The Lamentable Tragedy of
Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

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

Saturninus,

NOble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my Cause with Armes.
And Countrey-men, my loving Followers,
Pleade my Successive 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 live in me,
Nor wrong mine Age with this indignitie.
Bassianus. Romaines, Friends, Followers,
Favourers of my Right:
If ever *Bassianus, Casars* Sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,
Keepe then this passage to the Capitoll:
And suffer not Dishonour to approach
Th'Imperiall Seate to Vertue : consecrate
To Justice, 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 strive by Factions, and by Friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Empery :
Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A speciall Party, have 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 braver Warriour,
Lives 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 up in Armes.
Ten yeares are spent, since first he undertooke
This Cause of Rome, and chasticed with Armes
Our Enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes
In Coffins from the Field.
And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyles,
Returnes the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus,* flourishing in Armes.

Let us intreat, by Honour of his Name,
Whom (worthily) you would have 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 uprightnesse and Integrity :
And so I Love and Honor thee, and thine,
Thy Noble Brother *Titus,* and his Sonnes,
And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious *Lavinia,* Romes rich Ornament,
That I will heere dismisse my loving Friends :
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Favour,
Commit my Cause in balance to be weigh'd.
Exit Souldiours.
Saturnine. Friends, that have beene
Thus forward in my Right,
I thanke you all, and heere Dismisse you all,
And to the Love and Favour of my Countrey,
Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Cause :
Rome, be as just and gracious unto 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 up into the Senat house.

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

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

Andronicus. Haile Rome :
Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes :
Loe,

Loe as the Barke that hath discharg'd his fraught,
Returnes with precious lading to the Bay,
From whence at first she [wegih'd] her Anchorage :
Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrell bowes,
To resalute his Country with this teares,
Teares of true joy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
Romaines, of five and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Halfe of the number tht King *Priam* had,
Behold the poore remaines alive and dead!
These that Survive, let Rome reward with Love :
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With buriall amongst their Auncestors.
Heere Gothes have given me leave to sheathe my Sword:
Titus unkinde, and carelesse of thine owne,
Why suffer'st thou thy Sonnes unburied yet,
To hover 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 joyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobilitie,
How many Sonnes of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?
Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Gothes,
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
Admanus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh :
Before this earthly prison of their bones,
That so the shadowes be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodegies on earth.
Tit. I give him you, the Noblest that Survives,
The eldest Son of this distressed Queene.
[*Tam.]* Stay Romaine Bretheren, Gracious Conqueror,
Victorious *Titus,* [rue] the teares I shed,
A Mothers teares in passion for her sonne :
And if thy Sonnes were ever 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
Captive to thee,and to thy Romaine yoake,
But must my Sonnes be slaughtred in the streetes,
For Valiant doings in their Countries cause?
O ! If to fight for King and Common-weale,
Were piety in thine, it is in these :
*Andronicus,*staine not thy Tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull.
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge.
Thrice Noble *Titus*, spare my first borne sonne.
Tit. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me.
There are the Brethren, whom you Gothes beheld
Alive and dead, and for their Bretheren slaine,
Religiously they aske a sacrifice:
To this your sonne is markt, and die he must,
T'appease their groaning shadowes that are gone.
Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight,
And with our Swords upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane consum'd.

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamo; O cruell irreligious piety.
Chi. Was ever Scythia halfe so barbarous[?]
Dem Oppose me Scythia to ambitious Rome,

Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive,
To tremble under *Titus* threatening lookes,
Then Madam stand resolv'd, but hope withall.
The selfe same Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of sharpe revenge
Upon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May favour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes,and *Tamora* was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Luci. See Lord and Father,how we have perform'd
Our Romaine rightes, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feed the sacrifising fire,
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren,
And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome.
Tit. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his latest farewell to their soules.
Flourish,
Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe.
In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes,
Romes readiest Champions,repose you heere in rest,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps :
Heere lurks no Treason,heere no envie swels,
Neere grow no damned grudges, heere are no stormes,
No noyse,but silence and Eternall sleepe,
In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes.

Enter Lavinia.

Lavi. In peace and Honour,live Lord *Titus* long,
My Noble Lord and Father, live in Fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my Bretherens Obsequies:
And at thy feete I kneele,with teares of joy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O blesse me heere with thy victorious hand,
Whose Fortune Romes best Citizens applau'd,
Ti. Kind Rome,
That hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lavinia live,out-live thy Fathers dayes :
And Fames eternall date for vertues praise.
Marc. Long live Lord *Titus,* my beloved brother,
Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome.
Tit. Thankes Gentle Tribune,
Noble brother *Marcus.*
Mar. And welcome Nephews from successfull wars,
You that survive 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 over chaunce in honours bed.
*Titus Andronicus,,*the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever bene,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,
This Palliament of white and spotlesse Hue,
And name thee in Election for the Empire,
With these our late deceased Emperours Sonnes :
Be *Candidatus* then and put it on,
And helpe to set a head on headlesse Rome.
Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,
Then his that shakes for age and feeblenesse:

What

What should I d'on this Robe and trouble you,
Be chosen with proclamations to day
To morrow yeeld up rule, resigne my life,
And set abroad new businesse for you all.
Rome I have 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 Service of their Noble Countrie:
Give me a staffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a Scepter to controule the world,
Upright he held it Lords, that held it last.
Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtaine and aske the Emperie.
Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune can'st thou tell?
Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus.*
Sat. Romaines do me right.
Patricians draw your swords ,and sheath them not
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour :
Andronicus would thou wert shipt to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.
Luc. Proud *Saturnine,* interrupter of the good
That Noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.
Tit. Content the Prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples harts,and weane them from themselves.
Bass. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee
But Honour thee, and will doe till I die :
My Faction if thou strengthen with thy Friend?
I will most thankefull be, and thankes to men
Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Meede.
Tit. People of Rome,and Noble Tribune s heere,
I aske your voyces and your Suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus?*
Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus,*
And Gratulate his safe returne to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.
Tit. Tribunes I thanke you, and this [sure] I make,
That you Create your Emperours eldest sonne,
Lord *Saturnine,* whose Vertues will I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth,
And ripen justice in this Common-weale :
Then if you will elect by my advise,
Crowne him, and say : Long live our Emperour.
Mar. An. With Voyces and applause of every sort,
Patricians and Plebians we Create
Lord *Saturninus* Romes Great Emperour.
And say, *Long live our EMperour Saturnine.*
A long Flourish till thy come downe.
*Satu. Titus Andronicus,*for thy Favours done,
To us in our Election this day,
I give thee thankes in part of thy Deserts,
And will with Deeds requite thy gentlenesse :
And for an Onset *Titus* to advance
Thy Name, and Honorable Familie,
Lavinia will I make my Empresse,
Rome s Royall Mistris, Mistris of my hart
And in the Sacred *Pathan* her espouse :
Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion please thee ?
Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me Highly Honored of your Grace,
And heere in sight of Rome, to *Saturnine,*
King and Commander of our Common-weale,
The Wide-worlds Emperour , do I Consecrate,
My Sword,my Chariot,and my Prisoners,
Presents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord :
Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feete.

Sat. Thanks Noble *Titus,* Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee,and of thy gifts
Rome shall record,and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable Deserts,
Romans forget your Fealtie to me.
Tit. Now madam are [your] prisoner to an Emperor,
To him that for you Honour and your State,
Will use you Nobly and your followers.
Satu. A goodly Lady,trust me of the Hue
That I would choose, were I to choose a new :
Cleere up 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 usage 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?
Lavinia you are not displeased with this ?
Lav. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,
Warrants these words in Princely curtesie.
Sat . Thankes sweete *Lavinia,* Romans let us goe:
Ransomlesse heere we set our Prisoners free,
Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpe and Drum.
Bass. Lord *Titus* by your leave, this Maid is mine.
Tit. How sir? Are you in earnest then my Lord?
Bass. I Noble *Titus,* and resolv'd withall,
To doe my selfe this reason, and this right.
Marc. *Suum cuiquam,*is our Romane Justice,
This Prince in Justice ceazeth but his owne.
Luc. And that he will and shall, if *Lucius* live.
Tit. Traytors avant,where is the Emperours Guarde?
Treason my Lord, *Lavinia* is surpris'd.
Sat. Surpris'd, by whom?
Bass. By him that justly may
Beare his Betroth'd,from all the world away.
Muti. Brothers helpe to convey her hence away.
And with my Sword Ile keepe this doore safe.
Tit . Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her backe.
Mut. My Lord you passe not heere.
Tit. What villaine Boy, bar'st me my way in Rome?
Mut. Helpe *Lucius* helpe. *He kils him.*
Luc. My Lord you are unjust, and more than so,
wrongfull quarrell, you have slaine your son.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine,
My sonnes would never so dishonour me.
Traytor restore *Lavinia* to the Emperour.
Luc. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promist Love.

Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two sonnes,and Aaron the Moore.

