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St. Joh. Baptist
1677
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THE
MOST LA-
mentable Romaine

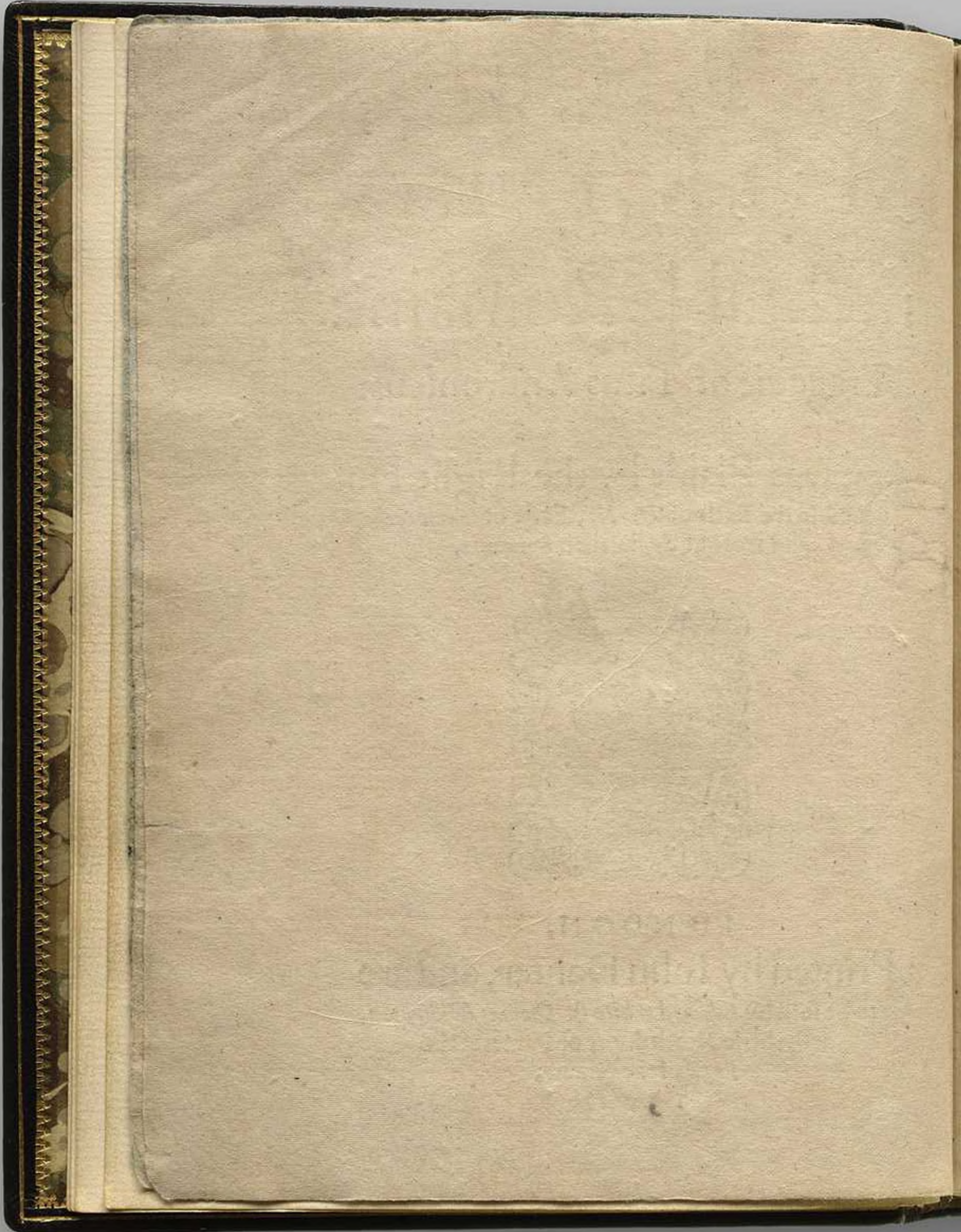
Tragedie of Titus Andronicus:

As it was Plaide by the Right Ho-
nourable the Earle of *Darbie*, Earle of *Pembrooke*,
and Earle of *Sussex* their Seruants,



LONDON,
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The most Lamen-
table Romaine Tragedie of

Titus Andronicus: As it was Plaide by
the Right Honourable the Earle
of *Darbie*, Earle of *Pembrooke*,
and Earle of *Suffex* their
Seruants.

*Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft: And then enter
Saturninus and his followers at one dore, and Bassianus and
his followers, with Drums and Trumpets.*

Saturninus.

NOble *Patricians*, Patrons of my Right,
Defend the iustice of my cause with armes.
And Countrimen my louing followers,
Plead my successiue Title with your swords:
I am his first borne sonne, that was the last
That ware the Imperiall Diademe of Rome,
Then let my Fathers honours liue in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignitie,

Bassianus.

Romaines, friends, followers, fauourers of my Right,
If euer *Bassianus* *Ceasars* sonne,
Vere gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,
Keepe then this passage to the *Capitoll*,
And suffer not dishonour to approch,
The Imperiall seate to vertue, consecrate

The most lamentable Tragedie

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

Marcus Andronicus with the Crowne.

Princes that strue by factions and by friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Emperie,
Know that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A speciall Partie, haue by common voice,
In election for the Romaine Empery
Chosen *Andronicus*, surnamed *Pius*:

For many good and great deserts to Rome,
A Nobler man, a brauer V Varrour,
Liues not this day within the Cittie walls.
Hee by the Senate is accited home,
From weary warres against the barbarous *Gothes*,
That with his sonnes a terrour to our foes,
Hath yoakt a Nation strong, trand vp in Armes.
Tenne yeares are spent since first he vndertooke
This cause of Rome, and chastised with armes
Our enemies pride: Fiue times he hath returnd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sonnes,
In Coffins from the field, and at this day,
To the Monument of that *Andronic*
Done sacrifice of expiation,

And slaine the Noblest prisoner of the *Gothes*,
And now at last laden with honours spoiles,
Returnes the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus* flourishing in Armes.
Let vs intreat by honour of his name,
VVhom worthily you would haue now succede,
And in the Capitall and Senates Right,
VVhom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you wi thdraw you, and abate your strength,
Dismiss your followers, and as suters should,
Pleade your deserts in peace and humblenes.

Saturninus.

of Titus Andronicus.

Saturninus.

How faire the Tribune speakes to calme my thoughts.

Bassianus.

Marcus Andronicus, so I doe affie,
In thy vprightnes and integritie,
And so I loue and honour thee and thine,
Thy Noble brother *Titus* and his sonnes,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious *Lavinia*, Romes rich ornament,
That I will here disuisse my louing friends:
And to my fortunes and the peoples fauour,
Commit my cause in ballance to be waid. *Exit Soldiers.*

Saturninus.

Friends that haue beene thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here disuisse you all,
And to the loue and fauour of my Countrie,
Commit my selfe, my person, and the cause:
Rome be as iust and gracious vnto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the gates and let me in.

Bassianus. Tribunes and me a poore Competitor.

They goe up into the Senate house.

Enter a Captaine.

Romaines make way, the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of vertue, Romes best Champion:
Successful in the battailes that he fights,
VVith honour and with fortune is returnd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoake the enemies of Rome.

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

The most lamentable Tragedie

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

Titus. Haile Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds,
Lo as the Barke that hath dischargd his fraught,
Returnes with pretious lading to the bay,
From whence at first shee wayd her anchorage;
Commeth *Andronicus*, bound with Lawrell bowes,
To resalute his Countrie with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the rights that we entend.
Romaines, of five and twenty valiant sonnes,
Halfe of the number that king *Priam* had,
Behold the poore remains aliue and dead:
These that suruiue, let Rome reward with loue:
These that I bring vnto their latest home,
VWith buria. I amongst their auncestors.
Here *Goths* haue giuen me leaue to sheath my sword,
Titus vnkinde, and careles of thine owne,
VWhy sufferst thou thy sonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull shore of flux,
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

They open the Tombe.

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

Lucius. Giue vs the proudest prisoner of the *Gorbes*.
That we may hew his limbs and on a pile,
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthy prison of their boanes,
That so the shadows be not vnappeazde,

of Titus Andronicus.

Nor we disturbde with prodgies on earth,

Titus. I giue him you the Noblest that suruiues,
The eldest sonne of this distressed Queene. (roue)

Tamora. Stay Romaine brethren, gracious Conque-
Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I shed,

A mothers teares in passion for her sonnes: †

And if thy sonnes were euer deare to thee,

Oh thinke my sonne to be as deare to mee.

Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome

To beautifie thy triumphs, and returne

Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake:

But must my sonnes be slaughtered in the streets,

For valiant dooings in their Countries cause?

O if to fight for king and common-weake,

VVere pietie in thine, it is in these:

Andronicus, staine not thy tombe with bloud.

VVilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?

Draw neere them then in being mercifull,

Sweete mercie is Nobilities true badge,

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

Titus. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me,

These are their brethren, whom your *Gotbes* beheld

Aliue and dead, and for their brethren slaine,

Religiously they aske a sacrifice:

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

T'appease their groning shadowes that are gone.

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

And with our swords vpon a pile of wood,

Lets hew his limbs till they be cleane consumde.

Exit Titus sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamora. O cruell irreligeous pietie.

Chiron. VVas neuer Sythia halfe so barbarous.

Demetrius. Oppose not Sythia to ambitious Rome,

Alarbus goes to rest and we suruiue,

To tremble vnder *Titus* threatening looke,

The most Lamentable Tragedie

then Madam stand resolut, but hope withall,
the selfe same Gods that armde the Queene of troy,
VWith opportunitie of sharpe reuenge
Vpon the thracian tyrant in his tent,
May fauour *tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
(VWhen Gothes were Gothes, and *tamora* was Queene,)
to quit the bloodie wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the sonnes of Andronicus againe.

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

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

Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffin in the Tombe.

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

Enter Lavinia.

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

Titus. Kinde Rome that hast thus louingly reserude,
the

of Titus Andronicus.

The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lavinia liue, outliue thy fathers daies,
And faines eternall date for vertues praise.

Marcus. Long liue Lord *Titus* my beloued brother,
Gratious triumpher in the eies of Rome.

Titus. thanks gentle tribune, Noble brother *Marcus.*

Marcus. And welcome Nephews from succesfull wars
You that suruiue, and you that sleepe in fame:

Faire Lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
that in your Countries seruice drew your swords,
But safer triumph is this funerall pompe,
that hath aspirde to *Solons* happines,
And triumphs ouer chaunce in honours bed.

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
V Whole friend in iustice thou hast euer beene,
Send thee by mee their tribune and their trust,
this Palliament of white and spotleshue,
And name thee in election for the Empire,
VVith these our late deceased Emperours sonnes
Be *Candidatus* then and put it on,
And helpe to set a head on headles Roome.

Titus. A better head her glorious bodie fits,
than his that shakes for age and feeblenes:
VVhat should I don this Roabe and trouble you?
Be chosen with Proclamations to daie,
to morrow yeeld vp rule, resigne my life,
And set abroad new busines for you all.
Roome I haue beene thy souldier fortie yeares,
And led my Countries strength succesfullie,
And buried one and twentie valiant sonnes
Knighted in Field, slaine manfullie in Armes,
In right and seruice of their Noble Countrie:
Giue me a staffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a scepter to controwle the world,
Vpright he held it Lords that held it last.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Marcus. *Titus* thou shalt obtaine & aske the Emperie,
Saturni. Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell,

Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus.*

Saturninus. Romaines doe me right.

