

Enter the Tribunes and Senators also: And then enter
 Saturninus and his followers as one doore, and Bassianus and
 his followers, with Drums and Trumpets.
Saturninus.
 Noble Patricians, Patrons of my Right,
 Defend the iustice of my cause with armes.
 And Countenmein my following followers,
 Plead my successefull Title with your swords:
 I am his first borne sonne, that was the last
 That waite the Imperall Diadem of Rome,
 Then let my Fathers honours live in me,
 Nor wrong mine age with this indignitie,
Bassianus.
 Romaines, friends, followers, fauourers of my Right,
 If euer *Bassianus Casar* borne,
 VVere gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,
 Kcepe then this passage to the Capitoll,
 And suffer not dishonour to approach,
 The Imperall seate to vertue, consecrate

Titus *Andronicus*: As it was plaide by
 the Right Honourable the Earle
 of Darbie Earle of Pembroke,
 and Earle of Suffex their
 Seruants.
 The most lamentable Tragedie of
 The most Lamentable Romaine



The most lamentable Tragedie

Demetrius, with Aron the Moore, and others as many as can
 be, then set downe the Coffin, and Titus speakes.

Titus. Haile Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds,
 Loos the Barke that hath dischargd his freight,
 Returnes with pretious lading to the bay,
 From whence at first shee wayd her anchorage;
 Commeth *Andronicus*, bound with Lawrell bowes,
 To resalure his Countrie with his teares,
 Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
 Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
 Stand gracious to the rights that we entend.
Romaines, ot five and twenty valiant sonnes,
 Halfe of the number that king *Priam* had,
 Behold the poore remaines alieue and dead:
 These thin turneue, let Rome reward with loue:
 These that I bring vnto their latest home,
 VVith buriall amongst their auncestors.
 Here *Gothes* haue giuen me leaue to sheath my sword,
Titus vnkinde, and carcles of thine owne,
 VVhy sufferst thou thy sonnes vburied yet,
 To haue on the dreadfull shore of flux,
 Make way to lay them by their brethren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in silence as the dead are wont,
 And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
 O sacred Receptacle of my ioyes,
 Sweete Cell of vertue and Nobilitie,
 How many sonnes hast thou of mine in flore,
 That thou wilt neuer render to me more.

Lucius. Giue vs the prowdest prisoner of the *Gothes*.

That we may hew his limbs and on a pile,
Admannus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:
 Before this earthy prison of their boanes,
 That so the shadows be not vnapeazde,

Not

Figure of the Gun, 1594. [A2r]

*Sound Drums and Trumpets, and then enter two of Titus's
sonnes, and then two men bearing a Coffin covered with black,
then two other sonnes, then Titus Andronicus, and then Ta-
mar the Queene of Gothes and her two sonnes Chiron and
Demetrius.*

To's in our election this day,
 I giue thee thanks in part of thy defects,
 And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
 And for an offer *Titus* to aduance,
 Thy name and honourable familie,
Lavinia will I make my Emperles;
 Romes Royall Militie, Militie of my hart,
 And in the sacred Pathe her espouse:
 I'll me *Andronicus* doth this motion please thee.
Titus. It doth my worthe Lord, and in this marke,
 I hold me highly honoured of your Grace,
 And here in sight of Rome to *Salmine*,
 King and Commander of our common weale,
 The wide world's Emperour, doe I consecrate
 My sword, my Charter, and my Prisoners,
 Presents well worthy Romes impetuous Lord:
 Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
 Mine honours Engages humbled at thy feet,
Salmine. Thanks Noble *Titus* Father of my life,
 How proude I am of thee and of thy gifts
 Rome shall record, and when I doe forget
 The least of these unpeackable defects,
 Romans forget your Ecclie to me.
Titus. Now Madam are you prisoner to an Emperour,
 To him that for your honour and your state,
 Will see you Nobly, and your followers,
Salmine. A goodly Lady trauell of the hie,
 That I would chooke were I to chooke a new:
 Clear w' fate Queene that cloudy countenance,
 Though change of war hath wrought this change of cheare,
 Thou comst not to be made a scorn in Rome.
 Princes shall be thy vantage cuerie waie
 Rest on my word, and let not discontent,
 Dismunt all your hopes, Madam he comforts you,
 Can make you greater than the Queene of *Goths*.
Lavinia.

of Titus Andronicus.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

VVhose wisdom hath her Fortune conquered,
 There shall we c. consummate our spouall rites.

Exeunt Omnes.

Titus. I am not bid to waite vpon this bride,
Titus when wert thou wont to walke alone,
 Dishonoured thus and challenged of wrongs.

Enter Marcus and Titus sonnes.

Marcus. O *Titus* see: O see what thou hast done
 In a bad quarrell slaine a vertuous sonne.

Titus. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
 Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deede,
 That hath dishonoured all our Familie,
 Vnworthy brother, and unworthy sonnes.

Lucius. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes,
 Giue *Mucius* buriall with our bretheren.

Titus. Traitors away, he rests not in this toombe:
 This monument fūe hundred yeares hath stood,
 VVhich I haue sumptuoullie reedified:
 Here none but souldiers and Romes seruitors
 Repose in fame: None basely slaine in braule &
 Burie him where you can be comes not here.

Marcus. My Lord this is impietie in you,
 My Nephew *Mutius* deedes doo plead for him,
 He must be buried with his bretheren.

Titus two sonnes speakes.

And shall or him wee will accompanie.

Titus. And shall, what villaine was it spake that word?

Titus sonne speakes.

He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Titus. VVhat would you burie him in my despight?

Marcus. No Noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee.

To pardon *Mutius* and to bury him.

Titus. *Marcus*: Euen thou hast stroke vpon my Crest,
 And with these boyes mine honour thou hast wounded,
 My foes I doe repute you cuerie one,

So

The most Lamentable Tragedie
 Of *Titus Andronicus*.
Alarbus. I fear thou shalt obtaine & aske the Romaine
Samus. Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell.
Titus. Patient Prince *Salmine*.
Demetrius. Romaines doe meright.
Patricians draw your swords and leaue them not.
 Till *Salmine* be Romes Emperour
 Rather than robbe me of the peoples hart.
Lucius. Proud *Salmine*, interrupter of the good,
 That noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.
Titus. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee
 The peoples hart, and weane them from the Romaines.
Alarbus. *Andronicus*! doe not hate thee,
 But honour thee and will doe till I die:
 My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends
 I will most thankfull be, and thanks to men
 Of Noble mind, is honourable meede.
Titus. People of Rome, and peoples Tribune here,
 I take your voyces and your suffrages,
 Will ye be fellow them friendly on *Andronicus*?
Titus. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
 And gratifie his late returne to Rome,
 The people will accept whom he admitteth.
Titus. *Tribune* I thank you, and this I make,
 That you create our Emperour eldest sonne,
 Lord *Salmine*: whose vertues will I hope,
 Blessed on Rome as *Titus* Rates on earth,
 And open iustice in this Common weale:
 Thence you will elect by my aduise,
 Crowne him and say, Long live our Emperour.
Alarbus. *Titus*. VVith voyces and applaue of euery sort,
Titus and *Plebeians*, we create
Salmine. I thus *Andronicus*, for thy fauours done,
 I say Long live our Emperour *Salmine*.

of Titus Andronicus.

Nor we disturbde with prodigies on earth,

Titus. I giue him you the Noblest that suruiues,

The eldest sonne of this distressed Queene. *(Roue)*

Tamora. Stay Romaine bretheren, gracious Conquer-

Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I shed,

A mothers teares in passion for her sonne:

And if thy sonnes were euer deare to thee,

Oh thinke my sonne to be as deare to mee,

Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome

To beautifie thy triumphs, and returne

Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake:

But must my sonnes be slaughtered in the streets

For valiant dooings in their Countries cause?

O if to fight for king and common-weale,

VVere pietie in thine, it is in these:

Andronicus, staine not thy tombe with blood.

VVilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?

Draw neere them then in being mercifull,

Sweete mercie is Nobilities true badge,

Thrice Noble *Titus*, spare my first borne sonne.

Titus. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me,

These are their bretheren, whom your *Goths* beheld

Aliue and dead, and for their bretheren slaine,

Religiously they aske a sacrifice:

To this your sonne is markt, and die he must,

T'appease their groning shadowes that are gone.

Lucius. Away with him, and make a fire straight,

And with our swords vpon a pile of wood,

Lets hew his limbs till they be cleane confumde.

Exit Titus sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamora. O cruell irreligious pietie,

Chiron. VVas neuer Sythia halfe so barbarous.

Demetrius. Oppose not Sythia to ambitious Rome,

Alarbus goes to rest and we suruiue,

To tremble vnder *Titus* threatening looke,

B

Then

The Cordall of mine age to glad my hart,
 Lavinia live, outlive thy fathers daies,
 And times eternal date for vertues praise,
Titus. Long live Lord *Titus* my beloved brother,
 Glorious triumph in the close of Rome.
Titus. Thanks gentle Tribune, Noble brother *Marcus*.
 And welcome Nephews from successful wars
 You that survive, and you that sleepe in fame:
 Faire Lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
 That in your Countrees forre drew your sword,
 But safer triumph is this funerall pompe,
 That hath ascribed to *Solons* happines,
 And triumphs over chaunce in honours bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
 VVhose friend in iustice thou hast euer bene,
 Send thee by mee their Tribune and their trust,
 And name thee in election for the Empire,
 With this our late delected Emperours sonnes
 Be *Candianus* then and put it on,
 And helpe to set a head on headles *Rome*.
Titus. A better head her glorious bodie fits,
 Than his that shakes for age and feeblenes:
 VVhat should I don this Roke and trouble you?
 Be chosen with Proclamations to daie,
 To morrow yeld vp rule, resigne my life,
 And set abroad new buisnes for you all.
 Roomes I have bene thy souldier for tie yeares,
 And led my Countrees strength successfully,
 And buried one and twentie valiant sonnes,
 Knighted in field, name manfull in Armes,
 In right and service of their Noble Countreies:
 Cincie a staffe of Honour for mine age,
 But not a scepter to controule the world,
 VVright he held in Lords that held it last.

of Titus Andronicus.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

then Adam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,
 the selfe same Gods that arme the Queene of Troy.
 VVith opportunitie of sharpe reuenge
 Vpon the Tatarian tyrant in his seat,
 May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
 (VVhen Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)
 to quit the bloodie wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Lucius. See Lord and father how we haue performed
 Our Romane rights, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
 And intrals feede the sacrificiing fire,
 VVhose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie,
 Remained nought but to interre our brethren,
 And with lowd larums welcome them to Rome.