Empe. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:
Ile trust by Leisure him that mocks me once.
Thee never : nor thy Trayterous haughty sonnes,
Confederates all,this to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale
But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*
Agree these Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That said'st ,I beg'd the Empire at thy hands**:**
Tit. O monstrous,what reproachful words are these?
Sat. But goe thy wayes, goe give that changing peece,
To him that flourisht for her with his Sword :
A Valliant fonne in-law thou shalt enjoy :
One, fit to bandy with thy lawlesse Sonnes,

To

To ruffllle in the Common-wealth of Rome.
Tit. These words are Razors to my wounded hart.
Sat. And therefore lovely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
That like the stately *Phebe* mong'st her Nimphs
Dost over-shine the Gallant'st Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sodaine choyse,
Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
And will Create thee Empresse of Rome.
Speake Queene of Goths dost thou applau'd my choyse?
And heere I sweare by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Priest and Holy-water are so neere,
And Tapers burne so bright, and every thing
In readines for *Hymeneus* stand,
I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,
I leade espous'd my Bride along with me.
Tamo. And heere in sight of heaven to Rome I sweare,
If *Saturnine* advance the Queen of Gothes,
Shee will a Hand-maid be to his desires,
A loving Nurse, a Mother to his youth.
Satur. Ascend Faire Queene,
Panthean Lords, accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his lovely Bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisedome hath her Fortune Conquered,
There shall we Consummate our Spousall rites.
Exeunt omnes.
Tit. I am not bid to waite upon this Bride:
Titus when wer't thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes.

Mar O *Titus* see! O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrell,slaine a Vertuous sonne,
Tit. No foolish Tribune,no : No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nore these Confederates in the deed,
That hath dishonored all our Family,
Unworthy brother, and unworthy Sonnes.
Luci. But let us give him buriall as becomes :
Give *Mutius* buriall with our Bretheren.
Tit. Traytors away, he rest's not in this Tombe :
This Monument five hundreth yeares hath stood,
Which I have Sumptuously re-edified :
Heere none but Souldiers, and Romes Servitors,
Repose in Fame : None basely slaine in braules,
Bury him where you can, he comes not heere.
Mar. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his bretheren.
Titus two Sonnes speakes.
And shall, or him we will accompany.
Ti. And shall! What villaine was it spake that word?
Titus sonne speakes.
He that would vouch'd it in any place but heere.
Tit. What would you bury him in my despight?
Mar. No Noble *Titus,* but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius,* and to bury him.
Tit. Marcus, Even thou hast stroke upon my Crest,
And with these Boyes mine Honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you every one.
So trouble me no more,but get you gone.
1.*Sonne.* He is not himselfe let us withdraw.
2.*Sonne.* Not I tell *Mutius* bones be buried.
The Brother and the sonnes kneele.
Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd.

2.*Sonne*. Father,and in that name doth nature speake.
Tit. Speake thou no more if all the rest will speede.
Mar. Renowned *Titus* more then halfe my soule.
Luc/ Dear Father, soule and substance of us all.
Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre
His Noble Nephew heere in vertues nest,
That died in Honour and *Lavinia's* cause.
Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous :
The Greekes upon advise did bury *Ajax*
That slew himselfe : And *Laertes* sonne,
Did graciously plead for his Funerals :
Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy joy,
Be bar'd his entrance heere.
Tit. Rise *Marcus,*rise,
The dismall'st day is this that ere I saw,
To be dishonored by my Sonnes in Rome:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
They put him in the Tombe.
Luc. There lie thy bones sweet *Mutius* with thy
Till we with Trophees do adorne thy Tombe. (friends
They all kneele and say.
No man shed teares for Noble *Mutius,*
He lives in Fame,that di'd in vertues cause *Exit.*
Mar. My Lord to step out of these sudden dumps,
How comes it that the subtile Queene of Gothes,
Is of a sodaine thus advanc'd in Rome?
Ti. I know not *Marcus :* but I know it is,
(Whether by devise or no) the heavens can tell,
Is [ihe]*[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 Lavinia with others.
Sat. So *Bassianus,*you have plaid your prize,
Got give you joy 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 leave.
Sat. Traytor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy Faction shall repent this Rape,
Bass. Rape call you it my Lord, to cease my owne,
My true betrothed Love, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am possest of that is mine.
Sat. 'Tis good sir : you are very short with us,
But if we live,weele be as sharpe with you.
Bass. My Lord,what I have done as best I may,
Answere I must, and shall do with my life,
Onely thus much I give 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 *Lavinia,*
With his owne hand did slay his youngest Son,
In zeale to you,and highly mov'd to wrath.
To be controul'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour *Saturnine,*
That hath expre'st himselfe in all his deeds,
A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome.
Tit. Prince *Bassianus* leave to plead my Deeds,
'Tis thou,and those, that have dishonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have loved and Honour'd *Saturnine.*
Tam. My worthy Lord if ever *Tamora,*

Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me speake indifferently for all :
And at my sute (sweet) pardon what is past.
Satu. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?
Tam. Not so my Lord,
The Gods of Rome for-fend,
I should be Authour to dishonour you,
But on mine honour dare, I undertake
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 be me, be wonne at last,
Dissemble all your griefes and discontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Least then the people, and Patricians too,
Upon a just survey take *Titus* part,
And so supplant us 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 *[raze]* their faction,and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his trayt'rous fonnes,
To whom I sued for my deare sonnes life.
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queene.
Kneele in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus)*
Take up this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.
King. Rise *Titus,*rise,
My Empresse hath prevail'd.
Titus. I thanke your Majestie,
And her my Lord.
These words, these lookes,
Infuse new life in me.
Tamo. *Titus,* I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily.
And must advise the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronicus.*
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you Prince *Bassianus,* I have past
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractible.
And feare not Lords:
And you *Lavinia,*
By my advise all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon on his Majistie.
Son. We doe,
And vow to heaven, and to his Hignes,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tendring our sisters honour and our owne.
Mar. That on mine honour heere I do protest.
King. Away and talke not,trouble us no more.
Tamora. Nay,nay,
Sweet Emperour, we must all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied,sweet hart looke back.
King. *Marcus,*
For thy sake and thy brothers heere,
And at my lovely *Tamora's* intreats,
I doe remit these young mens haynous faults.
Stand up: *Lavinia,* though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and sure as death I sware,

I would not part a Batchellour from the Priest.
Come, if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest *Lavinia,* and your friends :
This day shall be a Love-day *Tamora.*
Tit. To morrow and it please your Majestie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and Hound,
Weele give your Grace *Bon jour.*
Satur. Be it so *Titus,* and Gramercy to. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secunda.

Flourish. *Enter Aaron alone.*

Aron. Now climbeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flash,
Advanc'd about pale envies threatning reach:
As when the golden Sunne salutes the morne,
And having gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering Coach,
And over-lookes the hightst piering hills :
So *Tamora*
Upon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue stoopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aaron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mistris,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,
And faster bound to *Aarons* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheus* ti'de to *Caucasus.*
Away with slavish weedes, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in Pearle and Gold,
To waite upon 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?
Enter Chiron and Demetrius braving.
Dem. *Chiron* thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intru'd where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou know'st affected be.
Chi. *Demetrius,* thou doo'st over-weene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braves,
'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 serve, and to deserve my Mistrus grace,
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for *Lavinia's* love.
*Aron.*Clubs, clubs, these lovers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (unadvised)
Gave you a daunsing Rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends?
Goe too : have your Lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Meane while sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Deme. I Boy, grow you so brave ? *They drawe.*
Aron. Why how now Lords?
So nere th Emperours Pallace dare you draw,

And

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 up.
Deme. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breat'd in my dishonour heere.
Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolv'd,
Foule spoken Coward,
That thunderest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st performe.
Aron. A way I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
This pretty brabble will undoo us all :
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to set upon a Princes right?
What is *Lavinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulement, Justice, or revenge?
Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,
This discord ground,the musicke would not please.
Chi. I care not I. knew she and all the world,
I love *Lavinia* more then all the world.
Demet. Youngling,
Learne thou to make some meaner choise,
Lavinia is thine elder brothers hope.
Aron. Why are you mad? Or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in love?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this devise.
*Chi. Aaron,*a thousand deaths would I propose,
To atchieve her whom I do love.
Aron. To atcheive her, how?
Deme. Why, mak'st thou it so strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne,
Shee is *Lavinia* therefore must be lov'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 shive we know :
Though *Bassianus* be the Emperours brother,
Better then he have worne *Vulcans* badge.
Aron. I, and as good as *Saturnius* may.
Deme. Then why should he dispaire that knowes to
With words, faire lookes, and liberality : (court it
What hast not thou full often strucke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?
Aron. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so
Would serve your turnes.
Chi. I so the turne were served.
Deme. Aaron thou hast hit it.
Aron. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this adoo :
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,
To square for this ? Would it offend you then ?
Chi. Faith not me.
Deme. Nor me,so I were one.
Aron. For shame be friends, & joyne for that you jar :
Tis pollicie, and strategeme must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolve,

That what you cannot as you would atcheive,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chast
Then this *Lavinia, Bassianus* love,
A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path :
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand.
There will the lovely Roman Ladies troope:
The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie :
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come,come,our Empresse with her sacred wit
To villainie and vengance consecrate,
We will acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with advise,
That will not suffer you to square your selves,
But to your wishes height advance you both.
The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,
Tha pallace full or tongues, of eyes, of eares :
The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadfull, deafe, and dull :
There speake, and strike brave Boyes, & take your turnes.
There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heavens eye,
And reveill in *Lavinia's* Treasurie.
Chi. Thy counsell Lad smells of no cowardise.
Deme. [Sij] fas aut nefas, till I fine the streames,
To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits,
Per Stigia per manas Vehor. *Exeunt.*

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

Tit. The hunt is up,the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are greene,
Uncouple heere, and let us make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his lovely 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 have bene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

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

Ti. Many good morrowes to your Majestie,
Madam to you as many and as good.
I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale.
Satur. And you have rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat to earely for new married Ladies.
Bass. Lavinia, how say you ?
Lavi. I say no :
I have bene awake two houres and more.
Satur. Come on then, horse and Chariots let us have,
And to our sport : Madam,now shall ye see,
Our Romaine hunting.
Mar. I have dogges my Lord,
Will rouze the proudest Panther in the Chase,
And clime the highest P omontary top.
Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes likes Swallowes ore the plaine

Deme. *Chiron* we hunt not we, with Horse nor Hound
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt*

Enter Aaron alone.