Patricians draw your swords and sheath them not,
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:

Andronicus would thou were shipt to hell,
Rather than robbe me of the peoples harts.

Lucius. Prowd *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good,
That noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee,

Titus. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselves.

Bassianus. *Andronicus* I doo not flatter thee,
But honour thee and will doo till I die:

My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends
I will most thankefull be, and thanks to men
Of Noble minds, is honourable meede.

Titus. People of Rome, and peoples Tribunes here,
I aske your voyces and your suffrages,
Will yee bestow them friendly on *Andronicus.*

Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus,*
And gratulate his safe returne to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Titus. *Tribunes* I thanke you, and this sute I make,
That you create our Emperours eldest sonne,
Lord *Saturnine*: whose vertues will I hope,
Reflect on Rome as rytus Raies on earth,
And ripen iustice in this Common weale:
Then if you will elect by my aduise,
Crowne him and say, *Long live our Emperour.*

Marcus An. VVith voyces and applause of euery sort,
Patricians and *Plebeians*, we create

and *Saturninus* Romes great Emperour,

and say *Long live our Emperour Saturnine.*

Saturnine. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy fauours done,

of Titus Andronicus.

To vs in our election this day,
I giue thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentlenes:
And for an onset *Titus* to aduance,
Thy name and honourable familie,
Lavinia will I make my Empresse,
Romes Royall Mistis, Mistis of my hart,
And in the sacred Pathan her espouse:
Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion please thee.

Titus. It doth my worthie Lord, and in this match,
I hold me highly Honoured of your Grace,
And here in sight of Rome to *Saturnine*,
King and Commander of our common weale,
The wide worlds Emperour, doe I consecrate
My sword, my Chariot, and my Prisoners,
Presents well worthy Romes imperious Lord:
Receiue them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honours Ensignes humbled at thy feete.

Saturnine. Thankes Noble *Titus* Father of my life,
How proude I am of thee and of thy gifts
Rome shall record, and when I doe forget
The least of these vnspeakeable deserts,
Romans forget your Fealtie to me.

Titus. Now Madam are you prisoner to an Emperour.
To him that for your honour and your state,
Will vse you Nobly, and your followers.

Saturnine. A goodly Lady trust me of the hue,
That I would choose were I to choose a new:
Cleare vp faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though change of war hath wrought this change of chear
Thou comst not to be made a scorne in Rome.
Princely shall be thy vsage euerie waie
Rest on my word, and let not discontent,
Dunt all your hopes, Madam he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the Queene of Goshes,

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Lavinia you are not displeasde with this.

Lavinia. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,
V Varrants these words in Princely curtesie.

Saturnine. thanks sweete *Lavinia*, Romans let vs goe,
Raunsonles here we set our prisoners free,
Proclaime our Honours Lords with trumpe and Drum.

Bassianus. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this maid is mine.

Titus. How sir, are you in earnest then my Lord?

Bascianus. I Noble *Titus* and resolute withall,
to doo my selfe this reason and this right.

Marcus. *Suum cuique* is our Romane iustice,
this Prince in iustice ceazeth but his owne.

Lucius. And that he will, and shall if *Lucius* liue.

Titus. traitors auauent, where is the Emperours garde?
treason my Lord, *Lavinia* is surprizde.

Saturnine. Surprizde, by whom?

Bascianus. By him that iustly may,
Beare his betrothde from all the world away.

Mutius. Brothers, he'pe to conuay her hence away,
And with my sword Ile keepe this doore safe.

Titus. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her backe.

Mutius. My Lord you passe not here.

Titus. What villaine boy, barst me my way in Rome?

Mutius. Helpe *Lucius*, helpe.

Lucius. My Lord you are vniust, and more than so,
In wrongfull quarrell you haue slaine your sonne.

Titus. Nor thou, nor he, are any sonnes of mine,
My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me,
Traitor restore *Lavinia* to the Emperour.

Lucius. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promist loue.

*Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two
sonnes and Aron the moore.*

Emperour. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needes her not,
Ncr her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:

of Titus Andronicus.

He trust by leysure, him that mocks me once,
Thee neuer, nor thy traiterous hawtie sonnes,
Confederates all thus to dishonour mee.

V Was none in Rome to make a stale

But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*

Agree these deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
that saidst I begd the Empire at thy hands.

Titus O monstrous, what reprochfull words are these?

Saturn. But goe thy waies, goe giue that changing piece,
to him that florish't for her with his sword:

A valiant sonne in law thou shalt inioy,
One fit to bandie with thy lawlesse sonnes,
to ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.

Titus. these words are rasors to my wounded hart.

Satur. And therefore lonely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,

That like the statelie *Thebe* amongst her Nymphs,

Dost ouershine the gallant Dames of Rome,

If thou be pleasde with this my sodaine choise,

Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for my Bride,

And will create thee Emperesse of Rome.

Speake Queene of Gothes dost thou applaud my choise?

And here I swcare by all the Romane Gods,

Sith Priest and holy water are so neere,

And tapers burne so bright, and euery thing

In readines for *Hymeneus* stand,

I will not resalute the streets of Rome,

Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,

I lead espowde my Bride along with mee.

Tamora. And here in sight of heauen to Rome I swcare,

If *Saturnine* aduaunce the Queene of Gothes,

Shee will a handmaide be to his desires,

A loeing Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend faire Queene: Pantheon Lords accompany

Your Noble Emperour and his louelic Bride,

Sent by the Heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,

VVhose

The most Lamentable Tragedie

VVhose wisdom hath her Fortune conquered,
There shall we e consummate our spoufall rites.

Exeunt Omnes.

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

Enter Marcus and Titus sonnes.

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

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

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

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

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

Titus two sonnes speakes.

And shall or him wee will accompanie .

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

Titus sonne speakes .

He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Titus. VVhat would you burie him in my despight?

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

To pardon *Mucius* and to bury him.

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

of Titus Andronicus.

So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

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

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

The brother and the sonnes kneele.

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

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

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

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

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

Marcus Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre,

His Noble Nephew here in vertues nest,

That died in honour and *Lauius* cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous:

The Greeks vpon aduise did burie *Ajax*

that slew himselfe: and wife *Laertes* sonne,

Did graciouslie plead for his Funeralls:

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

Be bard his entrance here.

Titus. Rise *Marcus*, rise,

The dismalst day is this that ere I saw,

To be dishonoured by my sonnes in Rome:

Well burie him, and burie me the next.

they put him in the tombe.

(friends,

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

Till wee with Trophies doo adorne thy tombe:

they all kneele and say,

No man shed teares for Noble *Mutius*,

He liues in fame, that died in vertues cause.

Exit all but Marcus and Titus.

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

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

Is of a sodaine thus aduanc'd in Rome,

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

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

Is shee not then beholding to the man,

C

That

The most Lamentable Tragedie
That brought her for this light good turne so faire.

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

*Enter at the other doore
Bascianus and Lavinia,
with others.*

Saturnine. So *Bascianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy fir of your gallant Bride.

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

Saturnine. traitor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
thou and thy faction shall repent this Rape.

Bascianus. Rape call you it my Lord to ceaze my owne,
My true betrothed loue, and now my wife:
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while am I posselt of that is mine.

Saturnine. tis good sir, you are verie short with vs.
But if we liue, wee be as sharpe with you.

Bascianus. My Lord what I haue done as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall doo with my life,
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
By all the dueties that I owe to Rome,
this Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrongd,
that in the rescue of *Lavinia*,
VVith his owne hand did slay his youngest sonne,
In zeale to you, and highly moude to wrath,
to be controwld in that he frankelie gaue,
Receaeue him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
that hath exprest himselfe in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Titus. Prince *Bascianus* leaue to pleade my deeds,
tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
How I haue loude and honoured *Saturnine*.

TAMORA,

of Titus Andronicus.

Lamora. My worthy Lord, if euer *Lamora*,
Vere gracious in those Princelie eies of thine,
then heare me speake indifferently for all:
And at my sute (sweete) pardon what is past.

Saturnine. V What Madam be dishonoured openly,
And baselie put it vp without reuenge.

Lamora. Not so my Lord, the Gods of Rome forfend,
I should be Authour to dishonour you,
But on mine honour dare I vndertake,
For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all,
VWhole furie not dissembled speakes his griefes:
then at my sute looke gratiousslie on him,
Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose,
Nor with sowre looks afflict his gentle hart.

My Lord: Be rulde by me, be wonne at last,
Dissemble all your griefes and discontents,
You are but newlie planted in your throne,
Least then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a iust sutuay take *Titus* part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
VWhich Rome reputes to be a hainous sinne.
Yeeld at intreats: and then let me alone,
Ile find a day to massacre them all,
And race their faction and their familie,
the cruell father, and his traiterous sonnes,
to whom I sued for my deare sonnes life.
And make them know what tis to let a Queene,
Kneele in the streets and begge for grace in vaine.
Come, come sweete Emperour, (come *Andronicus*!)
take vp this good old man, and cheare the hart,
that dies in tempest of thy angrie frowne.

Saturnine. Rise *Titus* rise, my Emperesse hath preuaild,

Titus. I thanke your Maiestie, and her my Lord,
these words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Lamora. *Titus* I am incorporate in Rome,

The most Lamentable Tragedie

A Roman now adopted happilie,
And must aduise the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconciled your friends and you.
For you Prince *Bassianus* I haue past
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords, and you *Lavinia*,
By my aduise all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie.
VVe doo, and vowe to Heauen and to his Highnes,
That what wee did, was mi'd ie as we might,
Tending our sisters honour and our owne.

Marcus. That on mine honour here doo I protest.

Saturnine. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.

Tamora. Nay, nay sweet Empe or, we must all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweete hart looke backe.

Saturnine. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brothers here,
And at my louelic *Tamoras* intreats,
I doo remit these young mens hainous faults,
Stand vp: *Lavinia* though you left me like a Churle,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a Batchiler from the Priest.
Come if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest *Lavinia* and your friends:
This daie shall be a loue-daie *Tamora*.

Titus. To morrow and it please your Maiestie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
VWith horne and hound, wee le giue your grace bon iour.

Saturnine. Be it so *Titus* and graneric too. *Exeunt*,
sound trumpets, manet Moore.

Aron. Now climeth *Tamora* Olympus topppe,
Safe out of fortunes shot, and sits aloft,

of Titus Andronicus.

Secure of thunders cracke or lightning flash,
Aduanc'd aboue pale enuies threatning reach,
As when the golden sunne salutes the morne,
And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering Coach,
And ouer-looks the highest piercing hills.

So Tamora.

Vpon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And vertue stoops and trembles at her trowne,
Then *Aron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mistris,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettred in amorous chames,
And faster bound to *Arons* charming eies,
Than is *Prometheus* tide to *Caucasus*.
Away with flauish weedes and seruile thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in pearle and golde,
to wait vpon this new made Emperesse.
to wait said I? to wanton with this Queene,
this Goddesse, this *Semerimis*, this Nymph,
this Syren that will charme *Romes Saturnine*,
And see his shipwracke, and his Common-weales.
Hollo, what storme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius braving.

(edge,

Demetrius. *Chiron* thy yeares wants wit, thy wits wants
And manners to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou knowest affected bee.

Chiron. *Demetrius*, thou dost ouerweene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,
Tis not the difference of a yeare or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou,
to serue, and to deserue my Mistris grace,
And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,

The most Lamentable Tragedie

And plead my passions for *Launias* loue, (peace.

Moore. Clubs, Clubs, these louers will not keepe the
Demetrius. Why boy, although our mother (vnaduizd)
Gave you a daunsing Rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends:
Goe too: haue your lath glued within your sheath,
till you know better how to handle it.

