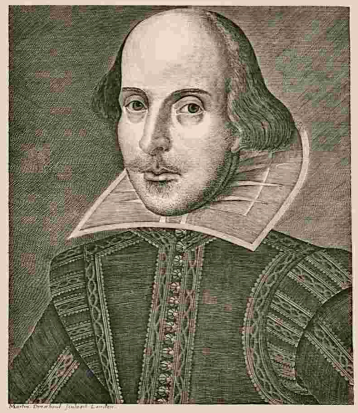
The Lamentable Tragedy of

T·I·T·U·S Andronicus

MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.



LONDON
Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Titus Andronicus

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK TITUS ANDRONICUS ***

Executive Director's Notes:

In addition to the notes below, and so you will *NOT* think all the spelling errors introduced by the printers of the time have been corrected, here are the first few lines of Hamlet, as they are presented herein:

Barnardo. Who's there?
Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold
your selfe

Bar. Long liue the King

* * * * *

As I understand it, the printers often ran out of certain words or letters they had often packed into a "cliche". . .this is the original meaning of the term cliche. . .and thus, being unwilling to unpack the cliches, and thus you will see some substitutions that look very odd. . .such as the exchanges of u for v, v for u, above. . .and you may wonder why they did it this way, presuming Shakespeare did not actually write the play in this manner. . . .

The answer is that they MAY have packed "liue" into a cliche at a time when they were out of "v"'s. . .possibly having used "vv" in place of some "w"'s, etc. This was a common practice of the day, as print was still quite expensive, and they didn't want to spend more on a wider selection of characters than they had to.

You will find a lot of these kinds of "errors" in this text, as I have mentioned in other times and places, many "scholars" have an extreme attachment to these errors, and many have accorded them a very high place in the "canon" of Shakespeare. My father read an assortment of these made available to him by Cambridge University in England for several months in a glass room constructed for the purpose. To the best of my knowledge he read ALL those available . . .in great detail. . .and determined from the various changes, that Shakespeare most likely did not write in nearly as many of a variety of errors we credit him for, even though he was in/famous for signing his name with several different spellings.

So, please take this into account when reading the comments below made by our volunteer who prepared this file: you may see errors that are "not" errors. . . .

So. . .with this caveat. . .we have NOT changed the canon errors, here is the Project Gutenberg Etext of Shakespeare's The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Michael S. Hart
Project Gutenberg
Executive Director

* * * * *

Scanner's Notes:

What this is and isn't. This was taken from a copy of
Shakespeare's first folio and it is as close as I can come in
ASCII to the printed text.

The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.

Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown away but incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is. The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.

David Reed

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The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

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

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

Bassianus. Romaines, Friends, Followers,
Fauourers of my Right:
If euer Bassianus, Cæsars Sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,
Keepe then this passage to the Capitoll:
And suffer not Dishonour to approach
Th' Imperiall Seate to Vertue: consecrate
To Iustice, Continence, and Nobility:
But let Desert in pure Election shine;
And Romanes, fight for Freedome in your Choice.
Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne.

Princes, that striue by Factions, and by Friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Empery:
Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A speciall Party, haue by Common voyce
In Election for the Romane Emperie,
Chosen Andronicus, Sur-named Pious,
For many good and great deserts to Rome.
A Nobler man, a brauer Warriour,
Liues not this day within the City Walles.
He by the Senate is accited home
From weary Warres against the barbarous Gothes,
That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes)
Hath yoak'd a Nation strong, train'd vp in Armes.
Ten yeares are spent, since first he vndertooke
This Cause of Rome, and chasticed with Armes
Our Enemies pride. Fiue times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes
In Coffins from the Field.
And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyles,
Returnes the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in Armes.
Let vs intreat, by Honour of his Name,
Whom (worthily) you would haue now succeede,
And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,
Dismisse your Followers, and as Suters should,
Pleade your Deserts in Peace and Humblenesse

Saturnine. How fayre the Tribune speakes,
To calme my thoughts

Bassia. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affie
In thy vprightnesse and Integrity:
And so I Loue and Honor thee, and thine,
Thy Noble Brother Titus, and his Sonnes,
And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious Lauinia, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will heere dismisse my louing Friends:
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Fauour,
Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

Exit Souldiours.

Saturnine. Friends, that haue beene
Thus forward in my Right,
I thanke you all, and heere Dismisse you all,
And to the Loue and Fauour of my Countrey,
Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Cause:

Rome, be as iust and gracious vnto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the Gates, and let me in

Bassia. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor.

Flourish. They go vp into the Senat house.

Enter a Captaine.

Cap. Romanes make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of Vertue, Romes best Champion,
Successefull in the Battailes that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumscribed with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets. And then enter two of Titus Sonnes; After them, two men bearing a Coffin couered with blacke, then two other Sonnes. After them, Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queene of Gothes, & her two Sonnes Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moore, and others, as many as can bee: They set downe the Coffin, and Titus speakes.

Andronicus. Haile Rome:
Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes:
Loe as the Barke that hath discharg'd his fraught,
Returnes with precious lading to the Bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her Anchorage:
Commeth Andronicus bound with Lawrell bowes,
To resalute his Country with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
Romaines, of fiue and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Halfe of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poore remaines aliue and dead!
These that Suruiue, let Rome reward with Loue:
These that I bring vnto their latest home,
With buriall amongst their Auncestors.
Heere Gothes haue giuen me leaue to sheath my Sword:
Titus vnkinde, and carelesse of thine owne,
Why suffer'st thou thy Sonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull shore of Stix?
Make way to lay them by their Bretheren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
O sacred receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobilitie,
How many Sonnes of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more?

Luc. Giue vs the proudest prisoner of the Gothes,
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthly prison of their bones,
That so the shadowes be not vnappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth

Tit. I giue him you, the Noblest that Suruiues,
The eldest Son of this distressed Queene

Tam. Stay Romaine Bretheren, gracious Conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the teares I shed,
A Mothers teares in passion for her sonne:
And if thy Sonnes were euer deere to thee,
Oh thinke my sonnes to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returne
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,
But must my Sonnes be slaughtred in the streetes,
For Valiant doings in their Countries cause?
O! If to fight for King and Common-weale,
Were piety in thine, it is in these:
Andronicus, staine not thy Tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull.
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice Noble Titus, spare my first borne sonne

Tit. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me.
These are the Brethren, whom you Gothes beheld
Aliue and dead, and for their Bretheren slaine,
Religiously they aske a sacrifice:
To this your sonne is markt, and die he must,
T' appease their groaning shadowes that are gone

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight,
And with our Swords vpon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane consum'd.

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamo. O cruell irreligious piety

Chi. Was euer Scythia halfe so barbarous?
Dem. Oppose me Scythia to ambitious Rome,
Alarbus goes to rest, and we suruiue,
To tremble vnder Titus threatning lookes.
Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,
The selfe same Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of sharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,

May fauour Tamora the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and Tamora was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.
Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Luci. See Lord and Father, how we haue perform'd
Our Romaine rightes, Alarbus limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the sacrifising fire,
Whole smoke like incense doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren,
And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their Soules.

Flourish.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe.

In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes,
Romes readiest Champions, repose you heere in rest,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:
Heere lurks no Treason, heere no enuie swels,
Heere grow no damned grudges, heere are no stormes,
No noyse, but silence and Eternall sleepe,
In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes.
Enter Lauinia.

Laui. In peace and Honour, liue Lord Titus long,
My Noble Lord and Father, liue in Fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my Bretherens Obsequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O blesse me heere with thy victorious hand,
Whose Fortune Romes best Citizens applau'd

Ti. Kind Rome,
That hast thus louingly reseru'd
The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lauinia liue, out-liue thy Fathers dayes:
And Fames eternall date for vertues praise

Marc. Long liue Lord Titus, my beloued brother,
Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome

Tit. Thankes Gentle Tribune,
Noble brother Marcus

Mar. And welcome Nephews from succesfull wars,
You that suruiue and you that sleepe in Fame:
Faire Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,

That in your Countries seruice drew your Swords.
But safer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,
That hath aspir'd to Solons Happines,
And Triumphs ouer chaunce in honours bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in iustice thou hast euer bene,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,
This Palliament of white and spotlesse Hue,
And name thee in Election for the Empire,
With these our late deceased Emperours Sonnes:
Be Candidatus then, and put it on,
And helpe to set a head on headlesse Rome

Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,
Then his that shakes for age and feeblenesse:
What should I don this Robe and trouble you,
Be chosen with proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld vp rule, resigne my life,
And set abroad new businesse for you all.
Rome I haue bene thy Souldier forty yeares,
And led my Countries strength successefully,
And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Knighted in Field, slaine manfully in Armes,
In right and Seruice of their Noble Countrie:
Giue me a staffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a Scepter to controule the world,
Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtaine and aske the Emperie

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune can'st thou tell?
Titus. Patience Prince Saturninus

Sat. Romaines do me right.
Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not
Till Saturninus be Romes Emperour:
Andronicus would thou wert shipt to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That Noble minded Titus meanes to thee

Tit. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselues

Bass. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee
But Honour thee, and will doe till I die:
My Faction if thou strengthen with thy Friend?
I will most thankefull be, and thankes to men
Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Meede

Tit. People of Rome, and Noble Tribunes heere,
I aske your voyces and your Suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?
Tribunes. To gratifie the good Andronicus,
And Gratulate his safe returne to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits

Tit. Tribunes I thanke you, and this sure I make,
That you Create your Emperours eldest sonne,
Lord Saturnine, whose Vertues will I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth,
And ripen Iustice in this Common-weale:
Then if you will elect by my aduise,
Crowne him, and say: Long liue our Emperour

Mar. An. With Voyces and applause of euery sort,
Patricians and Plebeans we Create
Lord Saturninus Romes Great Emperour.
And say, Long liue our Emperour Saturnine.

A long Flourish till they come downe.