Aron. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
To bury so much Gold under a Tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know that this Gold must coine a stragageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany :
And so repose sweet Gold for their unrest,
That have their Almes out of the Empresse Chest.

Enter Tamora to the Moore.

Tamo. My lovely *Aaron,*
Wherefore look's t thou sad,
When every thing doth make a Gleefull boast ?
The Birds chaunt melody on every bush,
The Snake lies rolled un the chearefull Sunne,
The greene leaves quiver with the cooling winde,
And make a cheker'd shadow on the ground :
Under their sweete shade, *Aaron* let us sit,
And whil'st the babline Eccho mock's the HOunds,
Replying shrilly to the well tun'd-Hornes,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit downe,and marke their yelping noyse:
And after conflict, such as was suppos'd.
The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storme they were surpris'd,
And Curtain'd with a Counsaile-keeping Cave,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our pastimes done) possesse a Golden slumber,
Whiles Hounds and Hornes,and sweet Melodious Birds
Be unto us, as is a Nurses Song
Of Lullabie,to bring her Babe asleepe.

Aron. Madame,
Though *Venus* governe your desires,
Saturne is Dominator over mine :
What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence,and my Cloudy Melancholie,
My fleece of Wooly haire,that now uncurles,
Even as an Adder when she doth unrowle
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 Doome for *Bassianus;*
His *Philomel* must loose her tongue to day,
Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chastity,
And wash their hands in *Bassianus* blood.
Seest thou this Letter, take it up I pray thee,
And give the King this fatall plotted Scrowle,
Now question me no more, we are espied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives destruction.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

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

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

Bassi. Whom have we heere?
Romes Royall Empresse,

Unfurnisht of our well beseeming troope?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groves,
To see the generall Hunting in this Forrest?
Tamo. 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 limbes,
Unmannerly Intruder as thou art.
Lavi. Under your patience gentle Empresse,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in Horning,
And to be doubted, that your *Moore* and you
Anr singled forth to try experiments :
Jove sheild your husband from his Hounds to day,
'Tis pitty they should take him for a Stag.
Bassi. Beleeve me Queene,your swarth Cymerion,
Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue,
Spotted, detested, and abhominable.
Why are you sequestred from all your traine?
Dismounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,
And wandered hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moore,*
If foule desire had not conducted you?
Lavi. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my Noble Lord,be rated
For Saucinesse,I pray you let us hence,
And let her joy her Raven coloured love.
This valley fits the purpose passing well.
Bassi. The King my Brother shall have notice of this.
Lavi. I,for these slips have made him noted long,
Good King, to be so mightily abused.
Tamora. Why I have patience to endure all this?
Enter Chiron and Demetrius.
Dem. How now deere Soveraigne
And our gracious Mother,
Why doth your Highness looke so pale and wan?
Tamo. Have I not reason thinke you to looke pale.
These two have tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren, detested vale you see it is.
The Trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,
Ore-come with Mosse,and balefull Misselto.
Heere never shines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds,
Unlesse the nightly Owle,or fatall Raven :
And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me heere at dead time of the night,
A thousand Fiends, a thousand hissing Snakes,
Ten thoussand swelling Toades, as many Urchins,
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,
Unto the body of a dismall yew,
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me a foule Adulteresse,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest tearmes
That ever care did heare to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed :
Revenge it, as you love 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.
Lav. I come *Semeramis,* nay Barbarous *Tamora.*

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.
Tam. Give me thy poyniard,you shal know my boyes
Your Mothers hand shall right your Mohers wrong.
Deme. Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,
First thrash the Corne,then after burne the straw:
This Minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her Nuptiall vow,her loyaltie.
And with that painted hope,braves your Mightinesse,
And shall she carry this unto her grave?
Chi. And if she doe,
I would I were an Eunich,
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead Trunke-Pillow to our lust.
Tamo. But when ye have the hony we desire,
Let not this Waspe out-live us both to sting.
Chir, I warrant you Madam we will make that sure:
Come Mistris,now perforce we will enjoy,
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.
Lavi. Oh *Tamora,*thou bear'st a woman face.
Tamo. A will not heare he speake,away with her.
Lavi. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.
Demet. Listen faire Madam,let it be your glory
To see her teares,but be your hart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of raine.
Lavi. When did the Tigers young-ones teach the dam?
O doe not learne her wrath,she taught it thee,
The milke thou suck'st from her did turne to Marble,
Even at thy Teat thou had'st thy Tyranny,
Yet every Mother breeds not Sonnes alike,
Do thou intreat her shew a woman pitty.
Chiro. What,
Would'st thou have me prove my selfe a bastard?
Lavi. 'Tis true,
The Raven doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet have I heard,Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion mov'd with pitty, did indure
To have his Princely pawes par'd all away.
Some say,that Ravens foster forlorne children,
The whil'st their owne birds famish in their nests :
Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no,
Nothing so kind but something pittifull.
Tamo. I know not what it meanes away with her.
Lavin. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,
That gave thee life when well he might have slaine thee:
Be not obdurate,open thy deafe eares.
Tamo. Had'st thou in person nere offended me.
Even for his sake am I pittilesse:
Remember Boyes I powr'd forth teares in vaine,
To save your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her and use her as you will,
The worse to her,the better lov'd of me.
Lavi. Oh *Tamora,*
Be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For 'tis not life that I have beg'd so long,
Poore I was slaine, when *Bassianus* dy'd.
Tam. What beg'st thou then? fond woman let me go?
Lavi. '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 never mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.
Tam. So should I rob my sweet Sonnes of their fee,
No let them satisfie their lust on thee.

Deme. Away,
For thou hast staid us heere too long.
Lavinia. No Garace,
No womanhood? Ah beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confusion fall—
Chi. Nay then Ile stop your mouth
Bring thou her husband,
This is the Hole where *Aaron* bid us hide him.
Tam. Farewell my Sonnes,see that you make her sure,
Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the *Andronici* be made away:
Now will I hence to seeke my lovely *Moore,*
And let my spleenefull Sonnes this Trull defloure. *Exit.*

Enter Aaron with two of Titus Sonnes.

Aron. Come on my Lords,the better foot before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast asleepe.
Quin. My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.
Marti. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleepe a while.
Quin. What art thou fallen?
What subtile Hole is this,
Whose mouth is covered with Rude growing Briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed-blood,
As fresh as mornings dew distil'd on flowers,
A very fatall place it seemes to me:
Speake Brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall:
Martius. Oh Brother,
With the dismal'st object
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.
Aron. Now will I fetch the King to fined them heere,
That he thereby may have a likely gesse,
How these were they that made away his Brother
Exit Aaron.
Marti. Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained Hole?
Quintus. I am surprised with an uncouth feare,
A chilling sweat ore-runs my trembling joynts,
My heart suspects more then mine eie can see.
Marti. To prove thou hast a true divining heart,
Aaron and thou looke downe into this den,
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.
Quintus. *Aaron* is gone,
And my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing where at it trembles by surmise:
Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.
Marti. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to the slaughtered Lambe,
In this detested, darke, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be darke,how doost thou know 'tis he?
Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious Ring,that lightens all the Hole:
Which like a Taper in some Monument,
Doth shine upon the dead mans earthly cheekes,
And shewes the ragged intrailes of the pit:
So pale did shine the Moone on *Piramus,*
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood:
O Brother helpe me with thy fainting hand.
If feare hath made thee faint as mee it hath,
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hatefull as *Ocitus* mistie mouth.
Quint. Reach me thy hand,that I may helpe thee out,
Or

Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus* grave :
I have no strength to plucke thee to the brinke.
*Martius.*Nor I no strength to clime without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more,I will not loose againe,
Till thou art heere aloft,or I below,
Thou can'st not come to me, I come to thee. *Boths fall in.*

Enter the Emperour , Aaron the Moore.

Satur. Along with me,Ile see what hole is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say,who art thou that lately did'it descend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Marti. The unhappie sonne of old *Andronicus,*
Brought hither in a most unluckie hour,
To finde thy brother *Bassianus* dead.
Satur. My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Upon the North-side of this pleasant Chase,
'Tis not an houre since I left him there.
Marti. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out alas, heere have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tamo. Where is my Lord the King?
*King.*Heere *Tamora*,though griev'd with killing griefe.
Tam. Where is thy brother *Bassianus?*
King. Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound,
Poore *Bassianus* heere lies murthered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ,
The complot of this timelesse Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smiles such murderous Tyrannie.
She giveth 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 grave for him,
Thou know'st our meaning,looke for thy reward
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree:
Whith over-shades the mouth of that same pit :
Where we decreed to bury Bassianuss
Doe this and purchase us thy lasting friends.

