

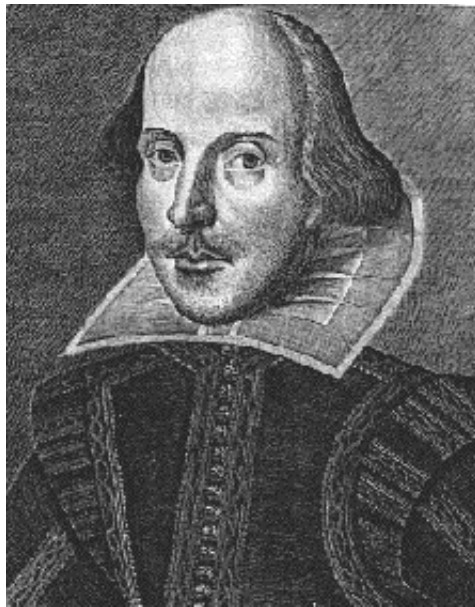
The Lamentable Tragedy of

Titus Andronicus.

by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Based on the Folio Text of 1623



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Shakespeare: First Folio

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The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus

cc4

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

2 *Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft And then*
 3 *enter Saturninus and his Followers at one doore,*
 4 *and Bassianus and his Followers at the*
 5 *other, with Drum & Colours.*

6 *Saturninus.*

7 Noble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
 8 Defend the iustice of my Cause with Armes.
 9 And Countrey- men, my louing Followers,
 10 Pleade my Successiue Title with your Swords.
 11 I was the first borne Sonne, that was the last
 12 That wore the Imperiall Diadem of Rome:
 13 Then let my Fathers Honours liue in me,
 14 Nor wrong mine Age with this indignitie.

15 *Bassianus.* Romaines, Friends, Followers,
 16 Fauourers of my Right:
 17 If euer *Bassianus*, *Caesars* Sonne,
 18 Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,
 19 Keepe then this passage to the Capitoll:
 20 And suffer not Dishonour to approach
 21 Th' Imperiall Seate to Vertue: consecrate
 22 To Iustice, Continence, and Nobility:
 23 But let Desert in pure Election shine;
 24 And Romanes, fight for Freedome in your Choice.
 25 *Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne.*
 26 Princes, that striue by Factions, and by Friends,
 27 Ambitiously for Rule and Empery:
 28 Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand
 29 A speciall Party, haue by Common voyce
 30 In Election for the Romane Emperie,
 31 Chosen *Andronicus*, Sur- named *Pious*,
 32 For many good and great deserts to Rome.
 33 A Nobler man, a brauer Warriour,
 34 Liues not this day within the City Walles.
 35 He by the Senate is accited home
 36 From weary Warres against the barbarous Gothes,
 37 That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes)
 38 Hath yoak'd a Nation strong, train'd vp in Armes.
 39 Ten yeares are spent, since first he vndertooke

40 This Cause of Rome, and chasticed with Armes
 41 Our Enemies pride. Fiue times he hath return'd
 42 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes
 43 In Coffins from the Field.
 44 And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyles,
 45 Returns the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
 46 Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in Armes.
 47 Let vs intreat, by Honour of his Name,
 48 Whom (worthily) you would haue now succede,
 49 And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
 50 Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,
 51 That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,
 52 Dismiss your Followers, and as Suters should,
 53 Pleade your Deserts in Peace and Humblenesse.
 54 *Saturnine*. How fayre the Tribune speakes,
 55 To calme my thoughts.
 56 *Bassia*. *Marcus Andronicus*, so I do affie
 57 In thy vprightnesse and Integrity:
 58 And so I Loue and Honor thee, and thine,
 59 Thy Noble Brother *Titus*, and his Sonnes,
 60 And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)
 61 Gracious *Lauinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
 62 That I will heere dismiss my louing Friends:
 63 And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Fauour,
 64 Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd.
 65 *Exit Souldiours*.
 66 *Saturnine*. Friends, that haue beene
 67 Thus forward in my Right,
 68 I thanke you all, and heere Dismiss you all,
 69 And to the Loue and Fauour of my Countrey,
 70 Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Cause:
 71 Rome, be as iust and gracious vnto me,
 72 As I am confident and kinde to thee.
 73 Open the Gates, and let me in.
 74 *Bassia*. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor.
 75 *Flourish*. *They go vp into the Senat house*.
 76 *Enter a Captaine*.
 77 *Cap*. Romanes make way: the good *Andronicus*,
 78 Patron of Vertue, Romes best Champion,
 79 Successefull in the Battailes that he fights,
 80 With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
 81 From whence he circumscribed with his Sword,
 82 And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.
 83 *Sound Drummes and Trumpets*. *And then enter two of Titus*
 84 *Sonnes; After them, two men bearing a Coffin couered*
 85 *with blacke, then two other Sonnes. After them, Titus*

86 *Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queene of Gothes, &*
 87 *her two Sonnes Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the*
 88 *Moore, and others, as many as can bee: They set downe the*
 89 *Coffin, and Titus speakes.*
 90 *Andronicus.* Haile Rome:
 91 Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes: [cc4v
 92 Loe as the Barke that hath discharg'd his fraught,
 93 Returnes with precious lading to the Bay,
 94 From whence at first she weigh'd her Anchorage:
 95 Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrell bowes,
 96 To resalute his Country with his teares,
 97 Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
 98 Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
 99 Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
 100 Romaines, of fiue and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
 101 Halfe of the number that King *Priam* had,
 102 Behold the poore remaines aliue and dead!
 103 These that Suruiue, let Rome reward with Loue:
 104 These that I bring vnto their latest home,
 105 With buriall amongst their Auncestors.
 106 Heere Gothes haue giuen me leaue to sheath my Sword:
 107 *Titus* vnkinde, and carelesse of thine owne,
 108 Why suffer'st thou thy Sonnes vnburied yet,
 109 To houer on the dreadfull shore of Stix?
 110 Make way to lay them by their Bretheren.
 111 *They open the Tombe.*
 112 There greete in silence as the dead are wont,
 113 And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
 114 O sacred receptacle of my ioyes,
 115 Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobilitie,
 116 How many Sonnes of mine hast thou in store,
 117 That thou wilt neuer render to me more?
 118 *Luc.* Giue vs the proudest prisoner of the Gothes,
 119 That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
 120 *Ad manus fratrum*, sacrifice his flesh:
 121 Before this earthly prison of their bones,
 122 That so the shadowes be not vnappeas'd,
 123 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.
 124 *Tit.* I giue him you, the Noblest that Suruiues,
 125 The eldest Son of this distressed Queene.
 126 *Tam.* Stay Romaine Bretheren, gracious Conqueror,
 127 Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I shed,
 128 A Mothers teares in passion for her sonne:
 129 And if thy Sonnes were euer deere to thee,
 130 Oh thinke my sonnes to be as deere to mee.
 131 Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome

132 To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returne
 133 Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,
 134 But must my Sonnes be slaughtred in the streetes,
 135 For Valiant doings in their Countries cause?
 136 O! If to fight for King and Common- weale,
 137 Were piety in thine, it is in these:
 138 *Andronicus*, staine not thy Tombe with blood.
 139 Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
 140 Draw neere them then in being mercifull.
 141 Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
 142 Thrice Noble *Titus*, spare my first borne sonne.
 143 *Tit.* Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me.
 144 These are the Brethren, whom you Gothes beheld
 145 Aliue and dead, and for their Bretheren slaine,
 146 Religiously they aske a sacrifice:
 147 To this your sonne is markt, and die he must,
 148 T' appease their groaning shadowes that are gone.
 149 *Luc.* Away with him, and make a fire straight,
 150 And with our Swords vpon a pile of wood,
 151 Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane consum'd.
 152 *Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.*
 153 *Tamo.* O cruell irreligious piety.
 154 *Chi.* Was euer Scythia halfe so barbarous?
 155 *Dem.* Oppose me Scythia to ambitious Rome,
 156 *Alarbus* goes to rest, and we suruiue,
 157 To tremble vnder *Titus* threatning lookes.
 158 Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,
 159 The selfe same Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
 160 With opportunitie of sharpe reuenge
 161 Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
 162 May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
 163 (When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)
 164 To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.
 165 *Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe.*
 166 *Luci.* See Lord and Father, how we haue perform'd
 167 Our Romaine rightes, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
 168 And intrals feede the sacrificising fire,
 169 Whole smoke like incense doth perfume the skie.
 170 Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren,
 171 And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome.
 172 *Tit.* Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
 173 Make this his latest farewell to their Soules.
 174 *Flourish.*
 175 *Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe.*
 176 In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes,
 177 Romes readiest Champions, repose you heere in rest,

178 Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:
 179 Heere lurks no Treason, heere no enuie swels,
 180 Heere grow no damned grudges, heere are no stormes,
 181 No noyse, but silence and Eternall sleepe,
 182 In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes.
 183 *Enter Lauinia.*
 184 *Lau.* In peace and Honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,
 185 My Noble Lord and Father, liue in Fame:
 186 Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
 187 I render for my Bretherens Obsequies:
 188 And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
 189 Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
 190 O blesse me heere with thy victorious hand,
 191 Whose Fortune Romes best Citizens applau'd.
 192 *Ti.* Kind Rome,
 193 That hast thus louingly reseru'd
 194 The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
 195 *Lauinia* liue, out- liue thy Fathers dayes:
 196 And Fames eternall date for vertues praise.
 197 *Marc.* Long liue Lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,
 198 Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome.
 199 *Tit.* Thankes Gentle Tribune,
 200 Noble brother *Marcus*.
 201 *Mar.* And welcome Nephews from succesfull wars,
 202 You that suruiue and you that sleepe in Fame:
 203 Faire Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,
 204 That in your Countries seruice drew your Swords.
 205 But safer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,
 206 That hath aspir'd to *Solons* Happines,
 207 And Triumphs ouer chaunce in honours bed.
 208 *Titus Andronicus*, the people of Rome,
 209 Whose friend in iustice thou hast euer bene,
 210 Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,
 211 This Palliament of white and spotlesse Hue,
 212 And name thee in Election for the Empire,
 213 With these our late deceased Emperours Sonnes:
 214 Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
 215 And helpe to set a head on headlesse Rome.
 216 *Tit.* A better head her Glorious body fits,
 217 Then his that shakes for age and feeblenesse: [cc5
 218 What should I don this Robe and trouble you,
 219 Be chosen with proclamations to day,
 220 To morrow yeeld vp rule, resigne my life,
 221 And set abroad new businesse for you all.
 222 Rome I haue bene thy Souldier forty yeares,
 223 And led my Countries strength successfully,

224 And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
 225 Knighted in Field, slaine manfully in Armes,
 226 In right and Seruice of their Noble Countrie:
 227 Giue me a staffe of Honour for mine age,
 228 But not a Scepter to controule the world,
 229 Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last.
 230 *Mar. Titus*, thou shalt obtaine and aske the Emperie.
 231 *Sat.* Proud and ambitious Tribune can'st thou tell?
 232 *Titus.* Patience Prince *Saturninus*.
 233 *Sat.* Romaines do me right.
 234 Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not
 235 Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:
 236 *Andronicus* would thou wert shipt to hell,
 237 Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.
 238 *Luc.* Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
 239 That Noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.
 240 *Tit.* Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee
 241 The peoples harts, and weane them from themselues.
 242 *Bass. Andronicus*, I do not flatter thee
 243 But Honour thee, and will doe till I die:
 244 My Faction if thou strengthen with thy Friend?
 245 I will most thankfull be, and thanks to men
 246 Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Meede.
 247 *Tit.* People of Rome, and Noble Tribunes heere,
 248 I aske your voyces and your Suffrages,
 249 Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?
 250 *Tribunes.* To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
 251 And Gratulate his safe returne to Rome,
 252 The people will accept whom he admits.
 253 *Tit.* Tribunes I thanke you, and this sure I make,
 254 That you Create your Emperours eldest sonne,
 255 Lord *Saturnine*, whose Vertues will I hope,
 256 Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth,
 257 And ripen Iustice in this Common- weale:
 258 Then if you will elect by my aduise,
 259 Crowne him, and say: Long liue our Emperour.
 260 *Mar. An.* With Voyces and applause of euery sort,
 261 Patricians and Plebeans we Create
 262 Lord *Saturninus* Romes Great Emperour.
 263 And say, *Long liue our Emperour Saturnine*.
 264 *A long Flourish till they come downe*.
 265 *Sat.* *Titus Andronicus*, for thy Fauours done,
 266 To vs in our Election this day,
 267 I giue thee thanks in part of thy Deserts,
 268 And will with Deeds requite thy gentlenesse:
 269 And for an Onset *Titus* to aduance

270 Thy Name, and Honorable Familie,
 271 *Lauinia* will I make my Empresse,
 272 Romes Royall Mistris, Mistris of my hart
 273 And in the Sacred *Pathan* her espouse:
 274 Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion please thee?
 275 *Tit.* It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
 276 I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,
 277 And heere in sight of Rome, to *Saturnine*,
 278 King and Commander of our Common- weale,
 279 The Wide- worlds Emperour, do I Consecrate,
 280 My Sword, my Chariot, and my Prisoners,
 281 Presents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord:
 282 Receiue them then, the Tribute that I owe,
 283 Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feete.
 284 *Satu.* Thankes Noble *Titus*, Father of my life,
 285 How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts
 286 Rome shall record, and when I do forget
 287 The least of these vnspeakable Deserts,
 288 Romans forget your Fealtie to me.
 289 *Tit.* Now Madam are you prisoner to an Emperour,
 290 To him that for your Honour and your State,
 291 Will vse you Nobly and your followers.
 292 *Satu.* A goodly Lady, trust me of the Hue
 293 That I would choose, were I to choose a new:
 294 Cleere vp Faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
 295 Though chance of warre
 296 Hath wrought this change of cheere,
 297 Thou com'st not to be made a scorne in Rome:
 298 Princely shall be thy vsage euery way.
 299 Rest on my word, and let not discontent
 300 Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you,
 301 Can make you Greater then the Queene of Gothes?
 302 *Lauinia* you are not displeas'd with this?
 303 *Lau.* Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,
 304 Warrants these words in Princely curtesie.
 305 *Sat.* Thankes sweete *Lauinia*, Romans let vs goe:
 306 Ransomlesse heere we set our Prisoners free,
 307 Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpe and Drum.
 308 *Bass.* Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this Maid is mine.
 309 *Tit.* How sir? Are you in earnest then my Lord?
 310 *Bass.* I Noble *Titus*, and resolu'd withall,
 311 To doe my selfe this reason, and this right.
 312 *Marc.* *Suum cuiquam*, is our Romane Iustice,
 313 This Prince in Iustice ceazeth but his owne.
 314 *Luc.* And that he will and shall, if *Lucius* liue.
 315 *Tit.* Traytors auant, where is the Emperours Guard?