Satu. Titus Andronicus, for thy Fauours done,
To vs in our Election this day,
I giue thee thankes in part of thy Deserts,
And will with Deeds requite thy gentlenesse:
And for an Onset Titus to aduance
Thy Name, and Honorable Familie,
Lauinia will I make my Empresse,
Romes Royall Mistris, Mistris of my hart
And in the Sacred Pathan her espouse:
Tell me Andronicus doth this motion please thee?
Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,
And heere in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and Commander of our Common-weale,
The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Consecrate,
My Sword, my Chariot, and my Prisoners,
Presents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord:
Receiue them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feete

Satu. Thankes Noble Titus, Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The least of these vnspeakable Deserts,
Romans forget your Fealtie to me

Tit. Now Madam are you prisoner to an Emperour,
To him that for your Honour and your State,
Will vse you Nobly and your followers

Satu. A goodly Lady, trust me of the Hue
That I would choose, were I to choose a new:
Cleere vp Faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of warre
Hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorne in Rome:
Princely shall be thy vsage euery way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you,
Can make you Greater then the Queene of Gothes?
Lauinia you are not displeas'd with this?
Lau. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,
Warrants these words in Princely curtesie

Sat. Thankes sweete Lauinia, Romans let vs goe:
Ransomlesse heere we set our Prisoners free,
Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpe and Drum

Bass. Lord Titus by your leaue, this Maid is mine

Tit. How sir? Are you in earnest then my Lord?
Bass. I Noble Titus, and resolu'd withall,
To doe my selfe this reason, and this right

Marc. Suum cuiquam, is our Romane Iustice,
This Prince in Iustice ceazeth but his owne

Luc. And that he will and shall, if Lucius liue

Tit. Traytors auant, where is the Emperours Guarde?
Treason my Lord, Lauinia is surpris'd

Sat. Surpris'd, by whom?
Bass. By him that iustly may
Beare his Betroth'd, from all the world away

Muti. Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my Sword Ile keepe this doore safe

Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her backe

Mut. My Lord you passe not heere

Tit. What villaine Boy, bar'st me my way in Rome?
Mut. Helpe Lucius helpe. He kils him

Luc. My Lord you are vniust, and more then so,
In wrongfull quarrell, you haue slaine your son

Tit. Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine,
My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me.
Traytor restore Lauinia to the Emperour

Luc. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promist Loue.
Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two sonnes, and Aaron the
Moore.

Empe. No Titus, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:
Ile trust by Leisure him that mocks me once.
Thee neuer: nor thy Trayterous haughty sonnes,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale
But Saturnine? Full well Andronicus
Agree these Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That said'st, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands

Tit. O monstrous, what reproachfull words are these?
Sat. But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,
To him that flourisht for her with his Sword:
A Valliant sonne in-law thou shalt enioy:
One, fit to bandy with thy lawlesse Sonnes,
To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome

Tit. These words are Razors to my wounded hart

Sat. And therefore louely Tamora Queene of Gothes,
That like the stately Thebe mong'st her Nimphs
Dost ouer-shine the Gallant'st Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sodaine choyse,
Behold I choose thee Tamora for my Bride,
And will Create thee Empresse of Rome.
Speake Queene of Goths dost thou applau'd my choyse?
And heere I sweare by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Priest and Holy-water are so neere,
And Tapers burne so bright, and euery thing
In readines for Hymeneus stand,
I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,
I leade espous'd my Bride along with me

Tamo. And heere in sight of heauen to Rome I sweare,
If Saturnine aduance the Queen of Gothes,
Shee will a Hand-maid be to his desires,
A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth

Satur. Ascend Faire Queene,
Panthean Lords, accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
Sent by the heauens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisedome hath her Fortune Conquered,
There shall we Consummate our Spousall rites.

Exeunt. omnes.

Tit. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride:
Titus when wer't thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?
Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes.

Mar. O Titus see! O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrell, slaine a Vertuous sonne

Tit. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these Confedrates in the deed,
That hath dishonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy Sonnes

Luci. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes:
Giue Mutius buriall with our Bretheren

Tit. Traytors away, he rest's not in this Tombe:
This Monument fiue hundreth yeares hath stood,
Which I haue Sumptuously re-edified.
Heere none but Souldiers, and Romes Seruitors,
Repose in Fame: None basely slaine in braules,
Bury him where you can, he comes not heere

Mar. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew Mutius deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his bretheren

Titus two Sonnes speakes. And shall, or him we will accompany

Ti. And shall! What villaine was it spake that word?
Titus sonne speakes. He that would vouch'd it in any place but heere

Tit. What would you bury him in my despight?
Mar. No Noble Titus, but intreat of thee,
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him

Tit. Marcus, Euen thou hast stroke vpon my Crest,
And with these Boyes mine Honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you euery one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone

1.Sonne. He is not himselfe, let vs withdraw

2.Sonne. Not I tell Mutius bones be buried.

The Brother and the sonnes kneele.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd

2.Sonne. Father, and in that name doth nature speake

Tit. Speake thou no more if all the rest will speede

Mar. Renowned Titus more then halfe my soule

Luc. Deare Father, soule and substance of vs all

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to interre
His Noble Nephew heere in vertues nest,
That died in Honour and Lauinia's cause.
Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:
The Greekes vpon aduise did bury Aiax
That slew himselfe: And Laertes sonne,
Did graciously plead for his Funerals:
Let not young Mutius then that was thy ioy,
Be bar'd his entrance heere

Tit. Rise Marcus, rise,
The dismall'st day is this that ere I saw,
To be dishonored by my Sonnes in Rome:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
They put him in the Tombe.

Luc. There lie thy bones sweet Mutius with thy friends.
Till we with Trophees do adorne thy Tombe.

They all kneele and say.

No man shed teares for Noble Mutius,
He liues in Fame, that di'd in vertues cause.
Enter.

Mar. My Lord to step out of these sudden dumps,
How comes it that the subtile Queene of Gothes,
Is of a sodaine thus aduanc'd in Rome?
Ti. I know not Marcus: but I know it is,
(Whether by deuise or no) the heauens can tell,
Is she not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne so farre?
Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Flourish.

Enter the Emperor, Tamora, and her two sons, with the Moore at one doore.
Enter at the other doore Bassianus and Lauinia with others.

Sat. So Bassianus, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy sir of your Gallant Bride

Bass. And you of yours my Lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no lesse, and so I take my leaue

Sat. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy Faction shall repent this Rape

Bass. Rape call you it my Lord, to cease my owne,
My true betrothed Loue, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am possest of that is mine

Sat. 'Tis good sir: you are very short with vs,
But if we liue, weele be as sharpe with you

Bass. My Lord, what I haue done as best I may,
Answere I must, and shall do with my life,
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This Noble Gentleman Lord Titus heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the rescue of Lauinia,
With his owne hand did slay his youngest Son,
In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.
To be controul'd in that he frankly gaue:
Receiue him then to fauour Saturnine,
That hath expre'st himselfe in all his deeds,
A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome

Tit. Prince Bassianus leaue to plead my Deeds,
'Tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
How I haue lou'd and Honour'd Saturnine

Tam. My worthy Lord if euer Tamora,
Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me speake indifferently for all:
And at my sute (sweet) pardon what is past

Satu. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it vp without reuenge?
Tam. Not so my Lord,
The Gods of Rome fore-fend,
I should be Authour to dishonour you.
But on mine honour dare, I vndertake
For good Lord Titus innocence in all:
Whose fury not dissembled speakes his griefes:
Then at my sute looke graciously on him,
Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose,
Nor with sowre lookes afflict his gentle heart.
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at last,
Dissemble all your griefes and discontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Least then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a iust suruey take Titus part,

And so supplant vs for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sinne.
Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone:
Ile finde a day to massacre them all,
And race their faction, and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his trayt'rous sonnes,
To whom I sued for my deare sonnes life.
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queene.
Kneele in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come Andronicus)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne

King. Rise Titus, rise,
My Empresse hath preuail'd

Titus. I thanke your Maiestie,
And her my Lord.
These words, these lookes,
Infuse new life in me

Tamo. Titus, I am incorparate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily.
And must aduise the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die Andronicus.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you Prince Bassianus, I haue past
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords:
And you Lauinia,
By my aduise all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie

Son. We doe,
And vow to heauen, and to his Highnes,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tendring our sisters honour and our owne

Mar. That on mine honour heere I do protest

King. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more

Tamora. Nay, nay,
Sweet Emperour, we must all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back

King. Marcus,
For thy sake and thy brothers heere,
And at my louely Tamora's intreats,

I doe remit these young mens haynous faults.
Stand vp: Lauinia, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and sure as death I sware,
I would not part a Batchellour from the Priest.
Come, if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest Lauinia, and your friends:
This day shall be a Loue-day Tamora

Tit. To morrow and it please your Maiestie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and Hound,
Weele giue your Grace Bon iour

Satur. Be it so Titus, and Gramercy to.

Exeunt.

Actus Secunda.

Flourish. Enter Aaron alone.

Aron. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flash,
Aduanc'd about pale enuies threatning reach:
As when the golden Sunne salutes the morne,
And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering Coach,
And ouer-lookes the highest piering hills:
So Tamora
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue stoopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then Aaron arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mistris,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,
And faster bound to Aarons charming eyes,
Then is Prometheus ti'de to Caucasus.
Away with slauish weedes, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in Pearle and Gold,
To waite vpon this new made Empresse.
To waite said I? To wanton with this Queene,
This Goddesse, this Semirimis, this Queene.
This Syren, that will charme Romes Saturnine,
And see his shipwracke, and his Common weales.
Hollo, what storme is this?
Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing.

Dem. Chiron thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intru'd where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou know'st affected be

Chi. Demetrius, thou doo'st ouer-weene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,
'Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serue, and to deserue my Mistris grace,
And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,
And plead my passions for Lauinia's loue

Aron. Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keep the peace

Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (vnaduised)
Gaue you a daunsing Rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends?
Goe too: haue your Lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it

Chi. Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare

Deme. I Boy, grow ye so braue?

They drawe.