King. Oh *Tamora,* was ever heard the like?
This is the pit,and this the Elder tree,
Looke sirs,if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should have murthered *Bassianus* heere.
Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold.
King. Two of thy whelpes,fell Curs of bloody kind
Have heere bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit unto the prison,
There let them bide untill we have devis'd
Some never heard-of tortering paine for them.
Tamo. What are they in this pit.
Oh wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered?
Tit. High Emperour, upon 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 prov'd in them.
King. If it be prov'd? You see it is apparent,

Who found this Letter, *Tamora* was it you?
Tamora. Andronicus himselfe did take it up.
Tit. I did my Lord,
Yet let me be their baile.
For by my Fathers reverent Tombe I vow
They shall be ready at your Highnes will ,
To answere their suspition with their lives.
King. Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me:
Some bring the murthered body, some the murtherers,
Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my soule, were there worse end then death,
That end upon them should be executed.
Tamo. Andronicus I will entreat the King,
Feare not thy Sonnes, they shall do well enough.
Tit. Come *Lucius* come,
Stay not to talke with them. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Empresse Sonnes,with Lavinia, her hands cut off and her tongue cut out, and ravisht.

Deme. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,
Who t'was that cut thy tongue and ravisht 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 leave her to her silent walkes.
Chi. And t'were my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.
Dem. If thou had'st hands to helpe thee knit the cord.
Exeunt.

Winde Hornes.

Enter Marcus from hunting, to Lavinia.

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 ungentle hands
Hath lopt, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet Ornaments
Whose circkling shadowes, Kings have sought to sleep in
And might not gaine so great a happines
As halfe they Love : Why doost not speake to me?
Alas,a Crimson river of warme blood,
Like to a bubling fountaine stir'd with winde,
Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,
Comming and going with thy hony breath.
But sure some *Tereus* hath defloured thee,
And least thou should'st detect them, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame:
And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,
As from a Conduit with their issuing Spouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,
Blushing to be encountred with a Cloud,
Shall I speake for thee? shall I say 'tis so [¿]
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast
That I might raile at him to ease my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an Oven 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 lovely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met withall,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,

That could have better sowed then *Philomel.*
Oh had the monster seene those Lilly hands,
Tremble like Aspen Leaves upon a Lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
He would not then have toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heavenly Harmony,
Whic h that sweet tongue hath made :
He would have dropt his knife and fell asleepe,
As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come, let us goe, and make thy father blinde,
For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye,
One houres storme will drownd the fragrant meades,
What, will whole months of teares thy fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:
Oh could our mourning ease thy misery. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius.

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

Ti. Heare me grave 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 have watcht,
And for these bitter teares, which now you see,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
Whose soules is not corrupted as ‘tis thought :
For two and twenty sonnes I never wept,
Because they died in honours lofty bed.
Andronicus lyeth downe,and the Judges passe by him.
For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My harts deepe langour, and my soules sad teares :
Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite.
My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blush:
O earth! I will be friend thee more with raine *Exeunt*
That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,
Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres
In summers drought: Ile drop upon the 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 reverent Tribunes,oh gentle aged men,
Unbinde my sonnes,reverse the doome of death,
And let me say(that never wept before)
My teares are no prevaling Oratours.
Lu. Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.
Ti. Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,
Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.
Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake.
Ti. Why ‘tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me: oh if they did heare
They would not pitty me.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones.

Who though they cannot answere my distresse,
Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale ;
When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete
Receive my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in grave weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.
A stone is as soft waxe,
Tribunes more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not.
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawne?
Lu. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Judges have pronounc'st
My everlasting doome of banishment.
Ti. O happy man,they have befriended thee :
Why foolish *Lucius,* dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers?
Tigers must pray,and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine : how happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. *Titus,*prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake :
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.
Ti. Will it consume me ? Let me see it then.
Mar. This was thy daughter.
Ti. Why *Marcus* so she is.
Luc. Aye me this object kils me.
Ti. Faint-harted boy, arise and looke upon her,
Speake *Lavinia,*what accursed hand
Hath made thee handlesse in thy Fathers sight?
What foole hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy :
My griefe was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now like *Nylus* it disdaineth bounds :
Give me a sword, Ile chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vaine :
And they have nur'st this woe,
In feeding life :
In bootelesse prayer have they bene held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectlesse use.
Now all the service I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other :
'Tis well *Lavinia,* that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome service, is but vaine.
Luci. Speake gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?
Mar. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a sweet mellodius bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchanting every care.
Luci. O say thou for her,
Who hath done this deed?
Marc. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare
That hath receivde some unrecuring wound.
Tit. It was my Deare,
And he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead :
For now I stand as one upon a Rocke,
Inviron'd with a wildernesse of Sea.
Who markes the waxing tide,
Grow wave by wave,

Expecting

Expecting ever when some envious surge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone :
Heere stands my other sonne, a banisht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes.
But that which gives my soule the greatest spurne,
Is deere *Lavinia,* deerer then my soule.
Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me. What shall I doe?
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus,* ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her :
When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stood on her cheekes, as doth the hony dew,
Upon a gathred Lillie almost withered.,
Mar. Perchance she weepes because they kil'd her husband,
Perchance bacause she knowes him innocent.
Ti. If they did kill thy husband then be joyfull,
Because the law hath tane revenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede,
Witnes the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle *Lavinia* let me kisse thy lips,
Or make some signes how I may do thee ease :
Shall thy good Uncle,and thy brother *Lucius,*
And thou and I sit round about some Fountaine,
Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes
How they are stain'd in meadowes, yet not dry
With miery slime left on them by a flood :
And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares ?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shewes
Passe the remainder of our hatefull dayes?
What shall we doe? Let us that have our tongues
Plot some devise of further miseries
To make us wondred at in time to come.
Lu. Sweet Father cease your teares,for at your griefe
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.
Mar. Patience deere Neece,good *Titus* drie thine eyes.
Ti. Ah *Marcus, Marcus,*Brother well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man hast drown'd it with thine owne.
Lu. Ah my *Lavinia* I will wipe thy cheekes.
Ti. Marke *Marcus* marke, I understand 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 service 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 love 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 the hither both thy sonnes alive,
And that shall be the ransome for their fault.

Ti. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aaron,*
Did ever Raven sing so like a Larke,
That gives sweet tydings of the Sunnes uprise?
With all my heart, Ile send the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aron* wilt thou help to chop it off?
Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,
Shall not be sent : my hand will serve the turne,
My youth can better spare my blood then you,
And therfore mine shall save my brothers lives.
Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
Writing destruction on the enemies Castle?
Oh none of both but are of high desert :
My hand hath bin but idle, let it serve
To ransome my two nephewes from their death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.
Moore. Nay come agree, whose hand shall goe along
For feare they die before their pardon come.
Mar. My hand shall goe.
Lu. By heaven it shall not goe.
Ti. Sirs strive no more, such withered hearbs as these
Are meete for plucking up, and therefore mine.
Lu. Sweet Father,if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.
Mar. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me shew a brothers love to thee.
Ti. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.
Lu. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.
Mar. But I will use the Axe. *Exeunt*
Ti. Come hither *Aaron,* Ile deceive them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine,
Moore. If that be cal'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never whil'st I live deceive men so :
But Ile deceive you in another sort,
And that you'l say ere halfe and houre passe.

He cuts off Titus hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

Ti. Now stay you strife, what shall be, is dispatcht :
Good *Aron* give his Majestie me hand,
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 for my sonnes, say I account of them,
As jewels purchast at an easie price,
And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne.
Aron. I goe *Andronicus,*and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to have thy sonnes with thee :
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let fooles doe good,and faire men call for grace,
Aron will have his soule blacke like his face. *Exit.*
Ti. O heere I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call : what wilt thou kneele with me ?
Doe then deare heart, for heaven shall heare our prayers,
Or with our sighs weele breath the welkin dimme,
And staine the Sun with fogge as somtime cloudes,
When they do hug him in their melting bosomes.
Mar. Oh brother speake with possibilities,
And do not breake into these deepe extreames.
Ti. Is not my sorrow deepe,having no bottome?

Then be my passions bottomlesse with them.
Mar. But yet let reason governe thy lament.
Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heaven doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow ?
If the windes rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-swolne face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coile?
I am the Sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow :
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth :
Then must my Sea be moved with her sighes,
Then must my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge : overflow'd and drown'd :
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them:
Then give me leave, for loosers will have leave,
To ease their stomackes with their bitter tongues,

Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy *Andronicus,* ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour :
Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.
And heeres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe :
Thy griefes, their sports : Thy resolution mockt,
That woe is me to thinke upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*
Marc. Now let hot AEtna coole in Cicilie,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell :
These miseries are more then may be borne.
To weepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale,
But sorrow flouted at, is double death.
*Luci.*Ah that this fight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrinke thereat :
That ever death should let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breath.
Mar. Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse
As frozen water to a starved snake.
Titus. When will this fearefull slumber have an end?
Mar. Now farewell flatterie, die *Andronicus,*
Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sons heads,
Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here :
Thy other banisht sonnes with this deere sight
Struck pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,
Even like a stony Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,
Rent off thy silver haire, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall fight
The closing up 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 have not another teare to shed :
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurpe upon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way shall I finde Revenges Cave ?
For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to blisse,
Till all these mischiefes be returned againe,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come let me see what taske I have to doe,
You heavie people, circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare unto my sould to right your wrongs.
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,

And in this hand the other will I beare.
And *Lavinia* thou shalt be employed 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 love me, as I thinke you doe,
Let's kisse and part, for we have much to doe. *Exeunt.*

Manet Lucius.