316 Treason my Lord, *Lauinia* is surpris'd.
 317 *Sat.* Surpris'd, by whom?
 318 *Bass.* By him that iustly may
 319 Beare his Betroth'd, from all the world away.
 320 *Muti.* Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away,
 321 And with my Sword Ile keepe this doore safe.
 322 *Tit.* Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her backe.
 323 *Mut.* My Lord you passe not heere.
 324 *Tit.* What villaine Boy, bar'st me my way in Rome?
 325 *Mut.* Helpe *Lucius* helpe. *He kills him.*
 326 *Luc.* My Lord you are vniust, and more then so,
 327 In wrongfull quarrell, you haue slaine your son.
 328 *Tit.* Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine,
 329 My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me.
 330 Traytor restore *Lauinia* to the Emperour.
 331 *Luc.* Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
 332 That is anothers lawfull promist Loue.
 333 *Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two*
 334 *sonnes, and Aaron the Moore.*
 335 *Empe.* No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
 336 Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:
 337 Ile trust by Leisure him that mocks me once.
 338 Thee neuer: nor thy Trayterous haughty sonnes,
 339 Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.
 340 Was none in Rome to make a stale
 341 But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*
 342 Agree these Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
 343 That said'st, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands.
 344 *Tit.* O monstrous, what reproachfull words are these?
 345 *Sat.* But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,
 346 To him that flourisht for her with his Sword:
 347 A Valliant sonne in- law thou shalt enioy:
 348 One, fit to bandy with thy lawlesse Sonnes, [cc5v
 349 To ruffle in the Common- wealth of Rome.
 350 *Tit.* These words are Razors to my wounded hart.
 351 *Sat.* And therefore louely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
 352 That like the stately *Thebe* mong'st her Nymphs
 353 Dost ouer- shine the Gallant'st Dames of Rome,
 354 If thou be pleas'd with this my sodaine choyse,
 355 Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
 356 And will Create thee Empresse of Rome.
 357 Speake Queene of Goths dost thou applau'd my choyse?
 358 And heere I sweare by all the Romaine Gods,
 359 Sith Priest and Holy- water are so neere,
 360 And Tapers burne so bright, and euery thing
 361 In readines for *Hymeneus* stand,

362 I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
 363 Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,
 364 I leade espous'd my Bride along with me.
 365 *Tamo.* And heere in sight of heauen to Rome I sweare,
 366 If *Saturnine* aduance the Queen of Gothes,
 367 Shee will a Hand- maid be to his desires,
 368 A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth.
 369 *Satur.* Ascend Faire Queene,
 370 Pantheon Lords, accompany
 371 Your Noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
 372 Sent by the heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,
 373 Whose wisdom hath her Fortune Conquered,
 374 There shall we Consummate our Spousall rites.
 375 *Exeunt omnes.*
 376 *Tit.* I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride:
 377 *Titus* when wer't thou wont to walke alone,
 378 Dishonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?
 379 *Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes.*
 380 *Mar.* O *Titus* see! O see what thou hast done!
 381 In a bad quarrell, slaine a Vertuous sonne.
 382 *Tit.* No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
 383 Nor thou, nor these Confederates in the deed,
 384 That hath dishonoured all our Family,
 385 Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy Sonnes.
 386 *Luci.* But let vs giue him buriall as becomes:
 387 Giue *Mutius* buriall with our Bretheren.
 388 *Tit.* Traytors away, he rest's not in this Tombe:
 389 This Monument fiue hundreth yeares hath stood,
 390 Which I haue Sumptuously re- edified.
 391 Heere none but Souldiers, and Romes Seruitors,
 392 Repose in Fame: None basely slaine in braules,
 393 Bury him where you can, he comes not heere.
 394 *Mar.* My Lord this is impiety in you,
 395 My Nephew *Mutius* deeds do plead for him,
 396 He must be buried with his bretheren.
 397 *Titus two Sonnes speakes.*
 398 And shall, or him we will accompany.
 399 *Ti.* And shall! What villaine was it spake that word?
 400 *Titus sonne speakes.*
 401 He that would vouch'd it in any place but heere.
 402 *Tit.* What would you bury him in my despight?
 403 *Mar.* No Noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,
 404 To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.
 405 *Tit.* *Marcus*, Euen thou hast stroke vpon my Crest,
 406 And with these Boyes mine Honour thou hast wounded,
 407 My foes I doe repute you euery one.

408 So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
 409 1.*Sonne*. He is not himselfe, let vs withdraw.
 410 2.*Sonne*. Not I tell *Mutius* bones be buried.
 411 *The Brother and the sonnes kneele*.
 412 *Mar*. Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd.
 413 2.*Sonne*. Father, and in that name doth nature speake.
 414 *Tit*. Speake thou no more if all the rest will speede.
 415 *Mar*. Renowned *Titus* more then halfe my soule.
 416 *Luc*. Deare Father, soule and substance of vs all.
 417 *Mar*. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre
 418 His Noble Nephew heere in vertues nest,
 419 That died in Honour and *Lauinia's* cause.
 420 Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:
 421 The Greekes vpon aduise did bury *Aiæx*
 422 That slew himselfe: And *Laertes* sonne,
 423 Did graciously plead for his Funerals:
 424 Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy ioy,
 425 Be bar'd his entrance heere.
 426 *Tit*. Rise *Marcus*, rise,
 427 The dismall'st day is this that ere I saw,
 428 To be dishonored by my Sonnes in Rome:
 429 Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
 430 *They put him in the Tombe*.
 431 *Luc*. There lie thy bones sweet *Mutius* with thy |(friends.
 432 Till we with Trophees do adorne thy Tombe.
 433 *They all kneele and say*.
 434 No man shed teares for Noble *Mutius*,
 435 He liues in Fame, that di'd in vertues cause. *Exit*.
 436 *Mar*. My Lord to step out of these sudden dumps,
 437 How comes it that the subtile Queene of Gothes,
 438 Is of a sodaine thus aduanc'd in Rome?
 439 *Ti*. I know not *Marcus*: but I know it is,
 440 (Whether by deuse or no) the heauens can tell,
 441 Is she not then beholding to the man,
 442 That brought her for this high good turne so farre?
 443 Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.
 444 *Flourish*.
 445 *Enter the Emperour, Tamora, and her two sons, with the Moore*
 446 *at one doore. Enter at the other doore Bassianus and*
 447 *Lauinia with others*.
 448 *Sat*. So *Bassianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
 449 God giue you ioy sir of your Gallant Bride.
 450 *Bass*. And you of yours my Lord: I say no more,
 451 Nor wish no lesse, and so I take my leaue.
 452 *Sat*. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
 453 Thou and thy Faction shall repent this Rape.

454 *Bass.* Rape call you it my Lord, to cease my owne,
 455 My true betrothed Loue, and now my wife?
 456 But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
 457 Meane while I am possess of that is mine.
 458 *Sat.* 'Tis good sir: you are very short with vs,
 459 But if we liue, wee be as sharpe with you.
 460 *Bass.* My Lord, what I haue done as best I may,
 461 Answere I must, and shall do with my life,
 462 Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
 463 By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
 464 This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* heere,
 465 Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
 466 That in the rescue of *Lauinia*,
 467 With his owne hand did slay his youngest Son,
 468 In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.
 469 To be controul'd in that he frankly gaue:
 470 Receiue him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
 471 That hath expre'st himselfe in all his deeds,
 472 A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome.
 473 *Tit.* Prince *Bassianus* leaue to plead my Deeds,
 474 'Tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,
 475 Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
 476 How I haue lou'd and Honour'd *Saturnine*.
 477 *Tam.* My worthy Lord if euer *Tamora*, [cc6
 478 Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine,
 479 Then heare me speake indifferently for all:
 480 And at my sute (sweet) pardon what is past.
 481 *Satu.* What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
 482 And basely put it vp without reuenge?
 483 *Tam.* Not so my Lord,
 484 The Gods of Rome fore- fend,
 485 I should be Authour to dishonour you.
 486 But on mine honour dare, I vndertake
 487 For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all:
 488 Whose fury not dissembled speakes his griefes:
 489 Then at my sute looke graciously on him,
 490 Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose,
 491 Nor with sowre lookes afflict his gentle heart.
 492 My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at last,
 493 Dissemble all your griefes and discontents,
 494 You are but newly planted in your Throne,
 495 Least then the people, and Patricians too,
 496 Vpon a iust suruey take *Titus* part,
 497 And so supplant vs for ingratitude,
 498 Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sinne.
 499 Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone:

500 Ile finde a day to massacre them all,
 501 And race their faction, and their familie,
 502 The cruell Father, and his trayt'rous sonnes,
 503 To whom I sued for my deare sonnes life.
 504 And make them know what 'tis to let a Queene.
 505 Kneele in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
 506 Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*)
 507 Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
 508 That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.
 509 *King.* Rise *Titus*, rise,
 510 My Emperesse hath preuail'd.
 511 *Titus.* I thanke your Maiestie,
 512 And her my Lord.
 513 These words, these lookes,
 514 Infuse new life in me.
 515 *Tamo.* *Titus*, I am incorporate in Rome,
 516 A Roman now adopted happily.
 517 And must aduise the Emperour for his good,
 518 This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.
 519 And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
 520 That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.
 521 For you Prince *Bassianus*, I haue past
 522 My word and promise to the Emperour,
 523 That you will be more milde and tractable.
 524 And feare not Lords:
 525 And you *Lauinia*,
 526 By my aduise all humbled on your knees,
 527 You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie.
 528 *Son.* We doe,
 529 And vow to heauen, and to his Highnes,
 530 That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
 531 Tendring our sisters honour and our owne.
 532 *Mar.* That on mine honour heere I do protest.
 533 *King.* Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.
 534 *Tamora.* Nay, nay,
 535 Sweet Emperour, we must all be friends,
 536 The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
 537 I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.
 538 *King. Marcus,*
 539 For thy sake and thy brothers heere,
 540 And at my louely *Tamora's* intreats,
 541 I doe remit these young mens haynous faults.
 542 Stand vp: *Lauinia*, though you left me like a churle,
 543 I found a friend, and sure as death I sware,
 544 I would not part a Batchellour from the Priest.
 545 Come, if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,

546 You are my guest *Lauinia*, and your friends:
 547 This day shall be a Loue- day *Tamora*.
 548 *Tit.* To morrow and it please your Maiestie,
 549 To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
 550 With horne and Hound,
 551 Weele giue your Grace *Bon iour*.
 552 *Satur.* Be it so *Titus*, and Gramercy to. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secunda.

554 *Flourish. Enter Aaron alone.*
 555 *Aron.* Now climbeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
 556 Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits aloft,
 557 Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flash,
 558 Aduanc'd about pale enuies threatning reach:
 559 As when the golden Sunne salutes the morne,
 560 And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,
 561 Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering Coach,
 562 And ouer- lookes the highest piercing hills:
 563 So *Tamora*
 564 Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
 565 And vertue stoopes and trembles at her frowne.
 566 Then *Aaron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
 567 To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mistris,
 568 And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
 569 Hast prisoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,
 570 And faster bound to *Aarons* charming eyes,
 571 Then is *Prometheus* ti'de to *Caucasus*.
 572 Away with slauish weedes, and idle thoughts,
 573 I will be bright and shine in Pearle and Gold,
 574 To waite vpon this new made Empresse.
 575 To waite said I? To wanton with this Queene,
 576 This Goddesse, this *Semiramis*, this Queene.
 577 This Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,
 578 And see his shipwracke, and his Common weales.
 579 Hollo, what storme is this?
 580 *Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing.*
 581 *Dem.* *Chiron* thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
 582 And manners to intru'd where I am grac'd,
 583 And may for ought thou know'st affected be.
 584 *Chi.* *Demetrius*, thou doo'st ouer- weene in all,
 585 And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,
 586 'Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
 587 Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:

588 I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
 589 To serue, and to deserue my Mistris grace,
 590 And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,
 591 And plead my passions for *Lauinia's* loue.
 592 *Aron.* Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keep the peace.
 593 *Dem.* Why Boy, although our mother (vnaduised)
 594 Gaue you a daunsing Rapier by your side,
 595 Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends?
 596 Goe too: haue your Lath glued within your sheath,
 597 Till you know better how to handle it.
 598 *Chi.* Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,
 599 Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare.
 600 *Deme.* I Boy, grow ye so braue? *They drawe.*
 601 *Aron.* Why how now Lords?
 602 So nere the Emperours Pallace dare you draw, [cc6v
 603 And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
 604 Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge.
 605 I would not for a million of Gold,
 606 The cause were knowne to them it most concernes.
 607 Nor would your noble mother for much more
 608 Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome:
 609 For shame put vp.
 610 *Deme.* Not I, till I haue sheath'd
 611 My rapier in his bosome, and withall
 612 Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
 613 That he hath breath'd in my dishonour heere.
 614 *Chi.* For that I am prepar'd, and full resolu'd,
 615 Foule spoken Coward,
 616 That thundrest with thy tongue,
 617 And with thy weapon nothing dar'st performe.
 618 *Aron.* A way I say.
 619 Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
 620 This pretty brabble will vndoo vs all:
 621 Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
 622 It is to set vpon a Princes right?
 623 What is *Lauinia* then become so loose,
 624 Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
 625 That for her loue such quarrels may be broacht,
 626 Without controuement, Iustice, or reuenge?
 627 Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,
 628 This discord ground, the musicke would not please.
 629 *Chi.* I care not I, knew she and all the world,
 630 I loue *Lauinia* more then all the world.
 631 *Demet.* Youngling,
 632 Learne thou to make some meaner choise,
 633 *Lauinia* is thine elder brothers hope.

634 *Aron.* Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,
 635 How furious and impatient they be,
 636 And cannot brooke Competitors in loue?
 637 I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
 638 By this deuise.
 639 *Chi.* *Aaron*, a thousand deaths would I propose,
 640 To atchieue her whom I do loue.
 641 *Aron.* To atcheiue her, how?
 642 *Deme.* Why, mak'st thou it so strange?
 643 Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
 644 Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne,
 645 Shee is *Lauinia* therefore must be lou'd.
 646 What man, more water glideth by the Mill
 647 Then wots the Miller of, and easie it is
 648 Of a cut loafe to steale a shiue we know:
 649 Though *Bassianus* be the Emperours brother,
 650 Better then he haue worne *Vulcans* badge.
 651 *Aron.* I, and as good as *Saturninus* may.
 652 *Deme.* Then why should he dispaire that knowes to |court it
 653 With words, faire lookes, and liberality:
 654 What hast not thou full often strucke a Doe,
 655 And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?
 656 *Aron.* Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so
 657 Would serue your turnes.
 658 *Chi.* I so the turne were serued.
 659 *Deme.* *Aaron* thou hast hit it.
 660 *Aron.* Would you had hit it too,
 661 Then should not we be tir'd with this adoo:
 662 Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,
 663 To square for this? Would it offend you then?
 664 *Chi.* Faith not me.
 665 *Deme.* Nor me, so I were one.
 666 *Aron.* For shame be friends, & ioyne for that you iar:
 667 'Tis pollicie, and stratageme must doe
 668 That you affect, and so must you resolue,
 669 That what you cannot as you would atcheiue,
 670 You must perforce accomplish as you may:
 671 Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chast
 672 Then this *Lauinia*, *Bassianus* loue,
 673 A speedier course this lingring languishment
 674 Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
 675 My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand.
 676 There will the louely Roman Ladies troope:
 677 The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
 678 And many vnfrequented plots there are,
 679 Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:

680 Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
 681 And strike her home by force, if not by words:
 682 This way or not at all, stand you in hope.
 683 Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit
 684 To villainie and vengance consecrate,
 685 Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
 686 And she shall file our engines with aduise,
 687 That will not suffer you to square your selues,
 688 But to your wishes height aduance you both.
 689 The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,
 690 The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:
 691 The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
 692 There speake, and strike braue Boyes, & take your turnes.
 693 There serue your lusts, shadow'd from heauens eye,
 694 And reuell in *Lauinia's* Treasurie.
 695 *Chi.* Thy counsell Lad smells of no cowardise.
 696 *Deme.* *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I finde the streames,
 697 To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits,
 698 *Per Stigia per manes Vehor. Exeunt.*
 699 *Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sonnes, making a noyse*
 700 *with hounds and hornes, and Marcus.*
 701 *Tit.* The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,
 702 The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are greene,
 703 Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
 704 And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,
 705 And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
 706 That all the Court may eccho with the noyse.
 707 Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 708 To attend the Emperours person carefully:
 709 I haue bene troubled in my sleepe this night,
 710 But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.
 711 *Winde Hornes.*
 712 *Heere a cry of houndes, and winde hornes in a peale, then*
 713 *Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lauinia, Chiron, De-metrius,*
 714 *and their Attendants.*
 715 *Ti.* Many good morrowes to your Maiestie,
 716 Madam to you as many and as good.
 717 I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale.
 718 *Satur.* And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
 719 Somewhat to earely for new married Ladies.
 720 *Bass.* *Lauinia*, how say you?
 721 *Lau.* I say no:
 722 I haue bene awake two houres and more.
 723 *Satur.* Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,
 724 And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
 725 Our Romaine hunting.

