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comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies.
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&amp;
        tragedies</title>
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1616.</author>
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 Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and  
 a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional  
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**<note type="citation">**Rasmussen, E. **& West, A.J.** "The Shakespeare First Folios a descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.**</note>**  
**<note type="citation">**Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30**</note>**  
**<note type="citation">**West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare First Folios, With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1 (March 1999), p.1-19**</note>**

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**<hi rend="large">**SHAKESPEARES**</hi>**

**<lb/>**COMEDIES, **<lb/>**HISTORIES, **&**

**<lb/>**TRAGEDIES. **</titlePart>**

**<titlePart>**Published according to the True Originall

Copies.**</titlePart>**

**</docTitle>**

**<docImprint>**London : Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount [at the charges

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**<docDate>**1623**</docDate>**.**</docImprint>**

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 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.;  
 fol.</p>  
 <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58;  
 p.59  
 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered  
 151; p.161  
 misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165  
 misnumbered 163; p.  
 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250  
 misnumbered 252; p.  
 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in  
 some copies;  
 p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count:  
 p.165-166  
 numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 --  
 5th count:  
 p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308  
 misnumbered 38;  
 p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>  
 </foliation>  
 <collation>  
 <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most  
 commonly  
 cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman:  $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1)$   
 $[\pi B^2], {}^2A-2B^6$   
 $2C^2 a-g^6 \chi gg^8 h-v^6 x^4 \chi 1.2$  [para.]-2[para.]<sup>6</sup> 3[para.]<sup>1</sup> aa-ff<sup>6</sup>  
 $gg^2 Gg^6$   
 $hh^6 kk-bbb^6$ ; 2. West:  $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2)^2 A-2B^6 2C^2 a-$   
 $g^6 {}^2g^8 h-v^6 x^4$   
 $'gg3.4' (\pm'gg3')$  [para.]-2[para.]<sup>6</sup> 3[para.]<sup>1</sup> 2a-2f<sup>6</sup> 2g<sup>2</sup> 2G<sup>6</sup> 2h<sup>6</sup>  
 $2k-2v^6$   
 $x^6 2y-3b^6$ .</p>  
 <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; <sup>3</sup>gg1 mis-signed  
 Gg; nn1-nn2  
 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>  
 <p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination  
 on leaf a1  
 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on  
 leaf aa1  
 recto.</p>  
 </collation>  
 <condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the

reader".

mount

some the

and the

Rare

The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the  
towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of  
Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait  
central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report,  
including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact  
Books.</condition>

</supportDesc>

<layoutDesc>

<layout>

<p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>

<p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>

<p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed.

Blount, I.

Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623."</p>

<p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry

Condell.</p>

</layout>

</layoutDesc>

</objectDesc>

<decoDesc>

<decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>

<decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author

signed: "Martin-

earlier

shading,

with the

have the plate

the earlier

Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The  
state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier  
especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly  
jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies  
in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that  
state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

</decoNote>

</decoDesc>

<additions>

<p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an  
unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap

was seen".

2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on

t.p.

(mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor

annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p></additions><bindingDesc><p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine. Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.</p></bindingDesc></physDesc><history><origin><p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.</p></origin><acquisition><p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on <date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the newer <bibl><title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of

"superfluous library books" to `<persName>`Richard Davis`</persName>`, a bookseller in Oxford, in `<date when="1664">`1664`</date>` for the sum of `<num value="24">`£24`</num>`.`</p>``<p>`After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of `<persName>`Richard Turbutt`</persName>` of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family's possession until `<date when="1906">`1906`</date>`, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of `<num value="3000">`£3000`</num>`, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)`</p>``<p>`For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see <http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/> and West and

Rasmussen (2011), 31.`</p>`

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`<persName type="form">`Mart.`</persName>`

