

II, 3

Lavinia. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now!—
The lion moved with pity did endure 890
To have his princely paws pared all away:
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful! 895

Tamora. I know not what it means; away with her!

Lavinia. O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have
slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears. 900

Tamora. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent; 905
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will,
The worse to her, the better loved of me.

Lavinia. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long; 910
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tamora. What begg'st thou, then? fond woman, let me go.

Lavinia. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust, 915
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tamora. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee. 920

Demetrius. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lavinia. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—

Chiron. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth. Bring thou her husband: 925
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.
[DEMETRIUS throws the body of BASSIANUS into the]
pit; then exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, dragging
off LAVINIA]

Tamora. Farewell, my sons: see that you make her sure. 930
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflow'r.