

Titus Andronicus

4.3

Enter Titus, old Marcus, his son Publius, young Lucius, and other gentlemen (Sempronius, Caius) with bows; and Titus bears the arrows with letters on the ends of them

TITUS

Come, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is the way.
Sir boy, let me see your archery.
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.
Terras Astraea reliquit.
Be you remembered, Marcus: she's gone, she's fled. 5
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean and cast your nets.
Happily you may catch her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land.
No, Publius and Sempronius, you must do it. 10
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth.
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you deliver him this petition.
Tell him it is for justice and for aid, 15
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.
Ah, Rome! Well, well, I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me. 20
Go, get you gone, and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearched.
This wicked Emperor may have shipped her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

MARCUS

O, Publius, is not this a heavy case, 25
To see thy noble uncle thus distraught?

PUBLIUS

Therefore, my lords, it highly us concerns
By day and night t'attend him carefully
And feed his humour kindly as we may,

Till time beget some careful remedy. 30

MARCUS
 Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy,
 But []
 Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
 Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
 And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine. 35

TITUS
 Publius, how now? How now, my masters?
 What, have you met with her?

PUBLIUS
 No, my good lord, but Pluto sends you word
 If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall.
 Marry, for Justice, she is now employed, 40
 He thinks, with Jove, in heaven or somewhere else,
 So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

TITUS
 He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
 I'll dive into the burning lake below
 And pull her out of Acheron by the heels. 45
 Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
 No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size,
 But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
 Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can
 bear;
 And sith there's no justice in earth nor hell, 50
 We will solicit heaven and move the gods
 To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.
 Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.
He gives them the arrows
 `Ad lovem', that's for you. Here, `ad Apollinem'.
 `Ad Martem', that's for myself. 55
 Here, boy, `to Pallas'. Here `to Mercury'.
 `To Saturn', Caius±±not `to Saturnine'!
 You were as good to shoot against the wind.
 To it, boy! Marcus, loose when I bid.
 Of my word, I have written to effect. 60
 There's not a god left unsolicited.

MARCUS
 Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court.

We will afflict the Emperor in his pride.

TITUS

Now, masters, draw.

They shoot

O, well said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap! Give it Pallas.

65

MARCUS

My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon.

Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

TITUS

Ha, ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?

See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

MARCUS

This was the sport, my lord. When Publius shot,

70

The Bull, being galled, gave Aries such a knock

That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court,

And who should find them but the Empress' villain!

She laughed, and told the Moor he should not choose

But give them to his master for a present.

75

TITUS

Why, there it goes. God give his lordship joy.

Enter the Clown with a basket and two pigeons in it

News, news from heaven; Marcus, the post is come.

Sirrah, what tidings? Have you any letters?

Shall I have justice? What says Jupiter?

CLOWN Ho, the gibbet-maker? He says that he hath taken 80

them down again, for the man must not be hanged till
the next week.

TITUS

But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

CLOWN Alas, sir, I know not `Jupiter'. I never drank with

him in all my life.

85

TITUS

Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

CLOWN Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

TITUS Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

CLOWN From heaven? Alas, sir, I never came there. God

forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my 90

young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the

tribunal plebs to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my

uncle and one of the Emperial's men.

TITUS

Sirrah, come hither. Make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the Emperor. 95
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold±± (*giving money*) meanwhile, here's money
for thy charges.
Give me pen and ink. Sirrah, can you with a grace
Deliver up a supplication?

CLOWN Ay, sir. 100

TITUS (*writing and giving the Clown a paper*) Then here is
a supplication for you, and when you come to him, at
the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot,
then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your
reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely. 105

CLOWN I warrant you, sir. Let me alone.

TITUS

Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.
And when thou hast given it to the Emperor, 110
Knock at my door and tell me what he says.

CLOWN God be with you, sir. I will.

Exit

TITUS

Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me.
Exeunt