`<persName type="form">`Marti.`</persName>`

`<persName type="form">`Martius.`</persName>`

`</person>`

`<person xml:id="F-tit-qui">`



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against the Goths.</persName>
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    <persName type="form">Andronicus.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Ti.</persName>
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Tamora</persName>
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    <persName type="form">Moore.</persName>
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with Lavinia</persName>
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Andronicus.</b></head>
            <div type="act" n="1">
                <div type="scene" n="1">
                    <head rend="italic center">Actus Primus. Scoena
Prima.</head>
                    <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>

```

Tribunes  
 Followers  
 my  
 Sonne,  
 Andronicus

<cb n="1"/>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Flourish. Enter the  
 and Senators aloft And then <lb/>enter Saturninus and his  
 at one doore, <lb/>and Bassianus and his Followers at the  
 <lb/>other, with Drum & Colours.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
 <speaker rend="italic center">Saturninus.</speaker>  
 <lc rend="decoratedCapital">Noble Patricians, Patrons of  
 right,</l>  
 <l>Defend the iustice of my Cause with Armes.</l>  
 <l>And Countreymen, my louing Followers,</l>  
 <l>Pleade my Successiue Title with your Swords.</l>  
 <l>I was the first borne Sonne, that was the last</l>  
 <l>That wore the Imperiall Diadem of Rome:</l>  
 <l>Then let my Fathers Honours liue in me,</l>  
 <l>Nor wrong mine Age with this indignitie.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-bas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bassianus.</speaker>  
 <l>Romaines, Friends, Followers,</l>  
 <l>Fauourers of my Right:</l>  
 <l>If euer <hi rend="italic">Bassianus, C&sars</hi>  
 <l>Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,</l>  
 <l>Keepe then this passage to the Capitoll:</l>  
 <l>And suffer not Dishonour to approach</l>  
 <l>Th' Imperiall Seate to Vertue: consecrate</l>  
 <l>To Iustice, Continence, and Nobility:</l>  
 <l>But let Desert in pure Election shine;</l>  
 <l>And Romanes, fight for Freedome in your Choice.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Marcus  
 aloft with the Crowne.</stage>  
 <l>Princes, that striue by Factions, and by Friends,</l>  
 <l>Ambitiously for Rule and Empery:</l>  
 <l>Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand</l>  
 <l>A speciall Party, haue by Common voyce</l>  
 <l>In Election for the Romane Emperie,</l>  
 <l>Chosen <hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>, Surnamed  
 <hi rend="italic">Pious</hi>,</l>  
 <l>For many good and great deserts to Rome.</l>  
 <l>A Nobler man, a brauer Warriour,</l>  
 <l>Liues not this day within the City Walles.</l>  
 <l>He by the Senate is accited home</l>  
 <l>From weary Warres against the barbarous Gothes,</l>  
 <l>That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes)</l>

<|>Hath yoak'd a Nation strong, train'd vp in  
Armes.</|>  
<|>Ten yeares are spent, since first he vndertooke</|>  
<|>This Cause of Rome, and chasticed with Armes</|>  
<|>Our Enemies pride. Fiue times he hath return'd</|>  
<|>Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes</|>  
<|>In Coffins from the Field.</|>  
<|>And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyles,</|>  
<|>Returns the good <hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi> to

Rome,</|>

Armes</|>

<|>Renowned <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi>, flourishing in

<cb n="2"/>

<|>Let vs intreat, by Honour of his Name,</|>  
<|>Whom (worthily) you would haue now succede,</|>  
<|>And in the Capitoll and Senates right,</|>  
<|>Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,</|>  
<|>That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,</|>  
<|>Dismiss your Followers, and as Suters should,</|>  
<|>Pleade your Deserts in Peace and Humblenesse.</|>

<sp who="#F-tit-sat">

<speaker rend="italic">Saturnine.</speaker>

<|>How fayre the Tribune speakes,</|>

<|>To calme my thoughts.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-bas">

<speaker rend="italic">Bassia.</speaker>

<|><hi rend="italic">Marcus Andronicus</hi>, so I do affie</|>

<|>In thy vprightnesse and Integrity:</|>

<|>And so I Loue and Honor thee, and thine,</|>

<|>Thy Noble Brother <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi>, and his  
Sonnes,</|>

<|>And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)</|>

<|>Gracious <hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi>, Romes rich

Ornament,</|>

<|>That I will heere dismiss my louing Friends:</|>

<|>And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Fauour,</|>

<|>Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd.</|>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit

Souldiours.</stage>

<sp who="#F-tit-sat">

<speaker rend="italic">Saturnine.</speaker>

<|>Friends, that haue beene</|>

<|>Thus forward in my Right,</|>

<|>I thanke you all, and heere Dismiss you all,</|>

<|>And to the Loue and Fauour of my Countrey,</|>

<|>Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Cause:</|>

<|>Rome, be as iust and gracious vnto me,</|>

<|>As I am confident and kinde to thee.</|>

<l>Open the Gates, and let me in.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-bas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bassia.</speaker>  
 <p>Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Flourish. They  
 go vp  
 into the Senat house.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a  
 Captaine.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-cap">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>  
 <l>Romanes make way: the good <hi  
 rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Patron of Vertue, Romes best Champion,</l>  
 <l>Successefull in the Battailes that he fights,</l>  
 <l>With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,</l>  
 <l>From whence he circumscribed with his Sword,</l>  
 <l>And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic">Sound Drummes and Trumpets. And then enter  
 two of Titus  
 <lb/>Sonnes; After them, two men bearing a Coffin covered  
 <lb/>with blacke, then two other Sonnes. After them, Titus  
 <lb/>Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queene of Gothes, &  
 <lb/>her two Sonnes Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the  
 <lb/>Moore, and others, as many as can bee: They set d<gap  
 rend="absent" reason="damage" agent="tear" extent="7" unit="chars" resp="#PW"/>  
 <lb/>Coffin, and Titus speakes.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Andronicus.</speaker>  
 <l>Haile Rome:</l>  
 <l>Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes: <note type="physical"  
 resp="#PW">The large tear does not appear to have contained any text at this  
 point.</note>  
 </l>  
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">  
 </fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0650-0.jpg" n="32"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus  
 Andronicus.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l><note type="physical" resp="#PW">The letter L has slipped  
 up the page, above the rest of the line.</note>Loe as the Barke that hath discharg'd his  
 fraught,</l>  
 <l>Returnes with precious lading to the Bay,</l>  
 <l>From whence at first she  
 <choice><orig>wegih'd</orig><corr>weigh'd</corr></choice> her  
 Anchorage:</l>

Lawrell

<|>Commeth <hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi> bound with  
bowes,</|>  
<|>To resalute his Country with his teares,</|>  
<|>Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,</|>  
<|>Thou great defender of this Capitoll,</|>  
<|>Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.</|>  
<|>Romaines, of fiue and twenty Valiant Sonnes,</|>  
<|>Halfe of the number that King <hi rend="italic">Priam</hi>  
had,</|>  
<|>Behold the poore remaines aliue and dead!</|>  
<|>These that Suruiue, let Rome reward with Loue:</|>  
<|>These that I bring vnto their latest home,</|>  
<|>With buriall amongst their Auncestors.</|>  
<|>Heere Gothes haue giuen me leaue to sheath my Sword:</|>  
<|><hi rend="italic">Titus</hi> vnkinde, and carelesse of thine  
owne,</|>  
<|>Why suffer'st thou thy Sonnes vnburied  
yet,</|>  
<|>To houer on the dreadfull shore of Stix?</|>  
<|>Make way to lay them by their Bretheren.</|>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic centre" type="business">They open the  
Tombe.</stage>  
<|>There greete in silence as the dead are wont,</|>  
<|>And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:</|>  
<|>O sacred receptacle of my ioyes,</|>  
<|>Sweet Cell of vertue and  
<choice><orig>Noblitie</orig><corr>Nobilitie</corr></choice>,</|>  
<|>How many Sonnes of mine hast thou in store,</|>  
<|>That thou wilt neuer render to me more?</|>  
<sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
<|>Giue vs the proudest prisoner of the Gothes,</|>  
<|>That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile</|>  
<|><hi rend="italic">Ad manus fratrum</hi>, sacrifice his  
flesh:</|>  
<|>Before this earthly prison of their bones,</|>  
<|>That so the shadowes be not vnappeas'd,</|>  
<|>Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
<|>I giue him you, the Noblest that Suruiues,</|>  
<|>The eldest Son of this distressed Queene.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
<speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>  
<|>Stay Romaine Bretheren, gracious Conqueror,</|>  
<|>Victorious <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi>, rue the teares I



shed,</l>

<l>A Mothers teares in passion for her sonne:</l>  
<l>And if thy Sonnes were euer deere to thee,</l>  
<l>Oh thinke my sonnes to be as deere to mee.</l>  
<l>Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome</l>  
<l>To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returne</l>  
<l>Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,</l>  
<l>But must my Sonnes be slaughtred in the streetes,</l>  
<l>For Valiant doings in their Countries cause?</l>  
<l>O! If to fight for King and Common&#x2011;weale,</l>  
<l>Were piety in thine, it is in these:</l>  
<l><hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>, staine not thy Tombe  
with blood.</l>  
<l>Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?</l>  
<l>Draw neere them then in being mercifull.</l>  
<l>Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,</l>  
<l>Thrice Noble <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi>, spare my  
first borne sonne.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-and">

<speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-luc">

<speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>

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

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Sonnes with  
Alarbus.</stage>

<l><gap rend="absent" reason="damage" agent="tear"  
extent="7" unit="chars" resp="#PW"/> irreligious piety.</l>

<l><gap rend="absent" reason="damage" agent="tear"  
extent="8" unit="chars" resp="#PW"/> Scythia halfe so barbarous?</l>

<l><gap rend="absent" reason="damage" agent="tear"  
extent="10" unit="chars" resp="#PW"/> Scythia to ambitious Rome,</l>

<cb n="2"/>

<l><hi rend="italic">Alarbus</hi> goes to rest, and we  
suruiue,</l>

<l>To tremble vnder <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi> threatning  
lookes.</l>

<l>Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,</l>

<l>The selfe same Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy</l>



<|>With opportunitie of sharpe reuenge</|>  
 <|>Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,</|>  
 <|>May fauour <hi rend="italic">Tamora</hi> the Queene of  
 Gothes,</|>  
 was  
 <|>(When Gothes were Gothes, and <hi rend="italic">Tamora</hi>  
 Queene)</|>  
 <|>To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.</|>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Sonnes of  
 Andronicus againe.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>  
 <|>See Lord and Father, how we haue perform'd</|>  
 <|>Our Romaine rightes, <hi rend="italic">Alarbus</hi> limbs  
 are  
 lopt,</|>  
 <|>And intrals feede the sacrificing fire,</|>  
 <|>Whole smoke like incense doth perfume the skie.</|>  
 <|>Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren,</|>  
 <|>And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
 <|>Let it be so, and let <hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>  
 </|>  
 <|>Make this his latest farewell to their soules.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage type="business" rend="italic center">Flourish. Then Sound  
 Trumpets, and lay the  
 Coffins in the Tombe.</stage>  
 <|>In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes,</|>  
 <|>Romes readiest Champions, repose you heere in rest,</|>  
 <|>Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:</|>  
 <|>Heere lurks no Treason, heere no enuie swels,</|>  
 <|>Heere grow no damned grudges, heere are no stormes,</|>  
 <|>No noyse, but silence and Eternall sleepe,</|>  
 <|>In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes.</|>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lauinia.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-lav">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lai.</speaker>  
 <|>In peace and Honour, liue Lord <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi>  
 long,</|>  
 <|>My Noble Lord and Father, liue in Fame:</|>  
 <|>Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,</|>  
 <|>I render for my Bretherens Obsequies:</|>  
 <|>And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy</|>  
 <|>Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.</|>  
 <|>O blesse me heere with thy victorious hand,</|>  
 <|>Whose Fortune Romes best Citizens applau'd.</|>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>  
<l>Kind Rome,</l>  
<l>That hast thus louingly reseru'd</l>  
<l>The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,</l>  
<l><hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi> liue, out&#x2011;liue thy

Fathers

dayes:</l>  
<l>And Fames eternall date for vertues praise.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Marc.</speaker>  
<l>Long liue Lord <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi>, my beloued  
brother,</l>  
<l>Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
<l>Thankes Gentle Tribune,</l>  
<l>Noble brother <hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi>.</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
<l>And welcome Nephews from succesfull wars,</l>  
<l>You that suruiue and you that sleepe in Fame:</l>  
<l>Faire Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,</l>  
<l>That in your Countries seruice drew your Swords.</l>  
<l>But safer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,</l>  
<l>That hath aspir'd to <hi rend="italic">Solons</hi>

Happines,</l>

<l>And Triumphs ouer chance in honours bed.</l>  
<l><hi rend="italic">Titus Andronicus</hi>, the people of

Rome,</l>

<l>Whose friend in iustice thou hast euer bene,</l>  
<l>Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,</l>  
<l>This Palliament of white and spotlesse Hue,</l>  
<l>And name thee in Election for the Empire,</l>  
<l>With these our late deceased Emperours Sonnes:</l>  
<l>Be <hi rend="italic">Candidatus</hi> then, and put it on,</l>  
<l>And helpe to set a head on headlesse Rome.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
<l>A better head her Glorious body fits,</l>  
<l>Then his that shakes for age and feeblenesse:</l>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">What</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0651-0.jpg" n="33"/>  
<fw type="rh">The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus

Andronicus.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">

<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>

<p>

<hi rend="italic">Titus</hi>, thou shalt obtaine and aske the  
Emperie.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-sat">

<speaker rend="italic">Sat.</speaker>

<p>Proud and ambitious Tribune can'st thou tell?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-and">

<speaker rend="italic">Titus.</speaker>

<p>Patience Prince <hi rend="italic">Saturninus</hi>.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-sat">

<speaker rend="italic">Sat.</speaker>

<l>Romaines do me right.</l>

<l>Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not</l>

<l>Till <hi rend="italic">Saturninus</hi> be Romes

Emperour:</l>

<l><hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi> would thou wert shipt to  
hell,</l>

<l>Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-luc">

<speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>

<l>Proud <hi rend="italic">Saturnine</hi>, interrupter of the  
good</l>

<l>That Noble minded Titus meanes to thee.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-and">

<speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>

<l>Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee</l>

<l>The peoples harts, and weane them from themselues.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-bas">

<speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>

<|><hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>, I do not flatter  
 thee</l>  
 <|>But Honour thee, and will doe till I die:</l>  
 <|>My Faction if thou strengthen with thy Friend?</l>  
 <|>I will most thankfull be, and thanks to men</l>  
 <|>Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Meede.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
 <|>People of Rome, and Noble Tribunes heere,</l>  
 <|>I aske your voyces and your Suffrages,</l>  
 <|>Will you bestow them friendly on <hi  
 rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-trs">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tribunes.</speaker>  
 <|>To gratifie the good <hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>,</l>  
 <|>And Gratulate his safe returne to Rome,</l>  
 <|>The people will accept whom he admits.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
 <|>Tribunes I thank you, and this sure I make,</l>  
 <|>That you Create your Emperours eldest sonne,</l>  
 <|>Lord <hi rend="italic">Saturnine</hi>, whose Vertues will I  
 hope,</l>  
 <|>Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth,</l>  
 <|>And ripen Iustice in this Common&#x2011;weale:</l>  
 <|>Then if you will elect by my aduise,</l>  
 <|>Crowne him, and say: Long liue our Emperour.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
 <|><hi rend="italic">An</hi>. With Voyces and applause of  
 euery  
 sort,</l>  
 <|>Patricians and Plebeans we Create</l>  
 <|>Lord <hi rend="italic">Saturninus</hi> Romes Great  
 Emperour.</l>  
 <|>And say, <hi rend="italic">Long liue our Emperour  
 Saturnine</hi>.</l>  
 <|><hi rend="italic">A long Flourish till they come  
 downe</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Satu.</speaker>  
 <|><hi rend="italic">Titus Andronicus</hi>, for thy Fauours  
 done,</l>  
 <|>To vs in our Election this day,</l>  
 <|>I giue thee thanks in part of thy Deserts,</l>

<|>And will with Deeds requite thy gentlenesse:</|>  
 <|>And for an Onset <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi> to aduance</|>  
 <|>Thy Name, and Honorable Familie,</|>  
 <|><hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi> will I make my Empresse,</|>  
 <|>Romes Royall Mistris, Mistris of my hart</|>  
 <|>And in the Sacred <hi rend="italic">Pathan</hi> her  
 spouse:</|>  
 <|>Tell me <hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi> doth this motion  
 please  
 thee?</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
 <|>It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,</|>  
 <|>I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,</|>  
 <|>And heere in sight of Rome, to <hi  
 rend="italic">Saturnine</hi>,</|>  
 <|>King and Commander of our Common&#x2011;weale,</|>  
 <|>The Wide&#x2011;worlds Emperour, do I Consecrate,</|>  
 <|>My Sword, my Chariot, and my  
 <choice><orig>Prisoners</orig><corr>Prisoners</corr></choice>,</|>  
 <|>Presents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord:</|>  
 <|>Receiue them then, the Tribute that I owe,</|>  
 <|>Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feete.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Satu.</speaker>  
 <|>Thankes Noble <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi>, Father of my  
 life,</|>  
 <|>How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts</|>  
 <|>Rome shall record, and when I do forget</|>  
 <|>The least of these vnspeakable Deserts,</|>  
 <|>Romans forget your Fealtie to me.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
 <|>Now Madam are your prisoner to an Emperour,</|>  
 <|>To him that for you Honour and your State,</|>  
 <|>Will vse you Nobly and your followers.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Satu.</speaker>  
 <|>A goodly Lady, trust me of the Hue</|>  
 <|>That I would choose, were I to choose a new:</|>  
 <|>Cleere vp Faire Queene that cloudy countenance,</|>  
 <|>Though chance of warre</|>  
 <|>Hath wrought this change of cheere,</|>  
 <|>Thou com'st not to be made a scorne in Rome:</|>  
 <|>Princely shall be thy vsage euery way.</|>

<l>Rest on my word, and let not discontent</l>  
<l>Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you,</l>  
<l>Can make your Greater then the Queene of Gothes?</l>  
<l><hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi> you are not displeas'd  
with this?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-lav">

<speaker rend="italic">Lau.</speaker>

<l>Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,</l>

<l>Warrants these words in Princely curtesie.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-sat">

<speaker rend="italic">Sat.</speaker>

<l>Thankes sweete <hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi>, Romans let

vs

goe:</l>

<l>Ransomlesse heere we set our Prisoners free,</l>

<l>Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpe and Drum.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-bas">

<speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>

<p>Lord <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi> by your leaue, this Maid is  
mine.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-and">

<speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>

<p>How sir? Are you in earnest then my Lord?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-bas">

<speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>

<l>I Noble <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi>, and resolu'd  
withall,</l>

<l>To doe my selfe this reason, and this right.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">

<speaker rend="italic">Marc.</speaker>

<l><hi rend="italic">Suum cuiquam</hi>, is our Romane  
Iustice,</l>

<l>This Prince in Iustice ceazeth but his owne.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-luc">

<speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>

<p>And that he will and shall, if <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>  
liue.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-and">

<speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>

<l>Traytors auant, where is the Emperours Guard?</l>

<l>Treason my Lord, <hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi> is  
surpris'd.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Sat.</speaker>  
   <p>Surpris'd, by whom?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-bas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>  
   <l>By him that iustly may</l>  
   <l>Beare his Betroth'd, from all the world away.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mut">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Muti.</speaker>  
   <l>Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away,</l>  
   <l>And with my Sword Ile keepe this doore safe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
   <p>Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her backe.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mut">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Mut.</speaker>  
   <p>My Lord you passe not heere.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
   <p>What villaine Boy, bar'st me my way in Rome?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mut">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Mut.</speaker>  
   <p>Helpe <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> helpe.</p> <stage  
 type="business" rend="rightJusitified italic">He  
   kils him.</stage>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
   <l>My Lord you are vniust, and more then so,</l>  
   <l>In wrongfull quarrell, you haue slaine your son.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
   <l>Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine,</l>  
   <l>My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me.</l>  
   <l>Traytor restore <hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi> to the  
   Emperour.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
   <l>Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,</l>  
   <l>That is anothers lawfull promist Loue.</l>  
 </sp>

Emperour  
Moore.</stage>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter aloft the  
with Tamora and her two <lb/>sonnes, and Aaron the

<sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
<speaker rend="italic">Empe.</speaker>  
<l>No <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi>, no, the Emperour needs her  
not,</l>  
<l>Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:</l>  
<l>Ile trust by Leisure him that mocks me once.</l>  
<l>Thee neuer: nor thy Trayterous haughty sonnes,</l>  
<l>Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.</l>  
<l>Was none in Rome to make a stale</l>  
<l>But <hi rend="italic">Saturnine</hi>? Full well <hi  
rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>  
</l>  
<l>Agree these Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,</l>  
<l>That said'st, I beg'd the Empire at thy  
hands.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
<p>O monstrous, what reproachfull words are these?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
<speaker rend="italic">Sat.</speaker>  
<l>But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,</l>  
<l>To him that flourisht for her with his Sword:</l>  
<l>A Valliant sonne in&#x2011;law thou shalt enioy:</l>  
<l>One, fit to bandy with thy lawlesse Sonnes,</l>  
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">To</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0652-0.jpg" n="34"/>  
<fw type="rh">The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus  
Andronicus.</fw>  
<cb n="1"/>  
<l>To ruffle in the Common&#x2011;wealth of Rome.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
<p>These words are Razors to my wounded hart</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
<speaker rend="italic">Sat.</speaker>  
<l>And therefore louely <hi rend="italic">Tamora</hi> Queene  
of  
Gothes,</l>  
<l>That like the stately <hi rend="italic">Thebe</hi>  
mong'st her Nymphs</l>  
<l>Dost ouer&#x2011;shine the Gallant'st Dames of  
Rome,</l>



<l>If thou be pleas'd with this my sodaine choyse,</l>  
 <l>Behold I choose thee <hi rend="italic">Tamora</hi> for my  
 Bride,</l>  
 <l>And will Create thee Empresse of Rome.</l>  
 <l>Speake Queene of Goths dost thou applau'd my  
 choyse?</l>  
 <l>And heere I sweare by all the Romaine Gods,</l>  
 <l>Sith Priest and Holy&#x2011;water are so neere,</l>  
 <l>And Tapers burne so bright, and euery thing</l>  
 <l>In readines for <hi rend="italic">Hymeneus</hi> stand,</l>  
 <l>I will not resalute the streets of Rome,</l>  
 <l>Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,</l>  
 <l>I leade espous'd my Bride along with me.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tamo.</speaker>  
 <l>And heere in sight of heauen to Rome I sweare,</l>  
 <l>If <hi rend="italic">Saturnine</hi> aduance the Queen of  
 Gothes,</l>  
 <l>Shee will a Hand&#x2011;maid be to his desires,</l>  
 <l>A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Satur.</speaker>  
 <l>Ascend Faire  
 <choice><orig>Qeene</orig><corr>Queene</corr></choice>,</l>  
 <l>Panthean Lords, accompany</l>  
 <l>Your Noble Emperour and his louely Bride,</l>  
 <l>Sent by the heauens for Prince <hi  
 rend="italic">Saturnine</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Whose wisdom hath her Fortune Conquered,</l>  
 <l>There shall we Consummate our Spousall rites.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt  
 omnes.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
 <l>I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride:</l>  
 <l><hi rend="italic">Titus</hi> when wer't thou wont to walke  
 alone,</l>  
 <l>Dishonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Marcus and Titus  
 Sonnes.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
 <l>O <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi> see! O see what thou hast  
 done!</l>  
 <l>In a bad quarrell, slaine a Vertuous sonne.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
   <l>No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,</l>  
   <l>Nor thou, nor these Confederates in the deed,</l>  
   <l>That hath dishonoured all our Family,</l>  
   <l>Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy Sonnes.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>  
   <l>But let vs giue him buriall as becomes:</l>  
   <l>Giue <hi rend="italic">Mutius</hi> buriall with our  
     Bretheren.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
   <l>Traytors away, he rest's not in this Tombe:</l>  
   <l>This Monument fiue hundreth yeares hath stood,</l>  
   <l>Which I haue Sumptuously re&#x2011;edified.</l>  
   <l>Heere none but Souldiers, and Romes Seruitors,</l>  
   <l>Repose in Fame: None basely slaine in braules,</l>  
   <l>Bury him where you can, he comes not heere.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
   <l>My Lord this is impiety in you,</l>  
   <l>My Nephew <hi rend="italic">Mutius</hi> deeds do plead for  
     him,</l>  
   <l>He must be buried with his bretheren.</l>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Titus two Sonnes  
     speakes</stage>  
   <l>And shall, or him we will accompany.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>  
   <p>And shall! What villaine was it spake that word?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Titus sonne  
 speakes.</stage>  
 <p>He that would vouch'd it in any place but heere.</p>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
   <p>What would you bury him in my despight?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
   <l>No Noble <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi>, but intreat of  
 thee,</l>  
   <l>To pardon <hi rend="italic">Mutius</hi>, and to bury  
 him.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
   <l><hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi>, Euen thou hast stroke vpon  
     my Crest,</l>  
   <l>And with these Boyes mine Honour thou hast wounded,</l>  
   <l>My foes I doe repute you euey one.</l>  
   <l>So trouble me no more, but get you gone.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrt">  
   <speaker rend="italic">1. Sonne.</speaker>  
   <p>He is not himselfe, let vs withdraw.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-qui">  
   <speaker rend="italic">2. Sonne.</speaker>  
   <l>Not I tell <hi rend="italic">Mutius</hi> bones be buried.</l>  
   <l><hi rend="italic">The Brother and the sonnes  
 kneele</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
   <p>Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-qui">  
   <speaker rend="italic">2. Sonne.</speaker>  
   <p>Father, and in that name doth nature speake.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
   <p>Speake thou no more if all the rest will speede.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
   <p>Renowned <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi> more then halfe my  
     soule.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
   <p>Deare Father, soule and substance of vs all.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
   <l>Suffer thy brother <hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi> to  
     interre</l>  
   <l>His Noble Nephew heere in vertues nest,</l>  
   <l>That died in Honour and <hi rend="italic">Lauinia's</hi>  
     cause.</l>  
   <l>Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:</l>  
   <l>The Greekes vpon aduise did bury <hi  
 rend="italic">Ajax</hi>

</l>  
 sonne,</l> <l>That slew himselfe: And <hi rend="italic">Laertes</hi>  
 thy <l>Did graciously plead for his Funerals:</l>  
 <l>Let not young <hi rend="italic">Mutius</hi> then that was  
 ioy,</l>  
 <l>Be bar'd his entrance heere.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
 <l>Rise Marcus, rise,</l>  
 <l>The dismall'st day is this that ere I saw,</l>  
 <l>To be dishonored by my Sonnes in Rome:</l>  
 <l>Well, bury him, and bury me the next.</l>  
 </sp>  
 Tombe.</stage> <stage type="business" rend="italic center">They put him in the  
 thy <sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
 <l>There lie thy bones sweet <hi rend="italic">Mutius</hi> with  
 <lb rend="turnunder"/>  
 <pc rend="turnunder"></pc>friends</l>  
 <l>Till we with Trophées do adorne thy Tombe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 say.</stage> <stage type="business" rend="italic center">They all kneele and  
 <p>No man shed teares for Noble <hi rend="italic">Mutius</hi>,</p>  
 <p>He liues in Fame, that di'd in vertues cause.</p>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
 <l>My Lord to step out of these sudden dumps,</l>  
 <l>How comes it that the subtile Queene of Gothes,</l>  
 <l>Is of a sodaine thus aduanc'd in Rome?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>  
 <l>I know not <hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi>: but I know it  
 is,</l>  
 <l>(Whether by deuse or no) the heauens can tell,</l>  
 <l>Is she not then beholding to the man,</l>  
 <l>That brought her for this high good turne so farre?</l>  
 <l>Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.</l>  
 </sp>  
 the <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Flourish. <lb/>Enter  
 Emperor, Tamora, and her two sons, with the Moore <lb/>at one

doore. Enter at the other doore Bassianus and **L**auinia with others

**S**at. So **B**assianus, you haue plaid your prize,  
 God giue you ioy sir of your Gallant Bride.

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

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

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

**S**at. 'Tis good sir: you are very short with vs,  
 But if we liue, wee be as sharpe with you.

**B**ass. My Lord, what I haue done as best I may,  
 Answere I must, and shall do with my life,  
 Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,  
 By all the duties that I owe to Rome,  
 This Noble Gentleman Lord **T**itus

heere,  
 Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,  
 That in the rescue of **L**auinia,  
 With his owne hand did slay his youngest Son,  
 In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.  
 To be controul'd in that he frankly gaue:  
 Receiue him then to fauour **S**aturnine,  
 That hath exprest himselfe in all his deeds,  
 A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome.

**T**it.

<l>Prince <hi rend="italic">Bassianus</hi> leaue to plead my  
 Deeds,</l>  
 <l>'Tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,</l>  
 <l>Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,</l>  
 <l>How I haue lou'd and Honour'd <hi  
 rend="italic">Saturnine</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>  
 <l>My worthy Lord if euer <hi rend="italic">Tamora</hi>,</l>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Were</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0653-0.jpg" n="35"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus  
 Andronicus.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine,</l>  
 <l>Then heare me speake indifferently for all:</l>  
 <l>And at my sute (sweet) pardon what is past.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Satu.</speaker>  
 <l>What Madam, be dishonoured openly,</l>  
 <l>And basely put it vp without reuenge?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>  
 <l>Not so my Lord,</l>  
 <l>The Gods of Rome fore&#x2011;fend,</l>  
 <l>I should be Authour to dishonour you.</l>  
 <l>But on mine honour dare, I vndertake</l>  
 <l>For good Lord <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi> innocence in  
 all:</l>  
 <l>Whose fury not dissembled speakes his griefes:</l>  
 <l>Then at my sute looke graciously on him,</l>  
 <l>Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose,</l>  
 <l>Nor with sowre lookes afflict his gentle heart.</l>  
 <l>My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at last,</l>  
 <l>Dissemble all your griefes and discontents,</l>  
 <l>You are but newly planted in your Throne,</l>  
 <l>Least then the people, and Patricians too,</l>  
 <l>Vpon a iust suruey take <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi>  
 part,</l>  
 <l>And so supplant vs for ingratitude,</l>  
 <l>Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sinne.</l>  
 <l>Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone:</l>  
 <l>Ile finde a day to massacre them all,</l>  
 <l>And race their faction, and their familie,</l>  
 <l>The cruell Father, and his trayt'rous sonnes,</l>  
 <l>To whom I sued for my deare sonnes life.</l>  
 <l>And make them know what 'tis to let a Queene.</l>

<l>Kneele in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.</l>  
 <l>Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come <hi  
 rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>)</l>  
 <l>Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,</l>  
 <l>That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-lav">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <l>Rise <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi>, rise,</l>  
 <l>My Emperesse hath preuail'd.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Titus.</speaker>  
 <l>I thanke your Maiestie,</l>  
 <l>And her my Lord.</l>  
 <l>These words, these lookes,</l>  
 <l>Infuse new life in me.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tamo.</speaker>  
 <l><hi rend="italic">Titus</hi>, I am incorporate in Rome,</l>  
 <l>A Roman now adopted happily.</l>  
 <l>And must aduise the Emperour for his good,</l>  
 <l>This day all quarrels die <hi  
 rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>.</l>  
 <l>And let it be mine honour good my Lord,</l>  
 <l>That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.</l>  
 <l>For you Prince <hi rend="italic">Bassianus</hi>, I haue  
 past</l>  
 <l>My word and promise to the Emperour,</l>  
 <l>That you will be more milde and tractable.</l>  
 <l>And feare not Lords:</l>  
 <l>And you <hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi>,</l>  
 <l>By my aduise all humbled on your knees,</l>  
 <l>You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Son.</speaker>  
 <l>We doe,</l>  
 <l>And vow to heauen, and to his Highnes,</l>  
 <l>That what we did, was mildly, as we might,</l>  
 <l>Tendring our sisters honour and our owne.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
 <p>That on mine honour heere I do protest.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-lav">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <p>Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tamora.</speaker>  
   <l>Nay, nay,</l>  
   <l>Sweet Emperour, we must all be friends,</l>  
   <l>The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,</l>  
   <l>I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-lav">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l><hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi>,</l>  
   <l>For thy sake and thy brothers heere,</l>  
   <l>And at my louely <hi rend="italic">Tamora's</hi>  
     intreats,</l>  
   <l>I doe remit these young mens haynous faults.</l>  
   <l>Stand vp: <hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi>, though you left me

like

    a churle,</l>  
   <l>I found a friend, and sure as death I sware,</l>  
   <cb n="2"/>  
   <l>I would not part a Batchellour from the Priest.</l>  
   <l>Come, if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,</l>  
   <l>You are my guest <hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi>, and your  
     friends:</l>  
   <l>This day shall be a Loue&#x2011;day <hi
 rend="italic">Tamora</hi>.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
   <l>To morrow and it please your Maiestie,</l>  
   <l>To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,</l>  
   <l>With horne and Hound,</l>  
   <l>Weeie giue your Grace <hi rend="italic">Bon iour</hi>.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Satur.</speaker>  
   <p>Be it so <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi>, and Gramercy to.</p>

</sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 </div>  
 </div>  
 <div type="act" n="2">  
 <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">  
   <head rend="italic center">Actus Secunda.</head>  
   <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Flourish. Enter Aaron  
     alone.</stage>  
   <sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>



toppe,</l>
 <l>Now climbeth <hi rend="italic">Tamora</hi> Olympus

<l>Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits aloft,</l>  
 <l>Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flash,</l>  
 <l>Aduanc'd about pale enuies threatning reach:</l>  
 <l>As when the golden Sunne salutes the morne,</l>  
 <l>And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,</l>  
 <l>Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering Coach,</l>  