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

Demetrius. I boy, grow yee so braue? *they drawe.*

Moore. V Why how now Lords?
So neere the Emperours Pallace dare yee drawe,
And maintaine such a quarrell openlie?
Full well I wote the ground of all this grudge,
I would not for a million of gold,
the cause were knowne to them it most concernes,
Nor would your Noble Mother for much more,
Be so dishonoured in the Court of Rome.
For shame put vp.

Demetrius. Not I till I haue sheathd,
My Rapier in his bosome, and with all
thrust those reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
that he hath breathd in my dishonour here.

Chiron. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolude,
Fowle spoken Coward, that thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing darst performe.

Moore. Away I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike *Gotbes* adore,
this pettie brabble will vndo vs all:
V Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to iet vpon a Princes right?
V What is *Launias* then become so loose,
Or *Bascianus* so degenerate,
that for her loue such quarrels may be brocht,
V Without controuement, iustice, or reuenge.

Young

of Titus Andronicus.

Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,
This discords ground, the musicke would not please.

Chiron. I care not I, knew thee and all the world,
I loue *Lavinia* more than all the world. (choise,

Demetrius. Youngling learne thou to make some meaner
Lavinia is thine elder brothers hope.

Moore. Why are ye mad? or know yee not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they bee,
And cannot brooke competitors in loue?
Itell you Lords, you doo but plot your deaths,
By this deuise.

Chiron. *Aron,* A thousand deaths would I propose,
to atchiue her whom I loue.

Aron. To atchiue her how?

Demetrius. Why makes thou it so strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woode,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woonne,
Shee is *Lavinia*, therefore must be loude.
What man, more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the Miller of, and easie it is,
Of a cut loafe to steale a shiue we know:
Though *Bascianus* be the Emperours brother,
Better than he haue worne *Vulcans* badge.

Moore. I and as good as *Saturninus* may. (court it,

Demetrius. Then why should he dispaire that knows to
With words, faire looks, and liberalitie.
What hast not thou full often stroke a Doe,
And borne her cleanlie by the Keepers nose?

Moore. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch, or so
Would serue your turnes,

Chiron. If so the turne were serued,

Demetrius. *Aron* thou hast hit it.

Moore. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tirde with this adoo.
Why harke ye, harke ye, and are you such fooles

The most Lamentable Tragedie

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

Chiron. Faith not me,

Demetrius. Nor me so I were one.

Aron. For shame be friends, and ioine for that you iare,
Tis pollicie and stratageme must doo

That you affect, and so must you resolute,

That what you cannot as you would atchieue,

You must perforce accomplish as you may:

Take this of mee, *Lucrece* was not more chaste

Than this *Launias*, *Bascianus* loue.

A speedier course this lingring languishment

Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:

My Lords a solemne hunting is in hand,

There will the louelie *Romane Ladies* troope:

The Forrest walks are wide and spacious,

And many vnfrequented plots there are,

Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:

Single you thither then this daintie Doe,

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

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

Come, come, our *Empresse* with her sacred wit

+ To villanie and vengeance consecrate,

V Vill we acquaint withall what we intend,

And shee shall file our engines with aduise,

That will not suffer you to square your selues,

But to your wishes hight aduaunce you both.

The *Emperours Court* is like the house of fame,

The *Pallace* full of tongues, of eies, and cares:

The woods are ruthles, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:

There speake, and strike braue boies, and take your turns,

There serue your lust shadowed from heauens eie,

And reuell in *Launias* treasure.

Chiron. Thy counsell Lad smels of no cowardize.

Demetrius. Sit fas aut nefas, till I finde the streame,

of Titus Andronicus.

To coole this heate, a charme to calme these fits,
Per Stigia, per manes Vehor,

Exeunt.

*Enter Titus Andronicus, and his three sonnes,
making a noise with hounds & hornes.*

Titus. The hunt is vp the Moone is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are greene,
Vncouple here, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his louelie Bride,
And rowze the Prince, and ring a Hunters peale,
That all the Court may eccho with the noise.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefullie:
I haue beene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspirde.

*Here a crie of Hounds, and windhornes in a peale: then
enter Saturninus, Tamoia, Bascianus, Lauinia, Chiron,
Demetrius, and their Attendants.*

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

Saturnine. And you haue rung it lustilie my Lords,
Somewhat too earlie for new married Ladies.

Bascianus. *Lauinia,* how say you? (more,

Lau. I say no: I haue been broad awake, two howres &
Saturnine. Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romane hunting.

Marcus. I haue Dogges my Lord,
VWill rouze the prowdest Panther in the Chase,
And clime the highest promontarie topp.

Titus. And I haue horse will follow where the game

D

Makes

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Makes way and runnes like swallows ore the plaine.

Demetrius. Chiron we hunt not we, with horse nor hound
But hope to plucke admittie Doe to ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aron alone.

Moore. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
to burie so much gold vnder a tree,
And neuer after to inherit it.

Let him that thinks of me so abiectlie,
Know that this gold must coine a stratageme,
VWhich cunninglie effected will beget,
A verie excellent peece of villanie:
And so repose sweet gold for their vnrest,
that haue their almes out of the Empresse Chest.

Enter Tamora alone to the Moore.

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

Moore,

of Titus Andronicus.

Moore. Maddam, though *Venus* gouerne your desires,
Saturne is dominator ouer mine:
VVhat signifies my deadlie standing eie,
My silence, ann my clowdie melancholie,
My fleece of wollie haire that now vncurles,
Euen as an adder when shee doth vnrowle,
to doo some fatall execution.
No Maddam, these are no veneral signs,
Vengeance is in my hart, death in my hand,
Blood and reuenge are hammering in my head.
Harke *Tamora* the Empresse of my soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen than rests in thee,
this is the daie of doome for *Bassianus*,
His *Philomel* must loose her tongue to daie,
thy sonnes make pillage of her chastitie,
And wash their hands in *Bascianus* blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it vp I pray thee,
and giue the king this fatall plotted scrowle.
Now question me no more we are espied,
Here comes a parcell of our hope ful lbootie,
VVhich dreads not yet their liues destruction.

Enter Bascianus, and Lauinia.

Tamora. Ah my sweete *Moore*, sweeter to me than life;

Moore. No more great Empresse, *Bascianus* comes,
Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy sonnes
to backe thy quarrels what so ere they bee.

Bascianus. who haue we here? Romes Royall Empresse,
Vnfurnisht of her well be seeming troope?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
VVho hath abandoned her holie groues,
To see the generall hunting in this Forrest?

Tamora. Sawcie controwler of my priuate steps,
Had I the powre that some say *Dian* had,
Thy temples should be planted presentlie,

The most Lamentable Tragedie

V With hornes as was *Acteons*, and the hounds,
Should driue vpon thy new transformed lumbes,
Vnmannerly intruder as thou art.

Lauinea. Vnder your patience gentle Empresse,
Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your *Moore* and you,
Are singled forth to trie thy experimens:
Ioue sheeld your husband from his hounds to day,
Tis pittie they should take him for a Stag.

Bassianus. Beleeue me Queene your swartie Cymeron,
Doth make your honour of his bodies hue,
Spotted, detested, and abhominable.
V Why are you sequestred from all your traine,
Dismounted from your snow white goodly steede,
And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous *Moore*,
If foule desire had not conducted you?

Lauinia. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my Noble Lord be rated
For faufines, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her Rauen culloured loue,
This valie fitts the purpose passing well.

Bass. The King my brother shall haue notice of this,
Lauinia I, for these slips haue made him noted long,
Good King to be so mightily abused.

Queene. V Why I haue patience to indure all this.

Enter Chiron and Demetrius. (Mother,

Demet. How now deare soueraigne, and our gracious
V Why doth your highnes looke so pale and wan?

Queene. Haue I not reason thinke you to looke pale,
These two haue ticed me hither to this place,
A barren, detested vale you see it is,
The trees though summer yet forlorne and leane,
Quercome with mosse and balefull misseulto.

Hereneuer shines the sunne, here nothing breeds,
Vnlesse

of Titus Andronicus.

Vnlesse the nightly Owle or fatal! Rauē:
And when they showd me this abhorred pit,
They told me here at dead time of the night,
A thousand feends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toades, as manie vrchins,
VVould make such fearefull and confused cries,
As any mortall body hearing it
Should strait fall mad, or els die suddainely.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
Bu strait they told me they would binde me here,
Vnto the body of a dismall Ewghē,
And leaue me to this miserable death.
And then they calde me foule adulteresse,
Lauicious Goth, and all the bitterest tearmes,
That euer eare did heare to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Reuenge it as you loue your Mothers life,
Or be yee not hence forth cald my Children,

Demetrius. This is a witnes that I am thy son. *stab him.*

Chi And this for me struck home, to shew my strength.

Lauinia. I come *Semerans*, nay barbarous *Tamora*,
For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.

Tamora. Giue me the poynard, you shall know my boies,
Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.

Demetrius. Stay Madame here is more belongs to her,
First thrash the corne, then after burne the straw:
This minion stood vpon her chastitie,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie,
And with that painted hope, braues your mightenes,
And shall she carrie this vnto her graue.

Chiron. And if she doe, I would I were an Euenuke,
Drag' hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunkē pillow to our lust.

Tamora. But when yee haue the home we desire,

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Let not this waspe out liue vs both to sting,

Chiron. I warrant you madame we will make that sure:
Come Mistris now perforce we will enioy,
That nice preserued honestie of yours.

Lavinia. Oh *Tamora*, thou bearest a womans face.

Tamora. I will not heare her speake awaie with her,

Lavinia. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.

Demetrius. Listen faire Maddame let it be your glory
To see her teares, but be your hart to them:
As vnrelenting Flint to drops of raine. (dam,

Lavinia. VVhen did the Tigers young ones teach the
Oh doe not learne her wrath: she taught it thee,
The Milke thou suckst from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy teat thou hadst thy tyrranie,
Yet euerie Mother breeds not sonnes a like,
Doe thou intreat her shew a womans pittie. (bastard?

Chiron. VVhat wouldst thou haue me proue my selfe a

Lavinia. tis true the Rauen doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I hard, Oh could I finde it now,

The Lion moued with pittie did indure,
to haue his Princelie pawes parde all away:

So me say that Rauens foster forlorne children,
The whilst their owne birds famish in their nests:

Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no,
Nothing so kinde but something pittifull.

Tamora. I know not what it meanes, away with her.

Lavinia. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,
that gaue thee life when well he might haue slaine thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe yeares.

Tamora. Hadst thou in person nere offended mee,
Euen for his sake am I pittilesse.

Remember boyes I powrd forth teares in vaine,
to saue your brothet from the sacrifice,

But feare *Andronicas* would not relent,
therefore away with her, and vse her as you will,

of Titus Andronicus.

The worse to her the better lou'd of mee.

Launina. Oh *Tamora* be calld a Gentle Queene,

And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,

For tis not life that I haue begd so long,

Poore I was slaine when *Bascianus* dide. (goe?)

Tamora. V What begst thou then fond woman let me

Launina. tis present death I beg, and one thing more,

That woman-hood denies my tong to tell,

Oh keepe me from there worse than killing lust,

And tumble me into some lothsome pit,

V Where neuer mans eye may behold my bodie,

Doc this and be a charitable murderer.

Tamora. So should I rob my sweet sonnes of their see,

No let them sacrifice their lust on thee.

Demetrius. away for thou hast staide vs here too long.

Launina. No grace, no womanhood, ah beastly creature,

the blot and enemy to our generall name,

Confusion fall (husband,

Chiron. Nay then Ile stop your mouth, bring thou her

this is the hole where *Aron* bid vs hide him.