726 *Mar.* I haue dogges my Lord,
 727 Will rouze the proudest Panther in the Chase,
 728 And clime the highest Promontary top.
 729 *Tit.* And I haue horse will follow where the game
 730 Makes way, and runnes likes Swallowes ore the plaine [dd1
 731 *Deme.* *Chiron* we hunt not we, with Horse nor Hound
 732 But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt*
 733 *Enter Aaron alone.*
 734 *Aron.* He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
 735 To bury so much Gold vnder a Tree,
 736 And neuer after to inherit it.
 737 Let him that thinks of me so abiectly,
 738 Know that this Gold must coine a Stratageme,
 739 Which cunningly effected, will beget
 740 A very excellent peece of villany;
 741 And so repose sweet Gold for their vnrest,
 742 That haue their Almes out of the Empresse Chest.
 743 *Enter Tamora to the Moore.*
 744 *Tamo.* My louely *Aaron*,
 745 Wherefore look'st thou sad,
 746 When euery thing doth make a Gleefull boast?
 747 The Birds chaunt melody on euery bush,
 748 The Snake lies rolled in the chearefull Sunne,
 749 The greene leaues quiuer, with the cooling winde,
 750 And make a cheker'd shadow on the ground:
 751 Vnder their sweete shade, *Aaron* let vs sit,
 752 And whil'st the babling Eccho mock's the Hounds,
 753 Replying shrilly to the well tun'd- Hornes,
 754 As if a double hunt were heard at once,
 755 Let vs sit downe, and marke their yelping noyse:
 756 And after conflict, such as was suppos'd.
 757 The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enioy'd,
 758 When with a happy storme they were surpris'd,
 759 And Curtain'd with a Counsaile- keeping Caue,
 760 We may each wreathed in the others armes,
 761 (Our pastimes done) possesse a Golden slumber,
 762 Whiles Hounds and Hornes, and sweet Melodious Birds
 763 Be vnto vs, as is a Nurses Song
 764 Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe asleepe.
 765 *Aron.* Madame,
 766 Though *Venus* gouerne your desires,
 767 Saturne is Dominator ouer mine:
 768 What signifies my deadly standing eye,
 769 My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholie,
 770 My fleece of Woolly haire, that now vncurles,
 771 Euen as an Adder when she doth vnrowle

772 To do some fatall execution?
 773 No Madam, these are no Veneriall signes,
 774 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 775 Blood, and reuenge, are Hammering in my head.
 776 Harke *Tamora*, the Empresse of my Soule,
 777 Which neuer hopes more heauen, then rests in thee,
 778 This is the day of Doome for *Bassianus*;
 779 His *Philomel* must loose her tongue to day,
 780 Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chastity,
 781 And wash their hands in *Bassianus* blood.
 782 Seest thou this Letter, take it vp I pray thee,
 783 And giue the King this fatall plotted Scrowle,
 784 Now question me no more, we are espied,
 785 Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty,
 786 Which dreads not yet their liues destruction.
 787 *Enter Bassianus and Lauinia.*
 788 *Tamo.* Ah my sweet *Moore*:
 789 Sweeter to me then life.
 790 *Aron.* No more great Empresse, *Bassianus* comes,
 791 Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy Sonnes
 792 To backe thy quarrell what so ere they be.
 793 *Bassi.* Whom haue we heere?
 794 Romes Royall Empresse,
 795 Vnfurnisht of our well beseeming troope?
 796 Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
 797 Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
 798 To see the generall Hunting in this Forrest?
 799 *Tamo.* Sawcie controuler of our priuate steps:
 800 Had I the power, that some say *Dian* had,
 801 Thy Temples should be planted presently.
 802 With Hornes, as was *Acteons*, and the Hounds
 803 Should driue vpon his new transformed limbes,
 804 Vnmannerly Intruder as thou art.
 805 *Lauin.* Vnder your patience gentle Empresse,
 806 'Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in Horning,
 807 And to be doubted, that your *Moore* and you
 808 Are singled forth to try experiments:
 809 *Ioue* sheild your husband from his Hounds to day,
 810 'Tis pittie they should take him for a Stag.
 811 *Bassi.* Beleuee me Queene, your swarth Cymerion,
 812 Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue,
 813 Spotted, detested, and abhominable.
 814 Why are you sequestred from all your traine?
 815 Dismounted from your Snow- white goodly Steed,
 816 And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
 817 Accompanied with a barbarous *Moore*,

818 If foule desire had not conducted you?
 819 *Lau.* And being intercepted in your sport,
 820 Great reason that my Noble Lord, be rated
 821 For Saucinesse, I pray you let vs hence,
 822 And let her ioy her Rauen coloured loue,
 823 This valley fits the purpose passing well.
 824 *Bassi.* The King my Brother shall haue notice of this.
 825 *Lau.* I, for these slips haue made him noted long,
 826 Good King, to be so mightily abused.
 827 *Tamora.* Why I haue patience to endure all this?
 828 *Enter Chiron and Demetrius.*
 829 *Dem.* How now deere Soueraigne
 830 And our gracious Mother,
 831 Why doth your Highnes looke so pale and wan?
 832 *Tamo.* Haue I not reason thinke you to looke pale.
 833 These two haue tic'd me hither to this place,
 834 A barren, detested vale you see it is.
 835 The Trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,
 836 Ore- come with Mosse, and balefull Misselto.
 837 Heere neuer shines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds,
 838 Vnlesse the nightly Owle, or fatall Rauen:
 839 And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
 840 They told me heere at dead time of the night,
 841 A thousand Fiends, a thousand hissing Snakes,
 842 Ten thousand swelling Toades, as many Vrchins,
 843 Would make such fearefull and confused cries,
 844 As any mortall body hearing it,
 845 Should straite fall mad, or else die suddenly.
 846 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 847 But strait they told me they would binde me heere,
 848 Vnto the body of a dismall yew,
 849 And leaue me to this miserable death.
 850 And then they call'd me foule Adulteresse,
 851 Lasciuious Goth, and all the bitterest tearmes
 852 That euer eare did heare to such effect.
 853 And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 854 This vengeance on me had they executed:
 855 Reuenge it, as you loue your Mothers life,
 856 Or be ye not henceforth cal'd my Children.
 857 *Dem.* This is a witnesse that I am thy Sonne. *stab him.*
 858 *Chi.* And this for me,
 859 Strook home to shew my strength.
 860 *Lau.* I come *Semeramis*, nay Barbarous *Tamora.* [dd1v
 861 For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.
 862 *Tam.* Giue me thy poyniard, you shal know my boyes
 863 Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.

864 *Deme.* Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,
 865 First thrash the Corne, then after burne the straw:
 866 This Minion stood vpon her chastity,
 867 Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie.
 868 And with that painted hope, braues your Mightinesse,
 869 And shall she carry this vnto her graue?
 870 *Chi.* And if she doe,
 871 I would I were an Eunuch,
 872 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
 873 And make his dead Trunke- Pillow to our lust.
 874 *Tamo.* But when ye haue the hony we desire,
 875 Let not this Waspe out- liue vs both to sting.
 876 *Chir.* I warrant you Madam we will make that sure:
 877 Come Mistris, now perforce we will enioy,
 878 That nice- preserued honesty of yours.
 879 *Lau.* Oh *Tamora*, thou bear'st a woman face.
 880 *Tamo.* I will not heare her speake, away with her.
 881 *Lau.* Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.
 882 *Demet.* Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory
 883 To see her teares, but be your hart to them,
 884 As vnrelenting flint to drops of raine.
 885 *Lau.* When did the Tigers young- ones teach the dam?
 886 O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee,
 887 The milke thou suck'st from her did turne to Marble,
 888 Euen at thy Teat thou had'st thy Tyranny,
 889 Yet euery Mother breeds not Sonnes alike,
 890 Do thou intreat her shew a woman pittie.
 891 *Chiro.* What,
 892 Would'st thou haue me proue my selfe a bastard?
 893 *Lau.* 'Tis true,
 894 The Rauens doth not hatch a Larke,
 895 Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
 896 The Lion mou'd with pittie, did indure
 897 To haue his Princely pawes par'd all away.
 898 Some say, that Rauens foster forlorne children,
 899 The whil'st their owne birds famish in their nests:
 900 Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no,
 901 Nothing so kind but something pittifull.
 902 *Tamo.* I know not what it meanes, away with her.
 903 *Lauin.* Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,
 904 That gaue thee life when well he might haue slaine thee:
 905 Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.
 906 *Tamo.* Had'st thou in person nere offended me.
 907 Euen for his sake am I pittillesse:
 908 Remember Boyes I powr'd forth teares in vaine,
 909 To saue your brother from the sacrifice,

910 But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
 911 Therefore away with her, and vse her as you will,
 912 The worse to her, the better lou'd of me.
 913 *Lau.* Oh *Tamora*,
 914 Be call'd a gentle Queene,
 915 And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
 916 For 'tis not life that I haue beg'd so long,
 917 Poore I was slaine, when *Bassianus* dy'd.
 918 *Tam.* What beg'st thou then? fond woman let me go?
 919 *Lau.* 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,
 920 That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
 921 Oh keepe me from their worse then killing lust,
 922 And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
 923 Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,
 924 Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.
 925 *Tam.* So should I rob my sweet Sonnes of their fee,
 926 No let them satisfie their lust on thee.
 927 *Deme.* Away,
 928 For thou hast staid vs heere too long.
 929 *Lauinia.* No Grace,
 930 No womanhood? Ah beastly creature,
 931 The blot and enemy to our generall name,
 932 Confusion fall—
 933 *Chi.* Nay then Ile stop your mouth
 934 Bring thou her husband,
 935 This is the Hole where *Aaron* bid vs hide him.
 936 *Tam.* Farewell my Sonnes, see that you make her sure,
 937 Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeed,
 938 Till all the *Andronici* be made away:
 939 Now will I hence to seeke my louely *Moore*,
 940 And let my spleenfull Sonnes this Trull defloure. *Exit.*
 941 *Enter Aaron with two of Titus Sonnes.*
 942 *Aron.* Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
 943 Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit,
 944 Where I espied the Panther fast asleepe.
 945 *Quin.* My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.
 946 *Marti.* And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
 947 Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while.
 948 *Quin.* What art thou fallen?
 949 What subtile Hole is this,
 950 Whose mouth is couered with Rude growing Briers,
 951 Vpon whose leaues are drops of new- shed- blood,
 952 As fresh as mornings dew distil'd on flowers,
 953 A very fatall place it seemes to me:
 954 Speake Brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
 955 *Martius.* Oh Brother,

956 With the dismal'st object
 957 That euer eye with sight made heart lament.
 958 *Aron.* Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere,
 959 That he thereby may haue a likely gesse,
 960 How these were they that made away his Brother.
 961 *Exit Aaron.*
 962 *Marti.* Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out,
 963 From this vnhallo'd and blood- stained Hole?
 964 *Quintus.* I am surprised with an vncouth feare,
 965 A chilling sweat ore- runs my trembling ioynts,
 966 My heart suspects more then mine eie can see.
 967 *Marti.* To proue thou hast a true diuining heart,
 968 *Aaron* and thou looke downe into this den,
 969 And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.
 970 *Quintus.* *Aaron* is gone,
 971 And my compassionate heart
 972 Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
 973 The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
 974 Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
 975 Was I a child to feare I know not what.
 976 *Marti.* Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed heere,
 977 All on a heape like to the slaughtred Lambe,
 978 In this detested, darke, blood- drinking pit.
 979 *Quin.* If it be darke, how doost thou know 'tis he?
 980 *Mart.* Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
 981 A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:
 982 Which like a Taper in some Monument,
 983 Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthly cheekes,
 984 And shewes the ragged intrailles of the pit:
 985 So pale did shine the Moone on *Piramus*,
 986 When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood:
 987 O Brother helpe me with thy fainting hand.
 988 If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,
 989 Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
 990 As hatefull as *Ocitus* mistie mouth.
 991 *Quint.* Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out, [dd2
 992 Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
 993 I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
 994 Of this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus* graue:
 995 I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brinke.
 996 *Martius.* Nor I no strength to clime without thy help.
 997 *Quin.* Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,
 998 Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
 999 Thou can'st not come to me, I come to thee. *Both fall in.*
 1000 *Enter the Emperour, Aaron the Moore.*
 1001 *Satur.* Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere,

1002 And what he is that now is leapt into it.
 1003 Say, who art thou that lately did'st descend,
 1004 Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
 1005 *Marti.* The vnhappie sonne of old *Andronicus*,
 1006 Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,
 1007 To finde thy brother *Bassianus* dead.
 1008 *Satur.* My brother dead? I know thou dost but iest,
 1009 He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
 1010 Vpon the North- side of this pleasant Chase,
 1011 'Tis not an houre since I left him there.
 1012 *Marti.* We know not where you left him all aliue,
 1013 But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.
 1014 *Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.*
 1015 *Tamo.* Where is my Lord the King?
 1016 *King.* Heere *Tamora*, though grieu'd with killing grieffe.
 1017 *Tam.* Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?
 1018 *King.* Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound,
 1019 Poore *Bassianus* heere lies murdered.
 1020 *Tam.* Then all too late I bring this fatall writ,
 1021 The complot of this timelesse Tragedie,
 1022 And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
 1023 In pleasing smiles such murderous Tyrannie.
 1024 *She giueth Saturnine a Letter.*
 1025 *Saturninus reads the Letter.*
 1026 *And if we misse to meete him handsomely,*
 1027 *Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we meane,*
 1028 *Doe thou so much as dig the graue for him,*
 1029 *Thou know'st our meaning, looke for thy reward*
 1030 *Among the Nettles at the Elder tree:*
 1031 *Which ouer- shades the mouth of that same pit:*
 1032 *Where we decreed to bury Bassianuss*
 1033 *Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting friends.*
 1034 *King.* Oh *Tamora*, was euer heard the like?
 1035 This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
 1036 Looke sirs, if you can finde the huntsman out,
 1037 That should haue murdered *Bassianus* heere.
 1038 *Aron.* My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold.
 1039 *King.* Two of thy whelpes, fell Curs of bloody kind
 1040 Haue heere bereft my brother of his life:
 1041 Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,
 1042 There let them bide vntill we haue deuis'd
 1043 Some neuer heard- of tortering paine for them.
 1044 *Tamo.* What are they in this pit,
 1045 Oh wondrous thing!
 1046 How easily murder is discovered?
 1047 *Tit.* High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,

