TITUS ANDRONICUS.
Dramatis Personæ.

Saturninus, Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declar'd Emperor himself.
Bassianus, Brother to Saturninus, in Love with Lavinia.
Titus Andronicus, a Noble Roman, General against the Goths.
Marcus Andronicus, Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.

Marcus;
Quintus, Sons to Titus Andronicus.
Lucius;
Mucius,
Young Lucius, a Boy, Son to Lucius.
Alarbus,
Chiron, Sons to Tamora.
Demetrius,
Aaron, a Moor, belov'd by Tamora.

Tamora, Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to Saturninus.
Lavinia, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE Rome, and the Country near it.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. ROME.

Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate.
Enter Saturninus and his followers at one door, and Baffianus and his followers at the other, with drum and colours.

SATURNINUS.

OBLE Patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms.
And countrymen and loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.
I am the first-born son of him that last
Wore the imperial diadem of Rome:

Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Baf. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right;
If ever Baffianus, Caesar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;

And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the crown.

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery!
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, fur-named Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rom::

A 2 A nobler
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within our city walls.
He by the Senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,
That with his sons (a terror to our foes)
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field.
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us intreat, by honour of his name,
Whom (worthily) you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and Senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismis your followers, and, as suiters should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.
Sat. How fair the Tribune speaks, to calm my thoughts.

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affie
In thy uprightness and integrity;
And so I love and honour thee and thine;
Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,
And her (to whom our thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.
[Exeunt Soldiers.

Sat. Friends that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit my self, my person, and the cause:
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates, and let me in.
Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.
[They go up into the Senate-house.
Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battels that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumscrib'd with his sword,
And brought to yoke the enemies of Rome.

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter Mucius and Marcus: after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then Quintus and Lucius. After them Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, the Queen of Goths, Alarbus, Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, prisoners; soldiers, and other attendants. They set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Loe, as the bark that hath discharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus with laurel boughs,
To re-falute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend.
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains alive and dead!
These that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial among their ancestors.
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword:
Titus unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[They open the tomb.

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars:
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,
Ad manus Fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones:
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest Son of this distressed Queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren, gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O think my sons to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautifie thy triumphs, and return
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke?
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for King and common-weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these;
Andronicus, slain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourelf, madam, and pardon me,
These are their brethren, whom you Goths behold
Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice;
To this your son is markt, and die he must
T'appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire strait.
And with our swords upon a pile of wood,
Let's hue his limbs, 'till they be clean consum'd.

[Exeunt Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius
with Alarbus.

Tam. O cruel irreligious piety!

Cbi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?
Dem. Oppose me, Scythia, to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus go to rest, and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening looks.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd, but hope withal,
The self-same Gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was Queen)
To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopt;
And intrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,
And with loud larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his lastest farewell to their souls.

[Then sound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.

In peace and honours rest you here, my sons,
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps:
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges, here no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long,
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies:
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome.
O blest me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortune Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age, to glad mine heart!
Lavinia, live, out-live thy father's days;
And fame's eternal date for virtue's praise.
Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother, 
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome.

Tit. Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome nephews from successful wars, 
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame:
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country’s service drew your swords.
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp
That hath aspir’d to Solon’s happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour’s bed.

Titus: Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me their Tribune, and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue,
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late deceased Emperor’s sons:
Be Candidatus then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:
What should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chose with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And let abroach new business for you all?

Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country’s strength successfully,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country.
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to controul the world.

Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune, canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right.

Patricians draw your swords, and sheath them not
’Till Saturninus be Rome’s Emperor.

Andronicus, would thou wert shift to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people’s hearts.

Luc.
Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee.

Tit. Content thee prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Baf. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do ’till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and noble Tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Mar. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you, and this suit I make,
That you create your Emperor’s eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan’s rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal.
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, long live our Emperor.

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and Plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome’s great Emperor;
And say, long live our Emperor Saturnine.

[ A long flourish ’till they come down.

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my Empereus,
Rome’s royal mistres, mistres of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantecon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match,
I hold me highly honour’d of your Grace:
And here in sight of Rome, to Saturninus,
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's Emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Preseuts well worthy Rome's imperial lord.
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks noble Titus, father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall regard; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, Madam, are you prisoner to an Emperor,
To him that for your honour and your state
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue [To Tamora.
That I would chuse, were I to chuse a-new:
Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance;
Tho' chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'ft not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Reft on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam, who comforts you.
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.

Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord, with true nobility
Warrants theè words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans let us go.
Ranfomless here, we set our prisoners free.
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Baf. Lord Titus, by your leave this maid is mine.

[Seizing Lavinia.

Tit. How, Sir? are you in earnest then, my Lord?

Baf. Ay, noble Titus; and revolv'd withal,
To do my self this reason and this right.

[The Emperor courts Tamora in dumb show.

Mar. Suum cuique is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avant! where is the Emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd! by whom?
By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

Exit Bassianus with Lavinia.

Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door secure.

Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

My lord, you pass not here.

What villain, boy,
Bar'rt me my way in Rome? [He kills him]

Help, Lucius, help.

My lord, you are unjust, and more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine.

My sons would never so dishonour me.

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the Emperor.

Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful provid'd love.

No, Titus, no, the Emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy flock;
I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once,
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of
But Saturnine? full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds, with that proud brag of thine,
That said't, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

But go thy ways; go give that changing piece,
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword;
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy:
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

These words are razors to my wounded heart.

And therefore, lovely Tamora Queen of Goths,
That, like the stately Phæbe 'mong her nymphs,
Doft over-shine the gallant'lt dames of Rome.
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold I chuse thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee Empress of Rome.
Speak, Queen of Goths, doft thou applaud my choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman Gods,
(Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stands,)
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, 'till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here in sight of heav'n to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth,
Sat. Ascend, fair Queen, Pantheon; lords accompany
Your noble Emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered,
There shall we consummate our spousal rites. [Exeunt.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.

Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?
Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, and Marcus.

Mar. Oh Titus see, oh see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish Tribune, no: no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these confederates in the deed,
That hath dishonoured all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons.

Luc. But let us give him burial as becomes,
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors away, he rests not in this tomb;
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame: none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you,
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his brethren.

[ Titus's sons speak.

Sons. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? what villain was it spake that word?

[ Titus's son speaks.

