The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

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

Saturninus,

O Noble Patricians, Patrons of my Right, Defend the justice of my Cause with Arms. And Country-men, my loving Followers, Please my Successive Title with your Swords.

I was the first borne Sonne, that was the last That wore the Imperial Diadem of Rome:
Then let my Fathers Honours live in me, Nor wrong mine Age with this indignity:
Bassianus, Romans, Friends, Followers, Favourite of my Right:
If ever Bassianus, Caius Sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of Roval Rome,
Keep then this pasage to the Capitol:
And suffer not Dishonour to approach
Th’Imperial Seate to Verus; concurate
To Justice, Continence, and Nobility:
But let Defeat in pure Election shine:
And Romans, fight for Freedom in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crown.

Princes, that would be Factions, and by Friends, Ambitiously for Rule and Empery:
Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A speciall Party, hate by Common voyce
In Election for the Roman Empire,
Chosen Andronicus, Sue named Titus,
For many good and great defects to Rome.
A Noble man, a braver Warriour,
Lives not this day within the City Wall.
He by the Senate is acceted home,
From weary Warses against the barbarous Gothers,
That with his Sonnes (a terror to our foes).
Hath yoke’d a Nation strong, train’d up in Arms.
Ten years are past, since first he underwrote
This Caufe of Rome, and chafed with Arms
Our Enemies pride. Five times he hath return’d
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes
In Coiffins from the Field.
And now at last, I aden with Honour Spoyles,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in Arms.

Let vs intreat, by Honour of his Name,
Whom (worthily) you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and Senate right,
Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,
Dismisse your Followers, and as Suters should,
Please your Defeats in Peace and Humblye,
Saturninus. How fayre the Tribune speakes,
To calm my thoughts.

Bassius. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affie
In thy sprightlinefse 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 Lucretia, Rome’s rich Ornament,
That I will heree dismisse my losing Friends:
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Favour,
Commit my Caufe in ballance to be weighe’d.

Saturninus. Friends, that have bene
Thus forward in my Right,
I thank you all, and here Dismisse you all,
And to the Lone and Favour of my Country,
Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Caufe:
Rome, by as taut and gracious into me,
As I am confident and kindle to thee.
Open the Gates, and let me in.

Bassius. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor.
Flourish. They go up into the Senat house.

Enter a Captain.

Cep. Romanes make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of Verus, Rome’s left Champion,
Successefull in the Battales 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 covered with black, then two other Sonnes. After them, Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queene of Gothers, after two Sonnes Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moors, and others, as many as can be: They set up the Coffin and Titus speakes.

Andronicus. Halle Rome:
Victorious in thy Mourning Weeder.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Io e the Barkes that hath discharg'd his fraught,
Returns with precious loading to the Day,
From whence at first the weight'sd her Anchorage:
Commeth Andronicus bound with Lawrell bowes,
To refaire his Country with his teares,
Tears of true joy for his returne to Rome,
That great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracias to the Rites that we intend.

Romanies, of five and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Halse of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains alive and dead!
Theye that Sunnile jet Rome reward with Loue:
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With buriall amongst their Ammorum.
Here Gothes have given me leave to sheath my Sword:
True valkyrie, and carellie of thine owne,
Why suffer'st thou thy Sonnes unburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull shore of Stix?
Make way to lay them by their Brethren.

They open the Tombes, There greete in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace,flaine in your Countries warres:
O Sacred spectacle of myrioses,
Sweet Cell of veruice and Noblelie,
How many Sonnes of mine shall thou in floure,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Lrc. Give vs the proudest prisoner of the Gothes,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Adinan svg, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthly prison of their bones,
That in the shadowes he not vnwaues'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earths.

Tit. I give him you, the Noblest that Sunnile,
The eldest Son of this disreverd Queene,
Avice, Stay Romaine Brethren, gracious Conquerors,
Victorious Titus, tue the tears I shed,
A Mothers tears in passion for her Sonne:
And if thy Sonnes were ever dueere to thee,
Oh think of thy Sonnes to be as dueere to mee.
Suffiect not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returne
Captive to thee, and to thy Romaine yoke,
But melt my Sonnes be slaughtred in the firestees,
For Valiant doing in their Countries caufe?
O Jf to fight for King and Common-weale,
Were piety in thine, it is in thes:
Andunan, flaine not thy Tombe with blood.
With due respect to the nature of the Gods?
Draw meere then then in being mercifull,
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Three Noble Titus, spare my first borne Sonne.

Tit. Patience your selfe Madam, and pardone me.
These are the Brethren whom you Gothes beheld
Alive and dead, and for their Brethren blame,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your Sonne is martred, and die he must,
Impalest their groming shadowes that are gone,
Loue. Away with him, and make a fire straitly,
And without Swords upon a pile of wood,
Let's shew his limbs till they be clean confum'd,

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.

Alarbus goes to rest, and vows furieus,
Too tremble under Titus threatening lookes,
Then Madam stand resolute,b but hope withall,
The selfe fame Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
With opportunity of sharpe reuenge
Upon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May answe to Tamora the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and Tamora was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Luc. See Lord and Father, how we haue perform'd
Our Romaine rightes, Alarbus limbs are lop't,
And intrals feede the sacrififying fire,
Whoe smoke like incense doth perfume the skie,
Remaineth hought but to interre our Brethren,
And with low'd Larumns welcome them to Rome.

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

Flourish.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe.
In peace and Honour rest you here your Sonnes,
Romes resldeff Champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chancess and mislips:
Here uolks no Treaion, here no enemie in Feuds,
Here grow no damnd gnudges, here are no Storers,
No noyle, but silence and Eternall sleepe,
In peace and Honour rest you here your Sonnes.

Enter Leonia.

Leon. In peace and Honour, I live Lord Titus long,
My Noble Lord and Father, live in Fame;
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my Brethrens Obsequies:
And at thy heere I kneel, with teares of joy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O bleffe me here, with thy victorieus band,
Whoe Fortune Roosest belff Citizens applaud

Ti. Kind Rome,
That haft thus lovingly referued,
The Cordall of mine age to glad my hart,
Leonia live, out-live thy Fathers dayes:
And Fames eternall date for verues praisse.

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious Triumpheff in the eyes of Rome,

Tit. Thanks Gentle Tribuna,
Noble brother Marcus.

Marc. And welcome; Nephews from successfull wars,
You that furieus and you that sleepe in Fame
Faire Lords you, your Fortunes are all alike in all,
That in your Countries servisce drew your Swords.

But later Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,
That hath aspir'd to Solens Happines,
And Triumphs over chancess in honours bed.

Tit. Andronicus, the people of Rome,
That was so abused, and thou haft ever bene,
Send thee by me their Tribuna and their truff,
This Palliament of white and spotlesse Hue,
And name thee in Elecction for the Empire,
With thee our late deceas'd Emporerour Sonnes
Be Candidatus then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her Glorius body fits,
Then his that Daikes for age and feebleness:

What?
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

What should I do, If this Robe and trouble you, Be chosen with protestations to day, To borrow, yield'd me, rule, respect my life, And set abroad new businesse for you all. Rome I have borne thy Souldier forty yeares, And led my Country strenght successfully, And buried one and twenty Valiant Sons, Knighted in Field, blame manfully in Armes, In right and Service of their Noble Country: Give me a staffe of Honour for mine age, But not a Scepter to controul the world, Vnpright he holdst it, Lords, that holdst it. Tit. Than shall that oaths obtaine and ask the Emperie. Patience Prince Saturninus. Romanes do mee right, Patricians draw your Swords, and heathen them not. Saturniun be Rome Emperour: Andromerus, would thou were happ to hell, Rather then reuole the people of the peace, Proud Saturnine, interpreter of the good. That Noble minded Titus meanes to thee, Tit. Me, Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee the people of peace, and weane them from them selves. Boji. Andromerus, I do not flatter thee. But Honour theed, and will doe till I die: My Father thoughtst me with my Friend? I will not thankfull, and will doe to men: Of Noble minds, is Honourable Meede. Tit. People of Rome, and Noble Tribunes, heare, I ask your voyces and your Suffrages, Tit. Will you byow them friendly on Andromerus? Tribunes, To gratsifie the good Andromerus, And Gratulate his safe returne to Rome, The people will accept whom he admits. Tit. Tribunes I thank you, and this faire I make, That you create your Emperours eldest sonne, Lord Saturninus, whose Vertues will I hope, Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rays on earth, And rigen Judith in this Common-wealth: Then if you will elect by my advice, Crown him, and say: Long live one Emperour, Tit. Answ. With Voyces and applause of every sort, Patricians and Plebeians on your side. Lord Saturninus Rome Great Emperour. And say, Long live our Emperour Saturninus. A long Flourish till they come donne. Tit. Titus Andromerus, for thy Favour done, To vs in our Election this day, I give thee thanks in part of thy Defers, And will with Deeds requite thy gentleness: And on an Order Titus to advance Thy Name, and Honorable Famillie, Lavinia will make my Emprisse, Rome Royall Misriss, Mistris of my hart And in the Sacred Patham her elpoune: Tell me Andromerus doth this motion please thee? Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this matche, I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace, And here in right of Rome, to Saturnine King and Commiurier of our Common-wealth, The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Conferate, My Sword, my Chariot, and my Prisoners, Present well Worthy Rome Imperial Lord: Receive them then, the Tribunes that love, Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feet.

Sat. Thanks 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 leaf of thee, vaunted Betrayer, Romans forget thy Faceable to me. Tit. Now Madam are your prisoner to an Emperour, To him that for you Honour and your State, Will vie you Nobly and your followers. Sat. A goodly Lady, trust me of the Flee That I would choose, were I to choose a new: Cleere vp Faire Queenes that cloudly countenance, Though chance of warre Hath wrought this change of cheere, Thou com'nt not to be made a scone in Rome: Princely shall be thy vige every way. Retl on my word, and let not discontent Daint all your hopes: Madam he comforts you, Can make your Greater then the Queen of Gothes? Lavinia you are not displeas'd with this? Lue. Not I my Lord, fith true Nobilitie, Warrants these words in Princely curtesie. Sat. Thanks sweete Lavinia Romans let vs goe: Ranomifie heere we fet our Prisoners free, Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trump and Drum. Bafs. Lord Titus by your lease, this Maid is mine. Tit. How far? Are you in earnest then my Lord? Bafs. I Noble Titus and resolvdly with all. To doe my fellest rescript, and this sight. Marc. Summum curiam, is our Roman Justice, This Prince in Justice seazeth but his owne. Lue. And that he will and shall, if Lucius line. Tit. Traytors aunte, where is the Emperours Guardie? Treason my Lord, Lavinia is turpild. Sat. Surpris'd, by whom? Bafs. By him that unities may Bear his Brothel'd from all the World away, Lust. Brothers help to conney her hence away. And with my Sword I'll keepe this doore safe. Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her backe. Lust. My Lord you passe not here. Tit. What villaine boy, bar't me my way in Rome? Lust. Help Lavinia help, He lies him. Lue. My Lord you are vniust and more then fo, In wrongfull quare you have flaine your son. Tit. Nor thou, nor he are any fones of mine, My fones would never to dis-honne me. Traytor restore Lavinia to the Emperour. Lue. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife, That is another lawfull promis Loe.