 <l>And ouer&#x2011;lookes the highest piercing hills:</l>  
 <l>So <hi rend="italic">Tamora</hi>

</l>
 <l>Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,</l>  
 <l>And vertue stoopes and trembles at her frowne.</l>  
 <l>Then <hi rend="italic">Aaron</hi> arme thy hart, and fit  
 thy thoughts,</l>  
 <l>To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mistris,</l>  
 <l>And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long</l>  
 <l>Hast prisoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,</l>  
 <l>And faster bound to <hi rend="italic">Aarons</hi> charming  
 eyes,</l>  
 <l>Then is <hi rend="italic">Prometheus</hi> ti'de to <hi  
 rend="italic">Caucasus</hi>.</l>  
 <l>Away with slauish weedes, and idle thoughts,</l>  
 <l>I will be bright and shine in Pearle and Gold,</l>  
 <l>To waite vpon this new made Empresse.</l>  
 <l>To waite said I? To wanton with this Queene,</l>  
 <l>This Goddess, this <hi rend="italic">Semerimis</hi>, this  
 Queene,</l>  
 <l>This Syren, that will charme Romes <hi  
 rend="italic">Saturnine</hi>,</l>  
 <l>And see his shipwracke, and his Common weales.</l>  
 <l>Hollo, what storme is this?</l>

</sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Chiron and  
 Demetrius

brauing.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>  
 <l><hi rend="italic">Chiron</hi> thy yeres wants wit, thy wit

wants

edge</l>  
 <l>And manners to intru'd where I am grac'd,</l>  
 <l>And may for ought thou know'st affected  
 be.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-chi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>  
 <l><hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>, thou doo'st  
 ouer&#x2011;weene in all,</l>  
 <l>And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,</l>

<l>'Tis not the difference of a yeere or two</l>  
 <l>Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:</l>  
 <l>I am as able, and as fit, as thou,</l>  
 <l>To serue, and to deserue my Mistris grace,</l>  
 <l>And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,</l>  
 <l>And plead my passions for Lauinia's loue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
   <p>Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keep the peace.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>  
   <l>Why Boy, although our mother (vnaduised)</l>  
   <l>Gaeue you a daunsing Rapier by your side,</l>  
   <l>Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends?</l>  
   <l>Goe too: haue your Lath glued within your sheath,</l>  
   <l>Till you know better how to handle it.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-chi">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>  
   <l>Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,</l>  
   <l>Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>  
   <p>I Boy, grow ye so braue?</p>  
   <stage type="business" rend="rightJustified italic">They  
 drawe.</stage>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
   <l>Why how now Lords?</l>  
   <l>So nere the Emperours Pallace dare you draw,</l>  
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>  
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0654-0.jpg" n="36"/>  
   <fw type="rh">The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus  
 Andronicus.</fw>  
   <cb n="1"/>  
   <l>And maintaine such a quarrell openly?</l>  
   <l>Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge.</l>  
   <l>I would not for a million of Gold,</l>  
   <l>The cause were knowne to them it most concernes.</l>  
   <l>Nor would your noble mother for much more</l>  
   <l>Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome:</l>  
   <l>For shame put vp.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>  
   <l>Not I, till I haue sheath'd</l>

<|>My rapier in his bosome, and withall</|>  
<|>Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,</|>  
<|>That he hath breath'd in my dishonour heere.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-chi">

<speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>

<|>For that I am prepar'd, and full resolu'd,</|>

<|>Foule spoken Coward,</|>

<|>That thundrest with thy tongue,</|>

<|>And with thy weapon nothing dar'st performe.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-aar">

<speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>

<|>A way I say.</|>

<|>Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,</|>

<|>This pretty brabble will vndoo vs all:</|>

<|>Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous</|>

<|>It is to set vpon a Princes right?</|>

<|>What is <hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi> then become so

loose,</|>

<|>Or <hi rend="italic">Bassianus</hi> so degenerate,</|>

<|>That for her loue such quarrels may be broacht,</|>

<|>Without controuement, Iustice, or reuenge?</|>

<|>Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,</|>

<|>This discord ground, the musicke would not please.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-chi">

<speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>

<|>I care not I, knew she and all the world,</|>

<|>I loue <hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi> more then all the world.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-dem">

<speaker rend="italic">Demet.</speaker>

<|>Youngling,</|>

<|>Learne thou to make some meaner choise,</|>

<|><hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi> is thine elder brothers

hope.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-aar">

<speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>

<|>Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,</|>

<|>How furious and impatient they be,</|>

<|>And cannot brooke Competitors in loue?</|>

<|>I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,</|>

<|>By this deuise.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-chi">

<speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>

<|><hi rend="italic">Aron</hi>, a thousand deaths would I

propose,</l>  
<l>To atchieue her whom I do loue.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
<speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
<p>To atcheiue her, how?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
<speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>  
<l>Why, mak'st thou it so strange?</l>  
<l>Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,</l>  
<l>Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne,</l>  
<l>Shee is <hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi> therefore must be  
lou'd.</l>  
<l>What man, more water glideth by the Mill</l>  
<l>Then wots the Miller of, and easie it is</l>  
<l>Of a cut loafe to steale a shiue we know:</l>  
<l>Though <hi rend="italic">Bassianus</hi> be the Emperours  
brother,</l>  
<l>Better then he haue worne <hi rend="italic">Vulcans</hi>  
badge.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
<speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
<p>I, and as good as <hi rend="italic">Saturnius</hi> may.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
<speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>  
<l>Then why should he dispaire that knowes to court it</l>  
<l>With words, faire lookes, and liberality:</l>  
<l>What hast not thou full often strucke a Doe,</l>  
<l>And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
<speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
<l>Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so</l>  
<l>Would serue your turnes.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-chi">  
<speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>  
<p>I so the turne were serued.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
<speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>  
<p>Aaron thou hast hit it.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
<speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
<l>Would you had hit it too,</l>  
<l>Then should not we be tir'd with this adoo:</l>

<l>Why harke yee, harke yee, a<c rend="invertedType">n</c>d  
are you such fooles,</l>  
<l>To square for this? Would it offend you then?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-chi">  
<speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>  
<p>Faith not me.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
<speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>  
<p>Nor me, so I were one.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
<speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
<l>For shame be friends, & ioyne for that you iar:</l>  
<l>'Tis pollicie, and stratageme must doe</l>  
<l>That you affect, and so must you resolute,</l>  
<cb n="2"/>  
<l>That what you cannot as you would atcheiue,</l>  
<l>You must perforce accomplish as you may:</l>  
<l>Take this of me, <hi rend="italic">Lucrece</hi> was not more  
chast</l>  
<l>Then this <hi rend="italic">Lauinia, Bassianus</hi> loue,</l>  
<l>A speedier course this lingring languishment</l>  
<l>Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:</l>  
<l>My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand.</l>  
<l>There will the louely Roman Ladies troope:</l>  
<l>The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious,</l>  
<l>And many vnfrequented plots there are,</l>  
<l>Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:</l>  
<l>Single you thither then this dainty Doe,</l>  
<l>And strike her home by force, if not by words:</l>  
<l>This way or not at all, stand you in hope.</l>  
<l>Come, come, our Emperesse with her sacred wit</l>  
<l>To villainie and vengance consecrate,</l>  
<l>Will we acquaint with all that we intend,</l>  
<l>And she shall file our engines with aduise,</l>  
<l>That will not suffer you to square your selues,</l>  
<l>But to your wishes height aduance you both.</l>  
<l>The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,</l>  
<l>The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:</l>  
<l>The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:</l>  
<l>There speake, and strike braue Boyes, & take your  
turnes.</l>  
<l>There serue your lusts, shadow'd from heauens  
eye,</l>  
<l>And reuell in <hi rend="italic">Lauinia's</hi>  
Treasurie.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-chi">

*Chi.*  
Thy counsell Lad smells of no cowardise.  
*Deme.*  
Sit fas aut nefas, till I  
finde the streames,  
To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits,  
Per Stigia per manes Vehor.  
Exeunt.

Andronicus and  
and

[Act 2, Scene 2]  
*Enter Titus*  
his three sonnes, making a noyse  
with hounds and hornes,  
Marcus.

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

Hornes  
and

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

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

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

<sp who="#F-tit-bas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>  
   <p>  
 <hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi>, how say you?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-lav">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lau.</speaker>  
   <l>I say no:</l>  
   <l>I haue bene awake two houres and more.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Satur.</speaker>  
   <l>Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,</l>  
   <l>And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,</l>  
   <l>Our Romaine hunting.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
   <l>I haue dogges my Lord,</l>  
   <l>Will rouze the proudest Panther in the Chase,</l>  
   <l>And clime the highest  
 <choice><orig>Pomontary</orig><corr>Promontary</corr></choice> top.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
   <l>And I haue horse will follow where the game</l>  
   <l>Makes way, and runnes likes Swallowes ore the plaine</l>  
 </sp>  
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Deme.  
 Chiron</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0655-0.jpg" n="37"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus  
 Andronicus.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>  
   <l><hi rend="italic">Chiron</hi> we hunt not we, with Horse nor  
   Hound</l>  
   <l>But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">  
   <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Aaron  
 alone.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
   <l>He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,</l>  
   <l>To bury so much Gold vnder a Tree,</l>

<|>And neuer after to inherit it.</|>  
<|>Let him that thinks of me so abiectly,</|>  
<|>Know that this Gold must coine a stratageme,</|>  
<|>Which cunningly effected, will beget</|>  
<|>A very excellent peece of villany:</|>  
<|>And so repose sweet Gold for their vnrest,</|>  
<|>That haue their Almes out of the Empresse Chest.</|>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Tamora to the Moore.</stage>

<sp who="#F-tit-tam">

<speaker rend="italic">Tamo.</speaker>

<|>My louely <hi rend="italic">Aaron</hi>,</|>

<|>Wherefore look'st thou sad,</|>

<|>When euery thing doth make a Gleefull boast?</|>

<|>The Birds chaunt melody on euery bush,</|>

<|>The Snake lies rolled in the chearefull Sunne,</|>

<|>The greene leaues quiuer, with the cooling winde,</|>

<|>And make a cheker'd shadow on the ground:</|>

<|>Vnder their sweete shade, <hi rend="italic">Aaron</hi> let vs sit,</|>

<|>And whil'st the babling Eccho mock's the Hounds,</|>

<|>Replying shrilly to the well tun'd Hornes,</|>

partially inked.</note>As if a double hunt were heard at once,</|>

<|>Let vs sit downe, and marke their yelping noyse:</|>

<|>And after conflict, such as was suppos'd.</|>

<|>The wandring Prince and <hi rend="italic">Dido</hi> once enioy'd,</|>

<|>When with a happy storme they were surpris'd,</|>

<|>And Curtain'd with a Counsaile keeping Caue,</|>

<|>We may each wreathed in the others armes,</|>

<|>(Our pastimes done) possesse a Golden slumber,</|>

<|>Whiles Hounds and Hornes, and sweet Melodious Birds</|>

<|>Be vnto vs, as is a Nurses Song</|>

<|>Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe asleepe.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-aar">

<speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>

<|>Madame,</|>

desires,</|>  
<|>Though <hi rend="italic">Venus</hi> gouerne your

<|>Saturne is Dominator ouer mine:</|>

<|>What signifies my deadly standing eye,</|>

<|>My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholie,</|>

<|>My fleece of Woolly haire, that now vncurles,</|>

<|>Euen as an Adder when she doth vnrowle</|>

<|>To do some fatall execution?</|>

<|>No Madam, these are no Veneriall signes,</|>



<|>Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,</|>  
 <|>Blood, and reuenge, are Hammering in my head.</|>  
 <|>Harke <hi rend="italic">Tamora</hi>, the Empresse of my  
 Soule,</|>  
 <|>Which neuer hopes more heauen, then rests in thee,</|>  
 <|>This is the day of Doome for <hi  
 rend="italic">Bassianus</hi>;</|>  
 <|>His <hi rend="italic">Philomel</hi> must loose her tongue  
 to day,</|>  
 <|>Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chastity,</|>  
 <|>And wash their hands in <hi rend="italic">Bassianus</hi>  
 blood.</|>  
 <|>Seest thou this Letter, take it vp I pray thee,</|>  
 <|>And giue the King this fatall plotted Scrowle,</|>  
 <|>Now question me no more, we are espied,</|>  
 <|>Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty,</|>  
 <|>Which dreads not yet their liues destruction.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bassianus and  
 Lauinia</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tamo.</speaker>  
 <|>Ah my sweet <hi rend="italic">Moore</hi>:</|>  
 <|>Sweeter to me then life.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
 <|>No more great Empresse, <hi rend="italic">Bassianus</hi>  
 comes,</|>  
 <|>Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy Sonnes</|>  
 <|>To backe thy quarrell what so ere they be.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-bas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bassi.</speaker>  
 <|>Whom haue we heere?</|>  
 <|>Romes Royall Empresse,</|>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <|>Vnfurnisht of our well beseeming troope?</|>  
 <|>Or is it <hi rend="italic">Dian</hi> habited like her,</|>  
 <|>Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,</|>  
 <|>To see the generall Hunting in this Forrest?</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tamo.</speaker>  
 <|>Sawcie controuler of our priuate steps:</|>  
 <|>Had I the power, that some say <hi rend="italic">Dian</hi>  
 had,</|>  
 <|>Thy Temples should be planted presently.</|>  
 <|>With Hornes, as was <hi rend="italic">Acteons</hi>, and  
 the Hounds</|>

<l>Should driue vpon his new transformed limbes,</l>  
 <l>Vnmannerly Intruder as thou art.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-lav">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Loui.</speaker>  
   <l>Vnder your patience gentle Empresse,</l>  
   <l>'Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in Horning,</l>  
   <l>And to be doubted, that your <hi rend="italic">Moore</hi>  
 and  
     you</l>  
   <l>Are singled forth to try experiments:</l>  
   <l><hi rend="italic">Ioue</hi> sheild your husband from his  
 Hounds  
     to day,</l>  
   <l>'Tis pittie they should take him for a Stag.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-bas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bassi.</speaker>  
   <l>Beleeue me Queene, your swarth Cymerion,</l>  
   <l>Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue,</l>  
   <l>Spotted, detested, and abhominable.</l>  
   <l>Why are you sequestred from all your traine?</l>  
   <l>Dismounted from your Snow&#x2011;white goodly  
 Steed,</l>  
   <l>And wandred hither to an obscure plot,</l>  
   <l>Accompanied with a barbarous <hi  
 rend="italic">Moore</hi>,</l>  
   <l>If foule desire had not conducted you?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-lav">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Loui.</speaker>  
   <l>And being intercepted in your sport,</l>  
   <l>Great reason that my Noble Lord, be rated</l>  
   <l>For Saucinesse, I pray you let vs hence,</l>  
   <l>And let her ioy her Rauens coloured loue,</l>  
   <l>This valley fits the purpose passing well.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-bas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bassi.</speaker>  
   <p>The King my Brother shall haue notice of this.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-lav">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Loui.</speaker>  
   <l>I, for these slips haue made him noted long,</l>  
   <l>Good King, to be so mightily abused.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tamora.</speaker>  
   <p>Why I haue patience to endure all this?</p>  
 </sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Chiron and Demetrius.</stage>

<sp who="#F-tit-dem">

<speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>

<l>How now deere Soueraigne</l>

<l>And our gracious Mother,</l>

<l>Why doth your Highnes looke so pale and wan?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-tam">

<speaker rend="italic">Tamo.</speaker>

<l>Haue I not reason thinke you to looke pale.</l>

<l>These two haue tic'd me hither to this place,</l>

<l>A barren, detested vale you see it is.</l>

<l>The Trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,</l>

<l>Ore&#x2011;come with Mosse, and balefull Misselto.</l>

<l>Heere neuer shines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds,</l>

<l>Vnlesse the nightly Owle, or fatall Rauen:</l>

<l>And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,</l>

<l>They told me heere at dead time of the night,</l>

<l>A thousand Fiends, a thousand hissing Snakes,</l>

<l>Ten thousand swelling Toades, as many Vrchins,</l>

<l>Would make such fearefull and confused cries,</l>

<l>As any mortall body hearing it,</l>

<l>Should strait fall mad, or else die suddenly.</l>

<l>No sooner had they told this hellish tale,</l>

<l>But strait they told me they would binde me heere,</l>

<l>Vnto the body of a dismall yew,</l>

<l>And leaue me to this miserable death.</l>

<l>And then they call'd me foule Adulteresse,</l>

<l>Lasciuious Goth, and all the bitterest tearmes</l>

<l>That euer eare did heare to such effect.</l>

<l>And had you not by wondrous fortune come,</l>

<l>This vengeance on me had they executed:</l>

<l>Reuenge it, as you loue your Mothers life,</l>

<l>Or be ye not henceforth cal'd my Children.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-dem">

<speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>

<p>This is a wisse that I am thy Sonne. stab him.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-chi">

<speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>

<l>And this for me,</l>

<l>Strook home to shew my strength.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-lav">

<speaker rend="italic">Lai.</speaker>

<l>I come <hi rend="italic">Semeramis</hi>, nay Barbarous <hi rend="italic">Tamora</hi>.</l>

<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">dd</fw>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">For</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0656-0.jpg" n="38"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus  
 Andronicus.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>  
 <l>For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>  
 <l>Giue me thy poyniard, you shal know my boyes</l>  
 <l>Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>  
 <l>Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,</l>  
 <l>First thrash the Corne, then after burne the  
 straw:</l>  
 <l>This Minion stood vpon her chastity,</l>  
 <l>Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie.</l>  
 <l>And with that painted hope, braues your Mightinesse,</l>  
 <l>And shall she carry this vnto her graue?</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-chi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>  
 <l>And if she doe,</l>  
 <l>I would I were an Eunuch,</l>  
 <l>Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,</l>  
 <l>And make his dead Trunke&#x2011;Pillow to our lust.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tamo.</speaker>  
 <l>But when ye haue the hony we desire,</l>  
 <l>Let not this Waspe out&#x2011;liue vs both to sting.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-chi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Chir.</speaker>  
 <l>I warrant you Madam we will make that sure:</l>  
 <l>Come Mistris, now perforce we will enioy,</l>  
 <l>That nice&#x2011;preserued honesty of yours.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-lav">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lau.</speaker>  
 <p>Oh <hi rend="italic">Tamora</hi>, thou bear'st a  
 woman face.</p>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tamo.</speaker>  
 <p>I will not heare her speake, away with her.</p>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-lav">

*Lai.*  
Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.

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

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

*Chiro.*  
What,  
Would'st thou haue me proue my selfe a  
bastard?

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

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

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

*Tamo.*

<l>Had'st thou in person nere offended me.</l>  
 <l>Euen for his sake am I pittillesse:</l>  
 <l>Remember Boyes I powr'd forth teares in vaine,</l>  
 <l>To saue your brother from the sacrifice,</l>  
 <l>But fierce <hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi> would not  
 relent,</l>  
 <l>Therefore away with her, and vse her as you will,</l>  
 <l>The worse to her, the better lou'd of me.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-lav">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lai.</speaker>  
 <l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Tamora</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Be call'd a gentle Queene,</l>  
 <l>And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,</l>  
 <l>For 'tis not life that I haue beg'd so long,</l>  
 <l>Poore I was slaine, when Bassianus dy'd.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>  
 <p>What beg'st thou then? fond woman let me go?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-lav">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lai.</speaker>  
 <l>'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,</l>  
 <l>That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:</l>  
 <l>Oh keepe me from their worse then killing lust,</l>  
 <l>And tumble me into some loathsome pit,</l>  
 <l>Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,</l>  
 <l>Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>  
 <l>So should I rob my sweet Sonnes of their fee,</l>  
 <l>No let them satisfie their lust on thee.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>  
 <l>Away,</l>  
 <l>For thou hast staid vs heere too long.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-lav">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lauinia.</speaker>  
 <l>No  
 <choice><orig>Garace</orig><corr>Grace</corr></choice>,</l>  
 <l>No womanhood? Ah beastly creature,</l>  
 <l>The blot and enemy to our generall name,</l>  
 <l>Confusion fall—</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-chi">

<speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>  
 <l>Nay then Ile stop your mouth</l>  
 <l>Bring thou her husband,</l>  
 <l>This is the Hole where <hi rend="italic">Aaron</hi> bid vs  
 hide  
     him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>  
     <l>Farewell my Sonnes, see that you make her sure,</l>  
     <l>Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeed,</l>  
     <l>Till all the <hi rend="italic">Andronici</hi> be made  
 away:</l>  
     <l>Now will I hence to seeke my louely <hi  
 rend="italic">Moore</hi>,</l>  
     <l>And let my spleenfull Sonnes this Trull defloue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Aaron with two  
 of  
     Titus Sonnes.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
     <l>Come on my Lords, the better foote before,</l>  
     <l>Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit,</l>  
     <l>Where I espied the Panther fast asleepe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-qui">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>  
     <p>My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrt">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Marti.</speaker>  
     <l>And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,</l>  
     <l>Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-qui">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>  
     <l>What art thou fallen?</l>  
     <l>What subtile Hole is this,</l>  
     <l>Whose mouth is couered with Rude growing Briers,</l>  
     <l>Vpon whose leaues are drops of  
 new&#x2011;shed&#x2011;blood,</l>  
     <l>As fresh as mornings dew distil'd on  
     flowers,</l>  
     <l>A very fatall place it seemes to me:</l>  
     <l>Speake Brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrt">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Martius.</speaker>

<l>Oh Brother,</l>  
 <l>With the dismal'st object  
 </l>  
 <l>That euer eye with sight made heart lament.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
 <l>Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere,</l>  
 <l>That he thereby may haue a likely gesse,</l>  
 <l>How these were they that made away his Brother.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Aaron.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrt">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Marti.</speaker>  
 <l>Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out,</l>  
 <l>From this vnhalow'd and blood&#x2011;stained  
 Hole?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-qui">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Quintus.</speaker>  
 <l>I am surprised with an vncouth feare,</l>  
 <l>A chilling sweat ore&#x2011;runs my trembling ioynts,</l>  
 <l>My heart suspects more then mine eie can see.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrt">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Marti.</speaker>  
 <l>To proue thou hast a true diuining heart,</l>  
 <l><hi rend="italic">Aaron</hi> and thou looke downe into this  
 den,</l>  
 <l>And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-qui">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Quintus.</speaker>  
 <l><hi rend="italic">Aaron</hi> is gone,</l>  
 <l>And my compassionate heart</l>  
 <l>Will not permit mine eyes once to behold</l>  
 <l>The thing where at it trembles by surmise:</l>  
 <l>Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now</l>  
 <l>Was I a child to feare I know not what.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrt">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Marti.</speaker>  
 <l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Bassianus</hi> lies embrewed  
 heere,</l>  
 <l>All on a heape like to the slaughtred Lambe,</l>  
 <l>In this detested, darke, blood&#x2011;drinking pit.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-qui">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>  
 <p>If it be darke, how doost thou know 'tis he?</p>



</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrt">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Mart.</speaker>  
   <l>Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare</l>  
   <l>A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:</l>  
   <l>Which like a Taper in some Monument,</l>  
   <l>Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthly cheekes,</l>  
   <l>And shewes the ragged intrailles of the pit:</l>  
   <l>So pale did shine the Moone on <hi  
 rend="italic">Piramus</hi>,</l>  
   <l>When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood:</l>  
   <l>O Brother helpe me with thy fainting hand.</l>  
   <l>If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,</l>  
   <l>Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,</l>  
   <l>As hatefull as <hi rend="italic">Ocius</hi> mistie  
     mouth.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-qui">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Quint.</speaker>  
   <l>Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,</l>  
   <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">&#x2011;</fw>  
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Or</fw>  
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0657-0.jpg" n="39"/>  
   <fw type="rh">The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus  
 Andronicus.</fw>  
   <cb n="1"/>  
   <l>Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,</l>  
   <l>I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,</l>  
   <l>Of this deepe pit, poore <hi rend="italic">Bassianus</hi>  
     graue:</l>  
   <l>I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brinke.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrt">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Martius.</speaker>  
   <p>Nor I no strength to clime without thy help.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-qui">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Quin.</speaker>  
   <l>Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,</l>  
   <l>Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,</l>  
   <l>Thou can'st not come to me, I come to thee.</l>  
 </sp>  
   <stage type="business" rend="rightJustified italic">Both fall  
 in.</stage>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Emperour,  
 Aaron  
     the Moore.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Satur.</speaker>  
   <l>Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere,</l>

<l>And what he is that now is leapt into it.</l>  
 <l>Say, who art thou that lately did'st descend,</l>  
 <l>Into this gaping hollow of the earth?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrt">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Marti.</speaker>  
   <l>The vnhappy sonne of old <hi  
 rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>,</l>  
   <l>Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,</l>  
   <l>To finde thy brother <hi rend="italic">Bassianus</hi>  
   dead.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Satur.</speaker>  
   <l>My brother dead? I know thou dost but iest,</l>  
   <l>He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,</l>  
   <l>Vpon the North&#x2011;side of this pleasant Chase,</l>  
   <l>'Tis not an houre since I left him there.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrt">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Marti.</speaker>  
   <l>We know not where you left him all aliue,</l>  
   <l>But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Tamora,  
 Andronicus,  
   and Lucius.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tamo.</speaker>  
   <p>Where is my Lord the King?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-lav">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <p>Heere <hi rend="italic">Tamora</hi>, though grieu'd with  
   killing grieffe.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>  
   <p>Where is thy brother <hi rend="italic">Bassianus</hi>?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-lav">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l>Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound,</l>  
   <l>Poore <hi rend="italic">Bassianus</hi> heere lies  
 murdered.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>  
   <l>Then all too late I bring this fatall writ,</l>  
   <l>The complot of this timelesse Tragedie,</l>

<l>And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,</l>  
<l>In pleasing smiles such murderous Tyrannie.</l>  
</sp>

Saturnine

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">She giueth

a Letter.

<lb/>Saturninus reads the Letter.</stage>

<l rend="italic">And if we misse to meete him hansomely,</l>

<l rend="italic">Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we meane,</l>

<l rend="italic">Doe thou so much as dig the graue for him,</l>

<l rend="italic">Thou know'st our meaning, looke for  
thy reward</l>

<l rend="italic">Among the Nettles at the Elder tree:</l>

<l rend="italic">Which ouer&#x2011;shades the mouth of that

same

pit:</l>

<l rend="italic">Where we decreed to bury Bassianuss</l>

<l rend="italic">Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting  
friends.</l>

<sp who="#F-tit-lav">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Tamora</hi>, was euer heard the

like?</l>

<l>This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,</l>

<l>Looke sirs, if you can finde the huntsman out,</l>

<l>That should haue murdered <hi rend="italic">Bassianus</hi>  
heere.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-aar">

<speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>

<p>My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-lav">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>Two of thy whelpes, fell Curs of bloody kind</l>

<l>Haue heere bereft my brother of his life:</l>

<l>Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,</l>

<l>There let them bide vntill we haue deuis'd</l>

<l>Some neuer heard&#x2011;of tortering paine for them.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-tam">

<speaker rend="italic">Tamo.</speaker>

<l>What are they in this pit,</l>

<l>Oh wondrous thing!</l>

<l>How easily murder is discovered?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-and">

<speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>

<l>High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,</l>

<l>I beg this boone, with teares, not lightly shed,</l>

<l>That this fell fault of my accursed Sonnes,</l>  
 <l>Accursed, if the faults be prou'd in them.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-lav">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l>If it be prou'd? you see it is apparant,</l>  
   <cb n="2"/>  
   <l>Who found this Letter, <hi rend="italic">Tamora</hi> was it  
     you?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tamora.</speaker>  
   <p>  
 <hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi> himselfe did take it vp.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
   <l>I did my Lord,</l>  
   <l>Yet let me be their baile,</l>  
   <l>For by my Fathers reuerent Tombe I vow</l>  
   <l>They shall be ready at your Highnes will,</l>  
   <l>To answere their suspition with their lues.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-lav">  
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
   <l>Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me:</l>  
   <l>Some bring the murdered body, some the murtherers,</l>  
   <l>Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,</l>  
   <l>For by my soule, were there worse end then death,</l>  
   <l>That end vpon them should be executed.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tamo.</speaker>  
   <l><hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi> I will entreat the King,</l>  
   <l>Feare not thy Sonnes, they shall do well enough.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
   <l>Come Lucius come,</l>  
   <l>Stay not to talke with them.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">  
   <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 4]</head>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Empresse  
 Sonnes,  
     with Lauinia, her hands cut off and <lb/>her tongue cut out,  
     and rausht.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-dem">

<speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>  
 <l>So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,</l>  
 <l>Who t'was that cut thy tongue and rausht thee.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-chi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>  
 <l>Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,</l>  
 <l>And if thy stumpes will let thee play the Scribe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>  
 <p>See how with signes and tokens she can scowle.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-chi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>  
 <l>Goe home,</l>  
 <l>Call for sweet water, wash thy hands.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>  
 <l>She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash.</l>  
 <l>And so let's leaue her to her silent walkes.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-chi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>  
 <p>And t'were my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>  
 <p>If thou had'st hands to helpe thee knit the  
 cord.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Winde Hornes.

<lb/>Enter

Marcus from hunting, to Lauinia.</stage>  
 <l>Who is this, my Neece that flies away so fast?</l>  
 <l>Cosen a word, where is your husband?</l>  
 <l>If I do dreame, would all my wealth would wake me;</l>  
 <l>If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe,</l>  
 <l>That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.</l>  
 <l>Speake gentle Neece, what sterne vngentle hands</l>  
 <l>Hath lopt, and hew'd, and made thy body bare</l>  
 <l>Of her two branches, those sweet Ornaments</l>  
 <l>Whose circkling shadowes, Kings haue sought to sleep in</l>  
 <l>And might not gaine so great a happines</l>  
 <l>As halfe thy Loue: Why doost not speake to me?</l>  
 <l>Alas, a Crimson riuer of warme blood,</l>  
 <l>Like to a bubling fountaine stir'd with winde,</l>  
 <l>Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,</l>

<|>Comming and going with thy hony breath.</|>  
<|>But sure some <hi rend="italic">Tereus</hi> hath defloured  
thee,</|>  
<|>And least thou should'st detect them, cut  
thy tongue.</|>  
<|>Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame:</|>  
<|>And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,</|>  
<|>As from a Conduit with their issuing Spouts,</|>  
<|>Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as <hi rend="italic">Titans</hi>  
face,</|>  
<|>Blushing to be encountred with a Cloud,</|>  
<|>Shall I speake for thee? shall I say 'tis so?</|>  
<|>Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast</|>  
<|>That I might raile at him to ease my mind.</|>  
<|>Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen stopt,</|>  
<|>Doth burne the hart to Cinders where it is.</|>  
<|>Faire <hi rend="italic">Philomela</hi> she but lost her  
tongue,</|>  
<|>And in a tedious Sampler sowed her minde.</|>  
<|>But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,</|>  
<|>A craftier <hi rend="italic">Tereus</hi> hast thou met  
withall,</|>  
<|>And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,</|>  
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">dd2</fw>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">That</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0658-0.jpg" n="40"/>  
<fw type="rh">The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus

Andronicus.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>  
<|>That could haue better sowed then <hi  
rend="italic">Philomel</hi>.</|>  
<|>Oh had the monster seene those Lilly hands,</|>  
<|>Tremble like Aspen leaues vpon a Lute,</|>  
<|>And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,</|>  
<|>He would not then haue toucht them for his life.</|>  
<|>Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,</|>  
<|>Which that sweet tongue hath made:</|>  
<|>He would haue dropt his knife and fell asleepe,</|>  
<|>As <hi rend="italic">Cerberus</hi> at the Thracian Poets  
feete.</|>

<|>Come, let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,</|>  
<|>For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.</|>  
<|>One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades,</|>  
<|>What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?</|>  
<|>Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:</|>  
<|>Oh could our mourning ease thy misery.</|>  
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>  
<cb n="1"/>  
</div>  
</div>