Luci. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father :
The woful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome, til *Lucius* come againe,
He loves his pledges dearer then his life :
Farewell *Lavinia* my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,
But now, nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefes :
If *Lucius* live, he will requit your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturnine* and his Empresse
Beg at the gates likes *Tarquin* and his Queene.
Now will I to the Gothes and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and *Saturnine.* *Exit Lucius*

A [*Bnaket*]
Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lavinia, and the Boy.

An. So,so, now sit, and looke you eate no more
Then will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours .
Marcus unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy Neece and I (poore Creatures)want our hands
And cannot passionate our tenfold griefe,
With foulded Armes. This poore right hand of mine,
Is left to tirranize uppon 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 talke in signes,
When thy poore hart beates with out ragious beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still?
Wound it with sighing girle, kil it with grones :
Or get some little knife betweene thy teeth,
And just against thy hart make thou a hole,
That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall
May run into that sinke, and soaking in,
Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea salt teares.
Mar. Fy brother fy, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands uppon her tender life.
An. How now! Has sorrow made the doate already?
Why *Marcus,* no man should be mad but I :
What violent hands can she lay on her life :
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands,
To bid *AEneas* tell the tale twice ore
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable:
O handle not the theame, to talke of hands,
Least we remember still that we have none,
Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I square my talke
As if we should forget we had no hands :
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands.
Come, lets fall too, and gentle girle eate this,
Heere is no drinke? Harke *Marcus* what she saies,
I can interpret all her martir'd signes,
She saies, she drinkes no other drinke but teares
Breu'd with her sorrow : mesh'd uppon her cheekes,
Speech.

Speechlesse complaynet, I will learne thy thought :
In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect
As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not fight nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
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 leave these bitter deepe laments,
Make my Aunt merry,with some pleasing tale.
Mar. Alas,the tender boy in passion mov'd,
Doth weepe to see his grandsires heavinesse.
An. Peace tender Sapling,thou art made of teares,
And teares will quickly melt thy life away.
Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.
What doest thou strike at *Marcus* with knife.
Mar. At that I have kil'd my Lord, a Fly[s]
An. Out on the murderour : thou kil'st my hart,
Mine eyes cloi'd with view of Tirranie :
A deed of death done on the Innocent
Becomes not *Titus* [broher]: get thee gone,
I see thou art not for my company.
Mar. Alas(my Lord) I have but kild a flie.
An. But ? How : if that Flie had a father and mother ?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings
And buz lamenting doings in the ayer,
Poore harmelesse Fly,
That with his pretty buzing melody,
Came heere to make us merry,
And thou hast kil'd him.
Mar. Pardon me sir,
It was a blacke illfavour'd Fly,
Like to the Empresse Moore, therefore I kild him.
An. O, o, o,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a Charitable deed :
Give me thy knife,I will insult on him,
Flattering my selfes, as if it were the Moore,
Come hither purposely to poyson me.
There's for thy selfe, and thats for *Tamora :* A sirra,
Yet I thinke we are not brought so low,
But that betweene us,we can kill a Fly,
That comes in likenesse of a Cole-blacke Moore.
Mar. Alas poore man,griefe ha's so wrought on him,
He takes false shadowes,for true substances.
An. Come,take away : *Lavinia*, goe with me,
Ile to thy closset, and goe read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
Come boy,and goe with me, thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read,when mine begin to dazell. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus.

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

Boy. Helpe Grandsier helpe, my Aunt *Lavinia,*
Followes me every where I know not why.
Good Uncle *Marcus* see how swift she comes,
Alas sweet Aunt,I know not what you meane.
Mar. Stand by me *Lucius,*doe not feare thy Aunt.
Titus. She loves thee boy too well to doe thee harme
Boy. I when my father was in Rome she did.

Mar. What meanes my Neece *Lavinia* by these signes?
Ti. Feare ot *Lucius,*somewhat doth she meane:
See *Lucius* see, how much she makes of thee :
Some whether would she have thee goe with her.
Ah boy, *Cornelia* never with more care
Read to her sonnes,then she hath read to thee,
Sweet Poetry,and Tullies Oratour :
Canst thou not gesse wherefore she plies thee thus ?
Boy. My Lord I know not I, nor can I gesse,
Unlesse some fit or frenzie do possesse her :
For I have heard my Grandsier say full oft,
Extremitie of griefes would make men mad.
And I have read that *Hecuba* of Troy,
Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to feare,
Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
Loves me as deare as ere my mother did,
And would not but in fury fright my youth,
Which made me downe to throwe 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 *Lavinia, Marcus* what meanes this?
Some booke there is that she desires to see,
Which is it girle of these? Open them boy.
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choyse of all my Library.
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveale the damn'd contriver of this deed.
What booke?
Why lifts she up her armes in sequence thus?
Mar. I thinke she meanes that ther was more then one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was :
Or else to heaven she heaves them to revenge.
Ti. *Lucius* what booke is that she tosseth so?
Boy. Grandsier 'tis Ovids Metamorphosis,
My mother gave it me.
Mar. For love of her that's gone
[Perhahs] she culd it from among the rest.
Ti. Soft, so busily she turnes the leaves,
Helpe her,what would she finde ? *Lavinia* shall I read?
This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel?*
And treates of *Tereus* treason and his rape,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.
Mar. See brother see,note how she quotes the leaves
Ti. *Lavinia,*wert thou thus surpriz'd sweete girle,
Ravisht 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 never , never hunted there)
Pattern'd by that the Poet heere describes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes.
Mar. O why should nature build so foule a den,
Unlesse the Gods delight in tragedies?
*Ti.*Give signes sweet girle, for heere are none but friends
What Romaine Lord it was durst do the deed?
Or slunke not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* ersts,
That left the Campe to sinne in *Lucrece* bed.
*Mar.*Sit downe sweet Neece,brother sit downe by me,
Appollo, Pallas, Jove, or *Mercury,*
Inspire me that I may this treason finde.
My Lord looke heere,looke heere *Lavinia.*

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

This sandie plot is plaine,guide if thou canst

This

This after me, I have writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Curst be that hart that forc'st us to that shift :
Write thou good Neece,and heere display at last,
What God will have discovered for revenge,
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

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

Ti. Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writ[s]?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.
Mar. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of *Tamora,*
Performers of the hainous bloody deed?
Ti. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera,tam lentus vides?
Mar. Oh calme thee gentle Lord : Although I know
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stirre a mutinie in the mildest thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaimes.
My Lord kneele downe with me: *Lavinia* kneele,
And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine *Hectors* hope,
And sweare with me, as with the wofull Feere
And father of that chast dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Junius Brutus* sweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will prosecute (by good advise)
Mortall revenge upon these traytorous Gothes,
And see their blood,or die with this reproach.
Ti. Tis sure enough,and you knew how.
But if you hunt these Beare-whelpes, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if she winde you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deepely still in league.
And lulls him whilst she [palyeth] 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 ?
Boy. I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.
Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his ungratefull country done the like.
Boy. And Uncle so will I, and if I live,
Tit. Come goe with me into mine Armory,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both,
Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not ?
Boy. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandsire :
Ti. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
Lavinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
Lucius and Ile goe brave it at the Court,
I marry will we sir, and weele be waited on. *Exeunt.*
Mar. O heavens ! Can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus attend him in his extasie,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Then foe-mens markes upon his batter'd shield,
But yet so just,that he will not revenge,
Revenge the heavens for old *Andronicus.* *Exit.*

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

Chi. Demetrius heeres the sonne of *Lucius,*
He hath some message to deliver us.
*Aron.*I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.
Boy. My Lords, with all the humblenesse I may,
I greete your honours from *Andronicus,*
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.
Deme. Gramercie lovely *Lucius,* what's the newes?
[ ]For villanie's markt with rape. May it please you,
My Grandsire well advis'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 ever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leave you both : like bloody villaines. *Exit*
Deme. What's heere? a scrole,& written round about?
Let's see.
Integer vitae scelerisque purus ,non egit mauri jaculis nec arcus.
Chi. O 'tis a verse in *Horace,* I know it well.
I read it in the Grammer long agoe.
Moore. I just, a verse in *Horace* : right,you have it,
Now what a thing it is to be and Asse?
Heer's no sound jest, 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* conceits
But let her rest, in her unrest a while.
And now young Lords, wa's t not a happy starre
Led us to Rome strangers,and more then so;
Caprives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To brave the Tribune in his brothers hearing.
Deme. But me more good, to see so great a Lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.
Moore. Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius?*
Did you not use his daughter very friendly ?
Deme. I would we had a thousand Romane Dames
At such a bay, by turne to serve our lust.
Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.
Moore. Heere lack's but you mother for to say, Amen.
Deme. Come,let us go,and pray to all the Gods
For our beloved mother in her paines.
*Moore.*Pray to the devils, the gods have given us over.
Flourish.
Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus ?
Chi. Belike for joy the Emperour hath a sonne.
Deme. Soft,who comes heere ?
Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore childe.
Nur. Good morrow Lords:
O tell me,did you see *Aaron* the Moore?
Aron. Well,more or lesse,or nere a whit at all,
Heere *Aaron* is,and what with *Aaron* now ?
Nurse. Oh gentle *Aaron,*we are all undone,
Now helpe,or woe betide thee evermore.
Aron. Why, what a catterwalling dost thou keepe ?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?
Nurse. O that which I would hide from heavens eye,
Our Empresse shame, and stately Romes disgrace,
She is delivered Lords, she is delivered.
Aron To whom?
Nurse. I mean she is brought a bed?
Aron. Wel God give her good rest,