Quin.
Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.
Tit. What, would you bury him in my despight?
Mar. No, noble Titus, but intreat of thee,
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.
Tit. Marcus, ev'n thou haft struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou haft wounded,
My foes I do repute you every one,
So trouble me no more but get you gone.
Luc. He is not himself, let us withdraw.
Quin. Not I, 'till Mutius' bones be buried.

[The brother and the son: kneel.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.
Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will spee.
Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul.
Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all.
Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour, and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax
That slew himself, and wife Laerte's son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rife, Marcus, rise —
The dismall'it day is this that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[They put him in the tomb.

Luc. There lye thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

[They all kneel, and say,
No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cause.
Mar. My Lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but I know it is:
If by device or no, the heav'ns can tell:
Is she not then beholden to the man,
That brought her for this high good turn so far?

Flourish. Enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron, and
Demetrius with the Moor at one door. At the other
door Baffianus and Lavinia with others.

Sat. So, Baffianus, you have plaid your prize,
God give you joy, Sir, of your gallant bride.

Baf. And you of yours, my Lord; I say no more,
Nor wish no less, and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traytor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Baf. Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all,
Mean while I am possesst of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, Sir; you are very short with us,
But if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Baf. My lord, what I have done, as beft I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life;
Only thus much I give your Grace to know,
By all the duties which I owe to Rome,
This noble Gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,
To be controul'd in that he frankly gave;
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Baffianus, leave to plead my deeds.
'Tis thou, and thofe, that have dishonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How have I lov'd and honour'd Saturnine.

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in thofe princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak, indifferently for all;
And at my fuit (sweet) pardon what is past.

Sat. What, Madam, be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?
Tam. Not so, my lord; the Gods of Rome forefend,
I should be author to dishonour you:
But, on mine honour dare I undertake,
For good lord Titus’ innocence in all;
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:
Then at my suit look graciously on him.
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with so woe looks afflict his gentle heart.

My lord, be rul’d by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Left then the people and patricians too,
Upon a just survey take Titus’ part,
And so supplant us for ingratitude
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sin.
Yield at intreats, and then let me alone;
I’ll find a day to massacre them all,
And rase their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I feud for my dear son’s life:
And make them know what ’tis to let a Queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.

Come, come, sweet Emperor,—come Andronicus—
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart,
That dies in temper of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rife, Titus, rife, my Empress hath prevail’d.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her; my lord,
These words, these looks infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily:
And must advise the Emperor for his good;
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;
And let it be my honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil’d your friends and you.
For you, prince Bassianus, I have past
My word and promise to the Emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, lords; and you Lavinia,
By my advice all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.
Luc. We do, and vow to heaven and to his highness,  
That what we did was mildly, as we might,  
Tendring our sister’s honour and our own.  
Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.  
Sat. Away, and talk not, trouble us no more.  
Tam. Nay, nay, sweet Emperor we must all be friends.  
The Tribune and his nephews kneel for grace,  
I will not be denied, sweet-heart, look back.  
Sat. Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother’s here,  
And at my lovely Tamora’s intreats,  
I do remit these young men’s hainous faults.  
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,  
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,  
I would not part a batchelor from the priest.  
Come, if the Emperor’s court can feast two brides,  
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends;  
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.  
Tit. To-morrow, and it please your majesty,  
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,  
With horn and hound, we’ll give your grace Bon-jour.  
Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [Exeunt.

ACT II. ROME.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. NOW climbeth Tamora Olympus’ top,  
Safe out of Fortune’s shot, and sits aloft,  
Secure of thunder’s crack, or lightning flash,  
Advanc’d above pale envy’s threatening reach;  
As when the golden sun salutes the morn  
And having girt the ocean with his beams,  
Gallops the zodiac in his glittering coach,  
And overlooks the highest peering hills:  
So Tamora.  
Upon her wit doth early honour wait,  
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.  
Then Aaron arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,  
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long  
Has prisoner held, fetter’d in amorous chains;  
And faster bound to Aaron’s charming eyes,  
Than is Prometheus ty’d to Caucasus.  
Away with flaviest weeds, and idle thoughts;  
I will be bright and shine in pearl and gold,  
To wait upon this new-made Empress.  
To wait upon, said I? to wanton with  
This Queen, this Goddess, this Semiramis;  
This Syren, that will charm Rome’s Saturnine,  
And see his shipwreck, and his common-weal’s.  
Holla, what storm is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge  
And manners, to intrude where I am grac’d,  
And may, for ought thou know’st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all,  
And so in this to bear me down with braves:  
’Tis not the difference of a year or two  
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate;  
I am as able, and as fit as thou,  
To serve, and to deserve my mistress’ grace;  
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,  
And plead my passion for Lavinia’s love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why boy, although our mother (unadvis’d)  
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,  
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?  
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,  
’Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, Sir, with the little skill I have,  
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay boy, grow ye so brave? [They draw.

Aar. Why now, lords?  
So near the Emperor’s palace dare you draw?  
And maintain such a quarrel openly?  
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge.  
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns.
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame put up.

Dem. Not I, 'till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,
Foul-spoken coward! thou thunderst with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'n perform.

Aar. Away, I say.

Now by the Gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all;
Why lords----and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Balbianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulment, justice, or revenge?
Young-lords, beware----and should the Empress know
This discord's ground; the musick would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world,
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some better
choice,
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why are ye mad! or know ye not in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this devise.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To atchieve her whom I do love:

Aar. To atchieve her----how!

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What man? more water glideth by the mill

Than
Than wots the miller of, and easie it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a hive we know:
Tho' Baffianus be the Emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to
court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality;
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And born her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then it seems some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were served.

Dem. Aaroun, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado:
Why, hark ye, hark ye ---- and are you such fools
To † square for this? would it offend you then

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame be friends, and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect, and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Baffianus' love;
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

† square, signifies to quarrel. vid. Mid. night's dream.

Come,
Come, come, our Empress with her sacred wit
To villany and vengeance consecrate,
We will acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square your selves,
But to your wishes heighten advance you both.
The Emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull:
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns.
There serve your lufts, shadow'd from heav'n's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

_Chi._ Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardise.
_Dem._ Sit fas aut nefas, 'till I find the stream
To cool this heat; a charm to calm these fits,
_Per Styga, per Manes vebor._ [Exeunt.

_A Forest._

_Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sons, with hounds and horns, and Marcus._

_Tit._ The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant and the woods are green:
Uncouple here and let us make a bay,
And wake the Emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouze the prince, and ring a hunter's peal
That all the court may echew with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the Emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

_Wind horns._ Here a cry of hounds, and wind hounds in a peal: then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Baffianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their attendants.