```
<div type="act" n="3">
<div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
  <head rend="italic center">Actus Tertius.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
  <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter the Iudges and
```

Senatours with

```
Titus two sonnes bound, <lb/>passing on the Stage to the place of
execution, and Titus going <lb/>before pleading.</stage>
```

```
<sp who="#F-tit-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>
  <l>Heare me graue fathers, noble Tribunes stay,</l>
  <l>For pittie of mine age, whose youth was spent</l>
  <l>In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept:</l>
  <l>For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed,</l>
  <l>For all the frosty nights that I haue watcht,</l>
  <l>And for these bitter teares, which now you see,</l>
  <l>Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,</l>
  <l>Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,</l>
  <l>Whose soules is not corrupted as 'tis thought:</l>
  <l>For two and twenty sonnes I neuer wept,</l>
  <l>Because they died in honours lofty bed.</l>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Andronicus lyeth
```

downe,

```
and the Iudges passe by him.</stage>
```

```
<l>For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write</l>
<l>My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:</l>
<l>Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite.</l>
<l>My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blush:</l>
<l>O earth! I will be friend thee more with raine</l>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<l>That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,</l>
<l>Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres</l>
<l>In summers drought: Ile drop vpon thee still,</l>
<l>In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,</l>
<l>And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,</l>
<l>So thou refuse to drinke my deare sonnes blood.</l>
```

```
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lucius, with his
weapon drawne.</stage>
```

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

```
<sp who="#F-tit-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lu.</speaker>
  <l>Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,</l>
  <l>The Tribunes heare not, no man is by,</l>
  <l>And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.</l>
```