Enter alone the Emperor with Tamora and her two sons, and Aaron the Moor.

Empe. No Titus, no, the Emperour needs her not, Nor here, nor thee, nor any of thy flocke: He trust by Leslie him that mocks me once. These neuer, nor thy Trayterous haughty fones, Confederates all, thus to dishonour me. Was none in Rome to make a faire. But Saturninus full well Andromerus Agree the Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine, That said it, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands. O monitions, 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 Vaillant sone in law thou hast enjoyd: One,fit to bandy with thy lawleffe Sones.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are Rarors to my wounded hart.

Sat. And therefore lovely Tamora Queen of Gothes,
That like the flately 7 bee mong'lt her Nymphs
Doft ouer-Shine the Gallant 7 Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleaf'd with this my fowndane choyne,
Behold I choose thee Tamora for my Bride,
And will Create thee Emprefs of Rome.

Speake Queene of Gothes dont thou applaude my choife?
And here I fware by all the Romanie Gods,
Sith Prieff and Holy-water are fo nere,
And Tapers burne to bright, and euerthing
In readines for Hyperian ftand,
I will not relifie the ftreets of Rome,
Or chime my Palace, till from forth this place,
I lead eipouf'd my Bride along with me,
Tam. And heere in fight of heaven to Rome I fwere,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Gothes,
Shee will a Hand maid be to his desires,
A fauing Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

Sat. Adieu Fare Queene,
Panthea Lords, accompany
Your Noble Emperor and his lovely Bride,
Sent by the heauen for Prince Saturnine,
Whofe whole bodie hath her Fortune Conquered,
There shall we Confummate our Spoufali rites.

Excemtions.

Tit. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride:

Titus when wer't thou wont to waite alone,
Dulloured thus and Challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes.

Mar O Titus see! 0 see what thou haft done!
In a bad quarrell, flaine a Vertuous found.

Tit. No foulifh Tribuane, no: No Touch of mine,
Nor thou, nor thefe Confederates in the deed,
That hath dilloured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy Sonnes.

Luci. But let vs give him burial as b comets:
Give a Marcus burial with our Bremes.

Tit. Traytours away, he tell's not in this Tombe.
This Monument flue hundred yeares hath flood,
Which I haue Sumptuously re-edified,
Here none but Souliders, and Rome's Servitors,
Repose in Fame: None boufly flaine in braves,
Bury him where you can, he cometh not here.

Mar. My Lord this is impuity in you,
My Nephew Marcus, these do please for him,
He must be buried with his brethren.

Titus two Sonnes speake.

And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall! What villain was it spake that word?

Titus same Speaker.

He that would vouch'd it is in any place but here.

Tit. What would you bury him in my delighte?

Mar. No Noble Title, but interment of thee,
To pardon Minions, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, Euen thou hast broke upon my Credit,
And with these Boyes mine Honour thou haft wounded,
My fies I dog requite you every one,
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

2 Sonne. He is not himfelfe, let vs withdraw.

2 Sonne. Not I tell Minions, bone be buried.

The Brother and the Sonnes speake.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Were gracious in those Princeely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my fute (sweet) pardon what I saie,
Suet. What Madam, be dishonourd openly,
And falsely with it ye without requent?

Tam. Not to my Lord,
The Gods of Rome for-fend;
I should be Author to dishonour you,
But on mine honour here, I undertake
For good Lord Titus's innocence in all:
Whole fury not dissembl provokes my griefs:
Then at my fute looke gravely on him,
Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppofe,
Nor with fowre lookes afflick his gentle heart,
My Lord, be told by me, be wonne at lat,
Dissimbl all your griefs and difcontentes,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Left then the people, and Patricians goe,
Vpon a sudden take the Titius parts,
And so fuppland vs for ingratitude,
Which Rome repes to be a hainous sinne.
Yet at intents, and then let me alone:
He finde a day to masfacre them all,
And chase their faction, and their familie,
The cruel Father, and his traytous fones,
To whom I fued for my dearer fones life,
And make them know what his is to let a Queene,
Kneel in the ftreets, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, come, Sweet Emperour, (come Andronicus)
Take vp this good old man, and cheare the heart,
That dies in tempeft of thy angry frowne.

Kng. Rife Titius, rife,
My Empeare hath prevaild.

Tam. I thank you my Maefeie,
And be your Lord.
These words, thence lookes,
Inufe newe life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And muft admire the Emperor for his good,
This day all quartels die Andronicus;
And let it be mine honour, good my Lord,
That I have reconized your friends and you.
For you Prince Bafianus, I have paie
My word and promie to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And fear not Lords:
And you Lavinia,
By my aduise all humbled on your knees,
You all take pardon of this Maefeie,
Sue. We do.
And vowe to heauen, and to his Highness,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tending our fifters honour and our owne.

Men. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Kng. Away and talk not, trouble vs more,
Tam. Nay, nay,
Sweet Emperour, we muft all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet heart lookes toke.

Kng. Tamarcus,
For thy falkie and thy brothers here,
And at my loyall Tamara's intercess,
I doe remem fre my vint mens haynous faults.
Stand vp: Lavinia, though you left me like a churlie,
I found a friend, and fure as death I ware,

I would not part a Batchellour from the Priest.
Come, if the Emperour Court can graf two Brides,
You are my guell, Lavinia, and your friends:
This dayshal be a Lone-day Tamara.

Tit. To morrow and it pleafe your Maieftie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horse and Hound,
Weele give your Grace Bon wars,
Sater. Be it to Titus, and Gramercy to: 

Enter Aaron alone.

Aron. Now climbeth Tamoras Olympius toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes shoat, and frits aloft,
Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flact,
Advanc'd about pale enuies threatening reach:
As when the golden Sunne saluates the monne,
And having gift the Ocean with his beams,
Gallop's the Zodiacke in his glistering Coach,
And one-lookes the highest pieing hills:


Sof Tamara
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue floopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then Aaron some thy hart, and fhit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Milfris,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetted in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron charming eyes,
Then is Prometheus's file to Caucafei:
Away with flauifh weedes, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and fhit in Pearle and Gold,
To waite vpon this newe made Emprefse,
To waite fai'd I To wanton with this Queene,
This Goddeffe, this Semerimna, this Queene,
This Syren, that will charmme Rome's Sacerdotes,
And fee his ship wracke, and his Common weales.
Hallo, what fhame is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrias bringing.

Dem. Chiron thy yeres wants witt, thy wit wants edge
And manneres to intruf where I am gro'd,
And may for ought thou know it affectes be.

Chi. Demetrias, thou dost not once weene in all;
And fo in this to bear me downe with braves,
'Tis not the difference of a yere or two.
Makes me leave gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit as thou,
To ferue, and to defende my Milfris grace,
And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

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

Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (vinduallad)
Gave you a daunting Rapier by your side,
Are you to defegrate purpose to threat your friends?
Goe too; have your Lath glaced within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meane while fit, with the little skill I have,
Full well shal thou perceiue how much I dare.

Dem. 1 Boy, grow ye to braves 
They drawe.

Aron. Why how now Lords?
So nere the Emperours Pallace dare you draw,

And
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wroust, the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of Gold,
The cuefe were knowne to them to most concernes.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome:
For thane put up.

Deme. Not I, till I have breath'd
My rapiere in his bosome, and withall
Thrust the reproichfull speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my defhonour here.

Chia. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolved,
Foule spokyn Coward,
That thou hast hurt thy tonge,
And with thy weapon nothing dares't performe.

Arou. A way I say.
Now by the Gods that waslikke Gothes adore,
This prettie brabbile will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to fet vpon a Princesse rights?
What is Lanunia then become fo loose,
Or Bajianus to degenerate,
That for her lone feele her harles may be broach'd,
Without contentuements, lustfull, or revenge?
Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,
This discord ground, the musicke would not please.

Chia. I care not I, I knewe the and all the world,
I loue Lanunia more then all the world.

Deme. Youngling,
Learn thee to make some manner choyse,
Lanunia to thine elder brothers hope.

Arou. Wherefore was she mad? Oh I knowe ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in love?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this defeuile.

Chia. Arou, a thousand deaths would I propoze,
To atchieve her whom I do loue.
Arou. To atchieue her, how?

Deme. Why, make it then to strange
Shee is a woman,therefore may be woe,
Shee is a woman,therefore may be woe,
Shee is Lanunia therefore must be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the Mill
Then went the Miller of, and esce it is
Of a cut lesse to delve a flue we know:
Though Bajianus be the Emperours brother,
Better then he have worne Valens badge,

Arou. 1, and as good as Saturnius may.

Deme. Then why should he dispare that knowes to
With words, faire looks, and liberality:
What hath not thou full often trucke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers note?
Arou. Why then it freames some certaine fastach or so
Would ferue thy turnes,

Chia. I to the turne were ferued,
Deme. Arou thou hast hit it.

Arou. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado:
Why hatke yee, harke yee, and are you fuch foole,
To figure for this? Would it offend you then?

Chia. Faith not me.