Tamora. Farewell my sons, see that you make her sure,

Nere let my hart know merry cheare indeede,

Till all the *Andronicse* be made away:

Now will I hence to seeke my louely Moore,

and let my spleenfull sonnes this Trull defloure.

Enter Aron with two of Titus sonnes.

Come on my Lords the better foot before,

Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit,

V Where I espied the Panther fast a sleepe.

Quintus. My sight is verie dull what ere it bodes.

Mars. and mine I promise you, were it not for shame,

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

Quintus. V What art thou fallen what subtile hole is this,

V Whose mouth is couered with rude growing briers,

V poe

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Vpon whose leaues are drops of new shed blood,
As fresh as morning dew distild on flowers,
A verie fatall place it seemes to mee,
Speake brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Martius. Oh brother with the dismalst obiekt hurt,
That euer eie with sight made hart lament,

Aron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them here,
That he thereby may haue a likely gesse, *Exit.*
How these were they, that made away his brother.

Martius. Why dost not comfort me and help me out
From this vn hollow, and blood stained hole,

Quintus. I am surpris'd with an vncouth feare,
A chilling sweat oreruns my trembling ioynts,
My hart suspects more than mine eie can see.

Martius. To proue thou hast a true diuining hart,
Aron, and thou looke downe into this den,
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.

Quintus. *Aron* is gone, and my compassionate hart,
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold,
The thing where at it trembles by surmise:
Oh tell me who it is, for nere till now,
Was I a child to feare I know not what.

Martius. Lord *Bassianus* lies becaud in blood, *See vnder*
All on a heape like to a slaughtered Lambe,
In this detested darke blood drinking pit.

Quintus. If it be darke how dost thou know tis hee,

Martius. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A pretious ring, that lightens all this hole:
Which like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthy cheekes,
And shewes the ragged intrals of this pit:
So pale did shine the Moone on *Priamus,*
When he by night lay bathd in Maiden blood,
O Brother help me with thy fainting hand,
If feare hath made thee faint as me it hath,

Out

of Titus Andronicus.

Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
As hatefull as *Qcitus* mistie mouth.

Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus* graue:

I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brinck,
Martius. Nor I no strength to clime without thy help.

Quint. Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,
Till thou art here a loft or I belowe:
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

*Enter the Emperour and Aron,
the Moore.*

Saturninus. Along with me, Ile see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leapt into it,
Say who art thou that lately didst descend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth.

Martius. The vnhappie sonnes of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,
To finde thy brother *Bassianus* dead.

Saturninus. My brother dead, I know thou dost but
He and his Ladie both are at the lodge, (icst,
Vpon the north side of this pleasant chase,
Tis not an houre since I left them there.

Mart. VVe know not where you left them all a liue,
But out alas, here haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tamora. V Where is my Lord the King?

King. Here *Tamora*, though griude with killing grieffe,

Tamora. V Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?

King. Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound,

E

Poore

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Poore *Bassianus* here lies murdered.

Tamora. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ,
The complot of this timelesse Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyrannie.

She giueth Saturnine a letter.

Saturninus reads the letter.

*And if wee misse to meete him handsomelie,
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus tis we meane,
Doe thou so much as dig the graue for him,
Thou knowst our meaning looke for thy reward,
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree,
Which ouer shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to burie Bassianus,
Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting friends.*

King. Oh *Tamora* was euer heard the like,
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke Sirs if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should haue murdered *Bassianus* here.

Aron. My gracious Lord here is the bag of gold.

King. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kinde,
Haue here bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,
T here let them bide vntill we haue deuisd,
Some neuer hard of tortering paine for them.

Tam. VVhat are they in this pit, Oh wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered.

Titus. High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares not lightly shed,
That th is fell fault of my accursed sonnes,
Accursed, if the faults be proud in them.

King. If it be proude, you see it is apparant,

who

of Titus Andronicus.

Who found this letter, *Tamora* was it you?

Tamora. *Andronicus* himselfe did take it vp.

Titus. I did my Lord, yet let me be their baile,
For by my Fathers reuerent toombe I vowe,
They shall be ready at your highnes will,
To answer their suspicion with their liues.

King. Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me,
Some bring the murdered body, some the murderers,
Let them not speake a word the guilt is plaine,
For by my soule, were there worle end than death,
That end vpon them should be executed.

Tamora. *Andronicus* I will intreat the King,
Feare not thy sonnes, they shall doe well enough.

Titus. Come *Lucius* come, stay not to talke with them.

*Enter the Empresse sonnes with Lauinia, her handes
cut off, and her tongue cut out, & rauisht.*

Deme. So now go tell and if thy tongue can speake,
VWho twas that cut thy tongue and rauisht thee.

Chi. VVrite downe thy minde bewray thy meaning so,
And if thy stumpes will let thee play the scribe.

Deme. See how with signes and tokens she can scrowle.

Chi. Goe home, call for sweet water wash thy hands.

Demet. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash
And so lets leaue her to her silent walkes.

Chi. And twere my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.

Dmet. If thou hadst hands to helpe thee knitt the corde.

Exeunt.

Enter Marcus from hunting.

VWho is this, my Neece that flies away so fast,
Cosen a word, where is your husband?
If I doe dreame would all my wealth would wake me.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

If I doe wake some Plannet strike me downe,
That I may slumber an eternall sleepe.
Speake gentle Neece, what sterne vngentle hands,
+ Hath loopt, and hewde, and made thy body bare,
Of her two branches those sweet Ornaments,
VVhose cyrcling shadowes, Kings haue sought to sleepe
And might not gaine so great a happines (in,
As halfe thy loue: VVhy dost not speake to me?
Alas, a crimson Riuer of warme blood,
Like to a bubling Fountaine stirde with winde,
Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,
Comming and going with thy honie breath.
But sure some *Tereus* hath deflowred thee,
And lest thou shouldst detect them cut thy tongue.
Ah now thou turnst awaie thy face for shame,
And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,
As from a Conduit with their issuing spouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,
Blushing to be encountred with a Clowde.
Shall I speake for thee, shall I say tis so.
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast,
That I might traile at him to ease my minde,
Sorrow concealed like an Ouen stoppt,
Doth burne the hart to cinders where it is.
Faie *Philomela*, why she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sowed her minde.
But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus*, Cosen hast thou met,
And he hath cut those prettie fingers off,
That could haue better sowed than *Philomel*.
Oh had the monster seene those Lillie hands,
Tremble like aspenleaues vpon a Lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
He would not then haue rucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmonie,

VVhich

of Titus Andronicus.

Which that sweete tongue hath made,
He would haue dropt his knife and fell a sleepe,
As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come let vs goe, and make thy father blind,
For such a sight will blind a fathers eie.
One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades,
What will whole months of teares thy fathers eies?
Doe not drawe backe, for we will mourne with thee,
Oh could our mourning ease thy miserie.

Exeunt.

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

Titus. Heare me graue Fathers, Noble Tribunes stay,
For pittie of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous warres, whilst you securelie slept.
For all my blood in Roomes great quarrell shed,
For all the frostie nights that I haue watcht,
And for these bitter teares which now you see,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
Be pittifull to my condemned sonnes,
Whose soules is not corrupted as tis thought.
For two and twentie sonnes I neuer wept,
Because they died in honours loftie bed,

Andronicus lieth downe, and the Iudges passe by him.
For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
Let my teares staunch the earths drie appetite,
My sonnes sweete blood will make it shame and blusht:
O earth I will befriend thee more with raine,
That shall distill from these two auntient ruines,
Than youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres.

The most lamentable Tragedie

In summers drought, He drop vpon thee still,
In winter with warme teares He melt the snow,
And keepe eternall springtime out hy face,
So thou refuse to drinke my deare sonnes blood.

Enter Lucius with his weapon drawne.

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

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

Titus. Ah *Lucius*, for thy brothiers let me plead,
Graue *Tribunes*, once more I intreat of you.

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

Titus. Why tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me, if they did marke,
They would not pittie me, yet pleade I must,
And bootlesse vnto them.

Therefore I tell my sorrowes to the stones,
who though they cannot answere my distresse,
Yet in some sort they are better than the *tribunes*,
For that they will not intercept my tale:

when I doe weepe, they humblie at my feete
Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weeds,
Rome could afford no *tribunes* like to these:

A stone is soft as waxe, *tribunes* more hard than stones:

A stone is silent, and offendeth not,

And *tribunes* with their tongues doome men to death.

But wherefore standst thou with thy weapon drawne?

Lucius to rescue my two brothiers from their death,
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronouncst,
My euerlasting doome of banishment.

Titus. O happie man, they haue befriended thee:

why

of Titus Andronicus.

why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceiue
that Rome is but a wildernes of tygers?
tygers must pray, and Rome affords no pray
But me and mine, how happie art thou then,
From these deuourers to be banished.
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* here?

Enter Marcus with Lauinia.

Marcus. *Titus*, prepare thy aged eies to weepe,
Or if not so, thy Noble hart to breake:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Titus. will it consume mee? Let me see it then.

Marcus. this was thy Daughter.

Titus. why *Marcus* so shee is.

Lucius. Ay mee, this Obiect kils mee.

Titus. Faint-harted-boy, arise and looke vpon her,
Speake *Lauinea*, what accursed hand,
Hath made thee handles in thy fathers sight?
what foole hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My grieft was at the height before thou camst,
And now like *Nylus* it disdaineth bounds.
Giue me a sword Ile choppe off my hands too,
For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
And they haue nurst this woe, in feeding life:
In bootlesse praier haue they beene held vp,
And they haue serued me to effectles vse.
Now all the seruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other,
tis well *Lauinia* that thou hast no hands,
For hands to doe Rome seruice is but vaine.

Lucius. Speake gentle sifter, who hath martred thee.

Marcus. Oh that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
that blabd thee with such pleasing eloquence,

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Is torne from forth that prettie hollow cage,
VWhere like a sweete mellodious bird it sung,
Sweete varied notes inchaunting euerie care.

Lucius. Oh say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Marcus. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide her selfe, as doth the Deare
That hath receaude some vnrecuring wound.

Titus. It was my Deare, and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more than had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one vpon a rocke,
Inuironed with a wildernes of sea,
VWho markes the waxing tide, grow waue by waue,
Expecting euer when some enuious surge,
VWill in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone,
Here stands my other sonne a banisht man,
And here my brother weeping at my woes:
But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne
Is deare *Lavinia*, dearer than my soule.

Had I but scene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me: what shall I doo,
Now I behold thy liuelie bodie so?

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martred thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemnde, and dead by this.

Looke *Marcus*, Ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her,
VWhen I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honie dew,
Vpon a gathred Lillie almost withered. (husband,

Marcus. Perchance shee weepes because they kild her
Perchance, because shee knowes them innocent.

Titus. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
Because the Law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not doo so fowle a deede,

VVitnes

of Titus Andronicus.

V Vitnes the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kisse thy lips,
Or make some signe how I may doe thee ease:
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou, and I, sit round about some Fountaine,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheekes,
How they are stained like meadowes yet not drie,
V With micrie slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountaine shall wee gaze so long,
Till the fresh tast be taken from that clearenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues? and in dumbe shewes
Passe the remainder of our hatefull daies?
V What shall we doe? Let vs that haue our tongues,
Plot some deuise of further miserie,
To make vs wonderd at in time to come.

Lucius. Sweete father cease your teares, for at your grief
See how my wretched sister sobs and weepes.

Marcus. Patience deare niece, good *Titus* dry thine eies.

