Titus Andronicus from Mr. William Shakespeare's comedies, histories, & tragedies.
Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. William Shakespeare's comedies, histories, & tragedies

Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.

Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630
Condell, Henry, -1627

Droeshout, Martin, 1601

Jaggard, Isaac, -1627

Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632

Jaggard, William, 1569-1623

Smethwicke, John, -1641

Aspley, William, -1640

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Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies:

First Folio

London, England:

William Jaggard, Edward Blount, John Smethwicke:

1623

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<note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. &amp; 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>


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The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: πA⁶ (πA1+1) [πB³, ²A-2B⁶] 2C² a-g⁶ χg g⁸ h-v⁶ x⁴ x.1.2 [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para]⁹ aa-ff⁶ hh⁶ kk-bbb⁶; 2. West: πA⁶ (πA1+1, πA5+1.2)²A-2B⁶ 2C² a- 'gg3.4' (±'gg3') [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para]⁹ 2a-2f⁶ 2g² 2G⁶ 2h⁶ 2k-2v⁶ x⁶ 2y-3b⁶.

Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ³gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.

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

Predominantly printed in double columns.

Text within simple lined frame.


Editors’ dedication signed: John Heminge. Henry Condell.

Head- and tail- pieces; initials. With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin-Droeshout: sculpit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

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
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<title>Third Folio</title> (1664). 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>
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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>
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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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Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. And then enter Saturninus and his Followers at one door, and Bassianus and his Followers at the other, with Drum and Colours.

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

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

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne. Princes, that striue by Factions, and by Friends, Ambitiously for Rule and Empry: Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand A speciall Party, haue by Common voyce In Election for the Romane Emperie, Chosen Andronicus, Sur-named Pious, For many good and great deserts to Rome. A Nobler man, a brauer Warriour, Liues not this day within the City Walles. He by the Senate is accited home From weary Warres against the barbarous Gothes. That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes)
Hath yoak'd a Nation strong, train'd vp in Arms.

Ten yeares are spent, since first he vndertooke

This Cause of Rome, and chasticed with Arms

Our Enemies pride. Fiue times he hath return'd Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes

In Coffins from the Field.

And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyles, Returnes the good Andronicus to Rome,

Renowned Titus, flourishing in Arms

Let vs intreat, by Honour of his Name, Whom (worthily) you would haue now succeede,

And in the Capitoll and Senates right, Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,

That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,

Dismisse your Followers, and as Suters should,

Pleade your Deserts in Peace and Humblenesse.

Saturnine. How fayre the Tribune speakes,

To calme my thoughts.

Bassia. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affie In thy vprightnesse and Integrity:

And so I Loue and Honor thee, and thine Noble Brother Titus, and his Sonnes,

And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all) Gracious Lauinia, Romes rich Ornament,

That I will heere dismisse my louing Friends:

And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Fauour,

Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

Saturnine. Friends, that haue beene

Thus forward in my Right,

I thanke you all, and heere Dismisse you all,

And to the Loue and Fauour of my Countrey,

Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Cause:

Rome, be as iust and gracious vnto me,

As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the Gates, and let me in.

Bassia.

Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor.

Flourish. They go vp

into the Senat house.

Enter a Captaine.

Romanes make way: the good Andronicus,

Patron of Vertue, Romes best Champion,

Successefull in the Battailes that he fights,

With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,

From whence he circumscribed with his Sword,

And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

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

Coffin, and Titus speakes.

Andronicus.

Haile Rome: Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes:

Returnes with precious lading to the Bay,

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

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

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

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

Stay Romaine Bretheren, gracious Conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the teares I
A Mothers teares in passion for her sonne: And if thy Sonnes were euer deere to thee, Oh thinke my sonnes to be as deere to mee. Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returne Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake, But must my Sonnes be slauhtred in the streetes, For Valiant doings in their Countries cause? O! If to fight for King and Common′-weale, Were piety in thine, it is in these: Andronicus, staine not thy Tombe with blood. Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods? Draw neere them then in being mercifull. Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge, Thrice Noble, spare my first borne sonne. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me. These are the Brethren, whom you Gothes beheld Aliue and dead, and for their Bretheren slaine, Religiously they aske a sacrifice: To this your sonne is markt, and die he must, T′ appease their groaning shadowes that are gone. Away with him, and make a fire straight, And with our Swords vpon a pile of wood, Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane consum'd.

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus. Alarbus goes to rest, and we suruiue, To tremble vnder Titus threatning lookes.

Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,
The selfe same Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of sharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour <hi rend="italic">Tamora</hi> the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and <hi rend="italic">Tamora</hi> was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.
Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe.
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.
Let it be so, and let <hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi> Make this his latest farewell to their soules.
Make this his latest farewell to their soules.

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.

In peace and Honour, liue Lord <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi> long,
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.

In peace and Honour, liue Lord <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi> long,

In peace and Honour, liue Lord <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi> long,
Kind Rome,

That hast thus louingly reseru'd

The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,

Lauinia liue, out thy Fathers dayes:

And Fames eternall date for vertues praise.

Long liue Lord Titus, my beloued brother,

And welcome Nephews from succesfull wars,

You that suruiue and you that sleepe in Fame:

Faire Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,

That in your Countries service drew your Swords.

But safer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,

That hath aspir'd to Solons Happines,

And Triumphs ouer chaunce in honours bed.

Whose friend in iustice thou hast euer bene,

Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,

This Palliament of white and spotlesse Hue,

And name thee in Election for the Empire,

With these our late deceased Emperours Sonnes:

Be Candidatus then, and put it on,

And helpe to set a head on headlesse Rome.

A better head her Glorious body fits,

Then his that shakes for age and feebleness:

The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.
What should I d'on this Robe and trouble you,

Be chosen with proclamations to day,

To morrow yeeld vp rule, resigne my life,

And set abroad new businesse for you all.

Rome I haue bene thy Souldier forty yeares,

And led my Countries strength successefully,

And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonnes,

Knighted in Field, slaine manfully in Armes,

In right and Seruice of their Noble Countrie:

Give me a staffe of Honour for mine age,

But not a Scepter to controule the world,

Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last

Titus,</hi>, thou shalt obtaine and aske the

Emperie.</p>

Proud and ambitious Tribune can'st thou tell?

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

Romaines do me right.

Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not

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

Andronicus</hi> would thou wert shipt to hell,

Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.

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

That Noble minded Titus meanes to thee.

Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee

The peoples harts, and weane them from themselues.

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

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

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

With Voyces and applause of every sort, Patricians and Plebeans we Create
Lord Saturninus Romes Great Emperour.
And say, Long liue our Emperour Saturnine.
A long Flourish till they come downe.
And will with Deeds requite thy gentleness:
And for an Onset Titus to aduance
Thy Name, and Honorable Familie,
Titus will I make my Empresse,
Romes Royall Mistris, Mistris of my hart
And in the Sacred Pathan her espouse:
Tell me Andronicus doth this motion please
It doth my worthy Lor and in this match,
I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,
And heere in sight of Rome, to Saturnine, King and Co
The Wide worlds Emperour, do I Consecrate,
My Sword, my Chariot, and my Prisoners, Presents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord:
Receiue them then, the Tribute that I owe, Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feete.
Thankes Noble Titus, Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts Rome shall record, and when I do forget The least of these vnspeakable Deserts, Romans forget your Fealtie to me.
Now Madam are your prisoner to an Emperour, To him that for you Honour and your State, Will vse you Nobly and your followers.
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 every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you,
Can make your Greater then the Queene of Gothes?
Lauinia you are not displeas'd with this?

Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,
Warrants these words in Princely curtesie.

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

I Noble Titus, and resolu'd withall,
To doe my selfe this reason, and this right.

This Prince in Iustice ceazeth but his owne.

And that he will and shall, if Lucius liue.

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

By him that justly may

Beare his Betroth'd, from all the world away.

Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away,

And with my Sword Ile keepe this doore safe.

Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her backe.

Helpe Lucius helpe.

He kils him.

