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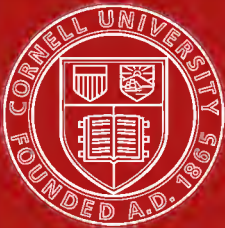
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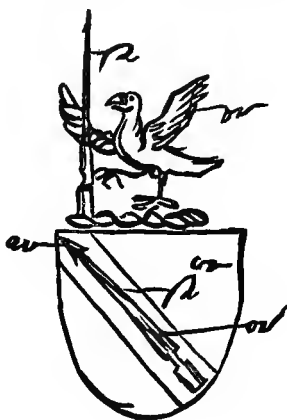
THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES,
AND TRAGEDIES OF MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE

As presented at the Globe and Blackfriars
Theatres, circa 1591-1623

*Being the text furnished the Players, in parallel
pages with the first revised folio text,
with Critical Introductions*

The Bankside Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN



NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
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The Bankside Shakespeare

VII.

THE LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE OF TITUS ANDRONICUS



*(The Players' Text of 1600, with the
Heminges and Condell Text
of 1623)*

With an Introduction touching the question as
to whether this was William Shakespeare's
first dramatic work, and as to its
Stage Adaptability and
Reception

BY

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lect;" "The Shakespearean Myth;"
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etc.

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INTRODUCTION

THIS play is not Shakespeare's, and has no warrant for appearance in The Bankside Edition of his works, according to many modern commentators. Says Furnivall, "The Play declares, as plainly as Play can speak, 'I am not Shakespeare's, my repulsive subject, my blood and horrors, are not, and never were, his.'"¹ Says F. G. Fleay, "The introduction of rape, as a subject for the Stage, would be sufficient to disprove his authorship."² These two statements appear, however, to raise the following questions. 1st. How plainly can a Play speak? and 2d. Was there any reason why, in London, *circa* 1600, William Shakespeare, or any other playwright, should not have introduced "rape" as a subject for the stage? Upon the answers to these two questions would appear to depend, therefore, the title of this play to appear in The Bankside Shakespeare; and these we now propose to consider.

In investigating the external career of the *Titus Andronicus*, the student finds at hand an amount of recorded data exceptionally large in the case of a Shakespearean play. Langbaine says that a work of the name "was first printed, in quarto, in London, in 1594, and acted by the Earls of Derby, Essex, and Pembroke, their servants." In Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* (produced October 31, 1614) a character says:—

Hee that will swear Jeronimo or Andronicus are the best playes yet shall pass unexcepted at heere as a man whose

¹ Introduction to the *Leopold Shakespeare*, p. xxii.

² *Chronicle History of the Life and Work of Shakespeare*, p. 280.

judgement shewes it is constant and hath stood still these five and twentie or thirty yeeres,

which would point to a play of a name similar to the present in existence as of 1584-1590. Again, a play "titus and andronicus" is mentioned in Henslowe's *Diary* as having been acted for the first time, by "the Earle of Sussex his men," on the 23d January, 1593. "A booke intituled, A Noble Roman-Historye of Tytus Andronicus," was again entered in the Stationers' Register, to John Danter, on the 6th of February, 1593. An earlier entry in the Henslowe *Diary*, mentioning the play of "tittus and Vespasia," "ne" (or new), April 11, 1591. Again, the Stationers' Register of April 19, 1602, is: —

Tho. Pavier. — Entred for his copies by assignm^t from Thomas Millington these bookes folowing; salvo jure cuiuscumque — viz., A booke called Thomas of Reading. vjd. The first and second pts of Henry the VI^t. ij bookes. xijd. A booke called Titus and Andronic'. vjd.

The title-page to the Second Quarto, which, two years later, followed the one here fac-similied, reads: —

The | most lamen- | table Tragedie | of *Titus Andronicus*. |
As it hath sundry | times beene plaide by the Kings | Majes-
ties Seruants. | LONDON, | Printed for Eedward White, and
are to be solde | at his shoppe, nere the little North dore of |
Pauls, at the signe of the | Gun. 1611.

— being a reprint with fewer variations than printers usually made in these replications. Again, in 1630 we find on the Stationers' Register an entry assigning to Ric. Cotes from Mr. Bird, "all his estate right title and interest in the copies hereafter menconed," among which "copies" is "Titus and Andronicus." On 4th August, 1626, Thomas Pavier had assigned his right in *Titus Andronicus* to Edw. Brewster and Rob. Birde, so that apparently the same book is

spoken of here as in the entry under the date 19th April, 1602.

Simultaneously with the play, Danter also entered "By warrant from Mr. Woodcock the ballad thereof," publishing under this entry a sort of rhymed syllabus or abstract of this same story of *Titus Andronicus*. (A monotonous performance, which can be found under title of "*Titus Andronicus's Complaint*," in Percy's *Reliques*.) There is also mention of the story—if not of Play or "Ballad"—in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*, and in *A Knack to Know a Knave*, a comedy printed in 1597. The Henslowe entry above mentioned records the acceptance of the play marked *ne*. There is another entry of its performance at Newington Butts in June, 1594: and in a work, *Father Hubbard's Tales* (1604), the action of an old man with one arm is compared to that of "Old Titus Andronicus."

But, in spite of all this data, there is no play as to which more doubts are expressed or more controversies waged. The theories principally urged in respect to it are: (1) that the play was written by Marlowe and "touched up" by Shakespeare; (2) that it was written by Greene, Marlowe, and Shakespeare; (3) that Shakespeare had nothing to do with it; and (4) that it was Shakespeare's first work. For myself, I accept the latter theory entirely, because, in the first place, I think the signs of a first effort are everywhere prominent; in the second place, because the first effort of a writer usually follows models most prominent and positive in their character at the date; and in the third place, because the Elizabethan theatres at that date possessed the resources and stage traditions for producing just such a play, with just such a "business" as the text called for, and were frequented by audiences who just then demanded exactly such dramatic work.

To illustrate these propositions may possibly call for somewhat extended examination of the stage procedure of the date.

I.

THE TITUS ANDRONICUS WAS SHAKESPEARE'S FIRST ACCEPTED WORK.

William Shakespeare was in Warwickshire on the 28th day of November, 1582, having been married in that county on or about that date. In 1598 Francis Meres mentions this very man as an eminent dramatist and poet, of as high repute in England as Seneca and Plautus in Rome. The scope of our present inquiry lies between these two dates, between Shakespeare's eighteenth and thirty-fourth years. The "verse tests" (so called) are about as valuable in chronolizing Shakespeare as is a prayer for divine guidance in selecting a bishop: the divine guidance always concurs with the Throne's nomination; and similarly the verse tests invariably corroborate the records in the case. Where there are no records, there are, however, no verse tests. Neither are the mere printers' dates of much importance. The publication of a successful work inevitably leads to the printing of its author's prior efforts, however immature or unworthy—an amenity of literary success familiar enough in our day, notably in the case of popular novelists, whose untimely deaths do not in the least interrupt the flow of novels from their pens unless at last the public become suspicious, when the supply ceases. Certainly, the possibility of such a state of affairs in Shakespeare's case is to be suspected when we find such plays from his pen as the *Titus Andronicus* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* appearing in one year, and the *Troilus and Cressida* and the *Pericles* in another!

As to internal evidence, pure and simple, while entitled, no doubt, to far more respect than the mere indication of dates, it is still apt to be more or less unsafe, unless corroborated, by reason of another consideration, viz.: the actors of the Shakespeare era were in the habit of interpolating the parts given them with allusions to contemporary matters, in the way of "guys," localisms, tags, and so on. Allusions to the wreck of Sir George Somers in the *Tempest*, to Raleigh's return from Guinea in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, to the coronation of Henry V. of France in the *Merchant of Venice*, or to Essex in Ireland in the *Henry V.*, therefore, even if identified beyond peradventure, might still be fortuitous, since the Elizabethan actors were not only apt, but encouraged, to "speak and rayle what they list"-ed, in their performances on the stage crowded with gallants who paid extra to bring their stools there, or elbowing a pair of stocks wherein an occasional pickpocket was secured. The actor who personated Dromio of Syracuse, therefore, may have perpetrated a pun on France's heir or hair, without throwing the composition of the *Comedy of Errors* five years behind Mr. Meres's citation of the play, or without founding a school of modern Shakespearean criticism.

But the Elizabethan actors did more than guy each other; they guyed their audiences. I believe that a considerable proportion of the speeches found in the First Folio, which do not appear in the Quarto, are these actors' interpolations and localisms. I believe, for example, such was the Porter's speech in *Henry VII.*: "These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse and fight for bitten apples, that no audience but the Tribulation of Tower Hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days, besides the

running banquet of two beadles that is to come." Perhaps the groundlings had been guying the actor, who played this very Porter, past endurance when he spoke this to them from the front. Those familiar with New York theatres during the last few years have seen such things done, and when we come to look at the Shakespearean audiences we shall see a certain probability in the surmise.¹ The modern spectator who delights in "topical" songs, local allusions, and "gags" is actually enjoying one of the very earliest, instead of one of the very latest, of stage customs. In Nash's *Pierce Penniless* (1592) we read, "Tarlton at the Theatre made jests of him" (some local magistrate), and in Harington's *Metamorphoses of Ajax* (1596), "Which words were afterward admitted with great applause by the mouth of Mayster Tarlton, the excellent Comedian." And again, "If thy vaine bee so pleasant and thy witt so nimble, that all consists in glicks and girds, pen some play for the Theatre." (*Pappe with a Hachet*, 1589.) In Machyn's *Diary* (Camden Society, p. 22) there is an entry, "One nyght at the Queens Court ther was a play afor Her Grace the wyche the plaers, plad suche matter that they whar commanded to leyff off." In 1601 complaint was made to the authorities that the actors at the Curtain Theatre directed their speeches at persons in the audience, or of the City, and the Lords of the Privy Council issued their mandate to certain Justices of the Peace of Middlesex, May 10 of that year, reciting that "wee do understand that certain players," etc., "do represent upon the stage in their Interludes, the person

¹ See *The Bankside Shakespeare*, Introduction to vol. i., for further examples. That these plays were being constantly amended and curtailed for stage purposes, see also the omissions in *Hamlet* when it came to the First Folio — omissions which are exactly the ones which the stage makes now in the acting from the reading text.

of some gent of good desert and quality," etc., requiring that the Justices "take Bonds of the Chiefest of these actors to answer their rashe and indiscreete dealing before us." And, referring to this well-known custom, we have Hamlet suggesting that Polonius, if he knew what he was about, would "see the players well bestowed," otherwise those abstracts and brief chroniclers of their time might utilize him for a pantaloon at their next halting-place.

As for the "topical song" (as we now call it), the Theatres found it a very forcible weapon when the Puritans began to attack them, and were not sparing in its use. When Stephen Gosson printed his *School of Abuse*, Tarlton wrote, or procured to be written for him, a piece, "JIGGE OF A HORSE LOAD OF FOOLES," in which he sang a descriptive song "of different kinds of Fools," each verse with the refrain: "Of a very numerous familie." We may imagine the following as calling more than one encore from a sympathetic audience:—

This foole he is a Puritane,
Goose-son we call him right,
Squeaking, gibbering of everie degree,
A most notorious piedbalde foole,
For sure a hippocrite,
Of a verie numerous familie.

"Ridicule like this, when sung by a clown as witty as Tarlton, to an audience thoroughly in sympathy with the sentiment, was very effective."¹ What was called a "Jigge" in those days was precisely what we call to-day a "Song and Dance."

It seems to me, on the whole, that an examination of the progress in stage technique in these plays is the safer chronology; such an examination, of course, to be made with due allowance for carelessness or

¹ See Mr. Fleming's Introduction to vol. vi. *The Bankside Shakespeare*, p. 36.

indifference (as where the playwright in *Timon of Athens* grows tired, and after a matchless action and "business" abruptly announces that the titular hero is dead, and rings down the curtain on his tombstone). This constant improvement in stage art we shall notice, more than once, farther on in this Introduction. Proceeding upon this line, it seems to me likely that the *Titus Andronicus* was young Shakespeare's first play, and for the following reasons.

What were the plays which would have most attracted a boy just about the time to which the dates have thrown back the composition of *Titus Andronicus*? Says Heywood in his *Apology for Actors*: "To see, as I have seen, Hercules, in his own shape, hunting the boar, knocking down the bull, taming the hart, fighting the hydra, murdering Geryon, slaughtering Diomed, wounding the Stymphalides, killing the Centaurs, pashing the lion, squeezing the dragon, dragging Cerberus in chains, . . . these were sights to make an Alexander!" The old play of *Hieronimo* (1570-74) wound up with an epilogue, spoken appropriately by a ghost who gloated over the evening's carnage.

Horatio murdered in his father's bower,
Vile Serberine by Pedringano slain,
False Pedringano hang'd by quaint device,
Fair Isabella by herself undone,
Prince Balthazar by Belimperia stabb'd,
The Duke of Castile and his wicked son
Both done to death by old Hieronimo,
By Belimperia fallen as Dido fell,
And good Hieronimo slain by himself,
Aye, these were spectacles to please my soul.

In 1594 there was presented a play, *The Magicall Raigne of Selimus, Emporour of the Turkes*, principally a riot of bloodshed, at the end of the first part of which the author assures his audience that "if the first part, gentles, do like you well, the second part

shall greater murders tell." And that this was all done with a sound and fury that out-Heroded Herod, Shakespeare, if nobody else, has told us. These actors, who, when they speak,

'Tis like a chime a 'mending,
Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropped,
Would seem hyperboles.

— they tore passion to tatters, these robustious and periwig-pated fellows, and the audiences, like those who gathered in the Old Bowery Theatre "to see Kirby die," wanted all the bloodshed their money would pay for. "Wake me up when Kirby dies," was the sentiment in those days of old New York, and it would be easy to fill these pages with proof of the same conditions in Tudor London. Therefore it seems to me simple enough, and just what was to be expected, that the boy who would write a play should have followed models which were favorites, not only with those of his own age, but with all the world beside — should have out-Kirbyed Kirby, and cried his quarry on havoc to the extent of thirteen murders and six mayhems in five acts — however, later on, he should have jeered and lampooned those same models and traditions. That *Titus Andronicus* is gorier than the goriest, not only slaughters, but catches blood; bakes the slaughtered unfortunates into pies and eats them; buries, hangs, and burns; surely, this is only the boyish part of it. What, indeed, could be more boyish? This is the boyishness that tears off birds' wings, sticks pins into beetles, and pelts cats, without a thought of the exquisite suffering inflicted; of the surgeon (who fortunately is not a dramatist, and so does not suffer with his patients) or of the hired headsman. Later on, this boy was to sound every note and touch every key of human sympathy, to suffer with those who suffered, to dilate as never poet dilated before or

since, on human pain and the quiver of tortured flesh, on the pang a mote or wandering speck of dust would cause a single eye, or the bubble of covering water in a drowning man's ears.

Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my hankercher about your brows,

cries Arthur to Hubert.

O Lord, methought what pain it was to drown,
cries Clarence. The growth of this dramatic imagination and sympathy — which is all there is, after all, of the dramatic genius — was to bring about this change in the man. Now, however, the boy commits his carnage without compunction, expostulation, or commiseration. Not a groan, not a cry, escapes from the victims as their blood is supposed to gush. And this was the workmanship of Shakespeare? Surely an interesting study in intellectual development! There is not in the entire play, except in one instance to be mentioned presently, the slightest element of humor or of comedy to relieve the general ruin and massacre; this again would seem to imply that this is a boy's first effort. Surely there are plenty of autobiographies of celebrated writers, wherein they confess with delightful naïveté that this was about the run of their own boyish performances!

Some of our modern editors are squeamish at this catalogue of gore. Says Furnivall, "*Titus Andronicus* I do not consider. . . . The play declares, as plainly as play can speak, 'I am not Shakespeare, my repulsive subject, my blood and horrors, are not, and never were, his.'" (And farther on we shall find Mr. Fleay in the same condition of enervation and moral shock.) But the lackadaisical commentator, who passes to windward of *Titus Andronicus* on account of the smell of clotted gore, loses one of

the richest of Shakespearean preserves, one packed with history, stage lore, and contemporary incident — as I shall, in some imperfect sort, proceed to demonstrate. For my own part, I not only “consider” *Titus Andronicus*, but feel myself tempted to gloat over every throat-cutting and every item of carnage in that juvenile performance. I say to myself, here is the boy who will some day make all this into the very summit of supreme tragedy; here are the firstlings of Shakespeare. Later, all this Nemesis of sufferings will write, not in action, but in pathos and in terror; and the agony of Lear, of Othello, will supplant this brutal action by expression that shall oppress the hearts of all mankind — rather than, in actual physical fact, fill the casual eyes of a handful of rude spectators. And there are other juvenile signs: There were the stories of Virginius, Coriolanus, and Besilarius for models, and young Shakespeare produced a mixture of the three in his title *rôle*; and what was more natural than that classic allusions should crop out at every turn in a school-boy’s first tragedy? In Titus’s first speech he says that he took twenty-five sons of his own loins into Rome’s service — “half of the number that King Priam had;” and then follow allusions to Styx and to the barbarities of the Scythians, the Queen of Troy, etc. We are told that

The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax,
That slew himself, and wise Laertes’ son
Did graciously plead for his funerals;

all in the first act. In the second, we have allusions to the story of Vulcan and Venus, to Diana, Hector, Junius Brutus, Lucrece, Dido, Philomel, Semiramis, Pyramus, Cocytus, Tereus, Nilus: and thereafter *Ætna*, Tarquin, *Æneas*, Troy, Tully’s Orator, Cornelia, Hecuba, Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, a quotation from Seneca’s *Hypolitus*, Apollo, Pallas, Jove, Mer-

cury, Lucrece again, Sybil, Horace, Enceladus, Typhon, Alcides, Acheron, Saturn, Jupiter, Taurus, Hyperion, Progne, Coriolanus, Virginius, Priam's Troy again, Sinon, and so on. Shakespeare in maturity is still full of classical allusion, so full as to keep all scholarship agog with the question as to how much of it he dug out for himself, and how much took at third hand. But the above is a mere catalogue, like Homer's list of ships. He still followed his models, but it was their square not their cube that he assimilated. And it is my idea that the famous opening lines,

Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top, *etc.*,

show how the youthful author's idea of pure tragedy led him to imitate the foremost tragic model of his date—Marlowe; and how well he could write in imitation, where he turned his pen that way. So far from "not considering" *Titus Andronicus*, as Dr. Furnivall advises, all humanity should be thankful that Shakespeare did not burn his early manuscripts, as did Pope, but let them remain for us as a most interesting chapter in the development of a Shakespeare, ten thousand times more enticing and exemplary than the acres of essays on Shakespeare's "Mind and Art," and æsthetic, deductive, and creative speculation as to where all that we call Shakespeare came from. It seems, at any rate, that it did not come out of the clouds; descended by no miracle, no dispensation, and no royal road; but had its firstlings, its experiments, its failures; grew by hard work, polish and correction, from the crude and bungling tragedy in *Titus Andronicus*, the tame imitation of poor comedy models in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, up to the pure air of the circle within which none but Shakespeare durst walk: but, even at the first, lighted always by the genius, the miracu-

lous genius that even in *Titus Andronicus* could burst into the pure eloquence of passages like those above quoted. (Launcelott Gobbo and Elbow, Dogberry and Launce and his dog Crab, were in embryo in the clown with the pigeons, and were yet to come with the master after the 'prentice hand.) So I think it was only to have been expected that this boy, fresh from his books, should pack his first tragedy full of ancient Rome.

But right here this consideration brings us to a Shakespearean excursus as curious as it is altogether passed over and unnoticed by the commentators, and which seems to me, on the whole, cumulative, as to the general character of immaturity in the *Titus Andronicus*. The excellent Theobald, in 1733, said: "The story we are to suppose merely fictitious. Andronicus is a surname of pure Greek derivation. . . . And yet the scene is laid in Rome and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the Capitol." And every editor and commentator since, so far as I know, has followed Theobald. But Theobald was more wrong than right. There were two emperors, after the empire was transferred to Byzantium, named Andronicus, one of whom was of about A. D. 1180,¹ and the other of about A. D. 1330.² And now comes in what is either one of the most curious of coincidences or an evidence of some very remarkable heterophemy on Shakespeare's part, superinduced by reminiscence of some very unusual lines of reading. In Act IV., scene iii., line 1, Titus Andronicus, who has gone stark mad, writes letters, ties them to arrows, and hurls these arrows at random around the public places of the city. The letters are incoherent, some of them only verses from Horace, which are as inapposite as ineffective. Why should this incident have been introduced? It leads to nothing, pro-

¹ Gibbon, iv. 625.

² Id., iv. 177.

duces no effect, is at once forgotten. By turning, however, to the historian Nicetas, we find that the first Andronicus once beleaguered the city of Nicæa; and, determining to offer it a truce before storming it, wrote out the terms of peace he was willing to grant, attached these writings to arrows, and caused them to be shot into the city. But there is nothing unusual about so simple a coincidence as this, and it were inane to infer from it that Shakespeare had read about this Andronicus! But let us look at the other imperial Andronicus! Act IV., sc. iii., l. 75, a clown enters Titus Andronicus's study with two pigeons in a basket. It does not appear that he was sent for — that any pigeons had been ordered: he does not offer the pigeons to Andronicus to sell, nor does it appear that the clown had been set to catch some of Andronicus's own pigeons. All that passes in reference to the pigeons is that Andronicus orders the clown to take the pigeons to the Emperor, who will reward him (the clown) for them. Then, in the next scene, the Emperor and Tamora are discovered, the clown enters, offers the pigeons to the Emperor, who promptly orders him to be hanged! What have this clown and these pigeons to do with the plot, with the story? Absolutely nothing at all. Why are they introduced? Nobody can guess, unless the following item in the history of this second Andronicus, by Gibbon,¹ has something to do with the case. It seems that, during the reign of this second Andronicus, the Patriarch Athanasius became obnoxious to the people and the throne, so that Andronicus was obliged to remove him from office and exile him. Athanasius, however, had his revenge. He made his ecclesiastical Will and published it. He then made a codicil to this Will, concealed it in an earthen pot, and had

¹ Chap. lxiii.

the pot secreted in the capital of one of the columns supporting the dome of St. Sophia. In the Will he forgave his enemies, breathed charity and peace to everybody, and commended all hands to Heaven. But in the codicil he cursed Andronicus and the people of the empire, and forbade them ever to enter heaven or into the company or vicinity of the Trinity, the saints, or the angels. Athanasius disappeared, and his successor reigned in his stead. But one day, four years after, a clown, climbing up the dome of St. Sophia after pigeons, found the pot and the codicil. All Byzantium trembled at the curse. The synod of bishops declared it valid, and that the only way it could be disposed of was to get it unsaid by the authority who had said it. Athanasius, being the Patriarch, had pronounced it, and so Athanasius must be made Patriarch again to unpronounce it, which, of course, was done. Now this looks, one must admit, as if young Shakespeare had read, or otherwise had access to, the story of these two Emperors Andronicus. The immaturity is apparent, then, in the use of the stories — in his not employing them as part of his action, as later in life he would have managed to do, but in simply incorporating them in his text, and leaving them there utterly objectless and without use of or recurrence to them in any way again. He has the craving for expression; as yet the power of dramatic expression is lacking. Shakespeare, like the rest of us, must tarry until his beard is grown. Just now he is simply not strong enough to handle his material. (Possibly because there is no point made about the pigeons in the play, no impression was made on the balladist; at least the "Ballad" of which we have spoken says nothing whatever about the birds.)

But a tragedy must have a villain, a heavy villain: the hand which, in its mastership, was, by the

subtlest touches, to create an Iago ; in its novitiate, can come no nearer to it than a statement, "I am a villain." Our young playmaker outlines his Aaron, "but, the power of dramatic delineation being wanting, fills in his outline by mere statement and brag-gadocio. This Aaron, as he stands, is a monster, far more practicable in opera bouffe than in real tragedy. Like the Gilbert-Sullivan Lord of Ruddy-gore, he must have his one crime a day, according to his own speech : —

I curse the day — and yet I think
Few come within the compass of my curse,
Wherein I did not some notorious ill.

But this is mere bombast, so far as the dramatic action of the play itself is concerned. So far as action goes, the hero of the piece, old Titus himself, is far the gorier of the two, and is directly responsible for exactly twelve times as much bloodshed ! And the inexactness of the dramatic movement is constantly irregular, according to every rule which Shakespeare ever laid down, or ever followed. By every rule, not only of tragedy, but of nature, it is Saturninus, not Titus, who had injured Aaron, and whom Aaron should have sought to remove — Saturninus, who was his rival in the love and enjoyment of Tamora ! But Saturninus is a lay figure who hardly has a part in the piece at all !

To rapidly enumerate other signs of dramatic feebleness : The movements, speeches, entrances, and exits of the crowned heads of the play show that Shakespeare was yet to become familiar with the movements of royal and imperial personages. (His head, indeed, was to be somewhat turned that way. He was to rest his title to immortality upon a purchased grant of arms rather than upon his deathless works, and the whirligig of time was to be revenged by giving him no heir to his arms, but a

world of worshippers for his works!) It is pretty safe, for instance, to say that, a few years later, Shakespeare would not have risked the expedient of an emperor of Rome saving himself from destruction at the hands of an invading army by the simple expedient of inviting his enemy's commander-in-chief to dinner! or made a queen accept an emperor's proposition of marriage by promising to be an obedient wife and a good stepmother to his children, as a Warwickshire wench might respond to the overtures of her yokel!

Again, there is nothing comic in the play: none of that respite to strained and tired sympathies, like the episode of the drunken porter between the attempt and the deed in *Macbeth*, or the chop logic of the grave-diggers in the interval of Ophelia's suicide and the agony of her burial. No puns, with which Shakespeare's other plays are loaded.¹

This lack of the consummate dramatic power of touching, alike and at once, the font of laughter and of tears, this alone would lead me to reject the theory that Marlowe wrote the play and Shakespeare "touched it up." Why should Marlowe, the veteran, ask a green boy, a tyro, and a beginner, to "touch up" his work?

And so, again, may Ravenscroft and his statement be disposed of. Mr. Edward Ravenscroft's tragedy

¹ Unless in Aaron's speech,

Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set.

The word *card* may be a pun on the syllable *cod* in *coddling*. Otherwise I can see no use of the line, "As sure a card as ever won the set." As spoken, it surely is unnecessary to the sense of Aaron's speech. Aaron is saying simply that Chiron and Demetrius had their libidinous appetites directly from their mother, and that he had tutored and pampered those appetites for his own purposes of Roman revenge. Nothing has been said of a pack of cards that I can discover.

was entitled *Titus Andronicus, or the Rape of Lavinia*, and in his preface to an edition of it printed in 1686 he says: "I think it a greater theft to rob the dead of their praise than the living of their money. That I may not appear guilty of such a crime, I should acquaint you that there is a play in Mr. Shakespeare's volume under the name of *Titus Andronicus*, from whence I drew part of this. I have been told by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private Author to be acted, and that he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters; this I am apt to believe, because, 't is the most incorrect and indigested piece in all his works. It seems rather a heap of rubbish than a structure."

This seems to me to infer that Mr. Ravenscroft proposed to palliate his own piracy by depreciating Shakespeare's claim to the stolen goods, rather than that he had reliable authority for his statement behind him. Certainly this young man Shakespeare would not have been invited, just at present, to "touch up" somebody else's play. Better wait until he had been some years a playwright himself, long enough to make his "touching up" valuable for stage purposes! It is rather impossible to suppose, even of a Shakespeare, that he was employed in his earliest stage days to impart to the works of his predecessors those acting qualities of which he was as yet ignorant. And it is quite equally impossible to suppose that, after experience had made him a master of stage effect, he would "touch up" somebody else's play merely as to its rhetoric, and leave it lacking in that very stage effect which it wanted for acting purposes, to supply which it must have been brought him, if brought to him at all! Shakespeare did not work for sport, or to exercise his tal-

ents. And the play, as it stands to-day, shows very clearly that it never was "touched up" by anybody in the very elements it lacks, even if we can imagine Mr. Ravenscroft as carefully concealing his authority for the statement he made.

No, the "touches" in *Titus Andronicus* which reveal the hand of Shakespeare are not those which, in his practical days, he would have put into another man's play in order to make it lucrative on the boards (and which, in fact, never were put to it at all), but the insensible and revealing "touches" of his own genius, even then seething within him. Sometimes a speech here suggests its more eloquent appearance later. As Aaron's

For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

might have become the

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm off an anointed king

of Richard II., or the pathos of Lady Macbeth's cry:—

Cannot all Neptune's ocean wash white this little hand?

But mainly the "touches" are Shakespeare himself:—

In peace and honor rest you here, my sons,

says the returned Titus, as he lays his dead sons in the grave;

Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges, here no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

Can we imagine that assigned to any one else than Shakespeare? Again the passages:—

She is a woman, therefore may be wooed,
She is a woman, therefore may be won,

(which, who will not believe, was re-utilized in the *Richard III.*):—

Was ever woman in this humor wooed,
Was ever woman in this humor won?

or these :—

King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name,
Is the sun dimmed that gnats do fly in it?

When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
When the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big swol'n face?

More water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of.

Or when Lucius calls his son to mourn over the body of Titus :—

Come hither, boy, come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire loved thee well;
Many a time he danced thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow.

It was very far from being Shakespeare's habit to write this sort of "touches" into another man's play. What his habit was, we can very easily see, since he has left us a specimen of his work as a stage-adapter in the evolution of his finished *King John* out of the crude and uneven and awkward *Troublesome Raine*. The three speeches given to the clown with the pigeons are in Shakespeare's best vein of low comedy, the vein of Launcelot Gobbo, of Launce, and of Elbow. But they are very short and unimportant. The clown says "godden" for "good day," which is a favorite expression always with Shakespeare, and there are three unmistakable Warwickshireisms in the play: *shive* for "slice," *honey-stalks* for "white clover," and *coile* for trouble or business ("a reason for this coile," line 1369).

II.

THE RESOURCES OF THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE WERE EQUAL TO THE MOUNTING OF THE PLAY.

To begin with, the play absolutely requires only the following properties: Two human heads, a severed hand, a black baby, two pigeons, a lot of books, a cook's dress for Titus, drums, colors, a coffin shrouded with black, a bag supposed to contain gold, red paint and bandages for Lavinia, a banqueting table and furnishings, dishes, etc., a bow and arrows, a ladder, a basket, a basin. Were these procurable? Can there be any doubt on the subject?

It is to be regretted, I think, that commentators have not paid more attention to the stage directions of the Shakespeare plays, if for nothing else, for the light they throw upon this very question as to stage properties. Whatever the poverty of movable or "practicable" scenery, certainly these plays, as they reached the First Folio, make no slight draught upon the property-man. I subjoin a list of articles mentioned as actually used in the stage directions of the different plays; besides the ordinary costumes, apparel, trappings, accoutrements of war, weapons, swords, halberds, pikes, etc., wooden horses, colors, drums, and trumpets, which every stage was supposed to have as of course, mentioning musical instruments only when specified by name (for in Shakespeare's later days the theatrical orchestras were rather ambitious, with their sackbuts, hautboys, dulcimers, shawms, violins, and drums), and exclusive of such matters as it is natural to suppose were present, being called for by the context or the evident "business" of the moment (as, for example, the first scenes of Act V. of *Peri-*

cles, Scene 6 of Act I. of *Antony and Cleopatra*, Scene 1 of Act I. of the *Tempest*, are on shipboard, though in stage directions no properties suggested by that fact are mentioned).

Here follows a list of properties called for by the stage directions of the First Folio list of plays :—

Much Ado About Nothing. — Gowns, tapers, masks.

Henry V. — A leek, a goat (of course the principal properties here were military).

Merry Wives. — Salver, wine in decanter, tankards, bottles, a green box, writing materials, letter, a "buck" basket and crumpled linen, torches, a tree, a buck's head, tapers.

Twelfth Night. — A table, bottles, tankards, litter.

As You Like It. — A necklace, a fool's bauble, trees, a table, cloth, and furnishings, state viands, papers.

Hamlet. — A recorder, book, two framed portraits, flowers, spades and mattocks, tombstones, skulls, handkerchief, cups, decanters.

Julius Cæsar. — A scroll, wine in decanters, cups, tapers, a couch.

Measure for Measure. — Musical instruments, hood.

Othello. — Torches, table, letters, bottles, decanters, a handkerchief, bed, bedding, pillows.

Lear. — A pair of stocks, a hovel, disguise of a peasant, a tent.

Macbeth. — A boiling cauldron, letter, hautboys, torches, dishes and table service, banquet table and furnishings, apparitions, an armed head, a bloody child, a child crowned with a tree in his hand, dumb show of eight kings, the last carrying an hour-glass.

Timon of Athens. — A scroll, a jewel, a framed picture, hautboys, banquet table and "splendid furnishings," masks, papers, bills, bowls of hot water, shade, coins, a drum and fife, a cave, a tombstone, wax with which an impression of the inscription on tombstone is taken.

Anthony and Cleopatra. — Fans, a banquet table and full service, letters, a monument, a robe, crown, an asp.

Pericles. — (*Sixth Quarto, third Folio*.) Letter, a pavilion, a banquet table and service, letters, dumb show (Scene 1 of Act III. is on shipboard), an infant, a chest, boxes, napkins, and fire, monument (afterwards called a tomb), sackcloth, altar.

Troilus and Cressida. — Tent, torches.

Romeo and Juliet. — Clubs, letters, torches, napkins, basket, cords ("rope ladder" in Quarto), herbs, Rosemary, logs, coals, flowers, "sweet-water," mattock, "crowe of iron" (crow-bar).

Coriolanus. — Staves, clubs, two low stools, sewing materials, "spoils" (probably draperies, arms, urns, amphora, helmets, armor, etc.), "Enter Marcius, his arm in a scarf," Tullius Aufidius enter "bloody," Coriolanus crowned with an oaken garland, cushions for reclining, banquet, Coriolanus disguised and muffled.

Winter's Tale. — A child, a baby, a peddler's pack, flowers, ribands, cadisses (worsted ribands), cambric, lawns, gloves (supposed contents of Autolycus's pack), letters, music.

Cymbeline. — A ring, letters, a small box, a trunk (meaning a large chest), bracelet, letters, cave, human head, bloody handkerchief.

Tempest. — Logs of wood, bottle, banquet table and furnishings, cell, "Reapers properly habited," "glistening apparel," chess-board and chess-men.

Henry VI. — Blue coats for Gloster's servants, a bunch of keys, a white rose, a red rose, a sedan chair, a placard, pebble stones, sacks.

Two Gentlemen. — Letters, a dog, painted portraits.

Comedy of Errors. — A headsman's axe.

Second Henry VI. — Papers, a boat, two human heads (another, probably one used a second time).

Love's Labor's Lost. — Letter, masks, a lute, money, papers, a tree, Russian habits, Grecian armor, masks, torches, musical instruments, basket, cords, bunch of keys, bottle, flowers, torch, mattock, lantern, crow, spade.

Third Henry VI. — White roses, red roses, cross-bows, book.

Taming of the Shrew. — Books, lute, trenchers, cups, saucers, various garments, banqueting table and furniture, etc.

Richard III. — Coffin, "rotten armor," a human head, bed and bedding.

Merchant of Venice. — Three caskets, basket, scroll, scales.

Midsummer Night's Dream. — Papers, flowers, ass's head, a dog, lantern with candle in it, plaster, a lion's skin, mantle stained with blood, thorn bush.

King John. — Human head, iron bodkins or rods, cords, a crown, sedan chair, a couch.

Richard II. — A couch, a crown, papers, a glass, a dish, a coffin.

First Henry IV. — A pannier for fowls, letter, tankards, bottles.

All's Well that Ends Well. — Pilgrim's dress, brambles to represent a hedge or ambush, a finger-ring.

Second Henry IV. — Tankards, bottles, musical instruments, night-gown, crown, dish of apples ("leather coats"), rushes.

Henry VIII. — The purse, small table under a state, a longer table, masks, shepherds, tipstaves, letter, a folding-door, Vergers, short silver wands, the purse, the great seal, a cardinal's hat, two silver crosses for the breasts, silver mace, two great silver pillars, sewing materials for the Queen's women, letters, "Garter in his coat-of-arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown," sceptre of gold, "a demi-coronal of gold," coronet, long white wand, rod of marshalship, "collars of SS," canopy, coronals of gold, plain circlets of gold, flowers, garlands of bays, golden visards, torch, long council table, great standing bowls, marshal's staff.

From the above it will be seen that *Henry VIII.* not only calls for the most splendid mountings (in the three pageants of the trial of Catherine, the coronation of Anne Bullen, and the baptism of Elizabeth), but actually received it. It is of ordinary remark that no amount of magnificence can be too great for a Shakespeare play, even on the modern stage. And it is interesting to add to this the reflection that *Henry V.*, which is at present mounted with great pageantry and circumstance (as will be seen from the above list), calls for fewer properties in the First Folio than any other of the thirty-six. But here is an instance of a play in Shakespeare's own day not only being capable of receiving, but actually calling for, in exact mention, the utmost that modern stage mounting finds it proper to give it. The *Tempest* comes next in opulence of property requirements according to the original stage directions, though not in mere number of properties required. From the latter computation, the *Titus Andronicus* would be entitled to second place. (And when we

remember that *Henry VIII.* and the *Tempest* were the very latest plays of the Shakespearean period, by all external and internal evidence, adding now this evidence of stage business, it speaks much for the ambitious character of young Shakespeare's first requisitions on the property man.) In the above table it will be seen that the two human heads used in the *Titus Andronicus* were (or could have been) re-used in the *Second Henry VI.*, and one of them each in *Cymbeline*, *King John*, *The Winter's Tale*, and the *Richard III.* I suppose the colored baby was made of rags, though the employment of babies as properties upon the Elizabethan stage is one which so far, I believe, has not received any special investigation. The scarcity of negroes in London in Shakespeare's time could have, of course, been supplemented by a use of the pigment required in the case of Aaron's child, as in the case of Aaron himself.

As to the several scenes in Act II., where the hunt; the interview of Lavinia and Tamora; the burying of the gold; the murder of Bassanius; the ravishment of Lavinia, her reëntry with tongue cut out and hands cut off (probably indicated by rags and red paint) — all of these calling for different parts of a forest — we may assume them as all done in the same spot, with the use of the trap-door (which was one of the earliest of stage devices) for the hole where the gold was hid and the body of Bassanius flung. A study of old stage directions leads to this conclusion.

The three kinds of popular shows — the Miracle Play, the Mystery, the Morality — each marks a step in the intellectual development of the mediæval populace. The first was pure realism, the next symbolical, the third didactic. But by the time mediæval audiences were ready for the didactic, they were

sufficiently able to realize that they did not care as much for the Biblical episodes the priests were trying to teach them as they did for the Devil, the Vice, Clown, and Pantaloon, who pummelled each other with laths or clubs, and made sport quite of the kind they best enjoyed. The audiences still came to gape at the moralities, but the intervals or interludes, in which the Devil and the Vice had the stage to themselves, were the parts they most preferred. So it was not long again before the actors saw where they could earn pence by cutting loose from clerical employment, and going around playing these same Devil and Vice parts ; which, from the prevailing poverty of nomenclature, soon became known as "Interludes" —and meant anything: dumb show, pantomime, songs, dances, boxing, sparring, or whatever came handiest, horse-play mostly, but for a long time merely dumb show with improvised ejaculation or dialogue. A step further, and the horse-play was sketched, sufficient dialogue for its development written out, and the improvisation regulated by such stage directions as "Here they all talke," "Here they talke and rayle what they list," and the like. As they strolled from village to village, these actors put up their stages in barns now and then. But they were mostly made welcome in the inn yards, on two or on three (as in the old London inns) sides of which the wayside hostelries were mostly built.

Habit survives necessity. The first settlers of North America, with unlimited areas to build in and sunlight free, still followed the models with which they were familiar, and so built their houses with overhanging stories and small and clustering windows like the houses in the crowded city streets they had left. Just so these actors, having played so long in inn yards, built their permanent theatres to

resemble as nearly as possible an inn yard. They had erected their stage with its rear to the entrance ; there was nothing specific about this stage itself, any raised platform answered. But, for long years after permanent theatres were built, it was still unconnected with the outer walls of the theatre itself ; being entirely isolated, so that the audience could pass quite around it. But in the permanent theatres, the rear of this stage, for about a fifth or sixth of its width, was covered by a gallery, supported by two pillars. This gallery was thatched. The summit of this thatched roof came to the top of the outside wall of the theatre. A second story to this gallery, and of light construction, formed the small house or turret projecting above the walls, so familiar in pictures of the Globe, and other Bankside theatres, from which the flag was displayed while performances were going on. The De Witt sketch shows this, and also the method of displaying the flag, viz., by an attaché of the theatre stepping from the second story of the gallery and waving the flag over the wall, or securing it there until the performance was over. When the miracle plays, mysteries, and moralities had been exhibited in the public places and cities, the platform had been as high as the heads of the audience, and a valence of curtains, falling from around it, had made the attiring, or 'tiring, room underneath for the actors. For the Interludes this was not repeated, the actors, as a rule, wearing their ordinary costume, not needing one : or, if they did, they robed and unrobed in the stables or anywhere among the audience. But, even when the necessity for it was removed, the 'tiring room still remained under, instead of behind, the stage. The common run of spectators passed in and around this stage and stood in front of it. And, unless I am misled by the sketch of the interior of the Swan theatre, made by

John De Witt (a native of Amsterdam or Utrecht, who visited England in 1595 or 1596), so servilely was the old inn yard repeated in the first theatres that the entrance was still put at the side of the stage instead of at the opposite end where we build our foyers and lobbies. The better class looked on from the inn windows, offices, or gallery. This was repeated in the pit. For the rest, the inn offices suggested the parterre, and the inn galleries the best seats. (To-day, we have actually added nothing to this arrangement, except to repeat the galleries, one above another, and to add foyers and lobbies.) And so it was but natural that the actor should retain, and retain for many years, the dumb show which had stood him and his in such good stead for miracles, mysteries, and moralities not only, but for the Interludes from which, in his strolling days, his livelihood had come. The performance of the inn yard had taken place by daylight, so by daylight still did the actor perform in his fixed theatres. The inn yard had no roof, so the theatre must only have a rim of thatch over the galleries. The band of musicians was then perched on a scaffolding ("scaffoldage" Shakespeare calls it in *Troilus and Cressida*) which brought them to about where the second right hand proscenium, or perhaps we should say the "stage" box, would come in a modern theatre — and the play-house was complete.

The art of advertising shows at a certain admission price, and then doubling up charges upon admittance being paid for, was a very early discovery. Complaint is made of the custom so early as 1576 in Lambard's *Perambulations of Kent*. "Those who go to Paris Gardens, the Bell Savage, or the Theatre to behold bear-baiting, interludes, or fence play, must not account of any pleasant spectacle, unless first they pay one penny at the gate, another

at the entry to the scaffold, and a third for a quiet sitting." By this means the takings at the door used to average from £20 to £30, which, rating money at its purchasing value at that date, was about the figure which is considered a large house to-day, viz., from \$1,000 to \$1,200. The strolling companies had been few in numbers, for the law was brutal in its ignorance, and three men together could be legally construed into "a riot" by any hostile beadle or bum-bailiff. So necessity speedily instructed the actors, who had travelled in small groups, in the device of "doubling" their parts. This again was kept up in permanent city theatres. (The twenty-seven or more characters called for by the old tragedy of *Cambisis* were done by seven men and a boy; and in *Henry V.* fifteen men and four boys represented the forty-five speaking parts perfectly well.) Instead of employing call-boys, great placards of pasteboard were hung on the prompter's side of the house, on the walls of the attiring-room, ruled into rectangular spaces, each representing a scene, and in these rectangles the names of all the actors required by the particular scene were written. It was not necessary, therefore, that the actor should be able to read more than his own name. These placards were called "plots" or "plats" (it is uncertain which), and were about 20 by 16 inches, written very coarsely, so as to be easily read; opposite each rectangle was any such stage direction, as "music," "tucket," "alarum," etc. There were no waits between these scenes, which accounts for the early lack of division into acts and scenes of the Shakespeare and contemporary plays when printed. These plats were relied upon for regulating exits and entrances. For keeping the actors up to their parts, the services of a prompter were required. This attaché of the theatre was

probably of the very earliest employment. In the strolling companies he was doubtless the only man who could read, and owed his appointment to this accomplishment. He was an autocrat, therefore, from the beginning. In the Introduction to *Cynthia's Revels* occurs this passage: "I assure you, Sir, we are not so officiously befrended by him (the author) as to have his presence in the tiring-house, to prompt us aloud, to swear at the book-holder, swear for our properties, curse the poor tire man, rayle the music out of tune." This "Book-holder," or prompter, it is more than likely Shakespeare himself might have been. "The Book" was the phrase for the play as it was acted, and when an outside poet, or attaché, was employed to write a prologue (as Peter Quince was employed to put it in "eight and eight"), it may have been called a "without-book-Prologue." In the First (1597) Quarto of *Romeo and Juliet*, when Romeo suggests that a messenger be sent to the Capulet masque to announce the coming of invited guests (as was the earlier courtesy), Benvolio says: No, the custom is getting onerous and old-fashioned:—

The date is out of such prolixitie.

We'll have no . . . without book Prologue fitly spoke
After the Prompter for our entrance.