Deme. Not me, so I were one.
Arou. Now thame be friends, and joyn for that you lar:
'Tis politte, and barbarage much doe
That you affect, and so much you resolue,

That what you cannot as you would atchieue,
You must perfoure accomplishe as you may:
Take this of me, Lanunia was not more chaste
Then this Lanunia, Bajianus love,
A speedie course this lingering languishment
Muft we purfe, and I have found the path:
My Lords, a solenn hunting is in hand,
There will the lovely Roman Ladies troope:
The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many unrequited plots there are,
Furied by kinde for rape and willanies:
Single you thither then this chalme Doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way or not atall, stand you in hope.
Come,come,our Empresse with her sacred wit
To villainie and vengeance confederate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And the shall file our engines with adufce,
This will not suffer you to figure your fleues,
But to your wives height advance you both,
The Emperours Court is like the house of Fane,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadful, deafe, and dull:
There speake, and strike brawe Boyes, & take your turnes.
There fesse your fatts, shadow'd from heavenes eyes,
And resell in Lanunia's Treasurie.

Chia. They confell Ladinamis of no cowardice,

Deme. Sy fas aut nasis, till I finde the streames,
To coolie this heat, a Charnne to calmie their fis,
Per Sigia per mones. Vebor.

Exeunt.

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sons, making a woof with hounds and horses, and Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is vp, the morrow is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are green;
Vncover hereo, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his lovely Bride,
And rout the Prince, and ring a hunters peece,
That all the Court may echo with the noyse.
Some let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperour's perion carefully:
I have bene troubled in my thorpe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath infir'd.

Wode Hormus.
Herea a cry of hounds, and widea horses in a peas,a then,

Enter Saturn, Tamora, Bajianus, Lanunia, Croesus, De-
metrus, and their Attendants.

Tit. Many good moneres to your Maiestie,
Madam to you manyand as good,
I promised your Grace, a Hunters peele.

Sau. And you have rung it lustily my Lords,
Some what to easily for new married Ladies.

Baji. Lanunia, how lay you?

Las. I lay not:
I have bene awake two houres and more,
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 Pmonontary top.

Tit. And I haue horese will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes like Swallowes ore.the plaine

Deme. Chiron.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Dem. Chor. we hart not we, with Morie nor Hound But hope to pleae a dauntie Doe to ground. Exeunt Enter Aaron apace.

Aaron. He that had wit, would thynke that I had none, To burry so much Gold vnder a Tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinkes of me forbiddly,
Know that this Gold must come of stratageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany:
And to repose sweet Gold for their vnaire,
That have their Almes out of the Empress Crift.

Enter Tamora to the Moor.

Tamora. My lovely Aaron,
Wherefore look'th thou sad,
When every thing doth make a Glesefull boast?
The Birds chantit melody on every budh,
The Snake lies roll'd in the chearefull Sunne,
The greene leaves quiver, with the cooling wind,
And make a choker'd flaxlow on the ground:
Vnder their sweete shade, a Aaron let vs fit,
And whilst the babbling Eccho moke's the Hounds,
Replying frivolly to the well tun'd-Harne,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs fit downe, and mark their yelping noyse:
And after chace, such as was suppos'd.
The wanding Prince and Duke once enioy'd,
When with a happy forme they were surpris'd,
And Curtain'd with a Counsell-keeping Cae,
We may each wretched in the other arms,
Our pastimes done) posseffe a Golden number,
Whiles Hounds and Harne, and sweete Melodious Birds
Be vno as, as is a Nymph Song.
Of Lullabye to bring her Babe asleepe.

Aaron. Madame,
Though Venus governe your desires,
Saturne is Dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly flaming eye,
My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholie,
My fleec of Woolly hair, that now vnatures,
Enem as an Adder: when the doth vnrowle
To do some farall execution.
No Madam, there are no Veneria signes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood, and retenge, are Hammering in my head,
Harke Aaron, the Empresse of my Soule,
Which never hopes more heauen, then rest in thee,
This is the day of Doome for Baffanious:
His Phisician must loose her tongue to day,
Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chastity,
And with their hands in Baffanious Blood.
Seest thou this Letter, take it up and pray thee,
And gue the King this farall platled Scrowle,
Now question me no more, we are spied,
Here cometh a parcel of our hopeful Booty,
Which dreads not yet her lines destruccion.

Enter Baffanious and Lavinia.

Tamora. Ah my sweete Moor.
Sweeter to me then life.

Aaron. No more great Emppreffe, Baffanious comes,
Be crost with him, and he goe fetch thy Sonnes
To backe thy quarell what so ere they be.
Baffhi. Whom have we here?
Romes Royall Emppreffe.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.

Tam. Give me thy penyiard, you shall know my boys
Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.

Dem. Stay Madam here is more belongs to her,

Fist thou the Come, then after burne the fray:

This Minion blood with your charitie,

Vpon your Nuptiall vow, your loyaltie.

And with that taught hope, braues your Mightinesse,

And shall she carry this unto her grate?

Chi. And if she doe,

I would I were an Eunuch,

Drage here her husband to some secret hole,

And make his dead Tranke-Pillow to our Luft.

Tam. But when ye hate the hony we desire,

Let not this Waffe our-hurt vs both to thing.

Chi. I warrant you Madam we will make that some:

Come Minister, now performe we will enjoy,

That nice-preferred honesty of yours.

Laura. Oh Tamora thou boar's a woman face,

Tam. I will not here her speake, away with her.

Laura. Sweet Lords interest her heart me but a word.

Dem. Often faire Madam, let it be your glory

To be her tears, but be your heart to them,

As vrelenting flint to drops of raine.

Laura. When did the Tigern young-ones teach the dam?

O does not learn her wrath, she taught it thee,

The milke thou suck'd it from her did turne to Marble,

Even at thy Teet thou hadst thy Tyranny,

Yet ever Mothers breedst not Sones alike,

Do thou interest her shew a woman pity.

Chyrs. What,

Wouldst thou have me prove my falde a bastard?

Laura. Tis true,

The Rauen doth not hatch a Lake,

Yet hate I heard, Oh could I finde it now,

The Lion mout with pitty, did induce

To have his Princely paws par'd all away,

Some say, that Raven's foster forsome children,

The whilst their owne birds famish in their nees:

Oh be to me though thy hard hart fry to,

Nothing to kind but some thing pitsfull.

Laura. I know not what it meane, away with her.

Ribbe. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,

That gane thee life when well he might have slaine thee:

Be not obdurate, open thy desie ears.

Tam. Had th' thou in person more offended me.

Even for his sake am I pitifull.

Remember boyes I pow'r d forth tears in vain, to

Save your brother from the sacrific.

But fierce Andronicus would not relent,

Therefore away with her, and vse her as you will,

The worie to her, the better long'd of me.

Laura. Oh Tamora,

Be cauld a gentle Queene,

And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,

For'tis not life that I have begg'd so long.

Poore I was slaine, when Bessian d'ye'd.

Tam. What begg't thou then? fond woman let me go.

Lett. Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:

Oh keepe me from thir worie then killing luft,

Andumble me into some Jacobhome pit,

Where no mans eye may behold my body

Or this and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So shoul I sub my sweet Sones of their fee,

No let them passage their last on thee.

Demo. Away,

For thou hall slaid vs here too long.

Lomia. No Garace,

No womanhoo e Abs beaftly creature,

The blot and enemy to our general name,

Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay then lie flop your mouth

Bring thou your husband,

This is the Hole where Aurbid vs hide him.

Tam. Farewell my Sones, see you make her sure.

Ner let my heart know merry cheere indeed,

Till all the Andronicus be made away:

Now will I hence to fecke my lonely Moar,

And let my plegencfull Sones this Trull defouse.

Exit.

Enter Aues with two of Sones.

Aues. Come on my Lords, the better fooce before,

Straight will I bring you to the lochome pit,

Where I espied the Panther full aftere.

Quo. My ligits is very dull what ere it bodes.

Mard. And mine I promisse you, were it not for flame,

Well could I hence our sport to sleepe a while.

Quo. What art thou fallen?

Wilt subtle Hole is this,

Whose mouth is contract with Rude growing Briers,

Vpon whose leaves are drops of new blooded blood,

As frells as mornings dew dist il on flowers,

A very fallat place is fettes to me:

Speake Brother hallo thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mardius. Oh Brother,

With the dimm'ft obiect

That euer eye with fight made heart lament,

Aues. Now will I fetch the King to finde them here,

That he thereby may have a likly geffe,

How thefe were tircie that made way his Brother.

Exit Aues.

Mard. Why doest not comfort me and helpe me out,

From this vnslain'd and bloud-blamed Hole?

Quo. I am surpris'd with an vacous fear,

A chilling sweat ore-runs my trembling joyns,

My heart suspeets more then mine eye can see,

Mard. To prove thou hast a true dying heart,

Aues and thou booke downe into this den,

And see a fearefull flight of blood and death.

Quo. Aues is gone,

And my compcionate heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold

The thing where it trebles by surmise:

Oh tell me how it is, for mere till now.

Was I a child, to feare I know not what.

Mard. Lord Bessarion he embreowed heere,

All on a heape like to the slaughterd Lambe,

In this defeted, darke,bloud-drinking pit.

Quo. Hid he be darke, how deo't thou know 'tis he?

Mard. Vpon his bloody finger he doth vear

A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:

Which like a Taper in some Monument,

Doth shone vpon the dead mass earthily cheakers,

And shewes the ragged maroales of the pit;

So pale did shine the Moone on Piramus

When he by night lay bath'd im Maiden b'ood:

O Brother help me with thy flaining hand.

If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,

Out of this fell devoiring receipe,

As hatefull as Ostita milde mouth.

Quo. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good, I may be plac't into the swallowing wome, Of this deep pit. poore Bifannis grave: I have no strength to plucke thee to the brink, Ar'time. Nor doth not my heart love thee without thy help. Omen. Thy hand once more, I will not looke againe, Till thou art heere alofte, or I belowe, Thou can't come to me, I come to thee. Both fall in.

Enter the Emperour, Aaron the Moor.

Satur. Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere, And what he is that now is leapt into it, Say, who are those that lately did it defend, Into this gaping hollow of the earth? Marti. The unhappie tone of old Andronicus, Brought hither in a most vulnific hour, To finde thy brother Bifannis dead. Satur. My brother dead? I know thou dost cut left, He and his Lady both are at the Lodge, Vpon the North-side of this pleasant Chasse, 'Tis not an hour since I left him there. Marti. We know not where you left him all alone, But out alas, heere heau we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my Lord the King? Andronicus. Heere Tamora, though grieu'd with killing grieue. Tam. Where is thy brother Bifannis? Andronicus. Now to the bottome doft thou search my wound, Pooore Bifannis heere lies murthered. Tam. Then all too late I bring this facall witt, The compilot of this timeleffe Tragedie, And wonder greatly that mans face can fold, In pleasing smailes such murderous Tyranny.