Aron. Why how now Lords?
So nere the Emperours Pallace dare you draw,
And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of Gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome:
For shame put vp

Deme. Not I, till I haue sheath'd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour heere

Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolu'd,
Foule spoken Coward,
That thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st performe

Aron. A way I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
This pretty brabble will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to set vpon a Princes right?
What is Lauinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrels may be broacht,

Without controulement, Iustice, or reuenge?
Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,
This discord ground, the musicke would not please

Chi. I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I loue Lauinia more then all the world

Demet. Youngling,
Learne thou to make some meaner choise,
Lauinia is thine elder brothers hope

Aron. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this deuise

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To atchieue her whom I do loue

Aron. To atcheiue her, how?
Deme. Why, mak'st thou it so strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therfore may be wonne,
Shee is Lauinia therefore must be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the Mill
Then wots the Miller of, and easie it is
Of a cut loafe to steale a shiue we know:
Though Bassianus be the Emperours brother,
Better then he haue worne Vulcans badge

Aron. I, and as good as Saturninus may

Deme. Then why should he dispaire that knowes to court it
With words, faire lookes, and liberality:
What hast not thou full often strucke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?
Aron. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so
Would serue your turnes

Chi. I so the turne were serued

Deme. Aaron thou hast hit it

Aron. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this adoo:
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,
To square for this? Would it offend you then?
Chi. Faith not me

Deme. Nor me, so I were one

Aron. For shame be friends, & ioyne for that you iar:
'Tis pollicie, and stratageme must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolue,
That what you cannot as you would atcheiue,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chast
Then this Lauinia, Bassianus loue,
A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand.
There will the louely Roman Ladies troope:
The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit
To villainie and vengance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with aduise,
That will not suffer you to square your selues,
But to your wishes height aduance you both.
The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:
The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There speake, and strike braue Boyes, & take your turnes.
There serue your lusts, shadow'd from heauens eye,
And reuell in Lauinia's Treasurie

Chi. Thy counsell Lad smells of no cowardise

Deme. Sit fas aut nefas, till I finde the streames,
To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits,
Per Stigia per manes Vehor.

Exeunt.

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sonnes, making a noyse with hounds and hornes, and Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are greene,
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the Court may eccho with the noyse.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully:
I haue bene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Winde Hornes.

Heere a cry of houndes, and winde hornes in a peale, then Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lauinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their
Attendants.

Ti. Many good morrowes to your Maiestie,
Madam to you as many and as good.
I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale

Satur. And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat to earely for new married Ladies

Bass. Lauinia, how say you?
Laui. I say no:
I haue bene awake two houres and more

Satur. Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romaine hunting

Mar. I haue dogges my Lord,
Will rouze the proudest Panther in the Chase,
And clime the highest Promontary top

Tit. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes likes Swallowes ore the plaine
Deme. Chiron we hunt not we, with Horse nor Hound
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground.

Exeunt.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aron. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
To bury so much Gold vnder a Tree,
And neuer after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abiectly,
Know that this Gold must coine a Stratageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany;
And so repose sweet Gold for their vnrest,
That haue their Almes out of the Empresse Chest.
Enter Tamora to the Moore.

Tamo. My louely Aaron,
Wherefore look'st thou sad,
When euery thing doth make a Gleefull boast?
The Birds chaunt melody on euery bush,
The Snake lies rolled in the chearefull Sunne,
The greene leaues quiuer, with the cooling winde,
And make a cheker'd shadow on the ground:

Vnder their sweete shade, Aaron let vs sit,
And whil'st the babling Eccho mock's the Hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well tun'd-Hornes,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs sit downe, and marke their yelping noyse:
And after conflict, such as was suppos'd.
The wandring Prince and Dido once enioy'd,
When with a happy storme they were surpris'd,
And Curtain'd with a Counsaile-keeping Caue,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our pastimes done) possesse a Golden slumber,
Whiles Hounds and Hornes, and sweet Melodious Birds
Be vnto vs, as is a Nurses Song
Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe asleepe

Aron. Madame,
Though Venus gouerne your desires,
Saturne is Dominator ouer mine:
What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholie,
My fleece of Woolly haire, that now vncurles,
Euen as an Adder when she doth vnrowle
To do some fatall execution?
No Madam, these are no Veneriall signes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood, and reuenge, are Hammering in my head.
Harke Tamora, the Empresse of my Soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen, then rests in thee,
This is the day of Doome for Bassianus;
His Philomel must loose her tongue to day,
Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus blood.
Seest thou this Letter, take it vp I pray thee,
And giue the King this fatall plotted Scrowle,
Now question me no more, we are espied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty,
Which dreads not yet their liues destruction.
Enter Bassianus and Lauinia.

Tamo. Ah my sweet Moore:
Sweeter to me then life

Aron. No more great Empresse, Bassianus comes,
Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy Sonnes
To backe thy quarrell what so ere they be

Bassi. Whom haue we heere?
Romes Royall Empresse,
Vnfurnisht of our well beseeming troope?
Or is it Dian habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,

To see the generall Hunting in this Forrest?
Tamo. Sawcie controuler of our priuate steps:
Had I the power, that some say Dian had,
Thy Temples should be planted presently.
With Hornes, as was Acteons, and the Hounds
Should driue vpon his new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly Intruder as thou art

Laui. Vnder your patience gentle Empresse,
'Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in Horning,
And to be doubted, that your Moore and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Ioue sheild your husband from his Hounds to day,
'Tis pitty they should take him for a Stag

Bassi. Beleeue me Queene, your swarth Cymerion,
Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue,
Spotted, detested, and abhominable.
Why are you sequestred from all your traine?
Dismounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,
And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moore,
If foule desire had not conducted you?
Laui. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my Noble Lord, be rated
For Saucinesse, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her Rauen coloured loue,
This valley fits the purpose passing well

Bassi. The King my Brother shall haue notice of this

Laui. I, for these slips haue made him noted long,
Good King, to be so mightily abused

Tamora. Why I haue patience to endure all this?
Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now deere Soueraigne
And our gracious Mother,
Why doth your Highnes looke so pale and wan?
Tamo. Haue I not reason thinke you to looke pale.
These two haue tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren, detested vale you see it is.
The Trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,
Ore-come with Mosse, and balefull Misselto.
Heere neuer shines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds,
Vnlesse the nightly Owle, or fatall Rauen:
And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me heere at dead time of the night,
A thousand Fiends, a thousand hissing Snakes,
Ten thousand swelling Toades, as many Vrchins,

Would make such fearefull and confused cries,
As any mortall body hearing it,
Should straite fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But strait they told me they would binde me heere,
Vnto the body of a dismall yew,
And leaue me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me foule Adulteresse,
Lasciuious Goth, and all the bitterest tearmes
That euer eare did heare to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Reuenge it, as you loue your Mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth cal'd my Children

Dem. This is a witnesse that I am thy Sonne.

stab him.

Chi. And this for me,
Strook home to shew my strength

Laui. I come Semeramis, nay Barbarous Tamora.
For no name fits thy nature but thy owne

Tam. Giue me thy poyniard, you shal know my boyes
Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong

Deme. Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,
First thrash the Corne, then after burne the straw:
This Minion stood vpon her chastity,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie.
And with that painted hope, braues your Mightinesse,
And shall she carry this vnto her graue?
Chi. And if she doe,
I would I were an Eunuch,
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead Trunke-Pillow to our lust

Tamo. But when ye haue the hony we desire,
Let not this Waspe out-liue vs both to sting

Chir. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure:
Come Mistris, now perforce we will enioy,
That nice-preserued honesty of yours

Laui. Oh Tamora, thou bear'st a woman face

Tamo. I will not heare her speake, away with her

Laui. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word

Demet. Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory
To see her teares, but be your hart to them,
As vnrelenting flint to drops of raine

Laui. When did the Tigers young-ones teach the dam?
O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milke thou suck'st from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy Teat thou had'st thy Tyranny,
Yet euery Mother breeds not Sonnes alike,
Do thou intreat her shew a woman pitty

Chiro. What,
Would'st thou haue me proue my selfe a bastard?
Laui. 'Tis true,
The Rauen doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion mou'd with pitty, did indure
To haue his Princely pawes par'd all away.
Some say, that Rauens foster forlorne children,
The whil'st their owne birds famish in their nests:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no,
Nothing so kind but something pittifull

Tamo. I know not what it meanes, away with her

Lauin. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,
That gaue thee life when well he might haue slaine thee:
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares

Tamo. Had'st thou in person nere offended me.
Euen for his sake am I pittilesse:
Remember Boyes I powr'd forth teares in vaine,
To saue your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce Andronicus would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vse her as you will,
The worse to her, the better lou'd of me

Laui. Oh Tamora,
Be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For 'tis not life that I haue beg'd so long,
Poore I was slaine, when Bassianus dy'd

Tam. What beg'st thou then? fond woman let me go?
Laui. 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
Oh keepe me from their worse then killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this, and be a charitable murderer

Tam. So should I rob my sweet Sonnes of their fee,
No let them satisfie their lust on thee

Deme. Away,
For thou hast staid vs heere too long

Lauinia. No Grace,
No womanhood? Ah beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confusion fall-
Chi. Nay then Ile stop your mouth
Bring thou her husband,
This is the Hole where Aaron bid vs hide him

Tam. Farewell my Sonnes, see that you make her sure,
Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away:
Now will I hence to seeke my louely Moore,
And let my spleenefull Sonnes this Trull defloure.
Enter.

Enter Aaron with two of Titus Sonnes.

Aron. Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast asleepe

Quin. My sight is very dull what ere it bodes

Marti. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while

Quin. What art thou fallen?
What subtile Hole is this,
Whose mouth is couered with Rude growing Briers,
Vpon whose leaues are drops of new-shed-blood,
As fresh as mornings dew distil'd on flowers,
A very fatall place it seemes to me:
Speake Brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Martius. Oh Brother,
With the dismal'st obiect
That euer eye with sight made heart lament

Aron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere,
That he thereby may haue a likely gesse,
How these were they that made away his Brother.

Exit Aaron.

Marti. Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this vnhallow'd and blood-stained Hole?
Quintus. I am surprised with an vncouth feare,

A chilling sweat ore-runs my trembling ioynts,
My heart suspects more then mine eie can see

Marti. To proue thou hast a true diuining heart,
Aaron and thou looke downe into this den,
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death

Quintus. Aaron is gone,
And my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
Was I a child to feare I know not what

Marti. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to the slaughtred Lambe,
In this detested, darke, blood-drinking pit

Quin. If it be darke, how doost thou know 'tis he?
Mart. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:
Which like a Taper in some Monument,
Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthly cheekes,
And shewes the ragged intrailes of the pit:
So pale did shine the Moone on Piramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood:
O Brother helpe me with thy fainting hand.
If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,
Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
As hatefull as Ocitus mistie mouth

Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore Bassianus graue:
I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brinke

Martius. Nor I no strength to clime without thy help

Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
Thou can'st not come to me, I come to thee.