My Lord you are vniust, and more then so,

In wrongfull quarrell, you haue slaine your son.

Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine,

My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me.

Traytor restore Lauinia to the Emperour.

Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,

That is anothers lawfull promist Loue.
Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two sonnes, and Aaron the Moore.

No Titus, no, the Emperour needs her not,

Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:

Ile trust by Leisure him that mocks me once.

Thee neuer: nor thy Trayterous haughty sonnes,

Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.

Was none in Rome to make a stale?

But Saturnine? Full well Andronicus?

Agree these Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,

That said'st, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands.

O monstrous, what reproachfull words are these?

But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,

To him that flourisht for her with his Sword:

A Valliant sonne in law thou shalt enioy:

One, fit to bandy with thy lawlesse Sonnes,

To ruffle in the Common wealth of Rome.

And therefore louely Tamora Queene of Gothes,

That like the stately Thebe mong'st her Nimphs

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

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

Who
Satur.

Ascend Faire Queene, Panthean Lords, accompany Your Noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
Whose wisedome hath her Fortune Conquered,
There shall we Consummate our Spousall rites.

Exeunt omnes.

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

Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes.

O Titus see! O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrell, slaine a Vertuous sonne.
No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these Confedrates in the deed,
That hath dishonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy Sonnes.

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

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

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

And shall! What villaine was it spake that word?
He that would vouch'd it in any place but heere.
What would you bury him in my despight?
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.
Tit.

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

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

2. Sonne.
Not I tell Mutius bones be buried.
The Brother and the sonnes kneele.

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

SPEAKETH TITUS. Renowned more then halfe my soule.

Luc.
Deare Father, soule and substance of vs all.

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

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

They put him in the Tombe.

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

They all kneele and say,
No man shed teares for Noble Mutius,
He liues in Fame, that di'd in vertues cause.

Exit.

My Lord to step out of these sudden dumps,
How comes it that the subtile Queene of Gothes,
Is of a sodaine thus aduanc'd in Rome?

I know not Marcus: but I know it is,
(Whether by deuise or no) the heauens can tell,
Is she not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne so farre?
Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

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

Sat. So Bassianus, you haue plaid your prize.

God giue you ioy sir of your Gallant Bride.

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

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

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.

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

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

My worthy Lord if euer Tamora,
Were The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.
Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me speake indifferently for all:
And at my sute (sweet) pardon what is past.
What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it vp without reuenge?
Not so my Lord,
The Gods of Rome fore‡fend,
I should be Authour to dishonour you.
But on mine honour dare, I vndertake
For good Lord Titus innocence in all:
Whose fury not dissembled speakes his griefes:
Then at my sute looke graciously on him,
Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose,
Nor with sowre lookes afflict his gentle heart.
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at last,
Least then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a iust suruey take Titus part,
And so supplant vs for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sinne.
Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone:
Ile finde a day to massacre them all,
And race their faction, and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his tray'trous sonnes,
To whom I sued for my deare sonnes life.
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queene.
Kneele in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.

Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come

Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,

That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.

Andronicus

Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,

That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.

Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come

Andronicus

Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,

That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.

King.

Rise Titus, rise,

My Empresse hath preuail'd.

Titus.

I thanke your Maiestie,

And her my Lord.

These words, these lookees,

Infuse new life in me.

Tamo.

Titus, I am incorparate in Rome,

A Roman now adopted happily.

This day all quarrels die

And let it be mine honour good my Lord,

That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.

For you Prince Bassianus, I haue past

My word and promise to the Emperour,

That you will be more milde and tractable.

And feare not Lords:

And you Lauinia,

By my aduise all humbled on your knees,

You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie.

Son.

We doe,

And vow to heauen, and to his Highnes,

That what we did, was mildly, as we might,

Tending our sisters honour and our owne.

Mar.

That on mine honour heere I do protest.

King.

Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.
Nay, nay, Sweet Emperour, we must all be friends, The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace, I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.

I doe remit these young mens haynous faults. Stand vp: Lauinia, though you left me like a curle, I found a friend, and sure as death I sware, I would not part a Batchellour from the Priest. Come, if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides, You are my guest Lauinia, and your friends: This day shall be a Loue day. To morrow and it please your Maiestie, To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me, With horne and Hound, Weele giue your Grace Bon iour. Be it so Titus, and Gramercy to.

Exeunt.
Now climbeth Tamora Olympus toppe.

Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits aloft,

Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flash,

As when the golden Sunne salutes the morne,

And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,

Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistening Coach,

And ouer lookes the highest piering hills:

So Tamora Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,

And vertue stoopes and trembles at her frowne.

Then Aaron arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,

To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mistris,

Hast prisoner held, fettered in amorous chaines,

And faster bound to Aarons charming eyes,

Then is Prometheus ti'de to Caucasus.

Away with slauish weedes, and idle thoughts,

I will be bright and shine in Pearle and Gold,

To waite vpon this new made Empresse.

To waite said I? To wanton with this Queene,

This Goddesse, this Semerimis, this Queene,

This Syren, that will charme Romes Saturnine,

And see his shipwracke, and his Common weales.

Hollo, what storme is this?

<stage type="entrance">Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing.</stage>

Demetrius wants edge

And manners to intru'd where I am grac'd,

And may for ought thou know'st affected be.

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

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

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

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

Deme.
I Boy, grow ye so braue?

They drawe.

Andronicus.

And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of Gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome.
For shame put vp.
My rapier in his bosome, and withall.
Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour heere.

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.

A way I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
This pretty brabble will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to set vpon a Princes right?
What is Lauinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulement, Iustice, or reuenge?
This discord ground, the musicke would not please.

I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I loue Lauinia more then all the world.
Youngling,
Learne thou to make some meaner chiose,
Lauinia is thine elder brothers hope.

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.

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

To atchieue her, how?

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

I, and as good as Saturnius may.
Then why should he dispaire that knowes to court it
With words, faire lookes, and liberality:
What hast not thou full often strucke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?

Aaron thou hast hit it.
Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this adoo:
Why harke yee, harke yee, a are you such foolis,

To square for this? Would it offend you then?

Chi. Faith not me.

Deme. Nor me, so I were one.

Aron. For shame be friends, & ioyne for that you iar:

That you affect, and so must you resolue,

That what you cannot as you would atcheiue,

You must perforce accomplish as you may:

Lucrece was not more chast

Lauinia, Bassianus loue,

A speedier course this lingring languishment

Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:

There will the louely Roman Ladies troope:

The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious,

And many vnfrequented plots there are,

Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:

Single you thither then this dainty Doe,

And strike her home by force, if not by words:

This way or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit

Will we acquaint with all that we intend,

And she shall file our engines with advise,

That will not suffer you to square your selues,

But to your wishes height advancie you both.

The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,

The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:

The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:

There speake, and strike braue Boyes, & take your turnes.

There serue your lusts, shadow'd from heauens eye,

And reuell in Lauinia's Treasure.
Thy counsell Lad smells of no cowardise.

Sit fas aut nefas, till I finde the streames,

To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits,

Per Stigia per manes Vehor.

Exeunt.

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

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

Winde Hornes

Heere a cry of houndes, and

wined hornes in a peale, then Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lauinia, Chiron, De&x00AD;metrius, 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.

And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat to early for new married Ladies.
Bass. Lauinia, how say you?

I say no: I haue bene awake two houres and more.

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

I haue dogges my Lord, Will rouze the proudest Panther in the Chase,

And clime the highest Pomontary, with Horse nor Hound

But hope to pluckle a dainty Doe to ground.

Exeunt. Enter Aaron alone.

He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,

To bury so much Gold vnder a Tree,
And never after to inherit it.

Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,

Know that this Gold must coin a stratageme,

Which cunningly effected, will beget

A very excellent piece of villainy:

And so repose sweet Gold for their unrest,

That have their Almes out of the Empresse Chest.

Enter Tamora to the Moore.

My louely Aaron,

Wherefore look'st thou sad,

When every thing doth make a Gleeful boast?

