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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; with drum and colors SATURNINUS noble patricians, patron of my right, Defend the justice of my cause with weapons, And, compatriots, my loving followers, Plead for my successive title with your 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 loyal 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 emperor, Andronicus chosen, surname Plus 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, Hated yoked a strong nation, braided in arms. Ten years have passed since the first time he undertook this cause of Rome and punished with arms the pride of our enemies: five times he has 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 suitsors, 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, Gracious 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 your country Commit me, my and the cause. Exeunt followers of SATURNINUS Rome, be as fair and kind to me as I am confident 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 speaks TITUS ANDRONICUS Hail, Rome, victorious in your herbs of mourning! It, like the bark, which has discharged its burden, returns with precious denfilar 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 Rime, 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, first in the wars of their country! O sacred receptacle of my joys, Sweet cell of virtue and nobility, How many of my children do you have in the tent, that you may never do the more! LUCIUS Give us the proud prisoner 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 actors 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 Troy with the opportunity to take a sharp revenge on the tyrant Thracian in her tent. You can favor Tamora, the Queen of the Goths -- When the Goths were Goths and Tamora was queen -- to leave the bloody evils upon her enemies. Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS and MUTIUS, with their bloody swords LUCIUS See, lord and father, how we have performed! Our Roman rites: Alarbus's limbs are lopp'd, and the entrails fed the sacrificed fire, who's 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 suits. 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 there is no treason, here there is no fan of envy. Here grow there are no damn grudges; Here there are no storms, no noise, but silence and eternal sleep: In peace and honor rest here, my children! Enter LAVINIA LAVINIA In peace and honor live Lord Tito long! My noble lord and father, live in fame! I, 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-enter saturninus and BASSIANUS, attended MARCUS ANDRONICUS Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother, triumphed funny in the eyes of Rome! TITO ANDRONICUS Thank you, gente tribune, noble brother Marcus, JUSTICE ANDRONICUS And nephews, of successful wars, who you 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, which has aspired to Solon's happiness and triumphs over chance in honor Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome, whose friend in justice you have been, sent you for me, his tribune and his trust, This palliant 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 his 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 Tito, you will get and ask for the imperia. SATURNINUS Proud and ambitious tribune, can you say? Patience TITUS ANDRONICUS, Saturnine Prince. SATURNINUS Romans, do me good: Patricians, draw your swords, and do not sheath them until Saturnine is the emperor of Rome. Andronicus, wouldn't you send me to hell, instead of stealing people's hearts! LUCIUS Proud Saturnine, good switch That noble titio 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 need. TITUS ANDRONICUS The people of Rome, and the tribune of the people here, ask them their voices and their suffrages: Will I live andronicus friendly? Grandstands to please the good 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 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 sponging: 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 assument 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 ITO 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 noble. 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: Principessa 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 woe 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, if Lucius lives. TITUS ANDRONICUS Traitors, avanti! What'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 and MARTIUS TITUS ANDRONICUS Follow my lord, and I'll bring her back soon. MUTIUS My lord, you don't come in here, TITUS 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, above Re-enters, above Re-enters, above Re-enters. LUCIUS 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 Departure No, Tito, no; the emperor does not need her, neither she nor you, nor any of her actions: I will trust, for let assure, that she mocks me once; You never, nor your treacherous alive 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 guys; 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 overshadow the gallant ladies' of Rome, if you are pleased with this my sudden choice, Behold, I choose you, Tamora, for my bride, And may 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 her bright and every thing in preparation for Hymeneaus 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 everything but TITUS TITUS ANDRONICUS I'm not asking to wait for this bride. Tito, when you don't want to walk alone, Dishonor'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, sir, no son of mine, neither you nor these Confederates in the scripture that has arisen 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 Many good for him that you buried; Ma'am, you are single to try experiments: Love protects your husband from his dogs today! It's a shame they have to take it for a deer. BASSIANUS Believe me, queen, 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 cheerul her raven-color'd hair; This valley fits well for the purpose of passing. BASSIANUS The king my brother will have of you; And so rest, sweet gold, for his discomfort Hides the gold that his alms have from the empress's chest. Enter TAMORA TAMORA Mi Aarón, who were mirat'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 coincide 