_Tit._ Many good-morrows to your majesty,
Madam, to you as many and as good.
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

_Sat._
Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Law. I say, no:
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport: madam, now ye shall see
Our Roman hunting.

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have a horse will follow, where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exeunt.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. He that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany;
And so repose sweet gold for their unrest
That have their alms out of the Empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

* Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
' The birds chant melody on every bush,
' The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,
' The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
' And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
' Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
' And whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Reposing shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise:

And
And after conflict such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
We may each wreathed in the other's arms,
(Our pastimes done), possest a golden slumber,
Whilst hounds and horns, and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, tho' Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
Even as an adder when the doth unrowl
To do some fatal execution?
No, Madam, these are no venereal signs;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, (the Empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee)
This is the day of doom for Baffianus;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day,
Thy sons make pillage of her chaitity,
And wash their hands in Baffianus' blood.
Seeft thou this letter, take it up I pray thee,
And give the King this fatal plotted scrawl;
Now question me no more, we are espied,
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dread not yet their lives destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life.

Aar. No more, great Empress, Baffianus comes;
Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatso'er they be. [Exit.

Enter Baffianus and Lavinia.

Baf. Whom have we here? Rome's royal Empress!
Unfurnished of her well-beseeming troops?
Or is it Dian habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?
Tam. Sawcy controller of our private steps;
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Acteon’s, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art.

Law. Under your patience, gentle Emperess,
’Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Love shield your husband from his hounds to-day,
’Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Baf. Believe me, Queen, your swarth Cymmerian
Doth make your honour of his body’s hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequestred from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If soul desire had not conducted you?

Law. And being interrupted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness. I pray you let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour’d love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Baf. The King my brother shall have note of this.

Law. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.

Good King, to be so mightily abused.

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign and our gracious mother,
Why does your highness look so pale and wan?

* Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have tie’d me hither to this place,
A barren and detested vale you see it is.
The trees, tho’ summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O’ercome with moss, and baleful mistelto.
Here never shines the sun, here nothing breeds,
Unless the nighty owl, or fatal ravens,
And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body hearing it;
Should strait fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But strait they told me they would bind me here,
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death,
And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not from hencethforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.  [Stabs Bas.
Chi. And this for me, struck home to shew my
strength.

Lav. I come Semiramis, nay barbarous Tamora,
For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, Madam, here is more belongs to her;
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope she braves your mightiness;
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. And if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
Let not this wasp out-live us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant, Madam, we will make that sure;
Come mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.
Lav. O Tamora, thou bear'st a woman's face—
Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.
Lav. Sweet lords, intreat her, hear me but a word—
Dem. Listen, fair Madam, let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting Flints to drops of rain.
Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?
O do not teach her wrath, she taught it thee.
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou had'st thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou intreat her, shew a woman pity.
Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove my self a bastard?
Lav. 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now!)
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
Oh be to me, tho' thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.
Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.
Lav. Oh let me teach thee for my father's sake,
(That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee)
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.
Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I now pitiless:
Remember, boys, I pour'd fourth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will,
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.
Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle Queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place?
For'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus dy'd.
Tam. What begg'lt thou then? fond woman, let me go.
Lav. 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O keep me from their worse-than-killing lua,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit.
Where never man’s eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.
Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.
No; let them satisfy their lust on thee.
Dem. Away. For thou hast stay’d us here too long.
Lav. No grace? no woman-hood? ah beastly creature!
The blot and enemy of our general name;
Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I’ll stop your mouth—— bring thou
her husband; [Dragging off Lavinia.
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [Exeunt.
Tam. Farewel, my sons, see that you make her sure.
Ne’er let my Heart know merry cheer indeed,
’Till all th’ Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [Exit.

Enter Aaron with Quintus and Marcus.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before;
Strait will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I egipied the panther fast asleep.
Quin. My fight is very dull, whate’er it bodes.
Marc. And mine, I promise you; we’re not for shame,
Well could I leave our port to sleep a while.

[Marcus falls into the pit.

Quin. What, art thou fall’n? what subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover’d with rude-grown briars,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning dew distill’d on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me:
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Marc. O brother with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament,
Aar. Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

[Exit Aaron.

Marc. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow’d and blood-stained hole?
Quin. I am surprized with an uncouth fear;
A killing sweat o’er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspets more than mine eye can fea.
Marc. To prove thou hast a true divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into the den,  
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.  
Quin. Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart  
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold  
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:  
O tell me how it is! for ne'er till now  
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.  
Mar. Lord Baffianus lies embrowed here,  
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,  
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.  
Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?  
Mar. 'Upon his bloody finger he doth wear  
A precious ring that lightens all the hole:  
Which, like a taper in some monument,  
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthly cheeks,  
And shews the ragged intrails of this pit.  
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,  
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.  
O brother! help me with thy fainting hand  
(If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath)  
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,  
As hateful as Cocytus' milty mouth.  
Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;  
Or wanting strength to do thee so much good,  
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb  
Of this deep pit, poor Baffianus' grave.  
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.  
Mar. And I no strength to climb without thy help.  
Quin. Thy hand once more I will not lose again,  
Till thou art here aloft, or I below.  
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [Falls in.  

Enter the Emperor and Aaron.  
Sat. Along with me, I'll see what hole is here,  
And what he is that now is leap'd into't.  
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend  
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?  
Mar. Th'unhappy son of old Andronicus,  
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,  
To find thy brother Baffianus dead.  
Sat. My brother dead? I knew thou dost but jest;
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north-side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord the King?
Sat. Here Tamora, though griev'd with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?
Sat. Now to the bottom doth thou search my wound;
Poor Bassianus here lies murthered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny

[She gives Saturninus a letter. Saturninus reads the letter.

And if we miss to meet him hand to hand,
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him,
Thou know'st our meaning: look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree
Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus,
Do this, and purchase us thy lauding friends.

Sat. Oh Tamora, was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:
Look, Sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murther'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life. [To Titus,
Sirs, drag them from the pit into the prison,
There let them bide until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? oh wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered?

Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
(Accursed, if the faults be prov'd in them——)

Sat. If it be prov'd? you see it is apparent.
Who found this letter, Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail.
For by my father's reverend tomb I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me:
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murthurers.
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam Andronicus, I will intreat the King;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come, stay not to talk with them.

[Exeunt.

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out, and ravish'd.

