

The most Lamentable

The most lamentable Tragedie

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

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

They open the Tombe.

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

Lucius. Giue vs the prowdest prisoner of the *Gotbes*.
That we may hew his limbs and on a pile,
Admannus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthy prison of their boanes,
That so the shadows be not vnappazde,

Titus. Enter the Tribunes and Senators also: And then enter
Saturnus and his followers as one doore, and Bassianus and
his followers, with Drums and Trumpets.

Saturnus.
Obie *Tatricians*, Patrons of my Right,
Defend the iustice of my cause with armes,
And Counten my following followers,
I am his first borne sonne, that was the last
That waare the Imperiall Diademe of Rome,
Then let my Father's honours be in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignitie,
Bassianus.
Romaines, friends, followers, fauourers of my Right,
It euer *Bassianus Caesar* forme,
Vere gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,
Kepe then this passage to the Capitoll,
And suffer not dishonour to approach,
The Imperiall fate to vertue, consecrate

To



Editorial Statement and Permissions

Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus* (1594)

This Digital Book was edited and produced by

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The most lamentable *Romaine* tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*: As it was plaide by the
right honourable the Earle of Darbie, Earle of Rembrooke, and Earle of Sussex their
seruants. Imprinted at London by Iohn Danter, and are to be sold by Edward White
& Thomas Millington, at the little North doore of Pauls at the signe of the Gunne,
1594. Signatures: A(-A1) B-K^r.

This copy of *Titus Andronicus* (1594) contains a few manuscript notes and markings.
Leaf B2 is partially torn away at its tail corner, affecting some text. Some catchwords
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misprinted words remain. Some text is visibly affected by the torn tail corner on leaf
B2. Catchwords that were missing, cropped, or difficult to read have been replaced in a
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Dedicated to "Grande" (???) – 8 May 2018)

Printed by Iohn Danter, and are
LONDON,
to be sold by Edward White & Thomas Millington,
at the little North doore of Pauls at the
signe of the Gunne,
1594.



THE
MOST
Mentable Romaine
Tragedie of Titus Andronicus:
As it was Plaide by the Right Ho-
nourable the Earle of Darbie, Earle of Pembroke,
and Earle of Suffex their Seruants.

The most lamentable Tragedie
To iustice, continuance, and Nobilitie:
But let desert in pure election shine,
And Romaines fight for freedom in your choice,
Marcus Andronicus with the Goths.
Princes that strive by factions and by friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Empire,
Know that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A speciall Part, haue by common voice,
In election for the Romaine Emperie,
Chosen *Andronicus* for their Emperie:
For many good and great desert to Rome,
A Noble man, a braue Varrour,
Lines not this day within the Curie walls.
Hec by the Senate is accorded home,
From weary warres against the barbarous Goths,
That with his sonnes a terror to our foes,
Hath yoked a Nation strong, and vp in Armes,
Tomeyeres are spent since he the undertooke
This cause of Rome, and chastised with armes
Our enemies pride: Five times he hath returned
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sonnes,
In Coffins from the field, and at this day,
To the Monument of that *Andronicus*,
Done sacrifice of expiation,
And haue the Noblest prisoner of the Goths,
Returned the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus* flourishing in Armes,
Let vs intreat by honour of his name,
VWhom worthily you would haue now succede,
And in the Capitall and Senates sight,
VWhom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength,
Dismitte your followers, and as fasters should,
Pleade your desert in peace and humblenes,
Saturninus.

of Titus Andronicus.

Saturninus.
How faire the Tribune speaks to calme my thoughts.
Bassianus.
Marcus Andronicus, so I doe affie,
In thy vprightness and integritie,
And so I loue and honour thee and thine,
Thy Noble brother *Titus* and his sonnes,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious *Lavinia*, Romes rich ornament,
That I will here dismisse my louing friends:
And to my fortunes and the peoples fauour,
Commit my cause in ballance to be waied. *Exit Soldiours.*

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

Bassianus. Tribunes and me a poore Competitor,
They goe up into the Senate house.

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

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

B 3

Can make you greater than the Queen of Sheba,
 Dunt all your hopes, Madam he comforts you,
 Rest on my word, and let not discontent,
 Prickly shall be thy vantage waite
 Thou comst not to be made a foreign Rome,
 Though change of war hath wrought this change of chear,
 Clear up faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
 That I would chooke were I to choole a new,
Saturnine. A goodly Lady shall mee of the hue,
 Will see you Nobly, and your followers,
 To him that for your honour and your state,
 Now Madam are you prisoner an Emperour,
 Romans forget your Fealtie to me,
 The least of these unspcakable deities,
 Rome shall record, and when I doe forget
 How proude I am of thee and of thy gifts
Saturnine. Thanks Noble *Titus* Father of my life,
 Mine honours Engages humbled at thy feete,
 Receiue them then, the tribute that I owe,
 Presents well worthy Romes impetuous Lord:
 My sword, my Charot, and my Prisoners,
 The wide worlds Emperour, doe I consecrate,
 King and Commander of our common weale,
 And here in sight of Rome to *Saturnine*,
 I hold me highly honoured of your Grace,
Titus. It doth my worthe Lord, and in this matter,
 Euen *Andronicus* doth this motion please thee,
 And in the sacred Pathan her espouset:
 Romes Royall Militie, Militis of my hart,
 I am with I make my Empire,
 Thy name and honourable familie,
 And for an onlet *Titus* to aduance,
 And will with aces requite thy gentleness:
 I giue thee thanks in part of my desires,
 To's in our election this day,

of Titus Andronicus.

