus? DEMETRIUS Show me a murderer, I'll take care of him. CHIRON Show me a villain he's raped, and I'll take revenge on all of them. TITUS ANDRONICUS Look around the evil streets of Rome; And when you find a man who's like you. Good murder, stab him; he's a murderer. Go with hem; and when it is your hap to find someone else who is like you. I pray I pray make some violent death in them; They've been violent to me and mine. TAMORA Well, you've taught us; this is what we're going to do. But you would be pleased, good Andronicus, to send for Lucius, your three-brave son, who leads to Rome a gang of dripping warriors, and asked him to come to banquet at your house; When I am here, even at your solemn feast, I will bring the Empress and her children, the emperor himself, and all your enemies; And at your mercy they bend down and kneel, and upon them you will ease your angry heart. What does Andronicus say to this device? TITO ANDRONICUS Marcus, my brother! It's sad that Titus calls. Enter MARCUS Go, gentle Marco, to your nephew Lucius; You will ask among the drips: Ask him to repair me, and bring with him some of the most important princes of drips; Ask him to camp his soldiers where they are: Tell him that the emperor and empress will also delight in my house, and so I quit, as far as your elderly father's life is concerned. MARCUS ANDRONICUS I will do this, and soon come back again. Leaving TAMORA Now I'm going to therefore about your business, and take my ministers with me. TITUS ANDRONICUS No, no, that Rape and Murder stay with me; If not, I'll call my brother again, and I'll take revenge but Lucius. TAMORA [Apart from your children] What do you guys say? Will you wait with him, While I'm going to tell my lord the emperor, how have I ruled our determined joke? Yield to his humor, soft and speak to him just, and stayed with him until I turned again. TITUS ANDRONICUS [Apart] I know them all, even if they make me look crazy, and the o'ereach on their prey! DEMETRIUS Lady, depart for pleasure; leave us here. TAMORA Goodbye, Andronicus: Revenge is now going to put up a plot to betray your enemies. TITO ANDRONICUS I know you; and, sweet Revenge, bye. Get out of TAMORA CHIRON Tell us, man, how are we going to be employed? TITUS ANDRONICUS Tut, I have enough work for you to do. Publius, come here, Caius, and Valentine's Day! Enter PUBLIUS and other PUBLIUS and Empress, I take them, Chiron and Demetrius. TITUS ANDRONICUS Fie, Publio, fie! You are too deceived; The one is Murder, Rape is the name of the other; And therefore tie them up, gentle Publius. Caius and Valentine, they put their mouths, if they begin to cry. Exit PUBLIUS, & amp;c. Retention in CHIRON and DEMETRIUS CHIRON Villains, tolerate! we are the empress's children. PUBLIUS And therefore we do what we are told. Stop shutting your mouth, don't let them speak a word. Are you sure he's tied up? Look The atas fast. Re-enter TITUS, with LAVINIA; he carrying a knife, and she a washbasin TITUS ANDRONICUS Come, come, Lavinia; Look, your enemies are Gentlemen, leave your mouths, let them not speak to me; But let them listen to the dinging words I utter. O villains, Chiron and Demetrius! Here you will find the spring you have stained with mud, This good summer with your winter mix. You killed her husband, and because of that vile guilt two of her brothers were sentenced to death, my hand cut off and made a cheerful joke; Both his sweet hands, his tongue, and that more beloved than the hands or tongue, his impeccable chastity, inhuman traitors, that you restrict and forced. What would you say if I let you talk? Villains, by shame you couldn't plead grace. Hark, you bastards! What I mean to martyr you. This hand is still left to cut your throat, while the lavinia 'tween its doth hold the basin that receives its guilty blood. You know your mother wants to party with me, and she calls herself Revenge, and she thinks I'm going to raise and make two pastes of their shameful heads, and bid that trumpet, its prey don't curse, as to the earth swallow its own raise. This is the feast I have made him, and this is the banquet he will surfeit in; To the worse than Priore I will avenge myself: And now prepare thy throats. Lavinia, come on, it cuts their throats Receive blood, and when they are dead, Let me go grind their bones to small powder and with this odious templar liquor; And in that paste he lets his vile heads be baked. Come, come, be each officious To make this feast; I'd like you to try more severe and bloody than the centaur party. So, now bring them, because I'm going to play the cook, and see them smart' win their mother comes. Exeunt, carrying scene III bodies. TITUS House Court. A banquet came out. Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS and Goths, with AARON LUCIUS prisoner Uncle Marcus, as it is my father's mind that I repair in Rome, I am happy. First gon and ours with yours, fall what fortune. LUCIUS good uncle, he will take you in this barbarian wasteland, this voracious tiger, this damn devil; Let him receive no sustenture, squeeze him until he tore to sustenture. is brought to the face of the Empress, that it may be testimony of her evil procedures: And to see that the ambush of our friends is strong; I'm afraid the emperor means nothing good to us. AARON Some devil whispers curses in my ear, and incites me, so that my tongue can pronounce the poisonous malice of my swollen heart! LUCIUS Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave! Gentlemen, help our uncle pass it on. Exeunt Goths, with AARON. Flourish inside The Trumpets show that the emperor is nearby. Enter saturnine and TAMORA, with AEMILIUS, Tribunes, senators, and other SATURNINUS What, has the firmament more suns than one? What boots do you call yourself a sun? MARCUS ANDRONICUS Emperor of Rome, and nephew, break up parle; These fights must be debated in silence. The feast is ready, that the careful Titus Hath ordered to an honorable end, for peace, for love, for the league and for the sake of Rome: Please, come and take your places. SATURNINUS Marcus, we will. Sound of hautboys. The company sits at the table Enter TITUS dressed as a cook, LAVINIA veiled, young LUCIUS, and others. TITUS places the dishes on the table TITUS ANDRONICUS Welcome, my gentle lord; welcome, queen of fear; Welcome, bellical drips; welcome, bellical drips; welcome, bellical drips; welcome, all: though the joy is poor, 'Twill will fill your stomachs; please eat from her. SATURNINUS Why are you like this dressed, Andronicus? TITUS ANDRONICUS Because I would make sure I have everything right, to entertain your Highness and your Empress. TAMORA We are contemplating you, good Andronicus. TITO ANDRONICUS If Your Highness knew my heart, it was. My lord the emperor, solve this for me: Was he well made of Virginius' eruption to kill his daughter with his own right hand, for she was forced, stain'd, and deflower'd? SATURNINUS It was. Andronicus. TITO ANDRONICUS Your reason, mighty sir? SATURNINUS Because the girl must not survive her shame, and by her presence they still renew her sorrows. TITUS ANDRONICUS A powerful, strong and effective reason; A pattern, precedent and animated order, for me, more miserable, to accomplish anything. Die, die, Lavinia, and your shame with you; Kill LAVINIA and, with your shame, your father's grief dies! SATURNINUS What have you done, unnatural and cruel? TITUS ANDRONICUS Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind. I'm as sad as Virginius, and I have a thousand times more cause than him to do this outrage, and now it's done. SATURNINUS What, was ravish'd? say who did the writing. TITUS ANDRONICUS Won't you be happy to eat? will not please your highness food? TAMORA Why did you kill your only daughter like that? TITUS ANDRONICUS NOT ME; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius: They ravish'd her, and cut off her tongue; And they, it was them, who did all this wrong to him. SATURNINUS Go get them so far. TITUS ANDRONICUS Why, there are both baked in that cake; Of which her mother has fed delicately, eating the flesh she herself has raised. It is true; it is true; witness the sharp point of my knife. Kill TAMORA SATURNINUS Die, wretched bastard, for this damn fact! Kill SATURNINUS. A big tumult. LUCIUS, MARCUS, and others go up to the balcony MARCUS ANDRONICUS You men, people and children of Rome sad-faced, By fuss sever'd, as a flight of Birds Scatter'd by the winds and high tempestuous gusts, OR, let me teach you to knit again This scattering of This corn scattered in a mutual coke, These limbs broken back into one body; For Rome itself to be bane herself, and she that mighty mighty cut'sy a, As a helpless and desperate castaway, Make shameful execution in itself. But if my frozen signs and old companions, Grave witnesses of true experience, Can not induce to attend my words, A LUCIUS Speak, dear friend of Rome, as er our ancestor, When with his solemn tongue he made speech to the sad ear of Dido sick with love The story of that fiery night of fardosa When the subtle Greeks surprised Troy of King Priam, Tell us what Sinon has stained our ears, Or who has brought the fatal engine in Which he gives to our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound. My heart is not compact flint or steel; Nor can I pronounce all our bitter pain, but the floods of tears will drown out my oratory, and break my statement, even at a time when I should move you to take care of me more, providing your kind commiseration. Here's a captain, who tells the story; Your hearts will tingle and weep when you hear him speak. LUCIUS Then noble auditorium, whether