The Birds chant melody on every bush,

The Snake lies rolled in the chearful Sunne,

The greene leaues quiuer, with the cooling wunde,

And make a checker'd shadow on the ground:

Vnder their sweete shade, Aaron let vs sit,

And whil'st the babbling Eccho mock's the Hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well tun'd & Hornes,

As if a double hunt were heard at once,

Let vs sit downe, and marke their yelping noyse:

And after conflict, such as was suppos'd.

The wandring Prince and Dido once enioy'd,

When with a happy storme they were surpris'd,

And Curtain'd with a Counsaile keeping Caue,

We may each wreathed in the others armes,

(Our pastimes done) possesse a Golden slumber,

Be vnto vs, as is a Nurses Song

Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe asleepe.

Madame,

Though Venus gourener your desires,

Saturne is Dominator ouer mine:

What signifies my deadly standing eye,

My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholie,

My fleece of Woolly haire, that now vncurles,

Euen as an Adder when she doth vnrowle

To do some fatall execution?

No Madam, these are no Veneriall signes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood, and revenge, are hammering in my head.
Harke Tamora, the Empresse of my Soule,
Which never hopes more heaven, then rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to day,
And wash their hands in Bassianus blood.
Seest thou this Letter, take it up I pray thee,
And give the King this fatal plotted scrawl,
Now question me no more, we are espied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives destruction.

Enter Bassianus and Lauinia

Ah my sweet Moore: Sweeter to me then life.

No more great Empresse, Bassianus comes,
To backe thy quarrell what so ere they be.

Whom haue we heere? Vnformisht of our well beseeming troope?
Or is it Dian habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
To see the generall Hunting in this Forrest?

Sawcie controuler of our private steps:
Had I the power, that some say Dian had,
Thy Temples should be planted presently.
With Hornes, as was Acteons, and the Hounds
Should drive upon his new transformed limbs,

Vnmanfully Intruder as thou art.

Vnder your patience gentle Empresse,

'Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in Horning,

And to be doubted, that your Moore

you

Are singled forth to try experiments:

Ioue sheild your husband from his

to day.

'Vis pitty they should take him for a Stag.

Beleeue me Queene, your swarth Cymerion,

Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue,

Spotted, detested, and abhominable.

Why are you sequestred from all your traine?

Dismounted from your Snow&\#x2011;white goodly Steed.

And wandred hither to an obscure plot,

Accompanied with a barbarous Moore

If foule desire had not conducted you?

And being intercepted in your sport,

Great reason that my Noble Lord, be rated

For Saucinessse, I pray you let vs hence,

And let her ioy her Rauen coloured loue,

This valley fits the purpose passing well.

The King my Brother shall haue notice of this.

I, for these slips haue made him noted long,

Good King, to be so mightily abused.

Why I haue patience to endure all this?


Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem.

How now deere Soueraigne?

And our gracious Mother,

Why doth your Highnes looke so pale and wan?

Dem.

Haue I not reason thinke you to looke pale.

These two haue tie'd me hither to this place,

A barren, detested vale you see it is.

The Trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,

Ore&x2011; come with Mosse, and balefull Misselto.

Heere neuer shines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds.

Vnlesse the nightly Owle, or fatall Rauen

And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,

They told me heere at dead time of the night,

A thousand Fiends, a thousand hissing Snakes,

Would make such fearefull and confused cries,

As any mortall body hearing it,

Should straite fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,

But strait they told me they would binde me heere,

Vnto the body of a dismall yew,

And leaue me to this miserable death.

And then they call'd me foule Adulteresse,

Lasciuious Goth, and all the bitterest tearmes

That euer eare did heare to such effect.

And had you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed;

Reuenge it, as you loue your Mothers life,

Or be ye not henceforth cal'd my Children.

Dem.

This is a witnesse that I am thy Sonne. stab him.

Chi.

And this for me,

Strook home to shew my strength.

Laui.

I come

Semeramis, nay Barbarous

Tamora

This vengeance on me had they executed;

Reuenge it, as you loue your Mothers life;

Or be ye not henceforth cal'd my Children.
The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.

Tam.

Giue me thy poyniard, you shal know my boyes.

Deme.

Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,

First thrash the Corne, then after burne the straw:

This Minion stood vpon her chastity.

Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie.

And with that painted hope, braues your Mightinesse,

And shall she carry this vnto her graue?

Tamo.

But when ye haue the hony we desire,

Let not this Waspe out liue vs both to sting.

Chir.

I warrant you Madam we will make that sure:

Come Mistris, now perforce we will enioy,

That nice preserued honesty of yours.

Laui.

Oh Tamora, thou bear'st a woman face.

I will not heare her speake, away with her.
<speaker rend="italic">Laui.</speaker>

<p>Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.</p>

</sp>

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

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

</sp>

<i>Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory</i>

<i>To see her teares, but be your hart to them.</i>

<i>As vnrelenting flint to drops of raine.</i>

</sp>

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

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

<i>When did the Tigers young ones teach the dam?</i>

<i>O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee,</i>

<i>The milke thou suck'st from her did turne to Marble,</i>

<i>Euen at thy Teat thou had'st thy Tyranny,</i>

<i>Yet euery Mother breeds not Sonnes alike,</i>

<i>Do thou intreat her shew a woman pitty.</i>

</sp>

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

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

<i>What.</i>

<i>Would'st thou haue me proue my selfe a bastard?</i>

</sp>

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

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

<i>'Tis true,</i>

<i>The Rauen doth not hatch a Larke,</i>

<i>Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,</i>

<i>The Lion mou'd with pitty, did indure</i>

<i>To haue his Princely pawes par'd all away.</i>

<i>Some say, that Rauens foster forlorne children,</i>

<i>The whil'st their owne birds famish in their nests:</i>

<i>Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no,</i>

<i>Nothing so kind but something pittifull.</i>

</sp>

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

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

<i>I know not what it meanes, away with her.</i>

</sp>

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

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

<i>Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,</i>

<i>That gauue thee life when well he might haue slaine thee;</i>

<i>Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.</i>

</sp>

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

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

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

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

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

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

Garace,
No womanhood? Ah beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confusion fall—

No
<speaker rend="italic">Chi.</speaker>

Nay then Ile stop your mouth.

Bring thou her husband,

This is the Hole where <hi rend="italic">Aaron</hi> bid vs hide him.

Farewell my Sonnes, see that you make her sure,

Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeed,

Till all the <hi rend="italic">Andronici</hi> be made away:

Now will I hence to seeke my louely <hi rend="italic">Moore</hi>,

And let my spleenefull Sonnes this Trull defloure.

Exit. <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Aaron with two of Titus Sonnes.</stage>

Come on my Lords, the better foote before,

Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit,

Where I espied the Panther fast asleepe.

My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.

And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,

Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while.

What art thou fallen?

What subtile Hole is this,

Whose mouth is couered with Rude growing Briers,

Vpon whose leaues are drops of new & shed blood.

As fresh as mornings dew distil'd on flowers,

A very fatall place it seemes to me:

Speake Brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

What art thou fallen?

What subtile Hole is this,

Whose mouth is couered with Rude growing Briers,

Vpon whose leaues are drops of new & shed blood.

As fresh as mornings dew distil'd on flowers,

A very fatall place it seemes to me:

Speake Brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Oh Brother,
With the dismal'st obiect
That euer eye with sight made heart lament.

Aron.

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

Exit Aaron.

Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this vnhallow'd and blood-stained Hole?

Quintus.
I am surprised with an vncoth feare,
A chilling sweat ore & runs my trembling ioynts,
My heart suspects more then mine eie can see.

Quintus.
To proue thou hast a true diuining heart,
Aaron and thou looke downe into this
den,

And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.

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

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

Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
Thou can'st not come to me, I come to thee.

Nor I no strength to clime without thy help.

Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,
Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good.
I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore Bassianus graue:
I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brinkes.

Nor I no strength to clime without thy help.