B 4

The most Lamentable Tragedie
 Titus Andronicus, Titus Andronicus, for thy fauours done,
 I say Long live our Emperour Saturnine,
 I Saturnine Romes great Emperour,
 Titus and *Pitians*, we create
Marcus An. With voyces and applaue of euery sort,
 Crowne him and say Long live our Emperour.
 Thence you will elect by my advice,
 And ripen iustice in this Common weale:
 Rected on Romes ryas Rates on earth,
 Lord *Saturnine*: whose vertues will I hope,
 That you create our Emperours eldest sonne,
Titus. *Tribunes* I thank you, and this I make,
 The people will accept whom he admittes,
 And gratulate his safe returne to Rome,
Tribunes. To gratulate the good *Andronicus*,
 Will ye beflow them friendly on *Andronicus*,
 I take your voyces and your suffrages,
Titus. People of Rome, and peoples *Tribunes* here,
 Of Noble minds, is honourable meede,
 I will most thankfully be, and thanks to men
 My station if thou strengthen with thy friends
 But honour thee and will doo till I die:
Andronicus. *Andronicus* I doe not hate thee,
 The peoples hart, and weane them from the iustice,
Titus. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee
 That noble minded *Titus* means to thee,
Titus. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good,
 Rather than robbe me of the peoples hart,
Andronicus. Wouldst thou were shipt to hell,
 Till *Saturnine* be Romes Emperour
Andronicus draw your swords and reach them not,
Saturnine. Romes does meright,
Titus. Patient Prince *Saturnine*,
Saturnine. Proud and ambitious *Tribunes* canst thou tell,
 Ask me, that thou shalt obtaine & aske the hope,
 The most Lamentable Tragedie

The most Lamentable Tragedie

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

Exit Omnes.

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

Enter Marcus and Titus sonnes.

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

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

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

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

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

Titus two sonnes speakes.

And shall of him wee will accompanie.

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

Titus sonne speakes.

He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Titus. VVhat would you burie him in my despight?

Marcus. No Noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,
 To pardon *Mucius* and to bury him.

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

So

of Titus Andronicus.

Nor we disturbde with prodigies on earth,

Titus. I giue him you the Noblest that suruiues,

The eldest sonne of this distressed Queene.

Tamora. Stay Romaine brethren, gracious Conque-

Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I shed,

A mothers teares in passion for her sonne:

And if thy sonnes were euer deare to thee,

Oh thinke my sonne to be as deare to mee,

Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome

To beautifie thy triumphs, and returne

Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake:

But must my sonnes be slaughtered in the streets

For valiant dooings in their Countries cause?

O if to fight for king and common-weale,

VVere pietie in thine, it is in these:

Andronicus, staine not thy toombe with blood.

VVilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?

Draw neere them then in being mercifull,

Sweete mercie is Nobilities true badge,

Thrice Noble *Titus*, spare my first sonne.

Titus. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me,

These are their brethren, whom your *Gotbes* beheld

Aliue and dead, and for their brethren slaine,

Religiously they aske a sacrifice:

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

T'appease their groning shadowes that are gone.

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

And with our swords vpon a pile of wood,

Lets hew his limbs till they be cleane founde.

Exit Titus sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamora. O cruell irreligious pietie,

Chiron. VVas neuer Sythia halfe so barbarous.

Demetrius. Oppose not Sythia to ambitious Rome,

Alarbus goes to rest and we suruiue,

To tremble vnder *Titus* threating looke,

B

Then

of Titus Andronicus.
 The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
 Lavinia here, outliving thy fathers daies,
 And times eternall date for vertues praise,
Marcus. Long live Lord *Titus* my beloved brother,
 Gattous triumph in the ciies of Rome.
Titus. thanks gentle tribune, Noble brother *Marcus.*
Marcus. And welcome Nephews from successfull wars
 You that fortune, and you that hope in fame;
 Faire Lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
 Fate in your Courtes fornic drew your swords,
 That in your Courtes fornic drew your swords,
 But safer triumph is this funerals pompe,
 That hath a spide to *Solons* happines,
 And triumphs over chaunce in honours bed,
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
 V whole friend in iustice thou hast euer bene,
 Send thee by mee their tribune and their trust,
 this Pallament of white and sportes hue,
 And name thee in election for the Empire,
 With thee our late decessed Emperours sonnes
 Be *Andronicus* then and put it on,
 And helpe to set a head on headles Rome.
Titus. A better head her glorious bodie fits,
 than his that shakes for age and feeblenes;
 What should I don this Roabe and trouble you
 Be chosen with Proclamations to daie,
 to morrow yeeld vp iustice my life,
 And set abroad new busines for you all,
 Roomes I have bene thy souldier fortye years,
 And led my Countie strength successfull,
 And buried one and twentie valiant sonnes
 Kight in Field, name manfulle in Armes,
 In right and feruice of their Noble Countie;
 Come in a stiffe of Honour for mine age,
 But not a scepter to controule the world,
 Vpright he held in Lords that held it last.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

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

Enter the sonnes of *Andronicus* againe.

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

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

Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffin in the Tombe.