However, the audiences seemed to relish prologues written by other than the authors of the play, and so they became very frequent. And as the writers were often men of some influence, Shakespeare, with his customary tact, — or, if not Shakespeare, some equally wide-awake person, — cut the two last lines: they appear in the Second and undated Quarto of the last named play, which followed close upon the First Quarto, but disappeared entirely before the First Folio. This seems to be sufficient warrant for believing that prologues were sometimes written by

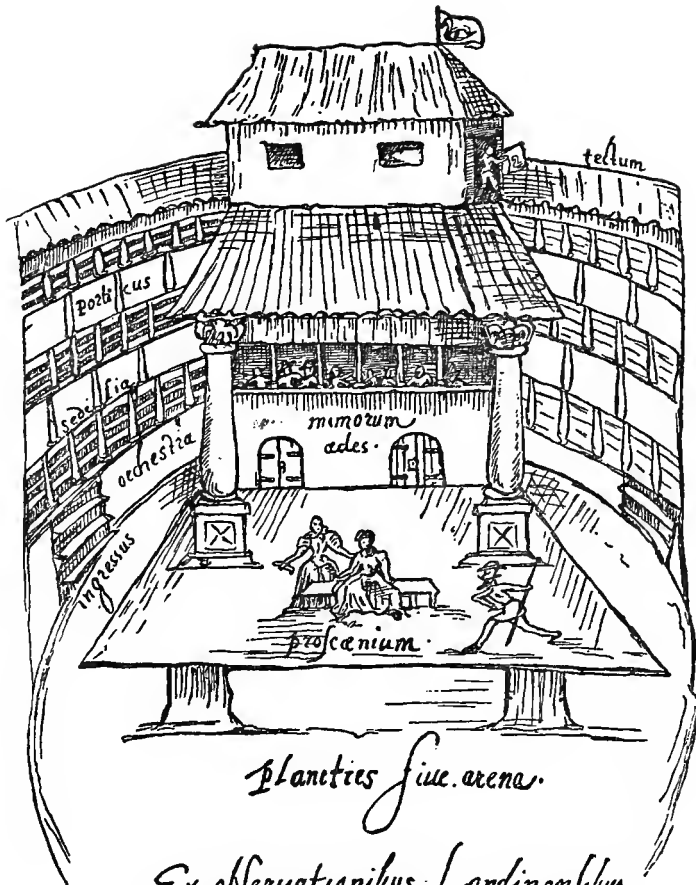
others than the playwrights, certainly ; but not, in my opinion, for jumping at the conclusion that therefore Shakespeare did not write the prologues to *his* plays. Some of them, to be sure, do not read like the text (as, for example, old Gower's speeches before the Acts in *Pericles*). But Shakespeare could have written even them, had he been of a mind to, and certain others : the prologue to *Troilus and Cressida*, and the Chorus' speeches in *Henry V.*, for instance, are certainly terse and helpful (and sufficiently "Shakespearean," if by that adjective we may venture to understand an adaptability of means to ends). And if Shakespeare were his own playwright, stage manager, and prompter, he might have added the vocation of prologue writer without overstretching his duties as factotum (which he was, according to Greene), or his versatility, which (according to Ben Jonson) was rather over than under expectation.

The use of stage directions in written plays was for a long time very inartistic, these directions appearing to have been suggested by the speeches, rather than, as the modern rule is, directory of them. Thus, in the Quarto of *Love's Labour's Lost*, where Berowne, on hearing the news of the King's death, says : "Worthies retire" — the stage direction reads : *Exeunt worthies!* Which is as if, in another, where the character says : "Go to the devil!" the stage direction should read : *They go.*

The very early introduction of trap-doors has been noticed. They can be traced in stage directions certainly thirty-two years before the *Macbeth*, with its stage direction, "*the cauldron rises.*" But the days when, to represent changes of scene, placards with "Africa," "Vienna," "Paris," "Padua," etc., written upon them were displayed must have been about over when Shakespeare began his career. The realism which began to wheel in a four-post bedstead

to make a bedroom scene ; a draped chair to make a throne-room or imperial or regal court ; a table with tankards and bottles to represent an inn ; though not far removed from Mr. Crummle's pump and wash-tub, certainly would have demanded the retirement of these placards. My own impression, from reading the Shakespearean plays is, that this information was left to be gathered from the actors' lips. For instance, a stage direction in Greene's *Looking Glass for London* (1594) directs that "the magi with their rods *beat the ground and from under the same arises a brave arbour,*" the "brave arbour" — since this was even before Inigo Jones began to devise this sort of thing for the court masques — must have had some speech from the stage to assist it, even if the audience were not asked to wholly concede it. Between the trap-door and 'tiring-room (that is a green room under the stage which served for a general dressing-room for all the actors) we can imagine the constant demand for ditches, caves, caverns, etc., made by the stage directions of the period as satisfied. Any precision of *exits*, *entrances*, and *withouts* was of course the result of improvements in theatre building rather than in mere stage expedients.

By far the most useful thing in the Elizabethan and early Jacobean stage was the overhanging gallery, to which one, and sometimes two, ladders led from the floor of the stage, with curtains falling from its floor to the floor of the stage. This curtain was invaluable for a tent (which always represented a battlefield), an inner room, a back street or alleyway, a closet or hiding-place, etc. This gallery was not only Juliet's balcony, the rostrum from which Antony spoke at Cæsar's funeral, and Brabantio's and Shylock's and Montague's and Capulet's house, but became in turn the turrets, towers, and walls from which the actors in Shakespeare's histories



planities siue arena.

*Ex observationibus Londinensibus
Johannis De Witt*

A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE SWAN THEATRE, ON THE WEST END OF THE BANKSIDE, LONDON. BUILT 1595.

From a pen-and-ink sketch made by John De Witt, Canon of St. Mary's Church, Utrecht, who visited London in 1596.

were continually speaking. It was used for the deck of a ship in *Cæsar and Pompey* (1591), and, in Ben Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass*, it represented two windows to adjoining houses, outside of which two of the characters respectively lean and converse. It supplied the ramparts at Harfleur, which Henry V. stormed, and his address: "Once more unto the breach, dear friends," he probably delivered with one foot on a rung of the ladder which reached this gallery from the stage itself. Upon it the mimic interplays in *Hamlet* and *Midsummer Night's Dream* were presented; and it appears further, according to testimony from an unexpected source, that privileged spectators were admitted to it (and note that it does not show any spectators upon the stage). This testimony is contained in a letter and drawing sent by John De Witt, Canon of St. Mary's Cathedral in Utrecht, who visited London in 1595, lately discovered in the Royal Library at Berlin by Dr. Goedertz. It seems that Canon De Witt, in studying English manners, became so highly interested in the theatres that he enclosed a pen-and-ink sketch of one of them, "The Swan," to a friend, with the following note (most of which is repetitive of what is already known, of course, but is actually the earliest testimony we have of the actual material, construction, and dimensions of a theatre of Shakespeare's own day). The letter runs:—

You find in London four beautiful theatres well worthy of remark, which are distinguished by signs as well as by names, in which a daily variety of plays are exhibited for the entertainment of the people. Two of these are southwardly from the centre of the city across the Thames and are called respectively *The Rose* and *The Swan*. Two others are north of these, through Bishopsgate, on what is commonly called Bishopstreet. There is also a fifth, of a somewhat dissimilar character, in which bears and bulls are kept and fed in cages, to be brought out to be fought with immense dogs, to the great de-

light of the spectators. But of all these theatres most notable is the one distinguished by the sign of the Swan, and hence called The Swan Theatre. This theatre will seat three thousand spectators. It is built of flint stone (or pyrites), a material which abounds in Great Britain, and is ornamented with wooden columns, so cleverly stained to imitate marble as to deceive any but a very close observer. As its shape seems to be modelled upon the ordinary Roman work,¹ I herewith send you a drawing of it.²

When Macbeth and Banquo first met the witches, instead of being on foot, they were mounted (as were Richard and Richmond in the fight at Bosworth Field) upon the backs of "hobbie-horses," that is, rude models of the bodies of horses, made of canvas stretched over wooden hoops, the legs being of laths and adjustable thereto. These appear as early as 1597. At least, in a MS. play of *Richard II.* of that date, there is the stage direction, "*Enter a spruce courtier a-horse-back.*" And in a list of theatrical properties dating from 1599 is entered, "*One great horse with his leages (legs);*" and there were cardboard dragons in plenty when wanted. But these horses were not easily managed, and it be-

¹ The "form of a Roman work" is, of course, *oval* like an amphitheatre.

² The Latin text of De Witt's letter is as follows: Ampiteatra Londinij sunt IV visendae pulcritudinis quae a diversis intersignijs diversa nomina sortiuntur: in ijs varia quotidie scaena populo exhibetur. Horum duo excellentior a ultra Tamisim ad meridiem sita sunt, a suspensis signis ROSA et CYGNUS nominata: Alia duo extra urbem ad septentrionem sunt, viâ quâ itur per Episcopalem portam vulgariter Biscoppat nuncupatam. Est etiam quintum sed dispari et [sic] structura, bestiorum concertationi destinatum, in quo multi ursi, Tauri, et stupendi magnitudinis canes, discretis caneis et septis oluntur, qui ad pugnam adservantur, jucundissimum hominibus spectaculum praebentes. Theatrorum autem omnium praestantissimum est ad amplissimum id cuius intersignium est cygnus (vulgo te theatre off te cijn) quippe quod tres mille homines in sedibus admittat, constructum excoacernato lapide pyrritide (quorum injens in Brittaniam copia est) ligneis suffultum columnis quae ob illitum marmoreum colorem, nazutissi mos quoque fallere posse[n]t. Cuius quidem forma[m] quod Romani operis umbram videatur exprimere supra adpinxi.

came a specialty of certain actors to do the horse-mounted parts. (In the MS. of Reading Corporation is an entry, "Payed Mr. Maior that he gave to the Princes hoby horse plaiores, ij. s. : vj. d.") In a private letter of about 1605 the writer narrates having seen a play on a stage which had "a false wall faire painted and adorned with stately pillars, which pillars would turn about ; by reason whereof, and with the help of painted clothes, the stage did vary three times in one tragedy," which date fixes about the first period of the innovation. The list of properties just given, of course, is exclusive of firearms, as well as of swords and spears, which seem never to have been used except behind or below the stage, to sound "alarums."

In *The Lamentable Tragedie, concerning the Life of Cambises, King of Percia*, written about 1561, we find a stage direction: "*Here smite him in the neck with a sword to signify death*" (evidently not the sword of lath with which the Vice of the old Miracle Play used to belabor the Devil). Nothing, however, not even the appeals of the Chorus in *Henry V.*, can better illustrate the lack of scenic effect than the following stage direction taken from *Selimus, Emperour of the Turks* (1594), "*Suppose the Temple of Mahomet.*" Sometimes, too, the audiences were even called upon to supply by their imaginations, not only the scenery, but properties which might have represented this scenery had they been on hand. In Percy's *Fairy Pastoral*, A. D. 1600, occurs this note to the list of properties required for the play: "Now if so be that the properties or any of them that be outward will not serve the turne by reason of the concourse of the people on the stage then you may omitt the sayd propertees which be outward and supply their places with their nuncupations only in text letters." In Greene's *Pinner of Wakefield* (1599),

one of the characters strikes one *Jenkin*, who thereupon challenges him to a duel, allowing him to choose the place. The challenged party demands: "Will you come to the town's end?" to which Jenkin replies: "Aye, sir; come," and in the very next line adds: "Now we are at the town's end. What say you now?" a couple of steps across the stage evidently having brought them, representatively, to the town's end, which, as we have said, informs us how the several scenes in Act II. of *Titus Andronicus*, all requiring different portions of the forest, the hunting scene, the encounter between Lavinia and Tamora, the burying of the gold, the ravishment of Lavinia, etc., were managed — simply by stepping to different parts of the stage. Occasionally we have a piece of realism called for in the Quartos which the better experience of the reviser for the Folio rejected. For example, in *The Troublesome Raine of Fohn, King of England* (which if not Shakespeare's work, he certainly follows scene for scene in his acknowledged *King Fohn*), John says: "Why casts thou up thy eyes to heaven so?" and then we have a stage direction: "*There the five moons appear;*" and Bastard says: "See, my lord, strange apparations," which certainly calls for some sort of scenic contrivance, unless the audience was expected to imagine them from the speaker's continuing: —

Glancing mine eye to see the diadem
Place by the bishops on your highness's head
From forth a gloomie cloud which like a curtain
Displayed itself, I sodainley espied
Five moons appearing.

Whereupon the Prophet, Peter of Pomfret, is asked to

Decide in cyphering what these five moons
Portend this clyme, . . .

and Peter tells it glibly off to mean that the five moons are Spain, Denmarke, Germanie, France, and

Albion, the sky being Rome; the roving character of the smallest moon, Albion, betokening that John was to be degraded and dethroned because of his uneasiness at England's submission to the Pope. Of course, the stage effect could have been accomplished by raising on poles (for there were no bridges from which to suspend) of five discs to represent moons. But anything is always easy enough when it once occurs to anybody to do it. The difficulty is to think of it first. Possibly we will be on the safe side if we imagine the stage direction to be a guide rather to the actor who played Bastard to raise his eyes on delivering the speech above quoted, than to the stage artist. The fact that, in the 1623 play, all this "business" was left out, and the whole dismissed in Hubert's speech:—

My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night,

and the king's exclamation: "Five moons!" may be, perhaps, taken as an attempt at stage as well as literary improvement. The five moons had worked badly, or made what was intended to be an episode of solemn portent into a grotesque spectacle. At any rate, it is the only instance I have met with where an earlier play called for more scenic effect than a later one.

But the poverty of stage effect continues. In *Romeo and Juliet*, the Quartos and Folios have a stage direction, "*Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with five or sixe other Maskers, Torch-bearers;*" while the very next one reads: "*They march about the Stage, and Servingmen come forth with their napkins.*" Now, of course, this first direction requires a street, while the second implies an apartment in Capulet's house; and the first correctors of the "business" so adjusted it. But nothing of any such change of stage effect is hinted at until modern times. As to

ghosts, apparitions, spirits, etc., they were usually managed by recurrence to the old "dumb show," of which we have spoken as a survival from the Miracle Play. Banquo's ghost, however, rose from his place at the banqueting-table, and (unless it was done as Mr. Booth has so effectively rendered it, by addressing empty space and trusting to his audience's imagination for their horror) it is hard to find how the stage-setter contrived it. Of course, Hamlet's father's ghost was a man in armor, and Cæsar's a man in cerements; but, later on, death could be represented effectively. At least we find stage directions in *The Duchess of Malfi* (1623): "*Here is discovered behind a traverse the artificial figures of Antonio and his children appearing as if they were dead.*"

In the oldest plays there is a confusion of text and stage directions, the latter sometimes directing or hinting at the speech the actor should make. In the Quarto *Love's Labor's Lost* we have an example of this. The last line is spoken by Armado: "The voice of Mercury is harsh after the songs of Apollo." But the Folio makes him add: "You this way, I that way," probably an aside to an actor who had mistaken his exit. Some of these are very curious. In *The Troublesome Raine* we have: "*Enter the nobles and crowne King John, and then crie, God Save the King.*" And sometimes the stage direction gives the actors a hint only as to what they shall say, as (*Troublesome Raine*): "*Enter Philip leading a Frier, charging him to show where the Abbot's gold lay.*" In the black-letter Quarto of 1598 of *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the Honourable Battell of Agin-court*, the stage descriptions are of the crudest. We have: "*Speaks to himself,*" and half a page farther on: "*She goes aside and speakes as followeth,*" instead of *aside*. "*Enter knights*

raunging." "He delivereth a ton of tennis balls." "She beateth him." "Strike, Drummer." "The Frenchmen crie within, S. Dennis, S. Dennis, Mount Foy, S. Dennis." "The Battell. Enter King of England and His Lords." "Enters Dericke roming. After him a Frenchman and takes him prisoner." "Here the Frenchman laies down his sword, and the clowne takes it up and hurles him downe." "Here, while he turnes his backe, the Frenchman runnes his wayes." "Enters Dericke with his girdle full of shooes." "Enters Iohn Cobbler roning, with a packe full of apparell." But, for a comprehensive and categorical stage direction, I can meet nothing quite equal to the following, from 2 *Henry IV.* Fo. 129a, top. "Enter at one doore the Armorer and his neighbors, drinking to him so much that hee is drunke; and he enters with a Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge fastened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him." And these from the Quarto (1597) *Romeo and Juliet*: "Nurse offers to goe in and turnes againe. Paris offers to goe in, and Capolet calles him againe. She lookes after Nurse. All at once cry out and wring their hands. They all but the Nurse goe foorth, casting Rosemary on her and shutting the Curtens. Fryer stoops and lookes on the blood and weapons."

So far, at least, we are able to conjecture what would have been the properties used to play *Titus Andronicus*, and can imagine how large a part the action of a smite on the neck with a sword, "to signify death," must have been of the whole. But some of these stage directions require a little further light. We have "*Enter Lavinia ravished*" in Act II., and possibly might conclude that the actor was content to satisfy this business with a generally dishevelled appearance and make-up, were it not that flowing and dishevelled hair was stage language for virginity

at that period. But the audiences at this date were not apt to be squeamish, and stood realism quite as stoutly as it has ever been clamored for since. The priests who engineered the Miracle Plays had stopped at nothing in their conviction that Bible scenes might be given to the people in the most realistic doses. The libretto and stage directions of at least one of the Coventry Mysteries, *The Woman Taken in Adultery*, would scarcely be admitted to these pages. One of the least offensive of these directions may perhaps be quoted, but it is best to quote it in its original dog-Latin. It runs: "*Hic juvenis quidam extra currit in diploide, caligis non ligatis et braccas in manu tenens, et dicit accusator.*" And in the Mystery or Morality of *Mary Magdalene* (one of the Digby Mysteries), in order to emphasize the blissfulness of her later state, the priestly authors considered it necessary to delineate the young lady's original lapse from the path of exact moral rectitude in a scene which, judging from the stage directions, was certainly not the least spirited and realistic of the piece. (But this was certainly no worse than what the modern stage has done in the last realistic renaissance. In Paris in 1873 there was played a piece called *Susanna and the Elders*, concerning which a morning newspaper gravely announced: "*Ce soir, si la police ne prenient pas, Suzanne ne fera point d'opposition a l'acte de seduction;*" and there was nothing in a certain scene in Sardou's *La Tosca* lacking to bring it up, if not to the level of a Miracle Play, at least to the ravishment act in *Titus Andronicus*, which, as the part of Lavinia was acted by a boy, and not by a woman, could have been elaborated as required.) And if priests had paused at nothing less than reality, why should profane players have been contented with mere verisimilitude? A ballad written to lampoon Marlowe recites that

He had also a player been,
 Upon the *Curtain* stage,
 But broke his leg in one lewd scene
 When in his early age.

From all of which we need not hesitate to conclude that the ravishment scene between Chiron, Demetrius, and Lavinia, in the play we are considering, was done without overmuch delicacy or prudery. For the rest of the play, at any rate, Lavinia's lost hands and tongue could have been managed not so very repulsively by a bandage or two and a little carmine. The burial scene in the first act, the hiding of the gold, and the pit into which Titus's sons are tumbled, were, of course, effected by using the trap. As to the business which accompanied, the passage V., ii., 180:—

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
 Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
 The basin that receives your guilty blood,

the stage directions, "*run around*" or "*struggle*" must be implied, as, doubtless, the attempt to act two able-bodied young men standing up in a row to have their throats cut by a one-handed old man, while a girl holds up a basin under the chin of each during the operation (which is precisely the action the text calls for), would have been hooted off the stage by the extremely particular, even if not especially orderly, audiences we are soon to get a glimpse of. Equally we must presume a little dumb show or pantomime, not hinted at in either text or stage directions, to manage the pie that was made of the ground-up bones of Chiron and Demetrius. Perhaps a basin covered with canvas was borne in by Titus Andronicus "dressed as a cook," with his one hand and stump (which stump later on does not seem to have troubled him, when he came to the stage directions, fifteen lines apart: "*Killing Lavinia*," "*killing Tamora*").

I suppose the business, two lines farther down, which directs Saturninus to kill Titus, — or, at the space of two lines more, Lucius to kill Saturninus, — to assume that everybody in this play carried a sword, and the direction : “ *A great tumult. The people in confusion disperse. Marcus, Lucius, and their partisans go up into the balcony,*” to signify that this “pavilion” scene required the full depth of the stage, so that the balcony above described could be used, and the curtains be rolled up. In Scene ii. of Act V., line 9, we have, “ *Titus opens his study door,*” having first read : “ *Rome before Titus's house.*” In Scene i. of Act IV. is a realistic piece of acting which well merits attention. (It could not have been better done to-day.) Titus, Marcus, and young Lucius have entered ; and Lavinia, tongueless and handless, rushes in after them. She tries in dumb show to aid them in conjecturing who has assaulted and mutilated her. Young Lucius, it seems, on entering, has a parcel of books under his arm, out of which he has been pursuing his studies in Roman literature. He drops these books and cries to Titus for help, fearing that his aunt Lavinia means him some evil. But Titus tells him that she loves him too well to do him harm. Meanwhile Lavinia turns over the books and lifts them one by one between her stumps. This Marcus says he thinks “means that there was more than one confederate in the act.” Lavinia, satisfied with this interpretation of her pantomime, drops all but one book, which she tosses up and down. Titus asks Lucius what book this is, and Lucius says : “ *Grandsire, it is Ovid's Metamorphoses.*” Lavinia then stops tossing the book and begins turning the leaves with her stumps and finds : —

The tragic tale of Philomel
Which treats of Tereus' treason and his rape.

Of course, all now understand that Lavinia would tell of the assault upon her, whereupon Marcus (we quote stage directions) "*writes his name*" (in the dust) "*with his staff, and guides it with feet and mouth,*" saying: "I have writ my name without the help of any hand at all." Lavinia thereupon is quick to see the point, and, on being handed the staff, "*takes*" it "*in her mouth and guides it with her stumps and writes:*" "Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius;" and so the painful story, which has already been partly acted and partly told in Scene iii. of Act II. with such horrible minuteness under the repulsive supervision of Tamora, is revealed to Lavinia's father, brother, and nephew. That Titus should, after all, kill Lavinia, is, of course, a touch of Virginius; and Titus so states the precedent on accomplishing the act.

In Scene ii. ("*a forest. Horns and cry of hounds heard. Horns wind a peal*"), of course, the pit in which Aaron hides his gold, and into which he leads Quintus and Martius, is the trap of which we have spoken. When Titus goes mad and shoots off arrows with letters tied to them at his enemies (one of which contains that singularly inapposite quotation from Horace: "*Integer vitæ*"), etc.; when (VI., 51) a ladder is brought in and held for Aaron (with a black baby in his arms) to ascend in order to be hanged (though the text seems to forget all about it, and Aaron lives to be buried alive in the last scene); and when (IV., iv., 75) a clown brings in two pigeons in a basket (IV., ii., 20); when (III., i., 232) "*Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand*" (that is, carrying these members), as well as when Titus with his one hand cuts the throats of Chiron and Demetrius (who do not appear to resist the operation, but obey Titus's order to "prepare their throats" with acquiescence not to say alacrity, while Lavinia

catches the blood in her basin), we may well imagine that the acting of young Shakespeare's first dramatic effort (in view of the general massacre and carnage, it does not seem a mixing of metaphor to call it "fleshing his maiden sword") made a considerable draft upon the property man of the theatre.

III.

THE PLAY WAS WELL RECEIVED BY ITS AUDIENCES, THOUGH POSSIBLY, THEN AS NOW, THOUGHT BY SOME OVER-SANGUINARY.

I do not believe that Shakespeare's audiences, or the audiences of his time, were as horrible purveyors of disorder, riot, and crime as Gosson, Stubbes, and the rest would have us believe. Gosson and Stubbes were Puritans, and the Puritans were terrible persons, who, just then, had nothing but their pens to fight with; they were objectors *per se* (as Macaulay says, they opposed bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectator), and, while there were official censors of the stage in plenty, there were no censors of the stage defamers. Bad as these audiences were, I very much doubt if they, or if any audiences anywhere, could possibly be as nasty as some of the pages of Gosson and Stubbes; and it is best to remember in reading their pages that the art of cross-examination was not in existence in those days, even had their testimony been given in a court of justice instead of in irresponsible print. I am quite aware that the way to write Elizabethan history is not to revise it, and I recall without remorse Mr. Trollope's good-natured complaint that "lawyers consider themselves the only adult members of society." But at

the same time, if one will trouble himself over a page or two of the State Trials of the date, and see grave judges from the bench put words into the mouths of witnesses, and threaten them with torture if they did not swear strongly enough to railroad prisoners to brutal deaths, he will not, I think, be apt to put overtrust in the literal truth of Elizabethan superlatives.

I am aware that these wicked audiences were noisy, fought and buffeted among themselves, smoked long pipes, ate fruits, cracked nuts, and drank beer, and burned juniper; that they guyed the actors, sometimes even breaking over the palings which separated the pit from the stage and tossing these actors in blankets; that they even sometimes insisted on the performance being stopped and another being substituted (one author mentioning an occasion upon which the actors were cut short in a performance of *Jugurtha*, made to begin the *Few of Malta*, then to try *Tamerlane*, and finally forced to finish the day with *The Merry Milkmaid*s, to save themselves from being mobbed); or even that courtiers brought their chairs upon the stage itself, sitting or roaming about among the actors, smoking long tobacco pipes, caring more to show off their good clothes (as Marlowe thought) than for the acting; that a pair of stocks was kept upon the stage to be ornamented by any thief caught carrying on his trade in the noisy pit; and that when they surged out at the close "it was a sight to be seen," even if nobody happened to be killed. I know all this. I have no doubt that the manners of the time made mixed assemblages offensive to delicate creatures like the character in *Jack Drum's Entertainment* (1601), who says he prefers going to see the *Boys of Paules*, because there

A man shall not be choked with the stench of garlic,
Nor be pasted to the barmy jacket of a beer-brewer.

I know all this. Yet if Shakespeare's plays achieved a sufficient measure of success, upon the stage where they were first performed, to lead printers to publish them, and so send them on their road down to us and to immortality, there must have been audiences to, in some measure, appreciate, or at least enjoy them. Bad as they were, it was for them that Shakespeare wrote — nay, as I believe, rewrote and remodelled. For, as a practical playwright he would not have lost money on giving these audiences anything they did not relish, or empty his houses for the sake (I beg pardon always of the æsthetic critics) of teaching them about "Dual Unity," "The Sympathy and Antipathy of Things Mortal," the "Hermetic Gnosis," the "Logos," the "Rosicrucians," the use which a Personal Providence might be able to make of Enchantment = Central Ideals Real versus Real Ideals, the "Myth of Demeter and Persephone," etc., etc. — matters which would have been quite as absorbing as Major-General Stanley's cheerful facts about the Square of the Hypotenuse and much less susceptible of dramatic treatment. I rather incline to believe that Shakespeare was interested enough in his income returns to even study his audiences, to cater to their tastes and keep up with their requirements, and that it was due to his success in so studying them that he ultimately became one of the richest private subjects of Elizabeth and James of whom we have a record. We are, I think, certainly warranted in supposing that he neglected no detail of his business, or overlooked none of those lesser items of his craft which brought pence to his purse. We have, I think, a right to believe (for example) that he stood in the wings (or what answered to the wings), and noted the effect upon the spectators of his points and situations. Doubtless he so stood upon the first night of his *Romeo and*

Fuliet, and his *Hamlet*, and watched the lank and starved anatomy of the Apothecary, and the irresistible dialectics of the grave-diggers bring down the house. We see how he thereupon worked up, "heavying," each of those scenes, elaborating the former's beggarly account of empty boxes, and like itemized descriptions of that poor devil's stock in trade, and the latter's chop logic to prolong those plays to a "run."¹ And, again, the small talk of the ladies who made a morning call on Volumnia, in *Coriolanus*, doubtless was a study from life, which must have been, to use a modern idiom, "a screaming success" in the hands of the boys who could caricature as well as portray.² Had we an early Quarto

¹ As to this, every lawyer recognizes the travesty on the case of *Hales v. Petit* (in 1 Plowden's Reports, 253), in the Folio. But the First Quarto contained the gist of that ridiculous case, while in the Second Quarto, just a year later, was made the elaboration to the present First Folio version. It certainly passes human comprehension to imagine this elaboration to have been made without a copy of Plowden's Reports open before the elaborator. (The case was tried in 1562 or 1563, forty years before the First Quarto, and twenty years before Nashe's mention of "whole Hamlets;" and since the hair-splitting of counsel could not have been town-talk for twenty, let alone forty years, the only reference extant must have been the black-letter official report.) The problem is, indeed, past man's understanding. But the immense care and attention to minute detail which these plays received can never be doubted while the *Hamlet* remains extant.

² And portray, as well, not only women, but women who, like Viola, Portia, and Rosalind, pretended to be boys. Tom Coryat (quoted by W. B. Rye in his *England Seen by Foreigners*) says of the playhouse of Venice (*Crudities*, 1611, p. 247): "I was at one of their playhouses, where I saw a comedie acted. The house is very beggarly and base in comparison of our stately playhouses in England. Here I observed certain things that I never saw before, for I saw women acte, a thing that I never saw before, though I have heard that it hath been sometimes used in London, and they performed it with as good a grace, action, gesture, and whatsoever convenient for a player, as ever I saw any masculine actor." Actresses first appeared in England in 1629, and were hooted and pelted off the stage; none appeared again until the reign of Charles II. In the journal of Captain John Saris, an Englishman who made a voyage to Japan in 1613 (his narrative is

of the *Coriolanus*, doubtless we could trace the growth of that exquisite piece of "society" in ancient Rome, just as we can follow the workman's hand on the inimitable "business" of the Apothecary of Mantua. Bad as these audiences were — coarse, of vile habits, disgusting to nice ears, eyes, and noses — let us still remember that we owe to them Shakespeare — the Shakespeare who still lives in our libraries and dominates our stage!

Having said so much, let us see if we cannot say a further good word for them. For all they delighted (as what audiences do not to-day?) in horse-play, it will perhaps not do to altogether sneer at the power of appreciation of Elizabethan theatre-goers. The love of "burlesque" (that is, the travesty of mimetic composition, to so define the word in its technical sense) is not a mark of ignorance or boorishness. For, to appreciate a travesty, one must have an intelligent perception of the thing travestied. And certainly the episode of Bottom and his scratch company in *The Midsummer Night's Dream* is broad burlesque. I believe, however, that an Elizabethan audience could appreciate even a finer point than was made in the Bottom episode, and take in the satire of a burlesque upon a familiar point in stage business quite as heartily as do audiences of our own date. In the recently unearthed *Pilgrimage to Parnassus*, acted by the students of St. John's College at Cambridge, prior to December, 1597, there occurs the following: —

reprinted in Purchas, his *Pilgrimes*, 1635), is the entry: "The one and twentieth, the old king came aboard againe, and brought with him divers women to be frolicke. These women were actors of comedies which passe here from iland to iland to play, as our players do there from towne to towne, having severall shifts of apparerll for the better grace of the matter acted, which for the most part are of warre, love, and such like."

Enter Dromo, drawing a clowne in with a rope.

Clowne. What now? thrust a man into the commonwealth whether hee will or noe? What the devill should I doe here?

Dromo. Why, what an asse art thou? Dost thou not know a playe cannot bee without a clowne? Clownes have been thrust into playes by head and shoulders ever since Kempe could make a scurvey face; and therefore reason thou shouldst be drawne in with a cart rope.

Clowne. But what must I doe nowe?

Dromo. Why, if thou canst but drawe thy mouthe awrye, laye thy legge over thy staffe, sawe a piece of cheese asunder with thy dagger, lappe up drinke on the earthe, I warrent thee theilae laugh mightilie.

This travesty on the little necessary to raise a laugh, and on the usage of managers to put something into every play with an eye to the groundlings and their pence, is certainly as pertinent to-day as it was in 1597; and if we find such traces of work written at that date, it is, it seems to me, rather unsafe to predicate abject mental density of the people for whom it was written.¹ It will be urged, however, that this particular play was written not for the rabble, but for the university. But this means only that there were more kinds of audiences than one, which is very likely. It is apparent enough to-day that an audience which assembles itself to witness a Shakespeare play is of a higher intellectual average than one which gathers at a prize-fight or a circus, or to see a man wrestle with a bear. Possibly it was so in Elizabeth's day, and the throng that crowded to see *Romeo and Juliet*, or *Hamlet*, or *Julius Cæsar*, of a higher grade than those which flocked to see Sackerson at Paris Gardens, or to the Tower to see a miserable pony, with an ape tied to his back, driven in among a pack of dogs, who sprang at his ears, neck, and tail, and clung there by their teeth. And it is interesting to note that Shake-

¹ See Introduction to vol. iv. p. 18, where a piece of pure burlesque in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* is instanced.

spere did not always ask his audiences to take everything for granted ; but gave them as much of verisimilitude as lay in his power. At line 1249 of the First Quarto of *Hamlet*, we have the stage direction, "*Enter King, Queene, Corambis, and other Lords :*" in the Second Quarto this is reversed to read : "*Enter trumpets and Kettle Drums, King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia.*" But in the First Folio (line 1936) it stands : "*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rozencrance, Guildensterne and other Lords attendants, with his guards carrying torches. Danish March. Sound a Flourish.*" The words "*Danish March*" being a clear enough indication that a regard to the place of the dramatic action was beginning to be regarded as part of the stage business. The popular taste runs in all ages pretty much in the same grooves. Bear or bull-baiting was accomplished by tying the animal to be baited by its hinder parts and then setting dogs upon it ; the upshot was that the dogs were gnashed or gored to death, though the baited animal lost blood and sometimes died by the sport. Another favorite diversion was to blind the bear and then set men to whip him with thongs. Often the bear was fortunate enough to throw the men down or tear the whips out of their hands and break them to pieces. Not a high grade of intellectual pastime for the spectator, but no bloodier than a Spanish bull-fight or an English cocking-main of the present date. One Henry Farley, in a poetical petition to Parliament, written in 1621, entitled *St. Paul's Church her bill for the Parliament* (in which he prays for repairs to that edifice), describes the popular taste in amusements, which appear, from his description, not to have been so very different from those of our own day : —

To see a strange out-landish Fowle,
A quaint Baboon, an Ape, an Owle,

A dancing Beare, a Gyant's bone,
A foolish Ingin move alone.
A Morris-dance, a Puppit-play,
Mad Tom to sing a Roundelay,
A woman dancing on a Rope,
Bull-baiting also at the *Hope* ;
A Rimer's jests, a Jugler's cheats,
A Tumbler showing cunning feats,
Or Players acting on the Stage
There goes the bounty of our Age ;
But unto any pious motion,
There 's little coin and less devotion.

If we may indulge the fancy that, among this better class who went to see a Shakespeare play in preference to a bull-baiting or a bear-whipping, there were some who (like Mr. Furnivall to-day) thought the *Titus Andronicus* far too bloody, horrid, and repulsive, possibly a complaint to that effect may have reached Shakespeare's ear. And if it did, with his great good humor, not unmixed with an eye to revenue, he set to work to see what could be done. Not much indeed could be done with the plot, but then a scene could be introduced which might mitigate the cruelty of the whole by showing a better side to some one of the sanguinary personages. Of course this is mere guesswork. But it is a fact, nevertheless, that at some time between the Second Quarto and the First Folio, a whole scene was interwritten (at present the last of Act III.), in which Titus, Lavinia, and Marcus are seated at dinner, and Marcus kills a fly with his knife and Titus reproves him. Marcus replies that it is nothing but a fly. But Titus reminds him eloquently, that, although the particular insect may have suffered a painless death, yet it may have had parents, friends, or relatives to whom its removal might bring pain. Whoever wrote it, this episode is Shakespearean in absurdity if not in impudence! The red, and-to-be-redder-handed Andron-

icus in tearful mood over the murder of a house-fly! Perhaps, as we have submitted, it may be discovered that instead of abusing Shakespeare's audiences, we are under deep obligations to them; that, had they damned the Shakespeare plays, the Shakespeare plays would then and there have perished; no pirate of a publisher would have stolen them, no member of the Ancient and Honorable Company of Stationers would have given them shelf room, and we of the nineteenth century would have never even heard so much as that there was a poet, playwright, actor, and dramatist named William Shakespeare.

Nobody knew the failings of his audiences and his actors better than Shakespeare himself. The plays are full of confessions and apologies for them both (sometimes with encouragement and compliments, as where the Prologue tells the pit that they are "known to be the first and happiest hearers of the town"). But when he slurs, he always slurs good humoredly, and what he says is edifying reading beside the bestial stuff that Stubbes and Gosson put into their books. And Shakespeare not only knew his audiences, but took them into his confidence, pointed out to them his own deficiencies, and asked their kind toleration of his want of properties (such as, perhaps, in prophetic vision, he saw us to-day lavishing in blazonry and picture, and costly machinery, upon his noble lines). "What here you lack, our toil shall strive to mend," says the Prologue in the Quartos of *Romeo and Juliet*: and the Chorus to *Henry V.* (wherein, most of all, the playwright must have chafed at his own inability to mount the magnificent opportunities) is constantly asking the spectator to concede, to imagine that they see, the field of Agincourt, the heights of Harfleur, the fleets, the cavalcades, and the great parades. And surely we must concede that audiences willing, for example, to

accept the same stage and the same setting (or no setting), as a church, a forest, a ball-room, a tomb, or a battle-field; to imagine the King, Berowne, Longaville, and Biron, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, overhearing each other in concealment, when actually standing at each others' elbow; or Diomed and Cressida flirting in Calchas's tent, supposing Troilus many miles away in Priam's palace, when there he stood at their side in full view, watching their venialities — deserve some credit for their complaisance.

To-day, with the glories of our modern *mise en scène* at hand, — when we can supply a part of the dialogue with machinery, another with a vista, another with an arrangement of the furniture, — we can drop the curtain on Hamlet's and Othello's and Cleopatra's deaths. But more was necessary then to wind up, and so those parts of the plays which seem to us now rather in the nature of anti-climax are accounted for. Situations then needed more dialogue for their development than to-day. For example, in the latest adaptation of the *Antony and Cleopatra*, the play ends most impressively with the application of the asp and the death of Cleopatra; then immediately enter soldiers who say, "Cæsar hath sent . . ." to which Charmian replies solemnly, "Too slow a messenger!" and the curtain falls. In days when there was no curtain, and a crowded stage to be cleared, the dramatic strain of this moment would be lost, and it seems to me then to have been appropriate to gently remove the remainder of the persons of the drama (as Shakespeare did it) by Charmian's suicide and the entrances of the guard, who find and report all dead, and then the entrance of Cæsar and his train to take possession, and to tell the spectators that all shall be solemnly concluded with due respect to the lofty caste of the deceased. Precisely this order of aftermath succeeds the deaths of Hamlet,

Othello, and various others in the plays. But with our present stage facilities it would entirely dispel the effect upon the audience and eventually kill the play. However Shakespeare worked on the imaginations of his audiences in the heat of the story, it seems very clear to me that he did not entrust them with any liberties as to the due and proper disposition of those his plays left lifeless, or ever neglected to assure them that, even in their enemies' hands, they would receive the sepulture fitting their rank in life. The tendency of Shakespeare "to sort our nobles from our common dead" is everywhere scrupulously maintained, — though this, as I have surmised elsewhere, may have been because the Court kept an eye on his theatres, lest, in any morsel anywhere, a disbelief in the established order of things were encouraged in the rank and file. Nor can I believe (as I see Mr. Irving thinks)¹ that no real acting was possible upon the crowded stage, among the courtiers and the pickpockets in the stocks, but that it was probably only declamation or recitation that the audiences were presented with. How long would audiences, for whom the horse-play was perpetuated (for the horse-play parts of the earliest Quarto are always retained in later versions), from miracle and mystery days, have stood the recitations of Wolsey and Hamlet and Richard, if unaccompanied by action? For we have records to prove that then, as now, certain actors became identified with certain parts, and were widely celebrated for perfection in rendering them — as Lowin in Hamlet, Burbage in Richard III., Tarleton as Dogberry, Kempe in clowns' parts, Jack Wilson in parts with songs, etc., etc. — which seems incompatible with a belief that to act in those days was merely to give mouth to the speech set down for the part. This better class of actors, like Lowin

¹ *Shakespeareana*, vol. iii. p. 382.

and Burbage, often went to considerable expense for their wardrobes. In a German work, *Ethiographia Mundi Durch Fohannem Olorinum*, 1610-13, *pars*. 4, occurs the following allusion to the magnificence of the dresses worn by English actors in their theatres: "Da müssen die Kragen mit Perlen besetzt werden, und wird eine solche Pracht gesehen, dass sie einher gehen, wie die englishen Comödien Spieler im Theater." And we have the entries in Henslowe's *Diary* constantly to the same effect. And this expense would not have been justified unless a speciality (as we say now, a star part) had been earned by superiority in the special work required, which must have been something more than mere declamation.

And while we are saying good things of Shakespeare's audiences, we may perhaps note that books as well as beer and wines were peddled among them. In the Preface to a volume, *Observations by William Fennor* (1616), the author says: "I suppose this pamphlet will hap into your hands before the play begin, with the unfortunate clamour of 'Buy a booke!' by some needie companion." Possibly some of the thin Shakespeare quartos may have been so peddled, as librettos are peddled now, in the oviform interior of the "plaie-howse on the Banck in the Parishe of Saint Saviour's, called the Globe," with its "fower convenient divisions for gentlemens roomes and other sufficient and convenient divisions for twoe-pennie roomes, with necessary seates placed and sett as well in those roomes as througheoute all the rest of the galleries of the said howse, with a stadge and tyreinge-howse sett upp within, with a shadowe or cover over the saide stadge, in length fortie and three foote of lawfull assize, and in breadth extending to the middle of the yarde of the saide howse with convenient windowes and lightes glazed

to the saide tyreinge-howse." If not among the groundlings, at least among the courtiers in the gentlemen's boxes, or on the stage where stood the stocks. And there must have been a compensation for the crowded stage, too, since where scenery was next to nothing, or not at all, and the costumes of the actors only the ordinary clothing of their caste. The crowded stage must have lent, in itself, a realism to the action, in scenes of public places, streets, and banqueting halls (the custom would have been rather more awkward in the chamber scenes). The diary of Samuel Kiechel (circa 1585), who visited England in 1585 (as given by Mr. W. B. Rye), notes that some of the London theatres had three galleries, "one above another." "It may indeed happen," he continues, "that the players take from fifty to sixty dollars (£10 to £12) at a time, particularly if they act anything new, when people have to pay double. And that they perform nearly every day in the week; notwithstanding plays are forbidden on Friday and Saturday, this prohibition is not observed."¹ The diary of Justius Zinzerling (circa 1610) makes a note of "the theatres in which bears and bulls fight with dogs; also cock-fighting."² But neither of these tells any such frightful tales of English audiences as Stubbes and Gosson dilate over (which is itself a rather suspicious circumstance, since foreigners are rather over than under inclined to criticise the social manners of countries other than their own). If the audiences guyed the actors no worse than the Royal party and the lovers in *The Midsummer Night's Dream* guyed Bottom's scratch company (Kit Sly, it will be remembered, went fast asleep over *The Taming of the Shrew*, — at least Mr. Daly, in his elegant

¹ *England as seen by Foreigners in the Days of Elizabeth and James I.* W. B. Rye. London, 1865, p. 88.

² *Id.*, p. 133.

revival of that play, so disposes of him, thus correcting a difficulty obvious enough in the Quarto and Folio), it was not so terrible a piece of bad manners.

But while admitting the audiences to a word in their behalf, we must not forget their training. In the passing of what (for want of a better term) we have called the "horse-play" and rough-and-tumble of the Interludes, into the Tragedy (which was only a bloody comedy — a comedy where everybody was killed); and with memories of what Kyd and Marlowe had given them, the idea that, whatever the number of *dramatis personæ* the play opened with, the end of it must see them about all slain, must close the life histories of the characters so that no further doubts could arise about them, no speculations as to their future, no coming to-morrow, as in a Chinese play, to see the *finale*, — what else could audiences be led to expect? It was only in the higher walks of Elizabethan life and society that the intellectual awakening called for philosophical insights, delineation of emotions, motives, or tendencies. Indeed, we must not forget that social lines were being tightly drawn in those days, and that Shakespeare was of the class that filled his pit rather than of the class that sat on his stage. In our exalted love and worship we are apt to forget this, and in the long perspective of three centuries we couple contemporary names in a single breath. We think of Shakespeare, Southampton, and Elizabeth. But the fact is, that, in those days, it would have occurred to nobody, least of all to Shakespeare himself, to so group those names. Rigid as may be the line drawn today between peer and peasant, courtier and tradesman, it was still more rigidly drawn then. The reverence with which an impecunious scribbler looks upon a man of vested wealth, multiplied by the dis-

tance between a proscribed player of interludes and a peer of the realm, would have rather prevented. A rich peer and a poor peer might be bosom friends. A rich peer and a penniless tramp — hardly. The only pretext for the rumor of the Shakespeare-Southampton friendship I have ever been able to discover is the fact that Southampton condescended to accept a couple of dedications; though I think it very likely that, when Shakespeare became the manager of a theatre, he might have been able to perform services for which Southampton was ready to pay a cash equivalent. However, the fiction of the brotherhood of these two men is a pleasant one, and there is no particular harm in it.

If Southampton admitted Shakespeare to the equality, not of brothers who went arm-in-arm, wrote verses to each other and chronicled each other's love affairs, but to such gracious familiarity as is depicted between the Lord and the players in the *Induction to The Taming of the Shrew*, or such courtly and good-natured badinage as Hamlet took and gave with the players he employed, it may have been that Gosson and Stubbes got wind of it. The muniments of the great family to which Lord Southampton belonged have met no exceptional vicissitudes of time and chance and are reasonably preserved. And there is no record in them, nor anywhere else, of any exceptional friendship or intimacy between the Earl and the playwright, and it is with extreme chagrin that Shakespearean students discover the only service Shakespeare is known to have rendered the nobleman to have been such as does not bear characterization, and to which the only contemporary allusion extant is in a scandalous book, *Willobie his Avis*, published 3d September, 1594, and now happily of uneasy access.¹ That

¹ "Willobie his Avis or the true Picture of a Modest Maide, and

Shakespeare himself attempted perpetuation of the memory of this service in his Sonnets is a claim his admirers sometimes make, but of the value of which there are divergent opinions. If he did, and if it was in an attempt to write perfunctory verse, that — despite his theme — his inextinguishable genius produced some of the most exquisite poetry in any language, and if the poems dedicated to Southampton are Shakespeare's, it is only another phase in the intellectual miracle with which every student of Shakespeare, his theatres, his audiences, and his times must be prepared to grapple for himself. Surely a troupe like that organized by "sixpence a day or nothing" Bottom must have felt a Shakespeare out of place among them, unless Shakespeare himself was careful not to allow those lofty moral purposes, those deeply religious insights, those philosophical aspirations with which our nineteenth century has supplied him to be suspected, and so the playhouse emptied and the takings at the door fail to keep the cressets lighted.

So much for the histrionic aspects of our investigation. As for criticism, Mr. Fleay's¹ ideas of the *Titus Andronicus* are so revolutionary that I transcribe them entire.