known to you, who cursed Chiron and Demetrius were the ones who murdered our emperor's brother; And they were they that dazzled our sister: For their faults fell our brethren were beheaded; Our father's tears despised, and they had cozen'd of that true hand that fought against the fight of Rome, and sent his enemies of Rome: That they drowned their enmity in my true tears. And he operated on his arms to hug me like a friend. I am the convert, whether known to you, who have preserved your well-being in my blood; And from his chest he took the point of the enemy, rednessing the steel in my adventurous body. Unfortunately, you know I'm not vaunter, I; My scars can be witnesses, foolish even if they are, that my report is just and really full. But, soft! it seems to me that I wander too much, quoting my worthless praise: Oh, forgive me; Because when there are no friends, men praise themselves. MARCUS ANDRONICUS Now it's my turn to talk. Behold this child: Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Assistant of this was given Tamora; The subject of an irreligious Moor, chief architect and conspirator of these evils: The villain is alive in the house of Titus, and as he is, to witness that this is true. Now he judges what cause Titus had to take revenge on these evils, indescribable, of past patience, or more than any living man could bear. Now you've heard the truth, what do you say, Romans? We have done nothing wrong,-- show us in what, and, from the place where they see us now, The poor rest of Andronici Will, by the hand, all threw us down. And in the stones hit our brains, and make a mutual closure of our house. Speak, Romans, speak; and if you say we will, Lo, by the hand, Lucius our emperor; because I well know that the common voice weeps will be like this. All Lucius, everyone sal greets, greets, royal emperor! MARCUS ANDRONICUS Go, go to the painful house of old Titus, to the attendees and so far hale the Moro malbeliying, To be tried some death of terrible slaughter, as punishment for his most evil life. Execut Attendants LUCIUS, MARCUS, and the others descend All Lucius, all saloan, the kind governor of Rome! LUCIUS Thank you, Gentle Romans: may I rule like this, to heat the damage of Rome, and to cleanse its affliction! But, gentle people, give me a while, For nature puts me on a heavy task: Stand all distant, but, man, come closer, to shedding gifted tears on this trunk. Oh, take this warm kiss on your pale, cold lips, Kissing TITUS These sad drops on your bloodstained face, The last true duties of your noble son! MARCUS ANDRONICUS Tears in tears, and loving kiss for the kiss, Your brother Marco tender on your lips: Oh, they were the sum of these that I had to pay countless and infinite, but I would pay them! LUCIUS Come here, boy; Come, come and learn from us to melt in the showers: your grandmother loved you well: Many times she danced you on her knees, she sang you asleep, her chest loving your pillow: Many things have told you, Know and agree with your childhood; In that sense, then, as a loving child, Shed still a few small drops of your tender spring, For kind nature requires it this way: Friends must associate friends in pain and misfortune: goodbye; commit him to the grave; Do him that kindness, and get out of it. Young LUCIUS O grandsire, grandson! even with all my heart would I be dead, so you lived again! O Lord, I cannot speak to you for weeping; My tears will drown me, if I close my mouth. Re-entering the attendees with AARON AEMILIUS You sad Andronici, have done problems: Give judgment on this execrable son of a, who has been a breeder of these terrible events. LUCIUS put him deep breast on the earth, and familyed him; They do not allow him to stand, and delight, and weep for food; If someone relieves or sympaths with you, for the crime that dies. This is our undoing: Some stay to see him buckle up on earth. AARON O, why should anger be mute and fury foolish? I am not a baby, I, who with the base prayers repent of the evils I have done: Ten thousand worse than ever, but I did, would I, if I could have my will; If a good ada in my whole life I did, I repent it of my soul. LUCIUS Some loving friends transmit the emperor therefore, and give him burial in his father's tomb: My father and Lavinia will be immediately closed in the monument of our house. As for that heinous tiger, Tamora, No funeral rite, nor man in weeds of mourning, No sad bell will ring his burial; But throw it at the beasts and the birds of prey: His He was like a beast, and lacking mercy; And, if so, it will have like a lack of mercy. See justice done in Aaron, that damn Moor, by whom our heavy haps had their beginning: Then, afterwards, to order the state well, that as events can ne'er ne'er

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