She giueth Saturninus a Lette珊瑚, and hath a Letter. 

Saturinus reads the Letter, And if we will to meete him honestly, Sweet huntebra, Bifannis letts we meane, Doe thou stoof much as do the giues for him, Then know if our meaning doth to thy reward Among the Nesties at the Elder tree, Whose honour hono'rs the month of that same pit: Where we deo'ere to busy Bifannis. Doe this and purchase vs thy losting friends.

King. Oh Tamora, was ever heard the like? This is the pit, and thus the Elder tree, Looke first, if you can finde the huntebra out, That should have murthered Bifannis heere. Aaron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold. King. Two of thy wholes, tell Curses of bloody kind Have here bereft my brother of his life: Sirs drag them from the pit unto the prifon, There let them be in time we have deuiled Some neuer heard of torturing paine for them, Tam. What are they in this pit, Oh wondrous thing! How easilie murder is discouered? Tit. High Emperour, when my feeble knee, By this boone, with reares, not lightly flied, That this fell fault of my accursed Sonnes, Accused if the faults be proud in them. King. If it be proud? If you see it is apparant, Who found this Letter, Tamora was it you? Tamora. Andronicus humifie did take it vp. Tit. I did my Lord, Yet let me be their baile, For by my Father's resurrent Tombe I saw They shall be ready at your Highnes will, To anwer thee their fuppretion with their lives. 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 guile is plaine, For by my foule, were there worse end then death, That end upon them should be esecuted. Tam. Andronicus I will entreat the King, Fear not thy Sonnes, they shall do well enough. Tit. Come Lucius come, Stay not to talke with them.

Enter the Empresse Sonne, with Lavinia, her hands cut off and her tongue cut out, and ranting.

Dem. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake, Who t'was that cut thy tongue and rauishd thee. Chi. Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning, And if thy lumpes will let thee play the scribe. Dem. See bow with figures and tokens thee can scowle. Chi. Go home, Call for sweet water, wash thy hands. Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash. And for let's leave her to her silent walks, Chi. And't were my cause, I shold goe hang my selfe. Dem. If thou had't hands to helpe thee knit the cord. Wunde Horse.

Enter Marcus from hunting to Lavinia. 

Who is this, my Niece that flies away so fast? Cofen a word, where is your husband? If I do drame would all my wealth would wake me; If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe, That I may flumber in eternall sleepe. Speake gentle Niece, what faire vengeall hands Hath lop't, and hevd, and made thy body bare Of her two branches, those sweet Ornaments Whole circling shadowes, Kings have fought to sleep in, And might not gaine to great a happiness As halle thy Lome? Why doest not speake to me? Alas, a Crimson river of warme blood Like to a bubbling fountain fit'd with winde, Doth rise and fall betweene thy Reded lips, Comming and going with thy bony breath, But sure some Terew hath deforced thee, And leaft thou shouldt detet them, cut thy tongue. Ah, now thou turn'th away thy face for shame: And notwithstanding all this loffe of blood, As from a Conduit with their infalling Spouts, Yet doe thy cheeks looke red as Titans face, Blushing to be encountred with a Cloud, Shall I speake for thee? Shall I say 'tis to? Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the best That I might ralle at him to eafe my mind. Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen seal'd, Doth bare the hart to Cinders where it is. Faire thalamatae fit but for thy tongue. And in a tedious Sampler lowed her minde. But losely Niece that meanes is cut from thee, A crafter Terew hath thou met withall, And he hath cut those pretty irigers off.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

That could have better lowed then Phoebus.
Oh had the monster feet of his Lily hands,
Tremble like Aspen leaves upon a Lute,
And make the fitten strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heavenly Harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made:
He would have droppe his knive and fell asleep,
As Ceres was at the Thracian Poets feast.
Come let us goe, and make thy father blinde,
For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.
One hours Rome will drown the fragrant meades,
What, will whole months of tears thy Fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe, for we will smote with thee:
Oh could our mourning ease thy milery.

Enter the Judges and Senators with Titus two sons bound,
passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before them.

Ti. Hear me grave fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept.
For all my blood in Romeys great quarell fled,
For all the frotty nights that I hate watcht,
And for these bitter tears, which now you see,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
Be pittfull to my condemned Sonnes,
Who eno tis not corrected as thou thought:
For two and twenty fonnes I neuer wept,
Because they died in honours losy bed.

Titus's youth done, and the Judges passe by him,
For these, Tribunes, in the dull I write
My harts deepe languor, and my foules sad tears:
Let my tears an old and dreere appetite.
My fowles swee, blood, will make it dinne and blush:
O earth I will be friend like more with raine
That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,
Then youinfull April shill with all his flource
In fummers drought he drop upon thee still,
In winter with warme tears I melt the snow,
And keep every spring time on thy face,
So thou relateth to drink my desire fonnes blood.

Enter Lucius with his weapon drawn.

Oh teerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Vimbide my fowles, teemrie the doome of death,
And let me say (that never wept before)
My tears now are now prechaing Oratours.
Lu. Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes have overcome, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a fone.
Ti. All Lucius for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue Tribunes, once more I traint 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 meoch if they did heare
They would not pitty me.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones.

Who though they cannot answere my disfreese,
Yet in some fort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
What doe wepee, they humbly at my feete
Recieve my tears, and come to wepee with me,
And were they but attired in gauce weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.
A fone is as soft waxe,
Tribunet more hard then fones:
Afone is silent, and offended not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore stand't thou with thy weapon drawn?
Lu. To resuce my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Judges have pronounce
Me euerslafing doome of banishment.
Ti. O happy man, they haue betrifed thee:
Why foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers?
Tigers must pray, and Rome affords no prey
But the wind and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter Marcus and Luciana.


Enter Marcus and Luciana.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep:
Or if not, thy noble heart to breake;
I bring confessing sorrow to thine age.
Ti. Will it confume me? let me see it then.
Mar. This was thy daughter,
Ti. Why Marcus to thee?
Luc. Aye me this obie & kill me.
Ti. Faint-hearted boy, arise and looke upon her,
Speake Luciana, what accurred hund
Hath made thee handlest in thy Fathers sight?
What knewe hast added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My grieue was at the height before thou cam'it,
And now like Nisus it did inch me but bounds;
Give me a sword, Ile chop off my hands too,
For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine;
And they haue nust this woe,
In feeding life;
In boetelesse prayeres have they bene held vp,
And they have scur'd me to effectlesse vie,
Now all the fernice I require of them,
is that the one will help to cut the other:
'Tis well Luciana, that thou haue half no hands,
For hands to do Rome fermice, is but vaine.
Luci. Speake gentle sir, who hath marrst thee?
Mar. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blesst them with faeke pleasing eloquence,
Is drown from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes enchanting every ear,
Luc. Oh say thou for her,
Who hath done this deed?
Mar. Oh this I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare
That hath receiv'd some verruesing wound.
Ti. It was my deare,
And here it wounded her.
Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a Rocke,
Inuor'd with a wilderness of Sea,
Who marks the waxing tide,
Grow wauct by wauce,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Expecting euer when some enorous surge,
Will in his briwth bowels fwallow him.
This way to death, my wretched soules are gone.
Heree flands my other sonne, a banished man,
And heree my brother weeping at my wees.
But that which gyues my soule the greatest paine,
Is deere Lucina, decreet then my soule.
Had I but seece thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me. What shall I doe?
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyred thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Looke Marcus, ah forke Lucina looke on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fells tears
Stood on her cheeckes, as doth the hony dew.
Upon a gathered Lillie almost withered.

Mar. Percance shee weepes because they kill'd her husband,
Porcance because she knowes him innocent.
Ti. If they did kill thy husband then be joyfull,
Because the law hath neereuge on them.
No, no, they would not doe so to foule a deede,
Witness the sorrow that their fatter makes.
Gentle Lucini, let me kiss thy lips,
Or make some signes how I may do thee ease:
Shall thou good Vincke, and thy brother Lucini,
And thou and I fit round about one Fountain,
Looking all downeyards to beheld our cheeckes
How they are flain'd in meadowes, yet not dry
With merry flume left on them by a flood:
And in the Fountaine shall we gaze long:
Till the fressh taffe be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongtes, and in dumbe shewe,
Passe the remainder of our hatefull days.
What shall we doe? Let vs that have our tongues
Plot some devise of further miseries.
To make vs wondred at in time to come.
Lu. Sweet Father ease thy teares, for at thy grieve
See how my wretched sister fobs and weeps.

Patience deere Nece, good Titus dreeth thine eyes.

Ti. Ah Marcus, Marcus, Brother well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine.
For thou noore man haft drown'd it with thine owne.
Ah, ah my Lucini I will wipe thy cheeckes.
Ti. Mark me Marcus marke, I understand her signes,
Had she a tongue to speake, now would the say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His Napkin with hertrue teares all bewer,
Can do no seruice on her forgrowfull cheeckes.
Ohe what a smafiwy of weep is that.
As faire from helpes Linho is from stiffe.

Enter Aaron the Moore alone.

More. Titus Andronicus, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thes this word, that if thou lone thy soules,
Let Marcus, Lucini, on thy selfe old Titus,
Or any one of you chop off your head:
And fende it to the Kinghe for the fame,
Will fende thee hither both thy soules alue,
And that shall be the sanctione for their faute.

Ti. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle Aaron,
Did euer Rauen singe to like a Lark?
That gues sweet cydngs of the Sunnes upteife?
With all my heart he fende the Emperour my hand,
Good Aaron wilt thou help to chase it?
Lu. Stay further for that hinde hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe to so many enemies,
Shall not be fent: my hand will ferue the turne,
My youth can better spare my blood then you,
And therefore mine shall fate my brothers liues.

Mar. Which of you hands hath not defendd Rome,
And read'd aloof the bloody Battallace,
Writing destruction on the enemies Castle?
Oh none of both but are of high deffer,
My hand hath bin but idle, Jet let it ferue.
To ransom my two nephews from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.