Both fall in.

Enter the Emperour, Aaron the Moore.

Satur. Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately did'st descend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Marti. The vnhappie sonne of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,
To finde thy brother Bassianus dead

Satur. My brother dead? I know thou dost but iest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the North-side of this pleasant Chase,
'Tis not an houre since I left him there

Marti. We know not where you left him all aliue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.
Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tamo. Where is my Lord the King?
King. Heere Tamora, though grieu'd with killing griefe

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?
King. Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound,
Poore Bassianus heere lies murthered

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ,
The complot of this timelesse Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smiles such murderous Tyrannie.

She giueth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter. And if we misse to meete him hansomely,
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we meane,
Doe thou so much as dig the graue for him,
Thou know'st our meaning, looke for thy reward
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree:
Which ouer-shades the mouth of that same pit:
Where we decreed to bury Bassianuss
Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting friends

King. Oh Tamora, was euer heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke sirs, if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should haue murthered Bassianus heere

Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold

King. Two of thy whelpes, fell Curs of bloody kind
Haue heere bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,
There let them bide vntill we haue deuis'd
Some neuer heard-of tortering paine for them

Tamo. What are they in this pit,
Oh wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discouered?
Tit. High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares, not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed Sonnes,
Accursed, if the faults be prou'd in them

King. If it be prou'd? you see it is apparant,
Who found this Letter, Tamora was it you?
Tamora. Andronicus himselfe did take it vp

Tit. I did my Lord,
Yet let me be their baile,
For by my Fathers reuerent Tombe I vow
They shall be ready at your Highnes will,
To answere their suspition with their liues

King. Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me:
Some bring the murthered body, some the murtherers,
Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my soule, were there worse end then death,
That end vpon them should be executed

Tamo. Andronicus I will entreat the King,
Feare not thy Sonnes, they shall do well enough

Tit. Come Lucius come,
Stay not to talke with them.

Exeunt.

Enter the Empresse Sonnes, with Lauinia, her hands cut off and her tongue cut out, and rauisht.

Deme. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,
Who t'was that cut thy tongue and rauisht thee

Chi. Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
And if thy stumpes will let thee play the Scribe

Dem. See how with signes and tokens she can scowle

Chi. Goe home,
Call for sweet water, wash thy hands

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash.
And so let's leaue her to her silent walkes

Chi. And t'were my cause, I should goe hang my selfe

Dem. If thou had'st hands to helpe thee knit the cord.

Exeunt.

Winde Hornes.

Enter Marcus from hunting, to Lauinia.

Who is this, my Neece that flies away so fast?
Cosen a word, where is your husband?
If I do dreame, would all my wealth would wake me;
If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe,
That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.
Speake gentle Neece, what sterne vngentle hands
Hath lopt, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet Ornaments
Whose circkling shadowes, Kings haue sought to sleep in
And might not gaine so great a happines
As halfe thy Loue: Why doost not speake to me?
Alas, a Crimson riuer of warme blood,
Like to a bubling fountaine stir'd with winde,
Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,
Comming and going with thy hony breath.
But sure some Tereus hath defloured thee,
And least thou should'st detect them, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame:
And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,
As from a Conduit with their issuing Spouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as Titans face,
Blushing to be encountred with a Cloud,
Shall I speake for thee? shall I say 'tis so?
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast
That I might raile at him to ease my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen stopt.
Doth burne the hart to Cinders where it is.
Faire Philomela she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious Sampler sowed her minde.
But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withall,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could haue better sowed then Philomel.
Oh had the monster seene those Lilly hands,
Tremble like Aspen leaues vpon a Lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
He would not then haue toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made:
He would haue dropt his knife and fell asleepe,
As Cerberus at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come, let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,
For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.
One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades,

What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:
Oh could our mourning ease thy misery.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Iudges and Senatours with Titus two sonnes bound, passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before pleading.

Ti. Heare me graue fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
For pitty of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept:
For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed,
For all the frosty nights that I haue watcht,
And for these bitter teares, which now you see,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
Whose soules is not corrupted as 'tis thought:
For two and twenty sonnes I neuer wept,
Because they died in honours lofty bed.
Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Iudges passe by him.
For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite.
My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blush:
O earth! I will be friend thee more with raine

Exeunt.

That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,
Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres
In summers drought: Ile drop vpon thee still,
In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,
And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drinke my deare sonnes blood.
Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Vnbinde my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death,
And let me say (that neuer wept before)
My teares are now preualing Oratours

Lu. Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone

Ti. Ah Lucius for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue Tribunes, once more I intreat of you

Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake

Ti. Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me: oh if they did heare
They would not pitty me.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones.
Who though they cannot answere my distresse,
Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete
Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.
A stone is as soft waxe,
Tribunes more hard then stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawne?
Lu. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounc'st
My euerlasting doome of banishment

Ti. O happy man, they haue befriended thee:
Why foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceiue
That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers?
Tigers must pray, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these deuourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus heere?
Enter Marcus and Lauinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age

Ti. Will it consume me? Let me see it then

Mar. This was thy daughter

Ti. Why Marcus so she is

Luc. Aye me this obiect kils me

Ti. Faint-harted boy, arise and looke vpon her,
Speake Lauinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handlesse in thy Fathers sight?
What foole hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My griefe was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now like Nylus it disdaineth bounds:
Giue me a sword, Ile chop off my hands too,
For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
And they haue nur'st this woe,

In feeding life:
In bootelesse prayer haue they bene held vp,
And they haue seru'd me to effectlesse vse.
Now all the seruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other:
'Tis well Lauinia, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome seruice, is but vaine

Luci. Speake gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?
Mar. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a sweet mellodius bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchanting euery eare

Luci. Oh say thou for her,
Who hath done this deed?
Marc. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare
That hath receiude some vnrecuring wound

Tit. It was my Deare,
And he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one vpon a Rocke,
Inuiron'd with a wildernesse of Sea.
Who markes the waxing tide,
Grow waue by waue,
Expecting euer when some enuious surge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone:
Heere stands my other sonne, a banisht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes.
But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne,
Is deere Lauinia, deerer then my soule.
Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me. What shall I doe?
Now I behold thy liuely body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Looke Marcus, ah sonne Lucius looke on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stood on her cheekes, as doth the hony dew,
Vpon a gathred Lillie almost withered

Mar. Perchance she weepes because they kil'd her husband,
Perchance because she knowes him innocent

Ti. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
Because the law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede,
Witnes the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle Lauinia let me kisse thy lips,
Or make some signes how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou and I sit round about some Fountaine,
Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes
How they are stain'd in meadowes, yet not dry
With miery slime left on them by a flood:
And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shewes
Passe the remainder of our hatefull dayes?
What shall we doe? Let vs that haue our tongues
Plot some deuise of further miseries
To make vs wondred at in time to come

Lu. Sweet Father cease your teares, for at your griefe
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps

Mar. Patience deere Neece, good Titus drie thine eyes

Ti. Ah Marcus, Marcus, Brother well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man hast drown'd it with thine owne

Lu. Ah my Lauinia I will wipe thy cheekes

Ti. Marke Marcus marke, I vnderstand her signes,
Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee.
His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,
Can do no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a simpathy of woe is this!
As farre from helpe as Limbo is from blisse,
Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. Titus Andronicus, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy sonnes,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thy selfe old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the King: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sonnes aliue,
And that shall be the ransome for their fault

Ti. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle Aaron.
Did euer Rauen sing so like a Larke,
That giues sweet tydings of the Sunnes vprise?
With all my heart, Ile send the Emperour my hand,
Good Aron wilt thou help to chop it off?
Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,
My youth can better spare my blood then you,
And therfore mine shall saue my brothers liues

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
Writing destruction on the enemies Castle?
Oh none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath bin but idle, let it serue
To ransome my two nephewes from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end

Moore. Nay come agree, whose hand shall goe along
For feare they die before their pardon come

Mar. My hand shall goe

Lu. By heauen it shall not goe

Ti. Sirs striue no more, such withered hearbs as these
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine

Lu. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death

Mar. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me shew a brothers loue to thee

Ti. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand

Lu. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe

Mar. But I will vse the Axe.

Exeunt.

Ti. Come hither Aaron, Ile deceiue them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine,
Moore. If that be cal'd deceit, I will be honest,
And neuer whil'st I liue deceiue men so:
But Ile deceiue you in another sort,
And that you'l say ere halfe an houre passe.

He cuts off Titus hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

Ti. Now stay your strife, what shall be, is dispatcht:
Good Aron giue his Maiestie my hand,
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers: bid him bury it:
More hath it merited: That let it haue.
As for my sonnes, say I account of them,
As iewels purchast at an easie price,
And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne

Aron. I goe Andronicus, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy sonnes with thee:
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will haue his soule blacke like his face.
Enter.

Ti. O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me?
Doe then deare heart, for heauen shall heare our prayers,
Or with our sighs weele breath the welkin dimme,
And staine the Sun with fogge as somtime cloudes,
When they do hug him in their melting bosomes

Mar. Oh brother speake with possibilities,
And do not breake into these deepe extreames

Ti. Is not my sorrow deepe, hauing no bottome?
Then be my passions bottomlesse with them

Mar. But yet let reason gouerne thy lament

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?
If the windes rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-swolne face?
And wilt thou haue a reason for this coile?
I am the Sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow:
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my Sea be moued with her sighes,
Then must my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge: ouerflow'd and drown'd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them:
Then giue me leaue, for loosers will haue leaue,
To ease their stomackes with their bitter tongues,
Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour:
Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.
And heeres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe:
Thy griefes, their sports: Thy resolution mockt,
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More then remembrance of my fathers death.
Enter.

