Titus Andronicus Act II scene 3    Lavinia: Shakayla Barber

O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam? 880

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee;

The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:

Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

'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!

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.

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.

'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.

No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!

Confusion fall—