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

Enter *Lavinia.*

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

Titus. Kinde Rome that hast thus louingly referude,
 the

The most Lamentable Tragedie
 Lavinia, Not my Lord, such true Nobilitie,
 V varies these words in Princely carriage,
Saturnine. Thanks sweete *Lavinia,* Romans let vs goe,
 Reason here we set our prisoners free,
 Proclaime our Honours Lords with trumpe and Drum,
Bassianus. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this maid is mine,
Titus. How sit you in carnest then my Lord:
Bassianus. I Noble *Titus* and resolute withall,
 to doomy selfe this reason and this right,
Marcus. *Shunne* *chiquis* is our Roman iustice,
 this Prince in iustice ceazeth but his owne,
Lucius. And that he will, and shall if *Lucius* live,
Titus. traitors auaunt, where is the Emperours garde
 treason my Lord, *Lavinia* is surprizd,
Saturnine. Surprizd, by whom?
Bassianus. By him that lastly may,
 Beate his betrothd from all the world away,
Marcus. Brothers, helpe to couay her hence away,
 And with my word he keepe this doore safe,
Titus. Follow my Lord, and hee soone bring her backe,
Marcus. My Lord you parte not here,
Titus. What will I doe, baird me my way in Rome;
Marcus. Helpe I *Lucius,* helpe,
Lucius. My Lord you are vniu'd, and more than so,
 In wrongfull quarrell you haue flaine your forme.
Titus. Not thou, nor he, are any sonnes of mine,
 My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me,
Lucius. Traitor before *Lavinia* to the Emperour,
Lucius. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
 That is a nothers lawfull promitt ioue,
 Enter also the Emperour with *Tamora* and her two
Johnes and *Aron* the moore.
Emperour. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needes her not,
 Nor her, nor rice, nor any of thy flocke:

of Titus Andronicus.

He trust by leysure, him that rocks me once,
 Thee neuer, nor thy traitorous lawtie sonnes,
 Confederates all thus to dishonour mee,
 V Was none in Rome to make a stafe
 But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*
 Agree these deeds, with that proude bragge of thine,
 that saidst I begd the Empire at thy hands,

Titus. O monstrous, what reprochfull words are these?
Saturn. But goe thy waies goe giue that changing piece,
 to him that florishd for her with his sword:
 A valiant sonne in law thou shalt inioy,
 One fit to bandie with thy lawlesse sonnes,
 to ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.

Titus. these words are rasors to my wounded hart.
Saturn. And therefore louely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
 That like the statelie *Thebe* mougl her Nymphs,
 Dost ouer shine the gallant Dames of Rome,
 If thou be please with this my sodaine choise,
 Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
 And will create thee Emperesse of Rome,
 Speake Queene of Gothes dost thou applaud my choise?
 And here I sweare by all the Romane Gods,
 Sith Priest and holy water are so neere,
 And tapers burne so bright, and euery thing
 In readines for *Hymeneus* stand,
 I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
 Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,
 I lead espowde my Bride along with mee.

Tamora. And here in sight of heauen to Rome I sweare,
 If *Saturnine* aduance the Queene of Gothes,
 Shee will a handmaide be to his desires,
 A loving Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend faire Queene: Pantheon Lords accompany
 Your Noble Emperour and his loueie Bride,
 Sent by the Heauens for Prince *Saturnine,*

V whose

Secure of thunders cracke or lightning flash,
 Advanc'd above pale enues threatening reach,
 As when the golden sunne shines the morn,
 And hanging o'er the Ocean with his beames,
 Calls up the Zodiacke in his glistering Coach,
 And over-looks the highest piercing hills.
 So Titus
 Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
 And vertue floops and trembles at her frowne,
 Then *Avon* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
 To mount aloft with thy Imperiall Altars,
 And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph songs,
 Hast pinnacled, ferted in amonious chames,
 And faster bound to *Avons* charming cics,
 Than is *Promethus* tide to *Caucasus*,
 Away with flaustr weeds and faine thoughts,
 I will be bright and shine in perle and golde,
 To wait upon this new made Emperesse,
 To wait upon her to warden with this Queene,
 This Goddesse, this Sennemite, this Nymphe,
 This Syren that will charme Rome's *Salmis*,
 And see his shipwacke, and his Common-weales,
 Hollo, what storme is this?
 Enter *Chiron* and *Demetrius* *draving*.
 (Edg.)
Demetrius. *Chiron* thy yeares wants wit, thy wits wants
 And manners to intrude where I am grad,
 And may for ought thou knowest affected be,
Chiron. *Demetrius*, thou dost ouerweene in all,
 And so in this, to beate me downe with braues,
 Tis not the difference of a yeare or two
 Makes melle grations, or thee more fortunare:
 I am as able and as fit as thou,
 To serue, and to deserue my *Mithis* grace,
 And that my word upon thee shall approue.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

To square for this: would it offend you then
 That both should speede,
Chiron. Faith not me,
Demetrius. Nor me so I were one.
Avon. For shame be friends, and ioine for that you iare,
 Tis pollicie and stratageme must doo
 That you affect, and so must you resolute,
 That what you cannot as you would atchieue,
 You must perforce accomplish as you may:
 Take this of mee, *Lucrece* was not more chaste
 Than this *Laminia*, *Balsianus* loue.
 A speedier course this lingring languishment
 Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
 My Lords a soleimne hunting is in hand,
 There will the louelie Romane Ladies troope:
 The Forrest walks are wide and spacious,
 And many vnfrequented plots there are,
 Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
 Single you thither then this daintie Doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words,
 This waie or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come, our Emperesse with her sacred wit
 To villanie and vengeance consecrate,
 Will we acquaint withall what we intend,
 And shee shall file our engines with aduise,
 That will not suffer you to square your selues,
 But to your wishes hight aduance you both.
 The Emperours Court is like the house of fame,
 The Pallace full of tongues, of eies, and eares:
 The woods are ruthles, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
 There speake, and strike braue boies, and take your turns,
 There serue your lust shadowed from heauens eie,
 And reuell in *Laminias* treasure,
Chiron. Thy counsell Lad smels of no cowardize,
Demetrius. *Sir* *fus aut nefus*, till I finde the streame,