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

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

Titus. Marke *Marcus*, marke, I vnderstand her signes;
Had shee a tongue to speake, now would shee say
That to her Brother, which I said to thee.
His napking with her true teares all bewet,
Can doe no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekes;
Oh what a simparchie of woe is this,
As farre from helpe, as Zymbo is from blisse.

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

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

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Or any one of you, chop off your hand
And send it to the King, he for the same,
will send thee hither both thy sonnes aliue,
And that shall be the ransome for their fault.

Titus. Oh gracious Emperour, Oh gentle *Aron*,
Dideuer Rauen sing so like a Larke,
that giues sweete tidings of the Sunnes vprise?
VWith all my hart, Ile send the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aron* wilt thou helpe to chop it off?

Lucius. Stay father, for that Noble hand of thine,
that hath throwne downe so many enemies,
Sha'l not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,
My youth can better spare my bloud than you,
And therefore mine shall saue my brothers liues.

Marcus. which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And reard aloft the bloudie Battleaxe,
wrighting destruction on the enemies Castle?
Oh none of both, but are of high desert:
My hand hath beene but idle, let it serue
to ransome my two Nephews from their death,
then haue I kept it to a worthie ende.

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

Marcus. My hand shall goe.

Lucius. By heauen it shall not goe.

Titus. Sirs striue no more, such withred hearbs as these
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.

Lucius. Sweete father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.

Marcus. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me show a brothers loue to thee.

Titus. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.

Lucius. then Ile goe fetch an Axe.

Marcus. But I will vse the Axe.

Exeunt.

Titus. Come hither *Aron*, Ile deceiue them both,

Lend

of Titus Andronicus.

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

Moore. If that be calde deceit, I will be honest,
And neuer whilst I liue deceiue men so:
But Ile deceiue you in another sort,
And that you'e say ere halfe an houre passe.

He cuts off Titus hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

Titus. Now stay your strife, what shall be, is dispatcht
Good *Aron* giue his Maiestie my hand,
tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers, bid him burie it,
More hath it merited, that let it haue:
As for my sonnes, say I account of them,
Asiewels purchasde at an easie price,
and yet deare too, because I bought mine owne.

Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy sonnes with thee.
their heads I meane: Oh how this villanie,
Doth fat me with the verie thoughts of it.
Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will haue his soule blacke like his face. *Exit.*

Titus. Oh here I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
and bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what wouldst thou kneele with mee?
Doe then deare hart, for heauen shall heare our praiers,
Or with our sighs wele breath the welkin dimme,
and staine the sunne with fogge, as sometime clouds,
VVhen they doe hug him in their melting bosomes,

Marcus. Oh Brother speake with possibilitie,
and doe not breake into these deepe extreames.

Titus. Is not my sorrow deepe hauing no bottome?

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Then be my passions bottomlesse with them,

Marcus. But yet let reason gouerne thy lament,

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,

Then into limits could I binde my woes:

VWhen heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth overflow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea waxe mad,

Threatning the welkin with his bigswolne face?

And wilt thou haue a reason for this coile?

I am the sea. Harke how her sighs doth flow:

Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:

Then must my sea be moued with her sighs,

Then must my earth with her continuall teares,

Become a deluge: overflowed and drown'd:

For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,

But like a drunkard must I vomit them,

Then giue me leaue, for loofers will haue leaue,

To ease their stomacks with their bitter tongues.

Enter a messenger with two heads and a band.

Messenger. VVorthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,

For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour:

Here are the heads of thy two Noble sonnes,

And heres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe:

Thy grieffe, their sports: Thy resolution mockt:

That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,

More than remembrance of my fathers death.

Marcus. Now let hote *Ætna* coole in *Cycilis*,

And be my hart an euerburning hell:

These miseries are more than may be borne.

To weepe with them that weepe doth ease some deale,

But sorrow flowted at, is double death.

Lucius. Ah that this sight should make so deepe a wound

And yet detested life not shrinke thereat:

That euer death should let life beare his name,

V Where

of Titus Andronicus.

Where life hath no more interest but to breath,

Marcus. Alas poore hart, that kisse is comfortlesse,
As frozen water to a starued snake.

Titus. When will this fearefull slumber haue an end?

Mar. Now farewell flatterie, die *Andronicus*,
thou dost not slumber, see thy two sonnes heads,
thy warlike hand, thy mangled Daughter heere:
thy other banisht sonne with this deere sight,
Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,
Euen like a stony image cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controwle thy griefes,
Rent off thy siluer haire, thy other hand,
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
The closing vp of our most wretched eies:
Now is a time to storme, why art thou still?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha.

M. Why dost thou laugh? It fits not with this houre.

Titus. Why I haue not another teare to shed,
Besides this sorrow is an enemy,
And would vsurpe vpon my watrie eies,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares,
Then which way shall I find Reuenges Caue,
For these two heads doe seeme to speake to mee
And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,
Till all these mischiefes be returned againe,
Euen in their throats that hath committed them,
Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
You heauie people circle me about.
That I may turne mee to each one of you,
and sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs,
The vow is made, Come brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare,
And *Lavinia* thou shalt be imployde in these Armes,
Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the *Gothes* and raise an armie there,
and if yee loue me as I thinke you doe,
Lets kille and part for we haue much to doe.

Exiunt.

Lucius. Farewell *Andronicus* my Noble Father,
The woefulst man that euer liued in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome till *Lucius* come againe,
He loues his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewell *Lauinia* my Noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,
But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lauinia* liues,
But in obliuion and hatefull greefes:
If *Lucius* liue, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturnine* and his Emperesse,
Begat the gates like *Tarquian* and his Queene,
Now will I to the *Gothes* and raise a powre,
To bee reuengd on Rome and *Saturnine*.

Exit Lucius.

*Enter Lucius sonne and Lauinia running after him, and
the Boy flies from her with his Bookes un-
der his Arme.*

Enter Titus and Marcus.

Puer. Help Grandier helpe, my aunt *Lauinia*,
Followes me euerie where I know not why.
Good Vnckle *Marcus* see how swift shee comes,
Alas sweet Aunt I know not what you meane.

Marcus. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thine Aunt.

Titus. She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme.

Puer. I when my Father was in Rome she did,

M. V What meanes my Neccc *Lauinia* by these signes?

Tit. Feare her not *Lucius*, somewhat doth she meane,

See

of Titus Andronicus.

See *Lucius* see, how much she makes of thee:
Some whither would she haue thee goe with her.

A boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more care,
Red to her sonnes than she hath red to thee,
Sweet Poetrie and *Tullies* Oratour:

Canst thou not gesse wherefore she plies thee thus.

Puer. My Lord I know not I, nor can I gesse,
Vnlesse some fit or frenzie do possesse her:
For I haue heard my Grandier say full oft,
Extremitee of grieues would make men mad,
And I haue red that *Hecuba* of Troy,
Ran mad for sorrow, that made me to feare,
Although my Lord I know my Noble Aunt,
Loues me as deare as ere my Mother did,
And would not but in furie fright my youth,
VWhich made me downe to throwe my bookes and flie
Causeles perhaps, but pardon me, sweet Aunt,
And Maddam if my Vnckle *Marcus* goe,
I will most willinglie attend your Ladyship.

Mar. *Lucius* I will.

Titus. How now *Lavinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?
Some booke there is that she desires to see:
VWhich is it gyrlie of these, open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choise of all my Lybrarie,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heauens
Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deede.
VWhy lifts she vp her Armes in sequence thus?

M. I thinke she meanes that there were more than one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
Or else to heauen, she heaues them for reuenge.

Titus. *Lucius* what booke is that shee offereth so,

Puer. Grandier tis *Ouids* Metamorphosis,
My Mother gaue it me.

Marcus. For loue of her thats gone,

Perhaps

The most lamentable Tragedie

Perhaps shee culd it from among the rest,

Titus. Soft so busilie she turnes the leaues,
Help her, what would she finde? *Lavinia* shal I read?

This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*,
And treatis of *Tereus* treason and his rape,
And rape I feare, was roote of thy annoie,

Marcus. See brother see, note how she coats the leaues,
Titus. *Lavinia* wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet gyrl?

Rauisht and wrongd as *Phlomele* was,
Frocd in the ruthlesse Vast and gloomie woods;
See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there,)

Patternd by that the Poet here describes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes,

Mar. O why should nature build so fowle a den,
Vnlesse the Gods delight in Tragedies, (friends,

Titus. Giue signes sweet gyrl, for here are none but
V What Romaine Lord it was durst doe the deed?

Or slonke not *Saturnine* as *Tarquin* erst,
that left the Campe to sinne in *Lucrece* bed

Marc. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by
Appollo, Pallas, Ioue or *Mercurie,* (mee,

Inspire me that I may this treason finde,
My Lord looke here, looke here *Lavinia*,

*He writes his name with his Staffe and guides it
with fecte and mouth.*

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

That

of Titus Andronicus.

That we may know the traytors and the truth,

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

Oh doe yee read my Lord what she hath writ,
Stuprum, Chiron, Dimetrius.

Marcus. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of *Tamora*,
Performers of this haynous bloody deede .

Titus. *Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?*

Marcus. Oh calme thee gentle Lord, although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To stir a mutinie in the mildest thoughts, +
And arme the mindes of infants to exclames,
My Lord kneele downe with me, *Lavinia* kneele,
And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine *Hectors* 1 cp
And sweare with me as with the wofull feere,
And father of that chaste dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Iunius Brutus* sweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will prosecute by good aduice
Mortall reuenge vpon these Traiterous *Gothes*,
And see their blood or die with this reproch.

Titus. Tis sure enough, and you knew how,
But if you hunt these Beare whelpes then beware,
The Dam will wake and if she winde yee once,
Shee's with the Lion deeply still in leaguc,
And luls him whilst shee plaieth on her backe.
And when he sleepe, will shee doe what she list.
You are a young huntiman *Marcus*, let alone,
And come I will goe get a lease of brasse,
And with a gad of Steele will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northen wind
Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
And wheres our lesson then, boy what say you?

Puer. I say my Lord that if I were a man,

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bale bond-men to the yoke of Rome.

Marcus I that my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngreatfull Countrie done the like.

Puer, And Vnkle so will I, and if I liue.

Titus. Come goe with me into mine Armoire,

Lucius Ile fit thee, and with all my boy

Shall carrie from me to the Empresse Ionnes,

Presents that I intend to send them both:

Come, come, thoult doe my message wilt thou not?

Puer. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandier.

Titus. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,

Lavinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house,

Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the Court,

I marrie will we sir, and wee'le be waited on. *Exeunt.*

Marcus. O heauens, can you heare a goodman gone
And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus attend him in his extasie,

That hath more scars of sorrow in his hart,

Than toe-mens marks vpon his battred shield,

But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,

Reuenge the heauens for olde *Andronicus*. *Exit.*

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

Chiron Demetrius, her's the sonne of *Lucius*,
He hath some message to deliuer vs.

Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather:

Puer. My Lords, with all the humblenes I may,
I greeete your Honours from *Andronicus*;

And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.

Demetrius. Gramarcie Louelie *Lucius*, whats the news.

Puer. That you are both discipherd, thats the newes,

For

of Titus Andronicus.

For villaines markt with rape. May it please you,
My Grandfier well aduisde hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
To gratefie your honourable youth
The hope of Rome, for so he bid me say:
And so I doe, and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, when euer you haue neede,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leaue you both: Like bloudie villaines. *Exit.*

Demetri. what's here? a scrole, and written round about,
Let's see,

Integer vita scelerisque purus, non eget manri iaculis nec arcu.

