

Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall. 24
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
'Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art, 28
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf. 32
Peace, villain, peace!'—even thus he rates the
babe,—

'For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress'
babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.' 36
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon
him,
Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate
devil 40
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye,
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither wouldst thou con-
vey 44

This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? What! deaf? not a word?
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy. 48

Aar. Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.
Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal. 52
Get me a ladder. [*A ladder brought,*
which AARON is made to ascend.

Aar. Lucius, save the child;
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear: 56
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more but 'Vengeance rot you all!'

Luc. Say on; and if it please me which thou
speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee! why, assure thee,
Lucius, 61
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and mas-
sacres.

Acts of black night, abominable deeds, 64
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live. 68

Luc. Tell on thy mind: I say, thy child shall
live.
Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will
begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st
no god:

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?
Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,

With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies, 76
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I'll urge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up:
Or else I will discover nought to thee. 85

Luc. Even by my god I swear to thee I will.
Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the
empress.

Luc. O most insatiate and luxurious woman!
Aar. Tut! Lucius, this was but a deed of
charity 89

To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue and ravish'd her, 92
And cut her hands and trimm'd her as thou
saw'st.

Luc. O detestable villain! call'st thou that
trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and
trimm'd, and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it. 96

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thy-
self!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct
them.

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set; 100
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me
As true a dog as ever fought at head.

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole 104
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay;
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons:
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,
And, when I had it, drew myself apart, 112
And almost broke my heart with extreme
laughter.

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily, 116
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses. 120

First Goth. What! canst thou say all this,
and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.
Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous
deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand
more. 124

Even now I curse the day, and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse,
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death; 128
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;

Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks; 132
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their
tears,

Of have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' 136
doors,

Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.' 140

Tut! I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly,
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
But that I cannot do ten thousand more. 144

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not
die

So sweet a death as hanging presently.
Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil, 148
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak
no more.

Enter a Goth.
Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from
Rome 152
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter ÆMILIUS.
Welcome, Æmilius! what's the news from
Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the
Goths, 156
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages, 160
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

First Goth. What says our general?
Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his
pledges 164
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus.
And we will come. March away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rome. Before TITUS' House.

Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON,
disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habili-
ment,

I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps, 5
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. 8

[*They knock.*

Enter TITUS, above.
Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,

And all my study be to no effect? 12
You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee. 16
Tit. No, not a word; how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?

Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.
Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst
talk with me. 20

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these
crimson lines;

Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night; 24
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.

Is not thy coming for my other hand?
Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not
Tamora; 28

She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge, sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes. 32

Come down, and welcome me to this world's
light;

Confer with me of murder and of death.
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place, 36
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to
me, 41
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and wel-
come me.

Tit. Do me some service ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands;
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge:
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels,
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner, 48
And whirl along with thee about the globe.

Provide two proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves: 52
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east 56
Until his very downfall in the sea:

And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with
me. 60

Tit. Are these thy ministers? what are they
call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called
so, 64

'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.
Tit. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons
they are, 68

And you the empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge! now do I come to thee;

And, if one arm's embracement will content thee, 68
I will embrace thee in it by and by. *[Exit above.]*
Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches, 72
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure, 76
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme. 80

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woeful house:
Rape and Murder, you are welcome too.
How like the empress and her sons you are! 84
Well are you fitted had you but a Moor:
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor; 88
And would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil.
But welcome as you are. What shall we do?
Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus? 92
Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.
Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.
Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong, 96
And I will be revenged on them all.
Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer. 100
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rape, stab him; he's a ravisher.
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court 104
There is a queen attended by a Moor;
Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee:
I pray thee, do on them some violent death; 108
They have been violent to me and mine.
Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son, 112
Who leads towards Rome a band of war-like Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house:
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons, 116
The emperor himself, and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device? 120
Tit. Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him 124
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him, the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him, 128
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again.
[Exit.]

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business, 132
And take my ministers along with me.
Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius. 136

Tam. *[Aside to her sons.]* What say you, boys? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair, 140
And tarry with him till I turn again.

Tit. *[Aside.]* I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices;
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam. 144

Dem. *[Aside to TAMORA.]* Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.
Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes

To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

[Exit TAMORA.]
Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell. 148

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut! I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS and Others.

Pub. What is your will? 152
Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons,
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.
Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd; 156

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them;
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it: therefore bind them sure, 162
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[Exit. PUBLIUS, &c., seize CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.]

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded. 164

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.

Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS, with LAVINIA; she bearing a basin, and he a knife.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me, 168

But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd, 172
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off and made a merry jest:

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear 176

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.

What would you say if I should let you speak?
Villains! for shame you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you. 182
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold

The basin that receives your guilty blood. 184
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.

Hark! villains, I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;

And of the paste a coffin I will rear, 188
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth swallow her own increase. 192

This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;

For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Procne I will be reveng'd. 196

And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come.
[He cuts their throats.]

Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,

And with this hateful liquor temper it; 200
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious

To make this banquet, which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.

So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.]

SCENE III.—The Same. Court of Titus' House. A banquet set out.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS and Goths, with AARON prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind

That I repair to Rome, I am content.

First Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor, 4

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,

For testimony of her foul proceedings: 8
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter

forth 12
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.

[Exeunt Goths, with AARON. Trumpets sound.]

The trumpets show the emperor is at hand. 16

Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with EMI- LIUS, Senators, Tribunes, and Others.

Sat. What! hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated. 20
The feast is ready which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places. 24

Sat. Marcus, we will. *[Hautboys sound.]*

Enter TITUS, dressed like a cook, LAVINIA, veiled, young LUCIUS, and Others. TITUS places the dishes on the table.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;

Welcome, ye war-like Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all. Although the cheer be poor,

'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it. 28
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus. 32

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginus 36

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforced, stain'd, and de-

flower'd? 38
Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord? 40

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant. 44

For me most wretched, to perform the like.
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die! 48
[Kills LAVINIA.]

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woeful as Virginus was,

bb

And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage: and it is now done. 52
Sat. What! was she ravish'd? tell who did
the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your
highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter
thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius: 56
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue:
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that
pie; 60

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp
point. [Kills TAMORA.]

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed
deed! [Kills TITUS.]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father
bleed? 65

There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed!
[Kills SATURNINUS. A great tumult. The
people in confusion disperse. MARCUS,
LUCIUS, and their partisans, go up into
the balcony.]

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of
Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl 68
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O! let me teach you how to knit again

This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body; 72

Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,

Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself. 76

But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,

Cannot induce you to attend my words,
[To LUCIUS.] Speak, Rome's dear friend, as erst

our ancestor, 80
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear

The story of that baleful burning night
When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's

Troy; 84
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in

That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel, 88

Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,

And break my very utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most, 92

Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale:

Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him
speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to
you, 96

That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's

brother;
And they it was that ravished our sister. 99

For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel
out,

And sent her enemies unto the grave:
Lastly, myself unkindly banished, 104

The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;

Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a

friend: 108
And I am the turn'd forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,

And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body. 112

Alas! you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,

That my report is just and full of truth.
But, soft! methinks I do digress too much, 116

Citing my worthless praise: O! pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise them-

selves. 120
Mar. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this
child;

Of this was Tamora delivered, 120
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.

The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true. 124

Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,

Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you

Romans? 128
Have we done aught amiss, show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,

The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,

And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.

Speak, Romans, speak! and if you say we shall,
Lo! hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall. 136

Emil. Come, come, thou reverend man of
Rome,

And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius, our emperor; for well I know

The common voice do cry it shall be so. 140
Romans. Lucius, all hail! Rome's royal em-
peror!

Mar. [To Attendants.] Go, go into old Titus'
sorrowful house,

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,

As punishment for his most wicked life. 145
[Exeunt Attendants.]

LUCIUS, MARCUS, and the Others descend.
Romans. Lucius, all hail! Rome's gracious

governor!
Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern

so, 150
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile, 149

For nature puts me to a heavy task.
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,

To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk. 152

O! take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[Kisses TITUS.]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd
face,

The last true duties of thy noble son!
Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,

Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips: 157
O! were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and
learn of us 160

To melt in showers: thy grandsire lov'd thee
well:

Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;

Many a matter hath he told to thee, 164
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect, then, like a loving child,

Shed yet some small drops from thy tender
spring,

Because kind nature doth require it so: 168
Friends should associate friends in grief and
woe.

Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all
my heart 172

Would I were dead, so you did live again.
O Lord! I cannot speak to him for weeping;

My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

Re-enter Attendants, with AARON.

First Rom. You sad Andronici, have done
with woes: 176

Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish
him;

There let him stand, and rave, and cry for
food: 180

If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:

Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.
Aar. O! why should wrath be mute, and fury

dumb? 184
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done.

Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will: 188

If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the em-
peror hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave. 192
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.

As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds, 196

No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of

prey.
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;

And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,

By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,

That like events may ne'er it ruin. 204
[Exeunt.]