A Roman now adopted happie,
 And must aduise the Emperour for his good,
 This day all quarters die *Andronicus*,
 And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
 That I haue reconciled your friends and you.
 For you Prince *Bassianus* I haue past
 My word and promise to the Emperour,
 That you will be more milde and tractable,
 And feare not Lords, and you *Laminia*,
 By my aduise all humbled on your knees,
 You shall aske pardon of his Maestie,
 Wee doo, and voue to Heauen and to his Highnes,
 That what wee did, was nide as we might,
 Tending out fillers honour and our owne,
Marcus. That on mine honour here doo I protest,
Salmis. Away and take not trouble vs no more,
Tamora. Nay, may I see Eripe or we must all be friends,
 The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
 I will not be denied, sweete hart looke backe,
Salmis. *Marcus*, for thy sake, and thy brothers here,
 And at my louelie *Tamoras* intreats,
 I doe remit these young mens hatious faultes,
 Stand vs: *Laminia* though you left me like a Cluide,
 I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,
 I would not part a Batcheler from the Priest,
 Come if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,
 You are my guest *Laminia* and your friends:
 Tis date shall be a loue-date *Tamora*.
Titus. To morrow and it please your Maestie,
 To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
 With horse and hound, weele giue your grace bon tour,
Salmis. Be it to *Titus* and gratieric too, *Exunt*,
found *trumpets*, *manet* *Moore*.
Avon, Now climeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
 Safe out of fortunes shot, and fits aloft,

of Titus Andronicus.

So trouble me no more, but get you gone,
3. Sonne. He is not with himselfe, let vs withdraw.
2. Sonne. Not I till *Mutius* bones be buried.
 The brother and the sonnes kneele.
Marcus. Brother, for in that name doth nature please,
2. Sonne. Facher, and in that name doth nature speake,
Titus. Speake thou no more, if all the rest will speede.
Marcus. Renowind *Titus*, more than halfe my soule,
Lucius. Deare father, soule and substance of vs all,
Marcus. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre,
 His Noble Nephew here in vertues nest,
 That died in honour and *Laminias* cause,
 Thou art a Romane, be not barbarous:
 The Greeks vpon aduise did burie *Ajax*
 That slew himselfe: and wife *Laertes* sonne,
 Did gratioulie plead for his Funeralls:
 Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy ioy,
 Be bard his entrance here,
Titus. Rise *Marcus*, rise,
 The disnall day is this that ere I saw,
 To be dishonoured by my sonnes in Rome:
 Well burie him, and burie me the next,
 they put him in the tombe. (friends,
Lucius. There lie thy bones sweete *Mutius* with thy
 Till wee with Trophies doo adorne thy tombe:
 they all kneele and say,
 No man shed teares for Noble *Mutius*,
 He liues in fame, that did in vertues cause.
 Exit all but *Marcus* and *Titus*,
Marcus. My Lord to step out of these drie dumps,
 How comes it that the subtile Queene of *Goths*,
 Is of a sodaine thus aduanc'd in Rome,
Titus. I know not *Marcus*, but I know it is,
 (Whether by deuise or no, the heauens can tell.)
 Is shee not then beholding to the man,

C

TAMORA, Titus I am incorporate in Rome,
 these words, these looks, in future life in me.

Titus. I thank you Mathe, and hereby Lord,
Saturnine. Wife *Titus* rise, my Empresse hath prevailed,
 that dies in temple of thy angrie frowne,
 take up this good old man, and cleave the hart,
 Come, come sweete Empress, come & *Andronicus*;
 kneele in the streets and begge for grace in vaine.
 And make them know what tis to let a Queen,
 to whom I liued for my deare sonnes life,
 the cruel father, and his traitorous sonnes,
 And race their faction and their familie,
 I find a day to massacre them all,
 Yet at inuents: and then let me alone,
 VVhich Rome reputes to be a shamous sinne,
 And so supplant you for ingratitude,
 Vpon a lust inuay take *Titus* part,
 Least then the people, and Patriarchs too,
 You are but newe planted in your throne,
 Disturble all your graces and distinctions,
 My Lord: be rulse by me, be wome at last,
 Nor with fowre looks afflicte his gentle hart,
 Looke not to noble a friend on vaine suppoles,
 then at my face looke gratioulie on him,
 VVhose face not distembled speaks his grites:
 For good Lord *Titus* innocue in all,
 But on mine heur dare I undertake,
 I should be a thour to dishonour you.
Tamora. Not for my Lord, the Gods of Rome forfend,
 And bawle put it vp without reuenge,
Saturnine. VVhat Madam be dishonoured of enly,
 And in my face (wee) pardon what is past,
 then heare me speake in diffirently for all:
 VVere grations in thoe Princelie eyes of thine,
Tamora. My worthy Lord, hee euer *Tamora*.

of Titus Andronicus.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

That brought her for this high good turne to haire.

Enter the Emperour, Tamora, Bassianus and Lavinia, Moore at one doore. *Enter at the other doore with others.*

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

TAMORA,

VVithout controulement, justice, or reuenge.
 that for her loue such quarters may be brocht,
 Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
 VVhat is *Lavinia* then become to looke,
 It is to let vpon a Princes right?
 VVhy Lords, and thake you not how dangerous
 this petite babble will vndoe vs all:
 Now by the Gods that warlike *Gabes* adore,
 Moore. Away I say,
 And with thy weapon nothing darst performe,
 Fowle spoken Coward, that thundrest with thy tongue,
Chiron. For that I am prepared, and full resolute,
 that he hath breathd in my dishonour here,
 My Rapier in his bosome, and withall
Demetrius. Not I till I haue heareth,
 For I haue put vp.
 Be so dishonoured in the Court of Rome,
 Nor would your Noble Mother for much more,
 the case were knowne to them it most concerns,
 I would not for a million of gold,
 Full well I wore the ground of all this grudge,
 And maintain such a quartell openie?
 so nere the Emperours Pallace dare yee drawe,
 Moore. VVhy how now Lords?
Demetrius. I boy, grow ye to braue: they drame,
 Full well shall thou percieve how much I dare,
Chiron. Meane while fir, with the little skill I haue,
 till you know better how to handle it,
 Goe too: haue your lath giued within your reach,
 Are you so desperate growe to threate your friends:
 Gae you a daunting Rapier by your side,
Demetrius. Why boy, although our mother (vndozd)
 Moore. Clubs, Clubs, these louers will not keepe the
 And plead my passion for *Lavinia* loue,
 (peace,
 The most Lamentable Tragedie

of Titus Andronicus.