That this play is not by Shakespeare is pretty certain from internal evidence. The Latin quotations, classical allusions, use of *pour* as prefix in IV., i., manner of versification, and above all the introduction of rape as a subject for the stage, would be sufficient to disprove his authorship. . . . Whether

of a chast and constant wife. Whereunto is added an Apologie, shewing the true meaning of Willobie his Avisa. With the Victorie of English Chastitie, never before published. The fourth time corrected and augmented. Imprinted at London by John Windet, 1609. sm. 4to," is the full title of the copy in the possession of the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps.

¹ *A Chronicle History of the Life and Work of William Shakespeare, Player, Poet, and Play-maker*, by Frederick Gard Fleay. London and New York, 1886, pp. 280-282.

this play got into the Folio by some confusion with *Titus and Vespasian* . . . we cannot tell. . . . That it was written by Marlowe I incline to think. What other mind but the author of the *Jew of Malta* could have conceived Aaron the Moor? Mr. Dyce has warned us against attributing too many plays to the short career of Marlowe, but he did not consider that Marlowe probably wrote two plays a year from 1587-1593, and that we have only at present seven acknowledged as his. Those now attributed to him in whole or in part by me will raise the number to a baker's dozen; but in some of these, as the older *John*, and I. and II. *Henry VI.*, his 'share was comparatively slight. Nevertheless, I think the opinion that Kyd wrote the play of *Andronicus* worth the examination; although, with such evidence as has yet been adduced, Marlowe has certainly the better claim. Shakespeare probably never touched this play, unless by inserting iii., 2, which is possible.

Furnivall will have nothing to do with *Titus Andronicus* because its subject is bloody and repulsive; Fleay, because "the introduction of rape as a subject for the stage would be alone sufficient to disprove" a Shakespearean authorship. How much Shakespeare would be left us, one might ask, if nothing but what can be read aloud in the nursery is to be assigned to the man who, even Mr. Furnivall and Mr. Fleay admit, was, sometimes, a delineator of human nature? Is there any difference in kind, is it not only a difference in degree, between the ravishment scene in *Titus Andronicus* and the open propositions of the Duke's Deputy to Isabella in *Measure for Measure*; of Boult to Marina in *Pericles*, of Bertram to Diana in *All's Well that Ends Well*, of Bianca to Cassio, or of Falstaff to the unspeakable Mistress Doll? We have seen how the subtle hand that delineated an Iago or a Richard III. at first chopped Aaron out of a block as wooden and lifeless in his villainy as the figure-head of a lugger. Does Mr. Fleay see anything in these which the 'prentice hand, grown into mastership, would have

blinked at? Certainly it is amusing to find that nothing of the smut in *Pericles* is Shakespeare's, and must go, so that "what remains is the pure and charming romance of Marina, the sea-born child of Pericles, her loss, and the recovery of both child and mother by the afflicted Prince." It is amusing, again, to note that Mr. Fleay — in the very volume where he tells us what is n't Shakespeare in *Pericles* because it is n't as clean as it might be — (and on the very next page) declares that Shakespeare and not Marlowe wrote those very scenes in the *Edward III.* in which occurs the *risque* scene between Edward and the Countess of Salisbury, and includes both of these dramatic pieces in what he calls "The Marlowe Group of Plays," thus ousting Shakespeare in the one for exactly that by which he vests him with possession in the other!

As to Mr. Fleay's assertion that our present *Titus Andronicus* is not the perished play of *Titus and Vespasian*, "played by Lord Strange's men 11th April, 1592, which was, as we may know from a German version extant, written on the same subject and in which Shakespeare may have had some share," there is room for considerable curious speculation, the result of which may possibly qualify the opinion urged in this introduction as to the *Titus Andronicus* having been Shakespeare's very earliest attempt at stage work. A tragedy of *Titus Andronicus* was acted in Germany about the year 1600 by a company of English players. In this tragedy the persons are: *Vespasian, The Roman Kaiser, Titus Andronicus, Andronica, Ætiopissa, Morian, Helicates, Saphonius, Consort of Andronicus, Victoriades, White Guards, Messengers*, etc. The narrative develops correspondingly to the English play, and is, on the whole, so nearly the same as to make the inference that this is simply an adaptation of the Shakespeare play con-

clusive. A stage direction calling for the entrance of the Kaiser reads: "*Enter the Kaiser who is not yet Kaiser,*" evidently the entry of Sempronius to ask the suffrages of the electors. In changing the Shakespeare play for the German stage, Lavinia is made over into *Andronica*, evidently to express her relation to Andronicus. For the change of Helicates and Saphonius from Chiron and Demetrius there is no apparent reason, any more than why Aaron should be Morian, or Tamora Ætiopissa (since in the stage direction she is directed to be "white and fair"). Possibly, to the exact German mind, black was an improper color for a Kaiser's wife.

The first stage direction of this German play is as follows: "*Enter Vespasian with the Roman crown in his hands; Titus Andronicus with a laurel crown on his head; the Emperor of Rome that was to be; The Queen of Ethiopia lovely and of fair complexion (welche schön und weiss), together with her two sons; Morian, the Queen's attendant and paramour, with a plain black mantle over his handsome dress. The four last are captives of Titus Andronicus. Andronica.*" There is no indication that even Aaron is black, except that the name Morian may suggest a Moor. But Helicates and Saphonius are both in love with Andronica, and fight about her. Morian separates them and promises to aid them in killing her husband, who has no name except "*Husband of Andronica*" in the stage directions. Here is the forest scene, the wrangle between the Empress and Andronica, the murder of the *husband of Andronica*, and *Helicates* and *Saphonius* according to the directions "*go up to Andronica, attempt to raise her, and carry her off: they carry her off into the forest.*" The action still corresponds. The Empress and Morian have a terse dialogue in ten lines of prose, unfit to quote, instead of the beautiful lines (at Quarto 720)

which are repeated in the Folio. Morian demands Titus's hand; he cuts it off. Then we have another stage direction: "*Enter Helicates and Saphonius, who had gone into the forest with Andronica, upon whom they satisfied their lust. Having also barbarously mutilated her, cut off both her hands, and torn out her tongue, they now bring them.*" Helicates explains why the mutilation is necessary, in coarse epithet. Then enters *Victoriades*, from whom Andronica on seeing him runs into the wood. Then Morian brings in the hand and two heads. After a little, the direction "*Enter Vespasian with a basket of sand and a staff,*" and the pantomime of Lavinia and the staff writing is rapidly indicated. After more dialogue, generally to the effect that Titus has declared war against the Emperor and sold his property to raise an army, a messenger enters upon the Emperor and Empress with a letter, which he tells the Emperor contains a declaration of war from Titus. The Emperor opens it, finds that it contains nothing but *ein blosses Schermesser* ("razor"), and orders the messenger to be taken out and hanged. This is of course the clown and pigeon scene, which, if inexplicable before, seems doubly so now. That the Emperor should order a messenger who brought a declaration of battle to be instantly hanged, might be imagined — that he should order a messenger who brought him pigeons (which certainly are not symbolical of war) to be instantly hanged, passes explanation. Then follows the scene of the midwife with the black child, with the same action and to the same purpose. The child is saved by Aaron, who kills the midwife, etc., etc., precisely as in the Shakespeare play. Then comes the scene where Tamora and her two sons visit Titus in disguise, her idea — as appears by a previous dialogue between herself and the Emperor — being to leave her two sons with Titus, whom she instructs, the

moment she retires, to assassinate him. Next follows the direction : "*They go to the palace and she calls old Titus.*" The Empress tells him that "we are your good friends, and the gods have sent me to you with these men, that I may deliver them both to you. They are appointed by the gods to assist in the war by their good advice, that we may soon conquer the enemy." She then departs.

Up to this point the German play has been crude, coarse, and rapid compared to the English one. But now it becomes infinitely more probable. The cutting of the throats of Chiron and Demetrius and the catching of their blood in a basin now proceed with some plausibility. Instead of being done by a one-handed old man and a girl, the victims acquiescing, Titus sends for two soldiers, and the following stage directions explicitly tell how it is accomplished : "*A sharp razor and apron are brought. He puts on the apron and makes preparations to slaughter them. A basin is brought. The eldest brother is first held down ; he wishes to speak, but they stop his mouth. Titus half cuts his throat. The blood runs into the basin. After it is all run out they lay him down dead on the floor.*" The other is then attended to. The directions proceed : "*Holds his throat in the same way. He resists violently and wishes to speak, but they stop his mouth. Titus cuts his throat, the blood is collected, after which they lay him down dead.*" Titus then says : "I have now cut their throats, and what I have slaughtered I will cook myself. I will hash up these heads and bake them in pasties. Then I will invite the Emperor and their mother." Titus then sends the dead bodies into the kitchen and despatches a messenger to the Emperor offering peace and inviting them to a banquet. Then enter *Emperor, Empress, Andronica, Vespasian, and Victoriades, and Titus, "still wearing"*

(say the stage directions) "*the blood-stained apron, and with a knife in his hand.*" They sit down; the Emperor asks Titus why he wears the apron, and he replies: "Mighty Emperor, I have become cook myself, and have made pasties for your majesty." The stage directions continue: "*He goes up to the pies, carves them, and places portions of them before the Emperor and the Empress. Vespasian eats nothing. Titus walks sorrowfully up and down.*" The Empress says: "I have never eaten a better pie than this in all my life, but I cannot imagine what they are made of." Titus answers: "Oh, my lovely Empress, pray take some more, as you relish it so much, and I will tell my Empress afterwards what they are made of." He then gives her more pie. The Empress eats it and asks why he, Titus, does not eat. Whereupon Titus says that he is unhappy on account of the misfortunes of his daughter Andronica. He then draws his knife and calmly murders that lady. In the confusion which results, he manages to kill the Empress, whereupon the Emperor kills Titus. Vespasian then kills the Emperor and proclaims himself his successor.

Now, this play was performed in Germany in 1600. It was called "*Eine sehr klägliche Tragaedia von Tito Andronico und der hoffertigen Kayserin, darinnen denkwürdige actiones zubefinden,*" that is, "A most lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus and the haughty Empress, wherein are found memorable events." It is the story, plot, and action of the Shakespeare play, and is performed in Germany by English actors — contemporary with Shakespeare himself. If we are searching for information as to this identical Shakespeare and this identical play, is it a mark of unreason and of deficient common-sense to take such facts as these into account, in preference to verse tests and sentimental criticisms, or

even in place of rejecting the whole question as one unworthy to be discussed because the play has "a repulsive subject, and because its blood and horrors speak, as plainly as play can speak, 'I am not Shakespeare's'"? All we are allowed to know about *Titus Andronicus*, according to the æsthetic school, is that the play belongs to the "First Period," and to the "Lust-Or-False-Love Group," or to the "Unfit-Nature-Or-Under-Burden-Falling Group." (And I may remark in passing that there are no "Periods" to the Shakespeare plays — except in the imagination of the æsthetic critics — while the Furnivall "Groups" are modelled entirely upon the "grouping" system made famous by Fluellen, who, it will be remembered, placed Henry the Fifth and Alexander the Great in a single category because each was born in a town whose name began with an M, and there was a river in each of those towns, "and there is salmons in both"!) If, however, we are permitted to examine this Germanized version, I think either one of two conclusions would follow, viz.: Either (1) the English actors in Germany — while of course performing precisely the same "business" as they had found acceptable on the London stage — found it unnecessary, or possibly injudicious, to do more than summarize the Shakespeare text, and revised this business wherever necessary to hit the denser, even if more matter-of-fact, German mind — as in substituting a naked razor for two pigeons as a gage of battle, and two stout soldiers to assist a one-handed old man (in place of a girl without any hands at all) in cutting the throats of two stalwart young libertines! Or (2) some of the Shakespeare play was lost — never went into the Quarto at all, and so never was copied into the Folio at all. And I think, possibly, the fact that portions of this play were so lost may have been known to Heminges and

Condell, who may have searched for them, and, in the search, found the missing scene of the killing of the fly, which they were able to include.

In the absence of the text of this *Titus and Vespasian* and the similarity between the above German version and the dramatic piece young Shakespeare wrote, I do not see at present why (dates not forbidding) we may not conjecture — if we are to conjecture at all — that these English actors in Germany may have had a copy of Shakespeare's plays in their repertoire as well as of the other one : or again, why there may not have been a version of the play with a "Vespasian" in it ; or still again, whether Saturninus may not have been once called "Vespasian." The rechristening of Shakespearean characters went on very fluently in those first days. Falstaff was once "Oldcastle ;" Nym was "Tom ;" Bardolph was "Harry ;" Quickly was "Ursula ;" Polonius was "Corambis ;" Don Armado and Osric were each "Braggart," etc. In the play before us, Saturninus is "King," or "Emperor," as it happens, and in *The Famous Victories* many of the personages, now familiarized by name, were designated as a "Captain," a "Frenchman," a "Drummer," a "Messenger," etc., etc.

As to whether or no, in the hiatus of ten or a dozen years of William Shakespeare, during which a raw country youth became a plausible scholar, we are to supply a voyage to Germany with a group of actors whose convoy would have furnished an escape from the wrath of a lampooned Lucy, every investigator must judge for himself. Happily his decision will make no difference as to this particular play. Certainly, young Shakespeare must have had a very varied and miscellaneous experience somewhere, not entirely of a vagabond type. Somewhere, in those sixteen years between his early marriage to a farmer's

daughter and Meres' mention of him as the English equivalent of Plautus and Seneca, a great many curious things must have happened. "The intimate relations," says Mr. W. B. Rye,¹ "subsisting at this time between England and Wurtemberg, as also with the Elector Palatine, whose wife was an English princess royal, must have contributed not a little to attract English actors to visit Germany."

All this may be unimportant. But yet it is in writing plays for his times, his trivialities, and his audiences, and living and moving in this atmosphere, that we must see William Shakespeare, if we are to see him at all. It was for these he studied character and invented parts, borrowing from everywhere and from everybody, but for comic parts drawing only upon himself. There is no such character as Ancient Pistol in all literature, and yet Shakespeare must somewhere have seen a Pistol, as well as the Constable whose "humour he took at Grendon-in-Bucks" (according to Aubrey), and made into a Dogberry or an Elbow. It was for these audiences that he did, and made himself all that he was. Is it possible that he should have been all immaculate and they all besotted and bestial? If we are to believe authors like Rees and the good Bishop Wordsworth, Shakespeare wrote his plays principally out of the Bible, drew from its pages the majority of his similes, and never framed a character for his stage without consulting its contents. Mr. Rees even goes farther than Bishop Wordsworth, and tells us that the identical Bible, out of which Shakespeare made his plays, was presented to Shakespeare as a parting gift by his mother when he left Stratford —

¹ *England as Seen by Foreigners — temp. Elizabeth and James*, p. cix. Of course I have drawn on Albert Cohn's elaborate *Shakespeare in Germany* for the above description of the German play to which altogether too little attention has been given by the commentators.

by his mother, "whose love added a bright charm to the holy passages she taught him to read and study; to his mother was Shakespeare indebted for early lessons of piety and reverence for a book from whose passages in after-life he wove himself a mantle of undying fame."¹ We cannot foist Falstaff, Doll Tearsheet, Boult, and the rest of the bad ones, as we can the Kings and Queens, upon History — upon Monstrellet or Holingshed, or upon Shakespeare's classical authorities, according to the general commentator. For the low-caste characters were Shakespeare's own. The smuttiest work that Shakespeare ever did, however, was in the *Pericles*, and it does not surprise us, after reading Stubbes and Gosson, to find that play one of the oftenest printed in Quarto, of any of the Shakespearean plays. And yet it must be admitted that Shakespeare did not love smut: he Bowdlerized some of his own plays between their Quarto and their Folio dates. Instead of the three caskets he might have adopted another version of the tests with which a lady's hand was won, which would have relegated the *Merchant of Venice* to our libraries forever. He was the first English dramatist to demonstrate how that which is comic need not necessarily be obscene, or that one could be witty or humorous without referring to the relations between the sexes. He put his putrescence on the outside of his plays, as the piety of Gothic architects put their dragons and demons on the outside of their cathedrals, while carving only saints and angels within. But yet it will not add one leaf to Shakespeare's crown for his admirers to be dishonest in his praise, and make him what he was not and never pretended to be — "his grandsire cut in alabaster." It is only for such gentlemen as Fleay

¹ *Shakespeare and the Bible*. By John Rees. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen and Haffelfinger, 1876.

and Furnivall and Rees and Bishop Wordsworth to conceive that the greatest delineator of human passion did not, for himself, share in the passions of his kind — so that, for example, the *Romeo and Juliet*, with its masterly and magical delineation of the power, pathos, and imperious sweep of the mightiest of human passions, is merely among the very earliest works of a lad who liked the jingle of rhyme! So terrible is the human temptation to find what we look for, from which even a Shakespearean commentator cannot rid himself! I certainly cannot believe myself free from this same temptation, but I am unable to separate myself from the conviction that the increase in stage finish marks Shakespeare's successive steps in playwriting quite as well as a touchstone which will assign the creation of Juliet, the finished humor of Juliet's nurse, the *sang-froid* of Mercutio, and the garrulities of old Capulet, to a tyro — simply because the dignity of "unstopped endings" and "run on lines" may be wanting to their speeches! Shakespeare improved his art with experience. Even nature betters her own handiwork. Her gigantic saurians were very clumsy creatures; her first effort at making a bird was simply ridiculous: why should not a Shakespeare, to whom, we are told, "the mighty mother did unveil her awful face," have advanced in something else besides scansion? Is it not possible that between the lad who chopped out an Aaron and the consummate artist who drew an Iago may possibly have been a workman sensible of improvement in the material exigencies of his craft? If, in the course of this experience, Shakespeare may have found that his actors delivered blank verse with more effect than rhyme — and so have used less and less rhyme in the lines he wrote for them — it may be that the spasmodic critics were building better than they knew in calling attention to it. But their

“Groups” and “Periods” will gain nothing from the discovery.

I think, therefore, that all the questions proposed must be answered in the affirmative: that the *Titus Andronicus* was Shakespeare's earliest play, that the Elizabethan stage was quite equal to mounting it, and that it was popular with the audiences of its date. Perhaps its success was the foundation of Shakespeare's fortune. That he left his fortune to his heirs, and did not, like Alleyn, found a college with it, was, no doubt, because — well, because he was not Edward Alleyn, but William Shakespeare — William Shakespeare, a man who, from amidst the trivialities and distractions and pitiful makeshifts — the Nick Bottoms and pasteboard horses and brown-paper dragons, and the petty economies into which the straitened home of his youth had moulded him — could leave behind him that before which eulogium despairs and language falters and apotheosis pants for breath.

APPLETON MORGAN.



WE, the undersigned, a Committee appointed by *The Shakespeare Society of New York* to confer and report upon a Notation for *The Bankside Edition* of the plays of William Shakespeare, hereby certify that the *Notation* of the present volume: of which five hundred copies only are printed, of which this copy is No. 87: is that resolved upon by us, and reported by us to, and adopted by, *The Shakespeare Society of New York*.

COMMITTEE

{ ALVEY A. ADEE, *Chairman*.
THOMAS R. PRICE.
WM. H. FLEMING.
APPLETON MORGAN.



The moſt lamenta-
ble Romaine Tragedie of *Titus*
Andronicus.

As it hath fundry times beene playde by the
Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, the
Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Suffex, and the
Lorde Chamberlaine theyr
Seruants.




AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for Edward White
and are to bee ſolde at his ſhoppe, at the little
North doore of Paules, at the ſigne of
the Gun. 1600.



THE LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY
OF
TITUS ANDRONICUS.






The most lamentable Romaine
 Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*: As it was plaid
 by the Right Honorable the Earle of Darbie, Earle
 of Pembroke, and Earle of Suffex
 theyr Seruants.

1 1 *Enter the Tribunes and Senatours aloft: And then enter*
 2 *Saturninus and his followers at one doore, and Bafsianus and his*
 3 *followers, with Drums and Trumpets.*

4 *Saturninus.*

5 **N**oble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
 6 Defend the iustice of my caufe with armes.
 7 And Countrimen my louing followers,
 8 Plead my fuccesiue Title with your swords:
 9 I am his first borne sonne, that was the last
 10 That ware the Imperiall Diademe of Rome,
 11 Then let my Fathers honours liue in mee,
 12 Nor wrong mine age with this indignitie.

13 *Bafsianus.*

14 14 Romaines, friends, followers, faouurers of my right,

15 If euer *Bafsianus Cæsars* sonne,
 16 Were gracious in the eyes of royall Rome,
 17 Keepe then this passage to the Capitoll,
 18 And suffer not dishonour to approach,
 19 The Imperiall feate to vertue, consecrate



The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft And then 1
enter Saturninus and his Followers at one doore, 2
and Bassianus and his Followers at the 3
other, with Drum & Colours. 4

Saturninus. 5

Noble Patricians, Patrons of my right, 6
 Defend the iustice of my Cause with Armes. 7
 And Countrey-men, my louing Followers, 8
 Pleade my Successiue Title with your Swords. 9
 I was the first borne Sonne, that was the last 10
 That wore the Imperiall Diadem of Rome : 11
 Then let my Fathers Honours liue in me, 12
 Nor wrong mine Age with this indignitie. 13

Bassianus. Romaines, Friends, Followers, 14
 Fauourers of my Right : 15
 If euer *Bassianus, Cæsars* Sonne, 16
 Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome, 17
 Keepe then this passage to the Capitoll : 18
 And suffer not Dishonour to approach 19
 Th'Imperiall Seate to Vertue : consecrate 20

20 To iustice, continence, and Nobilitie :
 21 But let desert in pure election shine,
 22 And Romaines fight for freedome in your choice.

23 *Marcus Andronicus with the Crowne.*

25 24 Princes that striue by factions and by friendes
 25 Ambitiously for Rule and Emperie,
 26 Know that the people of Rome for whom we stand
 27 A speciall Partie, haue by common voyce,
 28 In election for the Romaine Emperie
 29 Chofen *Andronicus*, furnamed *Pius*,
 30 For many good and great deserts to Rome :
 31 A nobler man, a brauer Warriour,
 32 Liues not this day within the Citty walls.
 33 He by the Senate is accited home,
 34 From wearie warres against the barbarous Gothes,
 35 That with his sonnes (a terrour to our foes)
 37 36 Hath yoakt a Nation strong, trained vp in Armes.
 37 Tenne yeeres are spent since first he vndertooke
 38 This cause of Rome, and chastised with Armes
 39 Our enemies pride : Fiue times he hath returned
 40 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sonnes
 41 In Coffins from the fieldes,
 42 And now at last, laden with honours spoyles
 43 Returns the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
 44 Renowned *Titus* flourishing in Armes.
 45 Let vs intreate by honour of his name,
 46 Whom worthily you would haue now succede,
 47 And in the Capitall and Senates right,
 48 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
 49 That you withdraw you, and abate your strength,
 50 Dismiss your followers, and as suters should,
 51 Pleade your deserts in peace and humblenes.
 52 *Saturninus.*
 53 How faire the Tribune speakes to calme my thoughts.

To Iustice, Continance, and Nobility : 21
 But let Defert in pure Election shine ; 22
 And Romanes, fight for Freedome in your Choice. 23

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne. 24

Princes, that striue by Factions, and by Friends, 25
 Ambitioufly for Rule and Empery : 26
 Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand 27
 A speciall Party, haue by Common voyce 28
 In Election for the Romane Emperie, 29
 Chosen *Andronicus*, Sur-named *Pious*, 30
 For many good and great deserts to Rome. 31
 A Nobler man, a brauer Warriour, 32
 Liues not this day within the City Walles. 33
 He by the Senate is accited home 34
 From weary Warres against the barbarous Gothes, 35
 That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes) 36
 Hath yoak'd a Nation strong, train'd vp in Armes. 37
 Ten yeares are spent, since first he vndertooke 38
 This Cause of Rome, and chasticed with Armes 39
 Our Enemies pride. Fiue times he hath return'd 40
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes 41
 In Coffins from the Field. 42
 And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyles, 43
 Returns the good *Andronicus* to Rome, 44
 Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in Armes. 45
 Let vs intreat, by Honour of his Name, 46
 Whom (worthily) you would haue now succede, 47
 And in the Capitoll and Senates right, 48
 Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore, 49
 That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength, 50
 Dismiss your Followers, and as Suters should, 51
 Pleade your Deserts in Peace and Humbleness. 52

Saturnine. How fayre the Tribune speakes, 53
 To calme my thoughts. 54

54 *Bassianus.*

55 *Marcus Andronicus*, fo I do affie,
 56 In thy vpightnes and integrity,
 57 And fo I loue and honour thee and thine,
 58 Thy noble brother *Titus* and his fonnes,
 59 And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
 60 Gracious *Lauinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
 61 That I will heere difmiffe my louing friends :
 62 And to my fortunes and the peoples fauour,
 63 63 Commit my caufe in ballance to be waid. *Exit Souldiers.*

64 *Saturninus.*

65 Eriends that haue beene thus forward in my right.

66 I thanke you all, and heere difmiffe you all,
 67 And to the loue and fauour of my Country,
 68 Commit my felfe, my perfon, and the caufe :
 69 Rome be as iuft and gracious vnto me,
 70 As I am confident and kinde to thee.
 71 Open the gates and let me in.
 72 *Bassianus.* Tribunes and me a poore Competitor.
 73 *They goe vp into the Senate house.*

74 *Enter a Captaine.*

76 75 Romaines make way, the good *Andronicus*,
 76 Patron of vertue, Romes best Champion :
 77 Succesfull in the battailes that he fights,
 78 With honour and with fortune is returnd,
 79 From where he circumscribed with his sword,
 80 And brought to yoake the enemies of Rome.

81 *Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and then enter two of Titus*
 82 *fonnes, and then two men bearing a Coffin covered with blacke, then*
 83 *two other fonnes, then Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the*
 84 *Queene of Gothes and her two fonnes, Chiron and Demetrius,*

Bafsia. Marcus Andronicus, fo I do affie 55
 In thy vprightneffe and Integrity : 56
 And fo I Loue and Honor thee, and thine, 57
 Thy Noble Brother *Titus*, and his Sonnes, 58
 And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all) 59
 Gracious *Lauinia*, Romes rich Ornament, 60
 That I will heere difmiffe my louing Friends : 61
 And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Fauour, 62
 Commit my Caufe in ballance to be weigh'd. 63
Exit Souldiours. 64

Saturnine. Friends, that haue beene 65
 Thus forward in my Right, 66
 I thanke you all, and heere Difmiffe you all, 67
 And to the Loue and Fauour of my Country, 68
 Commit my Selfe, my Perfon, and the Caufe : 69
 Rome, be as iuft and gracious vnto me, 70
 As I am confident and kinde to thee. 71
 Open the Gates, and let me in. 72
Bafsia. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor. 73
Flourish. *They go vp into the Senat house.* 74

Enter a Captaine. 75

Cap. Romanes make way : the good *Andronicus*, 76
 Patron of Vertue, Romes beft Champion, 77
 Successefull in the Battailles that he fights, 78
 With Honour and with Fortune is return'd, 79
 From whence he circumscribed with his S word, 80
 And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome. 81

Sound Drummes and Trumpets. And then enter two of Titus 82
Sonnes ; After them, two men bearing a Coff in couered 83
with blacke, then two other Sonnes. After them, Titus 84
Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queene of Gothes, & 85
her two Sonnes Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the 86

85 *with Aron the More, and others, as many as can be then set downe*
 88 86 *the Coffin, and Titus speakes.*

87 *Titus.* Haile Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds,

88 Loe as the Barke that hath difchargd his fraught,
 89 Returnes with precious lading to the bay,
 90 From whence at first she wayd her anchorage ;
 91 Commeth *Andronicus*, bound with Lawrell bowes,
 92 To refalute his Country with his teares,
 93 Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
 94 Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
 95 Stand gracious to the rights that we entend.
 96 *Romaines*, of fife and twenty valiant fonnes,
 97 Halfe of the number that king *Priam* had,
 98 Behold the poore remains alieue and dead :
 99 These that furuiue, let Rome reward with loue :
 100 These that I bring vnto their latest home,
 101 With buriall amongst their auncestors.
 102 Heere *Gothes* haue giuen me leaue to sheath my sword,
 103 *Titus* vnkind, and carelesse of thine owne,
 104 Why sufferst thou thy fonnes vnburied yet,
 108 105 To houer on the dreadfull shore of Stix,
 106 Make way to lay them by their brethren.

107 *They open the Tombe.*

108 There greeete in silence as dead are wont,
 109 And sleepe in peace, flaine in your Countries warres :
 110 O sacred Receptacle of my ioyes,
 111 Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobility,
 112 How many fonnes haft thou of mine in store,
 113 That thou wilt neuer render to me more.
 114 *Lucius.* Giue vs the proudest prifoner of the *Gothes*.
 115 That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
 116 *Ad manus fratrum*, sacrifice his flesh :
 117 Before this earthy prifon of their bones,

Moore, and others, as many as can bee: They set downe the Coffin, and Titus speakes. 87
88

Andronicus. Haile Rome : 89
Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes : 90
Loe as the Barke that hath discharg'd his fraught, 91
Returns with precious lading to. the Bay, 92
From whence at first she wegih'd her Anchorage : 93
Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrell bowes, 94
To refalute his Country with his teares, 95
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome, 96
Thou great defender of this Capitoll, 97
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend. 98
Romaines, of fife and twenty Valiant Sonnes, 99
Halfe of the number that King *Priam* had, 100
Behold the poore remains aliu and dead ! 101
These that Suruine, let Rome reward with Loue : 102
These that I bring vnto their latest home, 103
With buriall amongst their Ancestors. 104
Heere Gothes haue giuen me leaue to sheath my Sword : 105
Titus vnkinde, and carelesse of thine owne, 106
Why suffer'ft thou thy Sonnes vnburied yet, 107
To houer on the dreadfull shore of Stix ? 108
Make way to lay them by their Bretheren. 109

They open the Tombe. 110

There greete in silence as the dead are wont, 111
And sleepe in peace, flaine in your Countries warres : 112
O sacred receptacle of my ioyes, 113
Sweet Cell of vertue and Noblitie, 114
How many Sonnes of mine hast thou in store, 115
That thou wilt neuer render to me more ? 116
Luc. Giue vs the proudest prifoner of the Gothes, 117
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile 118
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh : 119
Before this earthly prifon of their bones, 120

118 That fo the shadowes be not vnappeaxd,
 122 119 Nor we disturbd with prodigies on earth.
 120 *Titus.* I giue him you, the noblest that furuiues,
 121 The eldest sonne of this distressed Queene.
 122 *Tamo.* Stay Romaine brethren, gracious Conquerer,
 123 Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares *I* shed,
 124 A mothers teares in pafsion for her sonne :
 125 And if thy sonnes were euer deere to thee,
 126 Oh thinke my sonne to be as deere to mee.
 127 Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome
 128 To beautifie thy triumphs, and returne
 129 Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,
 130 But must my sonnes be slaughtered in the streetes.
 131 For valiant doings in theyr Countries cause ?
 132 O if to fight for King and common weale,
 133 Were pietie in thine, it is in these :
 134 *Andronicus*, flaine not thy tombe with blood.
 135 Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods :
 136 Draw neere them then in being mercifull,
 137 Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
 141 138 Thrice noble *Titus* spare my first borne sonne.
 139 *Titus.* Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me.
 140 These are they brethren, whom you Gothes beheld
 141 Aliue and dead, and for they brethren flaine,
 142 Religiously they aske a sacrifice :
 143 To this your sonne is markt, and die he must,
 144 T'appease their groning shadowes that are gone.
 145 *Lucius.* Away with him, and make a fire straight,
 146 And with our swords vpon a pile of wood,
 147 Lets hew his limbs till they be cleane consumde.

148 *Exit Titus sonnes with Alarbus.*

149 *Tamora.* O cruell irreligious pietie.

150 *Chiron.* Was euer Sythia halfe so barbarous ?

151 *Demet.* Oppose not Sythia to ambitious Rome,

152 *Alarbus* goes to rest and we furuiue,

That fo the fhadowes be not vnappeas'd, 121
 Nor we difturb'd with prodigies on earth. 122

Tit. I giue him you, the Nobleft that Suruiues, 123
 The eldeft Son of this diftrefsed Queene. 124

Ivm. Stay Romaine Bretheren, gracious Conqueror, 125
 Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I fhed, 126

A Mothers teares in paffion for her fonne : 127

And if thy Sonnes were euer deere to thee, 128

Oh thinke my fonnes to be as deere to mee. 129

Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome 130

To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returne 131

Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake, 132

But muft my Sonnes be flaughtred in the ftreetes, 133

For Valiant doings in their Countries caufe ? 134

O! If to fight for King and Common-weale, 135

Were piety in thine, it is in thefe : 136

Andronicus, ftaine not thy Tombe with blood. 137

Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods ? 138

Draw neere them then in being mercifull. 139

Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badgē, 140

Thrice Noble *Titus*, fpare my firft borne fonne. 141

Tit. Patient your felfe Madam, and pardon me. 142

Thefe are the Brethren, whom you Gothes beheld 143

Aliue and dead, and for their Bretheren flaine, 144

Religiously they afke a facrifice : 145

To this your fonne is markt, and die he muft, 146

T'appeafe their groaning fhadowes that are gone. 147

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire ftraight, 148

And with our Swords vpon a pile of wood, 149

Let's hew his limbes till they be cleare confum'd. 150

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus. 151

Tamo. O cruell irreligious piety. 152

Chi. Was euer Scythia halfe fo barbarous ? 153

Dem. Oppofe me Scythia to ambitious Rome, 154

Alarbus goes to reft, and we furiue, 155

156 153 To tremble vnder *Titus* threatning looke,
 154 Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,
 155 The felse fame Gods that armde the Queene of Troy
 156 With opportunitie of sharpe reuenge
 157 Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
 158 May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
 159 (When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)
 160 To quit the bloodie wrongs vpon her foes.

161 *Enter the sonnes of Andronicus againe.*

162 *Lucius.* See Lord and father how we haue performd
 163 Our Romaine rights, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
 164 And intrals feede the sacrificing fire,
 165 VVhose fmoke like incense doth perfume the skie,
 169 166 Remaineth nought but to interre our brethren,
 170 167 And with lowd larums welcome them to Rome.
 168 *Titus.* Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
 169 Make this his latest farewell to theyr foules.

170 *Sound trumpets, and lay the Coffin in the Tombe.*

171 In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes,
 172 Romes readiest Champions, repose you here in rest,
 173 Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps :
 174 Here lurks no treafon, here no enuie fwels,
 175 Here grow no damned drugges, here are no stormes,
 176 No noyfe, but filence and eternall sleepe,
 177 But peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes.

178 *Enter Lauinia.*

179 In peace and honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,
 184 180 My noble Lord and Father liue in fame :
 181 Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
 182 I render for my brethrens obsequies :
 183 And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy

To tremble vnder *Titus* threatning lookes, 156
 Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall, 157
 The selfe same Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy 158
 With opportunitie of sharpe reuenge 159
 Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent, 160
 May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes, 161
 (When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene) 162
 To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes. 163

Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe. 164

Luci. See Lord and Father, how we haue perform'd 165
 Our Romaine rightes, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt, 166
 And intrals feede the sacrificing fire, 167
 Whose fmoke like incense doth perfume the skie. 168
 Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren, 169
 And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome. 170

Tit. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus* 171
 Make this his latest farewell to their soules. 172

Flourish. 173

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe. 174
 In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes, 175
 Romes readiest Champions, repose you heere in rest, 176
 Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps: 177
 Heere lurks no Treason, heere no enuie fwels, 178
 Heere grow no damned grudges, heere are no stormes, 179
 No noyse, but silence and Eternall sleepe, 180
 In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes. 181

Enter Lauinia. 182

Lau. In peace and Honour, liue Lord *Titus* long, 183
 My Noble Lord and Father, liue in Fame: 184
 Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares, 185
 I render for my Bretherens Obsequies: 186
 And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy 187

184 Shed on the earth for thy returne to *Rome*,
 185 O bleffe me heere with thy victorious hand,
 186 Whose fortunes *Romes* best Cittizens applaud.
 187 *Titus*. Kind *Rome*, that haft thus louingly referude

188 The cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
 189 *Lavinia* liue, out liue thy Fathers dayes,
 190 And Fames eternall date for vertues praife.
 191 *Marcus*. Long liue Lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,
 192 Gracious triumpher in the eyes of *Rome*.
 193 *Titus*. Thankes gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus*.

200 194 *Marcus*. And welcome Nephews from succesful wars,
 195 You that furuiue, and you that sleepe in fame :
 196 Faire Lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
 197 That in your Countries seruice drew your fwords,
 198 But fafer triumph is this funerall pompe,
 199 That hath aspirde to *Solons* happines,
 200 And triumphs ouer chaunce in honors bed.
 201 *Titus Andronicus*, the people of *Rome*,
 202 Whose friend in iustice thou haft euer beene,
 203 Send thee by mee their Tribune and their trust,
 210 204 This Palliamment of white and spotlesse hue,
 205 And name thee in election for the Empire,
 206 With these our late deceafed Emperours fonnes :
 207 Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
 208 And helpe to fet a head on headles *Rome*.
 209 *Titus*. A better head her glorious body fits,
 210 Than his that shakes for age and feeblenes :
 211 What should I don this Roabe and trouble you,
 212 Be chofen with Proclamations to day,
 213 To morrow yeeld vp rule, refigne my life,
 214 And fet abroad new bufines for you all.
 215 *Rome* I haue beene thy fouldier fortie yeeres,
 216 And led my Countries strength succesfully,
 217 And buried one and twentie valiant fonnes

Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.	188
O bleffe me heere with thy victorious hand,	189
Whose Fortune Romes best Citizens applau'd.	190
<i>Ti.</i> Kind Rome,	191
That hast thus louingly referu'd	192
The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,	193
<i>Lavinia</i> liue, out-liue thy Fathers dayes :	194
And Fames eternall date for vertues praise.	195
<i>Marc.</i> Long liue Lord <i>Titus</i> , my beloued brother,	196
Gracious Triumphe in the eyes of Rome.	197
<i>Tit.</i> Thankes Gentle Tribune,	198
Noble brother <i>Marcus</i> .	199
<i>Mar.</i> And welcome Nephews from successefull wars,	200
You that suruiue and you that sleepe in Fame :	201
Faire Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,	202
That in your Countries seruice drew your Swords.	203
But safer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,	204
That hath aspir'd to <i>Solons</i> Happines,	205
And Triumphs ouer chance in honours bed.	206
<i>Titus Andronicus</i> , the people of Rome,	207
Whose friend in iustice thou hast euer bene,	208
Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,	209
This Palliament of white and spotleffe Hue,	210
And name thee in Election for the Empire,	211
With these our late deceas'd Emperours Sonnes :	212
Be <i>Candidatus</i> then, and put it on,	213
And helpe to set a head on headlesse Rome.	214
<i>Tit.</i> A better head her Glorious body fits,	215
Then his that shakes for age and feeblenefse :	216
What should I d'on this Robe and trouble you,	217
Be chofen with proclamations to day,	218
To morrow yeeld vp rule, resigne my life,	219
And set abroad new businesse for you all.	220
Rome I haue bene thy Souldier forty yeares,	221
And led my Countries strength successfully,	222
And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonnes,	223

- 218 Knighted in Field, flaine manfully in Armes,
 219 In right and seruice of their noble Countrie :
 220 Giue me a staffe of Honour for mine age,
 227 221 But not a fcepter to controule the world,
 222 Vpright he held it Lords, that held it laft.
 223 *Marcus.* *Titus*, thou fhalt obtaine & aske the Emperie.
 224 *Satur.* Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell.
 225 *Titus.* Patience Prince *Saturninus*.
 226 *Satur.* Romaines doe me right.
 227 Patricians draw your fwords, and fheath them not
 228 Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour :
 229 *Andronicus*, would thou were fhipt to hell,
 236 230 Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.
 231 *Lucius.* Proude *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
 232 That noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.
 233 *Titus.* Content thee prince, I will reftore to thee
 234 The peoples harts, and weane them from themfelues.
 235 *Bafsian.* *Andronicus*, I doe not flatter thee,
 236 But honour thee, and will doe till I die :
 237 My faction if thou ftrengthen with thy friend,
 238 I will moft thankfull be, and thanks to men
 239 Of noble mindes, is honorable meede.
 240 *Titus.* People of Rome, and peoples Tribunes here,
 241 I aske your voyces and your fuffrages,
 242 Will you beftow them friendly on *Andronicus* ?
 243 *Tribunes.* To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
 244 And gratulate his fafe returne to *Rome*,
 245 The people will accept whom he admits.
 252 246 *Titus.* Tribunes I thanke you, and the fute I make,
 247 That you create your Emperours eldeft fonne,
 248 Lord *Saturnine*, whofe vertues will I hope,
 249 Reflect on *Rome* as Tytans raies on earth,
 250 And ripen iuftice in this Common weale :
 251 Then if you will elect by my aduife,
 252 Crowne him, and fay, Long liue our Emperour.
 253 *Marcus.* *An.* With voyces & applaufe of euery fort,

Knighted in Field, flaine manfully in Armes,	224
In right and Seruice of their Noble Countrie :	225
Giue me a staffe of Honour for mine age,	226
But not a Scepter to controule the world,	227
Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last.	228
<i>Mar. Titus</i> , thou shalt obtaine and aske the Emperie.	229
<i>Sat.</i> Proud and ambitious Tribune can't thou tell?	230
<i>Titus.</i> Patience Prince <i>Saturninus</i> .	231
<i>Sat.</i> Romaines do me right.	232
Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not	233
Till <i>Saturninus</i> be Romes Emperour :	234
<i>Andronicus</i> would thou wert shipt to hell,	235
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.	236
<i>Luc.</i> Proud <i>Saturnine</i> , interrupter of the good	237
That Noble minded <i>Titus</i> meanes to thee.	238
<i>Tit.</i> Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee	239
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselues.	240
<i>Bass.</i> <i>Andronicus</i> , I do not flatter thee	241
But Honour thee, and will doe till I die :	242
My Faction if thou strengthen with thy Friend?	243
I will most thankfull be, and thanks to men	244
Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Meede.	245
<i>Tit.</i> People of Rome, and Noble Tribune s heere,	246
I aske your voyces and your Suffrages,	247
Will you bestow them friendly on <i>Andronicus</i> ?	248
<i>Tribunes.</i> To gratifie the good <i>Andronicus</i> ,	249
And Gratulate his safe returne to Rome,	250
The people will accept whom he admits.	251
<i>Tit.</i> Tribunes I thanke you, and this sure I make,	252
That you Create your Emperours eldest sonne,	253
Lord <i>Saturnine</i> , whose Vertues will I hope,	254
Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth,	255
And ripen Iustice in this Common-weale :	256
Then if you will elect by my aduise,	257
Crowne him, and say : Long liue our Emperour.	258
<i>Mar. An.</i> With Voyces and applause of euery fort,	259

- 254 Patricians and Plebeans, we create
 261 255 Lord *Saturninus Romes* great Emperour,
 256 And fay, *Long liue our Emperour Saturnine.*
- 257 *Saturni. Titus Andronicus*, for thy fauours done,
 258 To vs in our election this day,
 259 I giue thee thankes in part of thy deferts,
 260 And will with deedes requite thy gentlenes :
 261 And for an onfet Titus to aduance
 262 Thy name, and honorable familie,
 263 *Lauinia* will I make my Empreffe,
 264 *Romes* royall Miftris, Miftris of my hart,
 265 And in the facred *Pathan* her espoufe :
- 273 266 Tell me *Andronicus*, doth this motion please thee.
 267 *Titus.* It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
 268 I hold me highly honoured of your Grace,
 269 And heere in sight of *Rome* to Saturnine,
 270 King and Commander of our common weale,
 271 The wide worlds Emperour, doe I consecrate,
 272 My sword, my Chariot, and my prifoners,
 273 Presents well worthy *Romes* imperious Lord :
 274 Receiue them then, the tribute that I owe,
 275 Mine honours Ensignes humbled at thy feete.
- 283 276 *Satur.* Thankes noble Titus, Father of my life,
 277 How proude I am of thee, and of thy gifts
 278 *Rome* shall record, and when I doe forget
 279 The least of these vnſpeakable deferts,
 280 Romans forget your fealtie to me.
 281 *Titus.* Now Madam are you prifoner to an Emperour,
 282 To him that for your honour and your state,
 283 Will vse you nobly, and your followers.
 284 *Satur.* A goodly Lady, trust me of the hue,
 285 That I would choofe, were I to choofe a newe :
 286 Cleere vp faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
 287 Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheere,

Patricians and Plebeans we Create	260
Lord <i>Saturninus</i> Romes Great Emperour.	261
And say, <i>Long liue our Emperour Saturnine.</i>	262
<i>A long Flourish till they come downe.</i>	263
<i>Satu.</i> <i>Titus Andronicus</i> , for thy Fauours done,	264
To vs in our Election this day,	265
I giue thee thankes in part of thy Deferts,	266
And will with Deeds requite thy gentlenesse :	267
And for an Onset <i>Titus</i> to aduance	268
Thy Name, and Honorable Familie,	269
<i>Lavinia</i> will I make my Empreffe,	270
Rome s Royall Miftris, Miftris of my hart	271
And in the Sacred <i>Pathan</i> her espouse :	272
Tell me <i>Andronicus</i> doth this motion please thee ?	273
<i>Tit.</i> It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,	274
I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,	275
And heere in fight of Rome, to <i>Saturnine</i> ,	276
King and Commander of our Common-weale,	277
The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Consecrate,	278
My Sword, my Chariot, and my Prifonerss,	279
Presents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord :	280
Receiue them then, the Tribute that I owe,	281
Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feete.	282
<i>Satu.</i> Thankes Noble <i>Titus</i> , Father of my life,	283
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts	284
Rome shall record, and when I do forget	285
The least of these vnspeakable Deferts,	286
Romans forget your Fealtie to me.	287
<i>Tit.</i> Now Madam are your prifoner to an Emperour,	288
To him that for you Honour and your State,	289
Will vse you Nobly and your followers.	290
<i>Satu.</i> A goodly Lady, trust me of the Hue	291
That I would choofe, were I to choofe a new :	292
Cleere vp Faire Queene that cloudy countenance,	293
Though chance of warre	294
Hath wrought this change of cheere,	295

- 296 288 Thou comst not to be made a fcorne in Rome.
 289 Princely shall be thy vsage euery way.
 290 Rest on my word, and let not discontent,
 291 Daunt all your hopes, Madame he comforts you,
 292 Can make you greater than the Queene of *Gothes*,
 293 *Lauinia* you are not displeasde with this.
 294 *Lauinia*. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,
 295 Warrants these words in princely curtesie.
 296 *Satur*. Thankes sweet *Lauinia*, Romans let vs goe,
 297 Raunfomles heere we set our prisioners free,
 306 298 Proclaime our honours Lords with trumpe and Drum.
 299 *Bafsianus*. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this maide is mine.
 300 *Titus*. How fir, are you in earnest then my Lord ?
 301 *Bafsia*. I noble *Titus*, and resolute withall,
 302 To doe my selfe this reason and this right.
 303 *Marcus*. *Suum cuique* is our Romane iustice,
 304 This Prince in iustice ceazeth but his owne.
 305 *Lucius*. And that he will and shall, if *Lucius* liue.
 306 *Titus*. Traytors auant, where is the Emperours gard ?
 307 Treason my Lord, *Lauinia* is surprizde.
 308 *Satur*. Surprizde, by whom ?
 309 *Bafsia*. By him that iustly may
 318 310 Beare his betrothde from all the world away.
 311 *Mntius*. Brothers, helpe to conuey her hence away,
 312 And with my sword Ile keepe this doore safe.
 313 *Titus*. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her back.
 314 *Mutius*. My Lord you passe not heere.
 315 *Titus*. What villaine boy, barst me my way in Rome ?
 316 *Mutius*. Helpe *Lucius*, helpe.
 317 *Lucius*. My Lord you are vniust, and more then so,
 318 In wrongfull quarrell you haue slaine your sonne.
 319 *Titus*. Nor thou, nor he, are any sonnes of mine,
 320 My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me,
 321 Traytor restore *Lauinia* to the Emperour.
 322 *Lucius*. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
 331 323 That is anothers lawfull promist loue.

