

# *Titus Andronicus*

Act III, sc. 1 (line 227)

## TITUS ANDRONICUS

If there were reason for these miseries,  
Then into limits could I bind my woes:  
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?  
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,  
Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face?  
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?  
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!  
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:  
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;  
Then must my earth with her continual tears  
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd;  
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,  
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.  
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave  
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.