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

Moore. I iust, a verse in *Horace*, right you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Assle,

Her's no foundieast, the olde man hath found their gilt,
And sends them weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound beyond their feeling to the quicke:
But were our wittie Empresse well a foote,
Shee would applaud *Andronicus* conceit,
But lether rest in her vnrest a while,

And now young Lords, wast not a happie starre,
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more than so
Captiues, to be aduanced to this height:
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To braue the *Tribune* in his brothers hearing.

Demetrius. But me more good to see so great a Lord,
Baselie in sinuate and send vs gifts.

Aron. Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*,
Did you not vse his daughter very friendlie?

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

Chiron. A charitable wish, and full of loue,

Aron. Here lacks but your mother fort to say Amen.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Chiron. And that would she for twenty thousand more,
Deme. Come let vs goe and pray to all the Gods,
For our beloued mother in her paines.

Aron. Pray to the devills, the Gods haue giuen vs ouer,
Trumpets sound.

Demet. Why do the Emperours trumpets flourish
Chs. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne, (thus,
Demetrius. Soft who comes here.

Enter Nurse with a blackamoore childe.

(the Moore.

Nurse. God morrow Lords, O tell me did you see *Aron*

Aron. VVell, more orlesse, or nere a whit at all,
Here *Aron* is, and what with *Aron* now.

Nurse. Oh gentle *Aron* we are all vndone,
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.

Aron. VVhy what a catterwalling dost thou keepe,
what dost thou wrap and fumble in thy armes?

Nur. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empresse shame and stately Romes disgrace,
Shee is deliuered Lords she is deliuered,

Aron. To whome.

Nur. I meane she is brought a bed.

Aron. VVell god giue her good rest, what hath he sent

Nurse. A due l. (her?

A. VVhy then she is the devills Dam, a ioyfull issue,

N. A Ioyles, dismall, blacke, and sorrowfull issue,
Here is the babe as loathsome as a toade,

Amongst the fairefast breeders of our clime,
The Empresse sends it thee, thy stampe, thy scale,
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.

A. Zounds ye whore, is blacke so base a hue?
Sweete blowe you are a beautious blossome sure,

Deme. Villaine what hast thou done?

A. that which thou canst not vndoe.

Chiron. Thou hast vndone our mother.

of Titus Andronicus.

Aron. Villaine I haue donethy mother.

Demet. And therein helish dog thou hast vndone her,
VVoeto her chaunce, and damde her loathed choice,
Accurst the offspring of so foule a fiend.

Chi. It shall not lue,

Aron. It shall not die.

Nurse. *Aron* it must, the mother wi's it so.

Aron. V What must it Nurse? then let no man but I,
Doe execution on my flesh and blood.

Demet. Ile broach the tadpole on my Rapiers point,
Nurse giue it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it.

Aron. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowes vp,
Stay murderous villaines will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning tapers of the skie,
that shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,
that touches this my first borne sonne and heire:
I tell you yonglings, not *Enceladus*,
VWith all his threatening band of *Typhons* broode,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of warre,
Shall ceaze this pray out of his fathers hands:
VWhat, what, yee sanguine shallow harted boies,
Yee whitelinde wales, yee ale-houle painted signes,
Cole-blacke is better than another hue,
In that it scornes to beare another hue:
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can neuer turne the swans blacke legs to white,
Although shee laue them howrely in the flood:
tell the Emperesse from mee I am of age
to keepe mine owne, excuse it how shee can.

Demetrius. V Vilt thou betray thy Noble Mistris thus?

Aron. My Mistris is my Mistris, this my selfe,
the vigour, and the picture of my youth:
this before all the world doe I preferre,
this mauger all the world will I keepe safe,

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Or some of you shall sinke for it in Rome,

Demetrius. By this our mother is for euer shame,

Chiron. Rome will despise her for this foule escape,

Nurse. the Emperour in his rage will doome her death,

Chiron. I blush to thinke vpon this ignomie,

Aron. Why ther's the Priuiledge your beautie bears:
Fie trecherous hue, that will betraie with blushing
the close enactts and counsels of thy hart:

Her's a young Lad framde of another leere,
Looke how the blacke slaue smiles vpon the father,
As who should say, olde Lad I am thine owne:

Hee is your brother Lords, sensiblie fed
Of that selfe bloud that first gaue life to you,
And from your wombe where you imprisoned were,
Hee is infraunchised, and come to light:
Nay hee is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seale be stamped in his face.

Nurse. *Aron,* what shall I say vnto the Empresse?

Demetrius. Advise thee *Aron,* what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advise:
Saue thou the childe, so wee may all be safe.

Aron. then sit we downe and let vs all consult,
My sonne and I will haue the winde of you:
Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safetic.

Demetrius. How many women saw this childe of his?

Aron. why so braue Lords, when we ioine in league
I am a Lambe, but if you braue the Moore,
the chafed Bore, the mountaine Lionesse,
the Ocean swels not so as *Aron* stormes:
But saie againe, how manie saw the childe.

Nurse. *Cornelia* the Midwife, and my selfe,
And no one els but the deliuered Empresse.

Aron, the Empresse, the Midwife, and your selfe,
two may keepe counsell when the third's away:
Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said.

He kills her.
wecke,

of Titus Andronicus.

Week, weeke, so cries a Pigge prepared to the spit.

Dem. what meanst thou Aron, wherfore didst thou this?

Aron. O Lord sir, tis a deede of pollicie,
Shall shee liue to betraie this gilt of ours?
A long tongude babling Gossip, No Lords, no:
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
Not faire, one *Muliteus* my Countryman
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His childe is like to her, faire as you are:
Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,
And tell them both, the circumstance of all,
And how by this their childe shall be aduunst,
And be receiued for the Emperours Heire,
And substituted in the place of mine,
to calme this tempest whirling in the Court,
And let the Lmperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke yee Lords, you see I haue giuen her Phisicke,
And you must needs bestow her Funerall,
the fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
this done, see that you take no longer daies,
But send the Midwite presentlie to mee.
the Midwite and the Nurse well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aron, I see thou wilt not trust the aire with secrets.

Demetrius. For this care of *Tamora*,
Herselfe, and hers, are highlie bound to thee. *Exeunt.*

Aron. Now to the *Gothes* as swift as swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
And secretlie to greeete the Emperesse friends:
Come on you thicke-lipt-slaue, I le beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our shifts:
Ile make you feede on berries, and on roots,
And feede on curds and whay, and sucke the Goate,
And cabb in a Caue, and bring you vp,
To be a warriour and commaund a Campe. *Exit.*

Diser

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Enter Titus, olde Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen with bowes, and Titus beares the arrowes with letters on the ends of them.

Titus. Come *Marcus*, come, kinsemen this is the way,
Sir boy let me see your Archerie,
Looke, ee draw home inough and tis there straight,
Terras Aстреáreliquis, be you remembered *Marcus*,
Shees gone, shees fled, sirs take you to your tooles,
You Cosens shall goe found the Ocean,
And cast your nets, happilie you may catch her in the sea,
Yet ther's as little iustice as at land:
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you must doe it,
Tis you must dig with matrocke and with spade,
And pierce the ymost Center of the earth,
Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
I pray you deliuer him this petition,
Tell him it is for iustice and for aide,
And that it comes from olde *Andronicus*
Shaken with sorrowes in vngreatfull Rome.
Ah Rome, well, well, I made thee miserable,
VVhat time I threw the peoples suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore mee.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leaue you not a man of warre vnsearcht,
This wicked Emperour may haue shipt her hence,
And kinsemen then we may goe pipe for iustice.

Marcus. O *Publius*, is not this a heauie case
To see thy Noble Vnkle thus distract?

Publius. Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
By day and night t'attend him carefulie:
And feede his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedie.

Marcus. Kinsmen his sorrowes are past remedie

of Titus Andronicus.

Joine with the *Gorbes*, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitour *Saturnine*.

Titus. *Publius* how now, how now my Masters,
VVhat haue you met with her?

Publius. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you shall,
Marrie for Iustice shee is so imploid,
He thinks with *Ioue* in heauen, or some where else,
So that perforce you must needs staie a time.

Titus. He doth me wrong to feede me with delaies,
Ile diue into the burning lake belowe,
And pull her out of *Acaron* by the heeles,
Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars wee,
No big-boand-men framde of the Cyclops size,
But mettall *Marcus*, Steele to the verie backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can beare:
And sith ther's no iustice in earth nor hell,
VVe will sollicite heauen and moue the Gods,
To send downe Iustice for to wreake our wrongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*,

He giues them the Arrowes.

Ad Iouem, thats for you, here *ad Apollonem*,
Ad Martem, thats for my selfe,
Here boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercurie*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to shoote against the winde,
Too it boy, *Marcus* loose when I bid,
Of my word I haue written to effect,
Ther's not a God left vn-sollicited.

Marcus. Kinsemen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
VVee will afflict the Emperour in his pride.

Titus. Now Masters draw, Oh well said *Lucius*,
Good boy in *Virgoes* lappe, giue it *Pallas*.

Marcus. My Lord, I aime a mile beyond the Moone,

H

Your

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Your letter is with *Iubiter* by this.

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

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

Titus. VVhy there it goes, God giue his Lordship ioy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Titus. VVhy villaine art not thou the Carrier.

Clowne. I of my pidgeons sir, nothing els.

Titus. VVhy didst thou not come from heauen?

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

VVhy I am going with my pidgeons to the tribunall
P^{re}bs, to take vp a matter of brawle betwixt my Vncle,
and one of the Emperals men.

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

Titus.

of Titus Andronicus.

Titus. Tell mee, can you deliuer an Oration to the Emperour with a grace,

Clowne. Nay true lie fir, I could neuer say grace in all my life.

Titus. Sirra come hither, make no more adoo,
But giue your pidgeons to the Emperour,
By mee thou shalt haue iustice at his hands,
Hold, hold, meane while here's money for thy charges,
Giue me pen and inke,
Sirra, can you with a grace deliuer vp a Supplication?

Clowne. I fir.

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approch you must kneele, then kisse his foote, then deliuer vp your pidgeons, and then looke for your reward, Ile bee at hand fir, see you doe it brauelie.

Clowne. I warrant you fir, let me alone.

Titus. Sirra hast thou a knife? Come let me see it.
Here *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant.
And when thou hast giuen it to the Emperour,
Knocke at my doore, and tell me what he saies.

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

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

Exeunt.

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

(Scene,

Saturnine. Why lords what wrongs are these, was euer an Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
O fe gall iustice, vsde in such contempt.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

My Lords you know the mightfull Gods,
How euer these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples cares, there nought hath past
But euen with law against the wilfull sonnes
Of old *Andronicus*, And what and if
His sorrowes haue so ouerwhelnde his witts?
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaques,
His fits, his frenchie, and his bitternes?
And now he writes to heauen for his redresse,
See heres to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercurie*.
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
Sweete skrowles to flie about the streets of Rome,
Whats this but libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our vniustice euerie where,
A goodly humor is it not my Lords?
As who would say in Rome no iustice were.
But if I liue his fained extasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages,
But he and his shall know that iustice liues
In *Saturninus* health, whome if he sleepe,
Hele so a wake as he in furie shall,
Cut off the proud'st conspiratour that liues.

Tamora. My gracious Lord, my louely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sonnes,
Whose losse hath pearst him deepe and skard his hart,
And rather comfort his distrelled plight,
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts: why thus it shall become
Hie witted *Tamora* to glose with all,
But *Titus* I haue touched thee to the quicke,
Thy life blood out: if *Aron* now be wise,
Then is all safe, the Anchor in the port,

Enter

of Titus Andronicus.

Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow wouldst thou speake with vs?

Clowne. Yea forsooth & your Mistriship be Emperiall,

Tamora. Empresse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.

Clow. Tis he, God and Saint *Steuē* giue you Godden,
I haue brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

He reads the letter.

Satur. Goe take him away and hang him presently?

Clow. How much money must I haue,

Tamora. Come sirra you must be hanged.

Clowne. Hangd be Lady, then I haue brought vp a neck
to a faire end.

Exit.

Satur. Dispightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villanie?
I know from whence this same deuise proceeds.
May this be borne as if his traitorous sonnes,
That did by law for murder of our brother,
Haue by my meanes bin butchered wrongfully.
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape priueledge,
For this proud mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man,
Sly franticke wretch, that holpst to make me great,
In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and me.

Enter Nutius Emillius.

Satur. V What newes with thee *Emillius*?

Emillius. Arme my lords, Rome neuer had more cause,
The Gothes haue gathered head and with a power

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Of high resolved men, bent to the spoile,
They hither march a maine, vnder conduct
Of *Lucius*, sonne to old *Andronicus*,
V Who threats in course of this reuenge, to doe
As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.

King. Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the *Gothes*,
These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with stormes,
I now begins our sorrowes to approach,
Tis he the common people loue so much,
My selfe hath often heard them say,
V When I haue walked like a priuate man,
That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfullie,
And they haue wisht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.

Tamora. why should you feare, is not your Citie strong?

King. I but the Citizens fauour *Lucius*,
And will reuolt from me to succour him.

Tamora. *King* Be thy thoughts imperious like thy name,
Is the sunne dumde, that Gnats doe flie in it,
The Eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his winges,
He can at pleasure slint their melodie,
Euen so maiest thou the giddie men of Rome,
Then cheare thy spirit for know thou Emperour,
I will inchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
With words more sweete and yet more dangerous
Then baites to fish, or honniestalkes to sheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious seede.

King. But he will not intreat his sonne for vs.

Tamora. If *Tamora* intreat him than he will,
For I can smooth and fill his aged eares,
V With golden promises, that were his hart
Almost impregnable, his old yeares deafe,

of Titus Andronicus.

Yet should both care and hart obey my tongue.
Goe thou before to be our Ambassador,
Say that the Emperour requests a parlie,
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting,
Euen at his Fathers house the old *Andronicus*.

King. *Emilius* doe this message honourably,
And if he stand in hostage for his sattie,
Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best.

Emilius. Your bidding shall I doe effectually.

Exit.

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

Exeunt.

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

Lucius. Approued warriours, and my faithfull friends,
I haue receaued letters from great Rome,
VVhich signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore great Lords bee as your titles witnes,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any skath,
Lethim make treable satisfaction.

Goths. Braue slip sprong from the great *Andronicus*,
VVhose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
VVhose high exploitts and honourable deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt,
Be bold in vs weele follow where thou leadst,

Like

The most lamentable Tragedie

Like stinging Bees in hottest summers day,
Led by their Master to the flowred fields,
And be aduengde on cursed *Tamora*:
And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Lucius. I humblie thanke him and I thanke you all,
But who comes here led by a lustie *Goth*?

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

Goth. Renowmed *Lucius* from our troupes I straid,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie,
And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye,
Vpon the wasted building suddainely,
I heard a child crie vnderneath a wall,
I made vnto the noise, when soone I heard,
the crying babe contold with this discourse:
Peace tawnic slaue, halfe me, and halfe thy Dame,
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mothers looke,
Villaine thou mightst haue bin an Emperour.
But where the bull and Cow are both milke white,
They neuer doe beget a cole blacke Calfe:
Peace Villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I must beare thee to a trustie *Goth*,
VWho when he knowest thou art the Empresse babe,
VWill hold thee dearely for thy mothers sake.
VWith this my weapon drawen I rusht vpon him
Surprisde him suddainely, and brought him hither
To vse as you thinke needefull of the man.

Lucius. Oh worthie *Goth* this is the incarnate diuell,
That robd *Andronicus* of his good hand,
This is the Pearle that pleas'd your Empresse eye,
And her's the base fruit of her burning lust,
Say wall-eyd slaue whither wouldst thou conuay,

This

of Titus Andronicus.

This growing image of thy fiendlike face,
Why dost not speake? what deafe, not a word?
A halter Sou'diers, hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruite of Bastardie.

Aron. Touch not the boy, he is of Roiall bloud.

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

Aron. Get me a ladder, *LUCIUS* saue the child,
And beare it from me to the Empresse:
If thou do this, ile shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may aduantage thee to heare,
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile speake no more, but vengeance rotte you all.

Lucius. Say on, and if it please me which thou speakest,
Thy child shall liue, and I will see it nourisht.

Aron. And if it please thee? why assure thee *LUCIUS*,
I will vex thy soule to heare what I shall speake:
For I must talke of murthers, rapes, and massakers,
Actsof black night, abhominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villanie s,
Ruthfull to heare, yet pittcoulsly performde,
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Vnlesse thou sweare to me my child shall liue.

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

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

Luci. VWho should I sweare by, thou beleueest no God,
that graunted, how canst thou beleue an oath.

Aron. VWhat if I doe not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
VWith twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
VWhich I haue seene thee carefull to obserue,
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know,
An ideot holds his bauble for a God,

The most Lamentable Tragedie

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

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

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

Lucius, Oh most insatiate and luxurious woman.

Aron, Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deed of charitie,
To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,

It was her two sonnes that murdered *Bassianus*,

They cut thy Sisters tongue, and rauisht her,

And cut her hands, and trind her as thou sawest.

Luc, Oh detestable villaine, callst thou that trimming,

Aron, VVhy she was washt, and cut, and trind,

And it was trim sport for them which had the doing of it.

Luc, Oh barberous beastlic villaines like thy selfe.

Aron, Indeed I was their tutor to instruct them,

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,

As sure a card as euer wonne the let:

That bloodie minde I thinke they learnd of me,

As true a Dog as euer fought at head:

VVell let my deeds be witness of my worth,

I trind thy brethren to that guilefull hole,

where the dead corpes of *Bassianus* laie:

I wrote the letter that thy Father found,

And hid the gold within that letter mention'd,

Confederate with the Queene and her two sonnes,

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

wherewith I had no stroke of mischief in it;

I plaid the cheater for thy fathers hand,

And when I had it drew my selfe a part,

And almost broke my hart with extreame laughter,

I pierd me through the creuice of a wall,

of Titus Andronicus.

when for his hand he had his two sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares and laught so hartelic,
That both mine eyes were raynie like to his:
And when I tolde the Empresse of this sport,
Shee sounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gaue me twentic kusses.

Goth.

¶ What canst thou say all this and neuer bluffe?

Aron.

I like a blacke Dog, as the saying is,

Lucius.

Art thou not sorrie for these hainous deeds?

Aron.

I that I had not done a thousand more,
Euen now I curse the day and yet I thinke
Fewe come, within the compasse of my curse,
wherein I did not some notorious ill.
As kill a man, or els deuise his death,
Rauish a maide, or plot the waie to doe it,
Accuse some innocent, and forswear my selfe,
Set deadly enmitie betweene two friends,
Make poore mens cattle breake their necks,
Set fire on' barnes and haystalks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their teares:
Oft haue I digd vp dead men from their graues,
And set them vpright at their deare friends dore,
Euen when their sorrowes almost was forgot,
And on their skinnes as on the barke of trees,
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine letters,
Let not your sorrow die though I am dead.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

But I haue done a thousand dreadfull things,
As willingly as one would kill a flie,
And nothing grieues me harte, ie indeede,
But that I cannot doe ten thoulard more.

Lucius. Bring downe the Diuell for he must not die,
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aron. If there be Diuels would I were a Diuel,
To liue and burne in euerlasting fire,
So I might haue your companie in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Luci. Sirs stop his mouth and let him speake no more.

Enter Emillius.

Goth. My Lord there is a messenger from Rome,
Desiers to be admitted to your preienc.

Lucius. Let him come nere.

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

Emil. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the *Gothes*,
The Romaine Emperour greets you all by me,
And for he vnderstands you are in Armes,
He craues a Parley at your fathers house,
Vvilling you to demaund your hostages,
And they shall be immediatly deliuered.

Goth. Vvhat saies our Generall.

Luci. *Emillius*, let the Emperour giue his pledges,
Vnto my Father and my Vnkle *Marcus*,
And we will come, march away

Enter Tamora and her two sonnes disguised.

Tamora. Thus in this strange and sad habilliament,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,
And say I am reuenge sent from belowe,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs,

Knocke

of Titus Andronicus.

Knocke at his studie where they say he keepes,
To ruminat strange plots of diere reuenge,
Tell him reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confusion on his enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his studie doore.

Titus. VVho doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
That so my saddecrees may flie away,
And all my studie be to no effect.
You are deceiude, for what I meane to doe,
See here in bloodie lines I haue set downe.
And what is written shall be executed.

Tamora. *Titus,* I am come to talke with thee.

Titus. No not a word, how can I grace my talke,
VVanting a hand to giue that accord,
Thou hast the odds of me therefore no more. (me.

Tamora. If thou didst know me thou wouldst talk with

Titus. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
VVitnes this wretched stump, witnes these crimson lines,
witnes these trenches made by greefe and care,
witnes the tiring day and heauie night,
witnes all sorrow that I know thee well
For our proud Empresse, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand.

Tamora. Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*,
Shee is thy enemy, and I thy friend,
I am Reuenge sent from th' infernall Kingdome,
to ease the gnawing vulture of thy minde,
By working wreakfull vengeance on thy foes:
Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Conferre with me of murder and of death,
Ther's not a hollow Cause or lurking place,

The most Lamentable Tragedie

No vast obsecration or mistie vale,
Where bloodie murder or detested rape,
Can couch for teare but I will finde the mount,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Reuenge which makes the foule offender quake.

Titus. Art thou; Reuenge? and art thou sent to mee,
To be a torment to mine enemies.

Tamora. I am, therefore come downe and welcome mee

Titus. Doe me some seruice ere I come to thee,
Lo by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,
Now giue some surance that thou art reuenge,
Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheel,
And then Ile come and be thy wagoner,
And wherle along with thee about the Globes,
Prouide thee two proper palfrays, black as iet,
To hale thy vengefull waggon swift away,
And finde out murder in their guiltie eares,
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount and by thy waggon wheel,
trotte like a seruile footeman all day long,
Euen from *Epeone* rising in the East,
Vntill his verie downefall in the Sea.
And day by day Ile do this heauie taske,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder here.

Tamora. These are my ministers and come with mee.

Titus. Are them thy ministers, what are they called?

Tamora. Rape and Murder, therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kinde of men.

Tit. Good Lord how like the Empresse sonnes they are,
And you the Empresse, but we wordlie men
Haue miserable mad mistaking eies:

O! sweete Reuenge, now doe I come to thee,
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.

Tamora. This closing with him fits his Lagnacie,

of Titus Andronicus.

What ere I forge to feede his braine-ficke tumors,
Doe you vphold and maintaine in your speeche,
For now he fittelic takes me for Reuenge,
And being credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him send for *Lucius* his sonne,
And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
Ile finde some cunning practise out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddie *Goshes*,
Or at the least make them his enemies:
See here he comes, and I must plie my theame.

Titus. Long haue I bin forlome and all for thee,
welcome dread Furie to my woefull house,
Rapine and Murther you are welcome too:
How like the Emperesse and her sonnes you are,
well are you fitted, had you but a *Moore*,
Could not all hell afford you such a Diuell?
For well I wot the Emperesse neuer wags,
But in her companie there is a *Moore*.
And would you represent our Queene aright,
It were conuenient you had such a Diuell:
But welcome as you are, what shall wee doe?