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

Both fall in.
Enter the Emperour, Aaron the Moore.
Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it. <l>
Say, who art thou that lately did'st descend, <l>
Into this gaping hollow of the earth? <l>
</l>
</l>
The unhappie sonne of old <hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>, <l>
Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre, <l>
To finde thy brother <hi rend="italic">Bassianus</hi> dead. <l>
</l>
</l>
My brother dead? I know thou dost but iest, <l>
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge, <l>
Pon the North-side of this pleasant Chase, <l>
Tis not an houre since I left him there. <l>
</l>
</l>
My brother dead? I know thou dost but iest, <l>
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge, <l>
P on the North-side of this pleasant Chase, <l>
Tis not an houre since I left him there. <l>
</l>
</l>
My brother dead? I know thou dost but iest, <l>
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge, <l>
P on the North-side of this pleasant Chase, <l>
Tis not an houre since I left him there. <l>
</l>
</l>
My brother dead? I know thou dost but iest, <l>
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge, <l>
P on the North-side of this pleasant Chase, <l>
Tis not an houre since I left him there. <l>
</l>
</l>
My brother dead? I know thou dost but iest, <l>
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge, <l>
P on the North-side of this pleasant Chase, <l>
Tis not an houre since I left him there. <l>
</l>
</l>
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smiles such murderous Tyrannie.

She giueth Saturnine a Letter. Saturninus reads the Letter. And if we misse to meete him hansomely, Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we meane, Doe thou so much as dig the graue for him, Thou know'st our meaning, looke for thy reward Among the Nettles at the Elder tree: Which ouer‑shades the mouth of that same pit:
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus heere.

My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold.

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

What are they in this pit,
Oh wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discouered?

High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares, not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed Sonnes,
Accursed, if the faults be prou'd in them.

If it be prou'd? you see it is apparant,
Who found this Letter, Tamora was it you?

Andronicus himselfe did take it vp.

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

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

Come Lucius come,
Stay not to talke with them.

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

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

Chi.

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

Dem.

See how with signes and tokens she can scowle.

Chi.

goe home,
Call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem.

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

Chi.

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

Dem.

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

Exeunt.

Enter Marcus from hunting, to Lauinia.

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

But sure some Tereus hath defloured thee.

And least thou should'st detect them, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame:

And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,

As from a Conduit with their issuing Spouts,

Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as Titans face,

Blushing to be encountred with a Cloud,

Shall I speake for thee? shal I say 'tis so?

Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast

Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen stopt,

Doth burne the hart to Cinders where it is.

Faire Philomela she but lost her tongue,

And in a tedious Sampler sowed her minde.

But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,

A craftier Tereus hast thou met withall,

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,

That could haue better sowed then Philomel.

Oh had the monster seene those Lilly hands,

Tremble like Aspen leaues vpon a Lute,

And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,

He would not then haue toucht them for his life.

Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,

Which that sweet tongue hath made:

He would haue dropt his knife and fell asleepe,

As Cerberus at the Thracian Poets feete.

Come, let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,

For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.

One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades,

What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?

Doe not drawe backe, for we will mourne with thee:

Oh could our mourning ease thy misery.

The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus

The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.
Actus Tertius.

[Act 3, Scene 1]

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

Heare me graue fathers, noble Tribunes stay, For pitty of mine age, whose youth was spent In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept: For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed, For all the frosty nights that I haue watcht, And for these bitter teares, which now you see, Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeckes, Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes, Whose soules is not corrupted as tis thought: For two and twenty sonnes I neuer wept, Because they died in honours lofty bed.

Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Judges passe by him.

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

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.

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

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men.

Vnbinde my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death.

And let me say (that neuer wept before).

My teares are now preualing Oratours.
<speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>

Ah <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> 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>
  My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake.
</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 pitty me.
  Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones.
  Who though they cannot answere my distresse,
  Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,
  For that they will not intercept my tale;
  When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete
  Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
  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 standst 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 Judges 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 <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, 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 <hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi> heere?
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Marcus and
Lauinia.</stage>

&lt;sp who="#F-tit-mrc"
     &lgt;&lpar;&lt;speaker rend="italic">Mar.&lt;/speaker&gt;
        &lpar;&lt;hi rend="italic">Titus</hi&gt;, prepare thy noble eyes to 
            weep.&lt;/l&gt;
        &lpar;&lt;l>&lt;l&gt;Or if not so, thy noble heart to break:&lt;/l&gt;
              &lt;l&gt;I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.&lt;/l&gt;
        &lt;/sp&gt;
&lt;/sp&gt;

&lt;sp who="#F-tit-and"
     &lgt;&lpar;&lt;speaker rend="italic">Titus</speaker&gt;
        &lpar;&lt;p&gt;Will it consume me? Let me see it then.&lt;/p&gt;
        &lt;/sp&gt;
        &lgt;&lpar;&lt;sp who="#F-tit-mrc"
                        &lpar;&lt;speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker&gt;
                        &lpar;&lt;p&gt;This was thy daughter.&lt;/p&gt;
                        &lt;/sp&gt;
        &lt;/sp&gt;
&lt;/sp&gt;

&lt;sp who="#F-tit-and"
     &lgt;&lpar;&lt;speaker rend="italic">Marcus</speaker&gt; so she is.&lt;/p&gt;
        &lt;/sp&gt;
&lt;/sp&gt;

&lt;sp who="#F-tit-luc"
     &lgt;&lpar;&lt;speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker&gt;
        &lt;p&gt;Aye me this obiect kills me.&lt;/p&gt;
        &lt;/sp&gt;
&lt;/sp&gt;

&lt;sp who="#F-tit-and"
     &lgt;&lpar;&lt;speaker rend="italic">Tu.</speaker&gt;
        &lt;l&gt;Faint hearted boy, arise and looke upon her,&lt;/l&gt;
        &lt;l&gt;Speak &lt;hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi&gt;, what accursed hand&lt;/l&gt;
        &lt;l&gt;Hath made thee handle less in thy Fathers sight?&lt;/l&gt;
        &lt;l&gt;What fool hath added water to the Sea?&lt;/l&gt;
        &lt;l&gt;Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?&lt;/l&gt;
        &lt;l&gt;My grievance was at the height before thou cam'st,&lt;/l&gt;
        &lt;l&gt;And now like &lt;hi rend="italic">Nylus</hi&gt; it disdaineth bounds:&lt;/l&gt;
        &lt;l&gt;Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,&lt;/l&gt;
        &lt;l&gt;For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain:&lt;/l&gt;
        &lt;l&gt;And they have nurst this woe,&lt;/l&gt;
        &lt;l&gt;In feeding life:&lt;/l&gt;
        &lt;l&gt;In bootless prayer have they been held vp,&lt;/l&gt;
        &lt;l&gt;And they have serv'd me to effectless vse.&lt;/l&gt;
        &lt;l&gt;Now all the service I require of them,&lt;/l&gt;
        &lt;l&gt;Is that the one will help to cut the other:&lt;/l&gt;
        &lt;l&gt;'Tis well &lt;hi rend="italic">Lauinia</hi&gt;, that thou hast no 
             hands,&lt;/l&gt;
        &lt;l&gt;For hands to do Rome service, is but vain.&lt;/l&gt;
        &lt;/sp&gt;
&lt;/sp&gt;

&lt;sp who="#F-tit-luc"
     &lpar;&lt;speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker&gt;
<p>Speake gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?</p>

<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>
</sp>

<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>
</cb>
Looke Marcus, ah sonne Lucius looke on her:

When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares

Stood on her cheekes, as doth the honey dew,

Vpon a gathered Lillie almost withered.

Perchance she weepes because they kil'd her husband,

Perchance because she knowes him innocent.

If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,

Because the law hath tane reuenge on them.

No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede,

Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.

Gentle Lauinia let me kisse thy lips,

Or make some signes how I may do thee ease:

Shall thy good Vncele, and thy brother Lucius, And thou and I sit round about some Fountaine,

Looking all downwards to behold our cheekes

How they are stain'd in meadowes, yet not dry

With miery slime left on them by a flood:

And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,

Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,

And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?

Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?

Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shewes

Passe the remainder of our hatefull dayes?

What shall we doe? Let vs that haue our tongues

Plot some devise of further miseries

To make vs wondred at in time to come.

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

Patience deere Neece, good Titus drée thine eyes.

Ah Marcus, <hi rend="italic">Marcus</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> looke on her:

When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares

Stood on her cheekes, as doth the honey dew,

Vpon a gathered Lillie almost withered.

Perchance she weepes because they kil'd her husband,

Perchance because she knowes him innocent.

If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,

Because the law hath tane reuenge on them.

No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede,

Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.

Gentle Lauinia let me kisse thy lips,

Or make some signes how I may do thee ease:

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Looking all downwards to behold our cheekes

How they are stain'd in meadowes, yet not dry

With miery slime left on them by a flood:

And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,

Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,

And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?

Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?

Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shewes

Passe the remainder of our hatefull dayes?

What shall we doe? Let vs that haue our tongues

Plot some devise of further miseries

To make vs wondred at in time to come.
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, 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.

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

Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,
My youth can better spare my blood then you,
And therfore mine shall saue my brothers liues.

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

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

Sirs striue no more, such withered hearbs as these
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.
Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.

Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.
Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.
But I will use the Axe.

Exeunt

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aron.

Tell him, it was a hand that warded him.

From thousand dangers: bid him bury it.

More hath it merited: That let it have.

As for my sons, say I account of them.

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price.

And yet dearer too, because I bought mine own.

Looke by and by to have thy sons with thee.

Their heads I mean: Oh how this villany.

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.

Let fools doe good, and faire men call for grace.

Aron will have his soule black like his face.
<sp who="#F-tit-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>
  <l>O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen,\</l>
  <l>And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,\</l>
  <l>If any power pitties wretched teares,\</l>
  <l>To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me?\</l>
  <l>Doe then deare heart, for heauen shall heare our prayers,\</l>
  <l>Or with our sighs weele breath the welkin dimme,\</l>
  <l>And staine the Sun with fogge as somtime cloudes,\</l>
  <l>When they do hug him in their melting bosomes.\</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <p>Oh brother speake with possibilities,\</p>
  <p>And do not breake into these deepe extreames.\</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>
  <l>Is not my sorrow deepe, hauing no bottome?\</l>
  <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>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>Then be my passions bottomlesse with them.\</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <p>But yet let reason gouerne thy lament.\</p>
</sp>

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

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a messenger with
two heads and a hand."

<sp who="#F-tit-mes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
  <l>Worthy <hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>, ill art thou repaid,</l>
  <l>For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour:</l>
  <l>Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.</l>
  <l>Thy griefes, their sports: Thy resolution mockt,</l>
  <l>That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,</l>
  <l>More then remembrance of my fathers death.</l>
</sp>

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

<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Marc.</speaker>
  <l>Now let hot ætna coole in Cicilie,</l>
  <l>And be my heart an euer-burning hell:</l>
  <l>These miseries are more then may be borne.</l>
  <l>To wepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale,</l>
  <l>But sorrow flouted at, is double death.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>
  <l>Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,</l>
  <l>And yet detested life not shrinke thereat:</l>
  <l>That euer death should let life beare his name,</l>
  <l>Where life hath no more interest but to breath.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-mrc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <l>Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse,</l>
  <l>As frozen water to a starued snake.</l>
</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>
  <l>Now farwell flatterie, die <hi rend="italic">Andronicus</hi>,</l>
  <l>Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sons heads,</l>
  <l>Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here:</l>
  <l>Thy other banisht sonnes with this deere sight</l>
  <l>Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,</l>
  <l>Euen like a stony Image, cold and numme.</l>
  <l>Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,</l>
  <l>Rent off thy silver haire, thy other hand</l>
  <l>Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight</l>
</sp>
The closing vp of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storme, why art thou still?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha,

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this houre.

Ti. Why I haue not another teare to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would vsurpe vpon my watry eyes,
Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Caue?
For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,
And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,
Till all these mischiefes be returned againe,
Euen in their throats that haue committed them.
Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
You heauie people, circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs.
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare.
Lauinia thou shalt be employd in these things:
Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight.
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay.
Hie to the Gothes, and raise an army there,
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
Let's kisse and part, for we haue much to doe.

Exeunt.

Manet Lucius.

Farewell Andronicus my noble Father:
The woful'st man that euer liu'd in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome, til Andronicus come againe.
He loues his pledges dearer then his life:
Farewell my noble sister,

O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,

But now, nor Lucius nor Lauinia liues

But in obliuion and hateful griefes:

If Lucius liue, he will requit your wrongs,

And make proud Saturnine and his Empresse

Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his Queene.

Now will I to the Gothes and raise a power,

Ex-post Lucius.

Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lauinia, and the Boy.

So, so, now sit, and looke you eate no more

Then will preserue iust so much strength in vs

Thy Neece and I (poore Creatures) want our hands

And cannot passionate our tenfold griefe,

Is left to tirranize vppon my breast.

Who when my hart all mad with misery,

Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,

Then thus I thumpe it downe.

Thou Map of woe, that thus dost talk in signes,

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still?

Wound it with sighing girle, kil it with grones:

Or get some little knife betweene thy teeth,

And iust against thy hart make thou a hole,

May run into that sinke, and soaking in,

Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea salt teares.
Mar. Fy brother fy, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

An. How now! Has sorrow made thee doate already?
Why didst thou urge the name of hands,
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice over?
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Least we remember still that we have none.
As if we should forget we had no hands.
If Marcus did not name the word of hands.
Come, let's fall too, and gentle girle eate this,
Here is no drinke? Harke what she saies,
I can interpret all her martir'd signes,
She saies, she drinkes no other drinke but teares:
Breu'd with her sorrow: mesh'd upon her cheeks,
Speechless.
I will learn thy thought:
In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect
As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not sigh nor hold thy stumps to heauen,
Nor winke, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make a signe;
But I (of these) will wrest an Alphabet,
And by still practice, learne to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire leaue these bitter deepe laments,
Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing tale.
Mar. Alas, the tender boy in passion mou'd,
Doth weepe to see his grandsires heauinesse.

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

Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.

What doest thou strike at Marcus with knife.

At that that I haue kil'd my Lord, a Flys

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

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

Pardon me sir,
It was a blacke illfaouour'd Fly,
Like to the Empresse Moore, therefore I kild him.
O, o, o,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a Charitable deed:
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,
Flattering my selfes, as if it were the Moore,
Come hither purposely to poison me.
There's for thy selfe, and thats for Tamira:
Ah sirra,
Yet I thinke we are not brought so low,
But that betweene vs, we can kill a Fly,
That comes in likenesse of a Cole& blacke Moore.
Come, take away: Lauinia, goe with me, Ile to thy closset, and goe read with thee Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
And thou shalt read, when mine begin to dazell.

Enter young Lucius and Lauinia running after him, and the Boy flies from her with his books vnder his arme. Gransier helpe, my Aunt Lauinia, Followes me euery where I know not why.
Good VnCLE Marcus see how swift she comes.
Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you meane.

Stand by me Lucius, doe not feare thy Aunt.

She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme

I when my father was in Rome she did.

What meanes my Neece Lauinia by these signes?

See Lucius see, how much she makes of thee:

Some whether would she haue thee goe with her.

Ah boy, Cornelia neuer with more care

Read to her sonnes, then she hath read to thee,

Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:

Canst thou not gesse wherefore she plies thee thus?

My Lord I kow not I, nor can I gesse,

Vnlesse some fit or frenzie do possesse her:

For I haue heard my Gransier say full oft,

Extremitie of griefes woulde make men mad.

And I haue read that Hecuba of Troy,

Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to feare,

Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,

Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,

And would not but in fury fright my youth,

Which made me downe to throw my bookes, and flie

Causles perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,
And Madam, if my Uncle "Marcus" goe,
I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

"Mar." Lucius I will.