```
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tit-and">
```



*Ti.*  
<|>Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me  
plead,</|>  
<|>Graue Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lu.</speaker>  
<p>My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>  
<|>Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare</|>  
<|>They would not marke me: oh if they did heare</|>  
<|>They would not pittie me.</|>  
<|>Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones.</|>  
<cb n="2"/>  
<|>Who though they cannot answeere my distresse,</|>  
<|>Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,</|>  
<|>For that they will not intercept my tale;</|>  
<|>When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete</|>  
<|>Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,</|>  
<|>And were they but attired in graue weedes,</|>  
<|>Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.</|>  
<|>A stone is as soft waxe,</|>  
<|>Tribunes more hard then stones:</|>  
<|>A stone is silent, and offendeth not,</|>  
<|>And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.</|>  
<|>But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon  
drawne?</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lu.</speaker>  
<|>To rescue my two brothers from their death,</|>  
<|>For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounc'st</|>  
<|>My euerlasting doome of banishment.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>  
<|>O happy man, they haue befriended thee:</|>  
<|>Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not  
perceiue</|>  
<|>That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers?</|>  
<|>Tigers must pray, and Rome affords no prey</|>  
<|>But me and mine: how happy art thou then,</|>  
<|>From these deuourers to be banished?</|>  
<|>But who comes with our brother *Lucius*  
*Marcus*  
heere?</|>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Marcus and



Lauinia.</stage>

<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
<l><hi rend="italic">Titus</hi>, prepare thy noble eyes to  
weepe,</l>  
<l>Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake:</l>  
<l>I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>  
<p>Will it consume me? Let me see it then.</p>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
<p>This was thy daughter.</p>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>  
<p>Why <hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi> so she is.</p>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
<p>Aye me this obiect kills me.</p>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>  
<l>Faint&#x2011;harted boy, arise and looke vpon her,</l>  
<l>Speake <hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi>, what accursed

hand</l>

<l>Hath made thee handlesse in thy Fathers sight?</l>  
<l>What foole hath added water to the Sea?</l>  
<l>Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?</l>  
<l>My grieffe was at the height before thou cam'st,</l>  
<l>And now like <hi rend="italic">Nylus</hi> it disdaineth  
bounds:</l>  
<l>Giue me a sword, Ile chop off my hands too,</l>  
<l>For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine:</l>  
<l>And they haue nur'st this woe,</l>  
<l>In feeding life:</l>  
<l>In bootelesse prayer haue they bene held vp,</l>  
<l>And they haue seru'd me to effectlesse  
vse.</l>  
<l>Now all the seruice I require of them,</l>  
<l>Is that the one will helpe to cut the other:</l>  
<l>'Tis well <hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi>, that thou hast no  
hands,</l>  
<l>For hands to do Rome seruice, is but vaine.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>

<p>Speake gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
<l>O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,</l>  
<l>That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,</l>  
<l>Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,</l>  
<l>Where like a sweet mellodius bird it sung,</l>  
<l>Sweet varied notes inchanting euery eare.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>  
<l>Oh say thou for her,</l>  
<l>Who hath done this deed?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Marc.</speaker>  
<l>Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,</l>  
<l>Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare</l>  
<l>That hath receiude some vnrecuring wound.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
<l>It was my Deare,</l>  
<l>And he that wounded her,</l>  
<l>Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead:</l>  
<l>For now I stand as one vpon a Rocke,</l>  
<l>Inuiron'd with a wildernesse of Sea.</l>  
<l>Who markes the waxing tide,</l>  
<l>Grow waue by waue,</l>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Expecting</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0659-0.jpg" n="41"/>  
<fw type="rh">The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus

Andronicus.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>  
<l>Expecting euer when some enuious surge,</l>  
<l>Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.</l>  
<l>This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone:</l>  
<l>Heere stands my other sonne, a banisht man,</l>  
<l>And heere my brother weeping at my woes.</l>  
<l>But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne,</l>  
<l>Is deere <hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi>, deerer then my  
soule.</l>  
<l>Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,</l>  
<l>It would haue madded me. What shall I doe?</l>  
<l>Now I behold thy liuely body so?</l>  
<l>Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,</l>  
<l>Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:</l>  
<l>Thy husband he is dead, and for his death</l>  
<l>Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.</l>

<l>Looke <hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi>, ah sonne <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> looke on her:</l>

<l>When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares</l>

<l>Stood on her cheekes, as doth the hony dew,</l>

<l>Vpon a gathred Lillie almost withered.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">

<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>

<l>Perchance she weepes because they kil'd her

<lb/>husband,</l>

<l>Perchance because she knowes him innocent.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-and">

<speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>

<l>If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,</l>

<l>Because the law hath tane reuenge on them.</l>

<l>No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede,</l>

<l>Witnes the sorrow that their sister makes.</l>

<l>Gentle <hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi> let me kisse thy

lips,</l>

<l>Or make some signes how I may do thee ease:</l>

<l>Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother <hi

rend="italic">Lucius</hi>,</l>

<l>And thou and I sit round about some Fountaine,</l>

<l>Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes</l>

<l>How they are stain'd in meadowes, yet not dry</l>

<l>With miery slime left on them by a flood:</l>

<l>And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,</l>

<l>Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,</l>

<l>And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?</l>

<l>Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?</l>

<l>Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shewes</l>

<l>Passe the remainder of our hatefull dayes?</l>

<l>What shall we doe? Let vs that haue our tongues</l>

<l>Plot some deuise of further miseries</l>

<l>To make vs wondred at in time to come.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-luc">

<speaker rend="italic">Lu.</speaker>

<l>Sweet Father cease your teares, for at your grieffe</l>

<l>See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">

<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>

<p>Patience deere Neece, good <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi> drie

thine <lb/>eyes.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-and">

<speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>

<l>Ah <hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi>, <hi

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

*Lu.*  
 Ah my *Lauinia* I will wipe thy  
 cheekes.

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

*Enter Aron the Moore alone.*

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

*Ti.*  
 Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aaron*.  
 Did euer Rauens sing so like a Larke,  
 That giues sweet tydings of the Sunnes vprise?  
 With all my heart, Ile send the Emperour my hand,  
 Good *Aaron* wilt thou help to chop it  
 off?

*Lu.*  
 Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,

<l>That hath throwne downe so many enemies,</l>  
<l>Shall not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,</l>  
<l>My youth can better spare my blood then you,</l>  
<l>And therefore mine shall saue my brothers liues.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
<l>Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,</l>  
<l>And rear'd aloft the bloody Battleaxe,</l>  
<l>Writing destruction on the enemies Castle?</l>  
<l>Oh none of both but are of high desert:</l>  
<l>My hand hath bin but idle, let it serue</l>  
<l>To ransome my two nephewes from their death,</l>  
<l>Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
<speaker rend="italic">Moore.</speaker>  
<l>Nay come agree, whose hand shall goe along</l>  
<l>For feare they die before their pardon come.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
<p>My hand shall goe.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lu.</speaker>  
<p>By heauen it shall not goe.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>  
<l>Sirs striue no more, such withered hearbs as these</l>  
<l>Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lu.</speaker>  
<l>Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,</l>  
<l>Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
<l>And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,</l>  
<l>Now let me shew a brothers loue to thee.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>  
<p>Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Lu.</speaker>  
<p>Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
   <p>But I will vse the Axe.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>  
   <l>Come hither <hi rend="italic">Aaron</hi>, Ile deceiue them  
     both,</l>  
   <l>Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine,</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Moore.</speaker>  
   <l>If that be cal'd deceit, I will be honest,</l>  
   <l>And neuer whil'st I liue deceiue men so:</l>  
   <l>But Ile deceiue you in another sort,</l>  
   <l>And that you'l say ere halfe an houre passe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">He cuts off Titus  
   hand</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lucius and  
 Marcus  
   again.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>  
   <l>Now stay you strife, what shall be, is  
     dispatcht:</l>  
   <l>Good <hi rend="italic">Aron</hi> giue his Maiestie me  
 hand,</l>  
   <l>Tell him, it was a hand that warded him</l>  
   <l>From thousand dangers: bid him bury it:</l>  
   <l>More hath it merited: That let it haue.</l>  
   <l>As for my sonnes, say I account of them,</l>  
   <l>As iewels purchast at an easie price,</l>  
   <l>And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
   <l>I goe <hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>, and for thy  
 hand,</l>  
   <l>Looke by and by to haue thy sonnes with thee:</l>  
   <l>Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany</l>  
   <l>Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.</l>  
   <l>Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,</l>  
   <l><hi rend="italic">Aron</hi> will haue his soule blacke like  
 his  
     face.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

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

</sp>

*Mar.*  
<|>Oh brother speake with possibilities,</|>  
<|>And do not breake into these deepe extreames.</|>

</sp>

*Ti.*  
<|>Is not my sorrow deepe, hauing no bottome?</|>  
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">dd3</fw>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Then</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0660-0.jpg" n="42"/>  
<fw type="rh">The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus

Andronicus.</fw>

**1**  
<|>Then be my passions bottomlesse with them.</|>

</sp>

*Mar.*  
<p>But yet let reason gouerne thy lament.</p>

</sp>

*Titus.*  
<|>If there were reason for these miseries,</|>  
<|>Then into limits could I binde my woes:</|>  
<|>When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth overflow?</|>  
<|>If the windes rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,</|>  
<|>Threatning the welkin with his big&#x2011;swolne face?</|>  
<|>And wilt thou haue a reason for this coile?</|>  
<|>I am the Sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow:</|>  
<|>Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:</|>  
<|>Then must my Sea be moued with her sighes,</|>  
<|>Then must my earth with her continuall teares,</|>  
<|>Become a deluge: ouerflow'd and drown'd:</|>  
<|>For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,</|>  
<|>But like a drunkard must I vomit them:</|>  
<|>Then giue me leaue, for losers will haue leaue,</|>  
<|>To ease their stomackes with their bitter tongues,</|>

</sp>

*Enter a messenger with*

two

heads and a hand.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-tit-mes">  
<speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>  
<|>Worthy <hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>, ill art thou repaid,</|>  
<|>For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour:</|>  
<|>Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.</|>  
<|>And heeres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe:</|>  
<|>Thy griefes, their sports: Thy resolution mockt,</|>  
<|>That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,</|>  
<|>More then remembrance of my fathers death.</|>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Marc.</speaker>  
<|>Now let hot ætna coole in Cicilie,</|>  
<|>And be my heart an euer&#x2011;burning hell:</|>  
<|>These miseries are more then may be borne.</|>  
<|>To weepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale,</|>  
<|>But sorrow flouted at, is double death.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>  
<|>Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,</|>  
<|>And yet detested life not shrinke thereat:</|>  
<|>That euer death should let life beare his name,</|>  
<|>Where life hath no more interest but to breath.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
<|>Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse,</|>  
<|>As frozen water to a starued snake.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Titus.</speaker>  
<p>When will this fearefull slumber haue an end?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
<|>Now farwell flatterie, die <hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>,</|>  
<|>Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sons heads,</|>  
<|>Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here:</|>  
<|>Thy other banisht sonnes with this deere sight</|>  
<|>Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,</|>  
<|>Euen like a stony Image, cold and numme.</|>  
<|>Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,</|>  
<|>Rent off thy siluer haire, thy other hand</|>  
<|>Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight</|>



<l>The closing vp of our most wretched eyes:</l>  
<l>Now is a time to storme, why art thou still?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Titus.</speaker>  
<p>Ha, ha, ha,</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
<p>Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this houre.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>  
<l>Why I haue not another teare to shed:</l>  
<l>Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,</l>  
<l>And would vsurpe vpon my watry eyes,</l>  
<l>And make them blinde with tributarie teares.</l>  
<l>Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Cauce?</l>  
<l>For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,</l>  
<l>And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,</l>  
<l>Till all these mischiefes be returned againe,</l>  
<l>Euen in their throats that haue committed them.</l>  
<l>Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,</l>  
<l>You heaueie people, circle me about,</l>  
<l>That I may turne me to each one of you,</l>  
<l>And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs.</l>  
<l>The vow is made, come Brother take a head,</l>  
<cb n="2"/>  
<l>And in this hand the other will I beare.</l>  
<l>And <hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi> thou shalt be employd in

these

things:</l>  
<l>Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:</l>  
<l>As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,</l>  
<l>Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,</l>  
<l>Hie to the <hi rend="italic">Gothes</hi>, and raise an army  
there,</l>  
<l>And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,</l>  
<l>Let's kisse and part, for we haue much to doe.</l>  
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Manet Lucius.</stage>

<sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>  
<l>Farewell <hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi> my noble

Father:</l>

<l>The woful'st man that euer liu'd in Rome:</l>  
<l>Farewell proud Rome, til <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> come  
againe,</l>  
<l>He loues his pledges dearer then his life:</l>

<|>Farewell <hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi> my noble  
sister,</l>  
<|>O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,</l>  
<|>But now, nor <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> nor <hi  
rend="italic">Lauinia</hi> liues</l>  
<|>But in obliuion and hateful griefes:</l>  
<|>If <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> liue, he will requit your  
wrongs,</l>  
<|>And make proud <hi rend="italic">Saturnine</hi> and his  
Empresse</l>  
<|>Beg at the gates like <hi rend="italic">Tarquin</hi> and his  
Queene.</l>  
<|>Now will I to the Gothes and raise a power,</l>  
<|>To be reueng'd on Rome and <hi  
rend="italic">Saturnine</hi>.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Lucius</stage>

</div>

<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">

<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">A Banket.

<lb/>Enter

Andronicus, Marcus, Lauinia, and the Boy.</stage>

<sp who="#F-tit-and">

<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>

<|>So, so, now sit, and looke you eate no more</l>

<|>Then will preserue iust so much strength in vs</l>

<|>As will reuenge these bitter woes of ours.</l>

<|><hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi> vnknit that

sorrow&#x2011;wreathen

knot:</l>

<|>Thy Neece and I (poore Creatures) want our hands</l>

<|>And cannot passionate our tenfold grieffe,</l>

<|>With fouled Armes. This poore right hand of mine,</l>

<|>Is left to tirranize vppon my breast.</l>

<|>Who when my hart all mad with misery,</l>

<|>Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,</l>

<|>Then thus I thumpe it downe.</l>

<|>Thou Map of woe, that thus dost talk in signes,</l>

<|>When thy poore hart beates without ragious beating,</l>

<|>Thou canst not strike it thus to make it

still?</l>

<|>Wound it with sighing girle, kil it with grones:</l>

<|>Or get some little knife betweene thy teeth,</l>

<|>And iust against thy hart make thou a hole,</l>

<|>That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall</l>

<|>May run into that sinke, and soaking in,</l>

<|>Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea salt teares.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">

*Mar.*  
<l>Fy brother fy, teach her not thus to lay</l>  
<l>Such violent hands vppon her tender life.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
*An.*  
<l>How now! Has sorrow made thee doate already?</l>  
<l>Why *Marcus*, no man should be mad

but

I:  
<l>What violent hands can she lay on her life:</l>  
<l>Ah, wherefore dost thou vrge the name of hands,</l>  
<l>To bid *æneas* tell the tale twice  
ore</l>  
<l>How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?</l>  
<l>O handle not the theame, to talke of hands,</l>  
<l>Least we remember still that we haue none,</l>  
<l>Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I square my talke</l>  
<l>As if we should forget we had no hands:</l>  
<l>If *Marcus* did not name the word of  
hands.</l>  
<l>Come, lets fall too, and gentle girle eate this,</l>  
<l>Heere is no drinke? Harke *Marcus*

what she

saies,</l>  
<l>I can interpret all her martir'd signes,</l>  
<l>She saies, she drinke no other drinke but teares</l>  
<l>Breu'd with her sorrow: mesh'd vppon her  
cheekes,</l>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Speech</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0661-0.jpg" n="43"/>  
<fw type="rh">The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus

Andronicus.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>  
<l>Speechlesse

<choice><orig>complaynet</orig><corr>complayner</corr></choice>, I will learne  
thy thought:</l>

<l>In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect  
</l>  
<l>As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.</l>  
<l>Thou shalt not sighe nor hold thy stumps to heauen,</l>  
<l>Nor winke, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make a signe;</l>  
<l>But I (of these) will wrest an Alphabet,</l>  
<l>And by still practice, learne to know thy  
meaning.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-yllu">  
*Boy.*  
<l>Good grandsire leaue these bitter deepe laments,</l>  
<l>Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing tale.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
   <l>Alas, the tender boy in passion mou'd,</l>  
   <l>Doth weepe to see his grandsires heauinesse.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>  
   <l>Peace tender Sapling, thou art made of teares,</l>  
   <l>And teares will quickly melt thy life away.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage type="business" rend="italic center">Marcus strikes the dish  
 with a knife.</stage>  
 <p>What doest thou strike at <hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi>  
 with knife.</p>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
   <p>At that that I haue kil'd my Lord, a Fly</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>  
   <l>Out on the murderour: thou kil'st my hart,</l>  
   <l>Mine eyes cloi'd with view of Tirranie:</l>  
   <l>A deed of death done on the Innocent</l>  
   <l>Becoms not <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi> brother: get thee  
   gone,</l>  
   <l>I see thou art not for my company.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
   <p>Alas (my Lord) I haue but kild a flie.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>  
   <l>But? How: if that Flie had a father and mother?</l>  
   <l>How would he hang his slender gilded wings</l>  
   <l>And buz lamenting doings in the ayer,</l>  
   <l>Poore harmelesse Fly,</l>  
   <l>That with his pretty buzing melody,</l>  
   <l>Came heere to make vs merry,</l>  
   <l>And thou hast kil'd him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
   <l>Pardon me sir,</l>  
   <l>It was a blacke illfauour'd Fly,</l>  
   <l>Like to the Empresse Moore, therefore I kild him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>

<l>O, o, o,</l>  
 <l>Then pardon me for reprehending thee,</l>  
 <l>For thou hast done a Charitable deed:</l>  
 <l>Giue me thy knife, I will insult on him,</l>  
 <l>Flattering my selves, as if it were the Moore,</l>  
 <l>Come hither purposely to poyson me.</l>  
 <l>There's for thy selfe, and thats for <hi  
 rend="italic">Tamira</hi>: Ah sirra,</l>  
 <l>Yet I thinke we are not brought so low,</l>  
 <l>But that betweene vs, we can kill a Fly,</l>  
 <l>That comes in likenesse of a Cole&#x2011;blacke Moore.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
 <l>Alas poore man, grieffe ha's so wrought on him,</l>  
 <l>He takes false shadowes, for true substances.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>  
 <l>Come, take away: <hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi>, goe with  
 me,</l>  
 <l>Ile to thy closset, and goe read with thee</l>  
 <l>Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.</l>  
 <l>Come boy, and goe with me, thy sight is young,</l>  
 <l>And thou shalt read, when mine begin to dazell.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 </div>  
 </div>  
 <div type="act" n="4">  
 <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">  
 <head rend="italic center">Actus Quartus.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>  
 <note type="physical" resp="#PW">Some illegibility on this  
 page appears to have been caused by drops that have damaged the paper.</note>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter young Lucius  
 and  
 Lauinia running after him, and <lb/>the Boy flies from her  
 with his bookes vnder his arme. <lb/>En<gap rend="illegible"  
 reason="damage" agent="unclear" extent="2" unit="chars" resp="#PW"/>r Titus and  
 Marcus.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-yly">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>  
 <l>H<gap rend="illegible" reason="damage" agent="unclear"  
 extent="1" unit="chars" resp="#PW"/>lpe Gransier helpe, my Aunt <hi  
 rend="italic">Lauinia</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Followes me euery where I know not why.</l>  
 <l>Good Vncle <hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi> see how swift she  
 comes,</l>

<l>Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you meane.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
 <p>Stand by me <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, doe not feare thy  
 Aunt.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Titus.</speaker>  
 <p>She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-ylu">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>  
 <p>I when my father was in Rome she did.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
 <p>What meanes my Neece <hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi> by  
 these  
 signes?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>  
 <l>Feare not <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, somewhat doth she  
 meane:</l>  
 <l>See <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> see, how much she makes  
 of  
 thee:</l>  
 <l>Some whether would she haue thee goe with her.</l>  
 <l>Ah boy, <hi rend="italic">Cornelia</hi> neuer with more  
 care</l>  
 <l>Read to her sonnes, then she hath read to thee,</l>  
 <l>Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:</l>  
 <l>Canst thou not gesse wherefore she plies thee thus?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-ylu">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>  
 <l>My Lord I know not I, nor can I gesse,</l>  
 <l>Vnlesse some fit or frenzie do possesse her:</l>  
 <l>For I haue heard my Gransier say full oft,</l>  
 <l>Extremitie of griefes would make men mad.</l>  
 <l>And I haue read that <hi rend="italic">Hecuba</hi> of  
 Troy,</l>  
 <l>Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to feare,</l>  
 <l>Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,</l>  
 <l>Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,</l>  
 <l>And would not but in fury fright my youth,</l>  
 <l>Which made me downe to throw my bookes, and flie</l>  
 <l>Causles perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,</l>

goe, </l>

<l>And Madam, if my Vncle <hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi>

<l>I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">

<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>

<p>Lucius I will.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-and">

<speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>

<l>How now <hi rend="italic">Lauinia, Marcus</hi> what

meanes

this?</l>

<l>Some booke there is that she desires to see,</l>

<l>Which is it girle of these? Open them boy,</l>

<l>But thou art deeper read and better skild,</l>

<l>Come and take choyse of all my Library,</l>

<l>And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heauens</l>

<l>Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deed.</l>

<l>What booke?</l>

<l>Why lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">

<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>

<l>I thinke she meanes that ther was more then one</l>

<l>Confederate in the fact, I more there was:</l>

<l>Or else to heauen she heaues them to reuenge.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-and">

<speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>

<p>

<hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> what booke is that she tosseth

so?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-yly">

<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>

<l>Grandsier 'tis Ouids Metamorphosis,</l>

<l>My mother gaue it me.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">

<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>

<l>For loue of her that's gone,</l>

<l><choice><orig>Perhahs</orig><corr>Perhaps</corr></choice> she culd it from among the rest.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-and">

<speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>

<l>Soft, so busily she turns the leaues,</l>

<l>Helpe her, what would she finde? <hi

rend="italic">Lauinia</hi> shall I read?</l>  
 <l>This is the tragicke tale of <hi  
 rend="italic">Philomel</hi>?</l>  
 <l>And treates of <hi rend="italic">Tereus</hi> treason and his  
 rape,</l>  
 <l>And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
 <p>See brother see, note how she quotes the leaues</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>  
 <l><hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi>, wert thou thus surpriz'd  
 sweet girle,</l>  
 <l>Rauisht and wrong'd as <hi rend="italic">Philomela</hi>  
 was?</l>  
 <l>Forc'd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomy woods?</l>  
 <l>See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,</l>  
 <l>(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)</l>  
 <l>Patern'd by that the Poet heere describes,</l>  
 <l>By nature made for murthers and for rapes.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
 <l>O why should nature build so foule a<note type="physical"  
 resp="#PW">The same damage noted above partially obscurs this word.</note>  
 den,</l>  
 <l>Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>  
 <l>Giue signes sweet girle, for heere are none but friends</l>  
 <l>What Romaine Lord it was durst do the deed?</l>  
 <l>Or slunke not <hi rend="italic">Saturnine</hi>, as <hi  
 rend="italic">Tarquin</hi> ersts,</l>  
 <l>That left the Campe to sinne in <hi  
 rend="italic">Lucrece</hi>  
 bed.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
 <l>Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by me,</l>  
 <l><hi rend="italic">Appollo, Pallas, Ioue,</hi> or <hi  
 rend="italic">Mercury,</hi>  
 </l>  
 <l>Inspire me that I may this treason finde.</l>  
 <l>My Lord looke heere, looke heere <hi  
 rend="italic">Lauinia</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>



with his

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">He writes his Name  
 staffe, and guides it <lb/>with feete and mouth</stage>  
 <l>This sandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst</l>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">This</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0662-0.jpg" n="44"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus  
 Andronicus.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>This after me, I haue writ my name,</l>  
 <l>Without the helpe of any hand at all.</l>  
 <l>Curst be that hart that forc'st vs to that  
 shift:</l>  
 <l>Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,</l>  
 <l>What God will haue discovered for reuenge,</l>  
 <l>Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,</l>  
 <l>That we may know the Traytors and the truth.</l>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">She takes the  
 staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her  
 <lb/>stumps and writes.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>  
 <l>Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writs?</l>  
 <l><hi rend="italic">Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
 <l>What, what, the lustfull sonnes of <hi  
 rend="italic">Tamora</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Performers of this hainous bloody deed?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>  
 <l><hi rend="italic">Magni Dominator poli</hi>,</l>  
 <l><hi rend="italic">Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus  
 vides</hi>?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
 <l>Oh calme thee gentle Lord: Although I know</l>  
 <l>There is enough written vpon this earth,</l>  
 <l>To stirre a mutinie in the mildest thoughts,</l>  
 <l>And arme the mindes of infants to exclaiimes.</l>  
 <l>My Lord kneele downe with me: <hi  
 rend="italic">Lauinia</hi>  
 kneele,</l>  
 <l>And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine <hi  
 rend="italic">Hectors</hi> hope,</l>  
 <l>And swear with me, as with the wofull Feere</l>  
 <l>And father of that chast dishonoured Dame,</l>


<\/>Lord <hi rend="italic">Iunius Brutus<\/hi> swaere for <hi  
 rend="italic">Lucrece<\/hi> rape,<\/>  
 <\/>That we will prosecute (by good aduise)<\/>  
 <\/>Mortall reuenge vpon these traytorous Gothes,<\/>  
 <\/>And see their blood, or die with this reproach.<\/>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ti.<\/speaker>  
 <\/>Tis sure enough, and you knew how.<\/>  
 <\/>But if you hunt these Beare&#x2011;whelpes, then  
 beware<\/>  
 <\/>The Dam will wake, and if she winde you once,<\/>  
 <\/>Shee's with the Lyon deeply still in league.<\/>  
 <\/>And lulls him whilst she  
 <choice><orig>palyeth<\/orig><corr>playeth<\/corr><\/choice> on her backe,<\/>  
 <\/>And when he sleepes will she do what she list.<\/>  
 <\/>You are a young huntsman <hi rend="italic">Marcus<\/hi>, let  
 it  
 alone:<\/>  
 <\/>And come, I will goe get a leafe of brasse,<\/>  
 <\/>And with a Gad of steele will write these words,<\/>  
 <\/>And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde<\/>  
 <\/>Will blow these sands like <hi rend="italic">Sibels<\/hi>  
 leaues  
 abroad,<\/>  
 <\/>And wheres your lesson then. Boy what say you?<\/>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-yly">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.<\/speaker>  
 <\/>I say my Lord, that if I were a man,<\/>  
 <\/>Their mothers bed&#x2011;chamber should not be safe,<\/>  
 <\/>For these bad bond&#x2011;men to the yoake of Rome.<\/>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.<\/speaker>  
 <\/>I that'sthat's my boy, thy father hath full  
 oft,<\/>  
 <\/>For his vngratefull country done the like.<\/>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-yly">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.<\/speaker>  
 <p>And Vncle so will I, and if I liue.<\/p>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ti.<\/speaker>  
 <\/>Come goe with me into mine Armorie,<\/>  
 <\/><hi rend="italic">Lucius<\/hi> Ile fit thee, and withall, my  
 boy<\/>  
 <\/>Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes,<\/>  
 <\/>Presents that I intend to send them both,<\/>

<l>Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-ylu">  
 <note type="physical" resp="#PW">The damage noted on the  
 recto of this page also partially obscures the text here.</note>  
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>  
 <p>I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandsire:</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>  
 <l>No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,</l>  
 <l><hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi> come, <hi  
 rend="italic">Marcus</hi> looke to my house,</l>  
 <l><hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> and Ile goe braue it at the  
 Court,</l>  
 <l>I marry will we sir, and weele be waited on.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
 <l>O heauens! Can you heare a good man grone</l>  
 <l>And not relent, or not compassion him?</l>  
 <l><hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi> attend him in his extasie,</l>  
 <l>That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,</l>  
 <l>Then foe&#x2011;mens marques vpon his batter'd shield,</l>  
 <l>But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,</l>  
 <l>Reuenge the heauens for old <hi  
 rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Aron, Chiron  
 and  
 Demetrius at one dore: and at another <lb/>dore young Lucius  
 and  
 another, with a bundle of <lb/>weapons, and verses writ vpon  
 them.</stage>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-chi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>  