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

To

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust,
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
 Chiron. And if she do, I would I were an Euencke,
 And shall she carrie this into her graue,
 And with that painted hope, braues your mightnes,
 Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her chastite,
 This minion good vpon her chastite,
 First thrash the corne, then after burne the straw:
 Demetrius. Stay Madam here is more belongs to her,
 Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong,
 Tamora. Cinc me the poyard, you shall know my boies,
 For no name his thy nature but thy owne,
 Launias. I come Seruants, may barbarous Tamora,
 Chiron. And this for me truck home, to shew my strength,
 Demetrius. This is a wimes that I am thy son, *fab him.*
 Or be ye not hence forth call my Children,
 Reuenge it as you loue your Mothers life,
 This vengeance on me had they executed:
 And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 That euer care did heare to such effect,
 Lantious Goth, and all the bitter teames,
 And then they calde me foule aduiteresse,
 And leane me to this miserable death,
 Vnto the body of a dymall Ewghie,
 But that they told me they would binde me here,
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 Should that fall mad, or els die suddainly,
 As any mortall body hearing it
 Would make such fearful and confusid cries,
 Ten thousand swelling toades, as many vcrins,
 A thousand scends, a thousand hasting snakes,
 They told me here at dead time of the night,
 And when they shoud me this abhorred pie,
 Vnto the mightly Owle or fatall Raven:
 of Titus Andronicus.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Vpon whose leaues are drops of new shed blood,
 As fresh as morning dew distid on flowers,
 A verie fatall place it seemes to mee,
 Speake brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
 Martius. Oh brother with the dismalst obiect hurt,
 That euer eie with sight made hart lament,
 Aron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them here,
 That he thereby may haue a likely gesse, *Exit.*
 How these were they, that made away his brother.
 Martius. VVhy dost not comfort me and help me out
 From this vn hollow, and blood stained hole.
 Quintus. I am surprisid with an vncouth feare,
 A chilling sweat oereruns my trembling ioynts,
 My hart suspects more than mine eie can see.
 Martius. To proue thou hast a true diuining hart,
 Aron. and thou looke downe into this den,
 And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.
 Quintus. Aron is gone, and my compassionate hart,
 Will not permit mine eyes once to behold,
 The thing where at it trembles by surmise:
 Oh tell me who it is, for nere till now,
 VVas I a child to feare I know not what.
 Martius. Lord Bassianus lies bereaud in blood, *See vnto the*
 All on a heape like to a slaughtered Lambe,
 In this detested darke blood drinking pit.
 Quintus. If it be darke how dost thou know tis hee,
 Martius. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
 A pretious ring, that lightens all this hole:
 VVhich like a taper in some monument,
 Doth shine vpon the dead maus earthy cheekes,
 And shewes the ragged intrals of this pit:
 So pale did shine the Moone on Priamus,
 VVhen he by night lay bathd in Maiden blood,
 O Brother help me with thy fainting hand,
 It feare hath made thee faint as me it hath,

Out

V With honnes as was *Alceus*, and the hounds,
 Should drue vpon thy new transforned limbs,
 Vnmanerly intruder as thou art,
 Lamina. Vnder your patience gentle Emperesse,
 Its thought you haue a goodly gift in honing,
 And to be doubted that your *Moore* and you,
 Are singled forth to trie thy experimens:
 Ioue theeld your husband from his hounds to day,
 This picure they should take him for a Stag,
 Bassianus. Belceue me Queene your swartie Cymion,
 Doth make your honour of his bodies hue,
 Spoted, detested, and a homanable,
 Why are you requested from all your traine,
 Dismounted from your now white goodly seede,
 And wanded hither to an obware plot,
 Accompanied but with a barbarous *Moore*,
 If you desire had not conducted you,
 Lantia. And being intercepted in your sport,
 Great reason that my Noble Lord be rated
 For faultnes, I pray you let vs hence,
 And let her joy her Rauch calloured ioue,
 This vale fits the purple pallung well,
 Bass. The King my brother shall haue notice of this,
 Lantia. I, for thele lips haue made him no red long,
 Good King to be so mightily abused,
 Quene. VVhy I haue patience to indure all this,
 Enter Chiron and Demetrius. *(Mother,*
 Domet. How now deare soueraigne, and our grations
 VVhy doth your highnes looke so pale and wane?
 Quene. Haue I not reason thinke you to looke pale,
 Thele two haue ticed me hither to this place,
 A barren, detested vale you see tis,
 The trees though summer yet forlorne and leane,
 Queer come with moffe and balefull mistleto,
 Ere neuer shines the sunne, here nothing breeds,
 Vnto

The most Lamentable Tragedie

of Titus Andronicus.

To coole this heate, a charme to calme these fits,
per Stigia, per manes Vchor.

Exeunt.

Enter Titus Andronicus, and his three sonnes,
making anoise with hounds & hornes.

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

Here a crie of Hounds, and wind hornes in a peale: then
enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Launias, Chiron,
Demetrius, and their Attendants.