Titus. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*,
 Make this his latest farewell to their soules.

Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffin in the Tombe.

In peace and honour rest you here my sonnes,
 Roomes readiest Champions, repoise you here in rest.
 Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:
 Here lurks no treason, here no enuie swels,
 Here grow no damned drugges, here are no stormes,
 No noyse, but silence and eternall sleepe,
 In peace and honour rest you here my sonnes.

Enter Lavinia.

In peace and honour, live Lord *Titus* long,
 My Noble Lord and father live in fame:
 Loat this tombe my tributarie teares,
 I render for my brethrens obsequies.
 And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
 Shed on this earth, for thy returne to Rome,
 O blesse me here with thy victorious hand,
 VVhose fortunes Roomes best Citizens applaud.

Titus. Kinde Rome that hast thus louing by referude,
 the

The most Lamentable Tragedie
 Lavinia you are not displeas'd with this.
 Not my Lord, such true Nobilitie,
 VVarrants these words in Princely carriage.
Saturnine. Thanks sweete *Lavinia*, *Rome* let vs goe,
 Reasonles here we see our prisoners free,
 Proclaime our Honours Lords with trumpe and Drum,
Bassianus, Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this maid is mine.
 How sit you in carrell then my Lords?
Titus. I Noble *Titus* and resolute withall,
 To doo my selfe this reason and this right.
Marcus. *Shunne* *chiquis* is our Roman iustice,
 This Prince in iustice ceaseth but his owne.
Lucius. And that he will, and shall if *Lucius* live.
Titus. traitors anan, where is the Emperours garde
 treason my Lord, *Lavinia* is surpris'de,
Saturnine. Surpris'de, by whom?
Bassianus. By him that iustly may,
 Beate his betroth'd from all the world away.
Marcus. Brothers, helpe to couney her hence away,
 And with my sword I keepe this doore safe.
Titus. Follow my Lord, and Ilesoone bring her backe.
Marcus. My Lord you parte not here.
Titus. What willaine boy, bairn me my way in Rome?
Marcus. Helpe! *Lucius*, helpe.
Lucius. My Lord you are vniu'd, and more than so,
 In wrongfull quarrell you haue stain'd your forme.
Titus. Not thou, nor he, are any sonnes of mine,
 My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me,
 Traitor before *Lavinia* to the Emperour,
 Lacinus, Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
 That is a noters lawfull promitt ioue.
Enter also the Emperour with Tamora and her two sonnes and Alon the moore.
Emperour. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needes her not,
 Nor her, nor child, nor any of thy stocke:
 He

of Titus Andronicus.

He trust by leysure, him that rocks me once,
 Thee neuer, nor thy traitorous hawtie sonnes,
 Confederates all thus to dishonour mee,
 VVas none in Rome to make a staile
 But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*
 Agree these deeds, with that prowd bragge of thine,
 That saidst I begd the Empire at thy hands.
Titus. O monstrous, what reprochfull words are these?
Saturn. But goe thy waies goe giue that changing piece,
 to him that florish'd for her with his sword:
 A valiant sonne in law thou shalt inioy,
 One fit to bandie with thy lawlesse sonnes,
 to ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.
Titus. these words are rasors to my wounded hart.
Saturn. And therefore louely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
 That like the statelie *Thebe* moult her Nymphs,
 Dost ouershine the gallant Dames of Rome,
 If thou be please with this my sodaine choise,
 Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
 And will create thee Emperesse of Rome.
 Speake Queene of Gothes dost thou applaud my choise?
 And here I sweare by all the Romane Gods,
 Sith Priest and holy water are so neere,
 And tapers burne so bright, and euery thing
 In readines for *Hymeneus* stand,
 I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
 Or cline my Pallace, till from forth this place,
 I lead espowde my Bride along with mee.

Tamora. And here in sight of heauen to Rome I sweare,
 If *Saturnine* aduance the Queene of Gothes,
 Shee will a handmaide be to his desires,
 A loving Nurse, a Mother to his youth.
Sat. Ascend faire Queene: Panthean Lords accompany
 Your Noble Emperour and his louelic Bride,
 Sent by the Heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,

VVhose

And that my word vpon thee shall approue,
 To serue, and to delectue my Mills grace,
 I am as able and as fit as thou,
 Makes me little gracious, or thee more fortunate:
 'Tis not the difference of a yeare or two
 And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,
Chiron. Demetrius, thou dost ouerweene in all,
 And may for ought thou knowest affected bee,
 And manners to intrude where I am grac'd,
Demetrius. Chiron thy yeares wants wit, thy wits wants
 (edges,
Enter Chiron and Demetrius braving.

Follow, what storme is this?
 And see his shipwrecke, and his Common-weales,
 this Syren that will charme Rome's *Salmine*,
 this Goddelfe, this Sennetims, this Nymph,
 to wait vpon this new made Emperesse,
 I will be bright and shine in perle and golde,
 Away with blawst weeds and teale thoughts,
 Than is *Promethens* tide to *Cacus*,
 And faster bound to *Arons* charming cies,
 Hail prisoner held, fetter'd in amonious chains,
 And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
 To mount aloft with thy Imperiall Alittis,
 Then *Aron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
 And vertue floops and trembles at her towne,
 Vpon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
 So *Tamora*.
 And ouer-looks the highest picing hills,
 Gallies the Zodiacke in his glistering Coach,
 And hailing gite the Ocean with his beames,
 As when the golden sunne faine the morne,
 Aduanc'd above pale enues threatening reach,
 Secure of thunders cracke or lightning flash,
 of *Titus Andronicus*.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

To square for this: would it offend you then
 That both should speede,

Chiron. Faith not me,

Demetrius. Nor me so I were one.

Ayon. For shame be friends, and ioine for that you iary

'Tis pollicie and stratageme must doo
 That you affect, and so must you resolute,
 That what you cannot as you would atchieue,
 You must perforce accomplish as you may:
 Take this of mee, *Lucrece* was not more chaste
 Than this *Lavinia*, *Bastianus* loue,
 A speedier course this lingring languishment
 Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
 My Lords a solemne hunting is in hand,
 There will the louelie Romane Ladies troope:
 The forrest walks are wide and spacious,
 And many vnfrequented plots there are,
 Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
 Single you thither then this daintie Doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words,
 This waie or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come, our Emperesse with her sacred wit
 To villanie and vengeance consecrate,
 VVill we acquaint withall what we intend,
 And shee shall file our engines with aduise,
 That will not suffer you to square your selues,
 But to your wishes hight aduance you both.
 The Emperours Court is like the house of fame,
 The Pallace full of tongues, of eies, and eares:
 The woods are ruthles, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
 There speake, and strike braue boies, and take your turns,
 There serue your lust shadowed from heauens eie,
 And reuell in *Lavinias* treasure,
Chiron. Thy counsell! Lad smels of no cowardize,
Demetrius. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I finde the streame,

to

Secure

Safe out of fortunes shot, and fits aloft,
Ayon. Now climeth *Tamora* Olympus toppes,
Sound trumpets, manet Moore.
Salmine. Be it to *Titus* and grauerie too, *Exeunt.*
 VVith horse and hound, wele giue your grace bonour,
 To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
Titus. To morrow and it please your Matieffe,
 This date shall be a loue-date *Tamora*.
 You are my guest *Lavinia* and your friends:
 Come if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,
 I would not part a Batcheler from the Priest.
 I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,
 Stand vp: *Lavinia* though you left me like a Cloude,
 I doe reme the these young mens hatious fautes,
 And at my louche *Tamora* intreats,
Salmine. *Marcus*, for thy sake, and thy brothers here,
 I will not be denied, weece hart looke backe.
 The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
Tamora. Nay, may I see? Eerie or we must all be friends,
Salmine. Away and take not trouble vs no more.
Marcus. That on mine honour here doo I protest,
 Tending out filers honour and our owne,
 That what weece did, was midle as we might,
 VVeece doo, and vowe to Heauen and to his Highnes,
 You shall aske pardon of his Matieffe.
 By my aduise all humbled on your knees,
 And leare not Lords, and you *Lavinia*,
 That you will be more milde and tractable,
 My word and promise to the Emperour,
 For you Prince *Bassianus* I haue past
 That I haue reconciled your friends and you.
 And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
 This day all quarters die *Andronicus*.
 And must aduise the Emperour for his good,
 A Roman now adopted happie,
 The most Lamentable Tragedie

of Titus Andronicus.

So trouble me no more, but get you gone,

3. Sonne. He is not with himselfe, let vs withdraw.

2. Sonne. Not I till *Mutius* bones be buried.

The brother and the sonnes kneele.

Marcus. Brother, for in that name doth nature please,

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

Titus. Speake thou no more, if all the rest will speede.

Marcus. Renowned *Titus*, more than halfe my soule.

Lucius. Deare father, soule and substance of vs all.

Marcus. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to intere,

His Noble Nephew here in vertues nest,

That died in honour and *Lavinias* cause,

Thou art a Romane, be not barbarous:

The Greeks vpon aduise did burie *Ayax*

that slew himselfe: and wise *Laertes* sonne,

Did gratiouelie plead for his Funeralls:

Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy ioy,

Be bard his entrance here.

Titus. Rise *Marcus*, rise,

The disnall day is this that ere I saw,

To be dishonoured by my sonnes in Rome:

Well burie him, and burie me the next.

they put him in the tombe. (friends,

Lucius. There lie thy bones sweete *Mutius* with thy

Till weece with Trophies doo adorne thy tombe:

they all kneele and say,

No man shed teares for Noble *Mutius*,

He liues in fame, that did in vertues cause.

Exit all but Marcus and Titus.

Marcus. My Lord to slep out of these drie dumps,

How comes it that the subtile Queene of *Goths*,

Is of a sodaine thus aduanc'd in Rome,

Titus. I know not *Marcus*, but I know it is.

(VVhether by deuise or no, the heauens can tell.)