Marc. Now let hot aetna coole in Cicilie,
And be my heart an euer-burning hell:
These miseries are more then may be borne.
To weepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale,
But sorrow flouted at, is double death

Luci. Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrinke thereat:
That euer death should let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breath

Mar. Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse,
As frozen water to a starued snake

Titus. When will this fearefull slumber haue an end?
Mar. Now farwell flatterie, die Andronicus,
Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sons heads,
Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here:
Thy other banisht sonnes with this deere sight
Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,
Euen like a stony Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,
Rent off thy siluer haire, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
The closing vp of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storme, why art thou still?
Titus. Ha, ha, ha,
Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this houre

Ti. Why I haue not another teare to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would vsurpe vpon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Caue?
For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,
And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,
Till all these mischiefes be returned againe,
Euen in their throats that haue committed them.
Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
You heauie people, circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs.

The vow is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare.
And Lauinia thou shalt be employd in these things:
Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the Gothes, and raise an army there,
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
Let's kisse and part, for we haue much to doe.

Exeunt.

Manet Lucius.

Luci. Farewell Andronicus my noble Father:
The woful'st man that euer liu'd in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome, til Lucius come againe,
He loues his pledges dearer then his life:
Farewell Lauinia my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,
But now, nor Lucius nor Lauinia liues
But in obliuion and hateful griefes:
If Lucius liue, he will requit your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnine and his Empresse
Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his Queene.
Now will I to the Gothes and raise a power,
To be reueng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

Exit Lucius

A Banket.

Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lauinia, and the Boy.

An. So, so, now sit, and looke you eate no more
Then will preserue iust so much strength in vs
As will reuenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus vnknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy Neece and I (poore Creatures) want our hands
And cannot passionate our tenfold griefe,
With foulded Armes. This poore right hand of mine,
Is left to tirranize vppon my breast.
Who when my hart all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thumpe it downe.
Thou Map of woe, that thus dost talk in signes,
When thy poore hart beates without ragious beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still?
Wound it with sighing girle, kil it with grones:
Or get some little knife betweene thy teeth,
And iust against thy hart make thou a hole,

That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall
May run into that sinke, and soaking in,
Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea salt teares

Mar. Fy brother fy, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands vppon her tender life

An. How now! Has sorrow made thee doate already?
Why Marcus, no man should be mad but I:
What violent hands can she lay on her life:
Ah, wherefore dost thou vrge the name of hands,
To bid Aeneas tell the tale twice ore
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O handle not the theame, to talke of hands,
Least we remember still that we haue none,
Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I square my talke
As if we should forget we had no hands:
If Marcus did not name the word of hands.
Come, lets fall too, and gentle girle eate this,
Heere is no drinke? Harke Marcus what she saies,
I can interpret all her martir'd signes,
She saies, she drinkes no other drinke but teares
Breu'd with her sorrow: mesh'd vppon her cheekes,
Speechlesse complayner, I will learne thy thought:
In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect
As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not sighe nor hold thy stumps to heauen,
Nor winke, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make a signe;
But I (of these) will wrest an Alphabet,

And by still practice, learne to know thy meaning

Boy. Good grandsire leaue these bitter deepe laments,
Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing tale

Mar. Alas, the tender boy in passion mou'd,
Doth weepe to see his grandsires heauinesse

An. Peace tender Sapling, thou art made of teares,
And teares will quickly melt thy life away.

Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.

What doest thou strike at Marcus with knife

Mar. At that that I haue kil'd my Lord, a Fly
An. Out on the murderour: thou kil'st my hart,
Mine eyes cloi'd with view of Tirranie:
A deed of death done on the Innocent
Becoms not Titus brother: get thee gone,
I see thou art not for my company

Mar. Alas (my Lord) I haue but kild a flie

An. But? How: if that Flie had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings
And buz lamenting doings in the ayer,
Poore harmelesse Fly,
That with his pretty buzing melody,
Came heere to make vs merry,
And thou hast kil'd him

Mar. Pardon me sir,
It was a blacke illfauour'd Fly,
Like to the Empresse Moore, therefore I kild him

An. O, o, o,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a Charitable deed:
Giue me thy knife, I will insult on him,
Flattering my selfe, as if it were the Moore,
Come hither purposely to poyson me.
There's for thy selfe, and thats for Tamora: Ah sirra,
Yet I thinke we are not brought so low,
But that betweene vs, we can kill a Fly,
That comes in likenesse of a Cole-blacke Moore

Mar. Alas poore man, griefe ha's so wrought on him,
He takes false shadowes, for true substances

An. Come, take away: Lauinia, goe with me,
Ile to thy closset, and goe read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
Come boy, and goe with me, thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begin to dazell.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter young Lucius and Lauinia running after him, and the Boy flies from her with his bookes vnder his arme. Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Helpe Gransier helpe, my Aunt Lauinia,
Followes me euery where I know not why.
Good Vncle Marcus see how swift she comes,
Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you meane

Mar. Stand by me Lucius, doe not feare thy Aunt

Titus. She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme
Boy. I when my father was in Rome she did

Mar. What meanes my Neece Lauinia by these signes?
Ti. Feare not Lucius, somewhat doth she meane:
See Lucius see, how much she makes of thee:
Some whether would she haue thee goe with her.
Ah boy, Cornelia neuer with more care
Read to her sonnes, then she hath read to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:
Canst thou not gesse wherefore she plies thee thus?
Boy. My Lord I know not I, nor can I gesse,
Vnlesse some fit or frenzie do possesse her:
For I haue heard my Gransier say full oft,
Extremitie of griefes would make men mad.
And I haue read that Hecuba of Troy,
Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to feare,
Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,
And would not but in fury fright my youth,
Which made me downe to throw my bookes, and flie
Causles perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,
And Madam, if my Vncle Marcus goe,
I will most willingly attend your Ladyship

Mar. Lucius I will

Ti. How now Lauinia, Marcus what meanes this?
Some booke there is that she desires to see,
Which is it girle of these? Open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choyse of all my Library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heauens
Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deed.
What booke?
Why lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?
Mar. I thinke she meanes that ther was more then one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
Or else to heauen she heaues them to reuenge

Ti. Lucius what booke is that she tosseth so?
Boy. Grandsier 'tis Ouids Metamorphosis,
My mother gaue it me

Mar. For loue of her that's gone,
Perhaps she culd it from among the rest

Ti. Soft, so busily she turnes the leaues,
Helpe her, what would she finde? Lauinia shall I read?
This is the tragicke tale of Philomel?
And treates of Tereus treason and his rape,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy

Mar. See brother see, note how she quotes the leaues
Ti. Lauinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet girle,
Rauisht and wrong'd as Philomela was?
Forc'd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)
Patern'd by that the Poet heere describes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes

Mar. O why should nature build so foule a den,
Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies?
Ti. Giue signes sweet girle, for heere are none but friends
What Romaine Lord it was durst do the deed?
Or slunke not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the Campe to sinne in Lucrece bed

Mar. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by me,
Appollo, Pallas, Ioue, or Mercury,
Inspire me that I may this treason finde.
My Lord looke heere, looke heere Lauinia.

He writes his Name with his staffe, and guides it with feete and mouth.

This sandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst
This after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Curst be that hart that forc'st vs to that shift:
Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,
What God will haue discouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

She takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps and writes.

Ti. Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writ?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius

Mar. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of Tamora,
Performers of this hainous bloody deed?
Ti. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?
Mar. Oh calme thee gentle Lord: Although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To stirre a mutinie in the mildest thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaimes.
My Lord kneele downe with me: Lauinia kneele,
And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine Hectors hope,
And sweare with me, as with the wofull Feere
And father of that chast dishonoured Dame,
Lord Iunius Brutus sweare for Lucrece rape,

That we will prosecute (by good aduise)
Mortall reuenge vpon these traytorous Gothes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach

Ti. Tis sure enough, and you knew how.
But if you hunt these Beare-whelpes, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if she winde you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deepely still in league.
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her backe,
And when he sleepes will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman Marcus, let it alone:
And come, I will goe get a leafe of brasse,
And with a Gad of steele will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde
Will blow these sands like Sibels leaues abroad,
And wheres your lesson then. Boy what say you?
Boy. I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome

Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull country done the like

Boy. And Vncle so will I, and if I liue

Ti. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both,
Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?
Boy. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandsire:
Ti. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
Lauinia come, Marcus looke to my house,
Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the Court,
I marry will we sir, and weele be waited on.

Exeunt.

Mar. O heauens! Can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus attend him in his extasie,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Then foe-mens markes vpon his batter'd shield,
But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old Andronicus.

Exit

Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one dore: and at another dore young
Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ vpon them.

Chi. Demetrius heeres the sonne of Lucius,
He hath some message to deliuer vs

Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather

Boy. My Lords, with all the humblenesse I may,
I greete your honours from Andronicus,
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both

Deme. Gramercie louely Lucius, what's the newes?
For villanie's markt with rape. May it please you,
My Grandsire well aduis'd hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say:
And so I do and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, when euer you haue need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leaue you both: like bloody villaines.

Exit

Deme. What's heere? a scrole, & written round about?
Let's see.
Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, non egit maury iaculis nec arcus

Chi. O 'tis a verse in Horace, I know it well.
I read it in the Grammer long agoe

Moore. I iust, a verse in Horace: right, you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Asse?
Heer's no sound iest, the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:
But were our witty Empresse well a foot,
She would applaud Andronicus conceit:
But let her rest, in her vnrest a while.
And now young Lords, was't not a happy starre
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then so;
Captiues, to be aduanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing

Deme. But me more good, to see so great a Lord
Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts

Moore. Had he not reason Lord Demetrius?
Did you not vse his daughter very friendly?
Deme. I would we had a thousand Romane Dames
At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of loue

Moore. Heere lack's but your mother for to say, Amen

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more

Deme. Come, let vs go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloued mother in her paines

Moore. Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.

Flourish.

Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?
Chi. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne

Deme. Soft, who comes heere?
Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore childe.