Thou com'st not to be made a scorne in Rome :	296
Princely shall be thy vſage euery way.	297
Reſt on my word, and let not diſcontent	298
Daunt all your hopes : Madam he comforts you,	299
Can make your Greater then the Queene of Gothes ?	300
<i>Lauinia</i> you are not diſpleaſ'd with this ?	301
<i>Lau.</i> Not I my Lord, ſith true Nobilitie,	302
Warrants theſe words in Princely curteſie.	303
<i>Sat.</i> Thankes ſweete <i>Lauinia</i> , Romans let vs goe :	304
Ranſomleſſe heere we ſet our Priſoners free,	305
Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpe and Drum.	306
<i>Baſ.</i> Lord <i>Titus</i> by your leaue, this Maid is mine.	307
<i>Tit.</i> How fir ? Are you in earneſt then my Lord ?	308
<i>Baſ.</i> I Noble <i>Titus</i> , and reſolu'd withall,	309
To doe my ſelfe this reaſon, and this right.	310
<i>Marc.</i> <i>Suum cuiquam</i> , is our Romane Iuſtice,	311
This Prince in Iuſtice ceazeth but his owne.	312
<i>Luc.</i> And that he will and ſhall, if <i>Lucius</i> liue.	313
<i>Tit.</i> Traytors auant, where is the Emperours Guard ?	314
Treaſon my Lord, <i>Lauinia</i> is ſurpriſ'd.	315
<i>Sat.</i> Surpriſ'd, by whom ?	316
<i>Baſ.</i> By him that iuſtly may	317
Bear his Betroth'd, from all the world away.	318
<i>Muti.</i> Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away,	319
And with my Sword Ile keepe this doore ſafe.	320
<i>Tit.</i> Follow my Lord, and Ile ſoone bring her backe.	321
<i>Mut.</i> My Lord you paſſe not heere.	322
<i>Tit.</i> What villaine Boy, bar'ſt me my way in Rome ?	323
<i>Mut.</i> Helpe <i>Lucius</i> helpe. <i>He kills him.</i>	324
<i>Luc.</i> My Lord you are vniuſt, and more then ſo,	325
In wrongfull quarrell, you haue ſlaine your ſon.	326
<i>Tit.</i> Nor thou, nor he are any ſonnes of mine,	327
My ſonnes would neuer ſo diſhonour me.	328
Traytor reſtore <i>Lauinia</i> to the Emperour.	329
<i>Luc.</i> Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,	330
That is anothers lawfull promiſt Loue.	331

324 *Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two*
 325 *sonnes, and Aron the Moore.*

326 *Emperour.* No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
 327 Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke :

328 Ile trust by leysure, him that mocks me once,
 329 Thee neuer, nor thy trayterous haughty sonnes,
 330 Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

331 Was none in Rome to make a stale
 332 But *Saturnine* ? Full well *Andronicus*

333 Agree these deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,

342 334 That saidst I begd the Empire at thy hands.

335 *Titus.* O monstrous, what reprochfull words are these ?

336 *Satur.* But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,
 337 To him that flourisheth for her with his sword :

338 A valiant sonne in law thou shalt enjoy,
 339 One fit to bandy with thy lawlesse sonnes,
 340 To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.

341 *Titus.* These words are razors to my wounded hart.

342 *Satur.* And therefore louely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,

343 That like the stately *Thebe* mongst her Nymphs,

344 Dost ouershine the gallant't Dames of Rome,

345 If thou be pleas'd with this my sodaine choise,

354 346 Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for my Bride,

347 And will create thee Empreffe of Rome.

348 Speake Queene of Gothes do'st thou applaud my choise ?

349 And heere I sweare by all the Romaine Gods,

350 Sith Priest and holy water are so neere,

351 And tapers burne so bright, and euery thing

352 In readines for *Hymeneus* stand,

353 I will not resalute the streetes of Rome,

354 Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,

355 I leade espow'd my Bride along with me.

356 *Tamora.* And heere in sight of heauen to Rome I sweare,

365 357 If *Saturnine* aduance the Queene of Gothes,

358 Shee will a handmaide be to his desires,

359 A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

<i>Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two</i>	332
<i>sonnes, and Aaron the Moore.</i>	333
<i>Empe.</i> No Titus, no, the Emperour needs her not,	334
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke :	335
Ile truſt by Leiſure him that mocks me once.	336
Thee neuer : nor thy Trayterous haughty ſonnes,	337
Confederates all, thus to diſhonour me.	338
Was none in Rome to make a ſtale	339
But <i>Saturnine</i> ? Full well <i>Andronicus</i>	340
Agree theſe Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,	341
That ſaid'ſt, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands	342
<i>Tit.</i> O monſtrous, what reproachfull words are theſe ?	343
<i>Sat.</i> But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,	344
To him that flouriſht for her with his Sword :	345
A Valliant ſonne in-law thou ſhalt enioy :	346
One, fit to bandy with thy lawleſſe Sonnes,	347
To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.	348
<i>Tit.</i> Theſe words are Razors to my wounded hart.	349
<i>Sat.</i> And therefore louely <i>Tamora</i> Queene of Gothes,	350
That like the ſtately <i>Thebe</i> mong'ſt her Nymphs	351
Dost ouer-ſhine the Gallant'ſt Dames of Rome,	352
If thou be pleaſ'd with this my ſodaine choiſe,	353
Behold I chooſe thee <i>Tamora</i> for my Bride,	354
And will Create thee Empreſſe of Rome.	355
Speake Queene of Goths doſt thou applau'd my choiſe ?	356
And heere I ſweare by all the Romaine Gods,	357
Sith Prieſt and Holy-water are ſo neere,	358
And Tapers burne ſo bright, and euery thing	359
In readines for <i>Hymeneus</i> ſtand,	360
I will not reſalute the ſtreets of Rome,	361
Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,	362
I leade eſpouſ'd my Bride along with me,	363
<i>Tamo.</i> And heere in ſight of heauen to Rome I ſweare,	364
If <i>Saturnine</i> aduance the Queen of Gothes,	365
Shee will a Hand-maid be to his deſires,	366
A louing Nurſe, a Mother to his youth.	367

360 *Sat.* Ascend faire Queene : Pantheon Lords accompany

361 Your Noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
 362 Sent by the Heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,
 363 Whose wifdome hath her Fortune conquered,
 378 364 There shall we consummate our spoufall rites.

365 *Exeunt omnes.*

366 *Titus.* I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride,
 367 *Titus* when wert thou wont to walke alone,
 368 Dishonoured thus and challenged of wrongs.

369 *Enter Marcus and Titus sonnes.*

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

372 *Titus.* No foolish Tribune, no : No sonne of mine,
 373 Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deede,
 374 That hath dishonoured all our *Family*,
 375 Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy sonnes.

386 376 *Lucius.* But let vs giue him buriall as becomes,
 377 Giue *Mucius* buriall with our bretheren.

378 *Titus.* Traytors away, he rests not in this tombe :
 379 This monument fiew hundred yeares hath stood,
 380 Which I haue sumptuously reedified :
 381 Heere none but Souldiers and Romes Seruitors
 382 Repose in fame : None safely flaine in braules,
 383 Bury him where you can he comes not heere.

384 *Marcus.* My Lord this is impiety in you,
 385 My Nephew *Mutius* deeds doo plead for him,
 386 He must be buried with his brethren.

387 *Titus two sonnes speakes.*

388 And shall, or him we will accompany.

389 *Titus.* And shall. What villaine was it spake that word ?

390 *Titus sonne speakes.*

400 391 He that would vouch it in any place but heere.

392 *Titus.* What would you bury him in my despight ?

Satur. Ascend Faire Queene, 368
 Pantheon Lords, accompany 369
 Your Noble Emperour and his louely Bride, 370
 Sent by the heauens for Prince *Saturnine*, 371
 Whose wisdome hath her Fortune Conquered, 372
 There shall we Consummate our Spoufall rites. 373

Exeunt omnes. 374

Tit. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride : 375
Titus when wer't thou wont to walke alone, 376
 Dishonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs ? 377

Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes. 378

Mar O *Titus* see ! O see what thou hast done ! 379
 In a bad quarrell, flaine a Vertuous sonne. 380

Tit. No foolish Tribune, no, No sonne of mine, 381
 Nor thou, nor these Confederates in the deed, 382
 That hath dishonoured all our Family, 383
 Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy Sonnes. 384

Luci. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes : 385
 Giue *Mutius* buriall with our Bretheren. 386

Tit. Traytors away, he rest's not in this Tombe : 387
 This Monument fiew hundreth yeares hath stood, 388
 Which I haue Sumptuously re-edified : 389
 Heere none but Souldiers, and Romes Seruitors, 390
 Repose in Fame : None basely flaine in braules, 391
 Bury him where you can, he comes not heere. 392

Mar. My Lord this is impiety in you, 393
 My Nephew *Mutius* deeds do plead for him, 394
 He must be buried with his bretheren. 395

Titus two Sonnes speakes. 396

And shall, or him we will accompany. 397

Ti. And shall ! What villaine was it spake that word ? 398

Titus sonne speakes. 399

He that would vouch'd it in any place but heere. 400

Tit. What would you bury him in my despight ? 401

393 *Marcus.* No noble *Titus*, but intreate of thee.

394 To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

395 *Titus.* *Marcus*: Euen thou hast stroke vpon my crest.

396 And with these boyes mine honour thou hast wounded,

397 My foes I doe repute you euery one.

398 So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

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

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

401 *The brother and the sonnes kneele.*

402 *Marcus.* Brother, for in that name doth nature pleade.

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

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

405 *Marcus.* Renowmed *Titus*, more then halfe my soule.

406 *Lucius.* Deare Father, soule and substance of vs all.

407 *Marcus.* Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre,

408 His noble Nephew heere in vertues nest,

409 That died in honour and *Lavinias* cause.

410 Thou art a *Romaine*, be not barbarous :

411 The Greekes vpon aduise did bury *Aiax*

412 That slew himselfe : and wife *Laertes* sonne,

413 Did graciously plead for his Funerals :

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

415 Be bard his entrance heere.

416 *Titus.* Rise *Marcus*, rise,

417 The dismalst day is this that ere I saw,

418 To be dishonoured by my sonnes in *Rome* :

419 Well bury him, and bury me the next.

420 *They put him in the tombe.*

421 *Lucius.* There lie thy bones sweet *Mutius* with thy friends,

422 Till we with Trophies doo adorne thy tombe :

423 *They all kneele and say,*

424 No man shed teares for noble *Mutius*,

425 He liues in fame, that dide in vertues cause.

426 *Exit all but Marcus and Titus.*

427 *Marcus.* My Lord to step out of these dririe dumps,

428 How comes it that the subtile Queene of *Gothes*,

429 Is of a fodaine thus aduaunc'd in *Rome*.

<i>Mar.</i> No Noble <i>Titus</i> , but intreat of thee,	402
To pardon <i>Mutius</i> , and to bury him.	403
<i>Tit. Marcus</i> , Euen thou hast stroke vpon my Crest,	404
And with these Boyes mine Honour thou hast wounded,	405
My foes I doe repute you euey one.	406
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.	407
1. <i>Sonne.</i> He is not himselfe, let vs withdraw.	408
2. <i>Sonne.</i> Not I tell <i>Mutius</i> bones be buried.	409
<i>The Brother and the sonnes kneele.</i>	410
<i>Mar.</i> Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd.	411
2. <i>Sonne.</i> Father, and in that name doth nature speake.	412
<i>Tit.</i> Speake thou no more if all the rest will speede.	413
<i>Mar.</i> Renowned <i>Titus</i> more then halfe my soule.	414
<i>Luc.</i> Deare Father, foule and substance of vs all.	415
<i>Mar.</i> Suffer thy brother <i>Marcus</i> to interre	416
His Noble Nephew heere in vertues nest,	417
That died in Honour and <i>Lauinia's</i> cause.	418
Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous :	419
The Greekes vpon aduise did bury <i>Aiæx</i>	420
That slew himselfe : And <i>Laertes</i> sonne,	421
Did graciously plead for his Funerals :	422
Let not young <i>Mutius</i> then that was thy ioy,	423
Be bar'd his entrance heere.	424
<i>Tit.</i> Rise <i>Marcus</i> , rise,	425
The difmall'st day is this that ere I saw,	426
To be di shonored by my Sonnes in Rome :	427
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.	428
<i>They put him in the Tombe.</i>	429
<i>Luc.</i> There lie thy bones sweet <i>Mutius</i> with thy	430
Till we with Trophees do adorne thy Tombe. (friends	431
<i>They all kneele and say.</i>	432
No man shed teares for Noble <i>Mutius</i> ,	433
He liues in Fame, that di'd in vertues cause. <i>Exit.</i>	434
<i>Mar.</i> My Lord to step out of these sudden dumps,	435
How comes it that the subtile Queene of Gothes,	436
Is of a fodaine thus aduanc'd in Rome?	437

430 *Titus.* I know not *Marcus*, but I know it is.
 431 (Whether by deuife or no, the heauens can tell.)
 432 Is she not then beholding to the man,
 433 That brought her for this high good turne fo farre.

434 *Enter the Emperour, Tamora and her two sonnes, with the Moore*
 435 *at one doore. Enter at the other doore Bassianus ana*
 436 *Lauinia, with others.*

447 437 *Saturnine.* So *Bassianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
 438 God giue you ioy fir of your gallant Bride.
 439 *Bassianus.* And you of yours my Lord, I say no more,
 440 Nor wish no lesse, and so I take my leaue.
 441 *Saturnine.* Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
 442 Thou and thy faction shall repent this Rape.
 443 *Bassianus.* Rape call you it my Lord to ceaze my owne,
 444 My true betrothed loue, and now my wife :
 445 But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
 446 Meane while am I possfest of that is mine.
 447 *Saturnine.* Tis good fir, you are very short with vs.
 458 448 But if we liue, wee be as sharpe with you.
 449 *Bassianus.* My Lord what I haue done as best I may.
 450 Answere I must, and shall doo with my life,
 451 Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
 452 By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
 453 This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* heere,
 454 Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
 455 That in the rescue of *Lauinia*,
 456 With his owne hand did slay his youngest sonne,
 467 457 In zeale to you, and highly moo'd to wrath,
 458 To be contrould in that he frankelie gaue,
 459 Receaue him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
 460 That hath exprest himselfe in all his deedes
 461 A Father and a friend to thee and Rome.
 462 *Titus.* Prince *Bassianus* leaue to plead my deedes,

Ti. I know not *Marcus* : but I know it is, 438
 (Whether by deuife or no) the heauens can tell, 439
 Is she not then beholding to the man, 440
 That brought her for this high good turne fo farre ? 441
 Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate. 442

Flourish. 443

Enter the Emperour, Tamora, and, her two sons, with the Moore 444
at one doore. Enter at the other doore Bassianus and 445
Lauinia with others. 446

Sat. So *Bassianus*, you haue plaid your prize, 447
 God giue you ioy fir of your Gallant Bride. 448

Bafs. And you of yours my Lord : I fay no more, 449
 Nor wish no lesse, and fo I take my leaue. 450

Sat. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power, 451
 Thou and thy Faction shall repent this Rape. 452

Bafs. Rape call you it my Lord, to cease my owne, 453
 My true betrothed Loue, and now my wife ? 454
 But let the lawes of Rome determine all, 455
 Meane while I am posselt of that is mine. 456

Sat. 'Tis good fir : you are very short with vs, 457
 But if we liue, wee be as sharpe with you. 458

Bafs. My Lord, what I haue done as best I may, 459
 Anfwere I must, and shall do with my life, 460
 Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know, 461
 By all the duties that I owe to Rome, 462
 This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* heere, 463
 Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd, 464
 That in the rescue of *Lauinia*, 465
 With his owne hand did slay his youngest Son, 466
 In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath. 467
 To be controul'd in that he frankly gaue : 468
 Receiue him then to fauour *Saturnine*, 469
 That hath expre'ft himfelfe in all his deeds, 470
 A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome. 471
Ti. Prince *Bassianus* leaue to plead my Deeds, 472

- 463 Tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,
 464 *Rome* and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
 465 How *I* haue lou'd and honoured *Saturnine*.
 476 466 *Tamora*. My worthy Lord, if euer *Tamora*,
 467 Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
 468 Then heare me speake indifferently for all :
 469 And at my sute (sweete) pardon what is past.
 470 *Satur*. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
 471 And safely put it vp without reuenge.
 472 *Tamora*. Not so my Lord, the Gods of *Rome* forfend

 473 I should be Author to dishonour you.
 474 But on mine honour dare I vndertake,
 475 For good Lord Titus innocence in all :
 476 Whose furie not diffembled speakes his griefes :
 477 Then at my sute looke graciously on him,
 478 Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose,
 490 479 Nor with fowre lookes afflict his gentle hart.
 480 My Lord, be rulde by me, be wonne at last,
 481 Diffemble all your griefes and discontents,
 482 You are but newly planted in your Throne,
 483 Least then the people, and Patricians too,
 484 Vpon a iust furuay take Titus part,
 485 And so supplant you for ingratitude,
 486 Which *Rome* reputes to be a hainous sinne.
 487 Yeelde at intreates : and then let me alone,
 488 Ile finde a day to maffacre them all,
 489 And race their faction and their familie,
 490 The cruell Father, and his trayterous sonnes,
 502 491 To whom *I* sued for my deere sonnes life.
 492 And make them know what tis to let a Queene,
 493 Kneele in the streets, and begge for grace in vaine.
 494 Come, come sweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*,)
 495 Take vp thys good old man, and cheere the hart,
 496 That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.
 508 497 *Satur*. Rife Titus rife, my Empreffe hath preuaild :

'Tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,	473
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,	474
How I haue lou'd and Honour'd <i>Saturnine</i> .	475
<i>Tam.</i> My worthy Lord if euer <i>Tamora</i> ,	476
Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine,	477
Then heare me speake indifferently for all :	478
And at my sute (sweet) pardon what is past.	479
<i>Satu.</i> What Madam, be dishonoured openly,	480
And basely put it vp without reuenge ?	481
<i>Tam.</i> Not so my Lord,	482
The Gods of Rome for-fend,	483
I should be Authour to dishonouryou.	484
But on mine honour dare, I vndertake	485
For good Lord <i>Titus</i> innocence in all :	486
Whose fury not diffembled speakes his griefes :	487
Then at my sute looke graciously on him,	488
Loose not so noble a friend on vaine supposse,	489
Nor with fowre lookes afflict his gentle heart.	490
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at last,	491
Diffemble all your griefes and discontents,	492
You are but newly planted in your Throne,	493
Leaft then the people, and Patricians too,	494
Vpon a iust furuey take <i>Titus</i> part,	495
And so supplant vs for ingratitude,	496
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sin ne.	497
Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone :	498
Ile finde a day to massacre them all,	499
And race their faction, and their familie,	500
The cruell Father, and his trayt'rous sonnes,	501
To whom I fued for my deare sonnes life.	502
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queene.	503
Kneele in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.	504
Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come <i>Andronicus</i>)	505
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,	506
That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.	507
<i>King.</i> Rife <i>Titus</i> , rife,	508
My Empresse hath preuail'd.	509

498 *Titus*. I thanke your maiestie, and her my Lord.

499 These wordes, these lookes, infuse new life in me.

500 *Tamora*. Titus I am incorporate in Rome,

501 A Roman now adopted happily,

502 And must aduise the Emperour for his good,

503 Thys day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.

504 And let it be mine honour good my Lord,

505 That I haue reconciled your friends and you.

506 For you prince *Bassianus* I haue past

507 My word and promise to the Emperour,

508 That you will be more milde and tractable.

509 And feare not Lords, and you *Lavinia*,

510 By my aduise all humbled on your knees,

526 511 You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie.

512 We doe, and vowe to heauen, and to his highnes,

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

514 Tendring our sisters honour and our owne.

515 *Marcus*. That on mine honour heere I doe protest.

516 *Satur*. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.

517 *Tamora*. Nay, nay sweet Emperor, we must all be friends,

518 The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,

519 I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.

520 *Satur*. Marcus, for thy fake, and thy brothers heere,

521 And at my louelie *Tamoras* intreats,

522 I doe remit these young mens hainous faults,

523 Stand vp: *Lavinia*, though you left me like a churle,

524 I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,

543 525 I would not part a Batchiler from the priest.

526 Come, if the Emperours court can feast two Brides,

527 You are my guest *Lavinia*, and your friendes:

528 Thys day shall be a loue-day *Tamora*.

<i>Titus.</i> I thanke your Maiestie,	510
And her my Lord.	511
Theſe words, theſe lookes,	512
Infuſe new life in me.	513
<i>Tamo.</i> <i>Titus</i> , I am incorporate in Rome,	514
A Roman now adopted happily.	515
And muſt aduiſe the Emperour for his good,	516
This day all quarrels die <i>Andronicus</i> .	517
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,	518
That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.	519
For you Prince <i>Bafsianus</i> , I haue paſt	520
My word and promiſe to the Emperour,	521
That you will be more milde and tractable.	522
And feare not Lords :	523
And you <i>Lauinia</i> ,	524
By my aduiſe all humbled on your knees,	525
You ſhall aſke pardon of his Maieſtie.	526
<i>Son.</i> We doe,	527
And vow to heauen, and to his Highneſſe,	528
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,	529
Tending our ſiſters honour and our owne.	530
<i>Mar.</i> That on mine honour heere I do proteſt.	531
<i>King.</i> Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.	532
<i>Tamora.</i> Nay, nay,	533
Sweet Emperour, we muſt all be friends,	534
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,	535
I will not be denied, ſweet hart looke back.	536
<i>King.</i> <i>Marcus</i> ,	537
For thy fake and thy brothers heere,	538
And at my louely <i>Tamora's</i> intreats,	539
I doe remit theſe young mens haynous faults.	540
Stand vp : <i>Lauinia</i> , though you left me like a churle,	541
I found a friend, and ſure as death I ſware,	542
I would not part a Batchellour from the Prieſt.	543
Come, if the Emperours Court can feaſt two Brides,	544
You are my gueſt <i>Lauinia</i> , and your friends :	545
This day ſhall be a Loue-day <i>Tamora</i> .	546

529 *Titus.* To morrow and it please your maieftie,
 530 To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
 531 With horne and hound, weele giue your grace bon iour.

551 532 *Saturn.* Be it fo Titus, and gramercie to. *Exeunt.*

533 *found trumpets, manet Moore.*

534 *Aron.* Now climeth Tamora Olympus toppe,
 535 Safe out of Fortunes shot, and fits aloft,
 536 Secure of thunders cracke or lightning flash,
 537 Aduaunc'd aboue pale enuies threatning reach,
 538 As when the golden sunne falutes the morne,
 539 And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,
 540 Gallops the Zodiacke in his gliftering coach,
 541 And ouer-lookes the higheft piering hills.

542 *So Tamora.*

562 543 Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
 544 And vertue floops and trembles at her frowne.
 545 Then *Aron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
 546 To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Miftris.
 547 And mount her pitch, whom-thou in triumph long
 548 Haft prifoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,
 549 And fafter bound to *Arons* charming eyes,
 550 Then is *Prometheus* tyde to *Caucasus*.
 551 Away with flauifh weedes and feruile thoughts,
 552 I will be bright, and shine in pearle and gold,
 553 To waite vpon this new made Emperesse.
 554 To waite faid I? to wanton with this Queene,
 555 This Goddeffe, this *Semerimis*, this Nymph,
 556 Thys Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,
 557 And see his fhipwracke, and his Common-weales.
 558 Hollo, what forme is this ?

<i>Tit.</i> To morrow and it please your Maieftie,	547
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,	548
With horne and Hound,	549
Weele giue your Grace <i>Bon iour.</i>	550
<i>Satur.</i> Be it fo <i>Titus</i> , and Gramercy to.	<i>Exeunt.</i> 551

Actus Secunda.

<i>Flourish.</i>	<i>Enter Aaron alone.</i>	552
<i>Aron.</i> Now climbeth <i>Tamora</i> Olympus toppe,		553
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and fits aloft,		554
Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flash,		555
Aduanc'd about pale enuies threatning reach :		556
As when the goldenSunne salutes the morne,		557
And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,		558
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering Coach,		559
And ouer-lookes the highest piercing hills :		560
So <i>Tamora!</i> ,		561
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,		562
And vertue stoopes and trembles at her frowne.		563
Then <i>Aaron</i> arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,		564
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Miftris,		565
And mount her pitch, whom thou in ttiumph long		566
Haft prifoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,		567
And faster bound to <i>Aarons</i> charming eyes,		568
Then is <i>Prometheus</i> ti'de to <i>Caucafus.</i>		569
Away with flauifh weedes, and idle thoughts,		570
I will be bright and fhine in Pearle and Gold,		571
To waite vpon this new made Empreffe.		572
To waite faid I? To wanton with this Queene,		573
This Goddeffe, this <i>Semerimis</i> , this Queene,		574
This Syren, that will charme Romes <i>Saturnine</i> ,		575
And fee his fhipwracke, and his Common weales.		576
Hollo, what forme is this?		577

- 578 559 *Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing.*
 560 *Deme.* Chiron thy yeeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
 561 And manners to intrude where I am grac'd,
 562 And may for ought thou knowest affected be.
 563 *Chiron.* Demetrius, thou doost ouerweene in all,
 564 And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,
 565 Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
 566 Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate :
 567 I am as able and as fit as thou,
 568 To ferue, and to deferue my Mistris grace,
 569 And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,
 589 570 And pleade my pafsions for *Lauinias* loue.
 571 *Moore.* Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keepe the peace.
 572 *Deme.* Why boy, although our mother (vnaduizd)
 573 Gaue you a daunsing rapier by your side,
 574 Are you so desperat growne to threat your friends :
 575 Goe too : haue your lath glued within your sheath,
 576 Till you know better how to handle it.
 577 *Chiron.* Meane while fir, with the little skill I haue,
 578 Full well shalt thou perceiue how much *I* dare.
 579 *Deme.* *ƒ* boy, grow yee so braue ? *they draw,*
 580 *Aron.* Why how now Lords ?
 600 581 So neere the Emperours pallace dare you draw,
 582 And maintaine such a quarrell openly ?
 583 Full well *I* wote the ground of all this grudge,
 584 I would not for a million of gold,
 585 The cause were knowne to them it most concernes,
 586 Nor would your noble mother for much more
 587 Be so dishonoured in the Court of *Rome.*
 588 For shame put vp.
 589 *Deme.* Not I, till I haue sheathd
 590 My rapier in his bosome, and withall
 591 Thrust those reprochfull speeches downe his throate,
 592 That he hath breathd in my dishonour heere.
 612 593 *Chiron.* For that *I* am prepard, and full resolute,
 594 Foule spoken Coward, that thundrest with thy tongue,

Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing. 578

Dem. *Chiron* thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge 579
And manners to intru'd where I am grac'd, 580
And may for ought thou know'st affected be. 581

Chi. *Demetrius*, thou doo'st ouer-weene in all, 582
And fo in this, to beare me downe with braues, 583
'Tis not the difference of a yeere or two 584
Makes me leffe gracious, or thee more fortunate : 585

I am as able, and as fit, as thou, 586
To ferue, and to deserue my Miftris grace, 587
And that my sword vpon thee shall approue, 588
And plead my passions for *Lauinia's* loue. 589

Aron. Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keep the peace. 690

Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (vnaduifed) 591
Gauē you a daunsing Rapier by your fide, 592
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends ? 593
Goe too : haue your Lath glued within your sheath, 594
Till you know better how to handle it. 595

Chi. Meane while fir, with the little skill I haue, 596
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare. 597

Deme. I Boy, grow ye so braue ? *They drawe.* 598

Aron. Why how now Lords ? 599
So nere the Emperours Pallace dare you draw, 600
And maintaine such a quarrell openly ? 601
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge. 602
I would not for a million of Gold, 603
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes. 604
Nor would your noble mother for much more 605
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome : 606
For shame put vp. 607

Deme. Not I, till I haue sheath'd 608
My rapier in his bosome, and withall 609
Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat, 610
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour heere. 611

Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolu'd, 612
Foule spoken Coward, 613

595 And with thy weapon nothing darst performe.

596 *Moore.* Away I fay.

597 Now by the Gods that warlike *Gothes* adore,

598 This petty brabble will vndoo vs all :

599 Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous

600 It is to iet vpon a Princes right ?

601 What is *Lauinia* then become fo loofe,

622 602 Or *Bascianus* fo degenerate,

603 That for her loue fuch quarrels may be brocht,

604 Without controlement, iuftice, or reuenge.

605 Young Lords beware, and fould the Empreffe know,

606 This difcords ground, the muficke would not pleafe.

607 *Chiron.* I care not I, knew ſhe and all the world,

608 I loue *Lauinia* more then all the world. (choife,

609 *Demetrius.* Youngling learne thou to make fome meaner

610 *Lauinia* is thine elder brothers hope.

611 *Moore.* Why are ye mad ? or know yee not in *Rom*

612 How furious and impatient they be,

613 And cannot brooke competitors in loue ?

614 I tell you Lords, you doo but plot your deaths,

636 615 By this deuife.

616 *Chiron.* *Aron,* A thoufand deaths would I propo

617 To atchiue her whom I loue.

618 *Aron.* To atchiue her how ?

619 *Demetrius.* Why makes thou it fo ftrange ?

620 Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,

621 Shee is a woman, therefore may be wone,

622 Shee is *Lauinia*, therefore muſt be lou'd.

623 What man, more water glideth by the mill

624 Than wots the Miller of, and eaſie it is,

625 Of a cut loafe to ſteale a ſhiue we know :

626 Though *Bascianus* be the Emperours brother

648 627 Better than he haue worne *Vulcans* badge.

628 *Moore.* I, and as good as *Saturninus* may.

That thundrest with thy tongue,	614
And with thy weapon nothing dar'ft performe.	615
<i>Aron.</i> A way I say.	616
Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,	617
This pretty brabble will vndoo vs all :	618
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous	619
It is to fet vpon a Princes right ?	620
What is <i>Lauinia</i> then become fo loofe,	621
Or <i>Bafsianus</i> fo degenerate,	622
That for her loue fuch quarrels may be broacht,	623
Without controulement, Iuftice, or reuenge ?	624
Young Lords beware, and fhould the Empreffe know,	625
This difcorde ground, the muficke would not pleafe.	626
<i>Chi.</i> I care not I, knew fhe and all the world,	627
I loue <i>Lauinia</i> more then all the world.	628
<i>Demet.</i> Youngling,	629
Learne thou to make fome meaner choife,	630
<i>Lauinia</i> is thine elder brothers hope.	631
<i>Aron.</i> Why are ye mad ? Or know ye not in Rome,	632
How furious and impatient they be,	633
And cannot brooke Competitors in loue ?	634
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,	635
By this deuife.	636
<i>Chi.</i> <i>Aaron</i> , a thoufand deaths would I propofe,	637
To atchieue her whom I do loue.	638
<i>Aron.</i> To atcheiue her, how ?	639
<i>Deme.</i> Why, mak'ft thou it fo ftrange ?	640
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,	641
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne,	642
Shee is <i>Lauinia</i> therefore muft be lou'd.	643
What man, more water glideth by the Mill	644
Then wots the Miller of, and eafie it is	645
Of a cut loafe to fteale a fhiue we know :	646
Though <i>Bafsianus</i> be the Emperours brother,	647
Better then he haue worne <i>Vulcans</i> badge.	648
<i>Aron,</i> I, and as good as <i>Saturnius</i> may.	649

629 *Demet.* Then why should hee dispaire that knowes to
630 With words, faire lookes, & liberality. (court it

631 What hast not thou full often strooke a Doe,
632 And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?

633 *Moore.* Why then it seemes some certaine fnatch, or fo

655 634 Would serue your turnes.

635 *Chiron.* I fo the turne were serued.

636 *Demet.* *Aron* thou hast hit it.

637 *Moore.* Would you had hit it too,

638 Then should not we be tirde with this adoo.

639 Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,

640 To square for this : would it offend you then

641 That both should speede.

642 *Chiron.* Faith not me.

643 *Demet.* Nor me, fo I were one.

644 *Aron.* For shame be friends, and ioyne for that you iar,

645 Tis pollicie and stratageme must doe

646 That you affect, and so must you resolute,

647 That what you cannot as you would atchiue,

648 You must perforce accomplish as you may :

649 Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste

670 650 Than this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus* loue.

651 A speedier course this lingring languishment

652 Must we pursue, and I haue found the path :

653 My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand,

654 There will the louely Romaine Ladies troope :

655 The forrest walkes are wide and spacious,

656 And many vnfrequented plots there are,

657 Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie :

658 Single you thither then this daintie Doe,

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

660 Thys way or not at all, stand you in hope.

681 661 Come, come, our Emperesse with her sacred wit

662 To villanie and vengeance consecrate,

663 Will we acquaint with all that we intend,

664 And she shall file our engines with aduise,

Deme. Then why should he dispaire that knowes to 650
 With words, faire lookes, and liberality : (court it 651
 What haft not thou full often strucke a Doe, 652
 And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose ? 653

Aron. Why the n it seemes some certaine snatch or fo 654
 Would ferue your turnes. 655

Chi. I fo the turne were ferued. 656

Deme. Aaron thou haft hit it. 657

Aron. Would you had hit it too, 658
 Then should not we be tir'd with this adoo : 659
 Why harke yee, harke yee, aud are you such fooles, 660
 To square for this ? Would it offend you then ? 661

Chi. Faith not me. 662

Deme. Nor me, fo I were one. 663

Aron. For fhame be friends, & ioyne for th at you iar : 664
 Tis pollicie, and fratageme muft doe 665
 That you affect, and fo muft you resolue, 666
 That what you cannot as you would atcheiue, 667
 You muft perforce accomplifh as you may : 668
 Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chafte 669
 Then this *Lavinia*, *Bafsianus* loue, 670
 A speedier courfe this lingring languifhment 671
 Muft we purfue, and I haue found the path : 672
 My Lords, a folemne hunting is in hand. 673
 There will the louely Roman Ladies troope : 674
 The Forreft walkes are wide and fpacious, 675
 And many vnfrequented plots there are, 676
 Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie : 677
 Single you thither then this dainty Doe, 678
 And ftrike her home by force, if not by words : 679
 This way or not at all, ftand you in hope. 680
 Come, come, our Empreffe with her fared wit 681
 To villanie and vengeance confecrate, 682
 Will we acquaint with all that we intend, 683
 And fhall file our engines with aduife, 684

665 That will not suffer you to square your felues,
 666 But to your wifhes hight aduance you both.
 667 The Emperours court is like the houfe of fame,
 668 The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, and eares :
 669 The woods are ruthles, dreadfull, deafe, and dull :
 670 There fpeake, and ftrike braue boyes, and take your turnes,
 671 There ferue your luft, fhadowed from heauens eye,
 672 And reuell in *Lauinias* treafurie.

673 *Chiron.* Thy counsell lad fmells of no cowardize.

674 *Demetrius.* *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I finde the ftreame,

675 To coole this heate, a charme to calme thefe fits,

696 676 *Per Stigia, per manes Vehor.* *Exeunt.*

677 *Enter Titus Andronicus and his three fonnes,*
 678 *making a noyfe with hounds & hornes.*

679 *Titus.* The hunt is vp, the Moone is bright and gray,
 680 The fieldes are fragrant, and the woods are greene,
 681 Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
 682 And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,
 683 And rowze the Prince, and ring a Hunters peale
 684 That all the court may eccho with the noyfe.
 685 Sonnes, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 686 To attend the Emperours perfon carefully :
 687 I haue beene troubled in my sleepe this night,
 708 688 But dawning day new comfort hath infpirde.

689 *Heere a cry of Houndes, and winde hornes in a peale, the*
 690 *enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lauinia, Chiro*
 691 *Demetrius, and their Attendants.*

692 *Titus.* Many good morrowes to your Maiestie,
 693 Madame to you as many, and as good

715 694 I promised your Grace a Hunters peale.

695 *Saturnine.* And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
 696 Somewhat too early for new married Ladies.

That will not suffer you to square your selues, 685
 But to your wishes height aduance you both. 686
 The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame, 687
 The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares : 688
 The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadfull, deafe, and dull : 689
 There speake, and strike braue Boyes, & take your turnes. 690
 There ferue your lusts, shadow'd from heauens eye, 691
 And reuell in *Lauinia's* Treasurie. 692
Chi. Thy counsell Lad smells of no cowardife. 693
Demes. *Sy fas aut nefas*, till I finde the streames, 694
 To Coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits, 695
Per Stigia per manes Vehor. *Exeunt.* 696

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sonnes, making a noyse 697
with hounds and hornes, and Marcus. 698

Tit. The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray, 699
 The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are greene, 700
 Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay, 701
 And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride, 702
 And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale, 703
 That all the Court may eccho with the noyse. 704
 Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours, 705
 To attend the Emperours person carefully : 706
 I haue bene troubled in my sleepe this night 707
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd. 708

Winde Hornes. 709

Here a cry of houndes, and winde hornes in a pealc, then 710
Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lauinia, Chiron, De- 711
metrius, and their Attendants. 712

Ti. Many good morrowes to your Maiestie, 713
 Madam to you as many and as good. 714
 I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale. 715
Satur. And you haue rung it lustily my Lords, 716
 Somewhat to earely for new married Ladies. 717

697 *Baſcianus*. *Lauinia*, how fay you ? (more.

698 *Lau*. I fay no : I haue beene broad awake two houres and

699 *Saturnine*. Come on then, horſe and Chariots let vs haue,

700 And to our ſport : Madam, now ſhall ye ſee,

723 701 Our *Romaine* hunting.

702 *Marcus*. I haue doggs my Lord,

703 Will rouse the proudeſt Panther in the chaſe,

704 And clime the higheſt promontary top.

705 *Titus*. And I haue horſe will follow where the game

706 Makes way, and runnes like ſwallowes ore the plaine.

707 *Demetrius*. *Chiron* we hunt not we, with horſe nor hound

708 But hope to pluck a dainty Doe to ground. *Excunt.*

709 *Enter Aron alone.*

732 710 *Moore*. He that had wit, would think that I had none,

711 To bury ſo much gold vnder a tree,

712 And neuer after to inherite it.

713 Let him that thinks of me ſo abiectly,

714 Know that this gold muſt coine a ſtratageme,

715 Which cunningly effected will beget,

716 A very excellent peece of villany :

717 And ſo reſoſe ſweet gold for their vnreſt,

718 That haue their almes out of the Empreſſe Cheſt.

719 *Enter Tamora alone to the Moore.*

742 720 *Tamora*. My louely *Aron*, wherefore looꝑ'ſt thou ſad,

721 When euery thing doth make a gleefull boaſt ?

722 The birds chaunt melody on euery buſh,

723 The Snakes lies rolled in the chearefull funne,

724 The greene leaues quiuer with the cooling wind,

725 And make a checkerd ſhadow on the ground :

726 Vnder their ſweet ſhade, *Aron* let vs ſit,

727 And whilſt the babling *Ecchoe* mocks the hounds,

751 728 *Replying* ſhrilly to the well tun'd hornes,

729 As if a double hunt were heard at once,

730 Let vs ſit downe and marke they yellowing noyſe :

<i>Bafs.</i> <i>Lavinia</i> , how fay you ?	718
<i>Lau.</i> I fay no :	719
I haue bene awake two houres and more.	720
<i>Satur.</i> Come on then, horfe and Chariots letvs haue,	721
And to our fport : Madam, now fhall ye fee,	722
Our Romaine hunting.	723
<i>Mar.</i> I haue dogges my Lord,	724
Will rouze the proudeft Panther in the Chafe,	725
And clime the higheft P omontary top.	726
<i>Tit.</i> And I haue horfe will follow where the game	727
Makes way, and runnes likes Swallowes ore. the plaine	728
<i>Deme.</i> <i>Chiron</i> we hunt not we, with Horfe nor Hound	729
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground. <i>Exeunt</i>	730
<i>Enter Aaron alone.</i>	731
<i>Aron.</i> He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,	732
To bury fo much Gold vnder a Tree,	733
And neuer after to inherit it.	734
Let him that thinks of me fo abiectly,	735
Know that this Gold muft coine a fratageme,	736
Which cunningly effected, will beget	737
A very excellent peece of villany :	738
And fo repofe fweet Gold for their vnrest,	739
That haue their Almes out of the Empreffe Cheft.	740
<i>Enter Tamora to the Moore.</i>	741
<i>Tamo.</i> My louely <i>Aaron</i> ,	742
Wherefore look'ft thou fad,	743
When euery thing doth make a Gleefull boaft ?	744
The Birds chaunt melody on euery bufh,	745
The Snake lies rolled in the chearefull Sunne,	746
The greene leaues quiuer with the cooling winde,	747
And make a cheker'd fhadow on the ground :	748
Vnder their fweete fhade, <i>Aaron</i> let vs fit,	749
And whil'ft the babling Eccho mock's the Hounds,	750
Replying shrilly to the well tun'd-Hornes,	751
As if a double hunt were heard at once,	752
Let vs fit downe, and marke their yelping noyfe:	753

731 And after conflict such as was supposed
 732 The wandering Prince and *Dido* once enjoyed,
 733 When with a happy storme they were surprisde,
 734 And curtaind with a counsaile-keeping Caue,
 735 We may each wreathed in the others armes,
 736 (Our pastimes done) possesse a golden slumber,
 737 Whiles houndes and hornes, and sweet melodious birds
 738 Be vnto vs as is a Nurces song
 762 739 Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe a sleepe.
 740 *Aron.* Madame, though *Venus* gouerne your desires,

741 *Saturne* is dominator ouer mine:
 742 VVhat signifies my deadly standing eye,
 743 My silence, and my cloudy melancholie,
 744 My fleece of woollie hayre that now vncurles,
 745 Euen as an Adder when she doth vnrowle
 746 To doe some fatall execution.
 747 No madam, these are no venereal signes,
 748 Vengeance is in my hart, death in my hand,
 749 Blood and reuenge are hammering in my head.
 750 Harke *Tamora* the Empreffe of my foule,
 751 Which neuer hopes more heauen than rests in thee,
 776 752 This is the day of doome for *Bassianus*,
 753 His *Philomel* must loose her tongue to day,
 754 Thy sonnes make pillage of her chastitie,
 755 And wash theyr hands in *Bassianus* blood.
 756 Seest thou this letter? take it vp I pray thee,
 757 And giue the King this fatall plotted scrowle.
 758 Now question me no more, we are espied,
 759 Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull bootie,
 760 Which dreads not yet their liues destruction.

761 *Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.*

786 762 *Tamora.* Ah my sweet *Moore*, sweeter to me then life.

And after conflict, such as was suppos'd. 754
 The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enioy'd, 755
 When with a happy storme they were surpris'd, 756
 And Curtain'd with a Counfaile-keeping Caue, 757
 We may each wreathed in the others armes, 758
 (Our pastimes done) possesse a Golden slumber, 759
 Whiles Hounds and Hornes, and sweet Melodious Birds 760
 Be vnto vs, as is a Nurfes Song 761
 Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe asleepe. 762
Aron. Madame, 763
 Though *Venus* gouerne your desires, 764
 Saturne is Dominator ouer mine : 765
 What signifies my deadly standing eye, 766
 My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholie, 767
 My fleece of Woolly haire, that now vncurles, 768
 Euen as an Adder when she doth vnrowle 769
 To do some fatall execution ? 770
 No Madam, these are no Veneriall signes, 771
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand, 772
 Blood, and reuenge, are Hammering in my head. 773
 Harke *Tamora*, the Empreffe of my Soule, 774
 Which neuer hopes more heauen, then rests in thee, 775
 This is the day of Doome for *Bassianus* ; 776
 His *Philomel* must loose her tongue to day, 777
 Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chastity, 778
 And wash their hands in *Bassianus* blood. 779
 Seest thou this Letter, take it vp I pray thee, 780
 And giue the King this fatall plotted Scrowle, 781
 Now question me no more, we are espied, 782
 Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty, 783
 Which dreads not yet their liues destruction. 784

Enter Bassianus and Lauinia. 785

Tamo. Ah my sweet *Moore* : 786
 Sweeter to me then life. 787

763 *Moore*. No more great Empreſſe, *Baſſianus* comes.
 764 Be croſſe with him, and Ile goe fetch thy ſonnes
 765 To backe thy quarrels what fo ere they be.
 766 *Baſſianus*. Who haue we here ? Romes royall Empreſſe,

767 Vnfurniſht of her well beſeeming troope ?

768 Or is it *Dian* habited like her,

769 Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,

796 770 To ſee the generall hunting in this Forreſt ?