Is shee not then beholding to the man,

C

That

C 2

A

Tamora. I thinke you Mathe, and her my Lord,
Titus. I thinke you Mathe, and her my Lord,
Saturnine. Wife *Titus* rise, my Emperesse hath prenaid,
that dies in tempest of thy angrie frowne,
take vp this good old man, and cleave the hart,
Comes, comes sweete Emperour, (come & Andronicus)
Kneele in the threies and begge for grace in vaine.
And make them know what tis to let a Queene,
to whom I liued for my deare sonnes life,
the cruell father, and his traitorous sonnes,
And race their faction and their familie,
Ile find a day to massacre them all,
Yced at inuents: and then let me alone,
V Which Rome reputes to be a shameous finne,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Vpon a iust iudgement take *Titus* part,
Lead then the people, and Patricians too,
You are but newwhe plantes in your throne,
Distinguish all your gneles and discontents,
My Lord: be rulede by me, be woune at last,
Nor with fowre looks afflicte his gentle hart,
Loofe not to noble a friend on vaine suppoles,
then at my fute looke gracionlie on him,
V Whole fute not distembled speaks his grices:
For good Lord *Titus* innocue in all,
But on mine ho your dare I undertake,
I should be without to dishonour you.
Tamora. Not to my Lord, the Gods of Rome forfend.
And bawle put it vp without reuenge.
Saturnine. V What Madam be dishonoured of only,
And at my fute (wee) pardon what is past,
then heare me speake indifferently for all:
V Were gracions in thole Princelie eyes of thine,
Tamora. My worthy Lord, it euer *Tamora*.

of Titus Andronicus.

The most Lamentable Tragedie That brought her forth this high good turne to her.

*Enter the Emperour, Tamora, Enter at the other doore
and her two sonnes, with the Basilius and Lavinia,
Moore at one doore.* *with others.*

Saturnine. So *Basilius*, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy fir of your gallant Bride.
Basilius. And you of yours my Lord, I say no more,
Nor with no lesse, and so I take my leaue.
Saturnine. traitor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
thou and thy faction shall repent this Rape.
Basilius. Rape call you it my Lord to ceaze my owne,
My true betrothed loue, and now my wife:
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while am I posselt of that is mine.
Saturnine. tis good fir, you are verie short with vs,
But it we liue, wee be as sharpe with you,
Basilius. My Lord what I haue done as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall doo with my life,
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
By all the dueties that I owe to Rome,
this Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrongd,
that in the rescue of *Lavinia*,
V Vich his owne hand did slay his youngest sonne,
In zeale to you, and highly moude to wrath,
to be contrould in that he frankelie gaue.
Receaze him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
that hath exprest himselfe in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.
Titus. Prince *Basilius* leaue to pleade my deeds,
tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
How I haue loude and honoured *Saturnine*.

Tamora,

Young

Without controulement, justice, or reuenge.
that for her loue such grieues may be brocht,
Or *Basilius* to degenerate,
V What is *Lavinia* then become to loole,
It is to let vpon a Princies right?
V Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
this petite brabie will vndoe vs all:
Now by the Gods that warlike *Gabes* adore,
Moore. Away I lay,
And with thy weapon nothing darst performe.
Foule spoken Coward, that thundrest with thy tongue,
Chiron. For that I am prepared, and full reiole,
that he bath breathd in my dishonour here,
thoult those reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
My Raper in his bosome, and with all
Demetrius. Not I till I haue thieard,
For shame put vp.
Be so dishonoured in the Court of Rome.
Nor would your Noble Mother for much more,
the case were knowne to them it most concerns,
I would not for a million of gold,
Full well I wote the ground of all this grudge,
And maintain such a quartell openlie:
so nere the Emperours Pallace dare yee drawe,
Moore. V Why how now Lords?
Demetrius. I boy, grow yee so braue? *they drame.*
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare,
Chiron. Meane while fir, with the litle skill I haue,
till you know better how to handle it,
Go too: haue your lath glaid within your thieards:
Are you so desperate growe to threath your friends:
Gaue you a daunting Raper by your side,
Demetrius. Why boy, although our mother (vnaduzd)
Moore. Clubs, Clubs, theie louers will not keepe the
And plead my passion for *Lavinia* loue.
Demetrius. (peace,
The most Lamentable Tragedie

of Titus Andronicus.

Young Lords beware, and should the Emperesse know,
This discords ground, the musicke would not please,
Chiron. I care not I, knew thee and all the world,
I loue *Lavinia* more than all the world. (choise,
Demetrius. Youngling learne thou to make some meane
Lavinia is thine elder brothers hope.
Moore. V Why are ye mad? or know yee not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they bee,
And cannot brooke competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doo but plot your deaths,
By this deuise.
Chiron. *Aron,* A thousand deaths would I propose,
to atchiue her whom I loue.
Aron. To atchiue her how?
Demetrius. V Why makes thou it so strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woode,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woonne,
Shee is *Lavinia*, therefore must be loude.
V What man, more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the Miller of, and easie it is,
Of a cut loose to steale a shiue we know:
Though *Basilius* be the Emperours brother,
Better than he haue worne *Vulcans* badge.
Moore. I and as good as *Saturnine* may. (court it,
Demetrius. Then why should he dispaire that knows to
V With words, faire looks, and liberalitie.
V What hast not thou full often stroke a Doe,
And borne her cleanlie by the Keepers nose?
Moore. V Why then it seemes some certaine snatch, or so
V Would serue your turnes.
Chiron. If so the turne were serued,
Demetrius. *Aron* thou hast hit it.
Moore. V Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tirde with this adoo.
V Why harke ye, harke ye, and are you such footes

To

Out

of Titus Andronicus.

Moore. Madam, though *Cesare* gouerne your desires,
Samine is dominator ouer mine:
 VVhat signifies my deaddlie standing etc,
 My flreece, ann my elowdie melancholie,
 My flreece of wollic haire that now vncurles,
 Euen as an adder when the doth vnrowle,
 To doo some fatal execution.
 No *Madam*, these are no veneral signes,
 Vengeance is in my hart, death in my hand,
 Blood and reuenge are hanting in my head.
 Hark! *Tamora*, the Emperesse of my soule,
 Which neuer hopes more heauen than rests in thee,
 This is the date of doome for *Bassianus*,
 His *Philomet* must loofe her tongue to date,
 thy sonnes make pillage of her chastitee,
 And wall their hands in *Bassianus* blood.
 See! thou this letter take vp I pray thee,
 And give the king this fatal plotted scrowle,
 Now question me no more we are eschp'd,
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful boodie,
 VVhich dreeds not yet their liues destruction.

Enter Bassianus, and Lavinia.

Tamora. Ah my sweete *Moore*, sweeter to me than life;
Moore. No more great Emperesse, *Bassianus* comes,
 Be crosse thy quaters what so ere they bee,
Bassianus. who haue we here? *Romes Royall Emperesse*,
 O is it *Dian* habited like her,
 VVho hath abandoned her holie grones,
 To see the generall hunting in this forest?
Tamora. Sawe the countrowler of my priuate steps,
 Had I the powre that some day *Dian* had,
 Thy temples should be planted presently.

[With]

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Make way and runnes like swallowes ore the plaine,
Demetrius. *Chiron* we hunt not we, with horse nor hound
 But hope to plucke ad-vantage Doe to ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aron alone.

Moore. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
 to burie so much gold vnder a tree,
 And neuer after to inherit it.
 Let him that thinks of me so abiectionlie,
 Know that this gold must coine a stratageme,
 VVhich cunninglie effected will beget,
 A verie excellent peece of villanie:
 And so repose sweet gold for their vnrest,
 that haue their almes out of the Emperesse Chest.

Enter Tamora alone to the Moore.

Tamora. My louelic *Aron*, wherefore lookst thou sad,
 VVhen euerie thing dorh make a glee full bost:
 the birds chaunt melodie on euerie bush,
 the snakes lies rolled in the chearefull sunne,
 the greene leaues quiuier with the cooling winde,
 And make a checkerd shadow on the ground:
 Vnder their sweet shade, *Aron* let vs sit,
 And whilst the babling eccho mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrillie to the well run'd hornes,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,
 Let vs sit downe and marke their yellowing noyse:
 And after conflict such as was supposed
 the wandring Prince and *Dido* once inioyed,
 VVhen with a happie storme they were surprisde,
 And curtain'd with a counsaile-keeping Caue,
 VVe may each wreathed in the others armes,
 (Our pastimes done,) possesse a golden slumber,
 VVhiles hounds and hornes, and sweete mellodious birds
 Be vnto vs as is a Nurces song
 Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe a sleepe.

Moore

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Let not this waile ouercome vs both to ling,
Chiron. I warrant you *Madam* we will make that sure:
 Come *Mithras* now perforce we will enjoy,
 That nice preserved honestie of yours.

Lavinia. Oh *Tamora*, thou bearest a womans face,
Tamora. I will not heare her speak awaie with her,
Lavinia. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.
Demetrius. Listen faire *Madam* let it be your glory
 To see her teares, but be you hart to them:
 As vntolerant flint to drops of raine.
Lavinia. VVhen did the Tigris young ones teach the
 Oh doe not leaue her wraith: she taught it thee,
 the Milke thou suckt from her did turne to Marble,
 Euen at thy teat thou hadst thy tyrannie,
 Yet euerie Mother breeds not sonnes a like,
 Doe thou intreat her shee a womans pittie. (ballard)
Chiron. VVhat wouldst thou haue me proue my selfe a
Lavinia. tis true the *Kaen* dorh not hatch a Larkie,
 Yet haue I hard, Oh could I finde it now,
 The Lion moued with pittie did indure,
 to haue his Princelie pawes parade all away:
 So may that *Kaen* foster for some children,
 The whilst their owne birds famish in their nest:
 Oh be to me though thy hart hart say no,
 Nothing to kinde but something pittifull.
Tamora. I know not what it means, away with her,
Lavinia. Oh let me reach thee for my Fathers sake,
 that gaue thee life when well be might haue slaine thee,
 Be not obdurate, open thy deafe yeres,
Tamora. Hadst thou in person here offended mee,
 Euen for his sake am I pittifull.
 Remember boyes I powrd forth teares in vaine,
 to saue your brother from the sacrifice,
 But reace *Andronicus* would not relent,
 therefore away with her, and shee as you will,

The

of Titus Andronicus.