More. Nay come agree, whole hand shall goe along
For fear they die before their pardon come.
Mar. My hand shall goe,
Lu. By heauen it shall not goe.
Ti. Shes brinze no more herewithed hearts as these
Are meece for plucking vp, and therefore mine.

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

Mar. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me thens a brothers close to thee.
Ti. Agree betwene thee, I will spare thy hand.
Lu. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.

Mar. But I will wth the Axe.

Exeunt.

Ti. Come hither Aaron, ile deceit thee both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine.

More. If that be cal'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never whil Ili deceite mee so:
But ile deceite you in another sort,
And that you'l fay ere halfe an hour passe.

He cutes off Titus hand.

Enter Lucinius and Marcus againe.

Ti. Now fay you fire, what shall I be, is dispatche;
Good Aaron giue his Maistrie me hand,
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers: bid him bury it;
More hast it meried: That let it hauie
As for my soules, say I account of them,
As jewels purfhaft at an eafe price,
And yet decrese to, because I bought mine owne.

Aaron. I got Andronicus, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to hue thy soules with thee:
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany
Both fat me with the very thoughts oft.
Let foules do good, and faire men call for grace,
Aaron will haue his soule blacke like his face.

Ti. O heere I lift this one hand vp to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me
Due then deare heart, for heaven shall hear our prayers,
Or with our fighs weele breath the welekin dimme,
And thaine the Sun with bagge ast a tormente cloudes,
When they do hug him in their melting bosome.

Mar. Oh brother speake with possibilites,
And do not breake into these depe extreames.

Ti. It is not my sorrow deepen, having no bottome

Then
The Tragedie of Tins Andronicus.

Then be my passions bottomless with them.  
**Mar.** But yet let reason gouerne thy phame.  
**Tita.** If there were reason for these miseries,  
Then into limis could I binde my woes:  
When heaven doth wepe, doth not the earth or flow?  
If the windes rage, doth not the Sea weep?  
Threading the welkin with his big-browne face?  
And wilt thou have a reason for this coile?  
I am the Sea. Harke how her fighes doe flow:  
Sche is the weeping welkin, I the earth:  
Then mutt my Sea be mouted with her fighes,  
Then mutt my earth with her continual teares.  
Become a deluge: overflow'd and drown'd.  
For why, my bowells cannot hide her woes,  
But like a drunkard muff I vomit them:  
Then give me leave, for looers will have leave,  
To eate their flosomnes 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 sentest the Empereur:  
Here are the heads of thy two noble fowres.  
And heeres thy hand in forrme to thee sent backe:  
Thy griefes, their spots: Thy resolution mock'd,  
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,  
More than remembrance of my fathers death.  
**Marc.** Now let his Blood coole in Cicllic,  
And be my heart an ever-burning hell:  
These miseries are more then may be borne,  
To wepe with them that wepe, doth eate some deale,  
But sorrow flouted at, is double death.  

**Luc.** Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,  
And yet deftendd life not shrinke thereat:  
That ever death should let life bear his name,  
Where life hath no more intertest but to breath.  
**Mar.** Alas poor hart that kille is comfortlesse,  
As frozen water to a fasted knike.  

**Tit.** When will this fastefull flunter have an end?  

**Mar.** Now farwell blarttie, die Andronicus,  
Thou dost not bluster, fee thy two fons heads,  
Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here:  
Thy other banished fowres with this dire fight  
Stricken pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,  
Enr in a fony Image, cold and nummre.  
Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,  
Ret off thy furer hairies, shre other hand  
Grawing with thy teares, and be this dismal fight  
The closing vp of our most wretched eyes:  
Now is a time to Frome, why art thou still?  

**Tit.** Ha, ha, ha,  

**Mar.** Why doth thou laugh if its not with this house.  

**Tit.** Why I have not another tear to flode:  
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,  
And would督查 upon my waney eyes,  
And make them blinde with tributaries teares,  
Then which way shall I finde Reuneges Case?  
For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,  
And threat me, I shall never come to blisse,  
Till all these mischies be returned againe,  
Euen in their throats that have committted them.  
Come let me see what taskes I have to doe,  
You heauie people, circle me about,  
That I may turne me to each one of you,  
And swarche into my soule to right your wrongs.  
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,  

And in this hand the other will I bear.  
And Lavinia thou shalbe employed in these things:  
Bear thou my hand sweet wench between my teeth:  
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,  
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,  
Hie to the Gather, and raise an army there,  
And if you lose me, as I think you doe,  
Let kiffe and part, for we have must to doe.  

**Exeunt.**

**Mat.** Lucius.

**Luc.** Farewell Andronicus my noble Father:  
The woulf fit man that ever liid in Rome:  
Farewell proud Rome, til Lucine come againe,  
Helours his pledges dearer then his life:  
Farewell Lavinia my noble lorder,  
O would thou were as thou to fore laft beene,  
But now, but Lucius nor Lavinia lives  
But in oblivion and hateful griefes:  
If Lucine live, he will requite your wrongs,  
And make proud Saturnine and his Emperlre  
At the gates like Tarquinius and his Queen.  
Now will I to the Gothers and raise a power,  
To be reuned on Rome and Saturnine.  

**Exit Lucius.**

**A Buke.**

Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lavinia, and the Boy.  

**An.** So so, now fir, and looke you estede no more  
Then will preferue full so much strength in vs  
As will revenge their bitter wores of ours.  
**Marcus** vouchst that fowrman-wreathen knot:  
Thy Neece and I (poore Creatures) want our hands  
And cannot passionate our tenfold griete,  
Wish fealded Atmes. This poore right hand of mine,  
Is let to turram seupon my brest,  
When who my hart almad with misery,  
Bears in this hollow prison of my thche,  
Then thus I thumpe it down.  

**Thos.** Map of woe, that thus doo talk in figues,  
When thy poore hart bearthes without rigorous beating,  
Thou canst not flinke it thus to make it still?  
Wound it with fighting girle, kil it with grousse:  
Or get some little knive betweene thy teeth,  
And juft 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 boole, in sea salt teares.  
**Mar.** By brother fy, teach her forth thus to lay  
Such violent hands uppon her tender life.  

**An.** How now! Has forrow made thee dose already?  

**Marcus.** No man should be mad but I:  
What violent hands can she lay on her life;  
Ah, wherefore doo thou urge the name of hands,  
To bid the emer tell the tale twice oure  
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable  
O handle not the theame, to talke of hands,  
Least we remember full that we have none,  
Fie, fie, how Fantiquely I square my talke  
As if we should fortere we had no hands:  
If Marcus did not name the word of hands  
Come lets fall too, and gentle girle eate this,  
Here is no drinke: Harke Marcus what she failets,  
I can interpret all her marrid figures,  
She failets, she drinkes no other drink but teares  
Brewd with her forrow: meftid uppon her cheeks,
Enter young Lucini and Lavinia running after him, and the Boy first from her with his books under his arm.

Exeunt Titus and Marcus.

Boy. I prithee Grandier, help me, my Aunt Lavinia.

Follows me softly where I know not why.

Good Aunt Marcus, I am come from the city, I am come.

Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you mean.

Boy. I prithee Grandier, help me, my Aunt Lavinia.

Marcus. Stand by me Lucini, do not tease thy Aunt.

Titus. She loves since boy too well to doe thee harme.

Boy. I when my father was in Rome did.

Marcus. What means my Neece Lavinia by these signs?

Titus. Fear not Lavinia, somewhat doth the means.

See Lucini see, how much the makes of these.

Some whether would the hau thee goe with her.

Ah boy, Cordelia never with more care.

Read to her sonnes, then the hath read to thee.

Sweet Poetry and Sweet Oeuvre.

Canst thou not gesse wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord I know nor I, nor can I gesse,

Vnlesse some fit or frenzie do possest her.

For I have heard my Grandier say full oft,

Extremities of griefes would make men mad.

And I have read that Heracle of Troy,

ran mad through forrow, that made me to Spee.

Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,

Loves me as dear as ere my mother did,

And would not but in fury fright my youth,

Which made me downe to throw my books, and flye.

Cauter perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,

And Madam, if my Uncle Marcus goe,

I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Marcus. I will.

Tit. How now Lavinia, Marcus what makes this?

Some bookes there is that she desires to see,

Which is it girle of thee? Open them boy.

But thou art deeper read and better skilful,

Come and take choice of all my Library,

And so beguile thy sorrow, till she heauenly.

Reveal the damnd contriver of this deed.

What bookes?

Why liftst thou her arms in sentence thus?

Marcus. I think she means that ther was more then one.

Confederate in the fact, I more there was;

Or else to heauen the heauens to reunite.

Titus. Lavinia what booke is that the tolisth for?

Boy. Grandier tis Ovials Metamorphosis.

My mother gaue it me.

Marcus. For none of her that's gone,

Perhaps the cold it from among the rest.

Titus. Soft, to busily the turns the leaves.

Help she,what would she finde? Lavinia shall I read.

This is the tragick tale of Philomed;

And treason treascon and his rape,

And rape he were root of thine annoys.

Marcus. See brother see, how she quotes the heauens.

Titus. Lavinia, went thou thus surpris'd sweet girle,

Ravish and wrong'd as Philomela was?

Fore'd in the ruthless, straft, and gloomy woods?

See, see! a such a place there is where we did hunte,

(O had we never, never hunted there.)

Patem'd by that the Poet heere describes,

By nature made for murthers and for rapers.

Marcus. O why should nature build so foule a den

Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies?

Titus. Give gisses, sweet girle, for here none are but friends.

What Romaine Lord it was durst do the deed?

Or slueke not Saturnine, so Tarquins elfh.

That left the Campo to finis in Lucrèces bed.

Marcus. Sit downe sweet Necee, brother sit downe by me, Apollon, Pallas Iove, or Mercurius,

Inspire me that I may this treazon finde.

My Lord looke heere, looke heere Lavinia.

He writes his Name with his Staffe, and guides it with feste and mouth.

This fandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst.
This act is over. I have writ my name, Without the help of any hand at all. Curti be that hand that face it is to that shift: Write thou good Neece, and heere display at laft, What God will have discover'd for reuenge, Heaven guide thy pen to print thy froresse plain, That we may know the Tragoyes and the truth.

She take the fluv in her mouth, and guides it with her fťumps and writers.

Ti. Oh do ye read my Lord what she hath writ?
Stigpyrm, Chiron, Demetrios.