771 *Tamora*. Sawcie controuler of my priuate ſteps,

772 Had I the power that ſome ſay *Dian* had,

773 Thy temples ſhould be planted preſently,

774 With hornes as was *Acteons*, and the hounds,

775 Should driue vpon thy new transformed limbes,

776 Vnmannerly intruder as thou art.

777 *Lauinia*. Vnder your patience gentle Empreſſe,

778 Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in horning,

805 779 And to be doubted that your *Moore* and you,

780 Are ſingled forth to try experiments :

781 *Ioue* ſheeld your husband from his houndes to day,

782 Tis pittie they ſhould take him for a Stag.

783 *Baſſianus*. Beleue me Queene your ſwartie Cymerion,

784 Doth make your honour of his bodies hue,

785 Spotted, deteſted, and abhominable.

786 VVhy are you ſequeſtred from all your traine,

787 Diſmounted from your ſnow white goodly ſteede,

788 And wandred hether to an obſcure plot,

815 789 Accompanied but with a barbarous *Moore*,

790 If foule deſire had not conducted you ?

791 *Lauinia*. And beeing intercepted in your ſport,

792 Great reaſon that my noble Lord be rated

793 For ſaufines, I pray you let vs hence,

794 And let her ioy her Rauens culloured loue,

795 This valley fits the purpoſe paſſing well.

822 796 *Baſſia*. The King my brother ſhall haue notice of this.

797 *Lauinia*. I, for theſe ſlips haue made him noted long,

798 Good King to be ſo mightilie abuſed.

<i>Aron.</i> No more great Empresse, <i>Bassianus</i> comes,	788
Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy Sonnes	789
To backe thy quarrell what fo ere they be.	790
<i>Bass.</i> Whom haue we heere ?	791
Romes Royall Empresse,	792
Vnfurnisht of our well befeeming troope ?	793
Or is it <i>Dian</i> habited like her,	794
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,	795
To see the generall Hunting in this Forrest ?	796
<i>Tamo.</i> Sawcie controuler of our priuate steps:	797
Had I the power, that some say <i>Dian</i> had,	798
Thy Temples should be planted presently.	799
With Hornes, as was <i>Acleons</i> , and the Hounds	800
Should driue vpon his new transformed limbes,	801
Vnmannerly Intruder as thou art.	802
<i>Lau.</i> Vnder your patience gentle Empresse,	803
'Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in Horning,	804
And to be doubted, that your <i>Moore</i> and you	805
Are singled forth to try experiments :	805
<i>Ioue</i> sheild your husb and from his Hounds to day,	807
'Tis pittie they should take him for a Stag.	808
<i>Bass.</i> Beleue me Queene, your swarth Cymerion,	809
Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue,	810
Spotted, detested, and abhominable.	811
Why are you sequestred from all your traine ?	812
Dismounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,	813
And wandred hither to an obfcure plot,	814
Accompanied with a barbarous <i>Moore</i> ,	815
If foule desire had not conducted you ?	816
<i>Lau.</i> And being intercepted i n your sport,	817
Great reason that my Noble Lord, be rated	818
For Saucinesse, I pray you let vs hence,	819
And let her ioy her Rauens coloured loue,	820
This valley fits the purpose passing well.	821
<i>Bass.</i> The King my Brother shall haue notice of this.	822
<i>Lau.</i> I, for these slips haue made him noted long,	823
Good King, to be so mightily abused.	824

799 *Queene.* VVhy I haue patience to indure all this.

800 *Enter Chiron and Demetrius.*

827 801 *Dem.* How now deere foueraigne & our gracious mother,

802 VVhy doth your Highnes looke fo pale and wan ?

803 *Queene.* Haue I not reafon thinke you to looke pale,

804 Thefe two haue ticed me hether to this place,

805 A barren, detefted vale you fee it is,

806 The trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,

807 Orecome with moffe and balefull Miffelto.

808 Here neuer shines the funne, heere nothing breeds,

809 Vnleffe the nightly Owle or fatall Rauens :

810 And when they fhowd me this abhorred pit,

811 They told me here at dead time of the night,

812 A thoufand feends, a thoufand hissing fnakes,

813 Ten thoufand fwelling toades, as many vrchins,

841 814 Would make fuch fearefull and confused cries,

815 As any mortall body hearing it

816 Should ftraite fall mad, or elfe die fuddainely.

817 No fooner had they tolde this hellifh tale,

818 But ftrait they told me they would binde me here,

819 Vnto the body of a difmall Ewgh,

820 And leaue me to this miferable death.

821 And then they calde me foule adultereffe,

822 Laucious Goth, and all the bittereft tearmes,

823 That euer eare did heare to fuch effect.

824 And had you not by wondrous fortune come,

825 This vengeance on me had they executed :

826 Reuenge it as you loue your Mothers life,

827 Or be ye not henceforth cald my children.

828 *Demet.* This is a witnes that I am thy fonne. *stab him.*

829 *Chiron.* And this for me ftruck home to fhew my ftrength.

858 830 *Lauinia.* I come Semeramis, nay Barberous Tamora,

831 For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.

832 *Tamora.* Giue me the poynard, you fhall know my boies,

833 Your mothers hand fhall right your mothers wrong.

<i>Tamora.</i> Why I haue patience to endure all this ?	825
<i>Enter Chiron and Demetrius.</i>	826
<i>Dem.</i> How now deere Soueraigne	827
And our gracious Mother,	828
Why doth your Highnes looke fo pale and wan ?	829
<i>Tamo.</i> Haue I not reafon thinke you to looke pale.	830
These two haue tic'd me hither to this place,	831
A barren, detested vale you fee it is.	832
The Trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,	833
Ore-come with Mofse, and balefull Miffelto.	834
Heere neuer fhines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds,	835
Vnleffe the nightly Owle, or fatall Rauen :	836
And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,	837
They told me heere at dead time of the night,	838
A thousand Fiends, a thoufand hissing Snakes,	839
Ten thousand fwelling Toades, as many Vrchins,	840
Would make fuch fearefull and confused cries,	841
As any mortall body hearing it,	842
Should fraite fall mad, or elfe die fuddenly.	843
No fooner had they told this hellifh tale,	844
But ftrait they told me they would binde me heere,	845
Vnto the body of a difmall yew,	846
And leaue me to this miferable death.	847
And then they call'd me foule Adultereffe,	848
Lafciuious Goth, and all the bittereft tearmes	849
That euer eare did heare to fuch effect.	850
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,	851
This vengeance on me had they executed :	852
Reuenge it, as you loue your Mothers life,	853
Or be ye not henceforth cal'd my Children.	854
<i>Dem.</i> This is a witneffe that I am thy Sonne. <i>flab him.</i>	855
<i>Chi.</i> And this for me,	856
Strook home to fhew my ftrengh.	857
<i>Lau.</i> I come <i>Semeramis</i> , nay Barbarous <i>Tamora.</i>	858
For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.	859
<i>Tam.</i> Giue me thy poyniard, you fhall know my boyes	860
Your Mothers hand fhall right your Mothers wrong.	861

- 834 *Demet.* Stay Madam, heere is more belongs to her
 835 Firft thrash the corne, then after burne the straw :
 836 This minion stood vpon her chaffitie,
 837 Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie,
 838 And with that painted hope, braues your mightines,
 887 839 And fhall ſhe carry this vnto her graue.
 840 *Chiron.* And if ſhe doe, I would I were an Euenuke,

 841 Drag hence her husband to ſome ſecrete hole,
 842 And make his dead trunk pillow to our luſt.
 843 *Tamora.* But when ye haue the honny we deſire,
 844 Let not this waſpe out-liue vs both to ſting.
 845 *Chiron.* I warrant you madam, we will make that ſure :
 846 Come miſtris, now perforce we will enioy,
 847 That nice preferued honeſtie of yours.
 848 *Lauinia.* Oh *Tamora*, thou beareſt a womans face.
 849 *Tamora.* I will not heare her ſpeake, away with her.
 850 *Lauinia.* Sweet Lords intreate her heare me but a wodd.
 851 *Demet.* Liſten faire Madam, let it be your glory
 881 852 To ſee her teares, but be your hart to them
 853 As vnrelenting Flint to drops of raine.
 854 *Lauinia.* When did the Tigers young ones teach the dam.
 855 O doe not learne her wrath, ſhe taught it thee,
 856 The milke thou ſuckt from her did turne to Marble,
 857 Euen at thy teat thou hadſt thy tyranny,
 858 Yet euery mother breeds not ſonnes alike,
 859 Doe thou intreate her ſhew a woman pittie. (baſtard?)

 860 *Chiron.* What wouldſt thou haue me prooue my ſelfe a

 861 *Lauinia.* Tis true the Rauens doth not hatch a Larke,
 862 Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
 863 The Lion moued with pittie did indure
 895 864 To haue his princely pawes parde all away :
 865 Some ſay that *Rauens* foſter forlorne children,
 866 The whilſt their owne birds famiſh in their neſts :

<i>Deme.</i> Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,	862
First thrath the Corne, then after burne the ftraw :	863
This Minion flood vpon her chastity,	864
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie.	865
And with that painted hope, braues your Mightineffe,	866
And fhall she carry this vnto her graue ?	867
<i>Chi.</i> And if she doe,	868
I would I were an Eunuch,	869
Drag hence her husband to fome fecret hole,	870
And make his dead Trunke-Pillow to our luft.	871
<i>Tamo.</i> But when ye haue the hony we desire,	872
Let not this Wafpe out-liue vs both to fting.	873
<i>Chir.</i> I warrant you Madam we will make that fure:	874
Come Miftris, now perforce we will enioy,	875
That nice-preferued honefty of yours.	876
<i>Lau.</i> Oh <i>Tamora</i> , thou bear'ft a woman face.	877
<i>Tamo.</i> I will not heare her fpeake, away with her.	878
<i>Lau.</i> Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.	879
<i>Demet.</i> Liften faire Madam, let it be your glory	880
To fee her teares, but be your hart to them,	881
As vnrelenting flint to drops of raine.	882
<i>Lau.</i> When did the Tigers young-ones teach the dam?	883
O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee,	884
The milke thou fuck'ft from her did turne to Marble,	885
Euen at thy Teat thou had'ft thy Tyranny,	886
Yet euery Mother breeds not Sonnes alike,	887
Do thou intreat her fhew a woman pittie.	888
<i>Chiro.</i> What,	889
Would'ft thou haue me proue my felfe a baftard ?	890
<i>Lau.</i> 'Tis true,	891
The Rauens doth not hatch a Larke,	892
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,	893
The Lion mou'd with pittie, did indure	894
To haue his Princely pawes par'd all away.	895
Some fay, that Rauens fofter forlorne children,	896
The whil'ft their owne birds famifh in their nefts :	897

- 867 Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no,
 868 Nothing so kind but something pittifull.
 869 *Tamora.* I know not what it meanes, away with her.
 870 *Lauinia.* Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,
 871 That gaue thee life when well he might haue slaine thee,
 903 872 Be not obdurate, open thy deafe yeares.
 873 *Tamora.* Hadst thou in person nere offended me,
 874 Euen for his sake am I pittileffe.
 875 Remember boyes I powrd forth teares in vaine,
 876 To saue your brother from the sacrifice,
 877 But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
 878 Therefore away with her, and vse her as you will,
 879 The worse to her the better lou'd of me.
 880 *Lauinia.* Oh *Tamora*, be call'd a gentle Queene,

 881 And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
 882 For tis not life that I haue begd so long,
 883 Poore I was slaine when *Bassianus* dide.
 916 884 *Tamora.* What begst thou then fond woman let me goe?
 885 *Lauinia.* Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,
 886 That womanhood denies my tongue to tell,
 887 Oh keepe me from their worse than killing lust,
 888 And tumble me into some lothsome pit,
 889 Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,
 890 Doe this and be a charitable murderer.
 891 *Tamora.* So should I rob my sweet sonnes of their fee,
 892 No let them satisfie their lust on thee.
 893 *Demetrius.* Away for thou hast staide vs heere too long.

 894 *Lauinia.* No grace, no womanhood, ah beastly creature,

 895 The blot and enemy to our generall name,
 896 Confusion fall. (husband
 897 *Chiron.* Nay then ile stoppe your mouth, bring thou he
- 933 898 This is the hole where *Aron* bid vs hide him.

Oh be to me though thy hard hart fay no,	898
Nothing fo kind but something pittifull.	899
<i>Tamo.</i> I know not what it meanes, aw ay with her.	900
<i>Lavin.</i> Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers fake,	901
That gaue thee life when well he might haue flaine thee:	902
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.	903
<i>Tamo.</i> Had'st thou in-perfon nere offended me.	904
Euen for his fake am I pittileffe:	905
Remember Boyes I pow'r'd forth teares in vaine,	906
To faue your brother from the sacrifice,	907
But fierce <i>Andronicus</i> would not relent,	908
Therefore away with her, and vse her as you will,	909
The worfe to her, the better lou'd of me.	910
<i>Lavi.</i> Oh <i>Tamora</i> ,	911
Be call'd a gentle Queene,	912
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,	913
For 'tis not life that I haue beg'd fo long,	914
Poore I was flaine, when <i>Bassianus</i> dy'd.	915
<i>Tam.</i> What beg'st thou then? fond woman let me go?	916
<i>Lavi.</i> 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,	917
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:	918
Oh keepe me from their worfe then killing luft,	919
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,	920
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,	921
Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.	922
<i>Tam.</i> So should I rob my sweet Sonnes of their fee,	923
No let them fatif fie their luft on thee.	924
<i>Deme.</i> Away,	925
For thou hast staid vs heere too long.	926
<i>Lavinia.</i> No Garace,	927
No womanhood? Ah beaftly creature,	928
The blot and enemy to our generall name,	919
Confusion fall——	930
<i>Chi.</i> Nay then Ile stop your mouth	931
Bring thou her husband,	932
This is the Hole where <i>Aaron</i> bid vs hide him.	933

899 *Tamora.* Farewell my fonnes, see that you make her fure,
 900 Nere let my hart know merry cheere indeede,
 901 Till all the *Adronioie* be made away :
 902 Now will I hence to seeke my louely *Moore*,
 903 And let my spleenfull fonnes this Trull defloure.

904 *Enter Aron, with two of Titus fonnes.*

905 Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
 906 Straight will I bring you to the lothfome pit,
 907 Where I espied the Panther fast a sleepe.

948 908 *Quintus.* My fight is very dull what ere it bodes.

909 *Mart.* And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,

910 Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while.

911 *Quin.* What art thou fallen, what subtill hole is this,

912 Whose mouth is couered with rude growing briers,

913 Vpon whose leaues are drops of new shed blood

914 As fresh as morning dewe distild on flowers,

915 A very fatall place it seemes to mee,

916 Speake brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall ?

917 *Martius.* Oh brother, with the dismalft obiect hurt,

918 That euer eie with sight made hart lament.

919 *Aron.* Now will I fetch, the King to finde them heere,

920 That he thereby may haue a likely gesse,

958 921 How these were they that made away his brother. *Exit.*

922 *Martius.* Why doost not comfort me, and helpe me out
 923 From this vn hollow, and blood stained hole.

924 *Quintus.* I am surprised with an vncouth feare,

925 A chilling sweate oreruns my trembling ioynts,

926 My hart suspects more then mine eye can see.

927 *Mart.* To proue thou hast a true diuining hart,

928 *Aron* and thou looke downe into this den,

929 And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.

930 *Quintus.* *Aron* is gone, and my compafsionate hart,

Tam. Farewell my Sonnes, see that you make her fure, 934
 Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeed, 935
 Till all the *Andronici* be made away : 936
 Now will I hence to seeke my louely *Moqre*, 937
 And let my spleenefull Sonnes this Trull defloure. *Exit.* 938

Enter Aaron with two of Titus Sonnes. 939

Aron. Come on my Lords, the better foote before, 940
 Straight will I bring you to the lothfome pit. 941
 Where I espied the Panther fast asleepe. 942

Quin. My fight is very dull what ere it bodes. 943

Marti. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame, 944
 Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while. 945

Quin. What art thou fallen ? 946

What subtle Hole is this, 947

Whose mouth is couered with Rude growing Briers, 948

Vpon whose leaues are drops of new-shed-blood, 949

As fresh as mornings dew distil'd on flowers, 950

A very fatall place it seemes to me : 951

Speake Brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall ? 952

Martius. Oh Brother, 953

With the dismal't obiect 954

That euer eye with sight made heart lament. 955

Aron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere, 956

That he thereby may haue a likely geffe, 957

How these were they that made away his Brother. 958

Exit Aaron. 959

Marti. Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out, 960

From this vnhalow'd and blooden-stained Hole ? 961

Quintus. I am surpris'd with an vncouth feare, 962

A chilling sweate ore-runs my trembling ioynts, 963

My heart suspects more then mine eie can see. 964

Marti. To proue thou hast a true diuining heart, 965

Aaron and thou looke downe into this den, 966

And see a fearefull sight of blood and death. 967

Quintus. *Aaron* is gone, 968

- 931 VWill not permit mine eyes once to behold,
 971 932 The thing whereat it trembles by furnife :
 933 Oh tell me who it is, for nere tell now,
 934 Was I a child, to feare I know not what.
 935 *Martius.* Lord *Bafsianus* lies embrewed heere,
 936 All on a heape like to a flaughtred Lambe,
 937 In this detefted darke blood drinking pit.
 938 *Quintus.* If it be darke how dooft thou know tis hee.
 939 *Martius.* Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
 940 A precious ring, that lightens all this hole :
 941 VWhich like a taper in fome monument,
 981 942 Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthy cheekes,
 943 And fhewes the ragged intrailles of this pit :
 944 So pale did shine the Moone on Piramus,
 945 VWhen he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood,
 946 O brother helpe me with thy fainting hand,
 947 If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath.
 948 Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
 949 As hatefull as *Ocitus* mistie mouth.
 950 *Quin.* Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
 951 Or wanting strength to doe thee fo much good,
 952 I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
 953 Of this deepe pit, poore *Bafsianus* graue :
 954 I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brinck,
 994 955 *Martius.* Nor I no strength to clime without thy helpe.
 956 *Quin.* Thy hand once more, I will not loofe againe,
 957 Till thou art heere a loft, or I below :
 958 Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

959 *Enter the Emperour, and Aron the Moore.*

- 960 *Satur.* Along with me, Ile fee what hole is heere,
 961 And what he is that now is leapt into it.
 962 Say, who art thou that lately didst descend,
 963 Into this gaping hollow of the earth.

And my compassionate heart	969
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold	970
The thing where at it trembles by furmife :	971
Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now	972
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.	973
<i>Marti.</i> Lord <i>Bassianus</i> lies embrewed heere,	974
All on a heape like to the slaughtred Lambe,	975
In this detefted, darke, blood-drinking pit.	976
<i>Quin.</i> If it be darke, how dooft thou know 'tis he ?	977
<i>Mart.</i> Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare	978
A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole :	979
Which like a Taper in some Monument,	980
Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthly cheekes,	981
And shewes the ragged intrailles of the pit :	982
So pale did shine the Moone on <i>Piramus</i> ,	983
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood:	984
O Brother helpe me with thy fainting hand.	985
If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,	986
Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,	987
As hatefull as <i>Ocitus</i> mistie mouth.	988
<i>Quint.</i> Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,	989
Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,	990
I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,	991
Of this deepe pit, poore <i>Bassianus</i> graue :	992
I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brinke.	993
<i>Martius.</i> Nor I no strength to clime without thy help.	994
<i>Quin.</i> Thy hand once more, I will not loofe againe,	995
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,	996
Thou can'ft not come to me, I come to thee. <i>Boths fall in.</i>	997
 <i>Enter the Emperour, Aaron the Moore.</i>	998
 <i>Satur.</i> Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere,	999
And what he is that now is leapt into it.	1000
Say, who art thou that lately did'ft descend,	1001
Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?	1002

- 964 *Martius*. The vnhappy fonne of old *Andronicus*
 1004 965 Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,
 966 To finde thy brother *Bascianus* dead.
 967 *Saturnius*. My brother dead, I know thou doft but iest,
 968 He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
 969 Vpon the north side of this pleafant chafe,
 970 Tis not an houre fince I left them there.
 971 *Mart*. We know not where you left them all aliuie,
 972 But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.

973 *Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.*

- 1013 974 *Tamora*. Where is my Lord the King?
 975 *King*. Heere *Tamora*, though greeu'd with killing grieffe.
 976 *Tamora*. Where is thy brother *Bascianus*?
 977 *King*. Now to the bottome doft thou fearch my wound,
 978 Poore *Bascianus* heere lies murdered.
 979 *Tamora*. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ.
 980 The complot of this timeleffe Tragedy,
 981 And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
 982 In pleafing fmiles fuch murderons tyrannie.
 983 *She giueth Saturnine a Letter.*

- 1023 984 *Saturninus reades the Letter.*
 985 *And if we miffe to meete him handsomly,*
 986 *Sweet huntsman Bascianus tis we meane,*
 987 *Doe thou fo much as dig the graue for him,*
 988 *Thou know'ft our meaning, looke for thy reward,*
 989 *Among the Nettles at the Elder tree,*
 990 *Which ouer-shades the mouth of that same pit,*
 991 *Where we decreed to bury Bascianus,*
 992 *Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting friends.*

- 993 *King*. Oh *Tamora* was euer heard the like,
 994 This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
 995 Looke firs if you can finde the huntsman out,
 996 That should haue murdered *Bascianus* heere.

1623	<i>The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus</i>	135
	<i>Marti.</i> The vnhappie fonne of old <i>Andronicus</i> ,	1008
	Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,	1004
	To finde thy brother <i>Bassianus</i> dead.	1005
	<i>Satur.</i> My brother dead? I know thou doft but iest,	1006
	He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,	1007
	Vpon the North-side of this pleafant Chafe,	1008
	'Tis not an houre fince I left him there.	1009
	<i>Marti.</i> We know not where you left him all alieue,	1010
	But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.	1011
	<i>Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.</i>	1012
	<i>Tamo.</i> Where is my Lord the King?	1013
	<i>King.</i> Heere <i>Tamora</i> , though grieu'd with killing grieffe.	1014
	<i>Tam.</i> Where is thy brother <i>Bassianus</i> ?	1015
	<i>King.</i> Now to the bottome doft thou fearch my wound,	1016
	Poore <i>Bassianus</i> heere lies murdered.	1017
	<i>Tam.</i> Then all too late I bring this fatall writ,	1018
	The complot of this timeleffe Tragedie,	1019
	And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,	1020
	In pleafing fmiles fuch murderous Tyrannie.	1021
	<i>She giueth Saturnine a Letter.</i>	1022
	<i>Saturninus reads the Letter.</i>	1023
	<i>And if wemiffe to meete him hanfomely,</i>	1024
	<i>Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we meane,</i>	1025
	<i>Doe thou fo much as dig the graue for him,</i>	1026
	<i>Thou know'ft our meaning, looke for thy reward</i>	1027
	<i>Among the Nettles at the Elder tree:</i>	1028
	<i>Which ouer-shades the mouth of that fame pit:</i>	1029
	<i>Where we decreed to bury Bassianuss</i>	1030
	<i>Doe this and purchase vs thy lafting friends.</i>	1031
	<i>King.</i> Oh <i>Tamora</i> , was euer heard the like?	1032
	This is the pit, and this the Elder tree;	1033
	Looke firs, if you can finde the huntsman out,	1034
	That should haue murdered <i>Bassianus</i> heere.	1035

1086 997 *Aron.* My gracious Lord heere is thebag of gold.
 998 *King.* Two of thy whelpes, fell curs of bloody kinde,
 999 Haue here bereft my brother of his life :
 1000 Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prifon,
 1001 There let them bide vntill we haue deuifd
 1002 Some neuer heard of tortering paine for them:
 1042 1003 *Tamora.* What are they in this pit, oh wondrous thing !

1004 How easily murder is difcouered.
 1005 *Titus.* High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,
 1006 I beg this boone, with teares not lightly fhed,
 1007 That this fell fault of my accurfed fonnes,
 1008 Accurfed, if the faultes be prou'd in them.
 1009 *King.* If it be prou'de, you fee it is apparant,
 1010 VVho found this letter, *Tamora* was it you ?
 1011 *Tamora.* *Andronicus* himfelfe did take it vp.
 1012 *Titus.* I did my Lord, yet let me be their baile,

1013 For by my Fathers reuerent tombe I vow
 1014 They fhall be ready at your Highnes will,
 1015 To aunfwere theyr fufpition with theyr liues.
 1057 1016 *King.* Thou fhalt not baile them, fee thou follow me.
 1017 Some bring the murthered body, fome the murtherers,
 1018 Let them not fpeake a word, the guilt is plaine,
 1019 For by my foule, were there worfe end then death,
 1020 That end vpon them fhould be executed.
 1021 *Tamora.* *Andronicus* I will intreat the King,
 1022 Feare not thy fonnes, they fhall doe well enough.
 1023 *Titus.* Come *Lucius* come, ftay not to talke with them.

1024 *Enter the Empreffe fonnes, with Lauinia, her handes cut*
 1025 *off, & her tongue cut out, and rauifht.*

1026 *Demet.* So now goe tell and if thy tongue can fpeake,
 1027 Who twas that cut thy tongue and rauifht thee.

<i>Aron.</i> My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold.	1036
<i>King.</i> Two of thy whelpes, fell Curs of bloody kind	1037
Haue heere bereft my brother of his life :	1038
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prifon,	1039
There let them bide vntill we haue deuis'd	1040
Some neuer heard-of tortering paine for them.	1041
<i>Tamo.</i> What are they in this pit,	1042
Oh wondrous thing !	1043
How eafily murder is difcouered ?	1044
<i>Tit.</i> High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,	1045
I beg this boone, with teares, not lightly fhed,	1046
That this fell fault of my accurfed Sonnes,	1047
Accurfed, if the faults be prou'd in them.	1048
<i>King.</i> If it be prou'd ? you fee it is apparant,	1049
Who found this Letter, <i>Tamora</i> was it you ?	1050
<i>Tamora.</i> <i>Andronicus</i> himfelfe did take it vp.	1051
<i>Tit.</i> I did my Lord,	1052
Yet let me be their baile,	1053
For by my Fathers reuerent Tombe I vow	1054
They fhall be ready at yout Highnes will,	1055
To anfwere their fufpition with their liues.	1056
<i>King.</i> Thou fhalt not baile them, fee thou follow me:	1057
Some bring the murdered body, fome the murtherers,	1058
Let them not fpeake a word, the guilt is plaine,	1059
For by my foule, were there worfe end then death,	1060
That end vpon them fhould be executed.	1061
<i>Tamo.</i> <i>Andronicus</i> I will entreat the King,	1062
Feare not thy Sonnes, they fhall do well enough.	1063
<i>Tit.</i> Come <i>Lucius</i> come,	1064
Stay not to talke with them. <i>Exeunt.</i>	1065
<i>Enter the Empreffe Sonnes, with Lauinia, her hands cut off and</i>	1066
<i>her tongue cut out, and rauifht.</i>	1067
<i>Deme.</i> So now goe tell and if thy tongue can fpeake,	1068
Who t'was that cut thy tongue and rauifht thee.	1069

1028 *Chiron.* Write downe thy minde, bewray thy meaning fo,
1029 And if thy stumpes will let thee play the scribe.

1030 *Demet.* See how with signes & tokens she can scrowle.

1073 1031 *Chiron.* Goe home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

1032 *Deme.* Shee hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash,
1033 And so lets leaue her to her silent walks.

1034 *Chiron.* And twere my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.

1035 *Demet.* If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

1036 *Enter Marcus from hunting.*

1037 Who is this, my Neece that flies away so fast,

1083 1038 Cofen a word, where is your husband :

1039 If I doe dreame would all my wealth would wake me.

1040 If I doe wake some Planet strike me downe,

1041 That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.

1042 Speake gentle Neece, what sterne vngentle hands,

1043 Hath lopt, and hewde, and made thy body bare,

1044 Of her two branches those sweet ornaments

1045 Whose circling shadowes, Kings haue fought to sleepe in,

1046 And might not gaine so great a happines

1047 As halfe thy loue : Why doost not speake to me ?

1048 Alas, a crimson riuer of warme blood,

1049 Like to a bubling Fountaine stird with winde,

1050 Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,

1096 1051 Comming and going with thy honnie breath.

1052 But sure some *Tereus* hath defloured thee,

1053 And leaft thou shouldst detect them, cut thy tongue.

1054 Ah now thou turnst away thy face for shame,

1055 And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,

1056 As from a Conduit with theyr issuing spouts,

1057 Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,

1058 Blushing to be encountred with a clowde.

1059 Shall I speake for thee, shall I say tis so.

1060 Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast,

Chi. Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning fo, 1070
And if thy stumpes will let thee play the Scribe. 1071

Dem. See how with signes and tokens she can scowle. 1072

Chi. Goe home, 1073

Call for sweet water, wash thy hands. 1074

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash. 1075

And so let's leaue her to her silent walkes. 1076

Chi. And t'were my cause, I should goe hang my selfe. 1077

Dem. If thou had'st hands to helpe thee knit the cord. 1078

Exeunt. 1079

Winde Hornes. 1080

Enter Marcus from hunting, to Lauinia. 1081

Who is this, my Neece that flies away so fast ? 1082

Cosen a word, where is your husband ? 1083

If I do dreame, would all my wealth would wake me ; 1084

If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe, 1085

That I may slumber in eternall sleepe. 1086

Speake gentle Neece, what sterne vngentle hands 1087

Hath lopt, and hew'd, and made thy body bare 1088

Of her two branches, those sweet Ornaments 1089

Whose circkling shadowes, Kings haue fought to sleep in 1090

And might not gaine so great a happines 1091

As halfe thy Loue : Why doost not speake to me ? 1092

Alas, a Crimfon riuer of warme blood, 1093

Like to a bubling fountaine stir'd with winde, 1094

Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips, 1095

Comming and going with thy hony breath. 1096

But sure some *Tereus* hath defloured thee, 1097

And leaft thou should'st detect them, cut thy tongue. 1098

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame : 1099

And notwithstanding all this losse of blood, 1100

As from a Conduit with their issuing Spouts, 1101

Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face, 1102

Blushing to be encountred with a Cloud, 1103

Shall I speake for thee ? shall I say 'tis so ; 1104

Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast 1105

1061 That I might raile at him to ease my minde.
 1062 Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen stopt,
 1063 Doth burne the hart to cinders where it is.
 1064 Faire *Philomela*, why she but lost her tongue,
 1110 1065 And in a tedious fampler sowed her minde.
 1066 But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
 1067 A craftier *Tereus*, Cofen hast thou met,
 1068 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 1069 That could haue better sowed then *Philomel*.
 1070 Oh had the monster seene those Lilly hands,
 1071 Tremble like Aspen leaues vpon a Lute,
 1072 And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
 1073 He would not then haue toucht them for his life.
 1074 Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,
 1075 Which that sweete tongue hath made :
 1121 1076 He would haue dropt his knife and fell a sleepe,
 1077 As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
 1078 Come let vs goe, and make thy Father blind,
 1079 For such a fight will blind a Fathers eye.
 1080 One houres storme wil drowne the fragrant meades,
 1081 What will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes ?
 1082 Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee,
 1083 Oh could our mourning ease thy misery. *Exeunt.*

1129 1084 *Enter the Iudges and Senatours with Titus two sonnes bound,*
 1085 *passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going be-*
 1086 *fore pleading.*

1087 *Titus.* Heare me graue Fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
 1088 For pittie of mine age, whose youth was spent
 1089 In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept.

That I might raile at him to ease my mind.	1106
Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen stopt,	1107
Doth burne the hart to Cinders where it is.	1108
Faire <i>Philomela</i> she but lost her tongue,	1109
And in a tedious Sampler sowed her minde.	1110
But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,	1111
A craftier <i>Tereus</i> hast thou met withall,	1112
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,	1113
That could haue better sowed then <i>Philomel</i> .	1114
Oh had the monster feene those Lilly hands,	1115
Tremble like Aspen leaues vpon a Lute,	1116
And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,	1117
He would not then haue toucht them for his life.	1118
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,	1119
Which that sweet tongue hath made :	1120
He would haue dropt his knife and fell asleepe,	1121
As <i>Cerberus</i> at the Thracian Poets feete.	1122
Come, let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,	1123
For such a fight will blinde a fathers eye.	1124
One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades,	1125
What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?	1126
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:	1127
Oh could our mourning ease thy misery, <i>Exeunt</i>	1128

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Iudges and Senatours with Titus two sonnes bound, 1129
passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going 1120
before pleading. 1131

Ti. Heare me graue fathers, noble Tribunes stay, 1132
 For pittie of mine age, whose youth was spent 1133
 In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept: 1134

1090 For all my blood in Romes great quarrell fled,
 1091 For all the frosty nights that I haue watcht,
 1092 And for these bitter teares which now you see,
 1093 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
 1094 Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
 1095 Whose foules is not corrupted as tis thought.
 1096 For two and twenty Sonnes I neuer wept,
 1097 Because they died in honours lofty bed,

1143 1098 *Andronicus lieth downe, and the Iudges passe by him.*

1099 For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
 1100 My harts deepe languor, and my foules sad teares :
 1101 Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite,
 1102 My sonnes sweet blood will make it shame and blush :
 1103 O earth, I will befriend thee more with raine
 1104 That shall distill from these two antient ruines,
 1105 Than youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres.
 1106 In Sommers drought, Ile drop vpon thee fill,
 1107 In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,
 1108 And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
 1154 1109 So thou refuse to drinke my deere sonnes blood.

1110 *Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.*

1111 Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men
 1112 Vnbinde my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death,
 1113 And let me say, (that neuer wept before)
 1114 My teares are now preuailing Oratours.

1115 *Lucius.* Oh noble Father, you lament in vaine,
 1116 The Tribunes heare you not, no man is by,
 1117 And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.

1118 *Titus.* Ah *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead,
 1119 Graue *Tribunes*, once more I intreate of you.

1120 *Lucius.* My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speak.

1166 1121 *Titus.* Why tis no matter man, if they did heare
 1122 They would not marke me, or if they did marke,
 1123 They would not pittie me, yet pleade I must,

For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed, 1135
 For all the frosty nights that I haue watcht, 1136
 And for these bitter teares, which now you see, 1137
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes, 1138
 Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes, 1139
 Whose foules is not corrupted as 'tis thought : 1140
 For two and twenty sonnes I neuer wept, 1141
 Because they died in honours lofty bed. 1142

Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Iudges passe by him. 1143

For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write 1144
 My harts deepe langour, and my foules sad teares : 1145
 Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite. 1146
 My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blush: 1147
 O earth ! I will be friend thee more with raine *Exeunt* 1148
 That shall distill from these two ancient ruines, 1149
 Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres 1150
 In summers drought: Ile drop vpon thee still, 1151
 In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow, 1152
 And keepe eternall spring time on thy face, 1153
 So thou refuse to drinke my deare sonnes blood. 1154

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne. 1155

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men, 1156
 Vnbinde my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death, 1157
 And let me say(that neuer wept before) 1158
 My teares are now preualing Oratours. 1159

Lu. Oh noble father, you lament in vaine, 1160
 The Tribunes heare not, no man is by, 1161
 And you recount your forrowes to a stone. 1162

Ti. Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead, 1163
 Graue Tribunes, once more I intreat of you. 1164

Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake. 1165

Ti. Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare 1166
 They would not marke me: oh if they did heare 1167
 They would not pittie me. 1168

1124 And bootlesse vnto them.

1125 Therefore I tell my forrowes to the stones,

1126 Who though they cannot anfwere my distresse,

1127 Yet in some fort they are better then the Trybunes,

1128 For that they will not intercept my tale :

1129 When I doe weepe, they humblie at my feete

1130 Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,

1131 And were they but attired in graue weedes,

1176 1132 Rome could afford no Tribune like to these :

1133 A stone is soft as waxe, *Tribunes* more hard than stones

1134 A stone is silent, and offendeth not,

1135 And *Tribunes* with their tongues doome men to death.

1136 But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawne ?

1137 *Lucius*. To rescue my two brothers from their death,

1138 For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounst,

1139 My euerlasting doome of banishment.

1140 *Titus*. O happy man, they haue befriended thee :

1141 Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceauē

1187 1142 That Rome is but a vildernes of Tygers ?

1143 Tygers must pray, and Rome affords no pray

1144 But me and mine, how happy art thou then,

1145 From these deuourers to be banished.

1146 But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere ?

1147 *Enter Marcus with Lauinia.*

1148 *Marcus*. *Titus*, prepare thy aged eyes to weepe,

1149 Or if not so, thy noble hart to breake :

1150 I bring confuming sorrow to thine age.

1151 *Titus*. Will it confume me ? Let me see it then.

1152 *Marcus*. This was thy Daughter.

1153 *Titus*. Why *Marcus* so she is.

1154 *Lucius*. Aye me, this Obiect kills me.

1200 1155 *Titus*. Faint-harted-boy, arise and looke vpon her,

1156 Speake *Lauinia*, what accursed hand,

1157 Hath made thee handleffe in thy Fathers fight ?

Therefore I tell my forrowes bootles to the stones. 1169
 Who though they cannot answere my distresse, 1170
 Yet in some fort they are better then the Tribunes, 1171
 For that they will not intercept my tale ; 1172
 When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete 1173
 Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me, 1174
 And were they but attired in graue weedes, 1175
 Rome could afford no Tribune like to these. 1176
 A stone is as soft waxe, 1177
 Tribunes more hard then stones : 1178
 A stone is silent, and offendeth not, 1179
 And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death. 1180
 But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawne ? 1181
Lu. To rescue my two brothers from their death, 1182
 For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounc'd
 My euerlasting doome of banishment. 1184
Ti. O happy man, they haue befriended thee : 1185
 Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceiue 1186
 That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers ? 1187
 Tigers must pray, and Rome affords no prey 1188
 But me and mine : how happy art thou then, 1189
 From these deuourers to be banished ? 1190
 But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere ? 1191

Enter Marcus and Lavinia. 1192

Mar. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe, 1193
 Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake : 1194
 I bring confuming sorrow to thine age. 1195
Ti. Will it confume me ? Let me see it then. 1196
Mar. This was thy daughter. 1197
Ti. Why *Marcus* so she is. 1198
Luc. Aye me this obiekt kills me. 1199
Ti. Faint-hearted boy, arise and looke vpon her,
 Speake *Lavinia*, what accursed hand 1201
 Hath made thee handleffe in thy Fathers fight ? 1202

1158 What foole hath added water to the Sea ?
 1159 Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy ?
 1160 My grieſe was at the height before thou camſt,
 1161 And now like *Nylus* it difdaineth bounds.
 1162 Giue me a ſword, ile chop off my hands too,
 1163 For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine :
 1164 And they haue nurſt this woe, in feeding life :

1165 In bootleſſe prayer haue they beene held vp,
 1212 1166 And they haue ſeru'd me to effectleſſe vſe.
 1167 Now all the ſeruice I require of them,
 1168 Is that the one will helpe to cut the other.
 1169 Tis well *Lavinia* that thou haſt no handes,
 1170 For handes to doe Rome ſeruice, is but vaine.
 1171 *Lucius*. Speake gentle ſiſter, who hath martred thee.
 1172 *Marcus*. Oh that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
 1173 That blabd them with ſuch pleaſing eloquence.
 1174 Is torne from forth that prettie hollow cage,
 1175 Where like a ſweet melodious bird it ſung,
 1176 Sweet varied notes inchaunting euery eare.
 1223 1177 *Lucius*. Oh ſay thou for her, who hath done this deede ?

1178 *Marcus*. Oh thus I found her ſtraying in the Parke,
 1179 Seeking to hide herſelfe as doth the Deare
 1180 That hath receaude ſome vnrecuring wound.
 1181 *Titus*. It was my Deare, and he that wounded her,

1182 Hath hurt me more then had he kild me dead :
 1183 For now I ſtand as one vpon a Rock,
 1184 Inuironed with a wildernes of Sea,
 1185 Who markes the waxing tide, grow waue by waue,

1186 Expecting euer when ſome enuious furge,
 1187 Will in his briniſh bowels ſwallow him.
 1188 This way to death my wretched ſonnes are gone,
 1238 1189 Here ſtands my other ſonne, a baniſht man,

What foole hath added water to the Sea ?	1203
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy ?	1204
My grieffe was at the height before thou cam'ft,	1205
And now like <i>Nylus</i> it didd aineth bounds :	1206
Giue me a sword, Ile chop off my hands too,	1207
For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine :	1208
And they haue nur'ft this woe,	1209
In feeding life :	1210
In booteleffe prayer haue they bene held vp,	1211
And they haue feru'd me to effectleffe vse.	1212
Now all the seruice I require of them,	1213
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other :	1214
'Tis well <i>Lavinia</i> , that thou hast no hands,	1215
For hands to do Rome seruice, is but vaine.	1216
<i>Luci.</i> Speake gentle sifter, who hath martyr'd thee ?	1217
<i>Marc.</i> O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,	1218
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,	1219
Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,	1220
Where like a sweet melodius bird it fung,	1221
Sweet varied notes inchanting euery eare.	1222
<i>Luci.</i> Oh say thou for her,	1223
Who hath done this deed ?	1224
<i>Marc.</i> Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,	1225
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare	1226
That hath receiude some vnrecuring wound.	1227
<i>Tit.</i> It was my Deare,	1228
And he that wounded her,	1229
Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead :	1230
For now I stand as one vpon a Rocke,	1231
Inuiron'd with a wilderneffe of Sea.	1232
Who markes the waxing tide,	1233
Grow waue by waue,	1234
Expecting euer when some enuious furge,	1235
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.	1236
This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone :	1237
Heere stands my other sonne, a banisht man,	1238

- 1190 And heere my brother weeping at my woes :
 1191 But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne,
 1192 Is deere *Lavinia*, deerer than my foule,
 1193 Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
 1194 It would haue madded me : what shall I doe,
 1195 Nowe I behold thy liuely body so ?
 1196 Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
 1197 Nor tongue to tell me who hath martred thee :
 1198 Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
 1199 Thy brothers are condemnde, and dead by this.
 1240 1200 Looke *Marcus*, ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her,
 1201 When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
 1202 Stoode on her cheekes, as doth the honny dew,
 1203 Vpon a gathred Lillie almost withered. (husband,

 1204 *Marcus*. Perchance she weepes because they kild her
 1205 Perchance, because shee knowes them innocent.
 1206 *Titus*. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
 1207 Because the Law hath tane reuenge on them.
 1208 No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede,
 1209 Witnes the forrow that their sifter makes.
 1260 1210 Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kisse thy lips,
 1211 Or make some signe how I may doe thee ease :
 1212 Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*
 1213 And thou and I sit rounde about some Fountaine,
 1214 Looking all downwards to behold our cheekes
 1215 How they are stainde in Meadowes yet not drie,
 1216 With mierie slime left on them by a flood ?
 1217 And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,
 1218 Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,
 1219 And made a brine pit with our bitter teares ?
 1220 Or shall we cut away our hands like thine ?
 1221 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dombe shoves
 1272 1222 Passe the remainder of our hatefull dayes ?
 1223 What shall we doe ? let vs that haue our tongues
 1224 Plot some deuife of further miserie
 1225 To make vs wondred at in time to come.

And heere my brother weeping at my woes.	1239
But that which giues my foule the greatest spurne,	1240
Is deere <i>Lavinia</i> , deerer then my foule.	1241
Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,	1242
It would haue madded me. What shall I doe ?	1243
Now I behold thy liuely body so ?	1244
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,	1245
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :	1246
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death	1247
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.	1248
Looke <i>Marcus</i> , ah sonne <i>Lucius</i> looke on her :	1249
When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares	1250
Stood on her cheekes, as doth the hony dew,	1251
Vpon a gathred Lillie almost withered,	1152
<i>Mar.</i> Perchance she weepes because they kil'd her	1253
husband,	1254
Perchance because she knowes him innocent.	1255
<i>Ti.</i> If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,	1256
Because the law hath tane reuenge on them.	1257
No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede,	1258
Witnes the sorrow that their sister makes.	1259
Gentle <i>Lavinia</i> let me kisse thy lips,	1260
Or make some signes how I may do thee ease :	1261
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother <i>Lucius</i> ,	1262
And thou and I fit round about some Fountaine,	1263
Looking all downwards to behold our cheekes	1264
How they are stain'd in meadowes, yet not dry	1265
With miery slime left on them by a flood :	1266
And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,	1267
Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,	1268
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares ?	1269
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine ?	1270
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shewes	1271
Pass the remainder of our hatefull dayes ?	1272
What shall we doe ? Let vs that haue our tongues	1273
Plot some deuise of further miseries	1274
To make vs wondred at in time to come.	1275

1226 *Luci.* Sweet father ceafe your teares, for at your greefe

1227 See how my wretched fifter fobs and weepes.

1228 *Mar.* Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* dry thine eyes.

1229 *Titus.* Ah *Marcus, Marcus,* Brother well I wote,

1230 Thy npakin cannot drinke a teare of mine,

1231 For thou poore man haft drownd it with thine owne.

1232 *Lucius.* Ah my *Lavinia,* I will wipe thy cheekes.