The worse to her the better lou'd of mee.
Lavinia. Oh *Tamora* be call'd a Gentle Queene,
 And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
 For tis not life that I haue begd so long.
Moore. I was slaine when *Bassianus* did. (goe)
Tamora. VVhat begst thou then fond woman let me
Lavinia. tis present death I beg, and one thing more,
 That woman-hood denies my tong to tell,
 Oh keepe me from there worse than killing lust,
 And tumble me into some lothsome pit,
 VVhere neuer mans eye may behold my bodie,
 Doe this and be a charitable murderer.
Tamora. So should I rob my sweet sonnes of their fee,
 No let them sacrifice their lust on thee.
Demetrius. away for thou hast staide vs here too long.
Lavinia. No grace, no womanhood, ah beastly creature,
 the blot and enemy to our generall name,
 Confusion fall (husband,
Chiron. Nay then Ile stop your mouth, bring thou her
 this is the hole where *Aron* bid vs hide him.
Tamora. Farewell my sons, see that you make her sure,
 Nere let my hart know merry cheare indeede,
 Till all the *Andronicus* be made away:
 Now will I hence to seeke my louely *Moore*,
 and let my spleenfull sonnes this Trull deuoure.

Enter Aron with two of Titus sonnet.

Come on my Lords the better foot before,
 Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit,
 VVhere I espied the Panther fast a sleepe.
Quintus. My sight is verie dull what ere it bodes,
Mars. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
 VVell could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while.
Quintus. VVhat art thou fallen what subtil hole is this,
 VVhose mouth is couered with rude growing briars,
 Vpon

Enter the Judges and Senators with Titus two fowles bound, passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before pleading.
Titus. Heare me graue Fathers, Noble Tribunes day,
 Forpittie of mine age, whole youth was spent
 In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept,
 For all my blood in Rookes great quarrell shed,
 And for the bitter teares which now you see,
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my checks,
 Be pitifull to my condemned finnes,
 A Whole foules is not corrupted as this thought.
 For two and twentie finnes I neuer wept,
 Because they died in honours lustie bed,
Andronicus lieth downe, and the Judges passe by him.
 For thece, Tribunes, in the dust I write
 My hartes deepe languor, and my foules sad teares:
 Let my teares stampe the earths drie appetite,
 My finnes sweete blood will make it thaine and blis:
 O earth I will bestow thee more with raine,
 Than thou shalt April shall with all his shoures.
E 3
 In

The most Lamentable Tragedie
 Of Titus Andronicus.
 If I doe wake some Planect strike me downe,
 That I may number an eternall sleepe.
 Speake gentle Neece, what sterne vengeance hands,
 Hath lopt, and hewed, and made thy body bare,
 Of her two branches the sweete Ornaments,
 Whole cyrcled shadowes, Kings haue sought to sleepe
 And might not greeue to great a happines
 As shall thy love: Why dost not speake to me?
 Alas, a crimson River of watere blood,
 Like to a bubling Fountaine filde with winde,
 Doth rise and fall betweene thy Roled lips,
 Comming and going with thy honie breath.
 But I see some Ierres hath deflowred thee,
 And lest thou shouldst detect them cut thy tongue.
 Ah now thou turnst away thy face for shame,
 And notwithstanding all this loffe of blood,
 As from a Conduit with their sitting spouts,
 Yet do thy cheekes lookered as *Tamors* face,
 Blushing to be encountered with a Clowde.
 Shall I speake for thee, shall I say tis so.
 Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the bea,
 That I might talke at him to ease my minde,
 Sorrow concealed like an Ouen flopp,
 Doth burne the hart to cinders where it is.
 Fair *Philomela*, why the but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler showed her minde,
 But loquely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
 A crasier *Tereus*, Coler half thou met,
 And he hath cut those prettie fingers off,
 That could haue better showed than *Philomela*.
 Oh had the monster scene those Lillie hands,
 Tremble like aspen leanes vpon a Lure,
 And make the fliken flings delight to kille them,
 He would not then haue sucht them for his life.
 Or had he heard the heauenly Harmonie,
 Which

of Titus Andronicus.
 Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
 As hatefull as *Oculus* mistie mouth.
Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee our,
 Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
 I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
 Of this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus* graue:
 I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brinke,
Martius. Nor I no strength to clime without thy help.
Quint. Thy hand once more, I will not loofe againe,
 Tilt thou are here a loft or I belowe:
 Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.
Enter the Emperour and Aron, the Moore.
Saturninus. Along with me, He see what hole is here,
 And what he is that now is leapt into it,
 Say who art thou that lately didst descend,
 Into this gaping hollow of the earth.
Martius. The unhappie finnes of old *Andronicus*,
 Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,
 To finde thy brother *Bassianus* dead.
Saturninus. My brother dead, I know thou dost but
 He and his Ladie both are at the lodge, (iest,
 Vpon the north side of this pleasant chafe,
 Tis not an houre since I left them there.
Mart. VVe know not where you left them all a liue,
 But out alas, here haue we found him dead.
Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.
Tamora. VWhere is my Lord the King?
King. Here *Tamora*, though gride with killing griefe.
Tamora. VWhere is thy brother *Bassianus*?
King. Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound,
 E Poore

The most lamentable Tragedie
Inflamers drough, He drop vpon thee still,
In winter with warme teares He melteth snow,
And keepe eternall spring time out by face,
So thou refuse to drinke my deare Lomies blood,
Enter Lucius with his weapon drawne.
O reuerent *Tribunes*, Oh gentle aged men
Vnbinde my Lomies, reuerie the doome of death,
And let me say, (that neuer wept before)
My teares are now prebailing Oratours,
Lucius, Oh Noble Father you lament in vaine,
The *Tribunes* heare you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.
Titus, Ah *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue *Tribunes*, once more I intreat of you,
Lucius, My gracious Lord, no *Tribune* heares you speak.
Titus, Why tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me, if they did marke,
They would not pittie me, yet pleaide I must,
And bootlesse vnto them,
Therefore I tell my sorrowes to the stones,
Who though they cannot answer my diffelte,
Yet in some sort they are better than the *Tribunes*,
For that they will not intercepe my tale:
When I doe weepe, they humble at my teare
Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but actured in graue weeds,
Rome could afford no *Tribunes* like to thes:
A stone is soft as waxe, *Tribunes* more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And *Tribunes* with their tongues doome men to death,
But whether for standst thou with thy weapon drawne?
Lucius to rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounced,
My cruelsting doome of banishment,
Titus, O happie man, they haue belended thee:
why

of Titus Andronicus.
Who found this letter, *Tamora* was it you?
Tamora, *Andronicus* himselfe did take it vp,
Titus, I did my Lord, yet let me be their baile,
For by my Fathers reuerent toombe I vowe,
They shall be ready at your highnes will,
To answer their suspicion with their liues.
King, Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me.
Some bring the murthered body, some the murtherers,
Let them not speake a word the guilt is plain,
For by my soules were there worse end than death,
That end vpon them should be executed.
Tamora, *Andronicus* I will intreat the King,
Pardon not thy Lomies, they shall doe well enough.
Titus, Come *Lucius* come, they not to talke with them,
Enter the Emperors sonnes with Lavinia, her handes cut off, and her tongue cut out, & vanishes.
Dime, So now gae tell and ffly tongue can speake,
Who twas that cut thy tongue and rauisht thee.
Obi, Vnto dedome thy minde be away thy meaning to,
And if thy humperes will let thee play the scibe,
Deme, See how with signes and tokens she can scrowle,
Obi, Goe home, call for sweet water wash thy hands,
Deme, She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to waile,
And so lets leane her to her silent wailes,
Obi, And were my cause, I should goe hang my selfe,
Dime, If thou hadst hands to helpe thee knit the corde,
Exeunt.
Vho is this, my Neece that flies away so fast,
Cosen a word, where is your husband?
If I doe dreame would all my wealth would wake me.
[f] E 2

The most Lamentable Tragedie
Poore *Bassianus* here lies murthered,
Tamora, Then all too late I bring this fatall writ,
The complot of this timelesse Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyrannie,
She giueth *Saturnine* a letter.
Saturninus reads the letter.
And if wee misse to meete him handfomelic,
Sweet huntsman, *Bassianus* tis we meane,
Doe thou so much as dig the graue for him,
Thou knowst our meaning looke for thy reward,
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree,
Which our shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to burie *Bassianus*,
Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting friends.
King, Oh *Tamora* was euer heard the like,
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke Sirs if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should haue murthered *Bassianus* here,
Aron, My gracious Lord here is the bag of gold,
King, Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kinde,
Haue here bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,
T here let them bide vntill we haue deuisd,
Some neuer hard of tortering paine for them.
Tam, VWhat are they in this pit, Oh wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered.
Titus, High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares not lightly shed,
That th is fell fault of my accursed sonnes,
Accursed, if the faults be proud in them.
King, If it be proude, you see it is apparant,

of Titus Andronicus.
why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceiue
that Rome is but a wildernes of tygers?
tygers must pray, and Rome affords no pray
But rue and mine, how happie art thou then,
From these deuourers to be banished.
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* here?
Enter Marcus with Lavinia,
Marcus, *Titus*, prepare thy aged eies to weepe,
Or if not so, thy Noble hart to breake:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.
Titus, will it consume mee? Let me see it then,
Marcus, This was thy Daughter,
Titus, why *Marcus* so thee is.
Lucius, Ay mee, this Obiect kills mee.
Titus, Faint-harted-boy, arise and looke vpon her,
Speake *Lavinia*, what accursed hand,
Hath made thee handles 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 camst,
And now like *Nylus* it disdaineth bounds,
Giue me a sword He choppe off my hands too,
For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
And they haue nursd this woe, in feeding life:
In bootlesse praier haue they bene held vp,
And they haue serude me to effectles vse.
Now all the seruice 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 doe Rome seruice is but vaine.
Lucius, Speake gentle sister, who hath martred thee.
Marcus, Oh that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
that blabd them with such pleasing eloquence, [s]

of Titus Andronicus.
 Where life hath no more interest but to breathe,
 As frozen water to a stunted facke.
Titus. When will this fearful I number haue an end?
Marcus. Now farewell Hætic, die *Andronicus*,
 thou dost not number, see thy two sonnes heads,
 thy warlike hand, thy mangled Daughters heere:
 thy other banish the sonne with this deere sight,
 Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,
 Euen like a stony image cold and numme.
 Ah now no more will I controule thy griefes,
 Rent off thy filier haire, thy other hand,
 Gnauing with thy teeth, and beeth this dismal sight:
 The closing vp of our most wretched eies:
 Now is a time to storne, why art thou still?
Titus. Hæba, hæba.
 Why dost thou laugh? It fits not with this houre.
Titus. Why I haue not another teare to shed,
 Besides this sorrow is an enemy,
 And would vnrise vpon my watric eies,
 And make them blinde with tributarie teares,
 Then which way shall I find R enuenges Cause,
 For these two heads doe seeme to spake to mee,
 And threat me, I shall neuer come to bliss,
 Till all these mischances be returned againe,
 Euen in their throats that hath committed them,
 Comlet me see what task I haue to doe,
 You heauie people curle me about.
 That I may turne mee to each one of you,
 And swaue into my soule to right your wrongs,
 The vow is made, Come brother take a head,
 And in this hand the other will I beare,
 And I *Lavinia* thou shalt be employde in these Armes,
 Beate thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
 As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight.
 Thou