Titus. Many good morrowes to your Maiestie,
 Madam to you as many, and as good,
 I promised your Grace a Hunters peale.
 Saturnine. And you haue rung it lustilie my Lords,
 Somewhat too earlie for new married Ladies. *(more,*
 Bassianus. Launias, how say you?
 Lani. I say no: I haue been broad awake, two howres &
 Saturnine. Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,
 And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
 Our Romane hunting.
 Marcus. I haue Dogges my Lord,
 VVill rouze the prowdest Panther in the Chase,
 And clime the highest promontarie topp.
 Titus. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes

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The

Let not this waile oute lue vs both to linge,
 Chiron, I warrant you in addame we will make that linge,
 Come Mithras now pectorce we will enjoy,
 That nice pteced honoſtie of yours.
 Lavinia, Oh Tamora, thou beart a womans face,
 Tamora, I will not heare her ſpeake awaie with her,
 Lavinia, Sweet Lords inreat her heare me but a word,
 Demetrius, Liſten faire Maddame let it be your glory
 To ſee her reares, but be your hart to them;
 As vntending flint to drops of raine,
 Lavinia, When did the Tigers young ones teach the
 Oh doe not learne her wraith: ſhe taught it theſe,
 The Milke thou ſuckt from her did turne to Marble,
 Euen at thy reat thou hadt thy tyrannie,
 Yet euerie Mother breeds not ſonnes a like,
 Doe thou inreat her ſhe w a womans pittie, (ballards
 Chiron, What wouldt thou haue me prone my ſelie
 Lavinia, tis true the Raunen doth not hatch a Larke,
 Yet haue I had, Oh could I finde it now,
 The Lion moued with pittie did indure,
 To haue his Prince ſeppes parde all away:
 So may ſay that Raunen ſofter for ſome children,
 The whitte thirtrowne birds famiſh in their neſts:
 Oh be to me though thy hart hart ſay no,
 Nothing to kinde but ſomething pittiuſſe,
 Tamora, I know not what it means, away with her,
 Lavinia, Oh let me reach thee for my Fathers ſake,
 That gaue thee life when well be might haue ſaine thee,
 Be not obdurate, open thy deare yeares,
 Tamora, Hadt thou in perſon here offended mee,
 Euen for his ſake am I pittieſſe,
 Remember boyes I powrd forth teares in vaine,
 To ſaue your brother from the ſacrifice,
 But fearece Andronicus would not relent,
 Therefore away with her, and ſhe her as you will,
 The

Moore, Maddam, though *Cenara* gouerne your deſires,
 Same is dominator ouer mine:
 What ſignes my deadlie ſtanding etc,
 My ſiſter, am my elowdie melancholie,
 My ſiſter of wolle hie that now vnquies,
 Euen as an adder when ſhe doth vnrowle,
 To doo ſome fatal execution,
 No Maddam, theſe are no veneral ſignes,
 Vengeance is in my hart, deare in my hand,
 Blood and reuenge are hammering in my head,
 Marke Tamora the Empreſſe of my ſoule,
 Which neuer hopes more heauen than in thee,
 This is the date of doome for *Baſſianus*,
 His *Philonel* muſt looſe her tongue to date,
 thy ſonnes make pillage of her chaſtite,
 And walſh their hands in *Baſſianus* blood,
 Seeſt thou this letter take it vp I pray thee,
 And giue the king this ſatall plotted ſrowle,
 Now queſtion me no more we are eſcaped,
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful boode,
 V which dreeds not yet their liues deſtruction.

Enter *Baſſianus*, and *Lavinia*.

Tamora, Ah my ſweete *Moore*, ſweeter to me than life:
 Moore, No more great Empreſſe, *Baſſianus* comes,
 Be coroll with him, and hee goe fetch thy ſonnes
 to backe thy quarters what ſo ere they be,
Baſſianus, who haue we here? Romes Royall Empreſſe,
 Vnſuſpight of her well beſeeming troopes?
 O tis it *Dian* habited like her,
 Who hath abandoned her holie groones,
 To ſee the general hunting in this Forreſt?
 Tamora, Sawſie countrower of my private ſteps,
 Had I the powre that ſome ſay *Dian* had,
 Thy temples ſhould be planted preſentlie,

of Titus Andronicus.

The moſt Lamentable Tragedie

Makes way and mines like ſwallowes ore the plaine,
 Demetrius, Chiron we hunt not we, with horſe nor hound
 But hope to plucke ad- iſtie Doe to ground. *Exeunt.*
 Enter *Aron* alone.
 Moore. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
 to burie ſo much gold vnder a tree,
 And neuer after to inheritit,
 Let him that thinks of me ſo abieſt lie,
 Know that this gold muſt coine a ſtratageme,
 VVhich cunninglie effected will beget,
 A verie excellent peece of villanie:
 And ſo reſoſe ſweet gold for their vnreſt,
 that haue their almes out of the Empreſſe Cheſt.
 Enter Tamora alone to the Moore.
 Tamora. My louelie *Aron*, wherefore lookſt thou ſad,
 VVhen euerie thing dorh make a gleeſfull boſt:
 The birds chaunt melodie on euerie buſh,
 The ſnakes lies rolled in the chearefull ſunne,
 The greene leaues quiuer with the cooling winde,
 And make a checkerd ſhadow on the ground:
 Vnder their ſweet ſhade, *Aron* let vs ſit,
 And whilſt the babling eccho mocks the hounds,
 Replying ſhrillie to the well run'd hornes,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,
 Let vs ſit downe and marke their yellowing noyſe:
 And after conſliſt ſuch as was ſuppoſde
 the wandring Prince and *Dido* once inioyed,
 VVhen with a happie ſtorme they were ſurpriſde,
 And curtained with a counſaile-keeping Caue,
 VVe may each wreathed in the others armes,
 (Our paſtimes done,) poſſeſſe a golden ſlumber,
 VVhiles hounds and hornes, and ſweete mellodious birds
 Be vnto vs as is a Nurces ſong
 Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe a ſleepe.

Moore

of Titus Andronicus.