Mal. What, what, the fľuffuf l汁mes of Tameria, Performers of this hainous bloody deed?
Ti. Megas Demetrius pal.
Tamburis: audia sceleras, tam levis vilis?
Mal. Oh calme thee: gende Lord: Although I know there is enough written upon this earth, To firre a mutine in the mildeft thoughts, And arme the minds of infants to exclaims. My Lord kneele downe with me: Lavinia kneele, And kneele sweet boy, the Romane Heires hope, And fľeeare with me as the woufull Feere And father of that chaft difhonour'd Dame, Lord Lavinia Brutes (weares for once defire rape, That we will prosecute (by good aduice) Mortall reuenge upon these traverous Gothes, And fee their blood, or die with this reproach. Til. Titus faire enough, and you know how. But if you hunt these Beare-whelpes, then beware The Dam will wake, and if the winde you once She's with the Lyon deeply fill in a league, And hurls him whilfe the palevy on her bace, And when he fleepes will flie do what she flieth. You see a young huntman Mecren, let it alone And come, I will goe get a leafe of braise, And with a Gad of fteele will write these words, And lay it by; the angry Northerne winde Will blow these fands like fihle lies abroad, And Here's your lefson then. Boy what say you?

Dmr. I fay my Lord, that if I were a man, Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe, For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome. Mal. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft, For his ingratitude country done the like. Boy. And Vincue fo will I, and if I live. Til. Come goe with me into mine Armorie, Lavinia fitte thee, and withall, my boy Shall carrie from me to the Empereffe fonnes, Prefents that I intend to fend them both, Come, come, thou'dt do thy meflyge, wilt thou not?

Boy. With my dagguer in their bones Grandire: Til. The boy not fo, hee teach thee another coureu, Lavinia come, Marcus looke to my houte, Lavinia and Ie goe brave it at the Court, I marry we fhall and weele be waited on. Exeunt. Mal. O heauens! Can you hear a good man groane And not relent, or not compition him? Marcus attend him in his extafie, That hath more fear of sorrow in his heart, Then five-mens marks upon his bosterd Shield, But yet so flieth, that he will not reuenge, Revenge the heauens for old Andromene. Exeunt. Enter Aaron, Clitumnus and Demetrios at one dore: and at another do young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons and wefti with upon them.

Chi. Demetrios heare the fome of Lucius, He hath fame meflyge to deliver vs. Areu. I fame meflyge from his mad Grandfather. Boy. My Lords, with all the humbleness I may, I geere your honours from Andromene, And praye the Romane Gods confound you both. Deme. Gramercy lovely Lucius, what's the newes? For villian's markt with rape, May it please you, My Grand fir well aduitt'd hath fent by me, The good defire weapons of his Armorie, To gratife your honourable youth, The hope of Rome,for he be bad me fay; And fo I do and with his gifts present Your Lordships, when euere you have need, You may be armed and appointed well, And fo I leave you both: like bloody villaines. Exit. Deme. What's heere? a scrole, & written round about? Let's fee. Internal scelleres pars, non equit mgnus saculis nec auro. Chi. 'Tis a verfe in Horace, I know it well. I read it in the Grammer long agoe.

Moor. 'Tis a verfe in Horace: right, you haue it, Now what shana thing is it to be an Affe? Here's no found about, the old man hath found their guilt, And fends the weapons wrappt about with lines, That wound beyond their feeling to the quick: But were we witty Empereffe well a foot, She would applaud Andromene conceit: But let her reft, in her vnaile a while. And now young Lords, was't not a happy harre Led us to Romefrangers, and more then fo; Captus, to be advanced 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 fee so great a Lord Bacyly inuintate, and fend vs gifts. Moor. Had he not reafon Lord Demetrie? Did you not vie his daughter very friendly? Deme. I would we had a thousand Roman Dames At fuch a bay, by turne to ferue our luft. Chi. A charitable wife, and full of love, Moor. Here's lack's but your mother for to fay, Amen. Chi. And that would fhe for twenty thousand more. Deme. Come, let vs goe, and pray to all the Gods For our beloued mother in her paines. Moor. Pray to the deus, the gods have gien us ever, Prius. Dem. Why do the Emperes trumpets flourish thus? Chi. Belike for toy the Emper our lath a fome, Dem. Solo, who comes here? Enter Nurses with a blacke a Moore shide. Nurn. Good morrow Lords: O tell me, did you see Aaron the Moore? Areu. Well, more or leffe, or none a whit at all, Here's Aaron is, and what with Aaron now? Nurses. Oh gentle Aaron, we are all vndone, Now helpe, or wee bide thee evermore. Areu. Why, what a careerwalling doth thou keep? What doft thou wrap and fumble in thine armes? Nurses. O that which I would hide from heauen eye, Our Empreffe shame, and falsely Rome dis grace, She is delured Lords, she is delured. Areu. To whom? Nurses. I mean she is brought a bed? Areu. Wel God give her good reth.
What hath he sent her?  

_Nurse._ A deuil.  

_Aaron._ Why then the idylle Deuils Dam: a joyful life.  

_Nurse._ A loud, asmall, blanke & sorrowfull life,  

_Her._ Here is the babe at lasthorne a stool,  

_Aaron._ It is the fairest head of all the childe,  

_The Empresse_ sends it thee, thy flame, thy flame,  

_Aaron._ And bids thee christen it with thy daggers at thee point.  

_Exit._ Out you, wh's is black balde a hune?  

_Sweetie boy._ You are a beauteous blossom flower.  

_Dem._ Villain what haft thou done?  

_Aaron._ That wh'ch thou canst not undone.  

_Christ._ Thou haft undone our mother.  

_Dem._ And therein bidst thou, haft undone,  

_Woe to her chance, and damnd her losted choyse,  

_Aaron._ Accott the off-spring of this foule a fiend.  

_Christ._ It shall not live.  

_Aaron._ It shall not die.  

_Nurse._ _A Aaron _ is muft, the mother wills it so.  

_Aaron._ What, muft it _Nurse_? Then let no man but I  

_Doce execution on his Bleed, and Blood.  

_Dem._ He brooketh the Capule on my Rapiers point:  

_Nurse._ Gues it me, my sword shall soone dispart it.  

_Aaron._ Sooner this sword shall plough by thy bowels vp.  

_Stay mostherous villaines, will you kill your brother?  

_Now by the burning Tapers of the ski,  

_That in one to brightley when this boy was got,  

_He dies vp by my Seinars sharpe point,  

_That touches this my holf borne sorne and heir,  

_Tell you young-lings, not Extincido.  

_With all his threatening band of Typhon broode,  

_Not great Almes, nor the God of warre,  

_Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:  

_What, what, ye fainike shallow herted Boyes,  

_White ye limb'd wall'd wallies, ye Alle-houe painted Signes,  

_Cole-blacke is better then another hure,  

_In that it fomere to bear another hure:  

_For all the water in the Ocean,  

_Can never turne the Swans blacke legs to white,  

_Although she late them hourly in the flood:  

_Tell the Empresse from me, I am of age  

_To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she cane.  

_Dem._ Wilt thou betray thy noble munifis thus?  

_Aaron._ My misfits is my mistitris this myselfe,  

_Vigour, and the picture of my youth:  

_This before all the world do I preferre,  

_This augger all the world will I kepe safe,  

_Or some of you shall done for it in Rome.  

_Dem._ By this our mother is for euer sham'd.  

_Christ._ Rome will deprivie her for this foule escape.  

_Nurse._ The Empoyr in his rage will doome her death.  

_Christ._ I blithe to thinke upon this ignominie.  

_Aaron._ Why ther she's the prouide thy beauty bears.  

_Bet trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing  

_The clofe mastes and countels of the hart  

_Here's a yong Lad fram'd of another leere,  

_Looke how the blacke flute fames upon the father;  

_As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne,  

_He is your brothe Lord, sensibly fed  

_Of that selle blood that first gave life to you,  

_And from that wonde where you imprisioned were  

_He is infranchisde and come to light.  

_Nay he is your brother by the fonder side,  

_Although my face be damned in his face.  

_Nurse._ Aaron what shall I say unto the Empresse?  

_Dem._ Advise thee _Aaron_, what is to be done,  

_And we will all subscribe to thy advise:  

_Say lou the child, so we may all be safe.  

_Aaron._ Then let us downe and let vs all consult.  

_My sonne and I will haue the world of you:  

_Keepe there, now takke an plasment of your safery,  

_Dem._ How many women saw this childe of his?  

_Aaron._ Why to brave Lords, when we lyone in league  

_I am a Lambe, but if you brate the Moore,  

_The chafed Bore, the mountains Lyonere,  

_The Ocean swells not to at _Aaron_ Horine:  

_But say againe, how many saw the childe &  

_Nurse,_ Corinna, the midwife, and my selle,  

_And none else but the delitered Empresse,  

_Aaron._ The Empresse, the Midwife, and your wife,  

_Two may keepen counsell, when the the thirds away:  

_Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said,  

_It's left her.  

_Weeke, weeke, goe cryes a Bigge prepared to thilpit.  

_Dem._ What mean'th thou _Aaron_?  

_Wherefore did it thou this?  

_Aaron._ O Lord sir, 'tis a deed of policie  

_Shall the hune to betray this guilt of our's:  

_A long ronge'd and breading Cripe? No Lords no:  

_And now be it knowne to you my full intent.  

_Not farre, one _Mistitens_ my Country-man  

_His wife but yesternight he was brought to bed,  

_His childe is like to her, faire as you are:  

_Goe packe with him, and give the mother gold,  

_And tell them both the circumstancie of all,  

_And how by this their Childe shall be adaeunc'd,  

_And be receiued for the Emperor's brye,  

_Substituted in the place of mine,  

_To calme this tempeft whilch in the Court,  

_And let the Emperor dandle him for his owne.  

_Harke ye Lords, ye see I have given her phyficke,  

_And you must needs befor her funerall,  

_The fields are neere, and you are gallant Grooms:  

_This done, see thar you take no longer daies  

_But fend the Midwife pretently to me.  

_The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,  

_Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.  

_Christ._ _Aaron_ I see thou wilt not trull the syre with fe  

_Dem._ For this care of _Tanora_, (crees)  

_Her telles, and hers are highly bound to thee.  

