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# Titus Andronicus

## Act IV, sc. 4

**TAMORA:** King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.  
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?  
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
And is not careful what they mean thereby,  
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings  
He can at pleasure stint their melody:  
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.  
Then cheer thy spirit : for know, thou emperor,  
I will enchant the old Andronicus  
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,  
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep,  
When as the one is wounded with the bait,  
The other rotted with delicious feed.