The worſe to lier the better lou'd of mee.
 Lavinia. Oh Tamora be calld a Gentle Queene,
 And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
 For tis not life that I haue begd ſo long,
 Poore I was ſlaine when *Baſſianus* didde. (goe:
 Tamora. VVhat beſt thou then fond woman let me
 Lavinia, tis preſent death I beg, and one thing more,
 That woman-hood denies my tong to tell,
 Oh keepe me from there worſe than killing luſt,
 And tumble me into ſome lothſome pit,
 VVhere neuer mans eye may behold my bodie,
 Doe this and be a charitable murderer.
 Tamora. So ſhould I rob my ſweet ſonnes of their ſee,
 No let them ſacrifice their luſt on thee.
 Demetrius, away for thou haſt ſtaide vs here too long.
 Lavinia, No grace, no womanhood, ah beaſtly creature,
 the blot and enemie to our general name,
 Confuſion fall (huſband,
 Chiron, Nay then Ile ſtop your mouth, bring thou her
 this is the hole where *Aron* bid vs hide him.
 Tamora. Farewell my ſons, ſee that you make her ſure,
 Nere let my hart know merry cheare indeede,
 Till all the *Andronicus* be made away:
 Now will I hence to ſeeke my louely Moore,
 and let my ſpleenfull lonnes this Trull deſtoure.
 Enter *Aron* with two of *Titus* ſonnet.
 Come on my Lords the better foot before,
 Straight will I bring you to the lothſome pit,
 VVhere I eſpied the Panther taſt a ſleepe.
 Quintus. My ſight is verie dull what ere it bodes,
 Mart. And mine I promiſe you, were it not for ſhame,
 VVell could I leaue our ſport to ſleepe a while.
 Quintus. VVhat art thou fallen what ſubtille hole is this,
 VVhoſe mouth this couered with rude growing briers,
 V poore

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Than you shall April shall with all his flowers,
 That shall still from these two ancient urnes,
 O earth I will befriend thee more with raine,
 My fomes sweete blood will make it thaine and blaine:
 Let my teares launche the carthes drie appetite,
 My hartes deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
 For thee, Tribune, in the dust I write
Andronicus lieth downe, and the Judges passe by him.
 Because they died in honours lostie bed,
 For two and twentie fomes I neuer wept,
 A whole soules is not corrupted as tis thought,
 Be pitifull to my condemned fomes,
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my checks,
 And for the bitter teares which now you see,
 For all the frothe nights that I have watcht,
 For all my blood in Rumes great quartell shed,
 In dangerous wares, whilst you secure the bed,
 For pite of mine age, whole youth was spent
 Titus. Heare me graue Fathers, Noble Tribunes say,
 I am going before pleading.

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

Exit.

Oh could our mourning eate thy miserie,
 Doe not drawe backe for we will mourne with thee,
 A What will whole mouthes of teares thy fathers eyes?
 One houre forme will drowne the fragrant meades,
 For such a sight will blind a father eye,
 Come let vs goe, and make thy father blind,
 As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poles face,
 He would have droopt his knife and sell a leape,
 Which that sweete tongue hath made,
 of Titus Andronicus.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Is torne from forth that prettie hollow cage,
 Where like a sweete melodious bird it sung,
 Sweete varied notes in chaunting euerie care.
Lucius. Oh say thou for her, who hath done this deed?
Marcus. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
 Seeking to hide her selfe, as doth the Deare
 That hath receaued some vnrecurring wound,
Titus. It was my Deare, and he that wounded her,
 Hath hurt me more than had he kild me dead:
 For now I stand as one vpon a rocke,
 Inuirod with a wildernes of sea,
 VWho markes the waxing tide, grow waue by waue,
 Expecting euer when some enuious surge,
 VWill in his brinish bowels swallow him.
 This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone,
 Here stands my other sonne a banisht man,
 And here my brother weeping at my woes:
 But that which giues my foule the greatest spurne
 Is deare *Lavinia*, dearer than my foule,
 Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
 It would haue madded me: what shall I doo,
 Now I behold thy liuesie bodie so?
 Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
 Nor tongue to tell me who hath martred thee:
 Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
 Thy brothers are condemnde, and dead by this.
 Looke *Marcus*, Ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her,
 VWhen I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
 Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honie dew,
 Vpon a gathred Lillie almost withered.
Marcus. Perchance shee weepes because they kild her
 Perchance, because shee knowes them innocent.
Titus. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
 Because the Law hath eue reuenge on them.
 No, no, they would not doo so fowle a deede,
 Witnes

The most Lamentable Tragedie

It doe wake some Planer strike me downe,
 That I may number an eternall sleepe.
 Speake gentle Nece, what leeme vngentle hands,
 Hath leapt, and howe, and made thy body bare,
 Of her two branches the sweet Ornament,
 VWhole cyrching shadowes, Kings haue sought to sleepe
 And might not giue so great a happines
 As shalte thy looe: Why dost not speake to me?
 Alas, a crimson Riuier of warme blood,
 Like to a bubling Fountaine fliede with winds,
 Doth rise and fall betweene thy Roled lips,
 Coming and going with thy honie breath,
 But I should detest them cut thy tongue,
 And lest thou shouldst detest thy face for shame,
 Ah now thou must awake thy face for shame,
 And not withstanding all this loffe of blood,
 As from a Conduit with their shining spouts,
 Yet do thy cheekes looke red as *Titus* face,
 Blushing to be encountred with a Clowde.
 Shall I speake for thee, shall I say tis so,
 Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the bea,
 That I might traile at him to ease my minde,
 Sorrow conceale like an Ouen flopp,
 Doth burne the hart to cinders where tis,
 Faire *Philotella*, why the but for her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler towed her minde,
 But loely Nece, that meane is cut from thee,
 A greater *Tereus*, Coler hath thou met,
 And he hath cut those prettie fingers off,
 That could haue better seene those Lillie hands,
 Oh had the monster seene those Lillie hands,
 Tremble like aspen leanes vpon a Laure,
 And make the liken flings delight to kille them,
 He would not then haue sucht them for his life,
 Or had he heard the heauenly Harmonie,
 Which

of Titus Andronicus.