"Ti." How now "Lauinia, Marcus" what means this?
Some booke there is that she desires to see,
Which is it girl of these? Open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choyse of all my Library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heauens
Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deed.
What booke?
Why lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?

"Boy." Grandsier 'tis Ouids Metamorphosis,
My mother gaue it me.

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

"Ti." Soft, so busily she turnes the leaues,
Helpe her, what would she finde?
Lauinia shall I read?

This is the tragick tale of Philomel? And treates of Tereus treason and his rape.

And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.

who

Mar.

See brother see, note how she quotes the leaues

Ti.

Lauinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet girle,

Rauisht and wrong'd as Philomela was?

Forc'd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomy woods?

See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,

(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)

Patern'd by that the Poet heere describes,

By nature made for murthers and for rapes.

O why should nature build so foule a
den,

Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies?

Giue signes sweet girle, for heere are none but friends

Or slunke not Saturnine, as Tarquin ersts,

That left the Campe to sinne in Lucrece bed.

Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by me,

Inspire me that I may this treason finde.

My Lord looke heere, looke heere

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

This sandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst.

This after me, I haue writ my name, without the helpe of any hand at all.

Curst be that hart that forc'st vs to that shift:

Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last, what God will haue discouered for reuenge,

Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine, that we may know the Traytors and the truth.

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

Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writs?

What, what, the lustfull sonnes of Tamora, Performers of this hainous bloody deed?

Oh calme thee gentle Lord: Although I know there is enough written vpon this earth,

To stirre a mutinie in the mildest thoughts,

And arme the mindes of infants to exclaimes.

My Lord kneele downe with me: Lauinia kneele, And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine Hectors kneele, And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine Hectors hope,
Lord Iunius Brutus swears for Lucrece, that we will prosecute (by good advice) mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths, and see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tis sure enough, and you knew how. But if you hunt these Beare-whelpes, then beware! The Dam will wake, and if she winde you once, Shee's with the Lyon deeply still in league. And lulls him whilst she playeth on her backe, and when he sleepes will she do what she list. You are a young huntsman Marcus, let it alone:

And come, I will goe get a leafe of brasse, and with a Gad of steele will write these words, and lay it by: the angry Northerne winde will blow these sands like Sibels leaves abroad, and wheres your lesson then. Boy what say you?

And Vncle so will I, and if I liue.

Come goe with me into mine Armorie, Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy! Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes, Presents that I intend to send them both,
Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy.

I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandsire:

Ti. Lauinia come, 

Lauinia</hi>

Lucius</hi> and Ile goe braue it at the Court,

I marry will we sir, and weele be waited on.

Exeunt.

O heauens! Can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus</hi> attend him in his extasie,

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,

Then foe mens markes vpon his batter'd shield,

But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,

Reuenge the heauens for old Andronicus.

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>

Chi. 

Demetrius</hi> heeres the sonne of <hi

Lucius</hi>,</sp>

He hath some message to deliuer vs.</sp>

Aron.</sp>

I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.</p>
Boy.

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

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

Exit

What's heere? a scrole, written round about? Let's see.

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

I iust, a verse in Horace: right, you haue it, Now what a thing it is to be an Asse? Heer's no sound iest, the old man hath found their guilt, And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines, That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick: But were our witty Empresse well a foot, She would applaud Andronicus conceit: But let her rest, in her vnrest a while. And now young Lords.
wasn't not a happy starre

Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then so;

Captuies, to be aduanced to this height?

It did me good before the Pallace gate,

To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.

But me more good, to see so great a Lord

Had he not reason Lord Demetrius?

Did you not vse his daughter very friendly?

I would we had a thousand Romane Dames
At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.

Had he not reason Lord Moore?

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

And that would she for twenty thousand more.

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

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

Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?

Flourish.

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

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

Flourish.

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

Deme.

Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore childe.

Good morrow Lords:

O tell me, did you see Aaron the Moore?

Heere Aaron is, and what with Aaron now?

Oh gentle Aaron, we are all vndone,

Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.

Why, what a catterwalling dost thou keepe?

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?

O that which I would hide from heauens eye,

Our Empresse shame, and stately Romes disgrace,

She is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.

To whom?

I meane she is brought a bed?

To whom?
Andronicus.

What hath he sent her?

Nurse.

A deuill.

Aron.

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

Nurse.

A ioylesse, dismall, blacke & sorrowfull issue,

Heere is the babe as loathsome as a toad,

Among'st the fairest breeders of our clime,

The Empresse sends it thee, thy stampe, thy seale,

And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.

Out you whore, is black so base a hue?

Sweet blowse, you are a beautifous blossome sure.

Villaine what hast thou done?

That which thou canst not vndoe

Thou hast vndone our mother.

And therein hellish dog, thou hast vndone,

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choyce,

Accur'st the off-spring of so foule a fiend.

It shall not liue.

Aron.

Aron.

Aron.

Aron.

Chi.

Chi.

Chi.

Chi.
It shall not die.

Nurse. it must, the mother wils it so.

Aaron? Then let no man but I

Doe execution on my flesh and blood.

Deme. giue it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it.

Ile broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point:

That shines so brightly when this Boy was got,

With all his threatening band of Typhons

Nor great Alcides, nor the God of warre,

Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:

What, what, ye sanguine shallow harte Boyes,

Ye white limb'd walls, ye Ale painted signes,

Cole blacke is better than another hue,

In that it scornes to beare another hue:

For all the water in the Ocean,

Can never turne the Swans blacke legs to white,

Although she laue them hourely in the flood:

Tell the Empresse from me, I am of age

To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can.
Deme.

Wilt thou betray thy noble mistris thus?

Aron.

My mistris is my mistris: this my selfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world do I preferre,
This mauger all the world will I keepe safe,
Or some of you shall smoake for it in Rome.

By this our mother is for euer sham'd.
Rome will despise her for this foule escape.
The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.
I blush to thinke vpon this ignominie.

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

Aaron what shall I say vnto the Empresse?
Aduise thee, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advise:

Saue thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Then sit we downe and let vs all consult.

My sonne and I will haue the winde of you:

Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety.

How many women saw this childe of his?

Why so braue Lords, whe when we ioyne in league

I am a Lambe: but if you braue the Moore,

The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyonesse,

The Ocean swells not so at Aaron:

But say againe, how many saw the childe?

Cornelia, the midwife, and my selfe,

And none else but the deliuered Empresse.

The Empresse, the Midwife, and your selfe,

Two may keepe counsell, when the third's away:

Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said,

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

What mean'st thou?

Wherefore did'st thou this?

He kils her

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

What mean'st thou?

Wherefore did'st thou this?
O Lord sir, 'tis a deed of policy?
Shall she live to betray this guilt of our's:
A long tongu'd babbling Gossip? No Lords no:
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not farre, one Muliteus my Country-man:
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His childe is like to her, faire as you are:
Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And be received for the Emperours heyre,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempest whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke ye Lords, ye see I haue giuen her physicke,
And you must needs bestow her funerall,
The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, see that you take no longer daies
But send the Midwife presently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.

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

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

Exeunt

Now to the Gothes, as swift as Swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
And secretley to greete the Empresses friends:
Come on you thick and slave, 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 whey, and sucke the Goate,
And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp
To be a warriour, and command a Campe.
Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen with bowes, and Titus bear the arrowes with Letters on the end of them.

Come Marcus, come, kinsmen this is the way.

Sir Boy let me see your Archerie,

Looke yee draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:

Terras Astrea reliquit, be you remembred Marcus.

She's gone, she's fled, sirs take you to your tooles,

You Cosens shall goe sound the Ocean:

And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,

Yet ther's as little iustice as at Land:

No Publius and Sempronius, you must doe it,

'Tis you must dig with Mattocke, and with Spade,

And pierce the inmost Center of the earth:

Then when you come to Plutoes Region,

I pray you deliuer him this petition,

Tell him it is for iustice, and for aide,

And that it comes from old Andronicus:

Shaken with sorrowes in vngratefull Rome.

Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miserable,

What time I threw the peoples suffrages

On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.

Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all.

And leaue you not a man of warre vnsearcht.

This wicked Emperour may haue shipt her hence,

And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for iustice.
Publius is not this a heauie case?

To see thy Noble Vnckle thus distract?

Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes,

By day and night t' attend him carefully:

And feede his humour kindely as we may,

Till time beget some carefull remedie.

Kinsmen, his sorrowes are past remedie.

Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,

Take wreake on Rome for this in gratitude,

And vengeance on the Traytor Saturnine.

How now? how now my Maisters?

What haue you met with her?

No my good Lord, but Pluto sends you word,

If you will haue reuenge from hell you shall,

Marrie for iustice she is so imploy'd,

He thinkes with Ioue in heauen, or some where else:

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,

He diue into the burning Lake below,

And pull her out of Acaron by the heeles.

Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,

No big bond men, fram'd of the Cyclops size,

But mettall Marcus steele to the very backe,

Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backe can beare:

And sith there's no iustice in earth nor hell,

We will sollicite heauen, and moue the Gods.
To send downe Justice for to wreake our wrongs:

Come to this gearde, you are a good Archer Marcus.

He giues them the Arrowes.

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

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

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

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

Tit.
Ha, ha, Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of these.
This was the sport my Lord, when shot.
The Bull being gal'd, gaue Aries.
such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,
And who should finde them but the Empresse villaine:
She laught, and told the Moore he should not choose
But giue them to his Maister for a present.

who = "#F-tit-and"
<Tit><p>Why there it goes, God giue you r Lordship ioy.</p></Tit>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pigeons in it.</stage>

<Titus><p>Newes, newes, from heauen, Marcus the poast is come.</p></Titus>

Sirrah, what tydings? haue you any letters? I aske thee?

<Clowne><p>Ho the libbetmaker, he sayes that he hath ta&#x00AD;ken them downe againe, for the man must not be hang'd till the next weeke.</p></Clowne>

<Clowne><p>But what sayes Jupiter I aske thee?</p></Clowne>

Jupiter: Alas sir I know not Jupiter:
I neuer dranke with him in all my life.

<Clowne><p>Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?</p></Clowne>

<Clowne><p>I of my Pigions sir, nothing else.</p></Clowne>

<Tit><p>Why, did'st thou not come from heauen?</p></Tit>
<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 Pigions to the Emperour</l>
  <lb>from you.</lb></sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>
  <l>Tell mee, can you deliuer an Oration to the</l>
  <lb>Emperour with a Grace? </lb></sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-clo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clowne.</speaker>
  <p>Nay truely sir, I could neuer say grace in all</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-and">
  <speaker rend="italic">Titus.</speaker>
  <p>Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come</p>
  <lb>to him, at the first approach you must kneele,</lb>
  <lb>then kisse his foote, then deliuer vp your Pigeons, and</lb>
  <lb>then looke for your reward. Ile be at hand sir, see you do</lb>
  <lb>it brauely.</lb></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">
Tit. Sirrah hast thou a knife? Come let me see it.

Heere Marcus, fold it in the Oration, For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant:

And when thou hast giuen it the Emperour,
Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he sayes.

God be with you sir, I will.

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

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

Why Lords, What wrongs are these? was euer seene An Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne,

Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent

Of eg all iustice, vs'd in such contempt?

My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,

(How euer these disturbers of our peace Buz in the peoples eares) there nought hath past,

But euen with law against the willfull Sonnes Of old Andronicus. And what and if

His sorrowes haue so ouerwhelm'd his wits, Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreares,

His fits, his frenzie, and his bitternesse?

And now he writes to heauen for his redresse.

See, heeres to Andronicus. And what and Mercury.

This The lamentable tragedie of Titus

Andronicus.
This to Apollo, this to the God of warre:

Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of Rome:
And blazoning our Injustice euery where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who would say, in Rome no Iustice were.
But if I liue, his fained extasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that Iustice liues
In Saturninus health; whom if he sleepe,
Hee'l so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st Conspirator that liues.

My gracious Lord, my louely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of Titus age,
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant Sonnes,
Whose losse hath pier'st him deepe, and scar'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Then prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts. Why thus it shall become
High witted Tamora to glose with all:

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

Enter Clowne.
How now good fellow, would'st thou speake with vs?
Yea forsooth, and your Mistership be Emperiall.
Empresse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.
"Tis he; God & Saint Stephen giue you good den;
I haue brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pigions heere.

He reads the Letter.

Goe take him away, and hang him presently.

How much money must I haue?

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

Enter Nuntius Emillius.

What newes with thee Emillius?

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

Enter Nuntius Emillius.
Arme my Lords, Rome never had more cause,
The Gothes have gathered head, and with a power Of high resolved men, bent to the spoyle.
They hither march amain, under conduct of

Of Lucius, son of old Andronicus:
Who threatens in course of this revenge to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Is warlike Lucius General of the Gothes?
These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat downe with stormes:
I, now begins our sorrows to approach,
'Tis he the common people love so much,
(When I have walked like a private man)
That Lucius banishment was wrongfully,

And they have wished that Lucius were their Emperor.

Why should you fear? Is not our City strong?
I, but the Citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

I, but the Citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Is the Sun dim'd, that Gnats do fly in it?
The Eagle suffers little Birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
 Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody.
Even so mayest thou, the giddy men of Rome,
Then cheer thy spirit, for know thou Emperor,
I will enchant the old

King.
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
Then baietes to fish, or hony stalkes to sheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baiete,
The other rotted with delicious foode.

But he will not entreat his Sonne for vs.

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

Your bidding shall I do effectually.

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

Your bidding shall I do effectually.

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

Then goe successantly and plead for him.

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

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

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

Luci. I humbly thanke him, and I thanke you all. But who comes heere, led by a lusty Goth.

Renowned Lucius, from our troops I straid, To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie, And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Goth. Enter a Goth leading of Aaron with his child in his armes.

Renowned Lucius, from our troops I straid, To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie, And the Lamentable Tragedie of Titus.
Andronicus.

<cb n="1"/>

And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye
Vpon the wasted building, suddainely
I heard a childe cry vnderneath a wall:
I made vnto the noyse, when soone I heard,
The crying babe control'd with this discourse:
Did not thy Hue bewray whose brat thou art?
Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke,
Villaine thou might'st haue bene an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both
milk:white,
They neuer do beget a
cole:cole:
Peace, villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I must beare thee to a trusty Goth,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe,
Will hold thee dearely for thy Mothers sake,
With this, my weapon drawne I rusht vpon him,
Surpriz'd him suddainely, and brought him hither
To vse, as you thinke needefull of the man.

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

<sp who="F-tit-aar">
Aron.</sp>
Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood.

<sp who="F-tit-luc">
Luci.</sp>
Too like the Syre for euer being good.
First hang the Child that he may see it sprall.
A sight to vexe the Fathers soule withall.

<sp who="F-tit-aar">
Aron.</sp>
Get me a Ladder Lucius, saue the
Childe,

And beare it from me to the Empresse:

If thou do this, Ile shew thee wondrous things,

That highly may advantage thee to heare;

If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,

Ile speake no more: but vengeance rot you all.

Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,

Thy child shall liue, and I will see it Nourisht.

And if it please thee? why assure thee {Lucius},

'Twill vexe thy soule to heare what I shall speake:

For I must talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Massacres,

Acts of Blacke night, abhominable Deeds,

Complots of Mischief, Treason, Villanies

Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiously preform'd,

And this shall all be buried by my death,

Vnlesse thou sweare to me my Childe shall liue.

Tell on thy minde,

I say thy Childe shall liue.

What if I do not, as indeed I do not,

Yet for I know thou art Religious,

And hast a thing within thee, called Conscience,

With twenty Popish trickes and Ceremonies,

Which I haue seene thee carefull to obserue:

Therefore I urge thy oath, for that I know

An Ideot holds his Bauble for a God,

And keepes the oath which by that God he sweares,

To that Ile urge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God so ere it be
That thou adorest, and hast in reverence,
To saue my Boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
Ore else I will discouer nought to thee.