The most lamentable Tragedie

Perhaps shee could it from among the rest,
Titus. Soft so busilie she turnes the leaues,
 Help her, what would shee finde? *Lavinia* that I read:
 This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*,
 And treas of *Tereus* treason and his rape,
 And rape I feare, was roote of thy annoie,
Marcus. See brother see, note how she coats the leaues,
Titus. *Lavinia* wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet gyrie:
 Rauisht and wrongd as *Philomela* was,
 Froed in the ruthlesse Vast and gloomie woods;
 See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,
 (O had we neuer, neuer hunted there,)
 Patternd by that the Poet here describes,
 By nature made for murders and for rapes,
Marcus. O why should nature build so fowle a den,
 Vnlesse the Gods delight in Tragedies, (friends,
Titus. Giue signes sweet gyrie, for here are none but
 VVhat Romaine Lord it was durst doe the deed?
 Or slonkenot *Saturnine* as *Tarquin* erst,
 that left the Campe to sinne in *Lucrece* bed
Marcus. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by
Appollo, *Pallas*, *Ioue* or *Mercurie*, (mee,
 Inspire me that I may this treason finde,
 My Lord looke here, looke here *Lavinia*,

*He writes his name with his Staffe and guideth it
 with fete and mouth.*

This fardie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst
 This after me, I haue writ my name,
 Without the help of any hand at all,
 Curst be that hart that forced vs to this shift:
 VVrite thou good Neece, and here display at last,
 VVhat God will haue discovered for reuenge,
 Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
 That

The most Lamentable Tragedie
 Then be my passions bottomelesse with them,
Marcus. But yet let reason gouerne thy lament,
Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
 Then into himes could I binde my woes:
 VVhen heauen doth weeped, doth not the earth oreflow?
 If the winds rage, doth not the sea wake mad,
 If threathing the welkin with his big wolue face:
 And wilt thou haue a reason for this colie?
 I am the sea. Hark how her sighs doth flow:
 Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
 Then must my sea be moued with her sighs,
 Then must my earth with her continual teares,
 Become a deluge: once flowed and drowned:
 For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
 But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
 When giue me leaue, for loolets will haue leaue,
 To eate their Romaines with their bitter tongues.
Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.
Messenger. VVorthy *Andronicus*, I art thou repaid,
 For that good hand thou sentest the Emperours:
 Heere are the heads of thy two Noble sonnes,
 And heere thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe:
 Thy grieffe, their sports: Thy resolution mocke:
 That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
 More than remembrance of my fathers death.
Marcus. Now let hote *Ama* coole in *Cydlie*,
 And be my hart an euerturning hell:
 These miseries are more than may be borne.
 To weep with them that weeped with cause some deale,
 But sorrow flowed at this double death.
Lucius. Ah that this sight should make so deepe a wound
 And yet detested life not shrinke thereto:
 That euer death should let life beare his name,
 VVhere

of Titus Andronicus.

VVitnes the sorrow that their sister makes.
 Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kisse thy lips,
 Or make some signe how I may doe thee ease:
 Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
 And thou, and I, sit round about some Fountaine,
 Looking all downwards to behold our cheekes,
 How they are staine like meadowes yet not drie,
 VVith mserie slime left on them by a flood?
 And in the fountaine shall wee gaze so long,
 Till the fresh tast be taken from that clearenes,
 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 daies?
 VVhat shall we doe? Let vs that haue our tongues,
 Plot some deuise of further miserie,
 To make vs wonderd at in time to come.
Lucius. Sweete father cease your teares, for at your grief
 see how my wretched sister sobs and weepes,
Marcus. Patience deare niece, good *Titus* dry thine eies.
Titus. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wote,
 Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
 For thou poore man, hast drowned it with thine owne,
Lucius. Ah my *Lavinia*, I will wipe thy cheekes.
Titus. Marke *Marcus*, marke, I vnderstand her signes,
 Had shee a tongue to speake, now would shee say
 That to her Brother, which I said to thee.
 His napping with her true teares all bewet,
 Can doe no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekes,
 Oh what a simparchie of woe is this,
 as farre from helpe, as *Lymbo* is from blisse.

Enter Azon the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, My Lord the Emperour,
 Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy sonnes,
 Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy selfe olde *Titus*,

F

Or

Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
 Hie to the *Gobes* and raise an armie there,
 and kye close me as I thinke you doe,
 Lets kill and part for we have much to doe.
Exeunt.
Lucius. Farewell *Andronicus* my Noble Father,
 The worst of man that ever lived in Rome:
 He loves his pledges dearer than his life:
 Farewell *Lavinia* my Noble sister,
 O would thou wert as thou hast bene,
 But now not *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives,
 But in oblivion and hateful greeces:
 If *Lucius* live, he will requite your wrongs,
 And make proud *Saturnine* and his Emperesse,
 Beg at the gates like *Targuin* and his Queene,
 Now will I to the *Gobes* and raise a powre,
 To be revenged on Rome and *Saturnine*.
Exit Lucius.
Enter Lucius some and *Lavinia* running after him, and
 the Boy flies from her with his Bookes under
 her his Armes.
Enter Titus and Marcus.
Puer. Help Grandfather helpe, my Aunt *Lavinia*,
 Followes me euer where I know not why.
 Good Vnckle *Marcus* see how swift she comes,
 Alas sweet Aunt I know not what you meane.
Marcus. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thing Aunt,
Titus. She loves thee boy too well to doe thee harme.
Puer. I when my Father was in Rome she did,
 M. V What meanes my Niece *Lavinia* by these signes?
Tit. Feare her not *Lucius*, somewhat doth she meane,
 See

Perhaps
Marcus. For love of her thats gone,
 My Mother gave it me.
Puer. Grandfather tis Ovids *Metamorphosis*,
Titus. *Lucius* what booke is that shee tooke so,
 Or else to heaven, she heaves them for revenge.
 M. I thinke she meanes that there were more than one
 Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
 Why lifts she vp her Armes in sequence thus?
 Reueale the damnd contriuer of this deede.
 And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
 Come and take choise of all my Lybrarie,
 But thou art deeper read and better skild,
 V Which is it gyrie of these, open them boy,
 Some booke there is that she desires to see:
Titus. How now *Lavinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?
Mar. *Lucius* I will.
 I will most willinglie attend your Ladyship.
 And Madding if my Vnckle *Marcus* goe,
 Causes perhaps, but pardon me, sweet Aunt,
 V Which made me downe to throwe my bookes and flie
 Loues me as deare as ere my Mother did,
 Although my Lord I know my Noble Aunt,
 Ran mad for sorrow, that made me to feare,
 And I haue red that *Hecuba* of Troy,
 Extremitie of greeces would make men mad,
 For I haue heard my Grandfather say full oft,
 Vnlesse some fit or frenzie do possesse her:
Puer. My Lord I know not I, nor can I gesse,
 Canst thou not gesse wherefore she plies thee thus.
 Sweet Poetrie and Tullies Oratour;
 Red to her sonnes than she hath red to thee,
 A boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more care,
 Some whither would she haue thee goe with her.
 See *Lucius* see, how much she makes of thee:

of Titus Andronicus.
 Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine.
Moore. I that be calde deceit, I will be honest,
 And neuer whilst I liue deceiue men for:
 But the deceiue you in another sort,
 And that youle say ere halfe an houre pastle.
He cuts off Titus hand.
Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.
Titus. Now may your strife, what shall be, is dispatching
 Good *Aron* giue his Maledicte my hand,
 Tell him it was a hand that ward him
 From thou and dangers, bid him buriere,
 More hath it mented, that let it haue:
 As for my sonnes, say I account of them,
 As I wele purchase at an easie price,
 And yet deare too, because I bought mine owne,
Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
 Look by and by to haue thy sonnes with thee.
 their heads I meane: O how this will haue,
 Doth eate me with the verie thoughts of it,
 Let tooles doe good and false men call for grace,
Aron will haue his foule blacke like his face.
Exit.
Titus. Oh here I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
 and bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
 If any power pities wretched teares,
 To that I call: what wouldst thou knicle with mee?
 Doe then eate heart, for heauen shall heare our praiers,
 Or with our sighs wele breath the welkin dimme,
 And flaine the tunne with fogges, as sometime clouds,
 When they doe hug him in their melting bowmes,
Marcus. Oh Brother speake with possibilitie,
 and doe not breake into these deepe extremes,
Titus. Is not my sorrow deepe haunting no bottomes?
 Then

The most Lamentable Tragedie
 Or any one of you, chop off your hand
 And send it to the King, he for the same,
 will send thee hither both thy sonnes aliue,
 And that shall be the raunfome for their fault.
Titus. Oh gracious Emperour, Oh gentle *Aron*,
 Did euer Rauens sing so like a Larke,
 that giues sweete tidings of the Sunnes vprife:
 V With all my hart, he send the Emperour my hand,
 Good *Aron* wilt thou helpe to chop it off?
Lucius. Stay father, for that Noble hand of thine,
 that hath throwne downe so many enemies,
 Shall not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,
 My youth can better spare my bloud than you,
 And therefore mine shall saue my brothers liues.
Marcus. which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
 And reard aloft the bloudie Battleaxe,
 wrighting destruction on the enemies Castle:
 Oh none of both, but are of high desert:
 My hand hath bene but idle, let it serue
 to raunfome my two Nephews from their death,
 then haue I kept it to a worthie ende.
Moore. Nay come agree whose hand shall goe along,
 For feare they die before their pardon come.
Marcus. My hand shall goe,
Lucius. By heauen it shall not goe.
Titus. Sirs strue no more, such withred hearbs as these
 Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.
Lucius. Sweete father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
 Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.
Marcus. And for our fathers sake, and motheis care,
 Now let me show a brothers loue to thee,
Titus. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.
Lucius. then he goe fetch an Axe.
Marcus. But I will vse the Axe. *Exeunt.*
Titus. Come hither *Aron*, he deceiue them both,
 Lend