What

What hath he sent her?
Nurse. A devill.
Aron. Why then she is the Devils Dam: a joyfull issue.
Nurse. A joylesse, 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 the, thy stampe, thy seale,
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.
Aron. Out you whore, is black so base a hue ?
Sweet blowse, you are a beautious blossome sure:
Deme. Villaine what hast thou done ?
Aron. That which thou cans't not undoe.
Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.
Deme. And therein hellish dog,thou hast undone,
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choyce,
Accur'st the off-spring of so foule a fiend.
Chi. It shall not live.
Aron. It shall not die.
Nurse. *Aaron,* it must, the mother wils it so.
Aron. What, must it *Nurse?* Then let no man but I
Doe execution on my flesh and blood.
Deme. Ile broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point:
Nurse give me, my sword shall soone dispatch it.
Aron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother ?
Now by the burning Tapers of the skie,
That sh'one so brightly when this Boy was got,
He dies upon my Semitars sharpe point,
That touches this my first borne sonne and heire.
I tell you young-lings,not *Enceladus*
With all his threatening band of *Tryphons* broode,
Nor great *Alcides,* nor the God of warre,
Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands :
What, what, ye sanguine shallow harted Boyes,
Ye white-limb'd walls, ye Ale-house painted signes,
Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
In that it scornes to beare another hue :
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can never turn the Swans blacke legs to white,
Although she lave 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 is my selfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth :
This, before all the world do I preferre,
This mauger all the world will I keepe safe,
Or some of you shall smoake for it in Rome.
Deme. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.
Chi. Rome will despise her for this foule escape.
Nur. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.
Chi. I blush to thinke upon this ignominie.
Aron. Why ther's the priviledge 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 slave smiles upon 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 gave 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 seal be stamped in his face.
Nurse. *Aaron* what shall I say unto the Empresse?
Dem. Advise thee *Aaron,* what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advise :
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.
Aron. Then sit we downe and let us all consult.
My sonne and I will have the winde of you :
Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety.
Deme. How many women saw this childe of his ?
Aron. Why so brave Lords, when we joyne in league
I am a Lambe: but if you brave the *Moore,*
The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyonesse ,
The Ocean swells not so as *Aaron* Stormes :
But say again, how many saw the childe ?
*Nurse. Cornelia,*the midwife, and my selfe,
And none else but the delivered Empresse.
Aron. The Empresse,the Midwife, and your selfe,
Two may keepe counsell, when the third's away :
Goe to the Empresse,tell her this I said, *He kils her*
Weeke, weeke, so cries a Pigge prepared to th'spit.
Deme. What mean'st thou *Aaron?*
Where for did'st thou this?
Aron. O Lord sir, 'tis a deed of pollicie ?
Shall she live to betray this guilt of our's :
A long tongu'd babling Gossip? No Lords no :
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
Not farre, one *Muliteus* my Country-man
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His childe is like to her,faire as you are :
Goe packe with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their Childe shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the Emperours heyre,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calme this temest whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke ye Lords,ye see I have given her physicke,
And you must needs bestow her funerall,
The fields are neere,and you are gallant Groomes :
This done, see that you take no longer daies
But send the Midwife presently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.
Chi. Aaron I see thou wilt not trust the ayre with se
Deme. For this care of *Tamora,* *(*crets.
Her selfe, and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt.*
Aron. Now to the Gothes, as swift as Swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
And secretly to greete the Empresse friends :
Come on you thick-lipt-slave,Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts us to our shifts :
Ile make you feed on barries, and on rootes,
and feed on curds and whay,and sucke the Goate,
And cabbin in a Cave, and bring you up
To be a warriour, and command a Campe. *Exit*

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

Tit. Come *Marcus,* come, kinsmen this is the way.
Sir Boy let me see your Archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough,and 'tis there straight :
*Terras Astrea reliquit,*be you remembered *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 justice as at Land :
No *Publius* and *Sempronius,* you must doe it,

'Tis

'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 deliver him this petition,
Tell him it is for justice, and for aide,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus,*
Shaken with sorrowes in ungratefull Rome.
Ah Rome ! Well,well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the peoples sufferages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leave you not a man of warre unsearcht,
This wicked Emperour may have shipt her hence,
And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for justice.
Marc. O *Publius* is not this a heavie case
To see thy Noble Unckle thus distract?
Publ. Therefore my Lords it highly us concernes,
By day and night t'attend him carefully :
And feede his humour kindely as we may,
Till time begat some carefull remedie.
Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrowes are past remedie.
Joyne with the Gothes, and with revengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the Traytor *Saturnine,*
Tit. *Publius* how now? how now my Maisters?
What have you met with her ?
Publ. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell you shall,
Marrie for justice she is so imploy'd,
He thinkes with *Jove* in heaven, or some where else :
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.
Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,
Ile dive into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of *Acaron* by the heeles.
Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bon'd-men, fram'd of the Cyclops size,
But mettal *Marcus,* steele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backe can beare:
And sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will sollicite heaven, and move the Gods
To send downe Justice for to wreake our [wongs]:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus.*
He gives them the Arrowes.
Ad Jovem, that's for you: here *ad Appollonem,*
Ad Martem, that's for my selfe.
Heere Boy to *Pallas,* heere to *Mercury,*
To *Saturnine,* to *Caius,* not to *Saturnine,*
You were as good to shoote against the winde.
Too it Boy, *Marcus* loose when I bid:
Of my word, I have 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, give it *Pallas.*
Marc, My Lord, I aime a Mile beyind the Moone,
Your letter is with *Jupiter* by this.
Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius, Publius,* what hast thou done ?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* hornes.
Mar. This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot,
The Bull being gal'd, gave *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 give them to his Maister for a present.
Tit. Why there it goes, God give your Lordship joy,

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pigeons in it.

Titus. Newes, newes, from heaven,
Marcus the poast is come.
Sirrah, what tydings ? have you any letters ?
Shall I have Justice, what sayes *Jupiter?*

Clowne. Ho the Jibbetmaker,he sayes that he hath taken them downe again, for the man must not be hang'd till the next weeke.

Tit. But what sayes *Jupiter* I aske thee?

Clowne. Alas sir I know not *Jupiter* :
I never dranke with him in all my life.

Tit. Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?

Clowne. I of my Pigeons sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, did'st thou not come from heaven?

Clowne, From heaven ? Alas sir, I never came there, God forbid I should be so bold,to presse to heaven in my young dayes. Why I am going with my pigeons to the Tribunall Plebs, to take up a matter of brawle, betwixt my Uncle, and one of the Emperialls men.

Mar. Why sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your Oration, and let him deliver the Pigeons to the Emperour from you.

Tit. Tell mee, can you deliver an Oration to the Emperour with a Grace ?

Clowne. Nay truely sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah come hither,make no more adoe,
But give your Pigeons to the Emperour,
By me thou [shalt] have Justice at his hands.
Hold, hold, meane while her's money for thy charges.
Give me pen and inke.
Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliver a Supplication?

Clowne. I sir

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneele, then kisse his foote, then deliver up your Pigeons, and then looke for your reward. Ile be at hand sir,see you do it bravely.

Clowne. I warrant you sir, let me alone.

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

Clowne. God be with you sir,I will. *Exit.*

Tit. Come *Marcus* let us goe,*Publius* follow me.
Exeunt.

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

Satur. Why Lords,
What wrongs are these ? was ever seene
An Emperour in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall justice, us'd in such contempt?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
(How ever these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares) there nought hath past,
But even with law against the willfull Sonnes
Of old *Andronicus.* And what and if
His sorrowes have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitternesse?
And now he writes to heaven for his redresse.
See, heeres to *Jove*, and this to *Mercury,*

This

This to *Apollo,*this to the God of warre:
Sweet scrawles to flie about the streets of Rome:
What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our Injustuce every where?
A goodly humour,is it not my Lords?
As who would say,in Rome no Justice were.
But if I live,his fained extasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages :
But he and his shall know,that Justice lives
In *Saturninus* health; whom if he sleepe,
Hee'l so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st Conspirator that lives.
Tamo. My gracious Lord, my lovely *Saturnine,*
Lord of my life,Commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee,and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
Th'effects of sorrow for his valiant Sonnes,
Whose losse hath pier'st him deepe, and scar'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Then prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts. Why thus it shall become
High witted *Tamora* to glose with all : *Aside.*
But *Titus,* I have touch'd thee to the quicke,
Thy life blood out : If *Aaron* now be wise,
Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Port.
Enter Clowne.
How now good fellow,would'st thou speake with us?
Clow. Yea forsooth,and your Mistership be Emperiall.
Tam. Empresse I am,but yonder sits the Emperour.
Clo. 'Tis he ; God & Saint Stephen give you good den;
I have brought you a Letter,& a couple of Pigions heere.
He reads the Letter.
Satu. Go take him away,and hang him presently.
Clowne. How much money must I have?
Tam. Come sirrah you must be hang'd.
Clou. Hang'd? berLady,then I have brought up a neck
to a faire end. *Exit.*
Satu. 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,
Have by my meanes been butcher'd wrongfully ?
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Nor Age, nor Honour, shall shape priviledge :
For this proud mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man:
Sly franticke wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thy selfe should governe Rome and me.
Enter Nuntius Emillius.
Satur. What newes with thee *Emillius?*
Emil. Arme my Lords, Rome never had more cause,
The Gothes have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high resolved men, bent to the spoyle
They hither march amaine, under conduct
Of *Lucius,* Sonne to old *Andronicus :*
Who threats in course of this revenge to do
As much as ever *Coriolanus* did.
King. Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the Gothes ?
These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with stormes:
I, now begins our sorrowes to approach,
'Tis he the common people love so much,
My selfe hath often heard them say,
(When I have walked like a private man)
That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wisht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.
Tam. Why should you feare ? Is not our City strong?