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

Demes. Show me a murtherer Ile deale with him,

Chis. Show me a villaine that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reuengde on him,

Tamora. Show me a thousand that hath done thee wrong,
And I will be reuenged on them all.

Titus. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou findest a man that's like thy selfe,
Good murther stab him, hee's a murtherer.
Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap,
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine stab him, he is a rauisher.
Goe thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a *Moore*,

The most Lamentable Tragedie

VVell shalt thou know her by thine owne proportion,
For vp and downe she doth resemble thee,
I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
They haue bin violent to me and mine.

Tamora. VVell hast thou leſſond vs, this shall we doe,
But wou'd it please thee good *Andronicus*,
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice valiant sonne,
V Who leades towards Rome a band of warlike *Gothes*,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
V When he is here euen at thy solemne feast,
I will bring in the Empresse and hir sonnes,
The Emperour himselfe and all thy foes,
And at thy mercie shall they stoope and kneele,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry hart:
V What sayes *Andronicus* to this deuile.

Enter Marcus.

Titus. *Marcus* my brother, tis sad *Titus* calles,
Goe gentle *Marcus* to thy nephew *Lucius*,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the *Gothes*,
Bid him repaire to me and bring with him,
Some of the chiefest Princes of the *Gothes*,
Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour and the Empresse too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them,
This doe thou for my loue, and so let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.

Marcus. This will I doe, and soone returne againe.

Tamora. Now will I hence about thy busines,
And take my ministers a long with me.

Titus. Nay, nay, let rape and murder stay with me,
Or els Ile call my brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius*,

Tamora. VVhat say you boyes will you abide with
whiles

of Titus Andronicus.

Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouernd our determind iest,
Yee'd to his humor, smooth and' p' eake him faire,
And tarrie with him till I turne againe.

Titus. I knew them all though they supposed me mad,
And will ore reach them in their owne deuises,
A paire of cursed hell hounds and their Dame.

Deme. Maddam depart at pleasure, leaue vs here.

Tamora. Farewell *Andronicus*, Reuenge now goes,
to lay a'complot to betray thy foes.

Titus. I know thou dost and sweet Reuenge farewell.

Chiron. Tell vs old man how shall we be imploid,

Titus. tut I haue worke enough for you to doe

Publius, come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*,

Publius. VVhat is your will?

Titus. Know you thesetwo.

(Trius.)

Pub. The Emperesse sonnes I take them, *Chiron.* *Deme-*

Titus. Fie, *Publius* fie, thou art too much deceaude,

The one is Murder and Rape is the others name,

And therefore binde them gentle *Publius*,

Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,

Oft haue you heard me wish for such an houre,

And now I finde it therefore binde them sure,

And stop their mouthes if they begin to crie.

Chiron. Villaines forbear we are the Emperesse sons.

Pub. And therefore doe we what we are commanded,

Stop close their mouthes let them not speak a word,

Is he sure bound, looke that you bind them fast.

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

Titus. Come, come, *Lavinia* looke thy foes are bound,

Sirs stop their mouthes let them not speake to me,

But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.

Oh villaines *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,

K

Here

The most Lamentable Tragedie

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

And

of Titus Andronicus.

And see them readie against their Mother comes,
Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Lucius. Vnckle *Marcus*, since tis my Fathers minde,
That I repaire to Rome I am content,

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

Luci. Good Vnckle take you in this barberous *Moore*,
This rauenous tiger, this accursed diuell,
Let him receaue no sustnance, fetter him,
Till he be brought vnto the Emperesse face,
For testemonie of her foule proceedings,
And see the Ambush of our friends be strong,
I feare the Emperour meanes no good to vs.

Moore. Some diuell whisper curses in my care,
And prompt me that my tongue may vtter forth,
The venomous mallice of my swelling hart.

Lucius. Away inhumane dogge unhallowed slaue,
Sirs help our vnckle to conuay him in,
The trumpets shewe the Emperour is at hand.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Emperesse with Tribunes and others.

King. VVhat hath the firmament mo sunnes than one?

Lucius. VVhat bocts it thee to cail thy selfe a sunne?

Mar. Romes Emperour and Nephew break the Parle,
These quarrels nust be quietly debated,
The feast is ready which the carefull *Titus*,
Hath ordainde to an honorable end,
For peace, for loue, for league and good to Rome,
Please you therefore, draw nie and take your places.

King. *Marcus* we will.

Trumpets sounding, Enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the dishes, and Lavinia with a vaile ouer her face.

Titus. V Welcme my Lord, welcome dread *Queene*,
welcome

The most Lamentable Tragedie

V Welcome yee warlike *Gothes*, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all although the cheare be poore,
T will fill your stomacks, please you eate of it.

King. V Why art thou thus attired *Andronicus*?

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

Tamora. V Ve are beholding to you good *Andronicus*,

Titus. And if your highnes knew my hart you were,
My Lord the Emperour resolute me this,

V Was it well done of rash *Virginus*
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand
Because she was enforced, staine, and deflowrd?

King. It was *Andronicus*.

Titus. Your reason mighty Lord.

King. Because the girle should not suruiue her shame,
And by her presence still renewe his sorrowes.

Titus. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuell,
A patterne president, and liuelie warrant,
For me most wretched to performe the like,
Die, die, *Lavinia* and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy Fathers sorrow die.

King. V What hast thou done, vnaturall and vnkinde.

Tit. Kild her for whom my teares haue made me blind,
I am as woefull as *Virginus* was,
And haue a thousand times more cause than he,
To doe this outrage, and it now is done.

King. V What was she rauisht, tell who did the deede.

T. V Vilt please you eate, wilt please your highnes feed.

Tam. V Why hast thou slaine thine only Daughter thus?

Titus. Not I, twas *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*,
They Rauisht her and cut away her tongue,
And they, twas they, that did her all this wrong.

King. Goe fetch them hither to vs presently.

Titus. V Why there they are both baked in this Pie.
V Whereof their Mother daintilie hath fed,
Eating the flesh that thee her selfe hath bred,

of Titus Andronicus.

Tis true, tis true, witness my knives sharpe point.

He stabs the Emperesse.

Emperour. Die franticke wretch for this accursed deede,

Lucius. Can the sonnes eie behold his father bleede?
Ther's meede for meede, death for a deadly deede.

Marcus. You sad face men, people and sons of Rome
By vprores seuerd as a flight of fowle,
Scatterd by winds and high tempelluous gusts,
Oh let me teach you how to knit againe,
This scattered corne into one mutuall sheaffe,
These broken limbs againe into one bodie. (selfe.

Romane Lord. Let Rome her selfe bee bane vnto her
and thee whome mightie kingdomes cursie too,
Like a forlorne and desperate cast away,
Doe shamefull execution on her selfe,
But if my frostie signes and chappes of age,
Graue witnessles of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Roomes deare friend as erst our Ancestor,
when with his solemne tongue he did discourse
to loue sicke Didoes sad attending care,
the storie of that balefull burning night,
VVhen subtile Greekes surprizd King Priams Troy,
Tell vs what Sinon hath bewicht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in
That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound,
My hart is not compact of flint nor steele,
Nor can I vtter all our bitter greefe,
But flouds of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
And breake my vttrance euen in the time,
VVhen it should moue yee to attend me most,
And force you to commiseration,
Her's Romes young Captaine let him tell the tale,
VVhile I stand by and weepe to heare him speake.

Lucius. Then gracious audiorie be it knowne to you,
That *Chiron* and the damn'd *Demetrius*,

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Were they that mured our Emperours brother,
And they it were that rauished our sifter,
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares dispilde, and basely coufend,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And sent her enemies vnto the graue.
Lastly my selfe vnkindely banished,
The gates shut on me and turnd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among Romes enemies,
VVho drown'd their enmetie in my true teares,
And opt their armes to imbrace me as a friend,
I am'the turned forth be it knowne to you,
that haue preserude her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosome tooke the enemies point,
Sheathing the Steele in my aduentrous body.
Alas you know I am no vaunter I,
My scars can witnes dumb although they are,
That my report is iust and full of truth,
But soft, me thinkes I doe digresse too much,
Cyting my worthles praise, Oh pardon me
For when no friends are by, men praise themselues.

Marcus. Now is my turne to speake, behold the child,
Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
The issue of an irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe architect and plotter of these woes,
the villaine is aliue in *Titus* house,
And as he is to witnes this is true,
Now iudge what course had *Titus* to reuenge,
these wrongs vnspeakeable past patience,
Or more than any liuing man could beare,
Now haue you heard the truth, what say you *Romaines*?
Haue we done ought amusse, shew vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs pleading,
the poore remainder of *Andronicie*,
VVill hand in hand, all headlong hurle our selues,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our soules,

of Titus Andronicus.

And make a mutuall closure of our house,
Speake Romans speake, and if you say wee Shall,
Lo hand in hand *Lucius* and I will fall.

Emilius. Come come thou reuerent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour for well I know,
The common voice doe cry it shall be so.

Marcus. *Lucius*, all haile Romes royall Emperour,
Goe goe into old *Titus* sorrowfull house,
And hither hale that misbelieuing *Moore*,
To beadiudge some dyrefull slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Lucius all haile Romes gracious gouernour.

Lucius. Thankes gentle Romanes may I gouerne so,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe,
But gentle people giue me ayme a while,
For nature puts me to a heauie taske,
Stand all a loofe but vnckle draw you neare,
To shed obsequious teares vpon this trunk, †
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowfull drops vpon thy blood slaine face,
The last true duties of thy noble sonne.

Marcus. I care for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,
thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips,
Oh were the summe of these that I should pay,
Countlesse and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Lucius. Come hither boy come, come and learne of vs
to melt in showers, thy Grandfire lou'd thee well,
Many a time hee daunst thee on his knee,
Song thee a sleepe his louing brest thy pillow,
Many a storie hath he told to thee,
And bid thee bare his prettie tales in minde,
And talke of them when he was dead and gone. (lips,

Marcus. How manie thousand times hath these poore
When they were liuing warmd themselves on thine,
Oh now sweete boy giue them their latest kisse,

Bid

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Bid him farewell commit him to the graue,
Doe them that kindnes and take leaue of them.

Puer. Oh Grandfire, Grandfire, cu'n with all my hart,
VVould I were dead so you did liue againe,
O Lord I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choacke me if I ope my mouth.

Romane. You sad *Andronicie* haue done with woos,
Giue sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath bin breeder of these dyre euent.

Lucius. Set him brest deepe in earth and famish him,
there let him stand and raue and crie for foode.
If any one releues or pitties him,
For the offence he dies, this is our doome,
Some stay to see him fastned in the earth.

Aron. Ah why should wrath be mute and furie dumb,
I am no babie I, that with base prayers
I should repent the euils I haue done,
Ten thousand worle than euer yet I did
VVould I performe if I might haue my will,
If one good deed in all my life I did
I doe repent it from my yerie soule.

Lu. Some louing friends conuay the Emperour hence,
And giue him buriall in his fathers graue,
My Father and *Lavinia* shall forthwith,
Be closed in our households monument,
As for that rauinous tiger *Tamora*,
No funerall right, nor man in mourning weede,
No mournefull bell shall ring her buriall
But throw her forth to beasts and birds to pray,
Her life was beastlie and deuoid of pittie,
And being dead let birds on her take pittie.

Exeunt.

Finis the Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Charles Robertson

London

1897

Johns Hopkins

1897