1048 I beg this boone, with teares, not lightly shed,
 1049 That this fell fault of my accursed Sonnes,
 1050 Accursed, if the faults be prou'd in them.
 1051 *King.* If it be prou'd? you see it is apparant,
 1052 Who found this Letter, *Tamora* was it you?
 1053 *Tamora.* *Andronicus* himselfe did take it vp.
 1054 *Tit.* I did my Lord,
 1055 Yet let me be their baile,
 1056 For by my Fathers reuerent Tombe I vow
 1057 They shall be ready at your Highnes will,
 1058 To answere their suspition with their liues.
 1059 *King.* Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me:
 1060 Some bring the murdered body, some the murtherers,
 1061 Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,
 1062 For by my soule, were there worse end then death,
 1063 That end vpon them should be executed.
 1064 *Tamo.* *Andronicus* I will entreat the King,
 1065 Feare not thy Sonnes, they shall do well enough.
 1066 *Tit.* Come *Lucius* come,
 1067 Stay not to talke with them. *Exeunt.*
 1068 *Enter the Emprresse Sonnes, with Lauinia, her hands cut off and*
 1069 *her tongue cut out, and rauisht.*
 1070 *Deme.* So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,
 1071 Who t'was that cut thy tongue and rauisht thee.
 1072 *Chi.* Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
 1073 And if thy stumpes will let thee play the Scribe.
 1074 *Dem.* See how with signes and tokens she can scowle.
 1075 *Chi.* Goe home,
 1076 Call for sweet water, wash thy hands.
 1077 *Dem.* She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash.
 1078 And so let's leaue her to her silent walkes.
 1079 *Chi.* And t'were my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.
 1080 *Dem.* If thou had'st hands to helpe thee knit the cord.
 1081 *Exeunt.*
 1082 *Winde Hornes.*
 1083 *Enter Marcus from hunting, to Lauinia.*
 1084 Who is this, my Neece that flies away so fast?
 1085 Cosen a word, where is your husband?
 1086 If I do dreame, would all my wealth would wake me;
 1087 If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe,
 1088 That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.
 1089 Speake gentle Neece, what sterne vngentle hands
 1090 Hath lopt, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
 1091 Of her two branches, those sweet Ornaments
 1092 Whose circkling shadowes, Kings haue sought to sleep in
 1093 And might not gaine so great a happines

1094 As halfe thy Loue: Why doost not speake to me?
 1095 Alas, a Crimson riuer of warme blood,
 1096 Like to a bubling fountaine stir'd with winde,
 1097 Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,
 1098 Comming and going with thy hony breath.
 1099 But sure some *Tereus* hath defloured thee,
 1100 And least thou should'st detect them, cut thy tongue.
 1101 Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame:
 1102 And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,
 1103 As from a Conduit with their issuing Spouts,
 1104 Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,
 1105 Blushing to be encountred with a Cloud,
 1106 Shall I speake for thee? shall I say 'tis so?
 1107 Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast
 1108 That I might raile at him to ease my mind.
 1109 Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen stopt.
 1110 Doth burne the hart to Cinders where it is.
 1111 Faire *Philomela* she but lost her tongue,
 1112 And in a tedious Sampler sowed her minde.
 1113 But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
 1114 A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met withall,
 1115 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off, [dd2v
 1116 That could haue better sowed then *Philomel*.
 1117 Oh had the monster seene those Lilly hands,
 1118 Tremble like Aspen leaues vpon a Lute,
 1119 And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
 1120 He would not then haue toucht them for his life.
 1121 Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,
 1122 Which that sweet tongue hath made:
 1123 He would haue dropt his knife and fell asleepe,
 1124 As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
 1125 Come, let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,
 1126 For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.
 1127 One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades,
 1128 What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
 1129 Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:
 1130 Oh could our mourning ease thy misery. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius.

1132 *Enter the Iudges and Senatours with Titus two sonnes bound,*
 1133 *passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going*
 1134 *before pleading.*
 1135 *Ti.* Heare me graue fathers, noble Tribunes stay,

1136 For pittie of mine age, whose youth was spent
 1137 In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept:
 1138 For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed,
 1139 For all the frosty nights that I haue watcht,
 1140 And for these bitter teares, which now you see,
 1141 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
 1142 Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
 1143 Whose soules is not corrupted as 'tis thought:
 1144 For two and twenty sonnes I neuer wept,
 1145 Because they died in honours lofty bed.
 1146 *Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Iudges passe by him.*
 1147 For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
 1148 My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
 1149 Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite.
 1150 My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blush:
 1151 O earth! I will be friend thee more with raine *Exeunt*
 1152 That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,
 1153 Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres
 1154 In summers drought: Ile drop vpon thee still,
 1155 In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,
 1156 And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
 1157 So thou refuse to drinke my deare sonnes blood.
 1158 *Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.*
 1159 Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
 1160 Vnbinde my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death,
 1161 And let me say (that neuer wept before)
 1162 My teares are now preualing Oratours.
 1163 *Lu.* Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,
 1164 The Tribunes heare not, no man is by,
 1165 And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.
 1166 *Ti.* Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,
 1167 Graue Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.
 1168 *Lu.* My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake.
 1169 *Ti.* Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare
 1170 They would not marke me: oh if they did heare
 1171 They would not pittie me.
 1172 Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones.
 1173 Who though they cannot answere my distresse,
 1174 Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,
 1175 For that they will not intercept my tale;
 1176 When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete
 1177 Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
 1178 And were they but attired in graue weedes,
 1179 Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.
 1180 A stone is as soft waxe,
 1181 Tribunes more hard then stones:

1182 A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
 1183 And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
 1184 But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawne?
 1185 *Lu.* To rescue my two brothers from their death,
 1186 For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounc'd
 1187 My euerlasting doome of banishment.
 1188 *Ti.* O happy man, they haue befriended thee:
 1189 Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceiue
 1190 That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers?
 1191 Tigers must pray, and Rome affords no prey
 1192 But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
 1193 From these deuourers to be banished?
 1194 But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?
 1195 *Enter Marcus and Lauinia.*
 1196 *Mar.* *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
 1197 Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake:
 1198 I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.
 1199 *Ti.* Will it consume me? Let me see it then.
 1200 *Mar.* This was thy daughter.
 1201 *Ti.* Why *Marcus* so she is.
 1202 *Luc.* Aye me this obiect kills me.
 1203 *Ti.* Faint- harted boy, arise and looke vpon her,
 1204 Speake *Lauinia*, what accursed hand
 1205 Hath made thee handlesse in thy Fathers sight?
 1206 What foole hath added water to the Sea?
 1207 Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
 1208 My grieue was at the height before thou cam'st,
 1209 And now like *Nylus* it disdaineth bounds:
 1210 Giue me a sword, Ile chop off my hands too,
 1211 For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
 1212 And they haue nur'd this woe,
 1213 In feeding life:
 1214 In bootelesse prayer haue they bene held vp,
 1215 And they haue seru'd me to effectlesse vse.
 1216 Now all the seruice I require of them,
 1217 Is that the one will helpe to cut the other:
 1218 'Tis well *Lauinia*, that thou hast no hands,
 1219 For hands to do Rome seruice, is but vaine.
 1220 *Luci.* Speake gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?
 1221 *Mar.* O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
 1222 That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 1223 Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
 1224 Where like a sweet mellodius bird it sung,
 1225 Sweet varied notes inchanting euery eare.
 1226 *Luci.* Oh say thou for her,
 1227 Who hath done this deed?

1228 *Marc.* Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
 1229 Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare
 1230 That hath receiude some vnrecuring wound.
 1231 *Tit.* It was my Deare,
 1232 And he that wounded her,
 1233 Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead:
 1234 For now I stand as one vpon a Rocke,
 1235 Inuiron'd with a wildernesse of Sea.
 1236 Who markes the waxing tide,
 1237 Grow waue by waue, [dd3
 1238 Expecting euer when some enuious surge,
 1239 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
 1240 This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone:
 1241 Heere stands my other sonne, a banisht man,
 1242 And heere my brother weeping at my woes.
 1243 But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne,
 1244 Is deere *Lauinia*, deerer then my soule.
 1245 Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
 1246 It would haue madded me. What shall I doe?
 1247 Now I behold thy liuely body so?
 1248 Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
 1249 Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
 1250 Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
 1251 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
 1252 Looke *Marcus*, ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her:
 1253 When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
 1254 Stood on her cheekes, as doth the hony dew,
 1255 Vpon a gathred Lillie almost withered.
 1256 *Mar.* Perchance she weepes because they kil'd her
 1257 husband,
 1258 Perchance because she knowes him innocent.
 1259 *Ti.* If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
 1260 Because the law hath tane reuenge on them.
 1261 No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede,
 1262 Witnes the sorrow that their sister makes.
 1263 Gentle *Lauinia* let me kisse thy lips,
 1264 Or make some signes how I may do thee ease:
 1265 Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
 1266 And thou and I sit round about some Fountaine,
 1267 Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes
 1268 How they are stain'd in meadowes, yet not dry
 1269 With miery slime left on them by a flood:
 1270 And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,
 1271 Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,
 1272 And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
 1273 Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?

1274 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shewes
1275 Passe the remainder of our hatefull dayes?
1276 What shall we doe? Let vs that haue our tongues
1277 Plot some deuise of further miseries
1278 To make vs wondred at in time to come.
1279 *Lu.* Sweet Father cease your teares, for at your grieffe
1280 See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.
1281 *Mar.* Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* drie thine
1282 eyes.
1283 *Ti.* Ah *Marcus, Marcus*, Brother well I wot,
1284 Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
1285 For thou poore man hast drown'd it with thine owne.
1286 *Lu.* Ah my *Lauinia* I will wipe thy cheekes.
1287 *Ti.* Marke *Marcus* marke, I vnderstand her signes,
1288 Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say
1289 That to her brother which I said to thee.
1290 His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,
1291 Can do no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekes.
1292 Oh what a simpathy of woe is this!
1293 As farre from helpe as Limbo is from blisse,
1294 *Enter Aron the Moore alone.*
1295 *Moore.* *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
1296 Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy sonnes,
1297 Let *Marcus, Lucius*, or thy selfe old *Titus*,
1298 Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
1299 And send it to the King: he for the same,
1300 Will send thee hither both thy sonnes aliue,
1301 And that shall be the ransome for their fault.
1302 *Ti.* Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aaron*.
1303 Did euer Rauen sing so like a Larke,
1304 That giues sweet tydings of the Sunnes vprise?
1305 With all my heart, Ile send the Emperour my hand,
1306 Good *Aron* wilt thou help to chop it off?
1307 *Lu.* Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
1308 That hath throwne downe so many enemies,
1309 Shall not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,
1310 My youth can better spare my blood then you,
1311 And therefore mine shall saue my brothers liues.
1312 *Mar.* Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
1313 And rear'd aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
1314 Writing destruction on the enemies Castle?
1315 Oh none of both but are of high desert:
1316 My hand hath bin but idle, let it serue
1317 To ransom my two nephewes from their death,
1318 Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.
1319 *Moore.* Nay come agree, whose hand shall goe along

1320 For feare they die before their pardon come.
 1321 *Mar.* My hand shall goe.
 1322 *Lu.* By heauen it shall not goe.
 1323 *Ti.* Sirs striue no more, such withered hearbs as these
 1324 Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.
 1325 *Lu.* Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
 1326 Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.
 1327 *Mar.* And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
 1328 Now let me shew a brothers loue to thee.
 1329 *Ti.* Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.
 1330 *Lu.* Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.
 1331 *Mar.* But I will vse the Axe. *Exeunt*
 1332 *Ti.* Come hither *Aaron*, Ile deceiue them both,
 1333 Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine,
 1334 *Moore.* If that be cal'd deceit, I will be honest,
 1335 And neuer whil'st I liue deceiue men so:
 1336 But Ile deceiue you in another sort,
 1337 And that you'l say ere halfe an houre passe.
 1338 *He cuts off Titus hand.*
 1339 *Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.*
 1340 *Ti.* Now stay your strife, what shall be, is dispatch:
 1341 Good *Aron* giue his Maiestie my hand,
 1342 Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
 1343 From thousand dangers: bid him bury it:
 1344 More hath it merited: That let it haue.
 1345 As for my sonnes, say I account of them,
 1346 As iewels purchast at an easie price,
 1347 And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne.
 1348 *Aron.* I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
 1349 Looke by and by to haue thy sonnes with thee:
 1350 Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany
 1351 Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
 1352 Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
 1353 *Aron* will haue his soule blacke like his face. *Exit.*
 1354 *Ti.* O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
 1355 And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
 1356 If any power pitties wretched teares,
 1357 To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me?
 1358 Doe then deare heart, for heauen shall heare our prayers,
 1359 Or with our sighs weele breath the welkin dimme,
 1360 And staine the Sun with fogge as sometime cloudes,
 1361 When they do hug him in their melting bosomes.
 1362 *Mar.* Oh brother speake with possibilities,
 1363 And do not breake into these deepe extreames.
 1364 *Ti.* Is not my sorrow deepe, hauing no bottome? [dd3v
 1365 Then be my passions bottomlesse with them.