King. I, but the Cittizens favour *Lucius,*
And will revolt from me, to succour him.
*Tam. King,*be thy thoughts Imperious like thy name.
Is the Sunne dim'd, that Gnats do flie in it ?
The Eaglesuffers little Birds to sing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melodie.
Even so mayest thou,the giddy men of Rome,
Then cheare thy spirit,for know thou Emperour,
I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus,*
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
Then baites to fish,or hony stalkes to sheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baite,
The other rotted with delicious foode.
King. But he will not entreat his Sonne for us.
Tam. If *Tamora* entreat him, then he will,
For I can smooth and fill his aged eare,
With golder promises,that were his heart
Almost Impregnable,his old eares deafe,
Yet should both eare and heart obey my tongue.
Goe thou before to our Embassadour,
Say,that the Emperour requests a parly
Of warlike *Lucius,*and appoint the meeting.
King. Emillius do this message Honourably,
And if he stand in Hostage for his safety,
Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best.
Emill. Your bidding shall I do effectually. *Exit.*
Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus,*
And temper him with all the Art I have,
To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike Gothes.
And now sweet Emperour be blithe againe,
And bury all thy feare in my devises.
Satu. Then goe successantly and plead for him. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

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

Luci. Approved warriours, and my faithfull Friends,
I have received 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. Brave slip, sprung from the Great *Andronicus,*
Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits, and honourable Deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with fould contempt:
Behold un us, weel follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommers day,
Led by their Maister to the flowred fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed *Tamora:*
[ ] And as he saith, so say we all with him.
Luci. I humbly thanke him, and I thanke you all.
But who comes heere,led by a lusty *Goth?*
Enter a Goth leading of Aaron with his child
in his armes.
Goth. Renowned *Lucius,* from our troups I straid,
To gaze upon a ruinous Monasterie,

And

[A]nd as I earnestly did fixe mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddainely
I heard a childe cry underneath a wall :
I made unto the noyse, when soone I heard,
The crying babe control'd with this discourse :
Peace Tawny slave, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewray whose brat thou art?
Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke,
Villaine thou might'st have bene an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a cole-blacke-Calfe :
Peace, villaine peace, even thus he rates the babe,
For I must beare the 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 upon him,
Surpriz'd him suddainely,and brought him hither
To use,as you thinke [neeedefull] of the man.
Luci. Oh worthy Goth,this is the incarnate devill,
That rob'd *Andronicus* of his good hand :
This is the Pearle that pleas'd your Empresse eye,
And heere's the Base Fruit of his burning lust.
Say wall-ey'd slave,whether would'st thou convay
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speake ? what deafe ? Not a word?
A halter Souldiers,hang him on this Tree,
And by his side his Fruite of Bastardie.
Aron. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood.
Luci. Too like the Syre for ever being good.
First hang the Child that he may see it sprall,
A sight to vexe the Fathers soule withall.
Aron. Get me a Ladder *Lucius,*save the Childe,
And beare it from me to the Empresse :
If thou do this,Ile shew the wondrouns 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.
Luci. Say on,and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it Nourisht.
Aron. And if it please thee ? why assure thee *Lucius,*
'Twill vexe thy soule to heare what I shall speake:
For I must talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Massacres,
Acts of Blacke-night, abhominable Deeds,
Complots of Mischiefe, Treason, Villanies
Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiously preform'd,
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unlesse thou sweare to me my Childe shall live.
Luci. Tell on thy minde,
I say the Childe shall live.
Aron. Sweare that he shall,and then I will begin.
Luci. Who should I sweare by,
Thou beleevest no God,
That graunted, how can'st thou beleeve an oath ?
Aron. What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art Religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called Conscience,
With twenty Popish trickes and Ceremonies,
Which I have seene thee carefull to observe :
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 save my Boy,to nourish and bring him up,
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luci. Even by my God I sweare to [to] thee I will.
Aaron. First know thou,
I begot him on the Empresse.
Luci Oh most Insatiate luxurious woman!
Aaron. Tut *Lucius,* this was but a deed of Charitie,
To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,
'Twas her two Sonnes that murdered *Bassianus,*
They cut thy Sisters tongue, and ravisht her,
And cut her hands off, and trim'd her as thou saw'st.
Lucius. Oh detestable vinnaine !
Call'st thou that Trimming ?
Aaron, Why she was washt, and cut, and trim'd,
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it.
Luci. Oh barbarous beastly villaines like thy selfe!
Aaron. Indeede, I was their Tutor to instruct them,
That Codding spirit had they from their Mother,
As sure a Card as ever wonne the Set:
That bloody minde I thinke they learn'd of me,
As true a Dog as ever fought at head.
Well, let my Deeds be withesse of my worth:
I trayn'd thy Bretheren to that guilefull Hole,
Where the dead Corps of *Bassianus* lay:
I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,
And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd.
Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonnes,
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of Mischeife in it.
I play'd the Cheater for the Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my selfe apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreame laughter.
I pried me through the Crevice of a Wall,
When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laught so hartily,
Tht 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, gave me twenty kisses.
Goth. What canst thou say all this, and never blush?
Aron I, like a blacke Dogge, as the saying is.
Luci. Art thou not sorry for these hainous deedes?
Aron. I, that I had not done a thousand more:
Even 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 devise his death,
Ravish a Maid,or plot the way to do it,
Accuse som 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 bit the Owners quench them with the teares:
Oft have I dig'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their deere Friends doore,
Even when their sorrowes almost was forgot,
And on their skinnes, as on the Barke of Trees,
Have with my knife carved in Romaine Letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadfull things
As willingly as one would kill a Fly.
And nothing greeves me hartily indeede,
But that I cannot doe ten thousand more.
Luci. Bring downe the divell,for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently
Aron. If there be divels,would I were a devill,
To live and burne in everlasting fire,
So might I have your company in hell,

But

But to torment you with my bitter tongue.
Luci. Sirs stop his mouth,& let him speake no more.
Enter Emillius.
Goth. My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.
Luc. Let him come neere.
Welcome *Emillius,*what the newes from Rome?
Emi. Lord *Lucius*,and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me,
And for he understands you are in Armes,
He craves a parly at your Fathers house
Willing you to demand your Hostages,
And they shall be immediately delivered.
Goth. What saies our Generall?
*Luc. Emillius,*let the Emperour give his pledges
Unto my Father, and my Uncle *Marcus,*
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 Revenge sent from below,
To joine with him and right his hainous wrongs :
Knocke at this study where they say he keepes,
To ruminate strange plots of dire Revenge,
Tell him Revenge is come to joyne 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 deceiv'd, for what I meane to do,
See heere in bloody lines I have set downe :
And what is written shall be executed.
Tam. Titus, I am come to talke with thee,
Tit. No not a word : how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to give it action,
Thou hast the ods of me, therefore no more.
Tam. If thou did'st know me,
Thou would'st talke with me.
Tit. I am not mad,I know the well ehough,
Witnesse this wretched stump,
Witnisse these crimson lines,
Witness these Trenches made by griefe and care,
Witnesse the tyring day, and heavie night,
Witnesse all sorrow,that I know thee well
For our proud Empresse, Mighty *Tamora:*
Is not thy comming for my other hand?
Tamo. Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora,*
She is thy Enemie,and I thy Friend,
I am Revenge sent from th'infernall Kingdome,
To ease the gnawing Vulture of the mind,
by working wreakefull vengeance on my Foes :
Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,
Ther's not a hollow Cave or lurking place,
No Vast obscurity,or Misty vale,
Where bloody Murther or detested Rape,
Can couch for feare,but I will finde them out,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Revenge,whch makes the foule offenders quake.
Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine Enemies?
Tam. I am,therefore come downe and welcome me.