Of Titus Andronicus.
 For villaines make withrape. May it please you,
 My Grandfather well aduised hath sent by me,
 The goodliest weapons of his Armore,
 To grate the your honorable youth
 The hope of Rome, for so he bid me say:
 And so I doe, and with his gifts present
 Your Lordships, when euer you haue neede,
 You may be armed and appointed well,
 And so I leane you both: Like bloodie villaines. *Exit.*
Demetrius, what's here? a scrooke, and written round about,
 Let's see,
Integritas selectissima pueri, non eget manu facili nec armis.
Chiron, O tis a verse in *Horace* I know it well,
 Tread it in the Grammaticall age.
Moore, I iust, a verse in *Horace*, right you haue it,
 Now what a thing it is to be an Aile,
 Her's no foundicall, the olde man hath found their gillie,
 And sends them weapons wrapt about with lines,
 That wound beyond the selfe feeling to the quick:
 But were our white Emperesse well a foote,
 Shee would applaud *Andronicus* conceit,
 But let her rest in her want a while.
 And now young Lord, was't not a happy chance,
 Led vs to Rome strangers, and more than so
 Captiues, to be aduanced to this height?
 It did me good before the Pallace gate,
 To braue the *Tribune* in his brothers hearing,
Demetrius, But me more good to see so great a Lord,
 Basile in sinuare and send vs gifts,
Aron, Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*,
 Did you not see his daughter very friendlie?
Demetrius, I would we had a thousand *Romane* Dames
 At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.
Chiron, A charitable with, and full of loue,
Aron, Here lacke but your mother for to say Amen.
Chiron.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
 For these base bond-men to the yoke of Rome.
Marcus I thart my boy, thy father hath full oft,
 For his vngatefull Countrie done the like.
Puer, And Vake so will I, and if I liue.
Titus, Come goe with me into mine Armore,
Lucius He fit thee, and withall my boy
 Shall carrie from me to the Emperesse sonnes,
 Presents that I intend to send them both:
 Come, come, thoult doe my message wilt thou not?
Puer, I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandfier.
Titus, No boy nor so, He teach thee another course,
Launius come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
Lucius and He goe braue it at the Court,
 I marrie will we sit, and wee be waited on. *Exeunt.*
Marcus, O heauens, can you heare a good man grone
 And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus attend him in his extasse,
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his hart,
 Than toe-mens marks vpon his battred shield,
 But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,
 Reuenge the heauens for olde *Andronicus*. *Exit.*

*Enter Aron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one doore, and at
 the other doore young Lucius, and another with a bundle of
 weapons, and verses writ vpon them.*

Chiron *Demetrius*, her's the sonne of *Lucius*,
 He hath some message to deliuer vs.
Aron, I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.
Puer, My Lords, with all the humblenes I may,
 I greete your Honours from *Andronicus*,
 And pray the *Romane* Gods confound you both.
Demetrius, Gramarcie Louelie *Lucius*, what's the news?
Puer, That you are both disciphend, that's the newes,
 For

The most Lamentable Tragedie
 Of some of you shall shooke for it in Rome.
Demetrius, By this our mother is for euer shande,
Chiron, Rome will despite her for this foule escape.
Nurse, The Emperour in his rage will doo her death.
Chiron, I blash to thinke vpon this ignomie.
Aron, Why thes the Priuiledge your beaute bears:
 Eie recheerous hue, that will betraie with blushing
 The close enacts and counsels of thy hart:
 Her's a young Lad framde of another face,
 Look how the blacke slave smiles vpon the father,
 As who should say, olde Lad I am thine owne:
 Hee is your brother Lord, sensible fed
 O that these blood that first gaue life to you,
 And from your wombe where you imprisoned were,
 Hee istransubst, and come to light:
 May bee is your brother by the furer side,
 Although my teale be stamp'd in his face.
Nurse, *Aron*, what shall I say vnto the Emperesse?
Demetrius, Aduide thee *Aron*, what is to be done,
 And we will all subscribe to thy aduise:
 Saue thou the childe, so wee may all be safe.
Aron, then sit we downe and let vs all consule,
 My sonne and I will haue the winde of you:
 Keepe there, now take at pleasure of your taste,
Demetrius, How many women saw this childe of his?
Aron, why so braue Lords, when we ioune in league
 I am a Lamb, but if you braue the *Moore*,
 The chafed Boe, the mountaine Lionelle,
 The Ocean swels not so as *Aron* stormes:
 But saie againe, how manie saw the childe,
Nurse, *Cornelia* the Midwife, and my selfe,
 And no one els but the deliuered Emperesse.
Aron, the Emperesse, the Midwife, and your selfe,
 two may keepe counsell when the third's away:
 Goe to the Emperesse, tell her this I said. *He kills her.*
 weeke,

of Titus Andronicus.

Veeke, weeke, so cries a Pigge prepared to the spit,
Deme, what meanst thou *Aron*, wherefore didst thou this?
Aron, O Lord sir, tis a deede of pollicie,
 Shall thee liue to betraie this gilt of ours?
 A long tongue babling Gossip, No Lords, no:
 And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
 Not farre, one *Muliteus* my Countreman
 His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
 His childe is like to her, faire as you are:
 Goe packe with him, and giue the mother go'd,
 And tell them both, the circumstance of all,
 And how by this their childe shall be aduanc't,
 And be receiued for the Emperours Heire,
 And substituted in the place of mine,
 to calme this tempest whirling in the Court,
 And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
 Harke yee Lords, you see I haue giuen her Phisicke,
 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 presentlie to mee.
 The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,
 Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.
Chi, *Aron*, I see thou wilt not trust the aire with secrets.
Demetrius, For this care of *Tamora*,
 Herselfe, and hers, are hushlie bound to thee. *Exeunt.*
Aron, Now to the *Goths* as swift as swallow flies,
 There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
 And secretlie to greete the Emperesse friends:
 Come on you thicke-lipt-slave, I le beare you hence,
 For it is you that puts vs to our shifts:
 He make you feede on berries, and on roots,
 And feede on curds and whay, and sucke the Goate,
 And cabbins in a Caue, and bring you vp,
 To be a warriour and command a Camp. *Exit.*
 [Enter]

OF
H 3
The Gothes haue gathered head and with a power
Emilius, Arme my sword, Rome neuer had more cause,
Saturne, VVhat newes with thee Emilius?

Enter Nuntius Emilius,
In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and me.
Sly frantick wretch, that holst to make me great,
For this proud mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man,
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape priedge,
Go dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Haue by my meane bin butchered withingully.
That did by law for murder of our brother,
May this be borne as if his traitorous sonnes,
I know from whence this same deuile proceeds,
Shall I endure this monstrous villanie?
Saturne, Dispell this full and intolerable wrongs,
Exit.

to a faire end.
Torne. Hangd be Lady, then I haue brought vp a neck
Torne. Come sitra you must be hangd.
Torne. How much money must I haue,
Saturne, Go take him away and hang him presently?
He reads the letter.
How now good fellow wouldst thou speake with vs?
Torne. Yea forthwith & your Willing be Emperiall,
Torne. Emperesse I am, but youder sits the Emperour.
Torne. Tis he, God and Saint Steven giue you Godden,
I haue brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

Enter Clowne.
of Titus Andronicus.

The most lamentable Tragedie

Like stinging Bees in hottest summers day,
Led by their Master to the flowred fields,
And be aduengde on cursed *Tamora*:
And as he saith, so say we all with him.
Lucius. I humblye thanke him and I thanke you all,
But who comes here led by a lustie *Goth*?

Enter a Goth leading of Aron with his child
in his Armes.

Goth. Renowned *Lucius* from our troupes I straid,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monastrie,
And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye,
Vpon the wasted building suddainely,
I heard a child crie vnderneath a wall,
I made vnto the noise, when soone I heard,
The crying babe controld with this discourse:
Peace tawnie floure, halfe me, and halfe thy Dame,
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mothers looke,
Villaine thou mightst haue bin an Emperour,
But where the bull and Cow are both milke white,
They neuer doe beget a cole blacke Calfe:
Peace Villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I must beare thee to a trustie *Goth*,
VVho when he knowes thou art the Emperesse babe,
VVill hold thee dearly for thy mothers sake,
VVith this my weapon drawen I rusht vpon him
Surprised him suddainely, and brought him hither
To vse as you thinke needefull of the man.
Lucius. Oh worthie *Goth* this is the incarnate diuell,
That robd *Andronicus* of his good hand,
This is the Pearle that pleased your Emperesse eye,
And her's the base fruit of her burning lust,
Say wall-cyd floure whither wouldst thou conuay,

This

Enter
Then is all late, the Anchor in the port,
Thy life bleed out: if *Aron* now be wit,
That *Titus* I haue touchd thee to the quick,
Hee witted *Tamora* to glorie with all,
For this contempt: why thus it shall become
Than preface the meane selfe or the best
And rather comfort his distressed piglie,
VVhole losse hath pearst him deepe and skard his hart,
The flects of sorrow for his valiant sonnes,
Calme thee and beare the fault of *Titus* age,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Tamora. My gracious Lord, my louely *Saturnine*,
Cut off the proud conspirator that liues.
Hele to a wake as he in fure shall,
In *Saturnine* healeth, whom hee the flece,
But he and his shall know that iustice liues
Shall be no shelter to the outrages,
But if I liue his fained exalties
As who would stay in Rome no iustice were.
A goodly humor is it not my Lord?
And blazoning our vniuersitie where,
Wharst this but libelling against the Senate,
Sweete skrowles to lie about the streets of Rome,
Tis to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
See heres to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercure*.
And now he writes to heauen for his redell,
His fire, his frenche, and his bitternes?
Shall we be thus afflicted in his weakes,
His sorowes haue to ouerwhelme his wits?
O fold *Andronicus*, and what and it
But quen with law against the wittall sonnes
But in the peoples cares, there nought hath past
How euer these distubers of our peace
My Lord, you know the mightfull Gods,
Themost Lamentable Tragedie

of Titus Andronicus.