Dem. So now go tell (and if thy tongue can speak)
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chri. Write down thy mind, betray thy meaning so,
And (if thy stumps will let thee) play the scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can ferrowle.

Chri. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She has no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chri. If 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[Exeunt.

Enter Marcus to Lavinia.

Mar. Who's this, my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word, where is your husband?
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me;
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep.
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made the body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in?
And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love! why dost not speak to me?
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosy lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But sure some Tereus hath defloured thee,
And left thou shou'dst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
(As for a conduit with their issuing spouts,)
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encountred with a cloud—
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
Oh that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an oven sto't,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler few'd her mind.
But lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus haft thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off
That could have better few'd than Philomel.
Oh had the monster seen those lilly hands
Tremble like aspen leaves upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kids them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
Or had he heard the heav'nly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made;
He would have dropt his knife, and fell asleep,
As Ceberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads,
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
Oh could our mourning ease thy misery! [Exeunt.
ACT III.

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

T I T U S.

H E A R me, grave fathers, noble Tribunes, stay,
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept:
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed,
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd,
And for these bitter tears, which you now see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[Andronicus lieth down, and the judges pass by him.

For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears:
Let my tears slantch the earth's dry appetite,
My son's sweet blood will make it shame and blush:
O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,
[Exe.
That shall distil from these two ancient ruins,
That youthful April shall with all her showers;
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still,
In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear son's blood.
Oh reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death,
And let me say (that never wept before)
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. Oh noble father! you lament in vain,
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone..

Tit. Ah Lucius! for thy brothers let me plead—
Grave tribunes, once more I intreat of you—

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

B. 4.
Titus Andronicus.

Tit. Why 'tis no matter, man; if they did hear, They would not mark me: or if they did mark, They would not pity me. Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones, Who, tho' they cannot answer my distress, Yet in some sort they're better than the Tribunes, For that they will not intercept my tale; When I do weep, they humbly at my feet Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me; And were they but attired in grave weeds, Rome could afford no tribune like to these. A stone is as soft wax, tribunes more hard than stones: A stone is silent, and offendeth not, And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death. But wherefore standst thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death, For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man, they have befriended thee: Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive, That Rome is but a wilderness of tygers? Tygers must prey, and Rome affords no prey But me and mine; how happy art thou then, From these devourers to be banished? But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep, Or if not so, thy noble heart to break: I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me, this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her; Speak, my Lavinia, what accused hand Hath made thee handlest in thy father's sight? What fool hath added water to the sea? Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy? My grief was at the height before thou cam'st, And now like Nitus it didaineth bounds: Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too, For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain: And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life:
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use.
Now all the service I require of them,
Is that the one will help to cut the other:
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome service are but vain.

Duc. Speak, gentle sister, who hast martyr'd thee?

Mar. O that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a sweet melodious bird it sang
Sweet various notes, enchanting every ear.

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

Mar. O thus I found her straying in the park,
Seeking to hide her self, as doth the deer
That hath receiv'd some unrequiring wound.

Tio. It was my deer, and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
  For now I stand, as one upon a rock,
  Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
  Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
  Expecting ever when some envious surge
  Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone:
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man,
And here my brother weeping at my woes.
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul—— — —
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madd'd me. What shall I do,
Now I behold my lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hast martyr'd thee?
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look Marcus, ah fon Lucius look on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew,
Upon a gather'd lilly almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her
husband.
Perchance because she knows them innocent.
Titus Andronicus.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed,
Witness the sorrow that their father makes.
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,
Or make some signs how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou and I sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks,
How they are stain'd like meadows yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
'Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleanses,
And made a brine-pit with with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us that have our tongues
Plot some devise of further misery,
To make us wondred at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father cease your tears, for at your grief
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece, good Titus dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah Marcus, Marcus, brother, well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark, I understand her signs,
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee.
His napkin with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
Oh what a sympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the Emperor
Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thy self, old Titus,
Or any one of you chop off your hand,
And send it to the King; he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.
Tit. Oh gracious Emperor! oh gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the Emperor my hand.
Good Aaron wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome?
And rear'd aloft the bloody battel-ax,
Writing destruction on the enemies' castle?
Oh none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle, let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along;
For fear they die before their pardon come:

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heav'n it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more, such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you, I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an ax.

Mar. But I will use the ax:

Tit. Come hither, Aaron, I'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never while I live deceive men so.
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say ere half an hour pass.

[Exit Titus.]

Enter Lucius and Marcus again.

Tit. Now say your strife; what shall be, is dispatch;
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him, it is a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers, bid him bar it;
More hath it merited; that let it have.

[Aside.]

Enter Titus again.

Tit. Now say your strife; what shall be, is dispatch.
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him, it is a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers, bid him bar it;
More hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas’d at an easie price,
And yet dear to, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus, and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:
Their heads I mean.—Oh, how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thought of it.
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

Tit. O hear!—I lift this one hand up to heav’n,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth;
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call: What, wilt thou kneel with me?
Do then, dear heart, for heav’n shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we’ll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fogs, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. Oh brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these two extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heav’n doth weep, doth not the earth overflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea, hark how her sighs do blow;
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her fight,
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow’d and drown’d:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them;
Then give me leave, for lofers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger bringing in two heads and a hand.

Mes. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repay’d
For that good hand thou sent’st the Emperor;
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons.

And
And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back;  
Thy grief's their sport, thy resolution mockt:  
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,  
More than remembrance of my father's death.  

[Exit]

Mar. Now let hot Etna cool in Sicily,  
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!  
These miseries are more than may be born!  
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,  
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,  
And yet detested life not shrink thereat;  
That ever death should let life bear his name,  
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe.  
Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kifs is comfortles,  
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?  
Mar. Now farewell flattery, die Andronicus,  
Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sons heads,  
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;  
Thy other banished son with this dear sight  
Struck pale and bloodless, and thy brother I,  
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.  
Ah now no more will I controul my griefs,  
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand  
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal sight  
The closing up of our most wretched eyes;  
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Why doft thou laugh? it suits not with this hour.

Tit. Why I have not another tear to shed:  
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,  
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,  
And make them blind with tributary tears;  
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?  
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,  
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,  
T'll all these mischief be return'd again,  
Even in their throats that have committed them.  
Come let me see what task I have to do—  
You heavy people circle me about,  
That I may turn me to each one of you,

And
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made, come, brother, take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear;
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth;
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight,
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay.
Hie to the Goths, and raise an Army there,
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do. [Exit.