_Exeunt._  

_Aaron._ Now to the Gothes, as Swift as Swallow flies,  

_There to dispose this creature in mine times,  

_And secretly to grette the Empresse friends:  

_Come on you thiek-lipt, daire, let beare you hence,  

_For it is you that puts us to one shifles  

_Ie make you feed on berries, and on roostes,  

_And feed on curds and why, and sucke the Goase,  

_And cabbin in a Cave, and bring you vp  

_To be a warriour, and command a Campe.  

_Exit._  

_Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen  

_with borne, and Titus bears the armes with  

_Letters on the end of them._  

_Tit._ Come Marcus, come, kinmen this is the way.  

_Sir Boy let me see your Archeke,  

_Looke ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:  

_Titans_ Africke religius, be you remembred Marcus.  

_She's gone, she's fled, first take you to your rooles,  

_You Ceeschis that you see the Ocean,  

_Yet chere as little sifice as at Land:  

_No Pubblish and sensumties you must doe it.
Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pigeons in it.

Titus. News, news, from heaven, Marcus the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters? Shall I have Justice, what sayes Iopiter? Clowne. He the Stibbe-maker, he sayes that he had taken them down againe, for the man must not be hang'd till the next weeks
Titus. Why, didst thou not come from heaven? Clowne. From heaven? Alas sir, I never came there, God forbid I should be so bold, so preste to heaven in my young days. Why I am going with my pigeons to the Tribunall Pleas, to take vp a matter of a brawle, between my Uncle and one of the Emperours men.
Mar. Why sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your Oration, and let him deliver the Pigeons to the Emperor from you.
Titus. Tell me, can you deliver an Oration to the Emperor with a Grace? Clowne. Nay truly sir, I could never say grace in all my life.
Titus. Sirrah come hither, make no more ado, but give your Pigeons to the Emperor, by me thou shalt have Justice at his hands. Hold, hold, mean while he's money for thy charges.
Give me pen and ink.
Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliver a Supplication? Clowne. Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneele, then kisse his hand, then deliver vp your Pigeons, and then lookes for your reward. He be at hand fem, see you do it truly.
Clowne. I warrant you sir, I let me alone.
Titus. Sirrah hast thou a knave? Come let me see it. Heere Marcus folde in the Oration.
Clowne. God be with you sir, I will. Exit. Titus. Come Marcus let vs goe, Publius follow me.
Exeunt. Enter Emperor and Emperess, and her two sones, the Emperor bringeth the Arrows to his hand that Titus shot at him.

Saw. Why Lords, What wrongs are these? was euer scene An Emperor in Rome thus overborne, Troubled, confronted thus and for the extent Of egall justice, yd in such contempt? My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods, (How euer these disturbers of our peace But in the peoples ears) there nought the hath pass, But even with law against the willfull Sonnes Of old Aundrius. And what and if His followers have too overwhelm'd his wits, Shall we be thus affrighted in his weakes, His first, his friendly, and his bitternesse? And now he writes to heaven for his redresse.
See, see here to Ioue, and this to Mercurius,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Kne, but the Citizens favour Lucius.
And will revolt from me to succour him.
Tam. King, be thy thoughts Imperious like thy name.
Is the Sunne dim'd, that Grats do flie in it?
The Eagle suffers little Birds to fly, And is not careful what they meane thereby, Knowing that with the favour of his wings, He can at pleasure fin their melodie.
Even so mayest thou, the giddy men of Rome, Then cleare thy spirit, for know thou Emperor, I will enchaunt the old Androcinus, With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous Then bate to, or, hony talkes to sleep, When as the one is wounded with the baste, The other roset with delicious foodes.
King. But he will not entreat his Sonne for vs, Tam. If I entreat him, then he will, For I can smooth and fill his aged ear, With golden promises, that were his heart, Almost impregnable, his old eares desete, Yet it should both ease and heart obeys my tongue.
Goe then before to our Embassadour, Say, that the Emperor requests a parly Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.
Emk. Emulous do this message Honourably, And if it be in Holлагue for his safety, Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.
Emll. Your bidding shall I do effectually, Exit. Tam. Now will I to that old Androcinus, And temper him with all the Art I have, To plucks proud Lucius from the warlike Gothes. And now sweet Emperor be blithe againe, And bury all thy feare in my descres.
Sat. Then goe succettantly and plead for him, Exit.

Actus Quintus.

Flourish. Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes, with Drums and Rounders.

Luc. Approved warriours, and my faithfull Friends, I have receaved Letters from great Rome, Which signifie what hate they bear their Emperor, And how delirous of our fight they are. Therefore great Lords, be as your Titless twinne, Imperious and impatient of your wrongs, And wherein Rome hath done you any feathe, Let him make treble satisfaction.
Goth. Braue soldier, sprung from the Great Androcinus, Whole name was once our terror, now our comfort, Whose high exploits, and honourable Deeds, Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt: Behold in vs, wee follow where thou leadst, Like flinging Bees in noireck Sommers day, Led by their Master to the flowered fields, And be an end on curbed Tamers:
And as he faith, so saye we all with him.
Luc. I humbly thank you, and I thank you all, But who comethere, led by a lusty Goth? Enter a Goth leading of Aaron with his child in his arme.
Cott. Renowned Lucius, from our troupes I craide, To gaze upon a rumous Monastere, and
And as I calmly did fix mine eye
Upon the waiting building, suddenly
I heard a childish voice beneath a wall;
I made into the noisy, when soone I heard,
The crying babe control'd with this discourse:
Peace Tawny flanne, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewraye what bare thou art?
Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke,
Villain thou mightst have bene an Empourer,
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a colo-blache-Calfie:
Peace, villain peace, even thus he raises the babe,
For I must beare thee to a straflfy Goth,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy Mothers sake.
With this, my weapon drawne I ruft upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him bittier
To vie, as you think neede fullest of the man.

Luci. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil,
That rob'd Andronicus of his good hand;
This is the Pearl that pleadingly thy Empresse eye,
And here's the Bale Fruit of his burning luft.
Say wall-eye'd flauver, whether wouldst thou conny
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Will thou not speake thy what desire? Not a word?
A balter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,
And by his fide his Fruitre of Battardie.

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

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

Aaron. Get me a Ladder Luciain, face the Childre,
And bear it from me to the Empresse:
Hethou do this, he flie these wondrous things,
That highely may advaantage thee to hear;
Hethou wilt not, beall what may befal,
Ile speake no more; but vengeance rot thou all.

Luci. Say on, and if it please me which thou speake't,
Thy child shal live, and I will fee it Nowhith.

Aaron. And if it please thee? why allure thee Luciain,
Will vex thee longe to hear what I flall speake:
For I must talke of Marches, Rapes, and Maffacles,
Acts of Blacke-night, abominable Deeds,
Compostles of Mischief, Treason, Villanies,
Ruthfull to hear, yet pietiously preforme'd,
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Whyle other shall speake to me thy Childre shall live.

Luci. Tell on thy minde,
I say thy Childre shall live.

Aaron. Swear that he shal, and then I will begin.

Luci. Who shall live? swearn by,
Thou blessing God, no God,
Thou blessed, how canst thou beleue an oath?

Aaron. Alas! if I doe not, so indeed I do not,
Yea! for I know them to be Religious,
And hauing a thing within thee, called Confidence,
With twenty Popish tricks and Ceremonies,
Where I have gone soe careful to obserbe;
Therefore I make thee to prome that I know
An Idolot holds his Bauble for a God,
And keeps the oath which by that God he sweares,
To that Ile sweares: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God soe er it be
That thou adorrest, and haue in reuerence,
To save my Boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
Ere ells I will suffer no more to thee.

Luci. Even by my God I sweare to thee I will,

Aaron. First know thou,
I beget him on the Empresse.

Luci. Oh most Infatiate luxurious woman!

Aaron. Tis Luciain, this was but a deed of Charitie,
To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,
I was her two Sonsnes that murdered Baffianus,
They cut thy Sillers tongue, and rauish her, and
Cut her hands off, and trim'd her as thou fawst.

Luci. Oh detestable villain!

Call it thou that Trimming?

Aaron. Why she was waight, and cut, and trim'd,
And trau's trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luci. Oh barbarous beastly villains like thee felts!

Aaron. Indeeede, I was ther Turor to insuffic them,
That Coddig spirit had they from their Mother,
As sure a Carol as ever wonne the Set:
That bloody minde I think they learn'd of me,
As true a Dog as ever fought at hea.
Well, let my Deeds be wonne of my worth:
I tray'd thy Bretheren to that guilefull Hole,
Where the dead Corsps of Baffianus lay:
I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,
And hid the Gold within the Letter mentio'd,
Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonnes,
And had the Secret, and thus thou haue cause to rue:
Wherein I had no brocke of Mischief in it.

I play'd the Chaster for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my felloe sparr,
And alenoff broke my heart with excrimate laughter.
I pried me through the Cruicie of a Wall,
When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes head,
Beheld his tears, and laughe so harfly,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
And when I sold the Empresse of this sport,
She founded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tydings, gave me twenty kilves.

Goth. What cant thou say thall this, and never bloss?

Aaron. I lacke a blache Dogge, as the faying is.

Luci. Art thou not fortie for these hainous deedes?

Aaron. I, that I had not done a thousand more.

Euen when I curse the day, and yet I thynke
Few cures was so few compaile of my curse,
Wheres I had not some Notorius ill,
As kill a man, or elfe deface his death,
Ranifie a Maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuse some Innocent, and forswaie my selfe,
Set deadly Emrriue betweene two Friends,
Make poore mens Carell break their neckes,
Set fire on Barnes and Haylatches in the night,
And bid the Owners quench them with the seares.
Of hauke I dig'd vp dead men from their graves,
And set them wright at their deere Friends doore,
Euen when their forrowes almoast was forgot,
And on their skinnes, as on the Barke of Trees,
Have with my knife carued in Romaine Letters,
Let not your forrow die, though I am dead,
Tis, I have done a thousand dreadfull things,
And willingly as one would kill a Fly,
And nothing greates me hartyly indede,
But that I cannot doe ten thousand more.

Luci. Bring downe the disner, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanggynge prettily.

Aaron. If these be diuers, would I were a devill,
To live and burne in everlasting fire,
So might I have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Luc. Sirs flay his mouth, & have him speake no more.

Exit Emilius.

Gath. My Lord, there is a Messager from Rome

Defies to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come no more.