 <l><hi rend="italic">Demetrius</hi> heeres the sonne of <hi  
 rend="italic">Lucius</hi>,</l>  
 <l>He hath some message to deliuer vs.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
 <p>I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.</p>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-y lu">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>  
 <l>My Lords, with all the humblenesse I may,</l>  
 <l>I greeete your honours from <hi  
 rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>,</l>  
 <l>And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>  
 <l>Gramercie louely <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, what's the  
 newes?</l>  
 <l>For villanie's markt with rape. May it please you,</l>  
 <l>My Grandsire well aduis'd hath sent by me,</l>  
 <l>The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,</l>  
 <l>To gratifie your honourable youth,</l>  
 <l>The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say:</l>  
 <l>And so I do and with his gifts present</l>  
 <l>Your Lordships, when euer you haue need,</l>  
 <l>You may be armed and appointed well,</l>  
 <l>And so I leaue you both: like bloody villaines.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>  
 <l>What's heere? a scrole, & written round about?</l>  
 <l>Let's see.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <p>  
 <hi rend="italic">Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, non egit  
 maury iaculis nec ar&#x00AD;cus</hi>.</p>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-chi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>  
 <l>O 'tis a verse in <hi rend="italic">Horace</hi>, I know it  
 well.</l>  
 <l>I read it in the Grammer long agoe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Moore.</speaker>  
 <l>I iust, a verse in <hi rend="italic">Horace</hi>: right,  
 you haue it,</l>  
 <l>Now what a thing it is to be an Asse?</l>  
 <l>Heer's no sound iest, the old man hath found their  
 guilt,</l>  
 <l>And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,</l>  
 <l>That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:</l>  
 <l>But were our witty Empresse well a foot,</l>  
 <l>She would applaud <hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>  
 conceit:</l>  
 <l>But let her rest, in her vnrest a while.</l>  
 <l>And now young Lords, <choice><orig>wa's

tnot</orig><corr>was't not</corr></choice> a happy starre</l>  
 <l>Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then so;</l>  
 <l>Captiues, to be aduanced to this height?</l>  
 <l>It did me good before the Pallace gate,</l>  
 <l>To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>  
 <l>But me more good, to see so great a Lord</l>  
 <l>Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Moore.</speaker>  
 <l>Had he not reason Lord <hi  
 rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>?</l>  
 <l>Did you not vse his daughter very friendly?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>  
 <l>I would we had a thousand Romane Dames</l>  
 <l>At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-chi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>  
 <p>A charitable wish, and full of loue.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Moore.</speaker>  
 <p>Heere lack's but you mother for to say, Amen.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-chi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>  
 <p>And that would she for twenty thousand more.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>  
 <l>Come, let vs go, and pray to all the Gods</l>  
 <l>For our beloued mother in her paines.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Moore.</speaker>  
 <p>Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flourish.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>  
 <p>Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-chi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>

<p>Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-tit-dem">
 <speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>
 <p>Soft, who comes heere?</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Nurse with a
 blacke a
 Moore childe.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-tit-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>
 <l>Good morrow Lords:</l>
 <l>O tell me, did you see <hi rend="italic">Aaron</hi> the
 Moore?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>
 <l>Well, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all,</l>
 <l>Heere <hi rend="italic">Aaron</hi> is, and what with <hi
 rend="italic">Aaron</hi> now?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-tit-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nurse.</speaker>
 <l>Oh gentle <hi rend="italic">Aaron</hi>, we are all
 vndone,</l>
 <l>Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>
 <l>Why, what a catterwalling dost thou keepe?</l>
 <l>What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-tit-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nurse.</speaker>
 <l>O that which I would hide from heauens eye,</l>
 <l>Our Empresse shame, and stately Romes disgrace,</l>
 <l>She is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>
 <p>To whom?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-tit-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nurse.</speaker>
 <p>I meane she is brought a bed?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>
 <l>Wel God giue her good rest,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">What</fw>

 n="45"/>  
<fw type="rh">The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus

Andronicus.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>  
<l>What hath he sent her?</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-nur">  
<speaker rend="italic">Nurse.</speaker>  
<p>A deuill.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
<speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
<p>Why then she is the Deuils Dam: a ioyfull issue.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-nur">  
<speaker rend="italic">Nurse.</speaker>  
<l>A ioylesse, dismall, blacke & amp;, sorrowfull issue,</l>  
<l>Heere is the babe as loathsome as a toad,</l>  
<l>Among'st the fairest breeders of our  
clime,</l>  
<l>The Empresse sends it thee, thy stampe, thy seale,</l>  
<l>And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
<speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
<l>Out you whore, is black so base a hue?</l>  
<l>Sweet blowse, you are a beautilous blossome sure.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
<speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>  
<p>Villaine what hast thou done?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
<speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
<l>That which thou canst not vndoe</l>  
<l>Chi. Thou hast vndone our mother.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
<speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>  
<l>And therein hellish dog, thou hast vndone,</l>  
<l>Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choyce,</l>  
<l>Accur'st the off&#x2011;spring of so foule a  
fiend.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-chi">  
<speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>  
<p>It shall not liue.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
<speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>

<p>It shall not die.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-tit-nur">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nurse.</speaker>
 </sp>
 <p>
 <hi rend="italic">Aaron</hi> it must, the mother wils it
 so.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>
 <l>What, must it <hi rend="italic">Nurse</hi>? Then let no man
 but I</l>
 <l>Doe execution on my flesh and blood.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-tit-dem">
 <speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>
 <l>Ile broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point:</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Nurse</hi> giue it me, my sword shall
 </sp>
 soone
 <l>dispatch it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>
 <l>Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels vp.</l>
 <l>Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother?</l>
 <l>Now by the burning Tapers of the skie,</l>
 <l>That
 </sp>
 <choice><orig>sho'ne</orig><corr>shone</corr></choice> so brightly when this
 Boy was got,</l>
 <l>He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,</l>
 <l>That touches this my first borne sonne and heire.</l>
 <l>I tell you young-lings, not <hi rend="italic">Enceladus</hi>
 </l>
 <l>With all his threatning band of <hi
 rend="italic">Typhons</hi>
 broode,</l>
 <l>Nor great <hi rend="italic">Alcides</hi>, nor the God of
 warre,</l>
 <l>Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:</l>
 <l>What, what, ye sanguine shallow harted Boyes,</l>
 <l>Ye white&#x2011;limb'd walls, ye Ale&#x2011;house
 </sp>
 painted
 signes,</l>
 <l>Cole&#x2011;blacke is better then another hue,</l>
 <l>In that it scornes to beare another hue:</l>
 <l>For all the water in the Ocean,</l>
 <l>Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,</l>
 <l>Although she laue them houely in the flood:</l>
 <l>Tell the Empresse from me, I am of age</l>
 <l>To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can.</l>



</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>  
    <p>Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
    <l>My mistress is my mistress: this my selfe,</l>  
    <l>The vigour, and the picture of my youth:</l>  
    <l>This, before all the world do I preferre,</l>  
    <l>This mauger all the world will I keepe safe,</l>  
    <l>Or some of you shall smooke for it in Rome.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>  
    <p>By this our mother is for euer sham'd.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-chi">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>  
    <p>Rome will despise her for this foule escape.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-nur">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Nur.</speaker>  
    <p>The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-chi">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>  
    <p>I blush to thinke vpon this ignominie.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
    <l>Why ther's the priuiledge your beauty beares:</l>  
    <l>Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing</l>  
    <l>The close enacts and counsels of the hart:</l>  
    <l>Heer's a young Lad fram'd of another leere,</l>  
    <l>Looke how the blacke slaue smiles vpon the father;</l>  
    <l>As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne.</l>  
    <l>He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed</l>  
    <l>Of that selfe blood that first gaue life to you,</l>  
    <l>And from that wombe where you imprisoned were</l>  
    <l>He is enfranchised and come to light:</l>  
    <l>Nay he is your brother by the surer side,</l>  
    <l>Although my seale be stamped in his face.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-nur">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Nurse.</speaker>  
    <p>  
<hi rend="italic">Aaron</hi> what shall I say vnto the  
    Empresse?</p>  
</sp>

done, </l>

<sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>  
 <l>Aduise thee <hi rend="italic">Aaron</hi>, what is to be

<cb n="2"/>  
 <l>And we will all subscribe to thy aduise:</l>  
 <l>Saue thou the child, so we may all be safe.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
 <l>Then sit we downe and let vs all consult.</l>  
 <l>My sonne and I will haue the winde of you:</l>  
 <l>Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>  
 <p>How many women saw this childe of his?</p>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
 <l>Why so braue Lords, when we ioyne in league</l>  
 <l>I am a Lambe: but if you braue the <hi  
 rend="italic">Moore</hi>,</l>  
 <l>The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyonesse,</l>  
 <l>The Ocean swells not so at <hi rend="italic">Aaron</hi>  
 stormes:</l>  
 <l>But say againe, how many saw the childe?</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-nur">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Nurse.</speaker>  
 <l><hi rend="italic">Cornelia</hi>, the midwife, and my  
 selfe,</l>  
 <l>And none else but the deliuered Emresse.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
 <l>The Emresse, the Midwife, and your selfe,</l>  
 <l>Two may keepe counsell, when the third's away:</l>  
 <l>Goe to the Emresse, tell her this I said, <hi rend="italic">He  
 kils her</hi>  
 </l>  
 <l>Weeke, weeke, so cries a Pigge prepared to th'spit.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>  
 <l>What mean'st thou <hi rend="italic">Aaron</hi>?</l>  
 <l>Wherefore did'st thou this?</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>

<|>O Lord sir, 'tis a deed of pollicie?</|>  
<|>Shall she liue to betray this guilt of our's:</|>  
<|>A long tongu'd babling Gossip? No Lords no:</|>  
<|>And now be it knowne to you my full intent.</|>  
<|>Not farre, one <hi rend="italic">Muliteus</hi> my  
Country&#x2011;man</|>  
<|>His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,</|>  
<|>His childe is like to her, faire as you are:</|>  
<|>Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,</|>  
<|>And tell them both the circumstance of all,</|>  
<|>And how by this their Childe shall be aduaunc'd,</|>  
<|>And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,</|>  
<|>And substituted in the place of mine,</|>  
<|>To calme this tempest whirling in the Court,</|>  
<|>And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.</|>  
<|>Harke ye Lords, ye see I haue giuen her physicke,</|>  
<|>And you must needs bestow her funerall,</|>  
<|>The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:</|>  
<|>This done, see that you take no longer daies</|>  
<|>But send the Midwife presently to me.</|>  
<|>The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,</|>  
<|>Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-chi">

<speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>

<p>

<hi rend="italic">Aaron</hi> I see thou wilt not trust the ayre  
with secrets.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-dem">

<speaker rend="italic">Deme.</speaker>

<|>For this care of <hi rend="italic">Tamora</hi>, <lb

rend="turnunder"/>

<pc rend="turnunder"></pc>crets.</|>

<|>Her selfe, and hers are highly bound to thee.</|>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>

<sp who="#F-tit-aar">

<speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>

<|>Now to the Gothes, as swift as Swallow flies,</|>

<|>There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,</|>

<|>And secretly to greeete the Empresse friends:</|>

<|>Come on you thick&#x2011;lipt&#x2011;slaue, Ile beare you  
hence,</|>

<|>For it is you that puts vs to our shifts:</|>

<|>Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,</|>

<|>And feed on curds and whay, and sucke the Goate,</|>

<|>And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp</|>

<|>To be a warriour, and command a Campe.</|>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">  
   <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Titus, old  
 Marcus,  
   young Lucius, and other gentlemen <lb/>with bowes, and Titus  
 beares  
   the arrowes with <lb/>Letters on the end of them.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
   <lb>Come <hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi>, come, kinsmen this is  
 the  
   way.</lb>  
   <lb>Sir Boy let me see your Archerie,</lb>  
   <lb>Looke yee draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:</lb>  
   <lb><hi rend="italic">Terras Astrea reliquit</hi>, be you  
   remembred <hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi>.</lb>  
   <lb>She's gone, she's fled, sirs take you to your  
   tooles,</lb>  
   <lb>You Cosens shall goe sound the Ocean:</lb>  
   <lb>And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the  
   Sea,</lb>  
   <lb>Yet ther's as little iustice as at Land:</lb>  
   <lb>No <hi rend="italic">Publius</hi> and <hi  
 rend="italic">Sempronius</hi>, you must doe it,</lb>  
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">'Tis</fw>  
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0664-0.jpg" n="46"/>  
   <fw type="rh">The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus  
 Andronicus.</fw>  
   <cb n="1"/>  
   <lb>'Tis you must dig with Mattocke, and with Spade,</lb>  
   <lb>And pierce the inmost Center of the earth:</lb>  
   <lb>Then when you come to <hi rend="italic">Plutoes</hi>  
 Region,</lb>  
   <lb>I pray you deliuer him this petition,</lb>  
   <lb>Tell him it is for iustice, and for aide,</lb>  
   <lb>And that it comes from old <hi  
 rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>,</lb>  
   <lb>Shaken with sorrowes in vngratefull Rome.</lb>  
   <lb>Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miserable,</lb>  
   <lb>What time I threw the peoples suffrages</lb>  
   <lb>On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.</lb>  
   <lb>Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,</lb>  
   <lb>And leaue you not a man of warre vnsearcht,</lb>  
   <lb>This wicked Emperour may haue shipt her hence,</lb>  
   <lb>And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for iustice.</lb>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Marc.</speaker>

<|>O <hi rend="italic">Publius</hi> is not this a heauie case</l>  
 <|>To see thy Noble Vnckle thus distract?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-pub">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Publ.</speaker>  
   <|>Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes,</l>  
   <|>By day and night t' attend him carefully:</l>  
   <|>And feede his humour kindly as we may,</l>  
   <|>Till time beget some carefull remedie.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Marc.</speaker>  
   <|>Kinsmen, his sorrowes are past remedie.</l>  
   <|>Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,</l>  
   <|>Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,</l>  
   <|>And vengeance on the Traytor <hi  
 rend="italic">Saturnine</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
   <|><hi rend="italic">Publius</hi> how now? how now my  
   Maisters?</l>  
   <|>What haue you met with her?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-pub">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Publ.</speaker>  
   <|>No my good Lord, but <hi rend="italic">Pluto</hi> sends you  
   word,</l>  
   <|>If you will haue reuenge from hell you shall,</l>  
   <|>Marrie for iustice she is so imploy'd,</l>  
   <|>He thinks with <hi rend="italic">Ioue</hi> in heauen, or  
 some  
   where else:</l>  
   <|>So that perforce you must needs stay a time.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
   <|>He doth me wrong to feed me with delays,</l>  
   <|>Ile diue into the burning Lake below,</l>  
   <|>And pull her out of <hi rend="italic">Acaron</hi> by the  
   heeles.</l>  
   <|><hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi> we are but shrubs, no Cedars  
   we,</l>  
   <|>No big&#x2011;bon'd&#x2011;men, fram'd of the  
   Cyclops size,</l>  
   <|>But mettall <hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi> steele to the  
   very backe,</l>  
   <|>Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backe can beare:</l>  
   <|>And sith there's no iustice in earth nor hell,</l>  
   <|>We will sollicite heauen, and moue the Gods</l>

<l>To send downe Iustice for to wreake our  
 <choice><orig>wongs</orig><corr>wrongs</corr></choice>:</l>  
 <l>Come to this geare, you are a good Archer <hi  
 rend="italic">Marcus</hi>.</l>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">He giues them the  
 Arrowes.</stage>  
 <l><hi rend="italic">Ad Iouem</hi>, that's for  
 you: here ad <hi rend="italic">Appollonem</hi>,</l>  
 <l><hi rend="italic">Ad Martem</hi>, that's for  
 my selfe,</l>  
 <l>Heere Boy to <hi rend="italic">Pallas</hi>, heere to <hi  
 rend="italic">Mercury</hi>,</l>  
 <l>To <hi rend="italic">Saturnine</hi>, to <hi  
 rend="italic">Caius</hi>, not to <hi rend="italic">Saturnine</hi>,</l>  
 <l>You were as good to shoote against the winde.</l>  
 <l>Too it Boy, <hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi> loose when I  
 bid:</l>  
 <l>Of my word, I haue written to effect,</l>  
 <l>Ther's not a God left vnsollicited.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Marc.</speaker>  
 <l>Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,</l>  
 <l>We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
 <l>Now Maisters draw, Oh well said <hi  
 rend="italic">Lucius</hi>:</l>  
 <l>Good Boy in <hi rend="italic">Virgoes</hi> lap, giue it <hi  
 rend="italic">Pallas</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Marc.</speaker>  
 <l>My Lord, I aime a Mile beyond the Moone,</l>  
 <l>Your letter is with <hi rend="italic">Iupiter</hi> by this.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
 <l>Ha, ha, <hi rend="italic">Publius, Publius,</hi> what hast  
 thou done?</l>  
 <l>See, see, thou hast shot off one of <hi  
 rend="italic">Taurus</hi> hornes.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
 <l>This was the sport my Lord, when <hi  
 rend="italic">Publius</hi>  
 shot,</l>  
 <l>The Bull being gal'd, gaue <hi rend="italic">Aries</hi>

such a knocke,</l>  
<l>That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,</l>  
<l>And who should finde them but the Empresse villaine:</l>  
<l>She laught, and told the Moore he should not choose</l>  
<l>But giue them to his Maister for a present.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
<p>Why there it goes, God giue your Lordship ioy.</p>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Clowne with  
a  
basket and two Pigeons in it.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Titus.</speaker>  
<l>Newes, newes, from heauen,</l>  
<l><hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi> the poast is come.</l>  
<l>Sirrah, what tydings? haue you any letters?</l>  
<l>Shall I haue Iustice, what sayes <hi  
rend="italic">Iupiter</hi>?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-clo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Clowne.</speaker>  
<p>Ho the libbetmaker, he sayes that he hath ta&#x00AD;  
<lb/>ken them downe againe, for the man must not be hang'd  
<lb/>till the next weeke.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
<p>But what sayes <hi rend="italic">Iupiter</hi> I aske  
thee?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-clo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Clowne.</speaker>  
<l>Alas sir I know not <hi rend="italic">Iupiter</hi>:</l>  
<l>I neuer dranke with him in all my life.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
<p>Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-clo">  
<speaker rend="italic">Clowne.</speaker>  
<p>I of my Pigiions sir, nothing else.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
<p>Why, did'st thou not come from heauen?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-clo">

<speaker rend="italic">Clowne.</speaker>  
 <l>From heauen? Alas sir, I neuer came there,</l>  
 <l>God forbid I should be so bold, to presse to heauen in my</l>  
 <l>young dayes. Why I am going with my pigeons to the</l>  
 <l>Tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt</l>  
 <l>my Vncle, and one of the Emperialls men.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
 <l>Why sir, that is as fit as can be to serue for your</l>  
 <l>Oration, and let him deliuer the Pigeons to the Emperour  
 <lb/>from you.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
 <l>Tell mee, can you deliuer an Oration to the  
 Em&#x00AD;<lb/>perour with a Grace?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clowne.</speaker>  
 <p>Nay truely sir, I could neuer say grace in all <lb/>my  
 life.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
 <l>Sirrah come hither, make no more adoe,</l>  
 <l>But giue your Pigeons to the Emperour,</l>  
 <l>By me thou shalt haue Iustice at his hands.</l>  
 <l>Hold, hold, meane while her's money for thy charges.</l>  
 <l>Giue me pen and inke.</l>  
 <l>Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliuer a Supplication?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clowne.</speaker>  
 <p>I sir</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Titus.</speaker>  
 <p>Then here is a Supplication for you, and when <lb/>you come  
 to  
 him, at the first approach you must kneele,  
 <lb/>then kisse his foote, then deliuer vp your Pigeons, and  
 <lb/>then looke for your reward. Ile be at hand sir, see you do  
 <lb/>it brauely.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clowne.</speaker>  
 <p>I warrant you sir, let me alone.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">



<speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
 <l>Sirrha hast thou a knife? Come let me see it.</l>  
 <l>Heere <hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi>, fold it in the  
 Oration,</l>  
 <l>For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant:</l>  
 <l>And when thou hast giuen it the Emperour,</l>  
 <l>Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he sayes.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clowne.</speaker>  
 <p>God be with you sir, I will.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
 <p>Come <hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi> let vs goe, <hi  
 rend="italic">Publius</hi> follow me.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 4]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Emperour and  
 Emprasse,  
 and her two sonnes, the <lb/>Emperour brings the Arrowes in his  
 hand <lb/>that Titus shot at him.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Satur.</speaker>  
 <l>Why Lords,  
 <lb/>What wrongs are these? was euer seene</l>  
 <l>An Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne,</l>  
 <l>Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent</l>  
 <l>Of eg all iustice, vs'd in such contempt?</l>  
 <l>My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,</l>  
 <l>(How euer these disturbers of our peace</l>  
 <l>Buz in the peoples eares) there nought hath past,</l>  
 <l>But euen with law against the willfull Sonnes</l>  
 <l>Of old <hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>. And what and  
 if</l>  
 <l>His sorrowes haue so ouerwhelm'd his wits,</l>  
 <l>Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,</l>  
 <l>His fits, his frenzie, and his bitterness?</l>  
 <l>And now he writes to heauen for his redresse.</l>  
 <l>See, heeres to <hi rend="italic">Ioue</hi>, and this to <hi  
 rend="italic">Mercury</hi>,</l>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">This</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0665-0.jpg" n="47"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus  
 Andronicus.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>

<|>This to <hi rend="italic">Apollo</hi>, this to the God of  
 warre:</l>  
 <|>Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of Rome:</l>  
 <|>What's this but Libelling against the Senate,</l>  
 <|>And blazoning our Iniustice eury where?</l>  
 <|>A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?</l>  
 <|>As who would say, in Rome no Iustice were.</l>  
 <|>But if I liue, his fained extasies</l>  
 <|>Shall be no shelter to these outrages:</l>  
 <|>But he and his shall know, that Iustice liues</l>  
 <|>In <hi rend="italic">Saturninus</hi> health; whom if he  
 sleepe,</l>  
 <|>Hee'l so awake, as he in fury shall</l>  
 <|>Cut off the proud'st Conspirator that  
 liues.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tamo.</speaker>  
 <|>My gracious Lord, my louely <hi  
 rend="italic">Saturnine</hi>,</l>  
 <|>Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,</l>  
 <|>Calme thee, and beare the faults of <hi  
 rend="italic">Titus</hi>  
 age,</l>  
 <|>Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant  
 Sonnes,</l>  
 <|>Whose losse hath pier'st him deepe, and  
 scar'd his heart;</l>  
 <|>And rather comfort his distressed plight,</l>  
 <|>Then prosecute the meanest or the best</l>  
 <|>For these contempts. Why thus it shall become</l>  
 <|>High witted <hi rend="italic">Tamora</hi> to glose with  
 all:</l>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified"  
 type="business">Aside.</stage>  
 <|>But <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi>, I haue touch'd thee to  
 the quicke,</l>  
 <|>Thy life blood out: If <hi rend="italic">Aaron</hi> now be  
 wise,</l>  
 <|>Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Port.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clowne.</stage>  
 <p>How now good fellow, would'st thou speake with vs?</p>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-clo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>  
 <p>Yea forsooth, and your Mistership be Emperiall.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>  
 <p>Empresse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.</p>

heere.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-clo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>  
   <l>'Tis he; God & Saint Stephen giue you good den;</l>  
   <l>I haue brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pigiions

</sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">He reads the Letter.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Satu.</speaker>  
   <p>Goe take him away, and hang him presently.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-clo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clowne.</speaker>  
   <p>How much money must I haue?</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>  
   <p>Come sirrah you must be hang'd.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-clo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>  
   <p>Hang'd? ber Lady, then I haue brought vp a neck <lb/>to a faire end.</p>

</sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Satu.</speaker>  
   <l>Despightfull and intollerable wrongs,</l>  
   <l>Shall I endure this monstrous villany?</l>  
   <l>I know from whence this same deuise procedes:</l>  
   <l>May this be borne? As if his traytrous Sonnes,</l>  
   <l>That dy'd by law for murther of our Brother,</l>  
   <l>Haue by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully?</l>  
   <l>Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,</l>  
   <l>Nor Age, nor Honour, shall shape priuiledge:</l>  
   <l>For this proud mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man:</l>  
   <l>Sly franticke wretch, that holp'st to make me great,</l>  
   <l>In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and me.</l>

</sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Nuntius Emillius.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Satur.</speaker>  
   <p>What newes with thee <hi rend="italic">Emillius</hi>?</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-aem">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Emil.</speaker>

<|>Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more cause,</|>  
 <|>The Gothes haue gather'd head, and with a power</|>  
 <|>Of high resolued men, bent to the spoyle</|>  
 <|>They hither march amaine, vnder conduct  
 </|>  
 <|>Of <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, Sonne to old <hi  
 rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>:</|>  
 <|>Who threats in course of this reuenge to do</|>  
 <|>As much as euer <hi rend="italic">Coriolanus</hi> did.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-lav">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <|>Is warlike <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> Generall of the  
 Gothes?</|>  
 <|>These tydings nip me, and I hang the head</|>  
 <|>As flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with  
 stormes:</|>  
 <|>I, now begins our sorrowes to approach,</|>  
 <|>'Tis he the common people loue so much,</|>  
 <|>My selfe hath often heard them say,</|>  
 <|>(When I haue walked like a priuate man)</|>  
 <|>That <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> banishment was  
 wrongfully,</|>  
 <|>And they haue wisht that <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> were  
 their  
 Emperour.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>  
 <p>Why should you feare? Is not our City strong?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-lav">  
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>  
 <|>I, but the Cittizens fauour <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>,</|>  
 <|>And will reuolt from me, to succour him.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>  
 <|><hi rend="italic">King</hi>, be thy thoughts Imperious like  
 thy  
 name.</|>  
 <|>Is the Sunne dim'd, that Gnats do flie in it?</|>  
 <|>The Eagle suffers little Birds to sing,</|>  
 <|>And is not carefull what they meane thereby,</|>  
 <|>Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,</|>  
 <|>He can at pleasure stint their melodie.</|>  
 <|>Euen so mayest thou, the giddy men of Rome,</|>  
 <|>Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,</|>  
 <|>I will enchaunt the old <hi

*Andronicus*,

<l>With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous</l>  
<l>Then baites to fish, or hony stalkes to sheepe,</l>  
<l>When as the one is wounded with the baite,</l>  
<l>The other rotted with delicious foode.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-lav">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<p>But he will not entreat his Sonne for vs.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-tam">

<speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>

<l>If *Tamora* entreat him, then he

will,

<l>For I can smooth and fill his aged eare,</l>  
<l>With golden promises, that were his heart</l>  
<l>Almost Impregnable, his old eares deafe,</l>  
<l>Yet should both eare and heart obey my tongue.</l>  
<l>Goe thou before to our Embassadour,</l>  
<l>Say, that the Emperour requests a parly</l>  
<l>Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the  
meeting.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-lav">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>*Emillius* do this message

Honourably,

<l>And if he stand in Hostage for his safety,</l>  
<l>Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-aem">

<speaker rend="italic">Emill.</speaker>

<p>Your bidding shall I do effectually.</p>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-tit-tam">

<speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>

<l>Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,

<l>And temper him with all the Art I haue,</l>

<l>To plucke proud *Lucius* from the

warlike

Gothes.</l>

<l>And now sweet Emperour be blithe againe,</l>

<l>And bury all thy feare in my deuises.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-sat">

<speaker rend="italic">Satu.</speaker>

<p>Then goe successantly and plead for him.</p>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

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</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="5">
  <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
    <head rend="italic center">Actus Quintus.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Flourish. Enter Lucius
with
    an Army of Gothes, <lb/>with Drum and Souldiers.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-tit-luc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>
    <l>Approued warriours, and my faithfull Friends,</l>
    <l>I haue receiued Letters from great Rome,</l>
    <l>Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,</l>
    <l>And how desirous of our sight they are.</l>
    <l>Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witnesse,</l>
    <l>Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,</l>
    <l>And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,</l>
    <l>Let him make treble satisfaction.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tit-got">
    <speaker rend="italic">Goth.</speaker>
    <l>Braue slip, sprung from the Great <hi
rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>,</l>
    <l>Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,</l>
    <l>Whose high exploits, and honourable Deeds,</l>
    <l>Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt:</l>
    <l>Behold in vs, weele follow where thou lead'st,</l>
    <l>Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommers day,</l>
    <l>Led by their Maister to the flowred fields,</l>
    <l>And be aueng'd on cursed <hi rend="italic">Tamora</hi>:</l>
    <l>And as he saith, so say we all with him.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tit-luc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>
    <l>I humbly thanke him, and I thanke you all.</l>
    <l>But who comes heere, led by a lusty <hi
rend="italic">Goth</hi>?</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Goth leading of
  Aaron with his child <lb/>in his armes.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-tit-got">
    <speaker rend="italic">Goth.</speaker>
    <l>Renowned <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, from our troupes I
    straid,</l>
    <l>To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie,</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0666-0.jpg" n="48"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus