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewel Andronicus, my noble father,
The woful't man that ever liv'd in Rome;
Farewel, proud Rome; 'till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life;
Farewel Lavinia, my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou tofore haft been,
But now not Lucius nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion and hateful griefs;
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturninus and his Empress
Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his Queen.
Now will I to the Goths and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [Exit Lucius.

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and the Boy.

Tit. So, so, now sit, and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us,
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot?
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief
With folded Arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast,
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.
Thou map of wo, that thus dost talk in signs,
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still;
Wound it with * singing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into the sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-fall tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee doat already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I?
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands,—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er.
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O handle not the them, no talk of hands.
Let us remember still that we have none.
Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk,
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands?
Come, let's fall to, and gentle girl eat this.
Here is no drink; hark, Marcus, what she says,
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs,
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrows mesh'd upon her cheeks.
Speechless complaint— O I will learn thy thought.
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy fists to heav'n,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wreck an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandam fire leave these bitter deep laments,
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandam's heaviness.

Tit. Peace tender sapling, thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?
Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord, a fly.

* singing.
Titus Andronicus.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer; thou kill'st my heart,
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother; get thee gone,
I see thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. 'But?—how if that fly had a father and mo-

ther?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air?
Poor harmless fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry,
And thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me Sir, it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the Emprefs' Moor, therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed;
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,
Flattering my self, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.
There's for thy self, and that's for Tamera:
Yet still I think we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a cole-black Moor.

Mar. Alas poor man, grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.
Come, take away; Lavinia, go with me,
I'll to thy closet, and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
Come, boy, and go with me, thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle.

[Exeunt,

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

Boy.

HELP, grandsire, help; my aunt Lavinia follows me everywhere, I know not why. Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes: Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius, do not fear thy aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my neice Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear thou not, Lucius, somewhat doth she mean; See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee: Some whither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee, Sweet poetry, and Tully's oratory: Can't thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not I, nor can I guess, Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:

For I have heard my grandsire say full oft, Extremity of grief would make men mad.

And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy Ran mad through sorrow; that made me to fear;

Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth, Which made me down to throw my books, and fly, Caufeless perhaps; but pardon me, sweet aunt,

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go, I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

Tit. How now, Lavinia? Marcus, what means this? Some book there is that she desires to see.

Which is it, girl, of these? open them, boy. But
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
Come and make choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, 'till the heav'n's
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.

What book?
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was:
Or else to heav'n she heaves them, for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosses to?

Boy. Grandfire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphoses.*

My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!

Help her: what would she find? *Lavinia,* shall I read?
This is the tragick tale of *Philomel,*
And treats of *Tereus'* treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see, note how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. *Lavinia,* wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as *Philomela* was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?

See, see?

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O had we never never hunted there)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Mar. O why should nature build so foul a den,
Unles's the Gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed;
Or slunk not Saturnine as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in *Lucrece* bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece; brother, sit down by me,
*Apollo, Pallas, Jove,* or *Mercury,*
Inspire me, that I may this treason find.
My lord, look here; look here *Lavinia.*

*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou can't,
This after me, when I have writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curst be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!
Write thou, good niece, and here display at least,
What God will have discover'd for revenge;
Heav'n guide thy pen, to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth.

[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stump, and writes.

Tit. Oh do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?

Stuprem, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora,
Performers of this hateful bloody deed?

Tit. Magni Dominator Poli,
Tam lentus audiis sceleris! tam lentus vides!

Mar. Oh calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me: Lavinia kneel,
And kneel sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope,
And swear with me, as with the woeful peer
And father of that chaste dishonoured dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece rape,
That we will prosecute (by good advice)
Mortal revenge upon these traiterous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, if you knew how.
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware,
The dam will wake, and if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league;
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list
You're a young huntsman, Marcus, let it alone;
And come, I will go get a leaf of brafs,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by; the angry northern-wind
Will blow these sands like Sibyls leaves abroad,
And where's your lesson then? boy, what say you!

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yeak of Rome.
Mar. Ay, that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For this ungrateful country, done the like.
Boy. And, uncle, so will I, and if I live.
Tit. Come, go with me into my armory.
Lucius I'll fit thee, and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both.
Come, come, thou'llt do my message, wilt thou not?
Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosom, grandsire.
Tit. No, boy, not so, I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come; Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court,
Ay, marry will we, Sir, and we'll be waited on.

[Exeunt.

Mar. O heav'n, can you hear a good man groan
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his cottage,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than see-side marks upon his batter'd shield,
But yet so just, that he will not revenge.
Revenge the heav'n'ss for old Andronicus.

[Exit.

Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one door: and at
another door young Lucius and another, with a bundle of
weapons and verses write upon them.
Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius,
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grand-
father.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus
And pray the Roman Gods confound you both,
Dem. Gramercy lovely Lucius, what's the news?
Boy. That you are both decypher'd (that's the news)
For villians mark'd with rape. May it please you,
My grandsire well advis'd hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armory,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bad me say:
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
And so I leave you both, like bloody villains.

[Exit.

Dan.
Dem. What's here, a scrolle, and written round about?

Let's see.

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.

Chi. O'tis a verse in Horace, I know it well:
I read it in the Grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay just, a verse in Horace—right, you have it—
Now what a thing it is to be an ass?
Here's no sound jest, th'old man hath found their guilt,
And sends the weapons wrap'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:
But were our witty Empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest a while.
And now, young lords, was't not a happy flar
Led us to Rome strangers, and more than so,
Captive, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the palace-gate
To brave the Tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable with, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother to say Amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the Gods

For our beloved mother in her pains,

Aar. Pray to the devils, the Gods have given us over.

[Flourish]

Dem. Why do the Emp'ror's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike for joy th' Emp'ror hath a son.

Dem. Soft, who comes here?

Enter Nurse with a Black-a-moor child.

Nur. Good-morrow, lords:

O tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is, and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone.
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore.

Aar. Why what a caterwaulling dost thou keep?!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

_Nur._ O that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our Empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace.
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

_Aar._ To whom?

_Nur._ I mean, she is brought to bed.

_Aar._ Well, God give her good rest.

What hath he sent her?

_Nur._ A devil.

_Aar._ Why then she is the devil's dam: a joyful issue.

_Nur._ A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,
Amongst the fairest breeders of your clime.
The Empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

_Aar._ Out you whore, is black so base a hue?

