

Titus Andronicus

Act IV, sc. 3 (line 7)

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.

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;

'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,

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.

Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,

And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:

This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence;

And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.