Tit. Doe me some service ere I come to thee:
Loe by thy side where Rape and Murther stands,
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,
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,
Provide 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 wheele,
Trot like a Servile footeman all day long,
Even from *Eptons* rising in the East,
Untill his very downefall in the Sea.
And day by day Ile do this heavy taske,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.
Tam. These are my Ministers, and come with me.
Tit. Are they thy Ministers, what are they call'd?
Tam. Rape and Murder,therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.
Tit. Good Lord how like the Empresse Sones they are,
And you the Empresse : But we worldly men,
Have miserable mad mistaking eyes:
Oh sweet Revenge,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 uphold,and maintaine in your speeches,
For now he firmely takes me for Revenge,
And being Credulous in this mad thought,
I'le make him send for *Lucius* his Sonne,
And whils't I at a Banquet hold him sure,
Ile find some cunning practise out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddie Gothes,
Or at the least make them his Enemies :
See heere he comes,and I must play my theame.
Tit. Long have I bene forlorne,and all for thee,
Welcome dread Fury to my woefull house,
Rapine and Murther,you are welcome too,
How like the Empresse and her Sonnes you are.
Well are you fitted,had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell afford you such a devill?
For well I wote the Empresse never wags;
But in her company there is a Moore,
And would you represent our Queene aright
It were convenient you had such a devill :
But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?
Tam. What would'st thou have us doe *Andronicus?*
Dem. Shew me a Murtherer,Ile deale with him.
Chi. Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.
Tam. Shew me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And Ile be revenged on them all.
Tit. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thy selfe,
Good Murder stab him,hee's a Murtherer.
Goe thou with him,and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine stab him,he is a Ravisher.
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 up and downe she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
They have bene violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us, this shall we do.
But would it please thee good *Andronicus,*
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice Valiant Sonne,
Who leades towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy house.
When he is heere,even 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 devise?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. *Marcus* my Brother, 'tis sad *Titus* calls,
Go gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius,*
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bit him repaire to me,and bring with him
Some of the chiefest Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour, and the Empresse too,
Feasts at my house, and he shall Feast with them,
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.
Mar. This will I do, and soone returne againe.
Tam. Now will I hence about thy businesse,
And take my Ministers along with me.
Tit. Nay,nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or els Ile call my Brother backe againe,
And cleave to no revenge but *Lucius.*
Tam. What say you Boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I have govern'd our determined jest?
Yeeld to his Humour, smooth and speake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.
Tit. I know them all,thought they suppose me mad,
And will ore-reach them in their owne devises,
A payre of cursed hell-hounds and their Dam.
Dem. Madam depart at pleasure,leave us heere.
Tam. Farewell *Andronicus,*revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy Foes.
Tit. I know thou doo'st,and sweet revenge farewell.
Chi. Tell us old man,how shall we be imploy'd?
Tit. Tut, I have worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hither, *Caius,* and *Valentine.*
Pub. What is your will?
Tit. Know you these two ?
Pub. The Empresse Sonnes
I take them, *Chiron, Demetrius.*
Titus. Fie *Publius,* fie, thou art too much deceav'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore bind them gentle *Publius,*
*Caius,*and *Valentine,*lay hands on them,
Oft have you heard me wish for such an houre,
And now I find it,therefore binde them sure,
Chi. Villaines forbeare,we are the Empresse Sonnes.
Pub. And therefore do we, what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,
Is he sure bound, looke that you binde them fast. *Exeunt.*

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

Tit. Come, come *Lavinia,* looke, thy Foes are bound,
Sirs stop their mouthes, let them not speake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I utter.

Oh Villaines, *Chiron* ,and *Demetrius,*
Here stands the spring whom you have 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 jest,
Both her sweet Hands,her Tongue,and that more deere
Than Hands or tongue,her spotlesse Chastity,
Inhumaine Traytors,you constrain'd and for'st.
What would you say, if I should let you speake?
Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.
Harke Wretches, how I meane to martyr you,
This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats,
Whil'st that *Lavinia* tweene her stumps doth hold:
The Bason that receives your guilty blood.
You know your Mother meanes to feast with me,
And calls herselfe Revenge,and thinkes me mad.
Hark 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 unhallowed Dam,
Like to the earth swallow her increase
This is the Feast,that I have bid her to,
And this the Banquet she shall surfet on,
For worse then *Philomel* you us d my Daughter,
And worse then *Progne,* I will be reveng'd,
And now prepare your throats : *Lavinia* 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 every one officious,
To make this Banket, which I wish might prove,
More sterne and bloody then the Centaures Feast.
He cuts their throats.
So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And see them ready, gainst their Mother comes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucius,Marcus,and the Gothes.

Luc. Unckle *Marcus,*since 'tis my Fathers minde
That I repair to Rome,I am content.
Goth. And ours with thine befall,what Fortune will.
Luc. Good Unckle take you in this barbarous *Moore,*
This Ravenous Tiger,this accursed devill,
Let him receive no sustenance,fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the Emperous face,
For testimony of her foule proceedings.
And see the Ambush of our Friends be strong,
If ere the Emperour meanes no good to us.
Aron. Some devill whisper curses in my eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth,
The Venemous Mallice of my swelling heart.
Luc. Away Inhumaine Dogge, Unhallowed Slave,
Sirs, helpe our Unckle, to convey him in, *Flourish.*
The Trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.

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

*Sat.*What,hath the Firemament more Suns then one?
Luc. What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a Sunne ?
Mar. Romes Emperour & Nephewe breake the parle
These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The Feast is ready which the carefull *Titus,*

Hath

Hath ordained to an Honourable end,
For Peace, for Love, for League, and good to Rome :
Please you therfore draw nie and take your places.
Satur. Marcus we will. *Hoboyes.*

A Table brought in.

Enter Titus like a Cooke,placing the meat on the Table,and Lavinia with a vale over her face.

Titus. Welcome my gracious Lord,
Welcome Dread Queene,
Welcome ye Warlike Gothes,welcome *Lucius,*
And welcome all: although the cheere be poore,
'Twill fill your stomacks, please you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd *Andronicus ?*
Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertaine your Highnesse, and your Empresse.
Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus ?*
Tit. And if your Highnesse knew my heart,you were:
My Lord the Emperour resolve me this,
Was it well done of rash *Virginius,*
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand,
Because she was enfor'st,stain'd,and deflowr'd?
Satur. It was *Andronicus.*
Tit. Your reason,Mighty Lord?
Sat. Because the Girle,should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrowes.
Tit. A reason mighty,strong,and effectuall,
A patterne,president,and lively warrant,
For me(most wretched) to performe the like:
Die,die,*Lavinia,*and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame,thy Fathers sorrow die.

He kils her.

Sat. What hast done, unnaturall and unkinde?
Tit. Kil'd her for whom my teares have made me blind.
I am as wofull as *Verginius* was,
And have a thousand times more cause then he.
Sat. What was she ravisht ?tell who did the deed,
Tit. Wilt please your ear,
Wilt please your Highnesse feed?
Tam. Why hast thou slaine thine onely Daughter ?
Titus. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius,*
They ravisht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they,that did her all this wrong.
Satu. Go fetch them hither to us presently.
Tit. Why there they are both,baked in that Pie,
Whereof their Mother dantily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true,witnesse my knives sharpe point.

He stabs the Empresse.

Satu. Die frantike wretch, for this accursed deed.
Luc. Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed?
There's meed for meede, death for a deadly deed.
Mar. You sad fac'd men,people and Sonnes of Rome,
By uprores fever'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 unto herselfe,
And shee whom mightie kingdomes cursie too,
Like a forlorne and desperate castaway,
Doe shamefull execution on her selfe.
But if my frostie sighes and chaps of age,
Grave withesses 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 love-sicke *Didoes* sad attending eare,
The story of that balefull burning night,
When subtil Greekes surpriz'd King *Priams* Troy:
Tell us what *Simon* hath bewicht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in,
That gives our Troy,our Rome the civill wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steele,
Nor can I utter all our bitter griefe,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
And breake my very uttrance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending you kind hand Commiseration.
Heere is a Captaine,let him tell the tale,
Your hearts will throb and weepe to heare him speake.
Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you,
That cursed *Chron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murdred our Emperours Brother,
And they it were that ravished our Sister,
Fot their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares despis'd, and basely cousen'd,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
An sent her enemies unto the the grave.
Lastly, my selfe unkindly 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 have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosome tooke the Enemies point,
Sheathing the steele in my adventrous body.
Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,
My fears can witnesse, dumbe although they are,
That my report is just 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.
Marc. Now is my turne to speake: Behold this Child,
Of this was *Tamora* delivered,
The issue of an Irreligious *Moore,*
Chiefe Architect and plotter of these woes,
The Villaine is alive in *Titus* house,
And as he is,to witnesse this is true.
Now judge what course had *Titus* to revenge
These wrongs,unspeakeable past patience,
Or more than any living man could beare.
Now you have heard the truth,what say you Romaines?
Have we done ought amisse ? shew us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poore remainder of *Andronici,*
Will hand in hand all headlong cast us downe,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines,
And make a mutuall closure of our house :
Speake Romaines speake, and if you say we shall,
Loe hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.
Emilli. Come come, thou reverent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour :for well I know,
The common voyce do cry it shall be so.
Mar. Lucius, All haile Romes Royall Emperour,
Goe,goe into old *Titus* sorrowfull house,
And hither hale that misbelieving *Moore,*
To be adjudg'd some direfull slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Governour.

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

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

Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of us
To melt in showres : thy Grandsire lov'd thee well :
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee :
Sung thee asleepe, his Loving Brest, thy Pillow :
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete, and agreeing with thine Infancie :
In that respect then, like a loving 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 Grave,
Do him that kindnesse,and take leave of him.

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

Romans. You sad *Andronici,* have done with woes,
Give sentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath beene breeder of these dire events.
Luc. Set him brest deepe in earth, and famish him:
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for foode :
If any one releeves, or pitties him,
For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome :
Some stay, to see him fast'ned in the earth.
Aron. O why should wrath be mute,& Fury dumbe?
I am no Baby I, that with base Prayers
I should repent the Evils I have done.
Ten thousand worse,then ever yet I did,
Would I performe if I might have my will :
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very Soule.
Lucius. Some loving Friends convey the [Emp.hence,]
And give him buriall in his Fathers grave.
My Father, and *Lavinia*, shall forthwith
Be closed in our Households Monument :
As for that heynous Tyger *Tamora,*
No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds:[]]
No mournfull Bell shall ring her Buriall:
But throw her foorth to Beasts and Birds of prey :
Her life was Beast-like, and devoid of pitty,
And being so, shall have like want of pitty.
See Justice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moore,
From whom,our heavy happes had their beginning :
Then afterwards, to Order well the State,
That like Events, may ne're it Ruinate. *Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S