```

Andronicus.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye</l>  
<l>Vpon the wasted building, suddainely</l>  
<l>I heard a childe cry vnderneath a wall:</l>  
<l>I made vnto the noyse, when soone I heard,</l>  
<l>The crying babe control'd with this discourse:</l>  
<l>Peace Tawny slaue, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,</l>  
<l>Did not thy Hue bewray whose brat thou art?</l>  
<l>Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke,</l>  
<l>Villaine thou might'st haue bene an Emperour.</l>  
<l>But where the Bull and Cow are both

milk&#x2011;white,</l>

<l>They neuer do beget a

cole&#x2011;blacke&#x2011;Calfe:</l>

<l>Peace, villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,</l>  
<l>For I must beare thee to a trusty Goth,</l>  
<l>Who when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe,</l>  
<l>Will hold thee dearely for thy Mothers sake.</l>  
<l>With this, my weapon drawne I rusht vpon him,</l>  
<l>Surpriz'd him suddainely, and brought him hither</l>  
<l>To vse, as you thinke needefull of the man.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-luc">

<speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>

<l>Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuill,</l>  
<l>That rob'd <hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi> of his good  
hand:</l>  
<l>This is the Pearle that pleas'd your Empresse eye,</l>  
<l>And heere's the Base Fruit of his burning lust.</l>  
<l>Say wall&#x2011;ey'd slaue, whether would'st  
thou conuay</l>  
<l>This growing Image of thy fiend&#x2011;like face?</l>  
<l>Why dost not speake? what deafe? Not a word?</l>  
<l>A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,</l>  
<l>And by his side his Fruite of Bastardie.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-aar">

<speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>

<p>Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-luc">

<speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-aar">

<speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>

<l>Get me a Ladder <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, saue the



Childe,</l>  
 <l>And beare it from me to the Empresse:</l>  
 <l>If thou do this, Ile shew thee wondrous things,</l>  
 <l>That highly may aduantage thee to heare;</l>  
 <l>If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,</l>  
 <l>Ile speake no more: but vengeance rot you all.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>  
 <l>Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,</l>  
 <l>Thy child shall liue, and I will see it Nourisht.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
 <l>And if it please thee? why assure thee <hi  
 rend="italic">Lucius</hi>,</l>  
 <l>'Twill vex thy soule to heare what I shall speake:</l>  
 <l>For I must talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Massacres,</l>  
 <l>Acts of Blacke&#x2011;night, abhominable Deeds,</l>  
 <l>Complots of Mischiefe, Treason, Villanies</l>  
 <l>Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiously preform'd,</l>  
 <l>And this shall all be buried by my death,</l>  
 <l>Vnlesse thou sweare to me my Childe shall liue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>  
 <l>Tell on thy minde,</l>  
 <l>I say thy Childe shall liue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
 <p>Sweare that he shall, and then I will begin.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>  
 <l>Who should I sweare by,</l>  
 <l>Thou beleueest no God,</l>  
 <l>That graunted, how can'st thou beleue an oath?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
 <l>What if I do not, as indeed I do not,</l>  
 <l>Yet for I know thou art Religious,</l>  
 <l>And hast a thing within thee, called Conscience,</l>  
 <l>With twenty Popish trickes and Ceremonies,</l>  
 <l>Which I haue seene thee carefull to obserue:</l>  
 <l>Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know</l>  
 <l>An Ideot holds his Bauble for a God,</l>  
 <l>And keeps the oath which by that God he sweares,</l>  
 <l>To that Ile vrge him: therefore thou shalt vow</l>



<l>By that same God, what God so ere it be</l>  
 <l>That thou adorest, and hast in reuerence,</l>  
 <l>To saue my Boy, to nourish and bring him vp,</l>  
 <l>Ore else I will discouer nought to thee.</l>

</sp>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>  
   <p>Euen by my God I swear <choice><orig>to  
 to</orig><corr>to</corr></choice> thee I will.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
   <l>First know thou,</l>  
   <l>I begot him on the Empresse.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>  
   <p>Oh most Insatiate luxurious woman!</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
   <l>Tut <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, this was but a deed of  
   Charitie,</l>  
   <l>To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,</l>  
   <l>'Twas her two Sonnes that murdered <hi  
 rend="italic">Bassianus</hi>,</l>  
   <l>They cut thy Sisters tongue, and rauisht her,</l>  
   <l>And cut her hands off, and trim'd her as thou  
   saw'st.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lucius.</speaker>  
   <l>Oh detestable villaine!</l>  
   <l>Call'st thou that Trimming?</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
   <l>Why she was washt, and cut, and trim'd,</l>  
   <l>And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>  
   <p>Oh barbarous beastly villaines like thy selfe!</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
   <l>Indeede, I was their Tutor to instruct them</l>  
   <l>That Codding spirit had they from their Mother,</l>  
   <l>As sure a Card as euer wonne the Set:</l>

<|>That bloody minde I thinke they learn'd of me,</|>  
<|>As true a Dog as euer fought at head.</|>  
<|>Well, let my Deeds be witsnesse of my worth:</|>  
<|>I trayn'd thy Bretheren to that guilefull Hole,</|>  
<|>Where the dead Corps of <hi rend="italic">Bassianus</hi>

lay:</|>

<|>I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,</|>  
<|>And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd.</|>  
<|>Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonnes,</|>  
<|>And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,</|>  
<|>Wherein I had no stroke of Mischeife in it.</|>  
<|>I play'd the Cheater for thy Fathers hand,</|>  
<|>And when I had it, drew my selfe apart,</|>  
<|>And almost broke my heart with extreame laughter.</|>  
<|>I pried me through the Creuice of a Wall,</|>  
<|>When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heads,</|>  
<|>Beheld his teares, and laught so hartily,</|>  
<|>That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:</|>  
<|>And when I told the Empresse of this sport,</|>  
<|>She sounded almost at my pleasing tale,</|>  
<|>And for my tydings, gaue me twenty kisses.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-got">

<speaker rend="italic">Goth.</speaker>

<p>What canst thou say all this, and neuer blush?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-aar">

<speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>

<p>I, like a blacke Dogge, as the saying is.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-luc">

<speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>

<p>Art thou not sorry for these hainous deedes?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-aar">

<speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>

<|>I, that I had not done a thousand more:</|>

<|>Euen now I curse the day, and yet I thinke</|>

<|>Few come within few compasse of my curse,</|>

<|>Wherein I did not some Notorious ill,</|>

<|>As kill a man, or else deuise his death,</|>

<|>Rauish a Maid, or plot the way to do it,</|>

<|>Accuse some Innocent, and forswear my selfe,</|>

<|>Set deadly Enmity betweene two Friends,</|>

<|>Make poore mens Cattell breake their neckes,</|>

<|>Set fire on Barnes and Haystackes in the night,</|>

<|>And bid the Owners quench them with the teares:</|>

<|>Oft haue I dig'd vp dead men from their graues,</|>

<|>And set them vpright at their deere Friends doore,</|>

<|>Euen when their sorrowes almost was forgot,</|>

<l>And on their skinnes, as on the Barke of Trees,</l>  
<l>Haue with my knife carued in Romaine Letters,</l>  
<l>Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.</l>  
<l>Tut, I haue done a thousand dreadfull things</l>  
<l>As willingly, as one would kill a Fly,</l>  
<l>And nothing grieues me hartily indeede,</l>  
<l>But that I cannot doe ten thousand more.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-luc">

<speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>

<l>Bring downe the diuell, for he must not die</l>

<l>So sweet a death as hanging presently.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-aar">

<speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>

<l>If there be diuels, would I were a deuill,</l>

<l>To liue and burne in euerlasting fire,</l>

<l>So I might haue your company in hell,</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">But</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0667-0.jpg" n="49"/>

<fw type="rh">The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus

Andronicus.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>But to torment you with my bitter tongue.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-luc">

<speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>

<p>Sirs stop his mouth, & let him speake no more.</p>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Emillius.</stage>

<sp who="#F-tit-got">

<speaker rend="italic">Goth.</speaker>

<l>My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome</l>

<l>Desires to be admitted to your presence.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-luc">

<speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>

<l>Let him come neere.</l>

<l>Welcome <hi rend="italic">Emillius</hi>, what the newes

from

Rome?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-aem">

<speaker rend="italic">Emi.</speaker>

<l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, and you Princes of the  
Gothes,</l>

<l>The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me,</l>

<l>And for he vnderstands you are in Armes,</l>

<l>He craues a parly at your Fathers house</l>

<l>Willing you to demand your Hostages,</l>

```

        <l>And they shall be immediately deliuered.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tit-got">
        <speaker rend="italic">Goth.</speaker>
        <p>What saies our Generall?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tit-luc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
        <l><hi rend="italic">Emillius</hi>, let the Emperour giue his
            pledges</l>
        <l>Vnto my Father, and my Vncle <hi
rend="italic">Marcus</hi>, </l>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified"
type="business">Flourish.</stage>
        <l>And we will come: march away.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Tamora, and
her two
        Sonnes disguised.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tit-tam">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>
        <l>Thus in this strange and sad Habilliament,</l>
        <l>I will encounter with <hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>,</l>
        <l>And say, I am Reuenge sent from below,</l>
        <l>To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs:</l>
        <l>Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,</l>
        <l>To ruminare strange plots of dire Reuenge,</l>
        <l>Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,</l>
        <l>And worke confusion on his Enemies.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="business">They knocke and Titus
opens
        his study dore.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tit-and">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>
        <l>Who doth mollest my Contemplation?</l>
        <l>Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,</l>
        <l>That so my sad decrees may flie away,</l>
        <l>And all my studie be to no effect?</l>
        <l>You are deceiu'd, for what I meane to do,</l>
        <l>See heere in bloody lines I haue set downe:</l>
        <l>And what is written shall be executed.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tit-tam">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>
        <p>

```

<hi rend="italic">Titus</hi>, I am come to talke with thee,</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>
 <l>No not a word: how can I grace my talke,</l>
 <l>Wanting a hand to giue it action,</l>
 <l>Thou hast the ods of me, therefore no more.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>
 <l>If thou did'st know me,</l>
 <l>Thou would'st talke with me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>
 <l>I am not mad, I know thee well enough,</l>
 <l>Witnesse this wretched stump,</l>
 <l>Witnesse these crimson lines,</l>
 <l>Witnesse these Trenches made by grieffe and care,</l>
 <l>Witnesse the tyring day, and heauie night,</l>
 <l>Witnesse all sorrow, that I know thee well</l>
 <l>For our proud Empresse, Mighty <hi
 rend="italic">Tamora</hi>:</l>
 <l>Is not thy comming for my other hand?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tamo.</speaker>
 <l>Know thou sad man, I am not <hi
 rend="italic">Tamora</hi>,</l>
 <l>She is thy Enemie, and I thy Friend,</l>
 <l>I am Reuenge sent from th' infernall Kingdome,</l>
 <l>To ease the gnawing Vulture of the mind,</l>
 <l>By working wreakefull vengeance on my Foes:</l>
 <l>Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,</l>
 <l>Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,</l>
 <l>Ther's not a hollow Caue or lurking place,</l>
 <l>No Vast obscurity, or Misty vale,</l>
 <l>Where bloody Murther or detested Rape,</l>
 <l>Can couch for feare, but I will finde them out,</l>
 <l>And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,</l>
 <l>Reuenge, which makes the foule offenders quake.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>
 <l>Art thou Reuenge? and art thou sent to me,</l>
 <l>To be a torment to mine Enemies?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>
 <p>I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.</p>

</sp>  
<cb n="2"/>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
 <l>Doe me some seruice ere I come to thee:</l>  
 <l>Loe by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,</l>  
 <l>Now giue some surance that thou art Reuenge,</l>  
 <l>Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheelles,</l>  
 <l>And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,</l>  
 <l>And whirle along with thee about the Globes.</l>  
 <l>Prouide thee two proper Palfries, as blacke as Iet,</l>  
 <l>To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,</l>  
 <l>And finde out Murder in their guilty cares.</l>  
 <l>And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,</l>  
 <l>I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheele,</l>  
 <l>Trot like a Seruile footeman all day long,</l>  
 <l>Euen from <hi rend="italic">Eptons</hi> rising in the  
 East,</l>  
 <l>Vntill his very downefall in the Sea.</l>  
 <l>And day by day Ile do this heauy taske,</l>  
 <l>So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>  
 <p>These are my Ministers, and come with me.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
 <p>Are them thy Ministers, what are they call'd?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>  
 <l>Rape and Murder, therefore called so,</l>  
 <l>Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
 <l>Good Lord how like the Empresse Sons they are,</l>  
 <l>And you the Empresse: But we worldly men,</l>  
 <l>Haue miserable mad mistaking eyes:</l>  
 <l>Oh sweet Reuenge, now do I come to thee,</l>  
 <l>And if one armes imbracement will content thee,</l>  
 <l>I will imbrace thee in it by and by.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>  
 <l>This closing with him, fits his Lunacie,</l>  
 <l>What ere I forge to feede his braine&#x2011;sicke fits,</l>  
 <l>Do you vphold, and maintaine in your speeches,</l>  
 <l>For now he firmly takes me for Reuenge,</l>