Sweet blowfie, you are a beauteous blossom pure.

_Dem._ Villian, what hast thou done?

_Aar._ That which thou canst not undo.

_Chi._ Thou hast undone our mother.

_Dem._ And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone—
Wo to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice,
Accurs'd the off-spring of so foul a fiend.

_Chi._ It shall not live.

_Aar._ It shall not die.

_Nur._ Aaron it must, the mother wills it so.

_Aar._ What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

_Dem._ I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point;
Nurse, give it me, my sword shall soon dispatch it.

_Aar._ Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
Stay, murthorous villains, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my cymitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir.
I tell you, younglings, not Enceclus
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides nor the God of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands;
What, what, ye sanguine shallow-hearted boys,
Ye white lime'd walls, ye alehouse painted signs,
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue:
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the Empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?
Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, my self;
The vigour and the picture of my youth;
This, before all the world do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.
Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.
Nur. The Emperor in his rage will doom her death.
Chi. I blush to think upon this ignominy.
Aar. Why there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart:
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer,
Look how the black slave smiles upon the father;
As who should say, old lad I am thine own.
Her is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you,
And from that womb where you imprison'd were,
He is infranchised and come to light:
Nay, he's your brother by the furer side,
Although my feal be flamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the Empress?
Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may be all safe.
Aar. Then fit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[They fit on the ground.

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?
Aar. Why so, brave lords, when we all join in league,
I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lions,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms:
But say again, how many saw the child?
Titus Andronicus.

Nur. Cornelia, the midwife, and my self,
And no one else, but the deliver'd Empress.

Aar. The Empress, the midwife, and your self—
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:
Go to the Empress, tell her, this I said— [He kills her.
Week, week; so cries a pig prepar'd to th' spit.

Dem. What mean'th thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou this?

Aar. O lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent:
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my country-man,
His wife but yeasternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the Emp'ror's heir,
And substitut in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the Emperor dandle him for his own
Hark ye, lords, ye see I have given her physick,
And you must needs bellow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air with secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Her self and hers are highly bound to thee. [Exeunt.

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in my arms,
And secretly to greet the Empres' friends.
Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I bear you hence,
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
'To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[Exit.

Enter
Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucins, and other Gentlemen with bows, and Titus bears the arrows with letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come kinsmen, this is the way. Sir boy, now let me see your archery. Look ye, draw home enough, and 'tis there straight; Terras Afræa reliquit — be you remember'd, Marcus— She's gone, she's fled —— Sirs, take you to your tools, You, cousins, shall go found the ocean, And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the sea, Yet there's as little justice as at land—— No Publius and Sempronius; you must do it, 'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade, And pierce the inmost center of the earth: Then when you come to Pluto's region, I pray you deliver this petition, Tell him it is for justice, and for aid; And that it comes from old Andronicus, Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome. Ah Rome!—Well, well, I made thee miserable, What time I threw the people's suffrages On him, that thus doth tyrannize o'er me, Go get you gone, and pray be careful all, And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd, This wicked emperor may have ship'd her hence, And kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. Oh Publius, is not this a heavy case, To see thy noble Uncle thus distraught?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns, By day and night t'attend him carefully: And feed his humour kindly as we may, 'Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy. Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude, And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters, What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord, but Pluto sends you word, If you will have revenge from hell, you shall: Marry for justice she is so employ'd, He thinks with Jove in heav'n, or some where else;
Titus Andronicus.

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acherson by th' heels.
Mar. We are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big bon'd men, fram'd of th' Cyclops size,
But metal, Mar. flock to th' very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear.
And fith there's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will sollicit heav'n, and move the Gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come to this gear, you're a good archer, Mar.

[He gives them the arrows.

Ad Jovem, that's for you——here ad Apollinem——
Ad Martem, that's for my self;
Here·boy, to Pallas——here to Mercury——
To Saturn and to Caelus——not to Saturnine——
You were as good to shoot agin'st the wind.
To it, boy, Mar., loose when I bid:
Of my word I have written to effect,
There's not a God left unsolicited.

Mar. Kin·men, shoot all your shafts into the court,
We will afflic the emperor in his pride.  [They shoot.

Tit. Now, masters, draw; oh well said, Lucius:
Good boy in Virgo's lap, give it Pallas.
Mar. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou'lt shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord, when Publius shot.
The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock,
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court,
And who should find them but the empress' villain:
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not chuse
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why there it goes. God give your lordship joy.

Enter a clown with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heav'n; Mar., the post is come.
Sira, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice, what says, Jupiter!

Clow. Who? the gibbet-maker? he says that he hath

TITUS ANDRONICUS. 51

taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd
till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what says Jupiter, I ask thee?
Clow. Alas, Sir, I know not Jupiter,
I never drank with him in all my life,

Tit. Why villain, art not thou the carrier?
Clow. Ay, of my pigeons, Sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heav'n?

Clow. From heav'n? alas! Sir, I never came there,
God forbid I should be so bold to press into heav'n in
my young days. Why I am going with my pigeons
to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl
betwixt my uncle and one of the emperor's men.

Mar. Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be to serve
for your oration, and let him deliver the pigeons to the
emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the em-
peror with a grace?

Clow. Nay, truly Sir, I could never say grace in all
my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither, make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor.
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold—mean while here's money for thy charges,
Give me a pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clow. Ay, Sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you: and when
you come to him, at the first approach you must
kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pige-
ons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand,
Sir, see you do it bravely.

Clow. I warrant you, Sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble supplicant.
And when thou hast given it the Emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clow. God be with you, Sir, I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me.

[Exeunt.]
Enter Emperor and Empress, and her two sons; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand that Titus shot.

Sat. Why lords, what wrongs are these? was ever seen

An Emperor of Rome thus over-born,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for th' extent
Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?

My lords, you know, as do the mighty Gods,
(However the disturbers of our peace,
Buz in the peoples ears) there nought hath past,
But even with law against the willful sons

Of old Andronicus. And what and if

His sorrows have fo over-whelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitterness?

And now he writes to heav'n for his redres,

See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury,
This to Apollo, this to the God of war:
Sweet scrouls to fly about the streets of Rome;

What's this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice ev'ry where?

A goodly humour, is it not my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.