Nur. Good morrow Lords:
O tell me, did you see Aaron the Moore?
Aron. Well, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all,
Heere Aaron is, and what with Aaron now?
Nurse. Oh gentle Aaron, we are all vndone.
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore

Aron. Why, what a catterwalling dost thou keepe?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?
Nurse. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empresse shame, and stately Romes disgrace,
She is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered

Aron. To whom?
Nurse. I meane she is brought a bed?
Aron. Wel God giue her good rest,
What hath he sent her?
Nurse. A deuill

Aron. Why then she is the Deuils Dam: a ioyfull issue

Nurse. A ioylesse, dismall, blacke &, sorrowfull issue,
Heere is the babe as loathsome as a toad,
Among'st the fairest breeders of our clime,
The Empresse sends it thee, thy stampe, thy seale,
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point

Aron. Out you whore, is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beautious blossome sure

Deme. Villaine what hast thou done?
Aron. That which thou canst not vndoe

Chi. Thou hast vndone our mother

Deme. And therein hellish dog, thou hast vndone,
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choyce,
Accur'st the off-spring of so foule a fiend

Chi. It shall not liue

Aron. It shall not die

Nurse. Aaron it must, the mother wils it so

Aron. What, must it Nurse? Then let no man but I
Doe execution on my flesh and blood

Deme. Ile broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point:
Nurse giue it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it

Aron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels vp.
Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning Tapers of the skie,
That shone so brightly when this Boy was got,
He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,
That touches this my first borne sonne and heire.
I tell you younglings, not Enceladus
With all his threatning band of Typhons broode,
Nor great Alcides, nor the God of warre,
Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:
What, what, ye sanguine shallow harted Boyes,
Ye white-limb'd walls, ye Ale-house painted signes,
Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
In that it scornes to beare another hue:
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
Although she laue them hourely in the flood:
Tell the Empresse from me, I am of age
To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can
Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistris thus?
Aron. My mistris is my mistris: this my selfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world do I preferre,
This mauger all the world will I keepe safe,
Or some of you shall smoake for it in Rome

Deme. By this our mother is for euer sham'd

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foule escape

Nur. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death

Chi. I blush to thinke vpon this ignominie

Aron. Why ther's the priuiledge your beauty beares:
Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the hart:

Heer's a young Lad fram'd of another leere,
Looke how the blacke slaue smiles vpon the father;
As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne.
He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed
Of that selfe blood that first gaue life to you,
And from that wombe where you imprisoned were
He is infranchised and come to light:
Nay he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seale be stamped in his face

Nurse. Aaron what shall I say vnto the Empresse?
Dem. Aduise thee Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy aduise:
Saue thou the child, so we may all be safe

Aron. Then sit we downe and let vs all consult.
My sonne and I will haue the winde of you:
Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety

Deme. How many women saw this childe of his?
Aron. Why so braue Lords, when we ioyne in league
I am a Lambe: but if you braue the Moore,
The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyonesse,
The Ocean swells not so as Aaron stormes:
But say againe, how many saw the childe?
Nurse. Cornelia, the midwife, and my selfe,
And none else but the deliuered Empresse

Aron. The Empresse, the Midwife, and your selfe,
Two may keepe counsell, when the third's away:
Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said,

He kils her

Weeke, weeke, so cries a Pigge prepared to th' spit

Deme. What mean'st thou Aron?
Wherefore did'st thou this?
Aron. O Lord sir, 'tis a deed of pollicie?
Shall she liue to betray this guilt of our's:
A long tongu'd babling Gossip? No Lords no:
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
Not farre, one Muliteus my Country-man
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His childe is like to her, faire as you are:
Goe packe with them, and giue the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their Childe shall be aduaunc'd,
And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempest whirling in the Court,

And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne,
Harke ye Lords, ye see I haue giuen her physicke,
And you must needs bestow her funerall,
The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, see that you take no longer daies
But send the Midwife presently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they please

Chi. Aaron I see thou wilt not trust the ayre with secrets

Deme. For this care of Tamora,
Her selfe, and hers are highly bound to thee.

Exeunt

Aron. Now to the Gothes, as swift as Swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
And secretly to greete the Empresse friends:
Come on you thick-lipt-slaue, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our shifts:
Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,
And feed on curds and whay, and sucke the Goate,
And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp
To be a warriour, and command a Campe.

Exit

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen with bowes, and
Titus beares the arrowes with Letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come Marcus, come, kinsmen this is the way.
Sir Boy let me see your Archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:
Terras Astrea reliquit, be you remembred Marcus.
She's gone, she's fled, sirs take you to your tooles,
You Cosens shall goe sound the Ocean:
And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,
Yet ther's as little iustice as at Land:
No Publius and Sempronius, you must doe it,
'Tis you must dig with Mattocke, and with Spade,
And pierce the inmost Center of the earth:
Then when you come to Plutoes Region,
I pray you deliuer him this petition,
Tell him it is for iustice, and for aide,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrowes in vngratefull Rome.
Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the peoples suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.

Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leaue you not a man of warre vnsearcht,
This wicked Emperour may haue shipt her hence,
And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for iustice

Marc. O Publius is not this a heauie case
To see thy Noble Vnckle thus distract?
Publ. Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
By day and night t' attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindely as we may,
Till time beget some carefull remedie

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrowes are past remedie.
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the Traytor Saturnine

Tit. Publius how now? how now my Maisters?
What haue you met with her?
Publ. No my good Lord, but Pluto sends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you shall,
Marrie for iustice she is so imploy'd,
He thinkes with Ioue in heauen, or some where else:
So that perforce you must needs stay a time

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,
Ile diue into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of Acaron by the heeles.
Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bon'd-men, fram'd of the Cyclops size,
But mettall Marcus steele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backe can beare:
And sith there's no iustice in earth nor hell,
We will sollicite heauen, and moue the Gods
To send downe Iustice for to wreake our wrongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer Marcus.

He giues them the Arrowes.

Ad Iouem, that's for you: here ad Appollonem,
Ad Martem, that's for my selfe,
Heere Boy to Pallas, heere to Mercury,
To Saturnine, to Caius, not to Saturnine,
You were as good to shoote against the winde.
Too it Boy, Marcus loose when I bid:
Of my word, I haue written to effect,
Ther's not a God left vnsollicited

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride

Tit. Now Maisters draw, Oh well said Lucius:
Good Boy in Virgoes lap, giue it Pallas

Marc. My Lord, I aime a Mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with Iupiter by this

Tit. Ha, ha, Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus hornes

Mar. This was the sport my Lord, when Publius shot,
The Bull being gal'd, gaue Aries such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,
And who should finde them but the Empresse villaine:
She laught, and told the Moore he should not choose
But giue them to his Maister for a present

Tit. Why there it goes, God giue your Lordship ioy.
Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pigeons in it.

Titus. Newes, newes, from heauen, Marcus the poast is come. Sirrah, what tydings? haue you any letters? Shall I haue Iustice, what sayes Iupiter? Clowne. Ho the Iibbetmaker, he sayes that he hath taken them downe againe, for the man must not be hang'd till the next weeke

Tit. But what sayes Iupiter I aske thee?
Clowne. Alas sir I know not Iupiter:
I neuer dranke with him in all my life

Tit. Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?
Clowne. I of my Pigions sir, nothing else

Tit. Why, did'st thou not come from heauen? Clowne. From heauen? Alas sir, I neuer came there, God forbid I should be so bold, to presse to heauen in my young dayes. Why I am going with my pigeons to the Tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt my Vncle, and one of the Emperialls men

Mar. Why sir, that is as fit as can be to serue for your Oration, and let him deliuer the Pigions to the Emperour from you

Tit. Tell mee, can you deliuer an Oration to the Emperour
with a Grace?
Clowne. Nay truely sir, I could neuer say grace in all
my life

Tit. Sirrah come hither, make no more adoe, But giue your Pigeons to the Emperour, By me thou shalt haue Iustice at his hands. Hold, hold, meane while her's money for thy charges. Giue me pen and inke. Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliuer a Supplication? Clowne. I sir Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneele, then kisse his foote, then deliuer vp your Pigeons, and then looke for your reward. Ile be at hand sir, see you do it brauely

Clowne. I warrant you sir, let me alone

Tit. Sirrha hast thou a knife? Come let me see it.
Heere Marcus, fold it in the Oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant:
And when thou hast giuen it the Emperour,
Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he sayes

Clowne. God be with you sir, I will.
Enter.

Tit. Come Marcus let vs goe, Publius follow me.

Exeunt.

Enter Emperour and Empresse, and her two sonnes, the Emperour brings the
Arrowes in his hand that Titus shot at him.

Satur. Why Lords,
What wrongs are these? was euer seene
An Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne,
Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall iustice, vs'd in such contempt?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
(How euer these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares) there nought hath past,
But euen with law against the willfull Sonnes
Of old Andronicus. And what and if
His sorrowes haue so ouerwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitternesse?
And now he writes to heauen for his redresse.
See, heeres to Ioue, and this to Mercury,
This to Apollo, this to the God of warre:
Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of Rome:
What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our Iniustice euery where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who would say, in Rome no Iustice were.
But if I liue, his fained extasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that Iustice liues
In Saturninus health; whom if he sleepe,
Hee'l so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st Conspirator that liues

Tamo. My gracious Lord, my louely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of Titus age,
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant Sonnes,
Whose losse hath pier'st him deepe, and scar'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,

Then prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts. Why thus it shall become
High witted Tamora to glose with all:

Aside.

But Titus, I haue touch'd thee to the quicke,
Thy life blood out: If Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Port.
Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow, would'st thou speake with vs?
Clow. Yea forsooth, and your Mistership be Emperiall

Tam. Empresse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour

Clo. 'Tis he; God & Saint Stephen giue you good den;
I haue brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pigions heere.

He reads the Letter.

Satu. Goe take him away, and hang him presently

Clowne. How much money must I haue?
Tam. Come sirrah you must be hang'd

Clow. Hang'd? ber Lady, then I haue brought vp a neck
to a faire end.
Enter.

Satu. Despightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same deuise proceedes:
May this be borne? As if his traytrous Sonnes,
That dy'd by law for murther of our Brother,
Haue by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully?
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Nor Age, nor Honour, shall shape priuiledge:
For this proud mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man:
Sly franticke wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and me.
Enter Nuntius Emillius.