Joine with the *Goths*, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitour *Saturnine*.
Titus. *Publius* how now, how now my Masters,
VVhat haue you met with her?
Publius. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you shall,
Marrie for Iustice shee is so imploud,
He thinks with *Ioue* in heauen, or some where else,
So that perforce you must needs staie a time.
Titus. He doth me wrong to feede me with delaies,
He diue into the burning lake belowe,
And pull her out of *Acaron* by the heeles,
Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars wee,
No big-boand-men framde of the Cyclops size,
But mettall *Marcus*, Steele to the venie backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can beare:
And sith ther's no iustice in earth nor hell,
VVill sollicite heauen and moue the Gods,
To send downe Iustice for to wreake our wrongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*,
He giues them the Arrows.
Ad Iouem, thats for you, here *ad Apollanum*,
Ad Martem, thats for my selfe,
Here boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercurie*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to shoote against the winde,
Too it boy, *Marcus* loose when I bid,
Of my word I haue written to effect,
Ther's not a God left vnfollicited.
Marcus. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
VVee will afflict the Emperour in his pride.
Titus. Now Masters draw, Oh well said *Lucius*,
Good boy in *Virgoes* lappe, giue it *Pallas*.
Marcus. My Lord, I aime a mile beyond the Moone,
H Your

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Of high resolved men, bent to the spoile,
They hither march aining, under conduct
Of *Lucius*, sonne to old *Andronicus*,
VWho threats in courte of this reuenge, to doe
As much as euer *Cornelius* did.
King. Is wastike *Lucius* General of the *Goths*,
Thee tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with Romes.
I now begin sorrowes to approach,
Tis he the common people loue so much,
My selfe hath often heard them say,
VWhen I haue walked like a pitie man,
That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfull.
And they haue with that *Lucius* were their Emperour.
Tamora. Why should you feare, is not your Citie strong?
King. I but the Citizens fauour *Lucius*,
And will reuolt from me to succour him,
Tamora. *King* Be thy thoughts impetuous like thy name,
Is the same dimde, that *Gonats* doe he in it,
The Eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his winges,
He can at pleasure shut their windowes,
Euen so marcell thou the giddie men of Rome,
Then cheare thy spirit for know thou Emperour,
I will inchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
With words more sweete and yet more dangerous
Then baies to fish, or honittakes to sheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baie,
The other torred with delicious feede.
King. But he will not intreat his sonne for vs,
Tamora. If *Tamora* intreat him than he will,
For I can smooth and still his aged cares,
VWith golden promises, that were his hart
Almost impregnable, his old yeares deafe,

Yet

of Titus Andronicus.

Yet should both care and hart obey my tongue.
Goe thou before to be our Ambassador,
Say that the Emperour requests a parlie,
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting,
Euen at his Fathers house the old *Andronicus*.
King. *Emillius* doe this message honourably,
And if he stand in hostage for his sister,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.
Emillius. Your bidding shall I doe effectually.

Exit,

Tamora. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,
To plucke proude *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths*,
And now sweet Emperour be blith againe,
And burie all thy feare in my deuises,
Saturnine. Then goe successantly and plead to him.

Exeunt,

Enter *Lucius* with an Armie of *Goths* with
Drums and Souldiers.

Lucius. Approued warriours, and my faithfull friends,
I haue receaued letters from great Rome,
VWhich signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how desirous of our fight they are.
Therefore great Lords bee as your titles witnes,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any skath,
Lethim make treable satisfaction.
Goth. Braue slip sprong from the great *Andronicus*,
VWhole name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
VWhose high exploitys and honourable deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requires with foule contempt,
Be bold in vs we cle follow where thou leadst,

Like

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Your letter is with *Iubiter* by this.

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

Marcus. This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot
The Bull being galde, gaue *Aries* such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,
And who should finde them but the Empreffe villaine:
Shee laught, and tolde the *Moore* hee should not choose,
But giue them to his Master for a present.

Titus. V Why there it goes, God giue his Lordship ioy.

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

Clowne. Newes, newes from heauen,
Marcus the Poast is come.

Titus. Sirra what tidings, haue you any letters,
Shall I haue iustice, what saies *Iubiter*?

Clowne. Ho the Gibbetmaker? Hee saies that he hath
taken them downe againe, for the man must not be hanged
till the next weeke.

Titus. But what saies *Iubiter* I aske thee?

Clowne. Alas sir, I know not *Iubiter*,
I neuer dranke with him in all my life.

Titus. V Why villaine art not thou the Carrier.

Clowne. I of my pidgeons sir, nothing els.

Titus. V Why didst thou not come from heauen?

Clowne. From heauen, alas sir, I neuer came there,
God forbid I should be so bolde, to presse to heauen in my
young daies:

V Why I am going with my pidgeons to the tribunall
Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle betwixt my Vncle,
and one of the Emperals men.

Marcus. V Why sir, that is as fit as can bee to serue for
your Oration, and let him deliuer the pidgeons to the
Emperour from you.

Titus,

Saturnine. V Why Lords what wrongs are these, was euer
an Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne,
Troubled, contounded thus, and for the extent
Of legall iustice, vnde in such contempt.

H 2

My

+ Enter Emperour and Empreffe and her two sonnes, the
Emperour brings the *Altrawes* in his hand
that *Titus* shot at him.

Exeunt.

Titus. Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow mee.

Clowne. God be with you sir, I will.

Exit. Knocke at my doore, and tell me what he saies.

And when thou hast giuen it to the Emperour,

For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant.

Here *Marcus*, told it in the Oration,

Titus. Sirra hast thou a knife? Come let me see it.

Clowne. I warrant you sir, let me alone.

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Clowne. I warrant you sir, let me alone.

of Titus Andronicus.

Knocke at his studie where they lay he keeps,
To runnate strange plots of diuine enuenge,
Tell him reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confusion on his enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his studie doore,

Titus. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me open the doore,
That to my fadderees may flie away,
And all my studie be to no effect,

You are deceiued, for what I meane to doe,
See here in bloodie lines I haue let downe,
And what is written shall be executed.

Tamora. I thus, I am come to talke with thee.

Titus. No not a word, how can I grace my talke,

VVanting a hand to giue that accord,

Thou hast the odds of me therefore no more.

Tamora. I thus, I am not mad, I know thee well enough,

Witness this wretched lump, witness these crimson lines,

Witness these trenches made by griefe and care,

Witness the tiring day and heauie night,

Witness all sorrow that I know thee well

For our proud Empresse, mighty *Tamora*;

Is not thy coming for my other hand.

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

Shee is thy enemy, and I thy friend,

I am Reuenge sent from the infernall Kingdomes,

To ease the gnawing vulture of thy minde,

By working wretched vengance on thy foes:

Come downe and we come to this worlds light,

Conferre with me of murder and of death,

Ther's not a hollow Cause or lurking place,

I 3

No

The most Lamentable Tragedie

But I haue done a thousand dreadfull things,

As willingly as one would kill a flie,

And nothing grieues me harte like this indeede,

But that I cannot doe ten thousand more.

Lucius. Bring downe the Diuell for he must not die,

So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aron. If there be Diuels would I were a Diuel,

To live and burne in euertlasting fire,

So I might haue your companie in hell,

But to torment you with my bitter tongue,

Lucius. Sit, stop his mouth and let him speake no more,

Enter Emilius.

Gorb. My Lord there is a messenger from Rome,

Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Lucius. Let him come hie,

Welcome *Emilius*, what's the newes from Rome?

Emil. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the *Gothes*,

The Roman Emperour greets you all by me,

And for he vnderstands you are in Aimes,

He craves a Parley at your fathers house,

VVilling you to demand your hostages,

And they shall be immediately delivered.

Gorb. VVhat saies our Generall.

Luc. *Emilius*, let the Emperour giue his pledges,

Vnto my Father and my Vnkle *Marcus*,

And we will come, march away

Enter Tamora and her two sonnes disguised.

Tamora. Thus in this strange and sad habillament,

I will encounter with *Andronicus*,

And say I am reuenge sent from below,

To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs,

Knocke

of Titus Andronicus.

This growing image of thy fiendlike face,
VVhy doost 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 R oiall blood.

Luc. Too like the fier for euer being good,
First hang the child that he may see it sprall,
A sight to vex the fathers soule withall.

Aron. Get me a ladder, *Lucius* saue the child,
And beare it from me to the Emperesse:

If thou do this, ile shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may aduantage thee to heare,

If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile speake no more, but vengance rotte you all.

Lucius. Say on, and if it please me which thou speakest,

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

Aron. And if it please thee? why assure thee *Lucius*,

I will vex thee to heare what I shall speake:

For I must talke of murders, rapes, and massakers,

Acts of black night, abhominable deeds,

Complots of mischief, treason, villanie s,

Ruthfull to heare, yet pittcoulsly performde,

And this shall all be buried in my death,

Vnlesse thou sweare to me my child shall liue.

Lucius. Tell on thy minde, I say thy child shall liue.

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

Luci. VVho should I sweare by, thou beleeuest no God,

that graunted, how canst thou beleue an oath.

Aron. VVhat if I doe not, as indeed I do not,

Yet for I know thou art religious,

And hast a thing within thee called conscience,

VVith twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,

VVhich I haue seene thee carefull to obserue,

Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know,

An ideot holds his bauble for a God,

I

And

Let not your sorrow die though I am dead,
 Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
 And on their skinnies as on the bark of trees,
 Even when their sorrows almost was forgot,
 And set them vpon their deare friends dore;
 Off have I digd vp dead men from their graves,
 And bid the owners quench them with their teares;
 Set fire on barnes and haystacks in the night,
 Make poore mens cattle breake their necks,
 Set deadly enmitie betweene two friends,
 Accuse some innocent, and forswear my selfe,
 Ravish a maide, or plot the waie to doe it,
 As kill a man, or els deuile his death,
 Whereto I did not come notorious ill.
 Fewe come, within the compasse of my curse,
 Euen now I curse the day and yet I thinke
 I that had not done a thousand more,

Aron.

Art thou not for the for these heinous deeds?

Lucius.

Like a blacke Dog, as the saying is,

Aron.

What canst thou say all this and neuer blush?

Titus.

And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses,
 Still sounded almost at my pleasing tale,
 And when I tolde the Emperesse of this sport,
 That both mine eyes were teares like to his;
 Hee had his teares and laugh to hartie,
 When for his hand he had his two sonnes heads,
 Of Titus Andronicus.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

And keeps the oath which by that God he swears,
 To that he vrge him, therefore thou shalt vow,
 By that same God, what God so ere it be
 That thou adorest, and hast in reuerence,
 To saue my boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
 Or else I will discouer nought to thee.