1366 *Mar.* But yet let reason gouerne thy lament.
 1367 *Titus.* If there were reason for these miseries,
 1368 Then into limits could I binde my woes:
 1369 When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?
 1370 If the windes rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,
 1371 Threatning the welkin with his big- swolne face?
 1372 And wilt thou haue a reason for this coile?
 1373 I am the Sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow:
 1374 Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
 1375 Then must my Sea be moued with her sighes,
 1376 Then must my earth with her continuall teares,
 1377 Become a deluge: ouerflow'd and drown'd:
 1378 For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
 1379 But like a drunkard must I vomit them:
 1380 Then giue me leaue, for loosers will haue leaue,
 1381 To ease their stomackes with their bitter tongues,
 1382 *Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.*
 1383 *Mess.* Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
 1384 For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour:
 1385 Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.
 1386 And heeres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe:
 1387 Thy griefes, their sports: Thy resolution mockt,
 1388 That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
 1389 More then remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*
 1390 *Marc.* Now let hot Aetna coole in Cicilie,
 1391 And be my heart an euer- burning hell:
 1392 These miseries are more then may be borne.
 1393 To weepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale,
 1394 But sorrow flouted at, is double death.
 1395 *Luci.* Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,
 1396 And yet detested life not shrinke thereat:
 1397 That euer death should let life beare his name,
 1398 Where life hath no more interest but to breath.
 1399 *Mar.* Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse,
 1400 As frozen water to a starued snake.
 1401 *Titus.* When will this fearefull slumber haue an end?
 1402 *Mar.* Now farwell flatterie, die *Andronicus*,
 1403 Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sons heads,
 1404 Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here:
 1405 Thy other banisht sonnes with this deere sight
 1406 Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,
 1407 Euen like a stony Image, cold and numme.
 1408 Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,
 1409 Rent off thy siluer haire, thy other hand
 1410 Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
 1411 The closing vp of our most wretched eyes:

1412 Now is a time to storme, why art thou still?
 1413 *Titus.* Ha, ha, ha,
 1414 *Mar.* Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this houre.
 1415 *Ti.* Why I haue not another teare to shed:
 1416 Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
 1417 And would vsurpe vpon my watry eyes,
 1418 And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
 1419 Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Caue?
 1420 For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,
 1421 And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,
 1422 Till all these mischiefes be returned againe,
 1423 Euen in their throats that haue committed them.
 1424 Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
 1425 You heaueie people, circle me about,
 1426 That I may turne me to each one of you,
 1427 And swear vnto my soule to right your wrongs.
 1428 The vow is made, come Brother take a head,
 1429 And in this hand the other will I beare.
 1430 And *Lauinia* thou shalt be employd in these things:
 1431 Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
 1432 As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
 1433 Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
 1434 Hie to the *Gothes*, and raise an army there,
 1435 And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
 1436 Let's kisse and part, for we haue much to doe. *Exeunt.*
 1437 *Manet Lucius.*
 1438 *Luci.* Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father:
 1439 The woful'st man that euer liu'd in Rome:
 1440 Farewell proud Rome, til *Lucius* come againe,
 1441 He loues his pledges dearer then his life:
 1442 Farewell *Lauinia* my noble sister,
 1443 O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,
 1444 But now, nor *Lucius* nor *Lauinia* liues
 1445 But in obliuion and hateful griefes:
 1446 If *Lucius* liue, he will requit your wrongs,
 1447 And make proud *Saturnine* and his Empresse
 1448 Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene.
 1449 Now will I to the *Gothes* and raise a power,
 1450 To be reueng'd on Rome and *Saturnine.* *Exit Lucius*
 1451 *A Banket.*
 1452 *Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lauinia, and the Boy.*
 1453 *An.* So, so, now sit, and looke you eate no more
 1454 Then will preserue iust so much strength in vs
 1455 As will reuenge these bitter woes of ours.
 1456 *Marcus* vnknit that sorrow- wreathen knot:
 1457 Thy Neece and I (poore Creatures) want our hands

1458 And cannot passionate our tenfold grieffe,
 1459 With fouled Armes. This poore right hand of mine,
 1460 Is left to tirranize vppon my breast.
 1461 Who when my hart all mad with misery,
 1462 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
 1463 Then thus I thumpe it downe.
 1464 Thou Map of woe, that thus dost talk in signes,
 1465 When thy poore hart beates without ragious beating,
 1466 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still?
 1467 Wound it with sighing girle, kil it with grones:
 1468 Or get some little knife betweene thy teeth,
 1469 And iust against thy hart make thou a hole,
 1470 That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall
 1471 May run into that sinke, and soaking in,
 1472 Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea salt teares.
 1473 *Mar.* Fy brother fy, teach her not thus to lay
 1474 Such violent hands vppon her tender life.
 1475 *An.* How now! Has sorrow made thee doate already?
 1476 Why *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I:
 1477 What violent hands can she lay on her life:
 1478 Ah, wherefore dost thou vrge the name of hands,
 1479 To bid *Aeneas* tell the tale twice ore
 1480 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
 1481 O handle not the theame, to talke of hands,
 1482 Least we remember still that we haue none,
 1483 Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I square my talke
 1484 As if we should forget we had no hands:
 1485 If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands.
 1486 Come, lets fall too, and gentle girle eate this,
 1487 Heere is no drinke? Harke *Marcus* what she saies,
 1488 I can interpret all her martir'd signes,
 1489 She saies, she drinke no other drinke but teares
 1490 Breu'd with her sorrow: mesh'd vppon her cheekes, [dd4
 1491 Spechlesse complayner, I will learne thy thought:
 1492 In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect
 1493 As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.
 1494 Thou shalt not sighe nor hold thy stumps to heauen,
 1495 Nor winke, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make a signe;
 1496 But I (of these) will wrest an Alphabet,
 1497 And by still practice, learne to know thy meaning.
 1498 *Boy.* Good grandsire leaue these bitter deepe laments,
 1499 Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing tale.
 1500 *Mar.* Alas, the tender boy in passion mou'd,
 1501 Doth weepe to see his grandsires heauinesse.
 1502 *An.* Peace tender Sapling, thou art made of teares,
 1503 And teares will quickly melt thy life away.

1504 *Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*
 1505 What doest thou strike at *Marcus* with knife.
 1506 *Mar.* At that that I haue kil'd my Lord, a Fly
 1507 *An.* Out on the murderour: thou kil'st my hart,
 1508 Mine eyes cloi'd with view of Tirranie:
 1509 A deed of death done on the Innocent
 1510 Becoms not *Titus* brother: get thee gone,
 1511 I see thou art not for my company.
 1512 *Mar.* Alas (my Lord) I haue but kild a flie.
 1513 *An.* But? How: if that Flie had a father and mother?
 1514 How would he hang his slender gilded wings
 1515 And buz lamenting doings in the ayer,
 1516 Poore harmelesse Fly,
 1517 That with his pretty buzing melody,
 1518 Came heere to make vs merry,
 1519 And thou hast kil'd him.
 1520 *Mar.* Pardon me sir,
 1521 It was a blacke illfauour'd Fly,
 1522 Like to the Empresse Moore, therefore I kild him.
 1523 *An.* O, o, o,
 1524 Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
 1525 For thou hast done a Charitable deed:
 1526 Giue me thy knife, I will insult on him,
 1527 Flattering my selfe, as if it were the Moore,
 1528 Come hither purposely to poyson me.
 1529 There's for thy selfe, and thats for *Tamora*: Ah sirra,
 1530 Yet I thinke we are not brought so low,
 1531 But that betweene vs, we can kill a Fly,
 1532 That comes in likenesse of a Cole- blacke Moore.
 1533 *Mar.* Alas poore man, grieffe ha's so wrought on him,
 1534 He takes false shadowes, for true substances.
 1535 *An.* Come, take away: *Lauinia*, goe with me,
 1536 Ile to thy closset, and goe read with thee
 1537 Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
 1538 Come boy, and goe with me, thy sight is young,
 1539 And thou shalt read, when mine begin to dazell. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus.

1541 *Enter young Lucius and Lauinia running after him, and*
 1542 *the Boy flies from her with his bookes vnder his arme.*
 1543 *Enter Titus and Marcus.*
 1544 *Boy.* Helpe Gransier helpe, my Aunt *Lauinia*,
 1545 Followes me euery where I know not why.

1546 Good Vncle *Marcus* see how swift she comes,
 1547 Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you meane.
 1548 *Mar.* Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thy Aunt.
 1549 *Titus.* She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme
 1550 *Boy.* I when my father was in Rome she did.
 1551 *Mar.* What meanes my Neece *Lauinia* by these signes?
 1552 *Ti.* Feare not *Lucius*, somewhat doth she meane:
 1553 See *Lucius* see, how much she makes of thee:
 1554 Some whether would she haue thee goe with her.
 1555 Ah boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more care
 1556 Read to her sonnes, then she hath read to thee,
 1557 Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:
 1558 Canst thou not gesse wherefore she plies thee thus?
 1559 *Boy.* My Lord I know not I, nor can I gesse,
 1560 Vnlesse some fit or frenzie do possesse her:
 1561 For I haue heard my Gransier say full oft,
 1562 Extremitie of griefes would make men mad.
 1563 And I haue read that *Hecuba* of Troy,
 1564 Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to feare,
 1565 Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
 1566 Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,
 1567 And would not but in fury fright my youth,
 1568 Which made me downe to throw my bookes, and flie
 1569 Causles perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,
 1570 And Madam, if my Vncle *Marcus* goe,
 1571 I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.
 1572 *Mar.* *Lucius* I will.
 1573 *Ti.* How now *Lauinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?
 1574 Some booke there is that she desires to see,
 1575 Which is it girle of these? Open them boy,
 1576 But thou art deeper read and better skild,
 1577 Come and take choyse of all my Library,
 1578 And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heauens
 1579 Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deed.
 1580 What booke?
 1581 Why lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?
 1582 *Mar.* I thinke she meanes that ther was more then one
 1583 Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
 1584 Or else to heauen she heaues them to reuenge.
 1585 *Ti.* *Lucius* what booke is that she tosseth so?
 1586 *Boy.* Grandsier 'tis Ouids *Metamorphosis*,
 1587 My mother gaue it me.
 1588 *Mar.* For loue of her that's gone,
 1589 Perhaps she culd it from among the rest.
 1590 *Ti.* Soft, so busily she turnes the leaues,
 1591 Helpe her, what would she finde? *Lauinia* shall I read?

1592 This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*?
 1593 And treates of *Tereus* treason and his rape,
 1594 And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.
 1595 *Mar.* See brother see, note how she quotes the leaues
 1596 *Ti. Lauinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet girle,
 1597 Rauisht and wrong'd as *Philomela* was?
 1598 Forc'd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomy woods?
 1599 See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,
 1600 (O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)
 1601 Patern'd by that the Poet heere describes,
 1602 By nature made for murthers and for rapes.
 1603 *Mar.* O why should nature build so foule a den,
 1604 Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies?
 1605 *Ti.* Giue signes sweet girle, for heere are none but friends
 1606 What Romaine Lord it was durst do the deed?
 1607 Or slunke not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erst,
 1608 That left the Campe to sinne in *Lucrece* bed.
 1609 *Mar.* Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by me,
 1610 *Appollo, Pallas, Ioue, or Mercury,*
 1611 Inspire me that I may this treason finde.
 1612 My Lord looke heere, looke heere *Lauinia*.
 1613 *He writes his Name with his staffe, and guides it*
 1614 *with feete and mouth.*
 1615 This sandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst [dd4v
 1616 This after me, I haue writ my name,
 1617 Without the helpe of any hand at all.
 1618 Curst be that hart that forc'st vs to that shift:
 1619 Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,
 1620 What God will haue discouered for reuenge,
 1621 Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
 1622 That we may know the Traytors and the truth.
 1623 *She takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her*
 1624 *stumps and writes.*
 1625 *Ti.* Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writ?
 1626 *Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.*
 1627 *Mar.* What, what, the lustfull sonnes of *Tamora*,
 1628 Performers of this hainous bloody deed?
 1629 *Ti. Magni Dominator poli,*
 1630 *Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?*
 1631 *Mar.* Oh calme thee gentle Lord: Although I know
 1632 There is enough written vpon this earth,
 1633 To stirre a mutinie in the mildest thoughts,
 1634 And arme the mindes of infants to exclames.
 1635 My Lord kneele downe with me: *Lauinia* kneele,
 1636 And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine *Hectors* hope,
 1637 And swear with me, as with the wofull Feere

1638 And father of that chaste dishonoured Dame,
 1639 Lord *Iunius Brutus* swear for *Lucrece* rape,
 1640 That we will prosecute (by good advise)
 1641 Mortall reuenge vpon these traytorous Gothes,
 1642 And see their blood, or die with this reproach.
 1643 *Ti.* Tis sure enough, and you knew how.
 1644 But if you hunt these Beare- whelpes, then beware
 1645 The Dam will wake, and if she winde you once,
 1646 Shee's with the Lyon deepely still in league.
 1647 And lulls him whilst she playeth on her backe,
 1648 And when he sleepes will she do what she list.
 1649 You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let it alone:
 1650 And come, I will goe get a leafe of brasse,
 1651 And with a Gad of steele will write these words,
 1652 And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde
 1653 Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
 1654 And wheres your lesson then. Boy what say you?
 1655 *Boy.* I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
 1656 Their mothers bed- chamber should not be safe,
 1657 For these bad bond- men to the yoake of Rome.
 1658 *Mar.* I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
 1659 For his vngratefull country done the like.
 1660 *Boy.* And Vncle so will I, and if I liue.
 1661 *Ti.* Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
 1662 *Lucius* Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
 1663 Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes,
 1664 Presents that I intend to send them both,
 1665 Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?
 1666 *Boy.* I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandsire:
 1667 *Ti.* No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
 1668 *Lauinia* come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
 1669 *Lucius* and Ile goe braue it at the Court,
 1670 I marry will we sir, and wee be waited on. *Exeunt.*
 1671 *Mar.* O heauens! Can you heare a good man grone
 1672 And not relent, or not compassion him?
 1673 *Marcus* attend him in his extasie,
 1674 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
 1675 Then foe- mens markes vpon his batter'd shield,
 1676 But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,
 1677 Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus*. *Exit*
 1678 *Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one dore: and at another*
 1679 *dore young Lucius and another, with a bundle of*
 1680 *weapons, and verses writ vpon them.*
 1681 *Chi.* *Demetrius* heeres the sonne of *Lucius*,
 1682 He hath some message to deliuer vs.
 1683 *Aron.* I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.

1684 *Boy.* My Lords, with all the humblenesse I may,
 1685 I greete your honours from *Andronicus*,
 1686 And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.
 1687 *Deme.* Gramercie louely *Lucius*, what's the newes?
 1688 For villanie's markt with rape. May it please you,
 1689 My Grandsire well aduis'd hath sent by me,
 1690 The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
 1691 To gratifie your honourable youth,
 1692 The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say:
 1693 And so I do and with his gifts present
 1694 Your Lordships, when euer you haue need,
 1695 You may be armed and appointed well,
 1696 And so I leaue you both: like bloody villaines. *Exit*
 1697 *Deme.* What's heere? a scrole, & written round about?
 1698 Let's see.
 1699 *Integer vitae scelerisque purus, non egit maury iaculis nec ar-cus.*
 1701 *Chi.* O 'tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well.
 1702 I read it in the Grammer long agoe.
 1703 *Moore.* I iust, a verse in *Horace*: right, you haue it,
 1704 Now what a thing it is to be an Asse?
 1705 Heer's no sound iest, the old man hath found their guilt,
 1706 And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
 1707 That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:
 1708 But were our witty Empresse well a foot,
 1709 She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit:
 1710 But let her rest, in her vnrest a while.
 1711 And now young Lords, was't not a happy starre
 1712 Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then so;
 1713 Captiuues, to be aduanced to this height?
 1714 It did me good before the Pallace gate,
 1715 To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.
 1716 *Deme.* But me more good, to see so great a Lord
 1717 Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts.
 1718 *Moore.* Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*?
 1719 Did you not vse his daughter very friendly?
 1720 *Deme.* I would we had a thousand Romane Dames
 1721 At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.
 1722 *Chi.* A charitable wish, and full of loue.
 1723 *Moore.* Heere lack's but your mother for to say, Amen.
 1724 *Chi.* And that would she for twenty thousand more.
 1725 *Deme.* Come, let vs go, and pray to all the Gods
 1726 For our beloued mother in her paines.
 1727 *Moore.* Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.
 1728 *Flourish.*
 1729 *Dem.* Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?
 1730 *Chi.* Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne.