1233 *Titus.* Marke *Marcus,* marke, I vnderstand her signes,

1185 1234 Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say

1235 That to her brother, which I said to thee.

1236 His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,

1237 Can doe no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekes.

1238 Oh what a simpathy of woe is this,

1239 As farre from helpe, as Limbo is from bliffe.

1240

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

1292 1241 *Moore.* *Titus Andronicus,* my Lord the Emperour,

1242 Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy sonnes,

1243 Let *Marcus, Lucius,* or thy selfe old *Titus,*

1244 Or any one of you, chop off your hand

1245 And fend it to the King, he for the same,

1246 Will fend thee hither both thy sonnes alieue,

1247 And that shall be the raunfome for their fault.

1248 *Titus.* Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aron,*

1249 Did euer Rauen sing so like a Larke,

1250 That giues sweete tydings of the Sunnes vprise ?

1251 With all my hart, ile fend the Emperour my hand,

1252 Good *Aron* wilt thou helpe to chop it off ?

1304 1253 *Lucius.* Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,

1254 That hath throwne downe so many enemies,

1255 Shall not be sent : my hand will serue the turne,

1256 My youth can better spare my blood than you,

1257 And therefore mine shall faue my brothers liues.

1258 *Marcus.* Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,

Lu. Sweet Father cease your teares, for at your grieffe 1276
See how my wretched sifter sobs and weeps. 1277

Mar. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* drie thine 1278
eyes. 1279

Ti. Ah *Marcus, Marcus*, Brother well I wot, 1280
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine, 1281
For thou poore man hast drown'd it with thine owne. 1282

Lu. Ah my *Lavinia* I will wipe thy cheekes. 1283

Ti Marke *Marcus* marke, I vnderstand her signes, 1284
Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say 1285
That to her brother which I said to thee. 1286

His Napkin with hertrue teares all bewet, 1287
Can do no seruice on her forrowfull cheekes. 1288

Oh what a simpathy of woe is this ! 1289

As farre from helpe as Limbo is from bliffe, 1290

Enter Aron the Moore alone. 1291

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour, 1292
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy sonnes, 1293

Let *Marcus, Lucius*, or thy selfe old *Titus*, 1294

Or any one of you, chop off your hand, 1295

And fend it to the King : he for the same, 1296

Will fend thee hither both thy sonnes aliue, 1297

And that shall be the ranfome for their fault. 1298

Ti. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aaron*. 1299

Did euer Rauens fing so like a Larke, 1300

That giues sweet tydings of the Sunnes vprise ? 1301

With all my heart, Ile fend the Emperour my hand, 1302

Good *Aron* wilt thou help to chop it off ? 1303

Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine, 1304

That hath throwne downe so many enemies, 1305

Shall not be sent : my hand will serue the turne, 1306

My youth can better spare my blood then you, 1307

And therefore mine shall saue my brothers liues. 1308

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome, 1309

- 1259 And reard aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
 1260 Wrighting destruction on the enemies Castle?
 1261 Oh none of both, but are of high desert:
 1262 My hand hath beene but idle, let it ferue
 1263 To raunfome my two Nephewes from their death,
 1264 Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.
 1265 *Moore.* Nay come agree whose hand shall goe along,
 1266 For feare they die before their pardon come.
 1267 *Marcus.* My hand shall goe.
 1319 1268 *Lucius.* By heauen it shall not goe.
 1269 *Titus.* Sirs striue no more, such withred hearbes as these
 1270 Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.
 1271 *Lucius.* Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
 1272 Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.
 1273 *Marcus.* And for our fathers fake, and mothers care,
 1274 Now let me show a brothers loue to thee.
 1275 *Titus.* Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.
 1276 *Lucius.* Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.
 1277 *Marcus.* But I will vse the Axe. *Exeunt.*
 1278 *Titus.* Come hether *Aron*, Ile deceiue them both,
 1279 Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine.
 1280 *Aron.* If that be calde deceite, I will be honest,
 1281 And neuer whilst I liue deceiue men so:
 1333 1282 But Ile deceiue you in another fort,
 1283 And that youle say ere halfe an houre passe.

1284 *Hee cuts off Titus hand.*

1285 *Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.*

- 1286 *Titus.* Now stay your strife, what shal be is dispatch:
 1287 Good *Aron* giue his Maiestie my hand,
 1288 Tell him it was a hand that warded him
 1289 From thousand dangers, bid him bury it,
 1290 More hath it merrited: that let it haue:
 1291 As for my sonnes, say I account of them,

And rear'd aloft the bloody Battleaxe,	1310
Writing destruction on the enemies Castle ?	1311
Oh none of both but are of high desert :	1312
My hand hath bin but idle, let it serue	1313
To ransome my two nephewes from their death,	1314
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.	1315
<i>Moore.</i> Nay come agree, whose hand shallgoe along	1316
For feare they die before their pardon come.	1317
<i>Mar.</i> My hand shall goe.	1318
<i>Lu.</i> By heauen it shall not goe.	1319
<i>Ti.</i> Sirs striue no more, such withered hearbs as these	1320
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.	1321
<i>Lu.</i> Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,	1322
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.	1323
<i>Mar.</i> And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,	1324
Now let me shew a brothers loue to thee.	1325
<i>Ti.</i> Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.	1326
<i>Lu.</i> Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.	1327
<i>Mar.</i> But I will vse the Axe. <i>Exeunt</i>	1328
<i>Ti.</i> Come hither <i>Aaron</i> , Ile deceiue them both,	1329
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine,	1330
<i>Moore.</i> If that be cal'd deceit, I will be honest,	1331
And neuer whil't I liue deceiue men so :	1332
But Ile deceiue you in an other fort,	1333
And that you'l fay ere halfe an houre passe.	1334

He cuts off Titus hand. 1335

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe. 1336

<i>Ti.</i> Now stay you strife, what shall be, is dispatcht :	1337
Good <i>Aron</i> giue his Maiestie me hand,	1338
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him	1339
From thousand dangers : bid him bury it :	1340
More hath it merited : That let it haue.	1341
As for for my sonnes, say I account of them,	1342

- 1343 1292 As iewels purchaft at an eafie price,
 1293 And yet deere too, becaufe I bought mine owne.
 1294 *Aron.* I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
 1295 Looke by and by to haue thy fonnes with thee.
 1296 Their heads I meane : Oh how this villanie,
 1297 Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
 1298 Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
 1350 1299 *Aron* will haue his foule blacke, like his face. *Exit.*
 1300 *Titus.* O here I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
 1301 And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
 1302 If any power pitties wretched teares,
 1303 To that I call : what would thou kneele with me ?
 1304 Doe then deere hart, for heauen fhall heare our prayers,
 1305 Or with our fighs wele breath the welkin dimme,
 1306 And ftaine the funne with fogge, as fometime clowdes,
 1307 VVhen they doe hug him in their melting bofoms.
 1308 *Marcus.* Oh brother fpeake with pofsibilitie,
 1309 And doe not breake into thefe deepe extreames.
 1361 1310 *Titus.* Is not my forrow deepe hauing no bottome ?
 1311 Then be my pafsions bottomleffe with them.
 1312 *Marcus.* But yet let reafon gouerne thy lamens.
 1313 *Titus.* If there were reafon for thefe miferies,
 1314 Then into limits could I binde my woes :
 1315 When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow ?
 1316 If the windes rage, doth not the fea waxe mad,
 1317 Threatning the vvelkin with his bigfwolne face ?
 1318 And wilt thou haue a reafon for this coile ?
 1319 I am the fea. Harke how her fighs doe flow :
 1320 Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth :
 1321 Then muft my fea be moued with her fighes,
 1373 1322 Then muft my earth with her continuall teares,
 1323 Become a deluge : ouerflowed and drowned :
 1324 For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
 1325 But like a drunkard muft I vomit them.
 1326 Then giue me leaue, for loofers will haue leaue,
 1327 To eafe their ftomacks with theyr bitter tongues.

As iewels purchaft at an eafie price,	1343
And yet deere too, becaufe I bought mine owne.	1344
<i>Aron.</i> I goe <i>Andronicus</i> , and for thy hand,	1345
Looke by and by to haue thy fonnes with thee:	1346
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany	1347
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.	1348
Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,	1349
<i>Aron</i> will haue his foule blacke like his face. <i>Exit.</i>	1350
<i>Ti.</i> O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen,	1351
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,	1352
If any power pitties wretched teares,	1353
To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me?	1354
Doe then deare heart, for heauen fhall heare our prayers,	1355
Or with our sighs weele breath the welkin dimme,	1356
And ftaine the Sun with fogge as fomtime cloudes,	1357
When they do hug him in their melting bofomes.	1358
<i>Mar.</i> Oh brother fpeake with possibilities,	1359
And do not breake into thefe deepe extreames.	1360
<i>Ti.</i> Is not my forrow deepe, hauing no bottome?	1361
Then be my paffions bottomlefse with them.	1362
<i>Mar.</i> But yet let reason gouerne thy lament.	1363
<i>Titus.</i> If there were reaſon for thefe miferies,	1364
Then into limits could I binde my woes:	1365
When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?	1366
If the windes rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,	1367
Threatning the welkin with his big-fwolne face?	1368
And wilt thou haue a reaſon for this coile?	1369
I am the Sea. Harke how her fighes doe flow:	1370
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:	1371
Then muſt my Sea be moued with her fighes,	1372
Then muſt my earth with her continuall teares,	1373
Become a deluge: ouerflow'd and drown'd:	1374
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,	1375
But like a drunkard muſt I vomit them:	1376
Then giue me leaue, for looſers will haue leaue,	1377
To eaſe their ſtomackes with their bitter tongues,	1378

1328 *Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.*

1329 *Messeng.* Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,

1330 For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour :

1382 1331 Here are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.

1332 And heres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe :

1333 Thy grieffe theyr sports : Thy resolution mockt :

1334 That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,

1335 More than remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*

1336 *Marcus.* Now let hote *Ætna* coole in *Cycilie*,

1337 And be my hart an euer-burning hell :

1338 These miseries are more then may be borne.

1339 To weepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale,

1340 But sorrow flouted at, is double death.

1341 *Lucius.* Ah that this fight should make so deep a wound,

1342 And yet detested life not shrinke thereat :

1343 That euer death should let life beare his name,

1395 1344 Where life hath no more interest but to breath.

1345 *Marcus.* Alas poore hart, that kisse is comfortlesse,

1346 As frozen water to a starued snake.

1347 *Titus.* When will this fearefull slumber haue an end ?

1348 *Marcus.* Now farewell flattery, die *Andronicus*,

1349 Thou doost not slumber, see thy two sonnes heads,

1350 Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter heere :

1351 Thy other banisht sonne with this deere fight

1352 Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,

1353 Euen like a stony image, cold and numme.

1405 1354 Ah now no more will I controwle my griefes,

1355 Rent off thy siluer haire, thy other hande

1356 Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this difmall fight

1357 The closing vp of our most wretched eyes :

1358 Now is a time to storme, why art thou still ?

1359 *Titus.* Ha, ha, ha.

1360 *Marcus.* Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this houre!

1361 *Titus.* Why I haue not another teare to shed ;

1362 Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,

Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand. 1379

Mess. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid, 1380
 For that good hand thou fentst the Emperour : 1381
 Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes. 1382
 And heeres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe : 1383
 Thy griefes, their sports : Thy resolution mockt, 1384
 That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes, 1385
 More then remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.* 1386
Marc. Now let hot *Ætna* coole in *Cicilie*, 1387
 And be my heart an euer-burning hell : 1388
 These miseries are more then may be borne. 1389
 To weepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale, 1390
 But sorrow flouted at, is double death. 1391
Luci. Ah that this fight should make so deep a wound, 1392
 And yet detested life not shrinke thereat : 1393
 That euer death should let life beare his name, 1394
 Where life hath no more interest but to breath. 1395
Mar. Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse, 1396
 As frozen water to a starued snake. 1397
Titus. When will this fearefull slumber haue an end ? 1398
Mar. Now farewell flatterie, die *Andronicus*, 1399
 Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sons heads, 1400
 Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here : 1401
 Thy other banisht sonnes with this deere fight 1402
 Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I, 1403
 Euen like a stony Image, cold and numme. 1404
 Ah now no more will I controule my griefes, 1405
 Rent off thy filuer haire, thy other hand 1406
 Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall fight 1407
 The closing vp of our most wretched eyes : 1408
 Now is a time to storme, why art thou still ? 1409
Titus. Ha, ha, ha, 1410
Mar. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this houre, 1411
Ti. Why I haue not another teare to shed : 1412
 Besides, this sorrow is an enemy, 1413

1363 And would vsurpe vpon my watery eyes,
 1364 And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
 1416 1365 Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Caue.
 1366 For these two heads doe feeme to speake to me,
 1367 And threat me, I shall neuer come to bliffe,
 1368 Till all these mischiefes be returnd again ;
 1369 Euen in their throates that haue committed them.
 1370 Come let me see what taske *I* haue to doe,
 1371 You heauie people, circle me about.
 1372 That I may turne me to each one of you,
 1373 And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs,
 1425 1374 The vowe is made, come Brother take a head,
 1375 And in this hand the other will I beare.
 1376 And *Lavinia* thou shalt be imploydc in these Armes,
 1377 Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth :
 1378 As for thee boy, goe get thee from my fight,
 1379 Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
 1380 Hie to the *Gothes*, and raise an armie there,
 1381 And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
 1382 Lets kisse and part, for we haue much to doe.
 1383 *Exeunt.*

1435 1384 *Lucius.* Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father :
 1385 The wofulst man that euer liude in Rome :
 1386 Farewell proude Rome till *Lucius* come againe,
 1387 He loues his pledges dearer than his life :
 1388 Farewell *Lavinia* my noble sifter,
 1389 O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,
 1390 But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* liues,
 1391 But in obliuion and hatefull greefes :
 1392 If *Lucius* liue, he will requite your wrongs,
 1393 And make proude *Saturnine* and his Empreffe
 1394 Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene.
 1395 Now will I to the *Gothes* and raise a power,

And would usurpe vpon my watry eyes, 1414
 And make them blinde with tributarie teares. 1415
 Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Caue? 1416
 For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me, 1417
 And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse, 1418
 Till all these mischiefes be returned againe, 1419
 Euen in their throats that haue committed them. 1420
 Come let me see what taske I haue to doe, 1421
 You heauie people, circle me about, 1422
 That I may turne me to each one of you, 1423
 And sweare vnto my foule to right your wrongs. 1424
 The vow is made, come Brother take a head, 1425
 And in this hand the other will I beare. 1426
 And *Lauinia* thou shalt be employd in these things : 1427
 Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth : 1428
 As for thee boy, goe get thee from my fight, 1429
 Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay, 1430
 Hie to the *Gothes*, and raise an army there, 1431
 And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe, 1432
 Let's kisse and part, for we haue much to doe. *Exeunt.* 1433

Manet Lucius, 1434

Luci. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father : 1435
 The woful'st man that euer liu'd in Rome : 1436
 Farewell proud Rome, til *Lucius* come againe, 1437
 Heloues his pledges dearer then his life : 1438
 Farewell *Lauinia* my noble sifter, 1439
 O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene, 1440
 But now, nor *Lucius* nor *Lauinia* liues 1441
 But in obliuion and hateful griefes : 1442
 If *Lucius* liue, he will requit your wrongs, 1443
 And make proud *Saturnine* and his Empreffe 1444
 Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene. 1445
 Now will I to the *Gothes* and raise a power, 1446

160 *The most lamentable Tragedie of Titus Andronicus*

1446 1396 To be reuengd on Rome and Saturnine.

Exit Lucius.

To be reueng'd on Rome and *Saturnine*. *Exit Lucius* 1447

A Bnaket. 1448

Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lawinia, and the Boy. 1449

An. So, fo, now fit, and looke you eate no more 1450
 Then will preferue iust fo much strength in vs 1451
 As will reuenge these bitter woes of ours. 1452
Marcus vnknit that sorrow-wreathen knot : 1453
 Thy Neece and I (poore Creatures) want our hands 1454
 And cannot passionate our tenfold grieffe, 1455
 With foulded Armes. This poore right hand of mine, 1456
 Is left to tirranize vppon my breast. 1457
 Who when my hart all mad with misery, 1458
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh, 1459
 Then thus I thumpe it downe. 1460
 Thou Map of woe, that thus dost talk in signes, 1461
 When thy poore hart beates without ragious beating, 1462
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still ? 1463
 Wound it with fighting gire, kil it with grones : 1464
 Or get some little knife betweene thy teeth, 1465
 And iust against thy hart make thou a hole, 1466
 That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall 1467
 May run into that sinke, and foaking in, 1468
 Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea salt teares. 1469
Mar. Fy brother fy, teach her not thus to lay 1470
 Such violent hands vppon her tender life. 1471
An How now ! Has sorrow made thee doate already? 1472
 Why *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I : 1473
 What violent hands can she lay on her life : 1474
 Ah, wherefore dost thou vrge the name of hands, 1475
 To bid *Aeneas* tell the tale twice ore 1476
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable ? 1477
 O handle not the theame, to talke of hands, 1478
 Least we remember still that we haue none, 1479

Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I square my talke	1480
As if we should forget we had no hands :	1481
If <i>Marcus</i> did not name the word of hands.	1482
Come, lets fall too, and gentle girle eate this,	1483
Heere is no drinke ? Harke <i>Marcus</i> what she saies,	1484
I can interpret all her martir'd signes,	1485
She saies, she drinke no other drinke but teares	1486
Breu'd with her sorrow : mesh'd vpon her cheekes,	1487
Speechlesse complaynet, I will learne thy thought :	1488
In thy dumb a ction, will I be as perfect	1489
As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.	1490
Thou shalt not fighe nor hold thy stumps to heauen,	1491
Nor winke, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make a signe,	1492
But I(of these) will wrest an Alphabet,	1493
And by still practice, learne to know thy meaning.	1494
<i>Boy.</i> Good grandfire leaue these bitter deepe laments,	1495
Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing tale.	1496
<i>Mar.</i> Alas, the tender boy in passion mou'd,	1497
Doth weepe to see his grandfires heauinesse.	1498
<i>An.</i> Peace tender Sapling, thou art made of teares,	1499
And teares will quickly melt thy life away.	1500
<i>Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.</i>	1501
What doest thou strike at <i>Marcus</i> with knife.	1502
<i>Mar.</i> At that that I haue kil'd my Lord, a Flys	1503
<i>An.</i> Out on the murderour : thou kil'ft my hart,	1504
Mine eyes cloi'd with view of Tirranie :	1505
A deed of death done on the Innocent	1506
Becoms not <i>Titus</i> broher : get thee gone,	1507
I see thou art not for my company.	1508
<i>Mar.</i> Alas(my Lord) I haue but kild a flie.	1509
<i>An.</i> But ? How : if that Flie had a father and mother ?	1510
How would he hang his slender gilded wings	1511
And buz lamenting doings in the ayer,	1512
Poore harmelesse Fly,	1513
That with his pretty buzing melody,	1514
Came heere to make vs merry,	1515
And thou hast kil'd him.	1516

1537 1397 *Enter Lucius sonne and Lauinia running after him, and*
 1398 *the boy flies from her with his bookes vn-*
 1399 *der his arme.*

1400 *Enter Titus and Marcus.*

1401 *Puer.* Helpe Grandfier helpe, my Aunt *Lauinia*,
 1402 Followes me euery where, I know not why.
 1403 Good Vncle *Marcus* see how fwift she comes,
 1404 Alas fwet aunt, I know not what you meane.
 1405 *Mar.* Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thine aunt.

<i>Mar.</i> Pardon me fir,	1517
It was a blacke illfauour'd Fly,	1518
Like to the Empreffe Moore, therefore I kild him.	1519
<i>An.</i> O, o, o,	1520
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,	1521
For thou haft done a Charitable deed :	1522
Giue me thy knife, I will infult on him,	1523
Flattering my felfes, as if it were the Moore,	1524
Come hither purpofely to poyfon me.	1525
There's for thy felfe, and thats for <i>Tamira</i> : Ah firra,	1526
Yet I thinke we are not brought fo low,	1527
But that betweene vs, we can kill a Fly,	1528
That comes in likeneffe of a Cole-blacke Moore.	1529
<i>Mar.</i> Alas poore man, grieffe ha's fo wrought on him,	1530
He takes falfe fhadowes, for true fubftances.	1531
<i>An.</i> Come, take away : <i>Lauinia</i> , goe with me,	1532
Ile to thy cloffet, and goe read with thee	1533
Sad ftories, chanced in the times of old.	1534
Come boy, and goe with me, thy fight is young,	1535
And thou fhalt read, when mine begin to dazell. <i>Exeunt</i>	1536

Actus Quartus.

<i>Enter young Lucius and Lauinia running after him, and</i>	1537
<i>the Boy flies from her with his bookes vnder his arme.</i>	1538
<i>Enter Titus and Marcus.</i>	1539

<i>Boy.</i> Helpe Grandfier helpe, my Aunt <i>Lauinia</i> ,	1540
Followes me euery where I know not why.	1541
Good Vncle <i>Marcus</i> fee how fwift ſhe comes,	1542
Alas ſweet Aunt, I know not what you meane.	1543
<i>Mar.</i> Stand by me <i>Lucius</i> , doe not feare thy Aunt.	1544

- 1406 *Titus.* She loues thee boy too well to do thee harme.
 1407 *Puer.* I when my *Father* was in *Rome* she did.
 1547 1408 *Mar.* What meanes my Neece *Lauinia* by these signes.
 1409 *Titus.* Feare her not *Lucius*, somewhat doth she meane.
 1410 See *Lucius* see, how much shee makes of thee :
 1411 Some whether would she haue thee goe with her.
 1412 A boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more care
 1413 Red to her sonnes than she hath red to thee,
 1414 Sweet *Poetrie*, and *Tullies Oratour* :
 1415 Canst thou not geffe wherefore shee plies thee thus.
 1416 *Puer.* My Lord, I know not I, nor can I geffe,
 1417 Vnlesse some fit or frenzie doe possesse her :
 1418 For I haue heard my Grandfier say full oft,
 1419 Extremitie of greeues would make men mad.
 1420 And I haue red that *Hercuba* of *Troy*,
 1421 Ran mad for sorrow, that made me to feare
 1422 Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
 1423 Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,
 1424 And would not but in furie fright my youth,
 1425 Which made me downe to throw my bookes and flie,
 1426 Causelesse perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,
 1566 1427 And Madam, if my Vncle *Marcus* goe,
 1428 I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.
 1429 *Mar.* *Lucius* I will.
 1430 *Titus.* How now *Lauinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this ?
 1431 Some booke there is that shee desires to see :
 1432 Which is it gyrl of these, open them boy,
 1433 But thou art deeper read and better skild,
 1434 Come and take choyse of all my Librarie,
 1435 And so beguile thy sorrow, tell the heauens
 1436 Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deede.
- 1577 1437 VVhy lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus ?
 1438 *Mar.* I thinke she meanes that there were more than one
 1439 Confederate in the fact, I more there was :
 1440 Or else to heauen she heaues them for reuenge.

<i>Titus.</i> She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme	1545
<i>Boy.</i> I when my father was in Rome she did.	1546
<i>Mar.</i> What meanes my Neece <i>Lauinia</i> by these signes ?	1547
<i>Ti.</i> Feare not <i>Lucius</i> , fomewhat doth she meane:	1548
See <i>Lucius</i> see, how much she makes of thee :	1549
Some whether would she haue thee goe with her.	1550
Ah boy, <i>Cornelia</i> neuer with more care	1551
Read to her fonnes, then she hath read to, thee,	1552
Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour :	1553
Canst thou not geffe wherefore she plies thee thus ?	1554
<i>Boy.</i> My Lord I know not I, nor can I geffe,	1555
Vnlesse some fit or frenzie do possesse her :	1556
For I haue heard my Grandfier say full oft,	1557
Extremitie of griefes would make men mad.	1558
And I haue read that <i>Hecubæ</i> of Troy,	1559
Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to feare,	1560
Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,	1561
Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,	1562
And would not but in fury fright my youth,	1563
Which made me downe to throw my bookes, and flie	1564
Causles perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,	1565
And Madam, if my Vncle <i>Marcus</i> goe,	1566
I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.	1567
<i>Mar.</i> <i>Lucius</i> I will.	1568
<i>Ti.</i> How now <i>Lauinia</i> , <i>Marcus</i> what meanes this ?	1569
Some booke there is that she desires to see,	1570
Which is it girle of these ? Open them boy,	1571
But thou art deeper read and better skild,	1572
Come and take choyse of all my Library,	1573
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heauens	1574
Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deed.	1575
What booke ?	1576
Why lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus ?	1577
<i>Mar.</i> I thinke she meanes that ther was more then one	1578
Confederate in the fact, I more there was :	1579
Or else to heauen she heaues them to reuenge.	1580

- 1441 *Titus.* *Lucius* what booke is that she toffeth fo ?
 1442 *Puer.* Grandfier tis Ouids *Metamorphosis*,
 1443 My mother gaue it mee.
 1444 *Mar.* For loue of her thats gone,
 1445 Perhaps she culd it from among the rest.
 1446 *Titus.* Soft, fo bufilie shee turnes the leaues,
 1447 Helpe her, what would she finde ? *Lauinia* shall I read ?
 1448 This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*,
 1449 And treates of *Tereus* treason and his rape,
 1590 1450 And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy,
 1451 *Mar.* See brother see, note how she quotes the leaues,
 1452 *Titus.* *Lauinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet gyrl ?
 1453 Rauisht and wrongd as *Philomela* was,
 1454 Forc'd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomie woods ;
 1455 See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,
 1456 (O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)
 1457 Patternd by that the Poet here describes,
 1458 By nature made for murthers and for rapes,
 1459 *Mar.* O why should nature build so foule a den,
 1460 Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies,
 1601 1461 *Tit.* Giue signes sweet girle, for here are none but friends,
 1462 VVhat Romaine Lord it was durst doe the deede ?
 1463 Or flonke not *Saturnine* as *Tarquin* erst,
 1464 That left the Campe to finne in *Lucrece* bed.
 1465 *Mar.* Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by me
 1466 *Appollo*, *Pallas*, *Ioue*, or *Mercurie*,
 1467 Inspire me that I may thys treason finde,
 1468 My Lord looke heere, looke heere *Lauinia*,

 1609 1469 *He writes his Name with his staffe, and guides it*
 1470 *with feete and mouth.*

 1471 Thys fandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst
 1472 This after mee, I haue writ my name,
 1473 VVithout the helpe of any hand at all.
 1474 Curst be that hart that forst vs to this shift :

<i>Ti.</i> Lucius what booke is that she toffeth so?	1581
<i>Boy.</i> Grandfier, 'tis Ouids Metamorphosis,	1582
My mother gaue it me.	1583
<i>Mar.</i> For loue of her that's gone,	1584
Perhahs she culd it from among the rest.	1585
<i>Ti.</i> Soft, so bufly she turnes the leaues,	1586
Helpe her, what would she finde? <i>Lauinia</i> shall I read?	1587
This is the tragicke tale of <i>Philomel</i> ?	1588
And treates of <i>Tereus</i> treason and his rape,	1589
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.	1590
<i>Mar.</i> See brother see, note how she quotes the leaues	1591
<i>Ti.</i> <i>Lauinia</i> , wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet girle,	1592
Rauisht and wrong'd as <i>Philomela</i> was?	1593
Forc'd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomy woods?	1594
See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,	1595
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)	1596
Patern'd by that the Poet heere describes,	1597
By nature made for murthers and for rapes.	1598
<i>Mar.</i> O why should nature build so foule a den,	1599
Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies?	1600
<i>Ti.</i> Giue signes sweet girle, for heere are none but friends	1601
What Romaine Lord it was durst do the deed?	1602
Or slunke not <i>Saturnine</i> , as <i>Tarquin</i> erfts,	1603
That left the Campe to finne in <i>Lucrece</i> bed.	1604
<i>Mar.</i> Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by me,	1605
<i>Appollo, Pallas, Ioue, or Mercury,</i>	1606
Inspire me that I may this treason finde.	1607
My Lord looke heere, looke heere <i>Lauinia</i> .	1608
<i>He writes his Name with his staffe, and guides it</i>	1609
<i>with feete and mouth.</i>	1610
This sandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst	1611
This after me, I haue writ my name,	1612
Without the helpe of any hand at all.	1613
Curst be that hart that forc'it vs to that shift :	1614

1475 Write thou good Neece, and heere difplay at laft,
 1476 VVhat God will haue difcouered for reuenge,
 1477 Heauen guide thy pen to print thy forrowes plaine,
 1478 That we may know the traytors and the truth.

1479 *Shee takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her*
 1620 1480 *stumps and writes.*

1481 Oh doe yee read my Lord what she hath writ,
 1482 *Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.*
 1483 *Marcus.* What, what, the lustfull fonnes of *Tamora*,
 1484 Performers of this haynous bloody deede.
 1485 *Titus. Magni Dominator poli,*
 1486 *Tam lentus audus scelera, tam lentus vides?*
 1487 *Mar.* Oh calme thee gentle Lord, although I know
 1488 There is enough written vpon this earth,
 1489 To stirre a mutinie in the mildest thoughts,
 1490 And arme the mindes of infants to exclaimes,
 1631 1491 My lord kneele downe with me, *Lavinia* kneele,
 1492 And kneele fweet boy, the Romaine Heçtors hope,
 1493 And fweare with me as with the wofull feere,
 1494 And father of that chafte dishonoured Dame,
 1495 Lord *Iunius Brutus* fweare for *Lucrece* rape,
 1496 That we will profecute by good aduice
 1497 Mortall reuenge vpon thefe trayterous Gothes,
 1638 1498 And see their blood, or die with this reproch.
 1499 *Titus.* Tis fure enough, and you knew how,
 1500 But if you hunt thefe Beare whelpes, then beware,
 1501 The Dam will wake, and if shee winde you once,
 1502 Shee's with the Lion deepely still in league,
 1503 And luls him whilst shee plaieth on her back.
 1504 And when he sleepes, will she doe what she list.
 1505 You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let alone,
 1506 And come I will goe get a leafe of braffe,
 1507 And with a gad of steele will write thefe words,
 1508 And lay it by : the angry Northen winde,

Write thou good Neece, and heere difplay at laft, 1615
 What God will haue difcouered for reuenge, 1616
 Heauen guide thy pen to print thy forrowes plaine, 1617
 That we may know the Traytors and the truth. 1618

*She takes the flaffe in her mouth, and guides it with her
 fumps and writes.* 1619
 1620

Ti. Oh doe ye read my Lord what ſhe hath writs ? 1621
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius. 1622

Mar. What, what, the luftfull fonnes of *Tamora*, 1623
 Performers of this hainous bloody deed ? 1624

Ti. Magni Dominator poli, 1625
Tam lent us audis ſcelera, tam lentus vides ? 1626

Mar. Oh calme thee, gentle Lord : Although I know 1627
 There is enough written vpon this earth, 1628

To firre a mutinie in the mildeſt thoughts, 1629
 And arme the mindes of infants to exclames. 1630

My Lord kneele downe with me: *Lavinia* kneele, 1631
 And kneele ſweet boy, the Romaine *Heſtors* hope, 1632

And ſweare with me, as with the wofull Feere 1633
 And father of that chaſt diſhonoured Dame, 1634

Lord *Iunius Brutus* ſweare for *Lucrece* rape, 1635
 That we will proſecute (by good aduiſe) 1636

Mortall reuenge vpon theſe traytorous Gothes, 1637
 And ſee their blood, or die with this reproach 1638

Ti. Tis ſure enough, and you knew how. 1639

But if you hunt theſe Beare-whelpes, then beware 1640

The Dam will wake, and if ſhe winde you once, 1641

Shee's with the Lyon deeply ſtill in league. 1642

And lulls him whilſt ſhe palyeth on her backe, 1643

And when he ſleepes will ſhe do what ſhe liſt. 1644

You are a young huntſman *Marcus*, let it alone : 1645

And come, I will goe get a leafe of braffe, 1646

And with a Gad of ſteele will write theſe words, 1647

And lay it by : the angry Northerne winde 1648

- 1509 Will blow these fands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
 1510 And vvhether you leffon then, boy what say you ?
 1651 1511 *Puer*. I say my Lord that if I were a man,
 1512 Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
 1513 For these bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.
 1514 *Marcus*. I thats my boy, thy father hath full oft,
 1515 For his vngratefull Country done the like.
 1516 *Puer*. And Vnckle, so will I, and if I liue.
 1517 *Titus*. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
 1518 *Lucius* Ile fit thee, and withall my boy
 1519 Shall carrie from me to the Empreffe sonnes,
 1520 Presents that I intend to fend them both :
 1521 Come, come, thoult doe thy message wilt thou not ?
 1522 *Puer*. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandfater.
 1523 *Titus*. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
 1524 *Lavinia* come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
 1665 1525 *Lucius* and I'le goe braue it at the Court,
 1526 I marry will we fir, and weele be waited on. *Exeunt.*
 1527 *Mar*. O heauens, can you heare a good man grone
 1528 And not relent, or not compassion him ?
 1529 *Marcus* attend him in his extasie,
 1530 That hath more scars of sorrow in his hart,
 1531 Than foe-mens markes vpon his battred shield,
 1532 But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,
 1533 Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus*. *Exit.*
- 1674 1534 *Enter Aron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one doore, and*
 1535 *at another doore young Lucius and another, with a*
 1536 *bundle of weapons, and verses writ vpon them.*
- 1537 *Chiron*. *Demetrius*, here's the sonne of *Lucius*,
 1538 He hath some message to deliuer vs.
 1539 *Aron*. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.
 1540 *Puer*. My Lords, with all the humblenes I may,
 1541 I greete your Honours from *Andronicus*,
 1542 And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.

Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaves abroad, 1649
 And wheres your lesson then. Boy what say you? 1650

Boy. I say my Lord, that if I were a man, 1651
 Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe, 1652
 For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome. 1653

Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft, 1654
 For his ungrateful country done the like. 1655

Boy. And Uncle so will I, and if I live. 1656

Ti. Come goe with me into mine Armorie, 1657

Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy 1658

Shall carry from me to the Empresse finnes, 1659

Presents that I intend to send them both, 1660

Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not? 1661

Boy. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandfire: 1662

Ti. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course, 1663

Lavinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house, 1664

Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the Court, 1665

I marry will we fir, and wee be waited on. *Exeunt.* 1666

Mar. O heauens! Can you heare a good man grone 1667

And not relent, or not compassion him? 1668

Marcus attend him in his extasie, 1669

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart, 1670

Then foe-mens markes vpon his batter'd shield, 1671

But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge, 1672

Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus*. *Exit.* 1673

Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one dore: and at another 1674

dore young Lucius and another, with a bundle of 1675

weapons, and verses writ vpon them. 1676

Chi. *Demetrius* heeres the sonne of *Lucius*, 1677

He hath some message to deliuer vs. 1678

Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather. 1679

Boy. My Lords, with all the humbleness I may, 1680

I greete your honours from *Andronicus*, 1681

And pray the Romane Gods confound you both. 1682

- 1543 *Demet.* Gramarcie louely *Lucius*, what the newes.
 1544 *Puer.* That you are both difcipherd, thats the newes,
 1545 For villaines markt with rape. May it please you,
 1685 1546 My Grandfier well aduifde hath fent by me,
 1547 The goodlieft weapons of his Armorie,
 1548 To gratefie your honourable youth
 1549 The hope of Rome, for fo he bid me fay :
 1550 And fo I doe, and with his gifts present
 1551 Your Lordships, when euer you haue neede,
 1552 You may be armed and appointed well,
 1553 And fo I leau you both : Like bloody villaines. *Exit.*
 1554 *Deme.* What's here ? a fcole, and written round about,
 1555 Lets' fee,
 1556 *Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, non eget mauri iaculis nec arcus.*
- 1697 1557 *Chiron.* O tis a verfe in *Horace* I know it well,
 1558 I read it in the Grammer long agoe.
 1559 *Aron.* I iuft, a verfe in *Horace*, right you haue it,
 1560 Now what a thing it is to be an Affe.
 1561 Her's no found ieft, the old man hath found theyr gilt,
 1562 And fendes them weapons wrapt about with lines,
 1563 That wound beyond theyr feeling to the quick :
 1564 But were our wittie Empreffe well a foote,
 1565 Shee would applaud *Andronicus* cenceit,
 1566 But let her reft in her vnrest a while.
 1567 And now young Lords, waft not a happy ftarre,
 1568 Led vs to Rome ftangers, and more than fo
 1709 1569 Captiues, to be aduanced to this height :
 1570 It did me good before the pallace gate,
 1571 To braue the Tribune in his bothers hearing.
 1572 *Demet.* But me more good to fee fo great a Lord,
 1573 Safely infinuate, and fend vs gifts.
 1574 *Aron.* Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*,
 1575 Did you not vfe his daughter very friendly ?
 1576 *Demet.* I would we had a thoufand Romane Dames
 1577 At fuch a bay, by turne to ferue our luft.

Deme. Gramercie louely *Lucius*, what's the newes? 1688

For villanie's markt with rape. May it please you, 1684

My Grandfire well aduif'd hath sent by me, 1685

The goodlieft weapons of his Armorie, 1686

To gratifie your honourable youth, 1687

The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say : 1688

And so I do and with his gifts present 1689

Your Lordships, when euer you haue need, 1690

You may be armed and appointed well, 1691

And so I leaue you both : like bloody villaines. *Exit* 1692

Deme. What's heere? a scrole, & written round about? 1693

Let's see. 1694

Integervitæ scelerisque purus, non egit maury iaculis nec ar- 1695

cus. 1696

Chi. O 'tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well. 1697

I read it in the Grammer long agoe. 1698

Moore. I iust, a verse in *Horace* : right, you haue it, 1699

Now what a thing it is to be an Affe? 1700

Heer's no found iest, the old man hath found their guilt, 1701

And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines, 1702

That wound(beyond their feeling) to the quick : 1703

But were our witty Empreffe well a foot, 1704

She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit : 1705

But let her rest, in her vnrest a while. 1706

And now young Lords, wa's tnot a happy starre 1707

Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then so ; 1708

Captiues, to be aduanced to this height? 1709

It did me good before the Pallace gate, 1710

To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing. 1711

Deme. But me more good, to see so great a Lord 1712

Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts. 1713

Moore. Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*? 1714

Did you not vse his daughter very friendly? 1715

Deme. I would we had a thousand Romane Dames 1716

At such a bay, by turne to ferue our lust. 1717

1578 *Chiron.* A charitable wish, and full of loue.

1579 *Aron.* Here lacks but your mother for to say Amen.

1580 *Chiron.* And that would she for twentie thousand more,

1721 1581 *Deme.* Come let vs goe and pray to all the Gods

1582 For our beloued mother in her paines.

1583 *Aron.* Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.

1584 *Trumpets sound.*

1585 *Dem.* Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus ?

1586 *Chiron.* Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne.

1587 *Deme.* Soft, who comes heere.

1588 *Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore child.*

1589 *Nur.* God morrow Lords, ô tell me did you see *Aron* the

1731 1590 *Aron.* Wel, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all, (Moore

1591 Here *Aron* is, and what with *Aron* now ?

1592 *Nurse.* Oh gentle *Aron*, we are all vndone,

1593 Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.

1594 *Aron.* Why what a catterwaling doost thou keepe,

1595 what doost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes ?

1596 *Nurse.* O that which I would hide from heauens eye,

1597 Our Empreffe shame, and stately Romes disgrace,

1598 Shee is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.

1599 *Aron.* To whom.

1741 1600 *Nurse.* I meane she is brought a bed.

1601 *Aron.* Well god giue her good rest, what hath hee sent

1602 *Nurse.* A deuill. (her ?

1603 *Aron.* Why then she is the deuils Dam, a ioyfull issue,

1604 *Nurse.* A ioyles, difmall, black, and sorrowfull issue,

1605 Here is the babe as loathsome as a toade,

1606 Amongst the fairefast breeders of our clime,

1607 The Empreffe sendes it thee, thy stampe, thy feale,

1608 And bids thee christen it with thy daggers poynt.

1609 *Aron.* Zounds ye whore, is blacke so bafe a hue ?

1610 Sweet blowfe, you are a beautious bloffome sure.

<i>Chi.</i> A charitable with, and full of loue.	1718
<i>Moore.</i> Heere lack's but you mother for to say, Amen.	1719
<i>Chi.</i> And that would she for twenty thousand more.	1720
<i>Deme.</i> Come, let vs go, and pray to all the Gods	1721
For our beloued mot her in her paines.	1722
<i>Moore.</i> Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.	1723
<i>Flourish.</i>	1724
<i>Dem.</i> Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus ?	1725
<i>Chi.</i> Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne.	1726
<i>Deme.</i> Soft, who comes heere ?	1727
<i>Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore childe.</i>	1728
<i>Nur.</i> Good morrow Lords:	1729
O tell me, did you see <i>Aaron</i> the Moore ?	1730
<i>Aron.</i> Well, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all,	1731
Heere <i>Aaron</i> is, and what with <i>Aaron</i> now ?	1732
<i>Nurse.</i> Oh gentle <i>Aaron</i> , we are all vndone,	1733
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.	1734
<i>Aron.</i> Why, what a catterwalling dost thou keepe ?	1735
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes ?	1736
<i>Nurse.</i> O that which I would hide from heauens eye,	1737
Our Empreffe shame, and stately Romes disgrace,	1738
She is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.	1739
<i>Aron</i> To whom ?	1740
<i>Nurse.</i> I meane she is brought a bed ?	1741
<i>Aron.</i> Wel God giue her good rest,	1742
What hath he sent her ?	1743
<i>Nurse.</i> A deuill.	1744
<i>Aron.</i> Why then she is the Deuils Dam : a ioyfull issue.	1745
<i>Nurse.</i> A ioylesse, difmall, blacke &, sorrowfull issue,	1746
Heere is the babe as loathsome as a toad,	1747
Among'st the fairest breeders of our clime,	1748
The Empreffe sends it thee, thy stampe, thy feale,	1747
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.	1750
<i>Aron.</i> Out you whore, is black so base a hue ?	1751
Sweet blowfe, you are a beautious bloffome sure :	1752

- 1611 *Deme.* Villaine what haft thou done ?
 1612 *Aron.* That which thou canst not vndoe.
 1755 1613 *Chiron.* Thou haft vndone our mother.
 1614 *Aron.* Villaine, I haue done thy mother.
 1615 *Deme.* And therein hellish dog thou haft vndone her,
 1616 Woe to her chaunce, and damde her loathed choice,
 1617 Accurst the offspring of so foule a fiend.
 1618 *Chiron.* It shall not liue,
 1619 *Aron.* It shall not die.
 1620 *Nurse.* *Aron* it must, the mother wils it fo.
 1621 *Aron.* VVhat must it Nurse ? then let no man but I.
 1622 Doe execution on my flesh and blood.
 1623 *Dem.* Ile broach the tadpole on my Rapiers poynt,
 1765 1624 Nurse giue it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it.
 1625 *Aron.* Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels vp,
 1626 Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother ?
 1627 Now by the burning tapors of the skie,
 1628 That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
 1629 He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,
 1630 That touches this my first borne sonne and heire :
 1631 I tell you yonglings, not *Enceladus*,
 1632 With all his threatning band of *Typhons* broode,
 1774 1633 Nor great *Aleides*, nor the God of warre,
 1634 Shall ceaze this pray out of his fathers hands :
 1635 What, what, yee sanguine shallow harted boies,
 1636 Yee white limbde walls, ye ale-house painted signes,
 1637 Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
 1638 In that it scornes to beare another hue :
 1639 For all the water in the Ocean,
 1640 Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
 1641 Although shee laue them howrely in the flood :
 1642 Tell the Empreffe from me I am of age
 1643 To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can.
 1644 *Deme.* Wilt thou betray thy noble Mistris thus.
 1786 1645 *Aron.* My mistris is my mistris, this my selfe,
 1646 The vigour, and the picture of my youth :

<i>Deme.</i> Villaine what haft thou done ?	1753
<i>Aron.</i> That which thou canst not vndoe.	1754
<i>Chi.</i> Thou haft vndone our mother.	1755
<i>Deme.</i> And therein hellish dog, thou haft vndone,	1756
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choyce,	1757
Accur'ft the off-spring of so foule a fiend.	1758
<i>Chi.</i> It shall not liue.	1759
<i>Aron.</i> It shall not die.	1760
<i>Nurse.</i> Aaron it must, the mother wils it fo.	1761
<i>Aron.</i> What, must it <i>Nurse</i> ? Then let no man but I	1762
Doe execution on my flesh and blood.	1763
<i>Deme.</i> Ile broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point:	1764
<i>Nurse</i> giue it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it.	1765
<i>Aron.</i> Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels vp.	1766
Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother ?	1767
Now by the burning Tapers of the skie,	1768
That sh'one so brightly when this Boy was got,	1769
He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,	1770
That touches this my first borne sonne and heire.	1771
I tell you young-lings, not <i>Enceladus</i>	1772
With all his threatning band of <i>Typhons</i> broode,	1773.
Nor great <i>Alcides</i> , nor the God of warre,	1774
Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands :	1775.
What, what, ye fanguine shallow harted Boyes,	1776.
Ye white-limb'd walls, ye Ale-houfe painted signes,	1777
Cole-blacke is better then another hue,	1778
In that it scornes to beare another hue :	1779
For all the water in the Ocean,	1780
Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,	1781
Although she laue them hourelly in the flood :	1782
Tell the Empreffe from me, I am of age	1783.
To keepe mine owne, excufe it how she can.	1784
<i>Deme.</i> Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus ?	1785
<i>Aron.</i> My mistress is my mistress: this my selfe,	1786
The vigour, and the picture of my youth :	1787

- 1647 This before all the world doe I preferre,
 1648 This mauger all the world will I keepe safe,
 1649 Or some of you shall smooke for it in Rome.
 1650 *Deme.* By this our mother is for euer shamde.
 1651 *Chiron.* Rome will despise her for this foule escape.
 1652 *Nurse.* The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.
 1653 *Chiron.* I blush to thinke vpon this ignomie.
 1654 *Aron.* Why there's the priuiledge your beautie beares :
 1655 Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing
 1656 The close enacts and counsels of thy hart :
 1657 Heer's a young Lad framde of another leere,
 1799 1658 Looke how the blacke flauie smiles vpon the father,
 1659 As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne.
 1660 He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed
 1661 Of that selfe blood that first gaue life to you,
 1662 And from your wombe where you imprisoned were,
 1663 He is infranchized, and come to light :
 1664 Nay he is your brother by the furer side,
 1665 Although my seale be stamped in his face.
 1666 *Nurse.* *Aron,* what shall I say vnto the Empreffe.
 1808 1667 *Demetrius.* Aduise thee *Aron,* what is to be done,
 1668 And we will all subscribe to thy aduise :
 1669 Saue thou the child, so we may all be safe.
 1670 *Aron.* Then sit we downe and let vs all consult,
 1671 My sonne and I will haue the wind of you :
 1672 Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety.
 1673 *Demetrius.* How many women saw this child of his ?
 1674 *Aron.* Why so braue Lords, when we ioyne in league
 1675 I am a Lambe, but if you braue the *Moore,*
 1676 The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyonesse,
 1677 The Ocean fwels not so as *Aron* stormes :
 1678 But say againe, how many saw the child.
 1820 1679 *Nurse.* *Cornelia* the Midwife and my selfe,
 1680 And no one else but the deliuered Empreffe.
 1681 *Aron.* The Empreffe, the Midwife, and your selfe,
 1682 Two may keepe counsell when the third's away :

This, before all the world do I preferre,	1788
This mauger all the world will I keepe safe,	1789
Or some of you shall smooke for it in Rome,	1790
<i>Deme.</i> By this our mother is for euer sham'd.	1791
<i>Chi.</i> Rome will despise her for this foule escape.	1792
<i>Nur.</i> The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.	1793
<i>Chi.</i> I blush to thinke vpon this ignominie.	1794
<i>Aron.</i> Why ther's the priuiledge your beauty beares:	1795
Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing	1796
The close enact's and counsels of the hart :	1797
Heer's a young Lad fram'd of another leere,	1798
Looke how the blacke flauie smiles vpon the father;	1799
As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne.	1800
He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed	1801
Of that selfe blood that first gaue life to you,	1802
And from that wombe where you imprisoned were	1803
He is infranchised and come to light :	1804
Nay he is your brother by the surer side,	1805
Although my seale be stamped in his face.	1806
<i>Nurse.</i> Aaron what shall I say vnto the Empreffe ?	1807
<i>Dem.</i> Aduise thee <i>Aaron</i> , what is to be done,	1808
And we will all subscribe to thy aduise :	1809
Saue thou the child, so we may all be safe.	1810
<i>Aron.</i> Then sit we downe and let vs all consult.	1811
My sonne and I will haue the winde of you :	1812
Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety.	1813
<i>Deme.</i> How many women saw this childe of his ?	1814
<i>Aron.</i> Why so braue Lords, when we ioyne in league	1815
I am a Lambe: but if you braue the <i>Moore</i> ,	1816
The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyonesse,	1817
The Ocean swells not so at <i>Aaron</i> stormes :	1818
But say againe, how many saw the childe ?	1819
<i>Nurse.</i> <i>Cornelia</i> , the midwife, and my selfe,	1820
And none else but the deliuered Empreffe.	1821
<i>Aron.</i> The Empreffe, the Midwife, and your selfe,	1822
Two may keepe counsell, when the the third's away :	1823

1683 Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said. *He kills her.*
 1684 Weeke, weeke, so cries a Pigge prepared to the spit.
 1685 *Deme.* What mean'ft thou Aron, wherfore didst thou this?