Satur. What newes with thee Emillius?
Emil. Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more cause,
The Gothes haue gather'd head, and with a power
Of high resolued men, bent to the spoyle
They hither march amaine, vnder conduct
Of Lucius, Sonne to old Andronicus:
Who threats in course of this reuenge to do
As much as euer Coriolanus did

King. Is warlike Lucius Generall of the Gothes?
These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with stormes:
I, now begins our sorrowes to approach,
'Tis he the common people loue so much,
My selfe hath often heard them say,
(When I haue walked like a priuate man)
That Lucius banishment was wrongfully,
And they haue wisht that Lucius were their Emperour

Tam. Why should you feare? Is not our City strong?
King. I, but the Cittizens fauour Lucius,
And will reuolt from me, to succour him

Tam. King, be thy thoughts Imperious like thy name.
Is the Sunne dim'd, that Gnats do flie in it?
The Eagle suffers little Birds to sing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melodie.
Euen so mayest thou, the giddy men of Rome,
Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,
I will enchaunt the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
Then baites to fish, or hony stalkes to sheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baite,
The other rotted with delicious foode

King. But he will not entreat his Sonne for vs

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will,
For I can smooth and fill his aged eare,
With golden promises, that were his heart
Almost Impregnable, his old eares deafe,
Yet should both eare and heart, obey my tongue.
Goe thou before to our Embassadour,
Say, that the Emperour requests a parly
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting

King. Emillius do this message Honourably,
And if he stand in Hostage for his safety,
Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best

Emill. Your bidding shall I do effectually.
Enter.

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,
To plucke proud Lucius from the warlike Gothes.
And now sweet Emperour be blithe againe,
And bury all thy feare in my deuises

Satu. Then goe successantly and plead for him.
Enter.

Actus Quintus.

Flourish. Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes, with Drum and Souldiers.

Luci. Approued warriours, and my faithfull Friends,
I haue receiued Letters from great Rome,
Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witnesse,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction

Goth. Braue slip, sprung from the Great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits, and honourable Deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt:
Behold in vs, weele follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommers day,
Led by their Maister to the flowred fields,
And be aueng'd on cursed Tamora:
And as he saith, so say we all with him

Luci. I humbly thanke him, and I thanke you all.
But who comes heere, led by a lusty Goth?
Enter a Goth leading of Aaron with his child in his armes.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troups I straid,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie,
And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye
Vpon the wasted building, suddainely
I heard a childe cry vnderneath a wall:
I made vnto the noyse, when soone I heard,
The crying babe control'd with this discourse:
Peace Tawny slaue, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewray whose brat thou art?
Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke,
Villaine thou might'st haue bene an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk-white,
They neuer do beget a cole-blacke-Calfe:
Peace, villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I must beare thee to a trusty Goth,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe,
Will hold thee dearely for thy Mothers sake.

With this, my weapon drawne I rusht vpon him,
Surpriz'd him suddainely, and brought him hither
To vse, as you thinke needefull of the man

Luci. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuill,
That rob'd Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the Pearle that pleas'd your Empresse eye,
And heere's the Base Fruit of his burning lust.
Say wall-ey'd slaue, whether would'st thou conuay
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speake? what deafe? Not a word?
A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,
And by his side his Fruite of Bastardie

Aron. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood

Luci. Too like the Syre for euer being good.
First hang the Child that he may see it sprall,
A sight to vexe the Fathers soule withall

Aron. Get me a Ladder Lucius, saue the Childe,
And beare it from me to the Empresse:
If thou do this, Ile shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may aduantage thee to heare;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile speake no more: but vengeance rot you all

Luci. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall liue, and I will see it Nourisht

Aron. And if it please thee? why assure thee Lucius,
'Twill vexe thy soule to heare what I shall speake:
For I must talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Massacres,
Acts of Blacke-night, abhominable Deeds,
Complots of Mischiefe, Treason, Villanies
Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiously perform'd,
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Vnlesse thou sweare to me my Childe shall liue

Luci. Tell on thy minde,
I say thy Childe shall liue

Aron. Sweare that he shall, and then I will begin

Luci. Who should I sweare by,
Thou beleeuest no God,
That graunted, how can'st thou beleeue an oath?
Aron. What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art Religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called Conscience,
With twenty Popish trickes and Ceremonies,
Which I haue seene thee carefull to obserue:

Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know
An Ideot holds his Bauble for a God,
And keepes the oath which by that God he sweares,
To that Ile vrge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God so ere it be
That thou adorest, and hast in reuerence,
To saue my Boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
Ore else I will discouer nought to thee

Luci. Euen by my God I sweare to thee I will

Aron. First know thou,
I begot him on the Empresse

Luci. Oh most Insatiate luxurious woman!
Aron. Tut Lucius, this was but a deed of Charitie,
To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,
'Twas her two Sonnes that murdered Bassianus,
They cut thy Sisters tongue, and rauisht her,
And cut her hands off, and trim'd her as thou saw'st

Lucius. Oh detestable villaine!
Call'st thou that Trimming?
Aron. Why she was washt, and cut, and trim'd,
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it

Luci. Oh barbarous beastly villaines like thy selfe!
Aron. Indeede, I was their Tutor to instruct them
That Codding spirit had they from their Mother,
As sure a Card as euer wonne the Set:
That bloody minde I thinke they learn'd of me,
As true a Dog as euer fought at head.
Well, let my Deeds be witnesse of my worth:
I trayn'd thy Bretheren to that guilefull Hole,
Where the dead Corps of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,
And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd.
Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonnes,
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of Mischeife in it.
I play'd the Cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my selfe apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreame laughter.
I pried me through the Creuice of a Wall,
When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laught so hartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
And when I told the Empresse of this sport,
She sounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tydings, gaue me twenty kisses

Goth. What canst thou say all this, and neuer blush?
Aron. I, like a blacke Dogge, as the saying is

Luci. Art thou not sorry for these hainous deedes?
Aron. I, that I had not done a thousand more:
Euen now I curse the day, and yet I thinke
Few come within few compasse of my curse,
Wherein I did not some Notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else deuise his death,
Rauish a Maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuse some Innocent, and forsweare my selfe,
Set deadly Enmity betweene two Friends,
Make poore mens Cattell breake their neckes,
Set fire on Barnes and Haystackes in the night,
And bid the Owners quench them with the teares:
Oft haue I dig'd vp dead men from their graues,
And set them vpright at their deere Friends doore,
Euen when their sorrowes almost was forgot,
And on their skinnes, as on the Barke of Trees,
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine Letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I haue done a thousand dreadfull things
As willingly, as one would kill a Fly,
And nothing greeues me hartily indeede,
But that I cannot doe ten thousand more

Luci. Bring downe the diuell, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently

Aron. If there be diuels, would I were a deuill,
To liue and burne in euerlasting fire,
So I might haue your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue

Luci. Sirs stop his mouth, & let him speake no more.
Enter Emillius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence

Luc. Let him come neere.
Welcome Emillius, what the newes from Rome?
Emi. Lord Lucius, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me,
And for he vnderstands you are in Armes,
He craues a parly at your Fathers house
Willing you to demand your Hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliuered

Goth. What saies our Generall?
Luc. Emillius, let the Emperour giue his pledges
Vnto my Father, and my Vncle Marcus,

Flourish.

And we will come: march away.

Exeunt.

Enter Tamora, and her two Sonnes disguised.

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad Habilliament,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say, I am Reuenge sent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs:
Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,
To ruminate strange plots of dire Reuenge,
Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confusion on his Enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his study dore.

Tit. Who doth mollest my Contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
That so my sad decrees may flie away,
And all my studie be to no effect?
You are deceiu'd, for what I meane to do,
See heere in bloody lines I haue set downe:
And what is written shall be executed

Tam. Titus, I am come to talke with thee,
Tit. No not a word: how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue it action,
Thou hast the ods of me, therefore no more

Tam. If thou did'st know me,
Thou would'st talke with me

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witnesse this wretched stump,
Witnesse these crimson lines,
Witnesse these Trenches made by griefe and care,
Witnesse the tyring day, and heauie night,
Witnesse all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empresse, Mighty Tamora:
Is not thy comming for my other hand?
Tamo. Know thou sad man, I am not Tamora,
She is thy Enemie, and I thy Friend,
I am Reuenge sent from th' infernall Kingdome,
To ease the gnawing Vulture of the mind,
By working wreakefull vengeance on my Foes:

Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,
Ther's not a hollow Caue or lurking place,
No Vast obscurity, or Misty vale,
Where bloody Murther or detested Rape,
Can couch for feare, but I will finde them out,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Reuenge, which makes the foule offenders quake

Tit. Art thou Reuenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine Enemies?
Tam. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me

Tit. Doe me some seruice ere I come to thee:
Loe by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,
Now giue some surance that thou art Reuenge,
Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,
And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
Prouide thee two proper Palfries, as blacke as Iet,
To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,
And finde out Murder in their guilty cares.
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Trot like a Seruile footeman all day long,
Euen from Eptons rising in the East,
Vntill his very downefall in the Sea.
And day by day Ile do this heauy taske,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there

Tam. These are my Ministers, and come with me

Tit. Are them thy Ministers, what are they call'd?
Tam. Rape and Murder, therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men

Tit. Good Lord how like the Empresse Sons they are,
And you the Empresse: But we worldly men,
Haue miserable mad mistaking eyes:
Oh sweet Reuenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by

Tam. This closing with him, fits his Lunacie,
What ere I forge to feede his braine-sicke fits,
Do you vphold, and maintaine in your speeches,
For now he firmely takes me for Reuenge,
And being Credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him send for Lucius his Sonne,
And whil'st I at a Banquet hold him sure,
Ile find some cunning practise out of hand

To scatter and disperse the giddie Gothes,
Or at the least make them his Enemies:
See heere he comes, and I must play my theame

Tit. Long haue I bene forlorne, and all for thee,
Welcome dread Fury to my woefull house,
Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too,
How like the Empresse and her Sonnes you are.
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell afford you such a deuill?
For well I wote the Empresse neuer wags;
But in her company there is a Moore,
And would you represent our Queene aright
It were conuenient you had such a deuill:
But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?
Tam. What would'st thou haue vs doe Andronicus?
Dem. Shew me a Murtherer, Ile deale with him

Chi. Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,
And I am sent to be reueng'd on him

Tam. Shew me a thousand that haue done thee wrong,
And Ile be reuenged on them all

Tit. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thy selfe,
Good Murder stab him, hee's a Murtherer.
Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine stab him, he is a Rauisher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maist thou know her by thy owne proportion,
For vp and downe she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
They haue bene violent to me and mine

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd vs, this shall we do.
But would it please thee good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius thy thrice Valiant Sonne,
Who leades towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy house.
When he is heere, euen at thy Solemne Feast,
I will bring in the Empresse and her Sonnes,
The Emperour himselfe, and all thy Foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop, and kneele,
And on them shalt thou ease, thy angry heart:
What saies Andronicus to this deuise?
Enter Marcus.