1731 *Deme.* Soft, who comes heere?
 1732 *Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore childe.*
 1733 *Nur.* Good morrow Lords:
 1734 O tell me, did you see *Aaron* the Moore?
 1735 *Aron.* Well, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all,
 1736 Heere *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?
 1737 *Nurse.* Oh gentle *Aaron*, we are all vndone.
 1738 Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.
 1739 *Aron.* Why, what a catterwalling dost thou keepe?
 1740 What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?
 1741 *Nurse.* O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
 1742 Our Empresse shame, and stately Romes disgrace,
 1743 She is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.
 1744 *Aron.* To whom?
 1745 *Nurse.* I meane she is brought a bed?
 1746 *Aron.* Wel God giue her good rest, [dd5
 1747 What hath he sent her?
 1748 *Nurse.* A deuill.
 1749 *Aron.* Why then she is the Deuils Dam: a ioyfull issue.
 1750 *Nurse.* A ioylesse, dismall, blacke &, sorrowfull issue,
 1751 Heere is the babe as loathsome as a toad,
 1752 Among'st the fairest breeders of our clime,
 1753 The Empresse sends it thee, thy stampe, thy seale,
 1754 And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.
 1755 *Aron.* Out you whore, is black so base a hue?
 1756 Sweet blowse, you are a beautious blossome sure.
 1757 *Deme.* Villaine what hast thou done?
 1758 *Aron.* That which thou canst not vndoe.
 1759 *Chi.* Thou hast vndone our mother.
 1760 *Deme.* And therein hellish dog, thou hast vndone,
 1761 Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choyce,
 1762 Accur'st the off- spring of so foule a fiend.
 1763 *Chi.* It shall not liue.
 1764 *Aron.* It shall not die.
 1765 *Nurse.* *Aaron* it must, the mother wils it so.
 1766 *Aron.* What, must it *Nurse*? Then let no man but I
 1767 Doe execution on my flesh and blood.
 1768 *Deme.* Ile broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point:
 1769 *Nurse* giue it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it.
 1770 *Aron.* Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels vp.
 1771 Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother?
 1772 Now by the burning Tapers of the skie,
 1773 That shone so brightly when this Boy was got,
 1774 He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,
 1775 That touches this my first borne sonne and heire.
 1776 I tell you young-lings, not *Enceladus*

1777 With all his threatning band of *Typhons* broode,
 1778 Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of warre,
 1779 Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:
 1780 What, what, ye sanguine shallow harted Boyes,
 1781 Ye white- limb'd walls, ye Ale- house painted signes,
 1782 Cole- blacke is better then another hue,
 1783 In that it scornes to beare another hue:
 1784 For all the water in the Ocean,
 1785 Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
 1786 Although she laue them hourelly in the flood:
 1787 Tell the Empresse from me, I am of age
 1788 To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can
 1789 *Deme.* Wilt thou betray thy noble mistris thus?
 1790 *Aron.* My mistris is my mistris: this my selfe,
 1791 The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
 1792 This, before all the world do I preferre,
 1793 This mauger all the world will I keepe safe,
 1794 Or some of you shall smoake for it in Rome.
 1795 *Deme.* By this our mother is for euer sham'd.
 1796 *Chi.* Rome will despise her for this foule escape.
 1797 *Nur.* The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.
 1798 *Chi.* I blush to thinke vpon this ignominie.
 1799 *Aron.* Why ther's the priuiledge your beauty beares:
 1800 Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing
 1801 The close enacts and counsels of the hart:
 1802 Heer's a young Lad fram'd of another leere,
 1803 Looke how the blacke slaue smiles vpon the father;
 1804 As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne.
 1805 He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed
 1806 Of that selfe blood that first gaue life to you,
 1807 And from that wombe where you imprisoned were
 1808 He is infranchised and come to light:
 1809 Nay he is your brother by the surer side,
 1810 Although my seale be stamped in his face.
 1811 *Nurse.* *Aaron* what shall I say vnto the Empresse?
 1812 *Dem.* Aduise thee *Aaron*, what is to be done,
 1813 And we will all subscribe to thy aduise:
 1814 Sae thou the child, so we may all be safe.
 1815 *Aron.* Then sit we downe and let vs all consult.
 1816 My sonne and I will haue the winde of you:
 1817 Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety.
 1818 *Deme.* How many women saw this childe of his?
 1819 *Aron.* Why so braue Lords, when we ioyne in league
 1820 I am a Lambe: but if you braue the *Moore*,
 1821 The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyonesse,
 1822 The Ocean swells not so as *Aaron* stormes:

1823 But say againe, how many saw the childe?
 1824 *Nurse.* *Cornelia*, the midwife, and my selfe,
 1825 And none else but the deliuered Empresse.
 1826 *Aron.* The Empresse, the Midwife, and your selfe,
 1827 Two may keepe counsell, when the third's away:
 1828 Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said, *He kills her*
 1829 *Weeke*, weeke, so cries a Pigge prepared to th' spit.
 1830 *Deme.* What mean'st thou *Aron*?
 1831 Wherefore did'st thou this?
 1832 *Aron.* O Lord sir, 'tis a deed of pollicie?
 1833 Shall she liue to betray this guilt of our's:
 1834 A long tongu'd babling Gossip? No Lords no:
 1835 And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
 1836 Not farre, one *Muliteus* my Country- man
 1837 His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
 1838 His childe is like to her, faire as you are:
 1839 Goe packe with them, and giue the mother gold,
 1840 And tell them both the circumstance of all,
 1841 And how by this their Childe shall be aduaunc'd,
 1842 And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,
 1843 And substituted in the place of mine,
 1844 To calme this tempest whirling in the Court,
 1845 And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne,
 1846 Harke ye Lords, ye see I haue giuen her physicke,
 1847 And you must needs bestow her funerall,
 1848 The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
 1849 This done, see that you take no longer daies
 1850 But send the Midwife presently to me.
 1851 The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,
 1852 Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.
 1853 *Chi. Aaron* I see thou wilt not trust the ayre with se-|(crets.
 1854 *Deme.* For this care of *Tamora*,
 1855 Her selfe, and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt.*
 1856 *Aron.* Now to the Gothes, as swift as Swallow flies,
 1857 There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
 1858 And secretly to greete the Empresse friends:
 1859 Come on you thick- lipt- slaue, Ile beare you hence,
 1860 For it is you that puts vs to our shifts:
 1861 Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,
 1862 And feed on curds and whay, and sucke the Goate,
 1863 And cabbins in a Caue, and bring you vp
 1864 To be a Warriour, and command a Campe. *Exit*
 1865 *Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen*
 1866 *with bowes, and Titus beares the arrowes with*
 1867 *Letters on the end of them.*
 1868 *Tit.* Come *Marcus*, come, kinsmen this is the way.

1869 Sir Boy let me see your Archerie,
 1870 Looke yee draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:
 1871 *Terras Astrea reliquit*, be you remembred *Marcus*.
 1872 She's gone, she's fled, sirs take you to your tooles,
 1873 You Cosens shall goe sound the Ocean:
 1874 And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,
 1875 Yet ther's as little iustice as at Land:
 1876 No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you must doe it, [dd5v
 1877 'Tis you must dig with Mattocke, and with Spade,
 1878 And pierce the inmost Center of the earth:
 1879 Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
 1880 I pray you deliuer him this petition,
 1881 Tell him it is for iustice, and for aide,
 1882 And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
 1883 Shaken with sorrowes in vngratefull Rome.
 1884 Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miserable,
 1885 What time I threw the peoples suffrages
 1886 On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.
 1887 Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
 1888 And leaue you not a man of warre vnsearcht,
 1889 This wicked Emperour may haue shipt her hence,
 1890 And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for iustice.
 1891 *Marc.* O *Publius* is not this a heauie case
 1892 To see thy Noble Vnckle thus distract?
 1893 *Publ.* Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
 1894 By day and night t' attend him carefully:
 1895 And feede his humour kindely as we may,
 1896 Till time beget some carefull remedie.
 1897 *Marc.* Kinsmen, his sorrowes are past remedie.
 1898 Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,
 1899 Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
 1900 And vengeance on the Traytor *Saturnine*.
 1901 *Tit.* *Publius* how now? how now my Maisters?
 1902 What haue you met with her?
 1903 *Publ.* No my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
 1904 If you will haue reuenge from hell you shall,
 1905 Marrie for iustice she is so imploy'd,
 1906 He thinkes with *Ioue* in heauen, or some where else:
 1907 So that perforce you must needs stay a time.
 1908 *Tit.* He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,
 1909 Ile diue into the burning Lake below,
 1910 And pull her out of *Acaron* by the heeles.
 1911 *Marcus* we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,
 1912 No big- bon'd- men, fram'd of the Cyclops size,
 1913 But mettall *Marcus* steele to the very backe,
 1914 Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backe can beare:

1915 And sith there's no iustice in earth nor hell,
 1916 We will sollicite heauen, and moue the Gods
 1917 To send downe Iustice for to wreake our wrongs:
 1918 Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*.
 1919 *He giues them the Arrowes.*
 1920 *Ad Iouem*, that's for you: here *ad Appollonem*,
 1921 *Ad Martem*, that's for my selfe,
 1922 Heere Boy to *Pallas*, heere to *Mercury*,
 1923 To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
 1924 You were as good to shoote against the winde.
 1925 Too it Boy, *Marcus* loose when I bid:
 1926 Of my word, I haue written to effect,
 1927 Ther's not a God left vnsollicited.
 1928 *Marc.* Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
 1929 We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.
 1930 *Tit.* Now Maisters draw, Oh well said *Lucius*:
 1931 Good Boy in *Virgoes* lap, giue it *Pallas*.
 1932 *Marc.* My Lord, I aime a Mile beyond the Moone,
 1933 Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.
 1934 *Tit.* Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?
 1935 See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* hornes.
 1936 *Mar.* This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot,
 1937 The Bull being gal'd, gaue *Aries* such a knocke,
 1938 That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,
 1939 And who should finde them but the Empresse villaine:
 1940 She laught, and told the Moore he should not choose
 1941 But giue them to his Maister for a present.
 1942 *Tit.* Why there it goes, God giue your Lordship ioy.
 1943 *Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pigeons in it.*
 1944 *Titus.* Newes, newes, from heauen,
 1945 *Marcus* the poast is come.
 1946 Sirrah, what tydings? haue you any letters?
 1947 Shall I haue Iustice, what sayes *Iupiter*?
 1948 *Clowne.* Ho the Iibbetmaker, he sayes that he hath ta-ken
 1949 them downe againe, for the man must not be hang'd
 1950 till the next weeke.
 1951 *Tit.* But what sayes *Iupiter* I aske thee?
 1952 *Clowne.* Alas sir I know not *Iupiter*:
 1953 I neuer dranke with him in all my life.
 1954 *Tit.* Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?
 1955 *Clowne.* I of my Pigiions sir, nothing else.
 1956 *Tit.* Why, did'st thou not come from heauen?
 1957 *Clowne.* From heauen? Alas sir, I neuer came there,
 1958 God forbid I should be so bold, to presse to heauen in my
 1959 young dayes. Why I am going with my pigeons to the
 1960 Tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt

1961 my Vncle, and one of the Emperialls men.
 1962 *Mar.* Why sir, that is as fit as can be to serue for your
 1963 Oration, and let him deliuer the Pigiions to the Emperour
 1964 from you.
 1965 *Tit.* Tell mee, can you deliuer an Oration to the Em-perour
 1966 with a Grace?
 1967 *Clowne.* Nay truely sir, I could neuer say grace in all
 1968 my life.
 1969 *Tit.* Sirrah come hither, make no more adoe,
 1970 But giue your Pigeons to the Emperour,
 1971 By me thou shalt haue Iustice at his hands.
 1972 Hold, hold, meane while her's money for thy charges.
 1973 Giue me pen and inke.
 1974 Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliuer a Supplication?
 1975 *Clowne.* I sir
 1976 *Titus.* Then here is a Supplication for you, and when
 1977 you come to him, at the first approach you must kneele,
 1978 then kisse his foote, then deliuer vp your Pigeons, and
 1979 then looke for your reward. Ile be at hand sir, see you do
 1980 it brauely.
 1981 *Clowne.* I warrant you sir, let me alone.
 1982 *Tit.* Sirrha hast thou a knife? Come let me see it.
 1983 Heere *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
 1984 For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant:
 1985 And when thou hast giuen it the Emperour,
 1986 Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he sayes.
 1987 *Clowne.* God be with you sir, I will. *Exit.*
 1988 *Tit.* Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow me.
 1989 *Exeunt.*
 1990 *Enter Emperour and Empresse, and her two sonnes, the*
 1991 *Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand*
 1992 *that Titus shot at him.*
 1993 *Satur.* Why Lords,
 1994 What wrongs are these? was euer seene
 1995 An Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne,
 1996 Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent
 1997 Of egall iustice, vs'd in such contempt?
 1998 My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
 1999 (How euer these disturbers of our peace
 2000 Buz in the peoples eares) there nought hath past,
 2001 But euen with law against the willfull Sonnes
 2002 Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
 2003 His sorrowes haue so ouerwhelm'd his wits,
 2004 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
 2005 His fits, his frenzie, and his bitterness?
 2006 And now he writes to heauen for his redresse.

2007 See, heeres to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercury*, [dd6
 2008 This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
 2009 Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of Rome:
 2010 What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
 2011 And blazoning our Iniustice euery where?
 2012 A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
 2013 As who would say, in Rome no Iustice were.
 2014 But if I liue, his fained extasies
 2015 Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
 2016 But he and his shall know, that Iustice liues
 2017 In *Saturninus* health; whom if he sleepe,
 2018 Hee'l so awake, as he in fury shall
 2019 Cut off the proud'st Conspirator that liues.
 2020 *Tamo*. My gracious Lord, my louely *Saturnine*,
 2021 Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,
 2022 Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
 2023 Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant Sonnes,
 2024 Whose losse hath pier'st him deepe, and scar'd his heart;
 2025 And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 2026 Then prosecute the meanest or the best
 2027 For these contempts. Why thus it shall become
 2028 High witted *Tamora* to glose with all: *Aside*.
 2029 But *Titus*, I haue touch'd thee to the quicke,
 2030 Thy life blood out: If *Aaron* now be wise,
 2031 Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Port.
 2032 *Enter Clowne*.
 2033 How now good fellow, would'st thou speake with vs?
 2034 *Clow*. Yea forsooth, and your Mistership be Emperiall.
 2035 *Tam*. Empresse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.
 2036 *Clo*. 'Tis he; God & Saint Stephen giue you good den;
 2037 I haue brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pignons heere.
 2038 *He reads the Letter*.
 2039 *Satu*. Goe take him away, and hang him presently.
 2040 *Clowne*. How much money must I haue?
 2041 *Tam*. Come sirrah you must be hang'd.
 2042 *Clow*. Hang'd? ber Lady, then I haue brought vp a neck
 2043 to a faire end. *Exit*.
 2044 *Satu*. Despightfull and intollerable wrongs,
 2045 Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
 2046 I know from whence this same deuise procedes:
 2047 May this be borne? As if his traytrous Sonnes,
 2048 That dy'd by law for murther of our Brother,
 2049 Haue by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully?
 2050 Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
 2051 Nor Age, nor Honour, shall shape priuiledge:
 2052 For this proud mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man:

2053 Sly franticke wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
 2054 In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and me.
 2055 *Enter Nuntius Emillius.*
 2056 *Satur.* What newes with thee *Emillius*?
 2057 *Emil.* Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more cause,
 2058 The Gothes haue gather'd head, and with a power
 2059 Of high resolued men, bent to the spoyle
 2060 They hither march amaine, vnder conduct
 2061 Of *Lucius*, Sonne to old *Andronicus*:
 2062 Who threats in course of this reuenge to do
 2063 As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.
 2064 *King.* Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the Gothes?
 2065 These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
 2066 As flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with stormes:
 2067 I, now begins our sorrowes to approach,
 2068 'Tis he the common people loue so much,
 2069 My selfe hath often heard them say,
 2070 (When I haue walked like a priuate man)
 2071 That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,
 2072 And they haue wisht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.
 2073 *Tam.* Why should you feare? Is not our City strong?
 2074 *King.* I, but the Cittizens fauour *Lucius*,
 2075 And will reuolt from me, to succour him.
 2076 *Tam. King,* be thy thoughts Imperious like thy name.
 2077 Is the Sunne dim'd, that Gnats do flie in it?
 2078 The Eagle suffers little Birds to sing,
 2079 And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
 2080 Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
 2081 He can at pleasure stint their melodie.
 2082 Euen so mayest thou, the giddy men of Rome,
 2083 Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,
 2084 I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
 2085 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
 2086 Then baites to fish, or hony stalkes to sheepe,
 2087 When as the one is wounded with the baite,
 2088 The other rotted with delicious foode.
 2089 *King.* But he will not entreat his Sonne for vs.
 2090 *Tam.* If *Tamora* entreat him, then he will,
 2091 For I can smooth and fill his aged eare,
 2092 With golden promises, that were his heart
 2093 Almost Impregnable, his old eares deafe,
 2094 Yet should both eare and heart, obey my tongue.
 2095 Goe thou before to our Embassadour,
 2096 Say, that the Emperour requests a parly
 2097 Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.
 2098 *King. Emillius* do this message Honourably,

2099 And if he stand in Hostage for his safety,
 2100 Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best.
 2101 *Emill.* Your bidding shall I do effectually. *Exit.*
 2102 *Tam.* Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
 2103 And temper him with all the Art I haue,
 2104 To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Gothes*.
 2105 And now sweet Emperour be blithe againe,
 2106 And bury all thy feare in my deuises.
 2107 *Satu.* Then goe successantly and plead for him. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

2109 *Flourish.* Enter *Lucius* with an Army of *Gothes*,
 2110 with *Drum* and *Souldiers*.
 2111 *Luci.* Approued Warriours, and my faithfull Friends,
 2112 I haue receiued Letters from great Rome,
 2113 Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
 2114 And how desirous of our sight they are.
 2115 Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witnessse,
 2116 Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
 2117 And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
 2118 Let him make treble satisfaction.
 2119 *Goth.* Braue slip, sprung from the Great *Andronicus*,
 2120 Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
 2121 Whose high exploits, and honourable Deeds,
 2122 Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt:
 2123 Behold in vs, weele follow where thou lead'st,
 2124 Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommers day,
 2125 Led by their Maister to the flowred fields,
 2126 And be aueng'd on cursed *Tamora*:
 2127 And as he saith, so say we all with him.
 2128 *Luci.* I humbly thanke him, and I thanke you all.
 2129 But who comes heere, led by a lusty *Goth*?
 2130 Enter a *Goth* leading of *Aaron* with his child
 2131 in his armes.
 2132 *Goth.* Renowned *Lucius*, from our troupes I straid,
 2133 To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie, [dd6v
 2134 And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye
 2135 Vpon the wasted building, suddainely
 2136 I heard a childe cry vnderneath a wall:
 2137 I made vnto the noyse, when soone I heard,
 2138 The crying babe control'd with this discourse:
 2139 Peace Tawny slaue, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,
 2140 Did not thy Hue bewray whose brat thou art?

2141 Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke,
 2142 Villaine thou might'st haue bene an Emperour.
 2143 But where the Bull and Cow are both milk- white,
 2144 They neuer do beget a cole- blacke- Calfe:
 2145 Peace, villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
 2146 For I must beare thee to a trusty Goth,
 2147 Who when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe,
 2148 Will hold thee dearely for thy Mothers sake.
 2149 With this, my weapon drawne I rusht vpon him,
 2150 Surpriz'd him suddainely, and brought him hither
 2151 To vse, as you thinke needefull of the man.
 2152 *Luci.* Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuill,
 2153 That rob'd *Andronicus* of his good hand:
 2154 This is the Pearle that pleas'd your Empresse eye,
 2155 And heere's the Base Fruit of his burning lust.
 2156 Say wall- ey'd slaue, whether would'st thou conuay
 2157 This growing Image of thy fiend- like face?
 2158 Why dost not speake? what deafe? Not a word?
 2159 A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,
 2160 And by his side his Fruite of Bastardie.
 2161 *Aron.* Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood.
 2162 *Luci.* Too like the Syre for euer being good.
 2163 First hang the Child that he may see it sprall,
 2164 A sight to vexe the Fathers soule withall.
 2165 *Aron.* Get me a Ladder *Lucius*, saue the Childe,
 2166 And beare it from me to the Empresse:
 2167 If thou do this, Ile shew thee wondrous things,
 2168 That highly may aduantage thee to heare;
 2169 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
 2170 Ile speake no more: but vengeance rot you all.
 2171 *Luci.* Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
 2172 Thy child shall liue, and I will see it Nourisht.
 2173 *Aron.* And if it please thee? why assure thee *Lucius*,
 2174 'Twill vexe thy soule to heare what I shall speake:
 2175 For I must talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Massacres,
 2176 Acts of Blacke- night, abhominable Deeds,
 2177 Complots of Mischiefe, Treason, Villanies
 2178 Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiously perform'd,
 2179 And this shall all be buried by my death,
 2180 Vnlesse thou sweare to me my Childe shall liue.
 2181 *Luci.* Tell on thy minde,
 2182 I say thy Childe shall liue.
 2183 *Aron.* Sweare that he shall, and then I will begin.
 2184 *Luci.* Who should I sweare by,
 2185 Thou beleeuest no God,
 2186 That graunted, how can'st thou beleeue an oath?

2187 *Aron.* What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
 2188 Yet for I know thou art Religious,
 2189 And hast a thing within thee, called Conscience,
 2190 With twenty Popish trickes and Ceremonies,
 2191 Which I haue seene thee carefull to obserue:
 2192 Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know
 2193 An Ideot holds his Bauble for a God,
 2194 And keepes the oath which by that God he sweares,
 2195 To that Ile vrge him: therefore thou shalt vow
 2196 By that same God, what God so ere it be
 2197 That thou adorest, and hast in reuerence,
 2198 To saue my Boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
 2199 Ore else I will discouer nought to thee.
 2200 *Luci.* Euen by my God I sweare to thee I will.
 2201 *Aron.* First know thou,
 2202 I begot him on the Empresse.
 2203 *Luci.* Oh most Insatiate luxurious woman!
 2204 *Aron.* Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deed of Charitie,
 2205 To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,
 2206 'Twas her two Sonnes that murdered *Bassianus*,
 2207 They cut thy Sisters tongue, and rauisht her,
 2208 And cut her hands off, and trim'd her as thou saw'st.
 2209 *Lucius.* Oh detestable villaine!
 2210 Call'st thou that Trimming?
 2211 *Aron.* Why she was washt, and cut, and trim'd,
 2212 And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it.
 2213 *Luci.* Oh barbarous beastly villaines like thy selfe!
 2214 *Aron.* Indeede, I was their Tutor to instruct them
 2215 That Coddling spirit had they from their Mother,
 2216 As sure a Card as euer wonne the Set:
 2217 That bloody minde I thinke they learn'd of me,
 2218 As true a Dog as euer fought at head.
 2219 Well, let my Deeds be witsnesse of my worth:
 2220 I trayn'd thy Bretheren to that guilefull Hole,
 2221 Where the dead Corps of *Bassianus* lay:
 2222 I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,
 2223 And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd.
 2224 Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonnes,
 2225 And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
 2226 Wherein I had no stroke of Mischeife in it.
 2227 I play'd the Cheater for thy Fathers hand,
 2228 And when I had it, drew my selfe apart,
 2229 And almost broke my heart with extreame laughter.
 2230 I pried me through the Creuce of a Wall,
 2231 When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heads,
 2232 Beheld his teares, and laught so hartily,

2233 That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
2234 And when I told the Empresse of this sport,
2235 She sounded almost at my pleasing tale,
2236 And for my tydings, gaue me twenty kisses.
2237 *Goth.* What canst thou say all this, and neuer blush?
2238 *Aron.* I, like a blacke Dogge, as the saying is.
2239 *Luci.* Art thou not sorry for these hainous deedes?
2240 *Aron.* I, that I had not done a thousand more:
2241 Euen now I curse the day, and yet I thinke
2242 Few come within few compasse of my curse,
2243 Wherein I did not some Notorious ill,
2244 As kill a man, or else devise his death,
2245 Rauish a Maid, or plot the way to do it,
2246 Accuse some Innocent, and forswear my selfe,
2247 Set deadly Enmity betweene two Friends,
2248 Make poore mens Cattell breake their neckes,
2249 Set fire on Barnes and Haystackes in the night,
2250 And bid the Owners quench them with the teares:
2251 Oft haue I dig'd vp dead men from their graues,
2252 And set them vpriight at their deere Friends doore,
2253 Euen when their sorrowes almost was forgot,
2254 And on their skinned, as on the Barke of Trees,
2255 Haue with my knife carued in Romaine Letters,
2256 Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
2257 Tut, I haue done a thousand dreadfull things
2258 As willingly, as one would kill a Fly,
2259 And nothing grieues me hartily indeede,
2260 But that I cannot doe ten thousand more.
2261 *Luci.* Bring downe the diuell, for he must not die
2262 So sweet a death as hanging presently.
2263 *Aron.* If there be diuels, would I were a deuill,
2264 To liue and burne in euerlasting fire,
2265 So I might haue your company in hell, [ee1
2266 But to torment you with my bitter tongue.
2267 *Luci.* Sirs stop his mouth, & let him speake no more.
2268 *Enter Emillius.*
2269 *Goth.* My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome
2270 Desires to be admitted to your presence.
2271 *Luc.* Let him come neere.
2272 Welcome *Emillius*, what the newes from Rome?
2273 *Emi.* Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
2274 The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me,
2275 And for he vnderstands you are in Armes,
2276 He craues a parly at your Fathers house
2277 Willing you to demand your Hostages,
2278 And they shall be immediatly deliuered.

2279 *Goth.* What saies our Generall?
 2280 *Luc. Emillius,* let the Emperour giue his pledges
 2281 Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcus, Flourish.*
 2282 And we will come: march away. *Exeunt.*
 2283 *Enter Tamora, and her two Sonnes disguised.*
 2284 *Tam.* Thus in this strange and sad Habilliament,
 2285 I will encounter with *Andronicus,*
 2286 And say, I am Reuenge sent from below,
 2287 To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs:
 2288 Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,
 2289 To ruminare strange plots of dire Reuenge,
 2290 Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
 2291 And worke confusion on his Enemies.
 2292 *They knocke and Titus opens his study dore.*
 2293 *Tit.* Who doth mollest my Contemplation?
 2294 Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
 2295 That so my sad decrees may flie away,
 2296 And all my studie be to no effect?
 2297 You are deceiu'd, for what I meane to do,
 2298 See heere in bloody lines I haue set downe:
 2299 And what is written shall be executed.
 2300 *Tam. Titus,* I am come to talke with thee,
 2301 *Tit.* No not a word: how can I grace my talke,
 2302 Wanting a hand to giue it action,
 2303 Thou hast the ods of me, therefore no more.
 2304 *Tam.* If thou did'st know me,
 2305 Thou would'st talke with me.
 2306 *Tit.* I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
 2307 Witnessse this wretched stump,
 2308 Witnessse these crimson lines,
 2309 Witnessse these Trenches made by griefe and care,
 2310 Witnessse the tiring day, and heaueie night,
 2311 Witnessse all sorrow, that I know thee well
 2312 For our proud Empresse, Mighty *Tamora:*
 2313 Is not thy comming for my other hand?
 2314 *Tamo.* Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora,*
 2315 She is thy Enemie, and I thy Friend,
 2316 I am Reuenge sent from th' infernall Kingdome,
 2317 To ease the gnawing Vulture of the mind,
 2318 By working wreakefull vengeance on my Foes:
 2319 Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
 2320 Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,
 2321 Ther's not a hollow Caue or lurking place,
 2322 No Vast obscurity, or Misty vale,
 2323 Where bloody Murther or detested Rape,
 2324 Can couch for feare, but I will finde them out,

2325 And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
2326 Reuenge, which makes the foule offenders quake.
2327 *Tit.* Art thou Reuenge? and art thou sent to me,
2328 To be a torment to mine Enemies?
2329 *Tam.* I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.
2330 *Tit.* Doe me some seruice ere I come to thee:
2331 Loe by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,
2332 Now giue some surance that thou art Reuenge,
2333 Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheelles,
2334 And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
2335 And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
2336 Prouide thee two proper Palfries, as blacke as Iet,
2337 To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,
2338 And finde out Murder in their guilty cares.
2339 And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
2340 I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheele,
2341 Trot like a Seruile footeman all day long,
2342 Euen from *Eptons* rising in the East,
2343 Vntill his very downefall in the Sea.
2344 And day by day Ile do this heauy taske,
2345 So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.
2346 *Tam.* These are my Ministers, and come with me.
2347 *Tit.* Are them thy Ministers, what are they call'd?
2348 *Tam.* Rape and Murder, therefore called so,
2349 Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.
2350 *Tit.* Good Lord how like the Empresse Sons they are,
2351 And you the Empresse: But we worldly men,
2352 Haue miserable mad mistaking eyes:
2353 Oh sweet Reuenge, now do I come to thee,
2354 And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
2355 I will imbrace thee in it by and by.
2356 *Tam.* This closing with him, fits his Lunacie,
2357 What ere I forge to feede his braine- sicke fits,
2358 Do you vphold, and maintaine in your speeches,
2359 For now he firmly takes me for Reuenge,
2360 And being Credulous in this mad thought,
2361 Ile make him send for *Lucius* his Sonne,
2362 And whil'st I at a Banquet hold him sure,
2363 Ile find some cunning practise out of hand
2364 To scatter and disperse the giddie Gothes,
2365 Or at the least make them his Enemies:
2366 See heere he comes, and I must play my theame.
2367 *Tit.* Long haue I bene forlorne, and all for thee,
2368 Welcome dread Fury to my woefull house,
2369 Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too,
2370 How like the Empresse and her Sonnes you are.