1686 *Aron.* O Lord fir, tis a deede of pollicie,
 1687 Shall she liue to betray this gilt of ours ?
 1688 A long tongu'd babling Gossip, no Lords, no :
 1689 And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
 1690 Not farre, one *Muliteus* my Country-man
 1691 His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
 1884 1692 His child is like to her, faire as you are :
 1693 Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,
 1694 And tell them both the circumstance of all,
 1695 And how by this their child shall be aduaunst,
 1696 And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,
 1697 And substituted in the place of mine,
 1698 To calme this tempest whirling in the Court,
 1699 And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
 1700 Harke yee Lords, you see I haue giuen her phisick,
 1701 And you must needs bestow her funerall,
 1844 1702 The fieldes are neere, and you are gallant Groomes :
 1703 This done, see that you take no longer dayes
 1704 But send the Midwife presently to me.
 1705 The Midwife and the Nurse well made away.
 1706 Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.
 1707 *Chiron.* Aron, I see thou wilt not trust the ayre with secrets.
 1708 *Deme.* For this care of *Tamora*,
 1709 Her selfe, and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt.*
 1710 *Aron.* Now to the *Gothes*, as swift as swallow flies,
 1711 There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
 1712 And secretly to greet the Empresse friendes :
 1713 Come on you thick-lipt-slaue, Ile beare you hence,
 1714 For it is you that puts vs to our shifts :
 1715 Ile make you feede on berries, and on rootes,
 1716 And feede on curds and whay, and sucke the Goate,
 1859 1717 And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp,

Goe to the Empreffe, tell her this I said,	<i>He kills her</i>	1824
Weeke, weeke, fo cries a Pigge prepared to th'fpit.		1825
<i>Deme.</i> What mean'ft thou <i>Aaron</i> ?		1826
Wherefore did'ft thou this ?		1827
<i>Aron.</i> O Lord fir, 'tis a deed of pollicie ?		1828
Shall she liue to betray this guilt of our's :		1829
A long tongu'd babling Goffip ? No Lords no :		1830
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.		1831
Not farre, one <i>Muliteus</i> my Country-man		1832
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,		1833
His childe is like to her, faire as you are :		1834
Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,		1835
And tell them both the circumftance of all,		1836
And how by this their Childe fhall be aduaunc'd,		1837
And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,		1838
And fubftituted in the place of mine,		1839
To calme this tempeft whirling in the Court,		1840
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.		1841
Harke ye Lords, ye fee I haue giuen her phyficke,		1842
And you muft needs beftow her funerall,		1843
The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes :		1844
This done, fee that you take no longer daies		1845
But fend the Midwife prefently to me.		1846
The Midwife and the Nurfe well made away,		1847
Then let the Ladies tattle what they pleafe.		1848
<i>Chi. Aaron</i> I fee thou wilt not ttuft the ayre with fe		1849
<i>Deme.</i> For this care of <i>Tamora</i> ,	(crets.	1850
Her felfe, and hers are highly bound to thee.	<i>Exeunt.</i>	1851
<i>Aron.</i> Now to the Gothes, as fwift as Swallow flies,		1852
There to difpofe this treafure in mine armes,		1853
And fecretly to grette the Empreffe friends :		1854
Come on you thick-lipt-flaue, Ile beare you hence,		1855
For it is you that puts vs to our fhifts :		1856
Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,		1857
And feed on curds and whay, and fucke the Goate,		1858
And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp		1859

1718 To be a warriour and commaund a Campe. *Exit.*

1719 *Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentle-*
 1720 *men with bowes, and Titus beares the arrowes with Letters*
 1721 *on the endes of them.*

1722 *Titus.* Come *Marcus*, come, kinfemen this is the way,
 1723 Sir boy let me see your archerie,
 1866 1724 Looke yee draw home enough and tis there fraight
 1725 *Terras Astrea reliquit*, be you remembred *Marcus*.
 1726 Shee's gone, shees fled, firs take you to your tooles,
 1727 You Cofens shall goe found the Ocean,
 1728 And cast your nets, happily you may catch her in the fea
 1729 Yet ther's as little iustice as at Land :
 1730 No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you must doe it,
 1731 Tis you must dig with mattocke and with spade,
 1732 And pierce the inmost center of the earth,
 1733 Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
 1734 I pray you deliuer him this petition,
 1877 1735 Tell him it is for iustice and for ayde,
 1736 And that it comes from olde *Andronicus*,
 1737 Shaken with forrowes in vngratefull Rome.
 1738 Ah Rome, well, well, I made thee miserable,
 1739 What time I threw the peoples suffrages
 1740 On him that thus doth tyrannize ore mee.
 1741 Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
 1742 And leaue you not a man of warre vnsearcht,
 1743 This wicked Emperour may haue shipt her hence,
 1744 And kinfemen then we may goe pipe for iustice.
 1887 1745 *Marcus.* O *Publius*, is not this a heauie case
 1746 To see thy noble Vnkle this distract ?
 1747 *Publius.* Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
 1748 By day and night t'attend him carefully :
 1749 And feede his humour kindly as we may,
 1750 Till time beget some carefull remedie.
 1751 *Marcus.* Kinfmen, his forrowes are past remedie.

To be a Warriour, and command a Campe. *Exit* 1860

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen 1861

with bowes. and Titus beares the arrowes with 1862

Letters on the end of them. 1863

Tit. Come *Marcus*, come, kinsmen this is the way. 1864

Sir Boy let me see your Archerie, 1865

Looke yee draw home enough, and 'tis there straight : 1866

Terras Astrea reliquit, be you remembred *Marcus*. 1867

She's gone, she's fled, first take you to your tooles, 1868

You Coffens shall goe found the Ocean: 1869

And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea, 1870

Yet ther's as little iustice as at Land : 1871

No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you must doe it, 1872

'Tis you must dig with Mattocke, and with Spade, 1873

And pierce the inmost Center of the earth : 1874

Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region, 1875

I pray you deliuer him this petition, 1876

Tell him it is for iustice, and for aide, 1877

And that it comes from old *Andronicus*, 1878

Shaken with forrowes in vngratefull Rome. 1879

Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miserabile, 1880

What time I threw the peoples suffrages 1881

On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me. 1882

Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all, 1883

And leaue you not a man of warre vnfearecht, 1884

This wicked Emperour may haue shipt her hence, 1885

And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for iustice. 1886

Marc. O *Publius* is not this a heauie case 1887

To see thy Noble Vnckle thus distract ? 1888

Publ. Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes, 1889

By day and night t'attend him carefully : 1890

And feede his humour kindly as we may, 1891

Till time beget some carefull remedie. 1892

Marc. Kinsmen, his forrowes are past remedie. 1893

- 1752 Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,
 1753 Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
 1754 And vengeance on the traytour *Saturnine*.
 1755 *Titus*. *Publius* how now, how now my Maisters,
 1756 VVhat haue you met with her ?
 1757 *Publius*. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* fends you word,
 1900 1758 If you will haue reueuge from hell you shall,
 1759 Marrie for Iustice she is so imployd,
 1760 He thinks with *Ioue* in heauen, or some where else,
 1761 So that perforce you must needs stay a time.
 1762 *Titus*. He doth me wrong to feede me with delayes,
 1763 Ile diue into the burning lake below,
 1764 And pull her out of Acaron by the heeles.
 1765 *Marcus* we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,
 1766 No big-bond-men fram'd of the Cyclops size,
 1767 But mettall *Marcus*, steele to the very backe,
 1768 Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can beare :
 1769 And fith there's no iustice in earth nor hell,
 1770 We will sollicite heauen and moue the Gods,
 1913 1771 To fend downe Iustice for to wreake our wrongs :
 1772 Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*,
 1773 *He giues them the Arrowes.*
 1774 *Ad Iouem*, that's for you, here *ad Apollonem*,
 1775 *Ad Martem*, that's for my selfe,
 1776 Here boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercury*,
 1777 To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
 1778 You were as good to shoote against the wind.
 1779 Too it boy, *Marcus* loofe when I bid,
 1780 Of my word I haue written to effect,
 1781 There's not a God left vnfollicited.
 1782 *Marcus*. Kindsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
 1783 We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.
 1926 1784 *Titus*. Now Maisters draw, oh well said *Lucius*,
 1785 Good boy in *Virgoes* lap, giue it *Pallas*.
 1786 *Marcus*. My Lord, I aime a mile beyond the Moone,
 1787 Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.

Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,	1894
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,	1895
And vengeance on the Traytor <i>Saturnine</i> .	1896
<i>Tit.</i> <i>Publius</i> how now? how now my Maisters?	1897
What haue you met with her?	1898
<i>Publ.</i> No my good Lord, but <i>Pluto</i> fendes you word,	1899
If you will haue reuenge from hell you shall,	1900
Marrie for iustice she is so imploy'd,	1901
He thinkes with <i>Ioue</i> in heauen, or some where else:	1902
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.	1903
<i>Tit.</i> He doth me wrong to feed me with delays,	1904
He diue into the burning Lake below,	1905
And pull her out of <i>Acaron</i> by the heeles.	1906
<i>Marcus</i> we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,	1907
No big-bon'd-men, fram'd of the Cyclops size,	1908
But mettall <i>Marcus</i> , steele to the very backe,	1909
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backe can beare:	1910
And sith there's no iustice in earth nor hell,	1911
We will follicite heauen, and moue the Gods	1912
To fend downe Iustice for to wreake our wongs:	1913
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer <i>Marcus</i> ,	1914
<i>He giues them the Arrowes.</i>	1915
<i>Ad Iouem</i> , that's for you: here <i>ad Appollonem</i> ,	1916
<i>Ad Martem</i> , that's for my selfe,	1917
Heere Boy to <i>Pallas</i> , heere to <i>Mercury</i> ,	1918
To <i>Saturnine</i> , to <i>Caius</i> , not to <i>Saturnine</i> ,	1919
You were as good to shoote against the winde.	1920
Too it Boy, <i>Marcus</i> loose when I bid:	1921
Of my word, I haue written to effect,	1922
Ther's not a God left vnfollicited.	1923
<i>Marc.</i> Kinmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,	1924
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.	1925
<i>Tit.</i> Now Maisters draw, Oh well said <i>Lucius</i> :	1926
Good Boy in <i>Virgoes</i> lap, giue it <i>Pallas</i> .	1927
<i>Marc.</i> My Lord, I aime a Mile beyond the Moone,	1928
Your letter is with <i>Iupiter</i> by this.	1929

- 1788 *Titus.* Ha, ha, *Publius, Publius*, what haft thou done ?
 1789 See, fee, thou haft shot off one of *Taurus* hornes.
 1790 *Marcus.* This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot,
 1791 The Bull being gald, gaue *Aries* such a knocke,
 1984 1792 That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,
 1793 And who should finde them but the Empreffe villaine :
 1794 Shee laught, and tolde the Moore he should not choofe
 1795 But giue them to his maister for a present.
 1796 *Titus.* VVhy there it goes, God giue his Lordship ioy.
- 1797 *Enter the Clowne with a basket and two pidgions in it.*
- 1940 1798 *Titus.* Newes, newes from heauen,
 1799 *Marcus* the poast is come.
 1800 Sirra what tydings, haue you any letters,
 1801 Shall I haue iuftice, what fayes *Iupiter* ?
 1802 *Clowne.* Ho the Iiebbetmaker ? hee fayes that hee hath ta-
 1803 ken them downe againe, for the man muft not be hangd till
 1804 the next weeke.
 1805 *Titus.* But what fayes *Iupiter* I aske thee ?
 1806 *Clowne.* Alas fir, I know not *Iupiter* ?
 1807 I neuer dranke with him in all my life.
 1808 *Titus.* Why villaine, art not thou the Carrier ?
 1809 *Clowne.* I of my pidgions fir, nothing els.
 1810 *Titus.* VVhy, didft thou not come from heauen ?
 1811 *Clowne.* From heauen, alas fir, I neuer came there,
 1954 1812 God forbid I should bee fo bolde, to presse to heauen in my
 1813 young dayes.
 1814 Why I am going with my pigeons to the tribunall Plebs, to
 1815 take vp a matter of brawle betwixt my Vncle, and one of
 1816 the Emperialls men.
 1817 *Marcus.* Why fir, that is as fit as can be to ferue for your
 1818 Oration, and let him deliuer the pigeons to the Emperour
 1819 from you.
 1820 *Titus.* Tell mee, can you deliuer an Oration to the Em-
 1821 perour with a grace.

Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius, Publius*, what haft thou done? 1930
See, see, thou haft shot off one of *Taurus* hornes. 1931

Mar. This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot, 1932
The Bull being gal'd, gaue *Aries* such a knocke, 1933
That downe fall both the Rams hornes in the Court, 1934
And who should finde them but the Empreffe villaine : 1935
She laught, and told the Moore he should not choose 1936
But giue them to his Maister for a present. 1937

Tit. Why there it goes, God giue your Lordship ioy. 1938

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pigeons in it. 1939

Titus. Newes, newes from heauen, 1940

Marcus the poast is come. 1941

Sirrah, what tydings ? haue you any letters ? 1942

Shall I haue Iustice, what sayes *Iupiter* ? 1943

Clowne. Ho the Iibbetmaker, he sayes that he hath ta- 1944
ken them downe againe, for the man muft not be hang'd 1945
till the next weeke. 1946

Tit. But what sayes *Iupiter* I aske thee ? 1947

Clowne. Alas sir I know not *Iupiter* : 1948
I neuer dranke with him in all my life. 1949

Tit. Why villaine art not thou the Carrier ? 1950

Clowne. I of my Pigiions sir, nothing else. 1951

Tit. Why, did'ft thou not come from heauen ? 1952

Clowne. From heauen ? Alas sir, I neuer came there, 1953
God forbid I should be so bold, to preffe to heauen in my 1954
young dayes. Why I am going with my pigeons to the 1955
Tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt 1956
my Vncle, and one of the Emperialls men. 1957

Mar. Why sir, that is as fit as can be to ferue for your 1958
Oration, and let him deliuer the Pigiions to the Emperour 1959
from you. 1960

Tit. Tell mee, can you deliuer an Oration to the Em- 1961
perour with a Grace ? 1962

1822 *Clowne.* Nay truly fir, I could neuer say grace in all my
1823 life.

1965 1824 *Titus.* Sirra come hither, make no more adoe,

1825 But giue your Pidgions to the Emperour,

1826 By me thou shalt haue iustice at his hands,

1827 Hold, hold, meane while here's money for thy charges,

1828 Giue me pen and inke.

1829 Sirra, can you with a grace deliuer a Supplication?

1830 *Clowne.* I fir.

1831 *Titus.* Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you

1832 come to him, at the first approach you must kneele, then kisse

1833 his foote, then deliuer vp your Pidgions, and then looke for

1975 1834 your rewarde. Ile be at hand fir, see you doe it braue-

1835 lie.

1836 *Clowne.* I warrant you fir, let mee alone.

1837 *Titus.* Sirra haft thou a knife? Come let me see it.

1838 Here *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,

1839 For thou haft made it like an humble Suppliant.

1840 And when thou haft giuen it to the Emperour,

1841 Knocke at my doore, and tell me what he sayes.

1842 *Clowne.* God be with you fir, I will. *Exit.*

1843 *Titus.* Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow me.

1844

Exeunt.

1986 1845 *Enter Emperour and Empreffe, and her two sonnes, the*

1846 *Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand*

1847 *that Titus shot at him.*

1848 *Satur.* Why Lordes what wrongs are these, was euer seene,

1849 An Emperour in Rome thus ouer-borne,

1850 Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent

1851 Of egall iustice, vnde in such contempt.

1852 My Lords you know the mightfull Gods,

1853 How euer these disturbers of our peace

<i>Clowne.</i> Nay truly fir, I could neuer fay grace in all my life.	1963 1964
<i>Tit.</i> Sirrah come hither, make no more adoe, But giue your Pigeons to the Emperour, By me thou shalt haue Iustice at his hands. Hold, hold, meane while her's money for thy charges. Giue me pen and inke. Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliuer a Supplication ?	1965 1966 1967 1968 1969 1970
<i>Clowne.</i> I fir	1971
<i>Titus.</i> Then here is a Supplication for you, andwhen you come to him, at the first approach you must kneele, then kisse his foote, then deliuer vp your Pigeons, and then looke for your reward. Ile be at hand fir, see you do it brauely.	1972 1973 1974 1975 1976
<i>Clowne.</i> I warrant you fir, let me alone.	1977
<i>Tit.</i> Sirrha hast thou a knife ? Come let me see it, Heere <i>Marcus</i> , fold it in the Oration, For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant: And when thou hast giuen it the Emperour, Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he faves.	1978 1979 1980 1981 1982
<i>Clowne.</i> God be with you fir, I will.	<i>Exit.</i> 1983
<i>Tit.</i> Come <i>Marcus</i> let vs goe, <i>Publius</i> follow me.	1984
	<i>Exeunt.</i> 1985
<i>Enter Emperour and Empreffe, and her two sonnes, the Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand that Titus shot at him.</i>	1986 1987 1988
<i>Satur.</i> Why Lords, What wrongs are these ? was euer seene An Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne, Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent Of egall iustice, v'd in such contempt ? My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods, (How euer these disturbers of our peace	1989 1990 1991 1992 1993 1994 1995

1854 Buz in the peoples eares, there nought hath past,
 1997 1855 But euen with law against the wilfull fonnes
 1856 Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
 1857 His forrowes haue so ouerwhelmde his wits ?
 1858 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
 1859 His fits, his frenzie, and his bitternes ?
 1860 And now he writes to heauen for his redresse,
 1861 See here's to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercurie*,
 1862 This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre :
 1863 Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of Rome,
 1864 Whats this but libelling against the Senate,
 1865 And blazoning our vniustice euery where,
 1866 A goodly humor, is it not my Lords ?
 1867 As who would say, in Rome no iustice were.
 1868 But if I liue, his fained extasies
 1869 Shall be no shelter to these outrages,
 1870 But he and his shall know that iustice liues
 2013 1871 In *Saturninus* health, whom if he sleepe,
 1872 Hele so awake, as he in furie shall,
 1873 Cut off the proud't conspiratour that liues.
 1874 *Tamora*. My gracious Lord, my louely *Saturnine*,
 1875 Lord of my life, commaunder of my thoughts,
 1876 Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
 1877 Th'effects of sorrow for his valiant fonnes,
 1878 Whose losse hath pearst him deepe, and skard his hart,
 1879 And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 1880 Than profecute the meanest or the best
 2023 1881 For these contempts : Why thus it shall become
 1882 Hie witted *Tamora* to glose with all,
 1883 But *Titus* I haue touched thee to the quick.
 1884 Thy life blood out : if *Aron* now be wise,
 1885 Then is all safe, the Anchor in the port.

1886

Enter Clowne.

1887 How now good fellow, wouldst thou speake with vs ?
 2030 1888 *Clowne*. Yea forfooth, & your Miftership be Emperiall.

Buz in the peoples eares) there nought hath past, 1996
 But euen with law against the willfull Sonnes 1997
 Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if 1998
 His forrowes haue so ouerwhelm'd his wits, 1999
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes, 2000
 His fits, his frenzie, and his bitterneffe ? 2001
 And now he writes to heauen for his redreffe. 2002
 See, heeres to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercury*, 2003
 This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre : 2004
 Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of Rome : 2005
 What's this but Libelling against the Senate, 2006
 And blazoning our Iniustice euey where ? 2007
 A goodly humour, is it not my Lords ? 2008
 As who would say, in Rome no Iustice were. 2009
 But if I liue, his fained extasies 2010
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages : 2011
 But he and his shall know, that Iustice liues 2012
 In *Saturninus* health ; whom if he sleepe, 2013
 Hee'l so awake, as he in fury shall 2014
 Cut off the proud'ft Conspirator that liues. 2015
Tamo. My gracious Lord, my louely *Saturnine*, 2016
 Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts, 2017
 Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age, 2018
 Th'effects of forrow for his valiant Sonnes, 2019
 Whose losse hath pier'ft him deepe, and scar'd his heart ; 2020
 And rather comfort his distressed plight, 2021
 Then profecute the meanest or the best 2022
 For these contempts, Why thus it shall become 2023
 High witted *Tamora* to glofe with all : *Afide*. 2024
 But *Titus*, I haue touch'd thee to the quicke, 2025
 Thy life blood out : If *Aaron* now be wise, 2026
 Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Port. 2027

Enter Clowne. 2028

How now good fellow, would'ft thou speake with vs ? 2029

Clow. Yea forfooth, and your Miftership be Emperiall. 2030

1889 *Tamora.* Empresse I am, but yonder fits the *Emperour*.
 1890 *Clowne.* Tis he, God and Saint Stephen giue you godden,
 1891 I haue brought you a letter and a couple of pidgions heere.

1892 *Hee reades the Letter.*

1893 *Satur.* Goe take him away, and hang him presently?

1894 *Clowne.* How much money muft I haue.

1895 *Tamora.* Come firra you muft be hanged.

1896 *Clowne.* Hangd be Lady, then I haue brought vp a necke

2039 1897 to a faire end.

1898

Exit.

1899 *Satur.* Difpightfull and intollerable wrongs,

1900 Shall I endure this monftrous villanie?

1901 I know from whence this fame deuife procedes.

1902 May this be borne, as if his trayterous fonnes,

1903 That dyde by law for murder of our brother,

1904 Haue by my meanes been butchered wrongfully.

1905 Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,

1906 Nor age, nor honour, shall fhape priuiledge,

1907 For this proude mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man,

1908 Sly franticke wretch, that holpft to make me great,

2050 1909 In hope thy felfe fhould gouerne Rome and mee.

1910

Enter Nuntius Emillius.

1911 *Satur.* What newes with thee *Emillius*?

1912 *Emillius.* Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more caufe,

1913 The Gothes haue gathered head, and with a power

1914 Of high refolued men, bent to the fpoyle,

1915 They hither march amaine, vnder conduct

1916 Of *Lucius*, fonne to old *Andronicus*,

2058 1917 Who threates in courfe of this reuenge to doe

1918 As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.

1919 *King.* Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the *Gothes*,

Tam. Empresse I am, but yonder fits the Emperour. 2031
Clo. 'Tis he; God & Saint Stephen giue you good den; 2032
 I haue brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pigiions heere. 2033

He reads the Letter. 2034

Satu. Goe take him away, and hang him prefently. 2035
Clowne. How much money muft I haue? 2036
Tam. Come firrah you muft be hang'd. 2037
Clo. Hang'd? ber Lady, then I haue brought vp a neck 2038
 to a faire end. *Exit.* 2039

Satu. Despightfull and intollerable wrongs, 2040
 Shall I endure this monftrous villany? 2041
 I know from whence this fame deuife procedes : 2042
 May this be borne? As if his traytrous Sonnes, 2043
 That dy'd by law for murther of our Brother, 2044
 Haue by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully? 2045
 Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire, 2046
 Nor Age, nor Honour, fhall fhape priuiledge : 2047
 For this proud mocke, Ile be thy fllaughter man : 2048
 Sly franticke wretch, that holp'ft to make me great, 2049
 In hope thy felfe fhould gouerne Rome and me. 2050.

Enter Nuntius Emillius. 2051

Satur. What newes with thee *Emillius*? 2052.
Emil. Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more caufe, 2053.
 The Gothes haue gather'd head, and with a power 2054
 Of high refolued men, bent to the fpoyle 2055
 They hither march amaine, vnder conduct 2056
 Of *Lucius*, Sonne to old *Andronicus* : 2057.
 Who threats in courfe of this reuenge to do 2058
 As much as euer *Coriolanus* did. 2059
King. Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the Gothes? 2060

- 1920 These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
 1921 As flowers with frost, or grasse beate downe with stormes :
 1922 I now begins our forrowes to approach,
 1923 Tis he the common people loue so much,
 1924 My selfe hath often heard them say,
 1925 When I haue walked like a priuate man,
 2087 1926 That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,
 1927 And they haue wisht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.
 1928 *Tamora*. Why should you feare, is not your Citty strong?
 1929 *King*. I but the Cittizens fauour *Lucius*,
 1930 And will reuolt from me to succour him.
 1931 *Tamora*. *King*, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
 1932 Is the Sunne dimd, that Gnats doe flie in it,
 1933 The Eagle suffers little birds to sing,
 1934 And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
 1935 Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
 1936 He can at pleasure stint their melody.
 1937 Euen so mayest thou the giddy men of Rome,
 1938 Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,
 :2080 1939 I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
 1940 With words more sweet and yet more dangerous
 1941 Then baites to fish, or honey stalks to sheepe,
 1942 When as the one is wounded with the baite,
 1943 The other rotted with delicious feede.
 1944 *King*. But he will not intreate his sonne for vs.
 1945 *Tamora*. If *Tamora* intreate him than he will,
 1946 For I can smooth and fill his aged eares,
 1947 With golden promises, that were his hart
 1948 Almost impregnable, his old yeares deafe,
 1949 Yet should both eare and hart obay my tongue.
 1950 Goe thou before to be our Embassadour,
 2092 1951 Say that the Emperour requests a parly,
 1952 Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting,
 1953 Euen at his *Fathers* house the old *Andronicus*.
 1954 *King*. *Emillius* doe this message honourably,
 1955 And if he stand in hofstage for his safety,

These tydings nip me, and I hang the head	2061
As flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with stormes :	2062
I, now begins our sorrowes to approach,	2063
'Tis he the common people loue so much,	2064
My selfe hath often heard them say,	2065
(When I haue walked like a priuate man)	2066
That <i>Lucius</i> banishment was wrongfully,	2067
And they haue wisht that <i>Lucius</i> were their Emperour.	2068
<i>Tam.</i> Why should you feare? Is not our City strong?	2069
<i>King.</i> I, but the Cittizens fauour <i>Lucius</i> ,	2070
And will reuolt from me, to succour him.	2071
<i>Tam.</i> <i>King,</i> be thy thoughts Imperious like thy name.	2072
Is the Sunne dim'd, that Gnats do flie in it ?	2073
The Eagle suffers little Birds to sing,	2074
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,	2075
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,	2076
He can at pleasure stint their melodie.	2077
Euen so mayest thou, the giddy men of Rome,	2078
Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,	2079
I will enchaunt the old <i>Andronicus</i> ,	2080
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous	2081
Then baites to fish, or hony stalke s to sheepe,	2082
When as the one is wounded with the baite,	2083
The other rotted with delicious foode.	2084
<i>King.</i> But he will not entreat his Sonne for vs.	2085
<i>Tam.</i> If <i>Tamora</i> entreat him, then he will,	2086
For I can smooth and fill his aged eare,	2087
With golden promifes, that were his heart	2088
Almost Impregnable, his old eares deafe,	2089
Yet should both eare and heart obey my tongue.	2090
Goe thou before to our Embassadour,	2091
Say, that the Emperour requests a parly	2092
Of warlike <i>Lucius</i> , and appoint the meeting.	2093
<i>King.</i> <i>Emillius</i> do this meffage Honourably,	2094
And if he stand in Hostage for his safety,	2095

1956 Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best.

1957 *Emillius*. Your bidding shall I doe effectually.

1958 *Exit.*

1959 *Tamora*. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,

1960 And temper him with all the Art I haue,

1961 To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Gothes*.

1962 And now sweet Emperour be blith againe,

1963 And bury all thy feare in my deuifes.

2103 1964 *Saturnine*. Then goe succellantly and pleade to him.

1965 *Exeunt.*

1966 *Enter Lucius with an Armie of Gothes, with*

1967 *Drums and Souldiers.*

1968 *Lucius*. Approued warriors, and my faithfull friends,

1969 I haue receaued letters from great Rome,

1970 Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,

1971 And how desirous of our fight they are.

1972 Therefore great Lords be as your titles witnes,

2111 1973 Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs,

1974 And wherein Rome hath done you any skath,

1975 Let him make trebble satisfaction.

1976 *Goth*. Braue slip sprung from the great *Andronicus*,

1977 Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort.

1978 Whose high exploits and honourable deeds,

1979 Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt,

1980 Be bold in vs weele follow where thou leadst,

1981 Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommers day,

1982 Led by their Maister to the flowred fields,

2121 1983 And be aduengd on curfed *Tamora* :

1984 And as he saith, so say we all with him.

1985 *Lucius*. I humbly thanke him and I thank you all.

1986 But who comes heere led by a lusty *Goth* ?

Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best. 2096
Emill. Your bidding shall I do effectually. *Exit.* 2097

Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*, 2098
 And temper him with all the Art I haue, 2099
 To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Gothes*. 2100
 And now sweet Emperour be blithe againe, 2101
 And bury all thy feare in my deuifes. 2102
Satu. Then goe successefully and plead for him. *Exit.* 2103

Aëtus Quintus.

Flourish. Enter *Lucius* with an Army of *Gothes*, 2104
 with Drum and Souldiers. 2105

Luci. Approued Warriours, and my faithfull Friends, 2106
 I haue receiued Letters from great Rome, 2107
 Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour, 2108
 And how desirous of our fight they are. 2109
 Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witnesse, 2110
 Imperious and impatient of your wrongs, 2111
 And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe, 2112
 Let him make treble satisfaction, 2113

Goth. Braue slip, sprung from the Great *Andronicus*, 2114
 Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort, 2115
 Whose high exploits, and honourable Deeds, 2116
 Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt : 2117
 Behold in vs, weele follow where thou lead'st 2118
 Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommers day, 2119
 Led by their Maister to the flowred fields, 2120
 And be aueng'd on curst *Tamora* : 2121
 And as he saith, so say we all with him. 2122

Luci. I humbly thanke him, and I thanke you all, 2123
 But who comes heere, led by a lusty *Goth*? 2124

1987 *Enter a Goth leading of Aron with his child*
 1988 *in his armes.*

- 1989 *Goth.* Renowmed *Lucius* from our troups I fraid,
 1990 To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie,
 1991 And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye,
 1992 Vpon the wafed building suddainly,
 1993 I heard a child cry vnderneath a wall,
 2132 1994 I made vnto the noife, when foone I heard,
 1995 The crying babe controld with this discourse :
 1996 Peace tawny flauē, halfe me, and halfe thy dam,
 1997 Did not thy hue bewray whofe brat thou art,
 1998 Had nature lent thee but thy mothers looke,
 1999 Villaine thou mightst haue beene an Emperour.
 2000 But where the Bull and Cow are both milke white,
 2001 They neuer doe beget a cole-blacke Calfe :
 2140 2002 Peace villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
 2003 For I must beare thee to a trusty *Goth*,
 2004 Who when he knowes thou art the Empreffe babe,
 2005 Will hold thee dearely for thy mothers fake.
 2006 With this my weapon drawne I rusht vpon him
 2007 Surprizd him suddainly, and brought him hither
 2008 To vse as you thinke needfull of the man.
 2009 *Lucius.* Oh worthy *Goth*, this is the incarnate deuil,
 2010 That robd *Andronicus* of his good hand,
 2011 This is the Pearle that pleafd your Empreffe eye,
 2012 And here's the bafe fruite of her burning lust,
 2013 Say wall-eyd flauē whither wouldst thou conuay,
 2014 This growing Image of thy fiendlike face,
 2153 2015 Why doost not speake ? what deafe, not a word ?
 2016 A halter Souldiers, hang him on this tree,
 2017 And by his side his fruite of Bastardie.
 2018 *Aron.* Touch not the boy, he is of Royall blood.
 2019 *Lucius.* Too like the fier for euer being good,
 2020 First hang the child that he may see it sprall,
 2021 A fight to vexē the Fathers soule withall.

*Enter a Goth leading of Aaron with his child
in his armes.* 2125
2126

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troupes I straid, 2127
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie, 2128
And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye 2129
Vpon the wasted building, suddainely 2130
I heard a childe cry vnderneath a wall : 2131
I made vnto the noyfe, when soone I heard, 2132
The crying babe control'd with this discourfe : 2133
Peace Tawny slaue, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam, 2134
Did not thy Hue bewray whofe brat thou art ? 2135
Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke, 2136
Villaine thou migh't haue bene an Emperour. 2137
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk-white, 2138
They neuer do beget a cole-blacke-Calfe : 2139
Peace, villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe, 2140
For I muft beare thee to a trusty Goth, 2141
Who when he knowes thou art the Empreffe babe, 2142
Will hold thee dearely for thy Mothers sake. 2143
With this, my weapon drawne I rusht vpon him, 2144
Surpriz'd him suddainely, and brought him hither 2145
To vse, as you thinke needefull of the man. 2146
Luci. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuill, 2147
That rob'd *Andronicus* of his good hand : 2148
This is the Pearle that pleaf'd your Empreffe eye, 2149
And heere's the Bafe Fruit of his burning lust. 2150
Say wall-ey'd flauie, whether would'ft thou conuay 2151
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face ? 2152
Why dost not speake ? what deafe ? Not a word ? 2153
A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree, 2154
And by his side his Fruite of Bastardie. 2155
Aron. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood. 2156
Luci. Too like the Syre for euer being good. 2157
First hang the Child that he may see it sprall, 2158
A fight to vex the Fathers soule withall. 2159

- 2022 *Aron.* Get me a ladder, *Lucius* saue the child,
 2023 And beare it from me to the Empreffe :
 2024 If thou doe this, ile shew thee wondrous things,
 2025 That highly may aduantage thee to heare,
 2164 2026 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
 2027 Ile speake no more, but vengeance rot you all.
 2028 *Lucius.* Say on, and if it please me which thou speakest,
 2029 Thy child shall liue, and I will see it nourisht.
 2030 *Aron.* And if it please thee ? why assure thee *Lucius*,
 2031 Twill vex thee foule to heare what I shall speake :
 2032 For I must talke of murthers, rapes, and massacres,
 2033 Acts of black night, abhominable deeds,
 2034 Complots of mischief, treason, villainies,
 2035 Ruthfull to heare, yet pittuously performd,
 2036 And this shall all be buried in my death,
 2037 Vnlesse thou sweare to me my child shall liue.
 2176 2038 *Lucius.* Tell on thy mind, I say thy child shall liue.

 2039 *Aron.* Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.
 2040 *Lucius.* Who should I sweare by, thou belieuest no God,
 2041 That graunted, how canst thou beleue an oath.
 2042 *Aron.* What if I doe not, as indeede I doe not,
 2043 Yet for I know thou art religious,
 2044 And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
 2045 With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
 2046 Which I haue seene thee carefull to obserue,
 2047 Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know,
 2048 An Ideot holds his bauble for a God,
 2189 2049 And keepes the oath which by that God he sweares,
 2050 To that I'll vrge him : therefore thou shalt vow
 2051 By that same God, what God so ere it be
 2052 That thou adorest, and hast in reuerence,
 2053 To saue my boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
 2054 Or else I will discouer nought to thee.
 2055 *Lucius.* Euen by my God I sweare to thee I will.

- Aron.* Get me a Ladder *Lucius*, faue the Childe, 2160
 And beare it from me to the Empreffe : 2161
 If thou do this, Ile shew thee wondrous things, 2162
 That highly may aduantage thee to heare ; 2163
 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall, 2164
 Ile speake no more : but vengeance rot you all. 2165
- Luci.* Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st, 2166
 Thy child shall liue, and I will see it Nourisht. 2167
- Aron.* And if it please thee ? why assure thee *Lucius*, 2168
 'Twill vex thee foule to heare what I shall speake : 2169
 For I must talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Maffacres, 2170
 Acts of Blacke-night, abhominable Deeds, 2171
 Complots of Mischiefe, Treason, Villanies 2172
 Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiously preform'd, 2173
 And this shall all be buried by my death, 2174
 Vnlesse thou sweare to me my Childe shall liue. 2175
- Luci.* Tell on thy minde, 2176
 I say thy Childe shall liue. 2177
- Aron.* Swear that he shall, and then I will begin. 2178
- Luci.* Who should I sweare by, 2179
 Thou beleueest no God, 2180
 That graunted, how can'st thou beleue an oath ? 2181
- Aron.* What if I do not, as indeed I do not, 2182
 Yet for I know thou art Religious, 2183
 And hast a thing within thee, called Conscience, 2184
 With twenty Popish trickes and Ceremonies, 2185
 Which I haue seene thee careful to obserue : 2186
 Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know 2187
 An Ideot holds his Bauble for a God, 2188
 And keeps the oath which by that God he sweares, 2189
 To that Ile vrge him : therefore thou shalt vow 2190
 By that same God, what God so ere it be 2191
 That thou adorest, and hast in reuerence, 2192
 To faue my Boy, to nourish and bring him vp, 2193
 Ore else I will discouer nought to thee. 2194
- Luci.* Euen by my God I sweare to thee I will, 2195

2056 *Aron.* First know thou, I begot him on the Empreſſe,

2057 *Lucius.* Oh moſt infatiate and luxurious woman.

2058 *Aron.* Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deede of charitie,

2200 2059 To that which thou ſhalt heare of me anon,

2060 Twas her two ſonnes that murdered *Baſſianus*,

2061 They cut thy fifters tongue and rauifht her,

2062 And cut her hands, and trimd her as thou ſaweſt.

2063 *Lucius.* Oh deteſtable villaine, call'ſt thou that trimming.

2064 *Aron* Why ſhe was waſht, and cut, and trimd,

2065 And twas trim ſport for them that had the dooing of it.

2066 *Lucius.* Oh barberous beaſtly villaines like thy ſelfe.

2067 *Aron.* Indeed I was their tutor to inſtruct them,

2068 That coddng ſpirit had they from theyr mother,

2069 As ſure a carde as euer wone the ſet :

2070 That bloody minde I thinke they learnd of me,

2213 2071 As true a dog as euer fought at head :

2072 VVell, let my deedes be witnes of my worth,

2073 I traynde thy brethren to that guilefull hole,

2074 Where the dead corps of *Baſſianus* lay :

2075 I wrote the Letter that thy Father found

2076 And hid the gold within the Letter mentioned.

2077 Gonfederate with the Queene, and her two ſonnes.

2078 And what not done, that thou haſt cauſe to rue,

2079 Wherein I had no ſtroke of miſchiefe in it,

2080 I playd the cheater for thy Fathers hand,

2081 And when I had it, drew my ſelfe a part,

2082 And almoſt broke my hart with extreame laughter,

2225 2083 I pried me through the creuie of a wall,

2084 VVhen for his hand he had his two ſonnes heads,

2085 Beheld his teares, and laught ſo hartily,

2086 That both mine eyes were rainie like to his :

2087 And when I told the Empreſſe of thys ſport,

2088 Shee founded almoſt at my pleaſing tale,

2089 And for my tydings gaue me twenty kiſſes.

<i>Aron.</i> First know thou,	2196
I be got him on the Empresse.	2197
<i>Luci.</i> Oh most Infatiate luxurious woman !	2198
<i>Aron.</i> Tut <i>Lucius</i> , this was but a deed of Charitie,	2199
To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,	2200
'Twas her two Sonnes that murdered <i>Bassianus</i> ,	2201
They cut thy Sisters tongue, and rauisht her,	2202
And cut her hands off, and trim'd her as thou saw'st.	2203
<i>Lucius.</i> Oh detestable villaine !	2204
Call'st thou that Trimming ?	2205
<i>Aron.</i> Why she was waht, and cut, and trim'd,	2206
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it.	2207
<i>Luci.</i> Oh barbarous beastly villaines like thy selfe !	2208
<i>Aron.</i> Indeede, I was their Tutor to instruct them,	2209
That Codding spirit had they from their Mother,	2210
As sure a Card as euer wonne the Set :	2211
That bloody minde I thinke they learn'd of me,	2212
As true a Dog as euer fought at head.	2213
Well, let my Deeds be witnesse of my worth :	2214
I trayn'd thy Bretheren to that guilefull Hole,	2215
Where the dead Corps of <i>Bassianus</i> lay :	2216
I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,	2217
And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd.	2218
Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonnes,	2219
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,	2220
Wherein I had no stroke of Mischeife in it.	2221
I play'd the Cheater for thy Fathers hand,	2222
And when I had it, drew my selfe apart,	2223
And almost broke my heart with extreame laughter.	2224
I pried me through the Creuce of a Wall,	2225
When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heads,	2226
Beheld his teares, and laught so hartily,	2227
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his :	2228
And when I told the Empresse of this sport,	2229
She founded almost at my pleasing tale,	2230
And for my tydings, gaue me twenty kiffes.	2231

2090

Goth.

2232 2091 VVhat canst thou fay all this, and neuer blufh.

2092

Aron.

2093 I like a blacke dogge as the faying is.

2094

Lucius.

2095 Art thou not forry for these hainous deedes.

2096

Aron.

2235 2097 I that I had not doone a thoufand more,
 2098 Euen now I curfe the day, and yet I thinke
 2099 Few come within the compaffe of my curfe,
 2100 Wherein I did not fome notorious ill,
 2101 As kill a man, or elfe deuife his death,
 2102 Rauifh a mayde, or plot the way to doe it,
 2103 Accufe fome innocent, and forfwear my felfe,
 2104 Set deadly enmitie betweene two friends,
 2105 Make poore mens cattle breake theyr necks,
 2106 Set fire on Barnes and hayftakes in the night,
 2107 And bid the owners quench them with their teares
 2108 Oft haue I digd vp dead men from theyr graues,
 2109 And fet them vpright at their deere friends doore,
 2110 Euen when their forrowes almoft was forgot,
 2111 And on theyr skinnes, as on the barke of trees,
 2250 2112 Haue with my knife carued in Romaine letters,
 2113 Let not your forrow die, though I am dead,
 2114 Tut, I haue done a thoufand dradfull thinges
 2115 As willingly as one would kill a flie,
 2116 And nothing greeues me hartily indee de,
 2117 But that I cannot doe tenne thoufand more.
 2118 *Lucius.* Bring downe the deuill, for he muft not die
 2119 So fweet a death as hanging prefently.
 2120 *Aron.* If there be deuils, would I were a deuill,
 2121 To liue and burne in euerlafting fire,

Goth. What canst thou fay all this, and neuer blush ? 2232

Aron. I, like a blacke Dogge, as the faying is. 2233

Luci. Art thou not forry for these hainous deedes ? 2234

Aron. I, that I had not done a thousand more : 2235
 Euen now I curse the day, and yet I thinke 2236
 Euen come within few compasse of my curse, 2237
 Wherein I did not some Notorious ill, 2238
 As kill a man, or else deuise his death, 2239
 Rauish a Maid, or plot the way to do it, 2240
 Accuse some Innocent, and forswear my selfe, 2241
 Set deadly Enmity betweene two Friends, 2242
 Make poore mens Cattell breake their neckes, 2243
 Set fire on Barnes and Haystackes in the night, 2244
 And bid the Owners quench them with the teares : 2245
 Oft haue I dig'd vp dead men from their graues, 2246
 And fet them vpright at their deere Friends doore, 2247
 Euen when their sorrowes almost was forgot, 2248
 And on their skinnes, as on the Barke of Trees, 2249
 Haue with my knife carued in Romaine Letters, 2250
 Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead, 2251
 Tut, I haue done a thousand dreadfull things 2252
 As willingly, as one would kill a Fly, 2253
 And nothing grieues me hartily indeede, 2254
 But that I cannot doe ten thousand more. 2255

Luci. Bring downe the diuell, for he must not die 2256
 So sweet a death as hanging presently. 2257

Aron. If there be diuels, would I were a deuill, 2258
 To liue and burne in euerlasting fire, 2259

2260 2122 So I might haue your company in hell
 2123 But to torment you with my bitter tongue.
 2124 *Lucius.* Sirs stop his mouth, and let him speake no more.

2125 *Enter Emillius.*

2126 *Goth.* My Lord there is a messenger from Rome
 2127 Desires to be admitted to your prefence.
 2128 *Lucius.* Let him come neere.
 2129 Welcome *Emillius*, what's the newes from Rome ?
 2130 *Emil.* Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
 2131 The Romaine Emperour greets you all by mee,
 2132 And for he vnderstands you are in Armes,
 2271 2133 He craues a parley at your Fathers houfe
 2134 Willing you to demaund your hostages,
 2135 And they shall be immediatly deliuered.
 2136 *Goth.* What fayes our Generall ?
 2137 *Lucius.* *Emillius*, let the Emperour giue his pledges
 2138 Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcus*,
 2139 And we will come, march away.

2140 *Enter Tamora, and her two sonnes disguised.*

2141 *Tamora.* Thus in this strange and sad habillament,
 2280 2142 I will encounter with *Andronicus*.
 2143 And say, I am Reuenge sent from below,
 2144 To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs,
 2145 Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,
 2146 To ruminat strange plots of diere Reuenge,
 2147 Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
 2148 And worke confusion on his enemies.