But if I live, his feigned ecstacies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:

But he and his shall know, that justice lives

In Saturninus' health, whom, if the ship,
He'll to awake, as she in fury shall

Cut off the proud't conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,

Lord of my life, commander of my thought,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,

Th'affects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scar'd his heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,

Than prosecute the meanest or the best,
For these contempt—Why thus it shall become

High-witted Tamora to glose withal:

But Titus I have touch'd thee to the quick,

Thy life-blood on't: if Aaron now be wife,
‘Then is all safe, the anchor’s in the port.

[Aside.

Enter
Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow, wouldst thou speak with us?

Clow. Yea far forth, an your Mistership be emperial.

Tam. Emprefs I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.

Clow. 'Tis he: God and St. Stephen give you good-e'en,

I brought you a letter and a couple o' pigeons here.

Sæt. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clow. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirah, thou must be hang'd.

Clow. Hang'd! by'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end.

Sæt. Despightful and intolerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same device proceeds:
May this be born? as if his traiterous sons
That dy'd by law for murther of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair,
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege.
For this proud mock I'll be thy slayer-man;
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'lt to make me great;
In hope thy self should govern Rome and me.

Enter Nuntius Àemilius.

Sæt. What news with thee, Àemilius?

Àem. Arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause;
The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under the conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus:
Who threats in course of his revenge to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sæt. Is warlike Lucius General of the Goths?
These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with flemms.
Ay, now begin our forrows to approach,
'Tis he the common people love so much,
My self hath often heard them say,
(When I have walked like a private man)
'That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have with'd that Lucius were their Emperor.

C 3

Tam.
Titus Andronicus.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city strong? 
Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the sun dim'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The Eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody;
E'en so may't thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit, for know, thou Emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
Than baits to fish, or honey-illsalks to sheep,
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious food.

Sat. But he will not intreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora intreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises, that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
Go thou before as our embassador,

[To Æmilius.
Say, that the Emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably;
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet Emperor, be blith again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully and plead to him.

Exit.
ACT V.

Enter Lucius with Goths, with drum and soldiers.

Lucius.

Approved warriors, and my faithful friends, I have received letters from great Rome, Which signify what hate they bear their Emp'ror, And how desirous of our fight they are. Therefore, great lords, be as your titles witness, Imperious and impatient of your wrongs, And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe, Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave flip, sprung from the great Andronicus, (Whole name was once our terror, now our comfort,) Whose high exploits and honourable deeds Ingrateful Rome requites with foul-contempt, Be bold in us, we'll follow where thou lead'st: Like slinging bees in hottest summer's day, Led by their master to the flower'd fields, And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Omn. And as he faith, so say we all with him. Luc. I humbly thank you, and I thank you all. But who comes here led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth leading Aaron with his child in his arms.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray To gaze upon a ruinous monastery, And as I earnestly did fix mine eye Upon the waisted building, suddenly I heard a child cry underneath a wall; I made unto the noise, when soon I heard The crying babe contrould with this discourse: Peace, towny slave, half me and half thy dam, Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art? Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look? Villain, thou might't have been an Emperor: But where the bull and cow are both milk-white, They never do beget a cole-black calf; Peace, villain, peace, (even thus he rates the babe) For I must bear thee to a trufly Goth,

Who
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T I T U S  A N D R O N I C U S.

Who when he knows thou art the Empres’ babe,  
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother’s fake.  
With this my weapon drawn, I rush’d upon him,  
Surpriz’d him suddenly, and brought him hither,  
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is th’ incarnate devil  
‘That robb’d Andronicus of his good hand;  
This is the pearl that pleas’d your Empres’ eye,  
And here’s the base fruit of his burning luft.  
Say, wall-ey’d Slave, whither wouldst thou convey  
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?  
Why dost not speak? what deaf? no! not a word?  
A halter! soldiers, hang him on this tree,  
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the fire for ever being good.  
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,  
A sight to vex the father’s soul withal.  
Get me a ladder.

Aar. Lucius, save the child,  
And bear it from me to the Empress;  
If thou do this, I’ll shew thee wondrous things  
That highly may advantage thee to hear;  
If thou wilt not, besal what may befall,  
I’ll speak no more; but vengeance rot you all.

Luc, Say on, and if it please me which thou speak’st,  
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish’d.

Aar. And if it please thee? why assure thee, Lucius?  
’Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak:  
For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres,  
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,  
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies,  
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform’d:  
And this shall all be buried by my death,  
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind, I say thy child shall live.

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

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ’st no God,  
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?  
Aar. What if I do not? as indeed I do not,  
Yet for I know thou art religious,  
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
Titus Andronicus

With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies
Which I have seen thee careful to observe:
Therefore I urge thy oath, for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a God,
And keeps the oath, which by that God he swears,
To that I'll urge him;—therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God soever it be
That thou adorest and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, nourish and bring him up,
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my God I swear to thee, I will.
Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the Empress.
Luc. O most insatiate luxurious woman!
Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bajius,
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st,
Luc. Oh detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?
Aar. Why she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd;
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of't.
Luc. Oh barbarous beastly villains like thy self!
Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind I think they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head;
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corps of Bajius lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confedurate with the Queen and her two sons.
And what not done that thou haft cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in't?
I plaid the cheater for thy father's hand,
And when I had it, drew my self apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When for his hand he had his two sons heads,
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily
'That both mine eyes were rainy like to his.
And when I told the Empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What, can't thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these hainous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

E'en now I curse the day (and yet I think
Few come within the compass of my curse).

Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else devise his death,

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it,

Accuse some innocent, and forswear my self,

Set deadly enmity between two friends,

Make poor mens cattle break their necks,

Set fire on barns, and hay-stacks in the night,

And bid the owners quench them with their tears:

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,

And set them upright at their dear friend's doors,

E'en when their sorrow almost was forgot,

And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,

Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,

Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.

'Tis, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;

And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not die
So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,

To live and burn in everlasting fire,

So I might have your company in hell,

But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter Aemilius.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome

Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Welcome, Aemilius, what's the news from Rome?

Aemil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman Emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What says our General?

Luc. Æmilius, let the Emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come: march away. [Exeunt:

Enter Tamora, Chiron and Demetrius, disguis'd.

Tam. Thus in these strange and sad habiliments
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say, I am Revenge sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs:
Knock at the study, where they say he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

[Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.
Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Tam. Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do,
I shall never tell you: I have no mind to say,
What is written, shall be executed.