Euen by my God I sweare to thee I will.

First know thou, I begot him on the Empresse.

Oh most Insatiate luxurious woman!

Why she was washt, and cut, and trim'd her as thou saw'st.

Oh detestable villaine!

Tut, this was but a deed of Charitie,
To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,
'Twas her two Sonnes that murdered

They cut thy Sisters tongue, and rauisht her,
And cut her hands off, and trim'd her as thou saw'st.

Oh detestable villaine!

Call'st thou that Trimming?

Why she was washt, and cut, and trim'd,
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Oh barbarous beastly villaines like thy selfe!

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

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

Andronicus.

But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Aron.

If there be diuels, would I were a deuill,
To liue and burne in euerverlasting fire,
So I might haue your company in hell,
But

The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus
Andronicus.

But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Goth.

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

Emillius.

Lord Lucius, and you Princes of the Gothes,
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Emillius, what the newes from Rome?

Lord Lucius, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me.
And for he vnderstands you are in Armes,
Willing you to demand your Hostages,
And they shall be immediately delivered.

Who = "#F-tit-got"

Goth. What saies our Generall?

Who = "#F-tit-luc"

Luc. Emilius, let the Emperour giue his pledges into my Father, and my Vncle Marcus.

Emillius. Flourish.

And we will come: march away.

Exeunt.

Enter Tamora, and her two Sonnes disguised.

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

They knocke and Titus opens his study dore.

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

Tam. They knocke and Titus opens his study dore.
<hi rend="italic">Titus</hi>, I am come to talke with thee,
</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 eno</l>
  <l>ught, Witnesse this wretched stump,</l>
  <l>Witnesse these crimson lines,</l>
  <l>Witnesse these Trenches made by griefe 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</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Tamora</hi>:</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tit-tam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tamo.</speaker>
  <l>Know thou sad man, I am not</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 wraekeful 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 Cauie 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>
Tit. Do me some service ere I come to thee:
Loe by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,
Now giue some surance that thou art Reuenge,
Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,
And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
Prouide thee two proper Palfries, as blacke as Jet,
To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,
And finde out Murder in their guilty cares,
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheel,<n
Euen from Eptons rising in the East,
Vntill his very downefall in the Sea.
And day by day Ile do this heauy taske,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tit. These are my Ministers, and come with me.

Tam. Rape and Murder, therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

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

Tam. This closing with him, fits his Lunacie,
What ere I forge to feede his braine sicke fits,
Do you vphold, and maintaine in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Reuenge.
And being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius his sonne.
And whil'st I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practise out of hand
to scatter and disperse the giddie gothes,
or at the least make them his enemies:
See here he comes, and I must play my theme.

Long have I beene forlorn, 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 devil?
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 convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?

Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.
Shew me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.
And I shall find 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.

Go thou with them,

There is a Queene attended by a Moore,

Well maist thou know her by thy owne proportion,

For vp and downe she d

oth resemble thee.

I pray thee doe on them some violent death,

They haue bene violent to me and mine.

Tamora

The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus

Andronicus.

To send for thy thrice Valiant Sonne,

Who leades towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,

And bid him come and Banquet at thy house.

When he is heere, euen at thy Solemne Feast,

I will bring in the Empresse and her Sonnes,

The Emperour himselfe, and all thy Foes,

And at thy mercy shall they stoop, and kneele,

And on them shalt thou ease, thy angry heart:

What saies Andronicus to this deuise?

Enter Marcus.

Lucius thy thrice Valiant Sonne,

Who leades towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,

And bid him come and Banquet at thy house.

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And at thy mercy shall they stoop, and kneele,

And on them shalt thou ease, thy angry heart:

What saies Andronicus to this deuise?

Enter Marcus.
This will I do, and soone returne againe.

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

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

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

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

Madam depart at pleasure, leaue vs heere.

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

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

Tell vs old man, how shall we be imploy'd?

Tut, I haue worke enough for you to doe, Publius come hither, come hither.
Caius, and Valentine.

Who pub

What is your will?

Know you these two?

The Empresse Sonnes

I take them, Chiron, Demetrius.

Titus.

Fie Publius, fie, thou art too much deceau'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore bind them gentle Publius.

Villaines forbeare, we are the Empresse Sonnes.

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.

Come, come Lauinia, looke, thy Foes are bound.
Sirs stop their mouthes, let them not speake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.
Oh Villaines, Chiron, and
Demetrius,

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

This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt.

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

Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death.

My hand cut off, and made a merry iest.

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

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.

Receive 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.
Marcus, and the Gothes. Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes. Enter Lucius,
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lucius,

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

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

Luc. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous Moore,

Aron. Some deuill whisper curses in my eare,

Luc. Away Inhumaine Dogge, Vnhallowed Slaue,

Flourish Enter Emperour and Empresse, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the Firemament more Suns then one?

Luc. What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a Sunne?
Romes Emperour & Nephewe breake the parle

These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The Feast is ready which the carefull

Hath ordained to an Honourable end,
For Peace, for Loue, for League, and good to Rome:
Please you therfore draw nie and take your places.

Marcus we will.

Hobyes.

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

Because I would be sure to haue all well,
To entertaine your Highnesse, and your Empresse.

And welcome all: although the cheere be poore,
'Twill fill your stomacks, please you eat of it.

We are beholding to you good

Andronicus?
Tit. And if your Highness knew my heart, you were:

Tit. My Lord the Emperour resolue me this, Was it well done of rash Virginius?

Tit. Because she was enfor'st, stain'd, and deflow'r'd?

Sat. It was Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, Mighty Lord?

Sat. Because the Girle, should not suruiue her shame,

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuall,

Tit. Die, die, Lauinia, and thy shame with thee,

Tit. And with thy shame, thy Fathers sorrow die.

He kils her.

Sat. What hast done, vnnaturall and vnkinde?

Sat. What was she rauisht? tell who did the deed.
Tit. Wilt please you eat, Wilt please your Highnesse feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slaine thine onely Daughter?

Chiron and Demetrius They rauisht her, and cut away her tongue, And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Satu. Go fetch them hither to vs presently.

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

He stabs the Empresse.

Satu. Die frant icke wretch, for this accursed deed.

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

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

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

This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdred our Emperours Brother,
And they it were that rauished our Sister,
For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares despis'd, and basely cousernt,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And sent her enemies vnto the graue,
Lastly, my selfe vnkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among Romes Enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true teares,
And op'd their armes to imbrace me as a Friend:
And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you,
That haue preseru'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosome tooke the Enemies point,
Sheathing the steele in my aduentrous body.
Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,
My scars can witnesse, dumbe although they are,
That my report is iust and full of truth:
But soft, me thinkes I do digresse too much,
Cyting my worthlesse praise: Oh pardon me,
For when no Friends are by, men praise themselves,
Now is my turne to speake: Behold this Child,
Of this was Tamora deliuered,
The issue of an Irreligious Moore,
Chiefe Architect and plotter of these woes,
The Villaine is aliue in Titus house,
And as he is, to witnesse this is true.
Now iudge what course had Titus to reuenge
These wrongs, vsnspeakeable past patience,
Or more then any liuing man could beare.
Now you haue heard the truth, what say you Romaines?
Haue we done ought amisse? shew vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of Andronici,
Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines,
And make a mutuall closure of our house,
Loe hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.
Come come, thou reuerent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
The common voyce do cry it shall be so.
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Moore</hi>,

To be adjudg'd some direfull slaughtering death,

As punishment for his most wicked life.

Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouernour.

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,

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.

Teare for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,

Thy Brother tenders on thy Lips:

O were the summe of these that I should pay

Countlesse, and infinit, yet would I pay them.

Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of vs

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

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

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

I should repent the Euils I haue done.
Ten thousand worse, then euer yet I did.
Would I performe if I might haue my will:
I do repent it from my very Soule.

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

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.