2371 Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
 2372 Could not all hell afford you such a deuill?
 2373 For well I wote the Empresse neuer wags;
 2374 But in her company there is a Moore,
 2375 And would you represent our Queene aright
 2376 It were conuenient you had such a deuill:
 2377 But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?
 2378 *Tam.* What would'st thou haue vs doe *Andronicus*?
 2379 *Dem.* Shew me a Murtherer, Ile deale with him.
 2380 *Chi.* Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,
 2381 And I am sent to be reueng'd on him.
 2382 *Tam.* Shew me a thousand that haue done thee wrong,
 2383 And Ile be reuenged on them all.
 2384 *Tit.* Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,
 2385 And when thou find'st a man that's like thy selfe,
 2386 Good Murder stab him, hee's a Murtherer.
 2387 Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
 2388 To finde another that is like to thee,
 2389 Good Rapine stab him, he is a Rauisher.
 2390 Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
 2391 There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
 2392 Well maist thou know her by thy owne proportion,
 2393 For vp and downe she doth resemble thee.
 2394 I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
 2395 They haue bene violent to me and mine. [ee 1v
 2396 *Tam.* Well hast thou lesson'd vs, this shall we do.
 2397 But would it please thee good *Andronicus*,
 2398 To send for *Lucius* thy thrice Valiant Sonne,
 2399 Who leades towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,
 2400 And bid him come and Banquet at thy house.
 2401 When he is heere, euen at thy Solemne Feast,
 2402 I will bring in the Empresse and her Sonnes,
 2403 The Emperour himselfe, and all thy Foes,
 2404 And at thy mercy shall they stoop, and kneele,
 2405 And on them shalt thou ease, thy angry heart:
 2406 What saies *Andronicus* to this deuse?
 2407 *Enter Marcus.*
 2408 *Tit.* *Marcus* my Brother, 'tis sad *Titus* calls,
 2409 Go gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
 2410 Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
 2411 Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
 2412 Some of the chiefest Princes of the Gothes,
 2413 Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are,
 2414 Tell him the Emperour, and the Empresse too,
 2415 Feasts at my house, and he shall Feast with them,
 2416 This do thou for my loue, and so let him,

2417 As he regards his aged Fathers life.
 2418 *Mar.* This will I do, and soone returne againe.
 2419 *Tam.* Now will I hence about thy businesse,
 2420 And take my Ministers along with me.
 2421 *Tit.* Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
 2422 Or els Ile call my Brother backe againe,
 2423 And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius*.
 2424 *Tam.* What say you Boyes, will you bide with him,
 2425 Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
 2426 How I haue gouern'd our determined iest?
 2427 Yeeld to his Humour, smooth and speake him faire,
 2428 And tarry with him till I turne againe.
 2429 *Tit.* I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
 2430 And will ore- reach them in their owne deuises,
 2431 A payre of cursed hell- hounds and their Dam.
 2432 *Dem.* Madam depart at pleasure, leaue vs heere.
 2433 *Tam.* Farewell *Andronicus*, reuenge now goes
 2434 To lay a complot to betray thy Foes.
 2435 *Tit.* I know thou doo'st, and sweet reuenge farewell.
 2436 *Chi.* Tell vs old man, how shall we be imploy'd?
 2437 *Tit.* Tut, I haue worke enough for you to doe,
 2438 *Publius* come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*.
 2439 *Pub.* What is your will?
 2440 *Tit.* Know you these two?
 2441 *Pub.* The Empresse Sonnes
 2442 I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.
 2443 *Titus.* Fie *Publius*, fie, thou art too much deceau'd,
 2444 The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
 2445 And therefore bind them gentle *Publius*,
 2446 *Caius*, and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
 2447 Oft haue you heard me wish for such an houre,
 2448 And now I find it, therefore binde them sure,
 2449 *Chi.* Villaines forbear, we are the Empresse Sonnes.
 2450 *Pub.* And therefore do we, what we are commanded.
 2451 Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,
 2452 Is he sure bound, looke that you binde them fast. *Exeunt.*
 2453 *Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lauinia*
 2454 *with a Bason.*
 2455 *Tit.* Come, come *Lauinia*, looke, thy Foes are bound,
 2456 Sirs stop their mouthes, let them not speake to me,
 2457 But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.
 2458 Oh Villaines, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*,
 2459 Here stands the spring whom you haue stain'd with mud,
 2460 This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
 2461 You kil'd her husband, and for that vil'd fault,
 2462 Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death,

2463 My hand cut off, and made a merry iest,
 2464 Both her sweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more deere
 2465 Then Hands or tongue, her spotlesse Chastity,
 2466 Inhumaine Traytors, you constrain'd and for'st.
 2467 What would you say, if I should let you speake?
 2468 Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.
 2469 Harke Wretches, how I meane to martyr you,
 2470 This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats,
 2471 Whil'st that *Lauinia* tweene her stumps doth hold:
 2472 The Bason that receiues your guilty blood.
 2473 You know your Mother meanes to feast with me,
 2474 And calls herselfe Reuenge, and thinkes me mad.
 2475 Harke Villaines, I will grin'd your bones to dust,
 2476 And with your blood and it, Ile make a Paste,
 2477 And of the Paste a Coffen I will reare,
 2478 And make two Pasties of your shamefull Heads,
 2479 And bid that strumpet your vnhallowed Dam,
 2480 Like to the earth swallow her increase.
 2481 This is the Feast, that I haue bid her to,
 2482 And this the Banquet she shall surfet on,
 2483 For worse then *Philomel* you vsd my Daughter,
 2484 And worse then *Progne*, I will be reueng'd,
 2485 And now prepare your throats: *Lauinia* come.
 2486 Receiue the blood, and when that they are dead,
 2487 Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder small,
 2488 And with this hatefull Liquor temper it,
 2489 And in that Paste let their vil'd Heads be bakte,
 2490 Come, come, be euery one officious,
 2491 To make this Banket, which I wish might proue,
 2492 More sterne and bloody then the Centaures Feast.
 2493 *He cuts their throats.*
 2494 So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
 2495 And see them ready, gainst their Mother comes. *Exeunt.*
 2496 *Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.*
 2497 *Luc.* Vnckle *Marcus*, since 'tis my Fathers minde
 2498 That I repair to Rome, I am content.
 2499 *Goth.* And ours with thine befall, what Fortune will.
 2500 *Luc.* Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
 2501 This Rauenous Tiger, this accursed deuill,
 2502 Let him receiue no sustenance, fetter him,
 2503 Till he be brought vnto the Emperours face,
 2504 For testimony of her foule proceedings.
 2505 And see the Ambush of our Friends be strong,
 2506 If ere the Emperour meanes no good to vs.
 2507 *Aron.* Some deuill whisper curses in my eare,
 2508 And prompt me that my tongue may vtter forth,

2509 The Venemous Mallice of my swelling heart.
 2510 *Luc.* Away Inhumaine Dogge, Vnhallowed Slaue,
 2511 Sirs, helpe our Vnckle, to conuey him in, *Flourish.*
 2512 The Trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.
 2513 *Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empresse, with*
 2514 *Tribunes and others.*
 2515 *Sat.* What, hath the Firemament more Suns then one?
 2516 *Luc.* What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a Sunne?
 2517 *Mar.* Romes Emperour & Nephewe breake the parle
 2518 These quarrels must be quietly debated,
 2519 The Feast is ready which the carefull *Titus,* [ee2
 2520 Hath ordained to an Honourable end,
 2521 For Peace, for Loue, for League, and good to Rome:
 2522 Please you therefore draw nie and take your places.
 2523 *Satur. Marcus* we will. *Hoboyes.*
 2524 *A Table brought in.*
 2525 *Enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meat on*
 2526 *the Table, and Lauinia with a vale ouer her face.*
 2527 *Titus.* Welcome my gracious Lord,
 2528 Welcome Dread Queene,
 2529 Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome *Lucius,*
 2530 And welcome all: although the cheere be poore,
 2531 'Twill fill your stomacks, please you eat of it.
 2532 *Sat.* Why art thou thus attir'd *Andronicus?*
 2533 *Tit.* Because I would be sure to haue all well,
 2534 To entertaine your Highnesse, and your Empresse.
 2535 *Tam.* We are beholding to you good *Andronicus?*
 2536 *Tit.* And if your Highnesse knew my heart, you were:
 2537 My Lord the Emperour resolue me this,
 2538 Was it well done of rash *Virginius,*
 2539 To slay his daughter with his owne right hand.
 2540 Because she was enfor'st, stain'd, and deflowr'd?
 2541 *Satur.* It was *Andronicus.*
 2542 *Tit.* Your reason, Mighty Lord?
 2543 *Sat.* Because the Girle, should not suruiue her shame,
 2544 And by her presence still renew his sorrowes.
 2545 *Tit.* A reason mighty, strong, and effectuall,
 2546 A patterne, president, and liuely warrant,
 2547 For me (most wretched) to performe the like:
 2548 Die, die, *Lauinia,* and thy shame with thee,
 2549 And with thy shame, thy Fathers sorrow die.
 2550 *He kills her.*
 2551 *Sat.* What hast done, vnnaturall and vnkinde?
 2552 *Tit.* Kil'd her for whom my teares haue made me blind.
 2553 I am as wofull as *Virginius* was,
 2554 And haue a thousand times more cause then he.

2555 *Sat.* What was she raiisht? tell who did the deed,
 2556 *Tit.* Wilt please you eat,
 2557 Wilt please your Highnesse feed?
 2558 *Tam.* Why hast thou slaine thine onely Daughter?
 2559 *Titus.* Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
 2560 They raiisht her, and cut away her tongue,
 2561 And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
 2562 *Satu.* Go fetch them hither to vs presently.
 2563 *Tit.* Why there they are both, baked in that Pie,
 2564 Whereof their Mother daintily hath fed,
 2565 Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred.
 2566 'Tis true, 'tis true, witnessse my kniues sharpe point.
 2567 *He stabs the Empresse.*
 2568 *Satu.* Die franticke wretch, for this accursed deed.
 2569 *Luc.* Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed?
 2570 There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deed.
 2571 *Mar.* You sad fac'd men, people and Sonnes of Rome,
 2572 By vprores seuer'd like a flight of Fowle,
 2573 Scattered by windes and high tempestuous gusts:
 2574 Oh let me teach you how, to knit againe
 2575 This scattered Corne, into one mutuall sheafe,
 2576 These broken limbs againe into one body.
 2577 *Goth.* Let Rome herselfe be bane vnto herselfe,
 2578 And shee whom mightie kingdomes cursie too,
 2579 Like a forlorne and desperate castaway,
 2580 Doe shamefull execution on her selfe.
 2581 But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,
 2582 Graue witnesses of true experience,
 2583 Cannot induce you to attend my words,
 2584 Speake Romes deere friend, as er'st our Auncestor,
 2585 When with his solemne tongue he did discourse
 2586 To loue- sicke *Didoes* sad attending eare,
 2587 The story of that balefull burning night,
 2588 When subtil Greekes surpriz'd King *Priams* Troy:
 2589 Tell vs what *Sinon* hath bewicht our eares,
 2590 Or who hath brought the fatall engine in,
 2591 That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.
 2592 My heart is not compact of flint nor steele,
 2593 Nor can I vtter all our bitter grieffe,
 2594 But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
 2595 And breake my very vttrance, euen in the time
 2596 When it should moue you to attend me most,
 2597 Lending your kind hand Commiseration.
 2598 Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,
 2599 Your hearts will throb and weepe to heare him speake.
 2600 *Luc.* This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you,

2601 That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
 2602 Were they that mured our Emperours Brother,
 2603 And they it were that rauished our Sister,
 2604 For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,
 2605 Our Fathers teares despis'd, and basely cousen'd,
 2606 Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
 2607 And sent her enemies vnto the graue.
 2608 Lastly, my selfe vnkindly banished,
 2609 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
 2610 To beg reliefe among Romes Enemies,
 2611 Who drown'd their enmity in my true teares,
 2612 And op'd their armes to imbrace me as a Friend:
 2613 And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you,
 2614 That haue preseru'd her welfare in my blood,
 2615 And from her bosome tooke the Enemies point,
 2616 Sheathing the steele in my aduentrous body.
 2617 Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,
 2618 My scars can wnesse, dumbe although they are,
 2619 That my report is iust and full of truth:
 2620 But soft, me thinkes I do digresse too much,
 2621 Cyting my worthlesse praise: Oh pardon me,
 2622 For when no Friends are by, men praise themselues,
 2623 *Marc.* Now is my turne to speake: Behold this Child,
 2624 Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
 2625 The issue of an Irreligious *Moore*,
 2626 Chiefe Architect and plotter of these woes,
 2627 The Villaine is aliue in *Titus* house,
 2628 And as he is, to wnesse this is true.
 2629 Now iudge what course had *Titus* to reuenge
 2630 These wrongs, vnspeakeable past patience,
 2631 Or more then any liuing man could beare.
 2632 Now you haue heard the truth, what say you Romaines?
 2633 Haue we done ought amisse? shew vs wherein,
 2634 And from the place where you behold vs now,
 2635 The poore remainder of *Andronici*,
 2636 Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,
 2637 And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines,
 2638 And make a mutuall closure of our house:
 2639 Speake Romaines speake, and if you say we shall,
 2640 Loe hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.
 2641 *Emilli.* Come come, thou reuerent man of Rome,
 2642 And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
 2643 *Lucius* our Emperour: for well I know,
 2644 The common voyce do cry it shall be so.
 2645 *Mar.* *Lucius*, all haile Romes Royall Emperour,
 2646 Goe, goe into old *Titus* sorrowfull house,

2647 And hither hale that misbelieuing *Moore*,
 2648 To be adiudg'd some direfull slaughtering death,
 2649 As punishment for his most wicked life.
 2650 *Lucius* all haile to Romes gracious Gouvernour. [ee2v
 2651 *Luc.* Thankes gentle Romanes, may I gouerne so,
 2652 To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe.
 2653 But gentle people, giue me ayme a- while,
 2654 For Nature puts me to a heauy taske:
 2655 Stand all aloofe, but Vnckle draw you neere,
 2656 To shed obsequious teares vpon this Trunke:
 2657 Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
 2658 These sorrowfull drops vpon thy bloud- slaine face,
 2659 The last true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.
 2660 *Mar.* Teare for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,
 2661 Thy Brother *Marcus* tenders on thy Lips:
 2662 O were the summe of these that I should pay
 2663 Countlesse, and infinit, yet would I pay them.
 2664 *Luc.* Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of vs
 2665 To melt in showres: thy Grandsire lou'd thee well:
 2666 Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee:
 2667 Sung thee asleepe, his Louing Brest, thy Pillow:
 2668 Many a matter hath he told to thee,
 2669 Meete, and agreeing with thine Infancie:
 2670 In that respect then, like a louing Childe,
 2671 Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,
 2672 Because kinde Nature doth require it so:
 2673 Friends, should associate Friends, in Greefe and Wo.
 2674 Bid him farwell, commit him to the Graue,
 2675 Do him that kindnesse, and take leaue of him.
 2676 *Boy.* O Grandsire, Grandsire: euen with all my heart
 2677 Would I were Dead, so you did Liue againe.
 2678 O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping,
 2679 My teares will choake me, if I ope my mouth.
 2680 *Romans.* You sad *Andronici*, haue done with woes,
 2681 Giue sentence on this execrable Wretch,
 2682 That hath beene breeder of these dire euent.
 2683 *Luc.* Set him brest deepe in earth, and famish him:
 2684 There let him stand, and raue, and cry for foode:
 2685 If any one releeues, or pitties him,
 2686 For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome:
 2687 Some stay, to see him fast'ned in the earth.
 2688 *Aron.* O why should wrath be mute, & Fury dumbe?
 2689 I am no Baby I, that with base Prayers
 2690 I should repent the Euils I haue done.
 2691 Ten thousand worse, then euer yet I did,
 2692 Would I performe if I might haue my will:

2693 If one good Deed in all my life I did,
2694 I do repent it from my very Soule.
2695 *Lucius*. Some louing Friends conuey the Emp[erour]. hence,
2696 And giue him buriall in his Fathers graue.
2697 My Father, and *Lauinia*, shall forthwith
2698 Be closed in our Housholds Monument:
2699 As for that heynous Tyger *Tamora*,
2700 No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds:
2701 No mournfull Bell shall ring her Buriall:
2702 But throw her foorth to Beasts and Birds of prey:
2703 Her life was Beast- like, and deuoid of pittie,
2704 And being so, shall haue like want of pittie.
2705 See Iustice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moore,
2706 From whom, our heauy happes had their beginning:
2707 Then afterwards, to Order well the State,
2708 That like Euent, may ne're it Ruinate. *Exeunt omnes*.

FINIS.

**2710 The Lamentable Tragedy of
Titus Andronicus.**