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, ever 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 the singing of a cradle song nurse to bring your baby asleep. Aaron Madam, though Venus rules her desires, Saturn is dominating over mine: When with my deadely eye, My silence and my murky melancholy mean, My woolly-haired fleece that now unscrows even like a ladder as it unrolls to make some fatal execution? No, ma'am, these are not general signs: Revenge is in my heart, death in my hand, blood and vengeance are hammering 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 emperor; Bassianus comes: Be cross with him, and I'm going to go get your kids to back up your fighters, 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 A father and a friend to you and Rome. TITUS ANDRONICUS What Bassianus, let me plead my actions: 'Tis you, your temples and heavens are my judge, how I have loved and honored Saturnine! TAMORA My worthy lord, if Tamora, who 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 ordered 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 discount 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 suppliant 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 family, the cruel father and their treacherous sons, whom I sued for the life of my dear son, and let them know what 'tis to let a queen kneel in the streets and plead grace in vain. Out loud you see, come, sweet emperor, come, Andronicus; Take this good old man, and animate the heart that dies in the tempest of your angry frown. SATURNINUS Rise, Titus, get up; your Empire 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 you, Prince Bassianus, I have passed my word and promise the emperor. And fear not the lords, and thee, Lavinia; 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 let 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 1. Rome. Before the Palace. Enter AARON AARON Now climb the top of Tamora Olympus, save from the shot of fortune, and sit aloft, safe from the crack of thunder or lightning. Advance above the menacing reach of pale envy. As when the golden sun greets the morning, and, having a golden bow and its beams, Gales the zodiac in his slaty train, And overlooks the hills; So Tamora, On her ingenuity doth earthly honor wait, and with her bends down to meet her. Then, Aarón, build your heart, and fit your thoughts, to ride aloft with your imperial love, and let us assemble in his ploy whom you inumph 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 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. Holo! What storm is this? Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, challenging DEMETRIUS Chiron, your years wait wit, your wits wait 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 blame. 'Tis 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! these lovers will not keep the peace. DEMETRIUS Why, boy, although our mother, unannounced, gave you a rapier career by your side, are you so desperate, to threaten your friends? Go to; have your hat glued into your pod until you know better how to handle it. CHIRON Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I 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 yawn, 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 I'm not, 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 broken'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 love. 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 playing your deaths on this device. CHIRON Aarón, a thousand thanks, 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 she can be won. She is Lavinia, therefore she must be loved. What more water slides down the hill, and easy is on 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's dan. DEMETRIUS Then why should he despair? 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 outbreak or so would serve your shifts. CHIRON Oh, so the shift was served. DEMETRIUS Aarón, you hit him. AARON, you would have hit him too! Then we shouldn't be tired with this finger. Wow, 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: 'Tis so political and stratagem must you affect; and so you must solve, that what you cannot you will achieve you, you 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 hint is in hand; There will be the beautiful troop of Roman ladies: The walks in the forest are spacious and spacious; And many rare perles there are affed by kind rape and villany: Only there in this delicate doo, and hit your house by force, if not by words: This way, or not at all, stand hopingfully. 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 vobis. 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 gay, The fields are fragrant and the forests are green: Undoock 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 for him that you buried; Ma'am, you are many and as good. I promise you, were't out of shame, well I could leave our sport to sleep for a while. Fall into the QUINTUS well What are you fall'n? What subtle love is this, whose mouth is covered with thick-growing briars, 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 dismal'st dismay! damage you always eye with your eyes made heart lament! AARON [Apart] Now I'll 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 come with me, and help me from out 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 pit? Oh wonderful thing! How easy it is to discover the murderer! TITUS ANDRONICUS High Emperor, on my weak knee I beg you this blessing, with not slightly shed tears, that this fell to blame for my cursed children, accused if the fault is done demonstrated in them. -- SATURNINUS If prevent you let see it's obvious. Who found this letter? Tamora, was that word? 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 killer: Don't speak a word; the fault is clear; Because, by my soul, if there was a worse end than death, that end upon them must be executed. TAMORA Andronicus, I will plead with the king. Don't be afraid of your children; they'll do it well enough. TITO ANDRONICUS Come, Lucius, 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 cut OFF DEMETRIUS So, now go count, a if your tongue can speak, who 'twas you cut your tongue and ravish'd you. CHIRON Write your mind, make it your meaning like this, and if your friends will let you play