Tit. Marcus my Brother, 'tis sad Titus calls,
Go gentle Marcus to thy Nephew Lucius,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour, and the Empresse too,
Feasts at my house, and he shall Feast with them,
This do thou for my loue, and so let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life

Mar. This will I do, and soone returne againe

Tam. Now will I hence about thy businesse,
And take my Ministers along with me

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or els Ile call my Brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but Lucius

Tam. What say you Boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouern'd our determined iest?
Yeeld to his Humour, smooth and speake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will ore-reach them in their owne deuises,
A payre of cursed hell-hounds and their Dam

Dem. Madam depart at pleasure, leaue vs heere

Tam. Farewell Andronicus, reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy Foes

Tit. I know thou doo'st, and sweet reuenge farewell

Chi. Tell vs old man, how shall we be imploy'd?
Tit. Tut, I haue worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hither, Caius, and Valentine

Pub. What is your will?
Tit. Know you these two?
Pub. The Empresse Sonnes
I take them, Chiron, Demetrius

Titus. Fie Publius, fie, thou art too much deceau'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore bind them gentle Publius,
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me wish for such an houre,
And now I find it, therefore binde them sure,
Chi. Villaines forbeare, we are the Empresse Sonnes

Pub. And therefore do we, what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,
Is he sure bound, looke that you binde them fast.

Exeunt.

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lauinia with a Bason.

Tit. Come, come Lauinia, looke, thy Foes are bound,
Sirs stop their mouthes, let them not speake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.
Oh Villaines, Chiron, and Demetrius,
Here stands the spring whom you haue stain'd with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kil'd her husband, and for that vil'd fault,
Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry iest,
Both her sweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more deere
Then Hands or tongue, her spotlesse Chastity,
Inhumaine Traytors, you constrain'd and for'st.
What would you say, if I should let you speake?
Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.
Harke Wretches, how I meane to martyr you,
This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats,
Whil'st that Lauinia tweene her stumps doth hold:
The Bason that receiues your guilty blood.
You know your Mother meanes to feast with me,
And calls herselfe Reuenge, and thinkes me mad.
Harke Villaines, I will grin'd your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, Ile make a Paste,
And of the Paste a Coffen I will reare,
And make two Pasties of your shamefull Heads,
And bid that strumpet your vnhallowed Dam,
Like to the earth swallow her increase.
This is the Feast, that I haue bid her to,
And this the Banquet she shall surfet on,
For worse then Philomel you vsd my Daughter,
And worse then Progne, I will be reueng'd,
And now prepare your throats: Lauinia come.
Receiue the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder small,
And with this hatefull Liquor temper it,
And in that Paste let their vil'd Heads be bakte,
Come, come, be euery one officious,
To make this Banket, which I wish might proue,
More sterne and bloody then the Centaures Feast.
He cuts their throats.

So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And see them ready, gainst their Mother comes.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Luc. Vnckle Marcus, since 'tis my Fathers minde
That I repair to Rome, I am content

Goth. And ours with thine befall, what Fortune will

Luc. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous Moore,
This Rauenous Tiger, this accursed deuill,
Let him receiue no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought vnto the Emperours face,
For testimony of her foule proceedings.
And see the Ambush of our Friends be strong,
If ere the Emperour meanes no good to vs

Aron. Some deuill whisper curses in my eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may vtter forth,
The Venemous Mallice of my swelling heart

Luc. Away Inhumaine Dogge, Vnhallowed Slaue,
Sirs, helpe our Vnckle, to conuey him in,

Flourish.

The Trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empresse, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the Firemament more Suns then one?
Luc. What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a Sunne?
Mar. Romes Emperour & Nephewe breake the parle
These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The Feast is ready which the carefull Titus,
Hath ordained to an Honourable end,
For Peace, for Loue, for League, and good to Rome:
Please you therfore draw nie and take your places

Satur. Marcus we will.

Hoboyes.

A Table brought in. Enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meat on
the
Table, and Lauinia with a vale ouer her face.

Titus. Welcome my gracious Lord,
Welcome Dread Queene,
Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome Lucius,
And welcome all: although the cheere be poore,
'Twill fill your stomacks, please you eat of it

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd Andronicus?
Tit. Because I would be sure to haue all well,
To entertaine your Highnesse, and your Empresse

Tam. We are beholding to you good Andronicus?
Tit. And if your Highnesse knew my heart, you were:
My Lord the Emperour resolue me this,
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand.
Because she was enfor'st, stain'd, and deflowr'd?
Satur. It was Andronicus

Tit. Your reason, Mighty Lord?
Sat. Because the Girle, should not suruiue her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrowes

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuall,
A patterne, president, and liuely warrant,
For me (most wretched) to performe the like:
Die, die, Lauinia, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame, thy Fathers sorrow die.

He kils her.

Sat. What hast done, vnnaturall and vnkinde?
Tit. Kil'd her for whom my teares haue made me blind.
I am as wofull as Virginius was,
And haue a thousand times more cause then he

Sat. What was she rauisht? tell who did the deed,
Tit. Wilt please you eat,
Wilt please your Highnesse feed?
Tam. Why hast thou slaine thine onely Daughter?
Titus. Not I, 'twas Chiron and Demetrius,
They rauisht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong

Satu. Go fetch them hither to vs presently

Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that Pie,
Whereof their Mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true, witnesse my kniues sharpe point.

He stabs the Empresse.

Satu. Die franticke wretch, for this accursed deed

Luc. Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed?
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deed

Mar. You sad fac'd men, people and Sonnes of Rome,
By vprores seuer'd like a flight of Fowle,
Scattred by windes and high tempestuous gusts:
Oh let me teach you how, to knit againe
This scattred Corne, into one mutuall sheafe,
These broken limbs againe into one body

Goth. Let Rome herselfe be bane vnto herselfe,
And shee whom mightie kingdomes cursie too,
Like a forlorne and desperate castaway,
Doe shamefull execution on her selfe.
But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,
Graue witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as er'st our Auncestor,
When with his solemne tongue he did discourse
To loue-sicke Didoes sad attending eare,
The story of that balefull burning night,
When subtil Greekes surpriz'd King Priams Troy:
Tell vs what Sinon hath bewicht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in,
That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steele,
Nor can I vtter all our bitter griefe,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
And breake my very vttrance, euen in the time
When it should moue you to attend me most,
Lending your kind hand Commiseration.
Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,
Your hearts will throb and weepe to heare him speake

Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdred our Emperours Brother,
And they it were that rauished our Sister,
For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares despis'd, and basely cousen'd,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And sent her enemies vnto the graue.
Lastly, my selfe vnkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among Romes Enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true teares,
And op'd their armes to imbrace me as a Friend:
And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you,
That haue preseru'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosome tooke the Enemies point,
Sheathing the steele in my aduentrous body.
Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,
My scars can witnesse, dumbe although they are,

That my report is iust and full of truth:
But soft, me thinkes I do digresse too much,
Cyting my worthlesse praise: Oh pardon me,
For when no Friends are by, men praise themselues,
Marc. Now is my turne to speake: Behold this Child,
Of this was Tamora deliuered,
The issue of an Irreligious Moore,
Chiefe Architect and plotter of these woes,
The Villaine is aliue in Titus house,
And as he is, to witnesse this is true.
Now iudge what course had Titus to reuenge
These wrongs, vnspeakeable past patience,
Or more then any liuing man could beare.
Now you haue heard the truth, what say you Romaines?
Haue we done ought amisse? shew vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of Andronici,
Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines,
And make a mutuall closure of our house:
Speake Romaines speake, and if you say we shall,
Loe hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall

Emilli. Come come, thou reuerent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour: for well I know,
The common voyce do cry it shall be so

Mar. Lucius, all haile Romes Royall Emperour,
Goe, goe into old Titus sorrowfull house,
And hither hale that misbelieuing Moore,
To be adiudg'd some direfull slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouernour

Luc. Thankes gentle Romanes, may I gouerne so,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe.
But gentle people, giue me ayme a-while,
For Nature puts me to a heauy taske:
Stand all aloofe, but Vnckle draw you neere,
To shed obsequious teares vpon this Trunke:
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowfull drops vpon thy bloud-slaine face,
The last true Duties of thy Noble Sonne

Mar. Teare for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,
Thy Brother Marcus tenders on thy Lips:
O were the summe of these that I should pay
Countlesse, and infinit, yet would I pay them

Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of vs
To melt in showres: thy Grandsire lou'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee:
Sung thee asleepe, his Louing Brest, thy Pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete, and agreeing with thine Infancie:
In that respect then, like a louing Childe,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,
Because kinde Nature doth require it so:
Friends, should associate Friends, in Greefe and Wo.
Bid him farwell, commit him to the Graue,
Do him that kindnesse, and take leaue of him

Boy. O Grandsire, Grandsire: euen with all my heart
Would I were Dead, so you did Liue againe.
O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me, if I ope my mouth

Romans. You sad Andronici, haue done with woes,
Giue sentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath beene breeder of these dire euents

Luc. Set him brest deepe in earth, and famish him:
There let him stand, and raue, and cry for foode:
If any one releeues, or pitties him,
For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome:
Some stay, to see him fast'ned in the earth

Aron. O why should wrath be mute, & Fury dumbe?
I am no Baby I, that with base Prayers
I should repent the Euils I haue done.
Ten thousand worse, then euer yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will:
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very Soule

Lucius. Some louing Friends conuey the Emp[erour]. hence,
And giue him buriall in his Fathers graue.
My Father, and Lauinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our Housholds Monument:
As for that heynous Tyger Tamora,
No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds:
No mournfull Bell shall ring her Buriall:
But throw her foorth to Beasts and Birds of prey:
Her life was Beast-like, and deuoid of pitty,
And being so, shall haue like want of pitty.
See Iustice done on Aaron that damn'd Moore,
From whom, our heauy happes had their beginning:
Then afterwards, to Order well the State,
That like Euents, may ne're it Ruinate.

Exeunt. omnes.

FINIS.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK TITUS ANDRONICUS ***
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