Tit. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.
Tit. No not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a land to give it that accord?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou would'st talk with me:
Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough.
Witness this wretched slump,
Witness the crimson lines,
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care,
Witness the tyring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well.
For our proud Empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?
Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora:
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend;
I am revenge, sent from th' infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death;
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murther or detested rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out.
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the soul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee:
Lo by thy side where rape and murder stands;
Now give some furiance that thou art revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels,
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes;
Provide two proper palfries black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves.
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by thy waggon wheel
Trot like a servile foot-man all day long;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy rape and murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rape and murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance on such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the Empress' sons they are,
And you the Empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable and mistaking eyes:
O sweet revenge, now do I come to thee,

And
And if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[Exit Titus from above.]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-fick fits,
Do you uphold, and maintain in your speech,
For now he firmly takes me for revenge;
And being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son:
And whilst I at banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand;
To scatter and diisperse the giddy Goths,
Or at the least make them his enemies:
See here he comes, and I must play my tham.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful house:
Rapine and murder, you are welcome too:
How like the Empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor;
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot, the Empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And would you represent our Queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are: what shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?
Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.
Chs. Shew me a villain that has done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou findest a man that's like thy self,
Good murder stab him, he's a murderer.
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap,
To find another that is like to thee,
Good rapine stab him, he is a ravisher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperor's court:
There is a Queen attended by a Moor;
Well may'rt thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death.
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesston’d us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads tow’rds Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the Empress and her sons,
The Emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart:
What says Andronicus to this device?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. Marcus my brother, ’tis sad Titus calls:
Go gentle Marcus to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me; and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his Soldiers where they are;
Tell him the Emperor and the Empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them;
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged father’s life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [Exit.

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let rape and murder stay with me,
Or else I’ll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys, will you abide with him,
While I go tell my lord, the Emperor,
How I have govern’d our determin’d jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And carry with him till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, tho’ they suppose me mad,
And will o’er-reach them in their own devices:
A pair of cariell-hounds and their dam. [Aside.

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus, revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [Exit Tamora.

Tit. I know thou dost, and sweet revenge farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ’d?
Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, Caius and Valentine.

Enter Publius and Servants.

Pub. What is your will?
Tit. Know ye these two?
Pub. The Empress' son
I take them, Chiron, Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie, thou art too much deceiv'd,
The one is murder, rape is th'other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius,
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them;
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour;
And now I find it, therefore bind them sure. [Exit Titus.

Chi. Villains, forbear, we are the Empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded
Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that ye bind them fast.

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

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia, look, thy foes are bound:
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
Oh villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud.
This goodly summer with your winter mixt:
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death.
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest,
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say if I could let you speak?
Villains!—for shame you could not beg for grace,
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia twixt her flumps doth hold
The bason that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls her self Revenge, and thinks me mad—
Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste.
And of the paste a coffin will I rear,
And make two pasties of your shamefull heads,
And bid that trumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet the shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd.
And now prepare your throats, Lavinia, come,
Receive the blood; and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet, which I with might prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs feast.

[He cuts their throats.]

So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cock,
And see them ready 'gainst the mother comes.    [Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths with Aaron Prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

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

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accurs'd devil,
Let him receive no sustenance, set him,
'Till he be brought unto the Emp'ror's face,
For testimony of these foul proceedings:
And see the anibush of our friends be strong:
I fear the Emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in my ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart.

Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd slave,

[Exeunt Goths with Aaron.]

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.    [Flourish.
The trumpets shew the Emperor is at hand.

Sound trumpets. Enter Emperor and Empress with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?
Luc. What boots it thee to call thy self a sun?
Mar. Rome's Emperor, and nephew, break the parley;
These quarrels must be quietly debated;
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you therefore draw nigh and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will. [Hautboys.

A Table brought in. Enter Titus like a Cook, placing the meat on the Table, and Lavinia with a veil over her face.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord, welcome dread Queen,
Welcome, ye warlike Goths, welcome Lucius,
And welcome all; although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs, please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. And if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the Emperor, resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right-hand,
Because she was enforced, stain'd, and desfoun'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual,
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die.

[He kills her.

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage. And it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed?

Tit. Will't please you eat, will't please your highness feed?

Tam.
Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?
Tit. Not I, 'twas Chiron and Demetrius.
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.
Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that pye;
Whereof their master daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true, witness my knife's sharp point.

[He stabs the Emperor.

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.

[He stabs Titus.

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed.
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[Lucius stabs the Emperor.

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uprore fever'd, like a flight of fowl,
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
Oh let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Goth. Let Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms curst to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.

Mar. But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, Rome's dear friend; as erst our ancestor,

[To Lucius.

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-fick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtile Greeks surpriz'd King Priam's Troy:
Tell us what Simon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most.
Lending your kind commiseration,
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale,
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our Emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravish'd our sister;
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies into the grave.
Lastly, my self unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms t' embrace me as a friend:
And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.

Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But soft, methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: oh pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my tongue to speak; behold this child,
Of this was Tamora delivered,
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
And as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you Romans?
Have we done ought amis? shew us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronicus,
We'll hand in hand, till head-long cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat out our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house;
Speak, Romans, speak, and if you say you shall,
Lo hand in hand, Lucius, and I will fall.

Æm. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperor: for well I know,
The common voice do cry it shall be so.

Mar. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal Emperor;
Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudged some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
Lucius all hail, Rome's gracious governor.

Luc. Thanks gentle Romans: may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harm, and drive away her woe.
But, gentle, give me aim a while,
For nature puts me to a heavy task:
Stand all aloof; but uncle draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:
Oh take this warm kisst on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face;
The last true duties of thy noble son.

Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kisst for kisst;
Thy brother Marcus tendst on thy lips:
O were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither boy, come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers; thy grandfire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee;
Sung thee asleep, his loving breath thy pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thy infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so;
Friends should associate friends, in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave,
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandfire, grandfire! ev'n with all my heart,
Would I were dead, so you did live again——
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping——
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.
Titus Andronicus

Enter Romans with Aaron.

Rom. You fad Andronici, have done with woes,
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him:
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him.
For the offence he dies: this is our doom.
Some stay to see him fastned in the earth.

Aar. O why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb:
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evil I have done:
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the Emp’ror hence,
And give him burial in his father’s grave.
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household’s monument:
As for that heinous tyrant Tamora,
No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity,
And being so, shall have like want of pity.

See justice done on Aaron that damn’d Moor,
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning;
Then afterwards, we’ll order well the state,
That like events may ne’er it ruinate. [Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

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MDCCXXXIV.
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Prompter to his Majesty's Company of Commedians at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.