

Titus Andronicus

Act V, sc. 2 (line 166)

TITUS ANDRONICUS

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

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

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.

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

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,

Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forced.

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.

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.

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
And make two pasties of your shameful heads,
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be revenged:
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;
And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.
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'll play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.