Welcome Emilius, what the news from Rome?

Emi. Lord Lucinius, and you Princes of the Gothers,

The Roman Emperour greets you all by me,

And for he understands you are in Armes,

He creates a partie at your father's house

Willing you to demand your Hostages,

And they shall be immediately delivered.

Gath. What rais the Our General? Luc. Emilius, let the Emperour give his pledges

Into my Father, and my Uncle Marcus, Hourifl.

And we will come: march away.

Exit.

Enter Tamora, and her two Sons disfigured.

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad Habiliament,

I will encounter with Andronicus,

And say, I am Renegue sent from below,

To ioyn with him and his hauneous wrongs:

Knock at his Study where they say he keeps,

To run a strange frighten plot of dire Revenge,

Tell him Revenge is come to ioyn with him,

And work corruption on his Enemies.

They knock, and Titus opens his study door.

Tit. Who doth molest my Contemplation?

Is't your trice to make me epe the dore,

That is my lad decrees may die the dore,

And all my stead be to no effect?

You are deceived, for what I mean to do,

See here in bloody lines I have 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 gibe it action,

Thou haft the ods of me, thereore no more.

Tam. If thou dost not know me,

Thou wouldst talke with me as a friend.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,

Witness this wretched lump,

Witness these crimson lines,

Witness these drenches made by grief and care,

Witness the tyning day, and methaneug,

Witness all forgory, that I know thee well

For our proud Empresse, Mighty Tamora:

I not thy comming for my other band?

Tamora. Know thou sad man, I am not Tamora,

She is thy Enemy, and I thy Friend,

I am Renegue sent from this infernal Kingdom,

To ease the gnawing Vulture of the mind.

By working wreakful vengeance on my Foes:

Come downe and welcome me to this world light,

Confer with me of Murder and of Death,

That's not a hollow Counsell, loking place,

No Vaile obfuscity, or Moly vale.

Where bloody Murther, or detested Rape,

Cox couch for fear, but I will find them out,

And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,

Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Renegae, and art thou sent to me,

To be a torment to my Enemies?

Tam. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus

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 encamp his Soldiers where they are, Tell him the Emperor, and the Empresse too, Feasts at my house, and he shall Feast with them, This do thou for my love, and so let him, As he regards his aged Fathers life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder fly with me, Or else I call my Brother back again, And cleave to no retague but Lucius.

Tam. What say you Boyes, will you abide with him, Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperor, How I have gossant'd our determined left? Yield to his Humour, soon and speak him faire, And tarry with him till I return again.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad, And will ore-reach them in their owne devises, A payre of cursed bell-hounds and their Dam, Dem. Madam depart at pleasure, leave vs here.

Tam. Farewell Andromaca, revenge now goes To lay a compleat to betray thy Foes.

Tit. I know thou dost it, and swear revenge farewell. Cai. Tell vs old man, how shall we be employd? Tit. Tu, I haue woks enough for you to doe, Publius come hither. Call, and Valentine.

Philo. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The Emperess Sonnes

Tit. Take them. Chiron, Demetrius.

Tit. For Publius, for 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 with so much an hour, And now I find it therefore bind them fast, Caius, Villaines forebear, we are the Emperesse Sonnes, Philo. And therefore doe we, what we are commanded, Stop close thier mouths, let them not speak a word, Is thier true bound, looke that you bind them fast. Exeunt.

Enter Titus Andronicus with skiep, and Lavinia with a Bawre.

Oh Villaines, Chiron, and Demetrius, Here hands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud, This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt, You kill'd her husband, and for that wile failst, Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death, My hand cut off, and made a mercy left, Both her sweet Hands, her Tongue and that more deere Then Hands or tongue, her spotleffe Chastity, Inhumane Traytours, you confound'st and for it, What would you say if I should let you speake? Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace, Harke Wretches, how I mean to mastery you, This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats, Whil'st that Lavinia sweene her flumps doth hold: The Bason that receivest thy guilty blood, You know your Mother means to fealt with me, And calls her selfe Revenge, and thinkes me mad, Harke Villaines, I will gaine thy bones to dote, And with your blood and it, He makes a Past, And of the Past a Coffin I will rearre, And make two Pattys of thy shamefull Heads, And bid that stumper thy vnhallowd Dam, Like to the earth I saw her increase, This is the Feall that I have bid her to, And this the Banquet the sheall forset on, For worst then I helo'd you of a Daughter, And work in a Prigge, I will be retured, And now prepare your throats: Lavinia come, Receive the blood, and when that they are dead, Let me goe grind their Bones to powder small, And with this hatfell Liquor temper it, In that Past let their vld Heads be bakke, Come, come, be every one offious, To make this Backet which I with might prone, More ferre and bloody then the Centaures Feett.

He can their throats.

Somow bring them in, for I playe the Cooke, And feethem ready, gainst their Mother comes. Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

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

Goth. And ours with thine behalfe, what Fortune will.

Luc. Good Vincible take you in this barbarous Moore, This Ravenous Tiger, this auscerfed deuill, Let him receave no suuffrance, fetter him, Till he be brought vnto the Emperours face, For testimony of her foule proceedings.

Enter Marcus, Lucius, the Gothes.

Ah! this Ambush of our Friends be strong, Ifere the Emperours means no good to vs, Arow. Some deuill whisper curses in my eare, And prompt me that my tongue may vter for ths, The Venenous Mallice of my swelling heart.

Luc. Away Inhumane Dogge, vnhallowd Slave, Sirs, helpe our Vincible, to coneyz him in, Flourish, The Trumpetts shew the Emperour is at hand.

Sound Trumpetts. Enter Emperour and Emprisse, with Tribunes and others.

Par. What hast the Fireament more Sane then one? Luc. What brestes is thee to call thyselfe a Sane & Marcus. Rome Emperour & Nepheve breake the peace, These quarrels must be quietely debated, The Feast is ready which the carefull Titus.

Hath.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

When with his solenes tongue he did discourse To love-sick ladies, they did all desire To be in such a place as this here, The story of that basefull burning night, When subtil Grecians surpriz'd King Priam Troy: Tell us what scorn hath bewitch'd our ears, Or who hath brought the fatal engine, That gies our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound. My heart is not compact of flint nor steel, Nor can I yter all our bitter grieue, But floods of tears will drowne my Oratorio, And breake my very vertreace, even in the time When it should move you to attende me moff, Lending your kind hand Commination. Here's a Captain, let him tell the tale, Your hearts will throb and wepe to heare him speake. Luce. This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you, That cursed Corin and Demetrius Were they that murdered our Emperours Brother, And therewith they loaded our Sitter, For theri feall faults our Brothers were beheaded, Our Fathers teares despiuid, and safely contiued, Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell our, And sent her enemies unto the grave, Laffly, my selfe vnkindly banished, The gates shut on me, and rum'd deeping out, To beg reliefes among Romy Enemies, Who drown'd theri enimys in my true teares, And op'd theri arms to imbrace me as a Friend: And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you, That haue preferr'd her welfare in my blood, And from her boosome tooke the Enemies point, Sheathing the fleete in my adventurous body. Alas you know, I am no Vanner I, My fears can witnesse, dume although they are, That my report is just and full of truth, But fof, me thinke's I do digresse too much, Cytong my worthlesse praise: Oh pardon me, For when no Friends are by, men praife themselves. Mar. Now is my turne to speake. Behold this Child, Of this was Tamora deliered, The issue of an Ireligious Moor, Chiese Architect and plotter of these wors, The Villaine is alive in Titus house, And as he is, to witnesse this is true, Now judge what course had Titus to revenge Their wronges, unfypeakable paff patience, Or more then any living man could bare. Now you have heard the truth, what say you Romaines? Have we done ought amisse? I sawe you wherein, And from the place where you behold vs now, The poor remader of Andronic, Will hand in hand all headlong call vs dowe, And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains, And make a mutuell clofute of our house: Speake Romaines speake, and if you say we shall, Loe hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall. Enbi. Come come, thou regent man of Rome, And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand, Lucius our Emperour of that I know, The common voyage do cry it shall be so. Mar. Lucius, all hail. Romes Royall Emperor, Goe, goe into old Titus forrowfull house, And hither hale that misbelieving Moor, To be aung'd of some direfull slaughtering death, As punishment for his most wicked life. Lucius all hail to Romes gracious Governour, Lucius.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Luc. Thankes gentle Romes, may I gourme to,
To heale Romes harms, and wipe away her woe.
But gentle people, give me syme a while,
For Nature puts me to a heauy taske : 
Stand all aloofe, but Vackie draw you neere.
To shed obliqueous teares upon this Trunke :
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
Their roowfull drops upon thy bloody claine face,
The last true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.

Mar. Teare for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,
Thy Brother Maruam tenders on thy Lips :
O were the fame of thefe that I should pay
Countelle, and inftinct, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come bither Boy, come, come, and learme of vs
To melte in Showres : thy Grandire lou'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee :
Sung thee aleepe, his Louing Birth, thy Pillow : 
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete, and agreeing with thatne Infancie :
'that respect then, like a louing Childe,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,
Because kinde Nature doth require it for
Friends, should affoicate Friends, in Greee and Wo. 
Bid him farewell, commit him to the Graue,
Do him that kindnes, and take leaue of him.

Boy. O Grandire, Grandire : even with all my heart
Would I were Dead, so you did Luise againe,
Or I could not speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Rom. You did Andromda, have done with woes,
Gise sentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath beene breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breft deep in earth, and famish him:
There let him stand, and rue, and cry for foodes :
If any one releuces, or pitties him,
For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome:
Some flay, to see him fall ned in the earth,
Army. O why should wrath be mute, & Fury dume?
I am no Baby, I, that with base Prayers
I should repent the Evils I have done.
Ten thousand worse, then ever yet I did,
Would I performe if I might have my will:
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very Soule.

Luc. Some louing Friends conney the Emp.hence,
And give him buriall in his Fathers graue,
My Father, and Namnna, shall forthwith
Be clofed in our Househoulds 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 looorth to Beasts and Birds of prey:
Her life was Beast-like, and deuided of pity,
And being so, shall have like want of pity.
See Iffice done on a Arse that damn'd Moore,
From whom, our heauy happes had their beginning:
Then afterwards, to Order well the State,
That like Events, may re're it Ruinate. 

FINIS.