<|>And being Credulous in this mad thought,</|>  
 <|>Ile make him send for <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> his  
 Sonne,</|>  
 <|>And whil'st I at a Banquet hold him sure,</|>  
 <|>Ile find some cunning practise out of hand</|>  
 <|>To scatter and disperse the giddie Gothes,</|>  
 <|>Or at the least make them his Enemies:</|>  
 <|>See heere he comes, and I must play my theame.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
 <|>Long haue I bene forlorne, and all for thee,</|>  
 <|>Welcome dread Fury to my woefull house,</|>  
 <|>Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too,</|>  
 <|>How like the Empresse and her Sonnes you are.</|>  
 <|>Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,</|>  
 <|>Could not all hell afford you such a deuill?</|>  
 <|>For well I wote the Empresse neuer wags;</|>  
 <|>But in her company there is a Moore,</|>  
 <|>And would you represent our Queene aright</|>  
 <|>It were conuenient you had such a deuill:</|>  
 <|>But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>  
 <p>What would'st thou haue vs doe <hi  
 rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>  
 <p>Shew me a Murtherer, Ile deale with him.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-chi">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>  
 <|>Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,</|>  
 <|>And I am sent to be reueng'd on him.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>  
 <|>Shew me a thousand that haue done thee wrong,</|>  
 <|>And Ile be reuenged on them all.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
 <|>Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,</|>  
 <|>And when thou find'st a man that's like  
 thy selfe,</|>  
 <|>Good Murder stab him, hee's a Murtherer.</|>  
 <|>Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap</|>  
 <|>To finde another that is like to thee,</|>

<|>Good Rapine stab him, he is a Rauisher.</|>  
 <|>Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,</|>  
 <|>There is a Queene attended by a Moore,</|>  
 <|>Well maist thou know her by thy owne proportion,</|>  
 <|>For vp and downe she doth resemble thee.</|>  
 <|>I pray thee doe on them some violent death,</|>  
 <|>They haue bene violent to me and mine.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">ee</fw>  
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic">  
 place="footRight">Tamora</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0668-0.jpg" n="50"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus  
 Andronicus.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>  
 <|>Well hast thou lesson'd vs, this shall we do.</|>  
 <|>But would it please thee good <hi  
 rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>,</|>  
 <|>To send for <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> thy thrice Valiant  
 Sonne,</|>  
 <|>Who leades towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,</|>  
 <|>And bid him come and Banquet at thy house.</|>  
 <|>When he is heere, euen at thy Solemne Feast,</|>  
 <|>I will bring in the Empresse and her Sonnes,</|>  
 <|>The Emperour himselfe, and all thy Foes,</|>  
 <|>And at thy mercy shall they stoop, and kneele,</|>  
 <|>And on them shalt thou ease, thy angry heart:</|>  
 <|>What saies <hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi> to this  
 deuse?</|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Marcus.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
 <|><hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi> my Brother, 'tis sad <hi  
 rend="italic">Titus</hi> calls,</|>  
 <|>Go gentle <hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi> to thy Nephew <hi  
 rend="italic">Lucius</hi>,</|>  
 <|>Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes,</|>  
 <|>Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him</|>  
 <|>Some of the chiefest Princes of the Gothes,</|>  
 <|>Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are,</|>  
 <|>Tell him the Emperour, and the Empresse too,</|>  
 <|>Feasts at my house, and he shall Feast with them,</|>  
 <|>This do thou for my loue, and so let him,</|>  
 <|>As he regards his aged Fathers life.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>



<p>This will I do, and soone returne againe.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
<speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>  
<l>Now will I hence about thy businesse,</l>  
<l>And take my Ministers along with me.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
<l>Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,</l>  
<l>Or els Ile call my Brother backe againe,</l>  
<l>And cleave to no reuenge but <hi  
rend="italic">Lucius</hi>.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
<speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>  
<l>What say you Boyes, will you bide with him,</l>  
<l>Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,</l>  
<l>How I haue govern'd our determined iest?</l>  
<l>Yeeld to his Humour, smooth and speake him faire,</l>  
<l>And tarry with him till I turne againe.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
<l>I know them all, though they suppose me mad,</l>  
<l>And will ore&#x2011;reach them in their owne deuises,</l>  
<l>A payre of cursed hell&#x2011;hounds and their Dam.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-dem">  
<speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>  
<p>Madam depart at pleasure, leaue vs heere.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
<speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>  
<l>Farewell <hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>, reuenge now  
goes</l>  
<l>To lay a complot to betray thy Foes.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
<p>I know thou doo'st, and sweet reuenge farewell.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-chi">  
<speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>  
<p>Tell vs old man, how shall we be employ'd?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
<speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
<l>Tut, I haue worke enough for you to doe,</l>  
<l><hi rend="italic">Publius</hi> come hither, <hi

*Caius*, and *Valentine*.  
 Pub.  
 What is your will?  
 Tit.  
 Know you these two?  
 Pub.  
 The Emperesse Sonnes  
 I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.  
 Titus.  
 Fie *Publius*, fie, thou art too much  
 deceau'd,  
 The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,  
 And therefore bind them gentle *Publius*,  
*Caius*, and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,  
 Oft haue you heard me wish for such an houre,  
 And now I find it, therefore binde them sure,  
 Chi.  
 Villaines forbear, we are the Emperesse Sonnes.  
 Pub.  
 And therefore do we, what we are commanded.  
 Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,  
 Is he sure bound, looke that you binde them fast.  
 Exeunt.  
 Enter Titus Andronicus  
 with  
 a knife, and Lauinia with a Bason.  
 Tit.  
 Come, come *Lauinia*, looke, thy Foes  
 are  
 bound,  
 Sirs stop their mouthes, let them not speake to me,  
 But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.  
 2  
 Oh Villaines, *Chiron*, and *hi*

*Demetrius*,

Here stands the spring whom you haue stain'd  
with mud,

This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,

You kil'd her husband, and for that vil'd  
fault,

Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death,

My hand cut off, and made a merry iest,

Both her sweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more deere

Then Hands or tongue, her spotlesse Chastity,

Inhumaine Traytors, you constrain'd and  
for'st.

What would you say, if I should let you speake?

Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.

Harke Wretches, how I meane to martyr you,

This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats,

Whil'st that *Lauinia* tweene  
her stumps doth hold:

The Bason that receiues your guilty blood.

You know your Mother meanes to feast with me,

And calls herselfe Reuenge, and thinkes me mad.

Harke Villaines, I will grin'd your bones to  
dust,

And with your blood and it, Ile make a Paste,

And of the Paste a Coffen I will reare,

And make two Pasties of your shamefull Heads,

And bid that strumpet your vnhalloved Dam,

Like to the earth swallow her increase.

This is the Feast, that I haue bid her to,

And this the Banquet she shall surfet on,

For worse then *Philomel* you vsd my  
Daughter,

And worse then *Progne*, I will be  
reueng'd,

And now prepare your throats: *Lauinia*  
come.

Receiue the blood, and when that they are dead,

Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder small,

And with this hatefull Liquor temper it,

And in that Paste let their vil'd Heads be  
bakte,

Come, come, be euery one officious,

To make this Banket, which I wish might proue,

More sterne and bloody then the Centaures Feast.

*He cuts their throats.*

So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,

And see them ready, gainst their Mother comes.

*Exeunt.*

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</div>
<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 3]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lucius,
Marcus, and
  the Gothes.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-tit-luc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
    <l>Vnckle <hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi>, since 'tis my Fathers
      minde</l>
    <l>That I repair to Rome, I am content.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tit-goth">
    <speaker rend="italic">Goth.</speaker>
    <p>And ours with thine befall, what Fortune will.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tit-luc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
    <l>Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous <hi
rend="italic">Moore</hi>,</l>
    <l>This Rauenous Tiger, this accursed deuill,</l>
    <l>Let him receiue no sustenance, fetter him,</l>
    <l>Till he be brought vnto the Emperours face,</l>
    <l>For testimony of her foule proceedings.</l>
    <l>And see the Ambush of our Friends be strong,</l>
    <l>If ere the Emperour meanes no good to vs.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tit-aar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>
    <l>Some deuill whisper curses in my eare,</l>
    <l>And prompt me that my tongue may vtter forth,</l>
    <l>The Venemous Mallice of my swelling heart.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tit-luc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
    <l>Away Inhumaine Dogge, Vnhallowed Slaue,</l>
    <l>Sirs, helpe our Vnckle, to conuey him in,</l>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified"
type="business">Flourish</stage>
    <l>The Trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Sound Trumpets. Enter
    Emperour and Empresse, with <lb/>Tribunes and others.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-tit-sat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sat.</speaker>
    <p>What, hath the Firemament more Suns then one?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tit-luc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
    <p>What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a Sunne?</p>

```

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
   <l>Romes Emperour & Nephewe breake the parle</l>  
   <l>These quarrels must be quietly debated,</l>  
   <l>The Feast is ready which the carefull <hi  
 rend="italic">Titus</hi>,</l>  
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Hath</fw>  
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0669-0.jpg" n="51"/>  
   <fw type="rh">The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus  
 Andronicus.</fw>  
   <cb n="1"/>  
   <l>Hath ordained to an Honourable end,</l>  
   <l>For Peace, for Loue, for League, and good to Rome:</l>  
   <l>Please you therfore draw nie and take your places.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Satur.</speaker>  
   <p>  
   <hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi> we will.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified"  
 type="business">Hoboyes.</stage>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">A Table brought in.  
   <lb/>Enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meat on <lb/>the  
 Table,  
   and Launia with a vale ouer her face.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Titus.</speaker>  
   <l>Welcome my gracious Lord,</l>  
   <l>Welcome Dread Queene,</l>  
   <l>Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome <hi  
 rend="italic">Lucius</hi>,</l>  
   <l>And welcome all: although the cheere be poore,</l>  
   <l>'Twill fill your stomacks, please you eat of it.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Sat.</speaker>  
   <p>Why art thou thus attir'd <hi  
 rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
   <l>Because I would be sure to haue all well,</l>  
   <l>To entertaine your Highnesse, and your Empresse.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>  
   <p>We are beholding to you good <hi  
 rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>?</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
   <l>And if your Highnesse knew my heart, you were:</l>  
   <l>My Lord the Emperour resolute me this,</l>  
   <l>Was it well done of rash <hi  
 rend="italic">Virginius</hi>,</l>  
   <l>To slay his daughter with his owne right hand.</l>  
   <l>Because she was enforced, stained, and  
   deflower'd?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Satur.</speaker>  
   <p>It was <hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
   <p>Your reason, Mighty Lord?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Sat.</speaker>  
   <l>Because the Girl, should not surui<c  
 rend="invertedType">u</c>e her shame,</l>  
   <l>And by her presence still renew his sorrows.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
   <l>A reason mighty, strong, and effectually,</l>  
   <l>A pattern, present, and lively warrant,</l>  
   <l>For me (most wretched) to performe the like:</l>  
   <l>Die, die, <hi rend="italic">Lavinia</hi>, and thy shame with  
   thee,</l>  
   <l>And with thy shame, thy Fathers sorrow die.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">He kills  
 her.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Sat.</speaker>  
   <p>What hast done, unnatural and unkinde?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
   <l>Killed her for whom my teares have made me blind.</l>  
   <l>I am as wofull as <hi rend="italic">Virginius</hi> was,</l>  
   <l>And have a thousand times more cause than he.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Sat.</speaker>  
   <p>What was she raisht? tell who did the deed,</p>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
   <l>Wilt please you eat,</l>  
   <l>Wilt please your Highnesse feed?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-tam">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tam.</speaker>  
   <p>Why hast thou slaine thine onely Daughter?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Titus.</speaker>  
   <l>Not I, 'twas <hi rend="italic">Chiron</hi> and <hi  
 rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>,</l>  
   <l>They rauraisht her, and cut away her tongue,</l>  
   <l>And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Satu.</speaker>  
   <p>Go fetch them hither to vs presently.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-and">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
   <l>Why there they are both, baked in that Pie,</l>  
   <l>Whereof their Mother  
 <choice><orig>dantly</orig><corr>daintily</corr></choice> hath fed,</l>  
   <l>Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred.</l>  
   <l>'Tis true, 'tis true, wisse my kniues sharpe point.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">He stabs the  
   Empresse.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-sat">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Satu.</speaker>  
   <p>Die franticke wretch, for this accursed deed.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
   <l>Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed?</l>  
   <l>There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deed.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-mrc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
   <l>You sad fac'd men, people and Sonnes of Rome,</l>  
   <l>By vprores seuer'd like a flight of Fowle,</l>  
   <l>Scattered by windes and high tempestuous gusts:</l>  
   <l>Oh let me teach you how, to knit againe</l>  
   <l>This scattered Corne, into one mutuall sheafe,</l>  
   <l>These broken limbs againe into one body.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-got">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Goth.</speaker>

<|>Let Rome herselfe be bane vnto herselfe,</|>  
<|>And shee whom mightie kingdomes cursie too,</|>  
<|>Like a forlorne and desperate castaway,</|>  
<|>Doe shamefull execution on her selfe.</|>  
<|>But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,</|>  
<|>Graue witnesses of true experience,</|>  
<|>Cannot induce you to attend my words,</|>  
<|>Speake Romes deere friend, as 'erst our  
    Auncestor,</|>  
<cb n="2"/>  
<|>When with his solemne tongue he did discourse</|>  
<|>To loue&#x2011;sicke <hi rend="italic">Didoes</hi> sad

attending

    eare,</|>  
<|>The story of that balefull burning night,</|>  
<|>When subtil Greekes surpriz'd King <hi  
rend="italic">Priams</hi> Troy:</|>  
<|>Tell vs what <hi rend="italic">Sinon</hi> hath bewicht our  
    eares,</|>  
<|>Or who hath brought the fatall engine in,</|>  
<|>That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.</|>  
<|>My heart is not compact of flint nor  
    steele,</|>  
<|>Nor can I vtter all our bitter grieffe,</|>  
<|>But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,</|>  
<|>And breake my very vttrance, euen in the time</|>  
<|>When it should moue you to attend me most,</|>  
<|>Lending your kind hand Commiseration.</|>  
<|>Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,</|>  
<|>Your hearts will throb and weepe to heare him speake.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
<|>This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you,</|>  
<|>That cursed <hi rend="italic">Chiron</hi> and <hi  
rend="italic">Demetrius</hi>  
</|>

<|>Were they that muredred our Emperours Brother,</|>  
<|>And they it were that rauished our Sister,</|>  
<|>For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,</|>  
<|>Our Fathers teares despis'd, and basely  
    cousen'd,</|>  
<|>Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,</|>  
<|>And sent her enemies vnto the graue.</|>  
<|>Lastly, my selfe vnkindly banished,</|>  
<|>The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,</|>  
<|>To beg reliefe among Romes Enemies,</|>  
<|>Who drown'd their enmity in my true teares,</|>  
<|>And op'd their armes to imbrace me as a Friend:</|>  
<|>And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you,</|>



<|>That haue preseru'd her welfare in my blood,</|>  
<|>And from her bosome tooke the Enemies point,</|>  
<|>Sheathing the steele in my aduentrous body.</|>  
<|>Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,</|>  
<|>My scars can witsnesse, dumbe although they are,</|>  
<|>That my report is iust and full of truth:</|>  
<|>But soft, me thinkes I do digresse too much,</|>  
<|>Cyting my worthlesse praise: Oh pardon me,</|>  
<|>For when no Friends are by, men praise themselues,</|>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">

<speaker rend="italic">Marc.</speaker>

<|>Now is my turne to speake: Behold this Child,</|>

<|>Of this was <hi rend="italic">Tamora</hi> deliuered,</|>

<|>The issue of an Irreligious <hi rend="italic">Moore</hi>,</|>

<|>Chiefe Architect and plotter of these woes,</|>

<|>The Villaine is alieue in <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi>

house,</|>

<|>And as he is, to witsnesse this is true.</|>

<|>Now iudge what course had <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi> to  
reunge</|>

<|>These wrongs, vnspeakeable past patience,</|>

<|>Or more then any liuing man could beare.</|>

<|>Now you haue heard the truth, what say you Romaines?</|>

<|>Haue we done ought amisse? shew vs wherein,</|>

<|>And from the place where you behold vs now,</|>

<|>The poore remainder of <hi

rend="italic">Andronici</hi>,</|>

<|>Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,</|>

<|>And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines,</|>

<|>And make a mutuall closure of our house:</|>

<|>Speake Romaines speake, and if you say we shall,</|>

<|>Loe hand in hand, <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> and I will  
fall.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-aem">

<speaker rend="italic">Emilli.</speaker>

<|>Come come, thou reuerent man of Rome,</|>

<|>And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,</|>

<|><hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> our Emperour: for well I

know,</|>

<|>The common voyce do cry it shall be so.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">

<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>

<|><hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, all haile Romes Royall  
Emperour,</|>

<|>Goe, goe into old <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi> sorrowfull  
house,</|>

<|>And hither hale that misbelieuing <hi

*Moore*,  
 To be adiudg'd some direfull slaughtering death,  
 As punishment for his most wicked life.  
*Lucius* all haile to Romes gracious  
 Gouvernour.  
 A paper patch, placed not to obscure the signature, has been used to repair the damaged foot of this page, probably dating from the eighteenth-century.

cc2  
 Lucius  

 The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus  
 Andronicus.

1  
 Luc.

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

Mar.

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

Luc.

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

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-y lu">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>  
   <l>O Grandsire, Grandsire: euen with all my heart</l>  
   <l>Would I were Dead, so you did Liue againe.</l>  
   <l>O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping,</l>  
   <l>My teares will choake me, if I ope my mouth.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-rms">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Romans.</speaker>  
   <l>You sad <hi rend="italic">Andronici</hi>, haue done with  
     woes,</l>  
   <l>Giue sentence on this execrable Wretch,</l>  
   <l>That hath beene breeder of these dire euent.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
   <l>Set him brest deepe in earth, and famish him:</l>  
   <l>There let him stand, and raue, and cry for foode:</l>  
   <l>If any one releeues, or pitties him,</l>  
   <l>For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome:</l>  
   <l>Some stay, to see him fast'ned in the  
     earth.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-aar">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Aron.</speaker>  
   <l>O why should wrath be mute, & Fury dumbe?</l>  
   <l>I am no Baby I, that with base Prayers  
 </l>  
   <l>I should repent the Euils I haue done.</l>  
   <l>Ten thousand worse, then euer yet I did,</l>  
   <l>Would I performe if I might haue my will:</l>  
   <l>If one good Deed in all my life I did,</l>  
   <l>I do repent it from my very Soule.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-tit-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lucius.</speaker>  
   <l>Some louing Friends conuey the  
 <choice><abbr>Emp.</abbr><expan>Emperour</expan></choice> hence,</l>  
   <l>And giue him buriall in his Fathers graue.</l>  
   <l>My Father, and <hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi>, shall  
     forthwith</l>  
   <l>Be closed in our Housholds Monument:</l>  
   <l>As for that heynous Tyger <hi  
 rend="italic">Tamora</hi>,</l>  
   <l>No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds:<note  
 type="physical" resp="#PW">A partially inked spacing block appears at the end of  
 this line.</note></l>  
   <l>No mournfull Bell shall ring her Buriall:</l>

<|>But throw her fourth to Beasts and Birds of prey:</|>  
<|>Her life was Beast-like, and devoid of pity,</|>  
<|>And being so, shall have like want of pity.</|>  
<|>See Justice done on *Aaron* that  
damn'd Moore,</|>  
<|>From whom, our heavy happen had their beginning:</|>  
<|>Then afterwards, to Order well the State,</|>  
<|>That like Events, may ne're it Ruinate.</|>  
</sp>  
<stage *rightJustified* type="exit">Exeunt  
omnes.</stage>  
</div>  
</div>  
<trailer>FINIS.</trailer>  
</div>  
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</text>  
</TEI>