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

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

Lucius. Oh most insatiate and luxurious woman.

Aron. But *Lucius*, this was but a deed of chancie,
 To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,
 It was her two sonnes that murdered *Bassianus*,
 They cut thy Sisters tongue, and rauisht her,
 And cut her hands, and trimd her as thou sawest.

Luc. Oh detestable villaine, callst thou that trimming?

Aron. VVhy she was washt, and cut, and trimd,
 And was trim sport for them which had the doing of it.

Luc. Oh barbarous beastlie villaines like thy selfe.

Aron. Indeed I was their tutor to instruct them,
 That coddling spirit had they from their mother, ~~+~~
 As sure a card as euer wonne the set:

That bloodie minde I thinke they learnd of me;

As true a Dog as euer fought at head:

VVell let my deeds be witnes of my worth,

I traind thy brethixen to that guilefull hole,
 Where the dead corpes of *Bassianus* laie:

I wrote the letter that thy Father found,

And hid the gold within that letter mentiond,

Confederate with the Queene and her two sonnes,

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it,

I plaid the cheater for thy fathers hand,

And when I had it drew my selfe a part,

And almost broke my hart with extreame laughter,

I pried me through the crevice of a wall,

when

Titus. Thus closing with himselfe his Lamentable

Titus. I will embrace thee in my arms by and by.

And if one armes embracement will content thee,

Of sweete Reuenge, now doe I come to thee;

I haue miserable mad mistaking eyes:

And you the Emperesse, but we worlde men

Titus. Good Lord how like the Emperesse sonnes they are,

Caule they take vengeance of such kinde of men.

Tamora. Rape and Murder, therefore called so.

Titus. Are they my mistakers, what are they called?

Tamora. These are my mistakers and come with me

So thou destroy Rape and Murder therefore.

And day by day I do this heauie task.

VVill thy vertue fall in the Sea.

Each from *Eprou* rising in the Ball.

For like a turtle footman all day long.

I will dismount and by thy wagon wheele

And when thy Car is laden with their heads,

And find out murder in their guiltie eares,

To hate thy vengefull wagon swift way,

To ride these two proper palfreys, blacke as jet,

And wheele along with thee about the Globe,

And then he come and be thy wagoner,

Stab them, or reare them on thy Chariot wheele;

Now give some surance that thou art reuenged,

Lo by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,

Titus. Doe me some seruice ere I come to thee,

Tamora. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me

To be a torment to mine enemies.

Titus. Art thou? Reuenged and art thou sent to mee,

Reuenge which makes the foule offender quake.

And in their eares tell them my deare full name,

Can couch for teares but I will fide the mount,

VVhere bloodie murder or detested rape,

No vallie, water or milke vale,

The most Lamentable Tragedie

of Titus Andronicus.

VVhat ere I forge to feede his braine, ~~+~~

Doe you vphold and maintaine in your speeches,

For now he firmelie takes me for Reuenge,

And being credulous in this mad thought,

He make him send for *Lucius* his sonne,

And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,

He finde some cunning practise out of hand,

To scatter and disperse the giddie *Goshes*,

Or at the least make them his enemies:

See here he comes, and I must plie my theame.

Titus. Long haue I bin forlorne and all for thee,

welcome dread Furie to my woefull house,

Rapine and Murther you are welcome too:

How like the Emperesse and her sonnes you are,

well are you fitted, had you but a *Moore*,

Could not all hell afford you such a Diuells

For well I wot the Emperesse neuer wags,

But in her companie there is a *Moore*,

And would you represent our Queene a right,

It were conuenient you had such a Diuells.

But welcome as you are, what shall wee doe?

Tamora. What wouldst thou haue vs doe *Andronicus*?

Demetrius. Show me a murtherer he deale with him,

Chis. Show me a villaine that hath done a rape,

And I am sent to be reuenged on him.

Tamora. Show me a thou (and that hath done thee wrong,

And I will be reuenged on them all.

Titus. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,

And when thou findest a man that's like thy selfe,

Good murther stab him, hee's a murtherer,

Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap,

To finde another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine stab him, he is a rauisher.

Goe thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,

There is a Queene attended by a *Moore*,

VVell

The most Lamentable Tragedie
 Were they that married our Emperours brother,
 And they it were that ravished our sister,
 For their felicitous our brothers were beheaded,
 Our Fathers teares did slide, and bawly could,
 Of that reue hand that sought Rome's quarrell out,
 And sent her enemies vnto the graue,
 Tally my selfe vnkindely banished,
 The gates shut on me and round weeping out,
 To beg reliefe among Rome's enemies,
 VWho drew their enemies in my true teares,
 And open their armes to embrace me as a friend,
 I am the turned forth best knowne to you,
 That haue preferred her welfare in my blood,
 And from her bowme took the enemies point,
 Sheathing the Steele in my aduicious body,
 Alas you know I am no vaunter I,
 My teares can witness duob although they are,
 That my report is iust and full of truth,
 But soft, me thinks I doe digest too much,
 Crying my wordes praise, Oh pardon me
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves,
Marcus. Now is my turne to speake, behold the child,
 Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
 The bluest an irreigious *Moore*,
 Chiefe architect and plotter of these woes,
 The villaine is aliue in *Titus* house,
 And as he is to witness this is true,
 Now iudge what course had *Titus* to reuenge,
 The wrongs vnpeakable past patience,
 Or more than any thing man could beare,
 Now haue you heard the truth, what say you Romanes
 Haue we done ought amiss, shew vs wherein,
 And from the place where you behold vs pleading,
 The poore remainer of *Andronicus*,
 VVill hand in hand, all heading harte our selues,
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our soules,
 [And]

of Titus Andronicus.

And make a mutuall closure of our house,
 Speake Romans speake, and if you say wee Shall,
 Lo hand in hand *Lucius* and I will fall.
Emilius. Come come thou reuerent man of Rome,
 And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour for well I know,
 The common voice doe cry it shall be so,
Marcus. *Lucius*, all haile Rome's royall Emperour,
 Goe goe into old *Titus* sorrowfull house,
 And hither haile that misbelieuing *Moore*,
 To beadiudge some dyrefull slaughtering death,
 As punishment for his most wicked life,
Lucius all haile Rome's gracious gouernour.
Lucius. Thankes gentle Romanes may I gouerne so,
 To heale Rome's harmes, and wipe away her woe,
 But gentle people giue me ayme a while,
 For nature puts me to a heauie taile,
 Stand all a loose but vnckle draw you neare,
 To shed obsequious teares vpon this trunk, —
 Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
 These sorrowfull drops vpon thy blood staine face,
 The last true duties of thy noble sonne.
Marcus. I care for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,
 thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips,
 Oh were the summe of these that I should pay,
 Countlesse and infinite, yet would I pay them.
Lucius. Come hither boy come, come and learne of vs
 to melt in showers, thy Grandfire lou'd thee well,
 Many a time hee daunst thee on his knee,
 Song thee a sleepe his louing brest thy pillow,
 Many a storie hath he told to thee,
 And bid thee bare his prettie tales in minde,
 And talke of them when he was dead and gone. (lips,
Marcus. How manie thousand times hath these poore
 VVhen they were liuing warmd themselves on thine,
 Oh now sweete boy giue them their latest kisse,
 Bid

of Titus Andronicus.
 And see them readie against their Mother comes,
Exit.
Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.
Lucius. Vnckle *Marcus*, since tis my Fathers minde,
 That I repaire to Rome I am content,
 Got, And ours with thine, befall what Fortune will.
Luc. Good Vnckle take you in this barberous *Moore*,
 This rauenous tiger, this accursed diuell,
 Let him receaue no sustenance, fester him,
 Till he be brought vnto the Emperors face,
 For reuentione of her foule proceedings,
 And see the Ambush of our friends be strong,
 I feare the Emperour meanes no good to vs.
Moore. Some diuell whisper curies in my care,
 And prompt me that my tongue may vtter forth,
 The venomous mallice of my swelling hart,
Lucius. Away in humane dogge vnhalloved haue,
 Sirs help our vnckle to conuay him in,
 The vumpets shew e the Emperour is at hand.
*Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Emperesse with Tri-
 bunes and others.*
King. VVhat hath the firmament mooued more than once
Lucius. VVhat doest thou call thy selfe a Iunne?
Marc. Rome's Emperour and Neplew break the Parle,
 These quarels in will be quickly debated,
 The feall is ready with the careful *Titus*,
 Hath ordeined to an honorable end,
 For peace, for loue, for league and good to Rome,
 Please you therefore, draw nie and take your places.
King. Marcus we will.
*Trumpets sounding, Enter Titus like a Cooke, plucking the
 fesse, and Lavinia with a wastle over her face.*
Titus. VVelcome my Lord, welcome deard Queene,
 K 2
 welcome

The most Lamentable Tragedie
 Here stands the spring whome you haue staid with mind,
 This goodly sommer with your winter mixt,
 You kild her husband, and for that vild fault,
 two other brothers were condemn'd to death,
 My hand cut off and made a merrie iest,
 Both her sweete hands, hir tongue, and that more deare
 Than hands or tongue, her spotlesse chastitie,
 Inhumane traitors you constraind and forst.
 VVhat would you say if I should let you speake?
 Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace,
 Harke wretches how I meane to murther you,
 This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
 VVhiles that *Lavinia* tweene her stumps doth hold,
 the bason that receaues your guiltie blood.
 You know your Mother meanes to feast with me,
 And calles herselfe Reuenge and thinks me mad.
 Harke villaines I will grinde your bones to dust,
 And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,
 And of the paste a coffen I will reare,
 And make two pasties of your shamefull heades,
 And bid that strumpet your vnhalloved Dam,
 like to the earth swallow her owne increase.
 This is the feast that I haue bid her too,
 And this the banquet she shall surfet on,
 For worse than *Philomell* you vsde my daughter,
 And worse than *Progne* I will be reuengd.
 And now prepare your throats, *Lavinia* come,
 Receau the blood, and when that they are dead,
 Let me goe grinde their bones to powder small,
 and with this hatefull liquour temper it,
 And in that paste let their vile heades be bakt,
 Come, come, be euerie one officious,
 To make this banquet which I wish may proue
 More sterne and bloodie than the Centaurs feast,
He cuts their throats.
 So now bring them in for Ile play the Cooke,
 And