2287 2149 *They knocke and Titus opens his studie doore.*

2150 *Titus.* Who doth molest my contemplation ?
 2151 Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,

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	So I might haue your company in hell,	2260
	But to torment you with my bitter tongue.	2261
	<i>Luci.</i> Sirs stop his mouth, & let him speake no more.	2262
	<i>Enter Emillius.</i>	2263
	<i>Goth.</i> My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome	2264
	Desires to be admitted to your prefence.	2265
	<i>Luc.</i> Let him come neere.	2266
	Welcome <i>Emillius</i> , what the newes from Rome ?	2267
	<i>Emi.</i> Lord <i>Lucius</i> , and you Princes of the Gothes,	2268
	The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me,	2269
	And for he vnderstands you are in Armes,	2270
	He craues a parly at your Fathers house	2271
	Willing you to demand your Hostages,	2272
	And they shall be immediately deliuered.	2273
	<i>Goth.</i> What saies our Generall ?	2274
	<i>Luc.</i> <i>Emillius</i> , let the Emperour giue his pledges	2275
	Vnto my Father, and my Vncle <i>Marcus</i> ,	<i>Flourish.</i> 2276
	And we will come : march away.	<i>Exeunt.</i> 2277
	<i>Enter Tamora, and her two Sonnes disguised.</i>	2278
	<i>Tam.</i> Thus in this strange and sad Habilliamment,	2279
	I will encounter with <i>Andronicus</i> ,	2280
	And say, I am Reuenge sent from below,	2281
	To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs :	2282
	Knocke at his study where they say he keeps,	2283
	To ruminat strange plots of dire Reuenge,	2284
	Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,	2285
	And worke confusion on his Enemies.	2286
	<i>Tbey knocke and Titus opens his study dore.</i>	2287
	<i>Tit.</i> Who doth mollest my Contemplation ?	2288
	Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,	2289

- 2152 That fo my fad decrees may flie away,
 2153 And all my ftudy be to no effect.
 2154 You are deceau'd, for what I meane to doe,
 2155 See heere in bloody lines I haue fet downe.
 2156 And what is written fhall be executed.
 2157 *Tamora.* *Titus,* I am come to talke with thee.
 2158 *Titus.* No not a word, how can I grace my talke,
 2159 Wanting a hand to giue that accord,
 2298 2160 Thon haft the ods of me therefore no more. (me
- 2161 *Tamora.* If thou didft knowe me thou wouldft talke with
 2162 *Titus.* I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
 2163 Witnes this wretched ftump, witnes thefe crimfon lines,
- 2164 Witnes thefe trenchers made by grieffe and care,
 2165 Witnes the tiring day and heauy night,
 2166 Witnes all forrow that I know thee well
 2167 For our proud Empreffee, mighty *Tamora* :
 2168 Is not thy comming for my other hand.
 2169 *Tamora.* Know thou fad man, I am not *Tamora*,
 2170 Shee is thy enemie, and I thy friend,
 2171 I am Reuenge fent from th'infernall Kingdome,
 2172 To eafe the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
 2313 2173 By working wreakeful vengeance on thy foes :
 2174 Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
 2175 Conferre with me of murder and of death,
 2176 There's not a hollow Caue or lurking place,
 2177 No vault obfcurity or mifty vale,
 2178 Where bloody murther or detefted rape,
 2179 Can couch for feare but I will finde them out,
 2180 And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
 2321 2181 Reuenge which makes the foule offender quake.
 2182 *Titus.* Art thou Reuenge ? and art thou fent to me,
 2183 To be a torment to thine enemies.
 2184 *Tamora.* I am, therefore come downe and welcome me ?
 2185 *Titus.* Doe me fome feruice ere I come to thee,

That fo my fad decrees may flie away,	2290
And all my studie be to no effect ?	2291
You are deceiu'd, for what I meane to do,	2292
See heere in bloody lines I haue fet downe :	2293
And what is written fhall be executed.	2294
<i>Tam. Titus,</i> I am come to talke with thee,	2295
<i>Tit.</i> No not a word : how can I grace my talke,	2296
Wanting a hand to giue it action,	2297
Thou haft the ods of me, therefore no more.	2298
<i>Tam.</i> If thou did'ft know me,	2299
Thou would'ft talke with me.	2300
<i>Tit.</i> I am not mad, I know thee well enough,	2301
Witneffe this wretched flump,	2302
Witneffe thefe crimfon lines,	2303
Witneffe thefe Trenches made by grieffe and care,	2304
Witneffe the tyring day, and heauie night,	2305
Witneffe all forrow, that I know thee well	2306
For our proud Empreffe, Mighty <i>Tamora</i> :	2307
Is not thy comming for my other hand ?	2308
<i>Tamo.</i> Know thou fad man, I am not <i>Tamora</i> ,	2309
She is thy Enemie, and I thy Friend,	2310
I am Reuenge fent from th'infernall Kingdome,	2311
To eafe the gnawing Vulture of the mind,	2312
By working wreakefull vengeance on my Foes :	2313
Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,	2314
Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,	2315
Ther's not a hollow Caue or lurking place,	2316
No Vaft obfcurity, or Mifty vale,	2317
Where bloody Murther or detefted Rape,	2318
Can couch for feare, but I will finde them out,	2319
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,	2320
Reuenge, which makes the foule offenders quake.	2321
<i>Tit.</i> Art thou Reuenge? and art thou fent to me,	2322
To be a torment to mine Enemies ?	2323
<i>Tam.</i> I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.	2324
<i>Tit.</i> Doe me fome feruice ere I come to thee :	2325

- 2186 Loe by thy fide where Rape and Murder stands,
 2187 Now giue some furance that thou art Reuenge,
 2188 Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheelles,
 2189 And then ile come and be thy Waggoner,
 2190 And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
 2191 Prouide thee two proper Palfrayes, black as Iet,
 2192 To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,
 2193 And finde out murder in their guilty cares.
 2194 And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
 2335 2195 I will difmount, and by the Waggon wheele,
 2196 Trot like a feruile footeman all day long,
 2197 Euen from *Epeons* rifing in the Eaft,
 2198 Vntill his very downfall in the Sea.
 2199 And day by day ile doe this heauy taske,
 2200 So thou deftroy Rapine and Murder there.
 2201 *Tamora.* Thefe are my minifters and come with me.
 2202 *Titus.* Are them thy minifters, what are they call'd?
 2203 *Tamora.* Rape and Murder, therefore called fo,
 2204 Caufe they take vengeance of fuch kind of men.
 2205 *Titus.* Good Lord how like the Empreffe Sonnes they are,
 2206 And you the Empreffe, but we worldly men
 2347 2207 Haue miserable mad miftaking eyes :
 2208 Oh fweet Reuenge, now doe I come to thee,
 2209 And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
 2210 I will imbrace thee in it by and by.
 2211 *Tamora.* This clofing with him fits his Lunacie,
 2212 What ere I forge to feede his braine-ficke fits,
 2213 Doe you vphold, and maintaine in your fpeeches,
 2214 For now he firmly takes me for Reuenge,
 2215 And being credulous in this mad thought,
 2216 Ile make him fend for *Lucius* his fonne,
 2357 2217 And whilst I at a banquet hold him fure,
 2218 Ile finde fome cunning praçtife out of hand
 2219 To fcatter and difperfe the giddie Gothes,
 2220 Or at the leaft make them his enemies :
 2221 See heere he comes, and I muft ply my theame.

Loe bythy fide where Rape and Murder stands,	2326
Now giue some furance that thou art Reuenge,	2327
Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,	2328
And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,	2329
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.	2330
Prouide thee two proper Palfries, as blacke as Iet,	2331
To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,	2332
And finde out Murder in their guilty cares.	2333
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,	2334
I will difmount, and by the Waggon wheele,	2335
Trot like a Setuile footeman all day long,	2336
Euen from <i>Eptons</i> rising in the East,	2337
Vntill his very downefall in the Sea.	2338
And day by day Ile do this heauy taske,	2339
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.	2340
<i>Tam.</i> These are my Ministers, and come with me.	2341
<i>Tit.</i> Are them thy Ministers, what are they call'd?	2342
<i>Tam.</i> Rape and Murder, therefore called so,	2343
Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.	2344
<i>Tit.</i> Good Lord how like the Empreffe Sons they are,	2345
And you the Empreffe : But we worldly men,	2346
Haue miserable mad mistaking eyes :	2347
Oh sweet Reuenge, now do I come to thee,	2348
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,	2349
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.	2350
<i>Tam.</i> This closing with him, fits his Lunacie,	2351
What ere I forge to feede his braine-sicke fits,	2352
Do you vphold, and maintaine in your speeches,	2353
For now he firmly takes me for Reuenge,	2354
And being Credulous in this mad thought,	2355
Ile make him send for <i>Lucius</i> his Sonne,	2356
And whil't I at a Banquet hold him sure,	2357
Ile find some running practise out of hand	2358
To scatter and disperse the giddie Gothes,	2359
Or at the least make them his Enemies :	2360
See heere he comes, and I must play my theame.	2361

- 2222 *Titus.* Long haue I been forlorne and all for thee,
 2223 Welcome dread Furie to my woefull houfe,
 2224 Rapine and Murther you are welcome too,
 2225 How like the Empreffe and her fonnes you are,
 2226 Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
 2227 Could not all hell afford you fuch a deuill ?
 2368 2228 For well I wote the Empreffe neuer wags
 2229 But in her company there is a Moore.
 2230 And would you represent our Queene aright,
 2231 It were conuenient you had fuch a deuill :
 2232 But welcome as you are, what fhall we doe ?
 2233 *Tamora.* What wouldft thou haue vs doe *Andronicus* ?
 2234 *Deme.* Show me a murtherer ile dealc with him.
 2235 *Chiron.* Show me a villaine that hath done a rape,
 2236 And *I* am fent to be reuengde on him.
 2237 *Tamora.* Show me a thoufand that haue done thee wrong,
 2238 And *I* will be reuenged on them all.
 2239 *Titus.* Looke round about the wicked ftreets of Rome,
 2240 And when thou findft a man that's like thy felfe,
 2381 2241 Good Murther stab him, hee's a murtherer.
 2242 Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
 2243 To finde another that is like to thee,
 2244 Good Rapine stab him, he is a rauifher.
 2245 Goe thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
 2246 There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
 2247 Well maift thou know her by thine owne proportion,
 2248 For vp and downe ſhe doth reſemble thee.
 2249 *I* pray thee doe on them ſome violent death,
 2390 2250 They haue beene violent to me and mine.
 2251 *Tamora.* VVell haft thou leſſond vs, this fhall we doe,
 2252 But would it pleaſe thee good *Andronicus*,
 2253 To fend for *Lucius* thy thrice valiant fonne,
 2254 Who leades toward, *Rome* a band of warlike Gothes,
 2255 And bid him come and banquet at thy houſe,
 2256 When hee is heere, euen at thy ſolemne feaſt,
 2257 *I* will bring in the Empreffe and her fonnes,

<i>Tit.</i> Long haue I bene forlorne, and all for thee,	2362
Welcome dread Fury to my woefull houfe,	2363
Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too,	2364
How like the Empreffe and her Sonnes you are.	2365
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,	2366
Could not all hell afford you fuch a deuill ?	2367
For well I wote the Empreffe neuer wags;	2368
But in her company there is a Moore,	2369
And would you represent our Queene aright	2370
It were conuenient you had fuch a deuill :	2371
But welcome as you are, what fhall we doe ?	2372
<i>Tam.</i> What would'ft thou haue vs doe <i>Andronicus</i> ?	2373
<i>Dem.</i> Shew me a Murtherer, Ile deale with him.	2374
<i>Chi.</i> Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,	2375
And I am fent to be reueng'd on him,	2376
<i>Tam.</i> Shew me a thoufand that haue done thee wrong,	2377
And Ile be reuenged on them all.	2378
<i>Tit.</i> Looke round about the wicked ftreets of Rome,	2379
And when thou find'ft a man that's like thy felfe,	2380
Good Murder ftab him, hee's a Murtherer.	2381
Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap	2382
To finde another that is like to thee,	2383
Good Rapine ftab him, he is a Rauifher.	2384
Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,	2385
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,	2386
Well maift thou know her by thy owne proportion,	2387
For vp and downe ſhe doth refemble thee.	2388
I pray thee doe on them fome violent death,	2389
They haue bene violent to me and mine.	2390
<i>Tam.</i> Well haft thou leſſon'd vs, this fhall we do.	2391
But would it pleaſe thee good <i>Andronicus</i> ,	2392
To fend for <i>Lucius</i> thy thrice Valiant Sonne,	2393
Who leades towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,	2394
And bid him come and Banquet at thy houfe.	2395
When he is heere, euen at thy Solemne Feaft,	2396
I will bring in the Empreffe and her Sonnes,	2397

2258 The Emperour himselfe, and all thy foes,
 2259 And at thy mercy shall they stoope and kneele,
 2260 And on them shalt thou ease thy angry hart :
 2401 2261 What sayes *Andronicus* to this deuise ?

2262

Enter Marcus.

2263 *Titus.* *Marcus* my brother, tis sad *Titus* calls,
 2264 Goe gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
 2265 Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
 2266 Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
 2267 Some of the chiefeft Princes of the Gothes,
 2268 Bid him encampe his souldiers where they are.
 2269 Tell him the Emperour and the *Empresse* too
 2270 Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them,
 2271 This doe thou for my loue, and so let him,
 2272 As he regards his aged Fathers life.
 2413 2273 *Mar.* This will I doe, and soone returne againe.
 2274 *Tamora.* Now will I hence about thy busines,
 2275 And take my ministers along with me.
 2276 *Titus.* Nay, nay, let rape and murder stay with me,
 2277 Or els Ile call my brother backe againe,
 2278 And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius*.
 2279 *Tam.* What say you boyes, will you bide with him,
 2280 Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
 2281 How I haue governd our determind iest,
 2282 Yeede to his humour, smooth and speake him faire,
 2423 2283 And tarry with him till I turne againe.
 2284 *Titus.* I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
 2285 And will ore-reach them in theyr owne deuises,
 2286 A payre of curfed hell hounds and theyr Dame.
 2287 *Deme.* Madam depart at pleasure, leaue vs heere.
 2288 *Tamora.* Farewell *Andronicus*, Reuenge now goes
 2289 To lay a complot to betray thy foes.
 2290 *Titus.* I know thou doost, and sweet Reuenge farewell.
 2291 *Chiron.* Tell vs old man, how shall we be employd,

The Emperour himselfe, and all thy Foes, 2398
 And at thy mercy shall they stoop, and kneele, 2399
 And on them shalt thou ease, thy angry heart : 2400
 What faies *Andronicus* to this deuise ? 2401

Enter Marcus. 2402

Tit. *Marcus* my Brother, 'tis sad *Titus* calls, 2403
 Go gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*, 2404
 Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes, 2405
 Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him 2406
 Some of the chiefeft Princes of the Gothes, 2407
 Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are, 2408
 Tell him the Emperour, and the Empreffe too, 2409
 Feasts at my house, and he shall Feast with them, 2410
 This do thou for my loue, and so let him, 2411
 As he regards his aged Fathers life. 2412

Mar. This will I do, and soone returne againe. 2413

Tam. Now will I hence about thy businesse, 2414
 And take my Ministers along with me. 2415

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me, 2416
 Or els Ile call my Brother backe againe, 2417
 And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius*. 2418

Tam. What say you Boyes, will you bide with him, 2419
 Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour, 2420
 How I haue gouern'd our determined iest ? 2421
 Yeeld to his Humour, smooth and speake him faire, 2422
 And tarry with him till I turne againe. 2423

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad, 2424
 And will ore-reach them in their owne deuises, 2425
 A payre of curfed hell-hounds and their Dam. 2426

Dem. Madam depart at pleasure, leaue vs heere. 2427

Tam. Farewell *Andronicus*, reuenge now goes 2428
 To lay a complot to betray thy Foes. 2429

Tit. I know thou doo'ft, and sweet reuenge farewell. 2430

Chi. Tell vs old man, how shall we be imploy'd ? 2431

2292 *Titus.* Tnt I haue worke enough for you to doe.
 2293 *Publius* come hether, *Caius*, and *Valentine*,
 2294 *Publius.* What is your will.
 2435 2295 *Titus.* Know you these two?
 2296 *Pub.* The *Empresse* fannes I take the, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.
 2297 *Titus.* Fie *Publius* fie, thou art too much deceaude,
 2298 The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
 2299 And therefore binde them gentle *Publius*,
 2300 *Caius* and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
 2301 Oft haue you heard me wish for such an houre,
 2302 And now I finde it, therefore binde them fure,
 2303 And stop theyr mouthes if they begin to cry.
 2304 *Chiron.* Villaines forbear, we are the *Empresse* fannes.
 2305 *Publius.* And therefore do we what we are commanded.
 2306 Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,
 2447 2307 Is he fure bound, looke that you binde them fast.

2308 *Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lauinia*
 2309 *with a Bason.*

2310 *Titus.* Come, come, *Lauinia* looke thy foes are bound,
 2311 Sirs stop theyr mouthes, let them not speake to me,
 2312 But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.
 2313 Oh villaines, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
 2314 Here stands the spring whom you haue stain'd with mud,
 2315 This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
 2316 You kild her husband; and for that vild fault,
 2317 Two of her brothers were condemnd to death,
 2318 My hand cut off, and made a merry iest,
 2319 Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more deere
 2460 2320 Than hands or tongue, her spotleffe chastitie,
 2321 Inhumaine traytors you constraind and forst.
 2322 What would you say if I should let you speake?
 2323 Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.
 2324 Harke wretches how I meane to marter you,
 2325 This one hand yet is left to cut your throates

<i>Tit.</i> Tut, I haue worke enough for you to doe,	2432
<i>Publius</i> come hither, <i>Caius</i> , and <i>Valentine</i> .	2433
<i>Pub.</i> What is your will ?	2434
<i>Tit.</i> Know you thefe two ?	2435
<i>Pub.</i> The Empreffe Sonnes	2436
I take them, <i>Chiron</i> , <i>Demetrius</i> .	2437
<i>Titus.</i> Fie <i>Publius</i> , fie, thou art too much deceau'd,	2438
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,	2439
And therefore bind them gentle <i>Publius</i> ,	2440
<i>Caius</i> , and <i>Valentine</i> , lay hands on them,	2441
Oft haue you heard me wifh for fuch an houre,	2442
And now I find it, therefore binde them fure,	2443
<i>Chi.</i> Villaines forbear, we are the Empreffe Sonnes.	2444
<i>Pub.</i> And therefore do we, what we are commanded.	2445
Stop clofe their mouthes, let them not fpeake a word,	2446
Is he fure bound, looke that you binde them faft. <i>Exeunt.</i>	2447

*Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lauinia
with a Bafon.*

<i>Tit.</i> Come, come <i>Lauinia</i> , looke, thy Foes are bound,	2450
Sirs ftop their mouthes, let them not fpeake to me,	2451
But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.	2452
Oh Villaines, <i>Chiron</i> , and <i>Demetrius</i> ,	2453
Here ftands the fpring whom you haue ftain'd with mud,	2454
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,	2455
You kil'd her husband, and for that vil'd fault,	2456
Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death,	2457
My hand cut off, and made a merry left,	2458
Both her fweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more deere	2459
Then Hands or tongue, her fpotleffe Chafity,	2460
Inhumaine Traytors, you conftrein'd and for't.	2461
What would you fay, if I fhould let you fpeake ?	2462
Villaines for fhame you could not beg for grace.	2463
Harke Wretches, how I meane to martyr you,	2464
This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats, .	2465

2326 Whilst that *Lauinia* tweene her stumps doth hold,
 2327 The Bafon that receaues your guiltie blood.
 2328 You know your Mother meanes to feaft with me,
 2329 And calls herfelfe Reuenge, and thinks me mad.
 2330 Harke villaines, I will grinde your bones to duft,
 2471 2331 And with your blood and it, I'll make a pafte,
 2332 And of the pafte a coffen I will reare,
 2333 And make two paffies of your shamefull heads,
 2334 And bid that ftrumpetyour vnhalloved Dam,
 2335 Like to the earth fwallow her owne increafe.
 2336 This is the feaft that I haue bid her too,
 2337 And this the banquet ſhe ſhall ſurfet on;
 2338 For worſe than *Philomel* you vſde my daughter,
 2479 2339 And worſe than *Progne* I will be reueng'd.
 2340 And now prepare your throates, *Lauinia* come,
 2341 Receaue the blood, and when that they are dead,
 2342 Let me goe grinde theyr bones to powder ſmall,
 2343 And with this hatefull liquour temper it,
 2344 And in that pafte let theyr vile heads be bakt,
 2345 Come, come, be euery one officiuſ,
 2346 To make this banket, which I wiſh may proue
 2347 More ſterne and bloody than the Centaurs feaft.
 2348 *He cuts their throates.*
 2349 So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
 2490 2350 And ſee them readie againſt theyr Mother comes.
 2351 *Exeunt.*

2352 *Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.*

2353 *Lucius.* Vnckle *Marcus*, ſince tis my Fathers minde
 2354 That I reaire to Rome, I am content.
 2355 *Goth.* And ours with thine, befall what Fortune will.
 2356 *Lucius.* Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
 2357 This rauenous Tiger, this accurſed deuill,
 2358 Let him receaue no ſuſtnance, fetter him,
 2359 Tell he be brought vnto the Empreſſe face,

Whil'ft that <i>Lauinia</i> tweene her ftumps doth hold :	2466
The Bafon that receiues your guilty blood.	2467
You know your Mother meanes to feaft with me,	2468
And calls herfelfe Reuenge, and thinkes me mad.	2469
Harke Villaines, I will grin'd your bones to duft,	2470
And with your blood and it, Ile make a Pafte,	2471
And of the Pafte a Coffen I will reare,	2472
And make two Pafties of your fhamefull Heads,	2473
And bid that ftumpet your vnhalloved Dam,	2474
Like to the earth fwallow her increafe.	2475
This is the Feaft, that I haue bid her to,	2476
And this the Banquet ſhe ſhall furfet on,	2477
For worfe then <i>Philomel</i> you v'd my Daughter,	2478
And worfe then <i>Progne</i> , I will be reueng'd,	2479
And now prepare your throats: <i>Lauinia</i> come.	2480
Receiue the blood, and when that they are dead,	2481
Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder ſmall,	2482
And with this hatefull Liquor temper it,	2483
And in that Pafte let their vil'd Heads be bakte,	2484
Come, come, be euery one officious,	2485
To make this Banket, which I wifh might proue,	2486
More ſterne and bloody then the Centaures Feaft.	2487
<i>He cuts their throats.</i>	2488
So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,	2489
And fee them ready, gainft their Mother comes. <i>Exeunt.</i>	2490

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes. 2491

<i>Luc.</i> Vnckle <i>Marcus</i> , ſince 'tis my Fathers minde	2492
That I repair to Rome, I am content.	2493
<i>Goth.</i> And ours with thine befall, what Fortune will.	2494
<i>Luc.</i> Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous <i>Moore</i> ,	2495
This Rauenous Tiger, this accurfed deuill,	2496
Let him receiue no ſuffenance, fetter him,	2497
Till he be brought vnto the Emperous face,	2498

- 2360 For testemonie of her foule proceedings,
 2500 2361 And see the Ambush of our friendes be strong,
 2362 *I feare the Emperour meanes no good to vs.*
 2363 *Moore.* Some deuill whisper curfes in mine eare,
 2364 And prompt me, that my tongue may vtter forth,
 2365 The venomous mallice of my fwelling hart.
 2366 *Lucius.* Away inhumane dogge, vnhalloved flaue,
 2367 Sirs, helpe our vnckle to conuay him in,
 2368 The trumpets shewe the Emperour is at hand.

 2369 *Sound trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empreffe, with*
 2370 *Tribunes and others.*

 2510 2371 *King.* What hath the firmament moe funnes than one?
 2372 *Lucius.* What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a funne?
 2373 *Marcus.* Romes Emperour and Nephew break the parle,
 2374 These quarrels must be quietly debated,
 2375 The feast is ready which the careful *Titus,*
 2376 Hath ordainde to an honourable end,
 2377 For peace, for loue, for league and good to Rome,
 2378 Pleafe you therefore draw nie and take your places.
 2518 2379 *Empe.* *Marcus* we will.

 2380 *Sound trumpets, euter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meate on*
 2381 *the table, and Lauinia with a vaile over her face.*

 2382 *Titus.* Welcom my gracious Lord, welcom dread Queene,
 2383 Welcome yee warlike *Gothes,* welcome *Lucius,*

 2384 And welcome all although the cheere bee poore,
 2385 Twill fill your stomacks, pleafe you eate of it.
 2386 *King.* Why art thou thus attired *Andronicus?*
 2387 *Titus.* Because I would be fure to haue all well,
 2388 To entertaine your highnes and your Empreffe,
 2389 *Tam.* We are beholding to you good *Andronicus.*
 2390 *Titus.* And if your highnes knew my hart you were,

For testimony of her foule proceedings.	2499
And see the Ambush of our Friends be strong,	2500
If ere the Emperour meanes no good to vs,	2501
<i>Aron.</i> Some deuill whifper curfes in my eare,	2502
And prompt me that my tongue may vtter for th,	2503
The Venemous Mallice of my fwelling heart.	2504
<i>Luc.</i> Away Inhumaine Dogge, Vnhallowed Slaue,	2505
Sirs, helpe our Vnckle, to conuey him in,	<i>Flourish.</i> 2506
The Trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.	2507

Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empreffe, with 2508
Tribunes and others. 2509

<i>Sat.</i> What, hath the Firemament more Suns then one ?	2510
<i>Luc.</i> What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a Sunne ?	2511
<i>Mar.</i> Romes Emperour & Nephewe breake the parle	2512
These quarrels must be quietly debated,	2513
The Feast is ready which the carefull <i>Titus</i> ,	2514
Hath ordained to an Honourable end,	2515
For Peace, for Loue, for League, and good to Rome :	2516
Please you therefore draw nie and take your places.	2517
<i>Satur.</i> <i>Marcus</i> we will.	<i>Hoboyes.</i> 2518
<i>A Table brought in.</i>	2519
<i>Enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meat on</i>	2520
<i>the Table, and Lauinia with a vale ouer her face.</i>	2521

<i>Titus.</i> Welcome my gracious Lord,	2522
Welcome Dread Queene,	2523
Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome <i>Lucius</i> ,	2524
And welcome all : although the cheere be poore,	2525
'Twill fill your stomacks, please you eat of it.	2526
<i>Sat.</i> Why art thou thus attir'd <i>Andronicus</i> ?	2527
<i>Tit.</i> Because I would be sure to haue all well,	2528
To entertaine your Highnesse, and your Empreffe.	2529
<i>Tam.</i> We are beholding to you good <i>Andronicus</i> ?	2530
<i>Tit.</i> And if your Highnesse knew my heart, you were:	2531

- 2391 My Lord the Emperour reſolue me this,
 2392 Was it well doone of raſh *Virginius*
 2393 To ſlay his daughter with his owne right hand,
 2535 2394 Becauſe ſhee was enforſt, ſtaine, and deflowrde ?
 2395 *King.* It was *Andronicus*.
 2396 *Titus.* Your reaſon mightie Lord.
 2397 *King.* Becauſe the girle ſhould not ſuruiue her ſhame,
 2398 And by her preſence ſtill renewe his forrowes.
 2399 *Titus.* A reaſon mighty, ſtrong, and effectuell,
 2400 A patterne, preſident, and liuely warrant,
 2401 For the moſt wretched to performe the like,
 2402 Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy ſhame with thee,
 2403 And with thy ſhame thy Fathers forrow die.
- 2546 2404 *King.* What haſt thou done, vnnaturall and vnkinde,
 2405 *Tit.* Kild her for whom my teares haue made me blind.
 2406 I am as wofull as *Virginius* was,
 2407 And haue a thouſand times more cauſe then he,
 2408 To doe this outrage, and it now is done.
 2409 *King.* What was ſhe rauifht, tell who did the deede.
 2551 2410 *Titus.* Wilt pleaſe you eate, wilt pleaſe your highnes feed.
- 2411 *Tam.* Why haſt thou ſlaine thine onely daughter thus ?
 2412 *Titus.* Not I, twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*.
 2413 They rauifht her, and cut away her tongue,
 2414 And they, twas they, that did her all this wrong.
 2415 *King* Goe fetch them hether to vs preſently,
 2416 *Titus.* Why there they are both, baked in that pie,
 2417 Whereof theyr mother daintilie hath fed
 2418 Eating the fleſh that ſhe herſelfe hath bred.
 2561 2419 Tis true, tis true, witnes my kniues ſharpe point.
 2420 *He ſtabs the Empreſſe.*
- 2421 *Empe.* Die franticke wretch for this accursed deede.
 2422 *Lucius.* Can the ſonnes eye behold his father bleede ?
 2423 There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deede.

My Lord the Emperour resolue me this,	2532
Was it well done of rash <i>Virginus</i> ,	2533
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand,	2534
Because she was enfor't, stain'd, and deflowr'd ?	2535
<i>Satur.</i> It was <i>Andronicus</i> ,	2536
<i>Tit.</i> Your reason, Mighty Lord ?	2537
<i>Sat.</i> Because the Girle, should not suruine her shame,	2538
And by her preface still renew his sorrowes.	2539
<i>Tit.</i> A reason mighty, strong, and effectually,	2540
A patterne, president, and liuely warrant,	2541
For me (most wretched) to performe the like:	2542
Die, die, <i>Lavinia</i> , and thy shame with thee,	2543
And with thy shame, thy Fathers sorrow die.	2544
<i>He kills her.</i>	2545
<i>Sat.</i> What hast done, vnnaturall and vnkinde ?	2546
<i>Tit.</i> Kil'd her for whom my teares haue made me blind.	2547
I am as wofull as <i>Virginus</i> was,	2548
And haue a thousand times more cause then he.	2549
<i>Sat.</i> What was she rauisht ? tell who did the deed,	2550
<i>Tit.</i> Wilt please you eat,	2551
Wilt please your Hignesse feed ?	2552
<i>Tam.</i> Why hast thou slaine thine onely Daughter ?	2553
<i>Titus.</i> Not I, 'twas <i>Chiron</i> and <i>Demetrius</i> ,	2554
They rauisht her, and cut away her tongue,	2555
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.	2556
<i>Satu.</i> Go fetch them hither to vs presently.	2557
<i>Tit.</i> Why there they are both, baked in that Pie,	2558
Whereof their Mother dantly hath fed,	2559
Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred.	2560
'Tis true, 'tis true, witnesse my knives sharpe point.	2561
<i>He stabs the Empresse.</i>	2562
<i>Satu.</i> Die franticke wretch, for this accursed deed.	2563
<i>Luc.</i> Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed ?	2564
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deed.	2565

2424 *Marcus.* You sad facde men, people and sons of Rome,
 2425 By vprores feuerd as a flight of fowle,
 2426 Scatterd by windes and high tempestious gufts,
 2427 Oh let me teach you how to knit againe
 2428 This scattred corne into one mutuall sheaffe,
 2429 Thefe broken limbs againe into one body.
 2430 *Roman Lord.* Let Rome herfelfe be bane vnto herfelfe,
 2431 And shee whom mightie kingdoms curfie too,
 2432 Like a forlorne and desperate caft away,
 2433 Doe shamefull execution on herfelfe.
 2434 But if my froftie signes and chaps of age,
 2435 Graue witneffes of true experience,
 2436 Cannot induce you to attend my words,
 2579 2437 Speake Romes deere friend, as erft our Anceftor,
 2438 When with his folemne tongue he did discourfe
 2439 To loue-ficke Didoes sad attending eare,
 2440 The ftory of that balefull burning night,
 2441 When fubtile Greekes furprizd King Priams Troy.
 2442 Tell vs what Sinon hath bewicht our eares,
 2443 Or who hath brought the fatall engine in
 2444 That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.
 2445 My hart is not compact of flint nor fteele,
 2446 Nor can I vtter all our bitter grieffe,
 2447 But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
 2448 And breake my vttrance euen in the time,
 2449 When it fhould moue you to attend me moft,
 2592 2450 Lending your kind commiferation,
 2451 Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,
 2452 Your harts will throb and weepe to heare him fpeake.
 2453 *Lucius.* Then noble auditory be it knowne to you,
 2454 That curfd *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
 2455 Were they that muredred our Emperours brother,
 2456 And they it were that rauifhed our fifter,
 2457 For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
 2458 Our Fathers teares defpifd, and bafely coufend,
 2459 Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,

1	<i>Mar.</i> You sad fac'd men, people and Sonnes of Rome,	2566
	By vprores feuer'd like a flight of Fowle,	2567
	Scattered by windes and high tempestuous gusts :	2568
	Oh let me teach you how, to knit againe	2569
	This scattered Corne, into one mutuall sheafe,	2570
	These broken limbs againe into one body.	2571
	<i>Goth.</i> Let Rome herselfe be bane vnto herselfe,	2572
	And shee whom mightie kingdomes curse too,	2573
	Like a forlorne and desperate castaway,	2574
	Doe shamefull execution on her selfe.	2575
	But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,	2576
	Graue witnesses of true experience,	2577
	Cannot induce you to attend my words,	2578
	Speake Romes deere friend, as'erst our Auncestor,	2579
	When with his solemne tongue he did discourse	2580
	To loue-sicke <i>Didoes</i> sad attending eare,	2581
	The story of that balefull burning night,	2582
	When subtil Greekes surpriz'd King <i>Priams</i> Troy:	2583
	Tell vs what <i>Sinon</i> hath bewicht our eares,	2584
	Or who hath brought the fatall engine, in,	2585
	That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.	2586
	My heart is not compact of flint nor steele,	2587
	Nor can I vtter all our bitter grieffe,	2588
	But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,	2589
	And breake my very vttrance, euen in the time	2590
	When it should moue you to attend me most,	2591
	Lending your kind hand Commiferation.	2592
	Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,	2593
	Your hearts will throb and weepe to heare him speake.	2594
	<i>Luc.</i> This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you,	2595
	That cursed <i>Chiron</i> and <i>Demetrius</i>	2596
	Were they that muredred our Emperours Brother,	2597
	And they it were that rauished our Sifter,	2598
	For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,	2599
	Our Fathers teares despis'd, and basely coufen'd,	2600
	Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,	2601

- 2602 2460 And fent her enemies vnto the graue.
 2461 Laftly my felfe vnkindly banifhed,
 2462 The gates fhut on me and turnd weeping out,
 2463 To beg reliefe among *Romes* enemies,
 2464 Who drown'd their enmity in my true teares,
 2465 And opt their armes to imbrace me as a friend,
 2466 I am the turned forth be it knowne to you,
 2467 That haue preferud her welfare in my blood,
 2468 And from her bofome tooke the enemies point,
 2469 Sheathing the fteele in my aduentrous body.
 2470 Alas you know I am no vaunter I,
 2613 2471 My fcars can witnes dumb although they are,
 2472 That my report is iuft and full of truth,
 2473 But foft, me thinks I doe digrefse too much,
 2474 Cyting my worthleffe praife, Oh pardon me,
 2475 For when no friends are by, men praife themfelues.
 2476 *Marcus*. Now is my turne to fpeake, behold the child,
 2477 Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
 2478 The iffue of an irreligious *Moore*,
 2621 2479 Chiefe architect and plotter of thefe woes,
 2480 The villaine is aliue in *Titus* houfe,
 2481 And as he is to witnes this is true,
 2482 Now iudge what courfe had *Titus* to reueuge.
 2483 Thefe wrongs vnſpeakeable paſt patience,
 2484 Or more than any liuing man could beare.
 2485 Now you haue heard the truth, what fay you *Romaines* ?
 2486 Haue we done ought amiffe, ſhew vs wherein,
 2487 And from the place where you behold vs now,
 2488 The poore remainder of *Andronicie*
 2489 Will hand in hand all headlong caſt vs downe,
 2490 And on the ragged ſtones beate forth our braines,
 2491 And make a mutuall cloſure of our houſe :
 2634 2492 Speake *Romaines* ſpeake, and if you fay we ſhall,
 2493 Loe hand in hand *Lucius* and I will fall.
 2494 *Emillius*. Come come thou reuerent man of Rome,
 2495 And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,

And sent her enemies vnto the graue. 2602
 Lastly, my selfe vnkindly banished, 2603
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out, 2604
 To beg reliefe among Romes Enemies, 2605
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true teares, 2606
 And op'd their armes to imbrace me as a Friend : 2607
 And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you, 2608
 That haue preferu'd her welfare in my blood, 2609
 And from her bosome tooke the Enemies point, 2610
 Sheathing the steele in my aduentrous body. 2611
 Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I, 2612
 My scars can witnesse, dumbe although they are, 2613
 That my report is iust and full of truth: 2614
 But soft, me thinkes I do digresse too much, 2615
 Cyting my worthlesse praise: Oh pardon me, 2616
 For when no Friends are by, men praise themselues, 2617
Marc. Now is my turne to speake: Behold this Child, 2618
 Of this was *Tamora* deliuered, 2619
 The issue of an Irreligious *Moore*, 2620
 Chiefe Architect and plotter of these woes, 2621
 The Villaine is aliue in *Titus* house, 2622
 And as he is, to witnesse this is true. 2623
 Now iudge what course had *Titus* to reuenge 2624
 These wrongs, vnspokeable past patience, 2625
 Or more then any liuing man could beare. 2626
 Now you haue heard the truth, what say you Romaines ? 2627
 Haue we done ought amisse ? shew vs wherein, 2628
 And from the place where you behold vs now, 2629
 The poore remainder of *Andronici*, 2630
 Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe, 2631
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines, 2632
 And make a mutuall closure of our house : 2633
 Speake Romaines speake, and if you say we shall, 2634
 Loe hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall. 2635
Emilli. Come come, thou reuerent man of Rome, 2636
 And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand, 2637

- 2496 *Lucius* our Emperour for well I know,
 2497 The common voyce doe cry it shall be fo.
 2498 *Marcus.* *Lucius*, all haile Romes royall Emperour,
 2499 Goe goe into old *Titus* sorrowfull houle,
 2500 And hither hale that misbeleeuing *Moore*,
 2501 To be adiudge some direfull slaughting death,
 2502 As punishment for his most wicked life.
 2503 *Lucius* all haile to Romes gracious Gouvernour.
 2504 *Lucius.* Thanks gentle Romaines may I governe fo,
 2647 2505 To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe,
 2506 But gentle people giue me ayme a while,
 2507 For nature puts me to a heauie taske,
 2508 Stand all a loofe, but Vnkle draw you neere,
 2509 To shed obsequious teares vpon this trunk,
 2510 Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
 2511 These sorrowfull drops vpon thy blood flaine face,
 2654 2512 The last true duties of thy noble sonne.
 2513 *Marcus.* Teare for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,
 2514 Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips,
 2515 Oh were the summe of these that I should pay,
 2516 Countlesse and infinite, yet would I pay them.
 2517 *Lucius.* Come hither boy come, come and learne of vs
 2518 To melt in showers, thy Grandfire lou'd thee well,
 2519 Many a time he daun't thee on his knee,
 2520 Sung thee a sleepe, his louing breast thy pillow,
 2521 Many a matter hath he told to thee,
 2522 Meete and agreeing with thine infancie,
 2523 In that respect then, like a louing child.
 2524 Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
 2525 Because kind nature doth require it fo,
 2526 Friends should associate friends in griefe and woe.
 2669 2527 Bid him farewell, commit him to the graue,
 2528 Doe them that kindnes, and take leaue of them.
 2529 *Puer.* Oh Grandfire, Grandfire, eu'n with all my hart.
 2530 Would I were dead so you did liue againe,
 2531 O Lord I cannot speake to him for weeping,
 2532 My teares will choake me if I ope my mouth.

<i>Lucius</i> our Emperour:for well I know,	2638
The common voyce do cry it shall be fo.	2639
<i>Mar.</i> <i>Lucius</i> , all haile Romes Royall Emperour,	2640
Goe, goe into old <i>Titus</i> forrowfull houfe,	2641
And hither hale that misbelieuing <i>Moore</i> ,	2642
To be adiudg'd fome direfull slaughtering death,	2643
As punishment for his most wicked life.	2644
<i>Lucius</i> all haile to Romes gracious Gouvernour.	2645
<i>Luc.</i> Thankes gentle Romanes, may I gouerne fo,	2646
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe.	2647
But gentle people, giue me ayme a-while,	2648
For Nature puts me to a heauy taske :	2649
Stand all aloofe, but Vnckle draw you neere,	2650
To shed obsequious teares vpon this Trunke :	2651
Oh take this warme kiffe on thy pale cold lips,	2652
These forrowfull drops vpon thy bloud-flaine face,	2653
The last true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.	2654
<i>Mar.</i> Teare for teare, and louing kiffe for kiffe,	2655
Thy Brother <i>Marcus</i> tenders on thy Lips :	2656
O were the summe of these that I should pay	2657
Countlesse, and infinit, yet would I pay them.	2658
<i>Luc.</i> Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of vs	2659
To melt in showres : thy Grandfire lou'd thee well :	2660
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee :	2661
Sung thee asleepe, his Louing Brest, thy Pillow :	2662
Many a matter hath he told to thee,	2663
I Meete, and agreeing with thine Infancie :	2664
In that respect then, like a louing Childe,	2665
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,	2666
Because kinde Nature doth require it fo:	2667
Friends, should associate Friends, in Greefe and Wo.	2668
Bid him farwell, commit him to the Graue,	2669
Do him that kindnesse, and take leaue of him.	2670
<i>Boy.</i> O Grandfire, Grandfire : euen with all my heart	2671
Would I were Dead, fo you did Liue againe.	2672
O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping,	2673
My teares will choake me, if I ope my mouth.	2674

- 2533 *Romaine.* You fad *Andronicie* haue done with woes,
 2534 Giue scntence on this execrable wretch,
 2535 That hath beene breeder of these dire euent.
 2536 *Lucius.* Set him breast deepe in earth and famish him,
 2537 There let him stand and raue and cry for foode,
 2538 If any one releeuces or pitties him,
 2681 2539 For the offence he dies, this is our doome.
 2540 Some stay to see him fastned in the earth.
 2541 *Aron.* Ah why should wrath be mute and fury dumb,
 2542 I am no baby I, that with base prayers
 2543 I should repent the euils I haue done,
 2544 Ten thousand worse than euer yet I did,
 2545 Would I performe if I might haue my will,
 2546 If one good deede in all my life I did
 2547 I doe repent it from my very foule.
 2548 *Lucius.* Some louing friends conuay the Emperour hence,
 2549 And giue him buriall in his Fathers graue,
 2550 My Father and *Lauinia* shall forthwith
 2551 Be closed in our houfholds monument :
 2552 As for that hainous Tiger *Tamora*,
 2695 2553 No funerall right, nor man in mourning weeds,
 2554 No mournfull bell shall ring her buriall.
 2555 But throw her forth to beasts and birds to pray,
 2556 Her life was beastly and deuoide of pittie,
 2557 And being so, shall haue like want of pittie.
 2558 See iustice done on *Aron* that damn'd Moore,
 2559 By whom our heauie haps had their beginning :
 2560 Than afterwards to order well the state,
 2703 2561 That like euent may nere it ruinate.

FINIS.



<i>Romans.</i> You sad <i>Andronici</i> , haue done with woes,	2675
Giue sentence on this execrable Wretch,	2676
That hath beene breeder of these dire euent.	2677
<i>Luc.</i> Set him brest deepe in earth, and famish him :	2678
There let him stand, and raue, and cry for foode :	2679
If any one releuees, or pitties him,	2680
For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome :	2681
Some stay, to see him fast'ned in the earth.	2682
<i>Aron.</i> O why should wrath be mute, & Fury dumbe?	2683
I am no Baby I, that with base Prayers	2684
I should repent the Euils I haue done.	2685
Ten thousand worfe, then euer yet I did,	2686
Would I performe if I might haue my will :	2687
If one good Deed in all my life I did,	2688
I do repent it from my very Soule.	2689
<i>Lucius.</i> Some louing Friends conuey the Emp. hence,	2690
And giue him buriall in his Fathers graue.	2691
My Father, and <i>Lavinia</i> , shall forthwith	2692
Be clofed in our Housholds Monument :	2693
As for that heynous Tyger <i>Tamora</i> ,	2694
No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds :]	2695
No mournfull Bell shall ring her Buriall :	2696
But throw her fourth to Beasts and Birds of prey :	2697
Her life was Beast-like, and deuoid of pittie,	2698
And being so, shall haue like want of pittie.	2699
See Iustice done on <i>Aaron</i> that damn'd Moore,	2700
From whom, our heauy happes had their beginning :	2701
Then afterwards, to Order well the State,	2702
That like Euent, may ne're it Ruinate. <i>Exeunt omnes.</i>	2703

FINIS.



TITUS ANDRONICUS.

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH
THE 1600 QUARTO AND THE FIRST FOLIO.

SIGNATURE.	THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE.	
	AT QUARTO LINE.	AT FOLIO LINE.
A 2	22	23
A 3	86	88
A 3 (v.) (or blank)	153	156
B 2	221	227
B 3	288	331
B 3 (v.) (or blank)	357	365
C	425	434
C 2	491	502
C 3	559	578
C 3 (v.) (or blank)	627	648
D	694	715
D 2	762	787
D 3	830	858
D 3 (v.) (or blank)	898	933
E	965	1004
E 2	1031	1074
E 3	1098	1143
E 3 (v.) (or blank)	1166	1212
F	1234	1285
F 2	1299	1350
F 3	1,565	1416
F 3 (v.) (or blank)	1427	1566
G	1491	1631
G 2	1557	1697
G 3	1629	1765
G 3 (v.) (or blank)	1692	1834
H	1758	1900
H 2	1824	1965
H 3	1888	2030
H 3 (v.) (or blank)	1951	2092
I	2015	2153
I 2	2083	2225
I 3	2142	2280
I 3 (v.) (or blank)	2207	2347
K	2273	2413
K 2	2329	2479
K 3	2414	2556
K 3 (v.) (or blank)	2471	2613
	2539	2681

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH
THE FIRST FOLIO.

FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.		BANKSIDE LINE.	FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.		BANKSIDE LINE.
1st column, page	31	1	1st column, page	42	1362
2d " "	31	46	2d " "	42	1426
1st " "	32	91	1st " "	43	1488
2d " "	32	155	2d " "	43	1547
1st " "	33	217	1st " "	44	1612
2d " "	33	283	2d " "	44	1677
1st " "	34	348	1st " "	45	1743
2d " "	34	411	2d " "	45	1809
1st " "	35	477	1st " "	46	1873
2d " "	35	543	2d " "	46	1939
1st " "	36	601	1st " "	47	2004
2d " "	36	667	2d " "	47	2070
1st " "	37	729	1st " "	48	2129
2d " "	37	793	2d " "	48	2194
1st " "	38	859	1st " "	49	2261
2d " "	38	925	2d " "	49	2325
1st " "	39	990	1st " "	50	2391
2d " "	39	1050	2d " "	50	2453
1st " "	40	1114	1st " "	51	2515
2d " "	40	1170	2d " "	51	2580
1st " "	41	1235	1st " "	52	2674
2d " "	41	1299	2d " "	52	2703