Out of this fell deu ouring receptacle,
 As hatefull as *Ocinus* milke mouth.
Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
 Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
 I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
 Of this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus* graue:
 I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brinck,
Martius. Nor I no strength to chime without thy help.
Quint. Thy hand once more, I will not loofe againe,
 Tilt thou art here a loft or I belowe:
 Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

*Enter the Emperour and Aron,
 the Moore.*

Saturninus. Along with me, He see what hole is here,
 And what he is that now is leapt into it,
 Say who art thou that lately didst descend,
 Into this gaping hollow of the earth.
Martius. The vnhappie sonnes of old *Andronicus*,
 Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,
 To finde thy brother *Bassianus* dead.
Saturninus. My brother dead, I know thou dost but
 He and his Ladie both are at the lodge, (iest,
 Vpon the north side of this pleasant chafe,
 Tis not an houre since I left them there.
Mart. VVe know not where you left them all a liue,
 But out alas, here haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tamora. VWhere is my Lord the King?
King. Here *Tamora*, though gride with killing grieffe.
Tamora. VWhere is thy brother *Bassianus*?
King. Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound,
 E Poore

Who is this, my Niece that flies away so fast,
 Colena word, where is your husband?
 If I doo dreame would all my wealth would wake me.

Enter Marcus from hunting.

Exit.
Demetrius. If thou hadst hands to helpe thee knit the corde,
Ch. And were my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.
 And so lets leane her to her silent walks,
Demetrius. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to walk,
Ch. Goe home, call for sweet water wash thy hands.
Demetrius. See how with signes and tokens she can scrowle,
 And if thy humper will let thee play the scrobe,
Ch. Vnto downe thy minde be way thy meaning to,
 Vnto twas that cut thy tongue and rauish thee,
Demetrius. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,

Enter the Emperesse sonnes with Lavinia, her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out, & ranishe.

Titus. Come *Lucius*, stay not to talke with them,
 Here not thy sonnes, they shall doe well enough.
Tamora, & Andronicus. I will interreat the King,
 That end vpon them should be executed.
 For by my soules were there worse end than death,
 Let them not speake a word the guilt is plain,
 Some bring the murthered body, some the murtherers,
King. Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me.
 To answer their iudgement with their liues.
 They shall be ready at your highnes will,
 For by my Fathers reuerent tombe I vowe,
Titus. I did my Lord, yet let me be their baile,
Tamora, & Andronicus. I muste take it vp,
 Who found this letter, *Tamora* was it you?

of Titus Andronicus.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Poore *Bassianus* here lies murdered.
Tamora. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ,
 The complot of this timelesse Tragedie,
 And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
 In pleasing smiles such murderous tyrannie,
She giueth Saturnine a letter.

Saturninus reads the letter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

wha

Titus. O happie man, they haue betended thee:
 My everlasting doome of banishment,
 For which attemp the Iudges haue pronounc't,
Lucius. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
 But wherefore standst thou with thy weapon drawne?
 And *tribunes* with their tongues doome men to death,
 A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
 A stone is soft as waxe, *tribunes* more hard than stones:
 Rome could afford no *tribunes* like to these:
 And were they but accurd in graue weeds,
 Recce me my teares, and let me weepe with me,
 When I doe weepe, they humblye at my feete
 For that they will not intercept my tale:
 Yet in some sort they are better than the *tribunes*,
 Who though they cannot answer my distresse,
 Therefore I tell my sorowes to the stones,
 And bootlesse vnto them,
 They would not pittie me, yet p leade I must,
 They would not marke me, if they did marke,
Titus. VVhy tis no matter man, if they did heare
Lucius. My gracious Lord, no *tribune* heares you speake,
 Graue *tribunes*, once more I interreat of you,
Titus. Ah *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead,
 And you recount your sorowes to a stone,
 The *tribunes* heare you not, no man is by,
Lucius. Oh Noble Father you lament in vaine,
 My teares are now preualing Oratours,
 And let me say, (that neuer wept before)
 Vnto my sonnes, reuerie the doome of death,
 Oh reuerent *tribunes*, Oh gentle aged men
 Enter *Lucius* with his weapon drawne.
 So thou refuse to drinke my deare sonnes blood,
 And keepe eternal spring time out by face,
 In winter with warme teares he melteth snow,
 In summer drought, he drop vpon the hill,
 The most lamentable Tragedie

of Titus Andronicus.

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

Enter Marcus with Lavinia.

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

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

Marcus. this was thy Daughter,

Titus. why *Marcus* so shee is.

Lucius. Ay mee, this Obiect kills mee.

Titus. Faint-harted-boy, arise and looke vpon her,
 Speake *Lavinia*, what accursed hand,
 Hath made thee handles in thy fathers sight?
 what foole hath added water to the sea?
 Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
 My grieffe was at the height before thou camst,
 And now like *Nylus* it disdaineth bounds,
 Giue me a sword Ile choppe off my hands too,
 For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
 And they haue nurs't this woe, in feeding life:
 In bootlesse praier haue they bene held vp,
 And they haue serud me to effectles vse.
 Now all the seruice I require of them,
 Is that the one will helpe to cut the other,
 tis well *Lavinia* that thou hast no hands,
 For hands to doe Rome seruice is but vaine.

Lucius. Speake gentle sister, who hath martred thee.
Marcus. Oh that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
 that blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,

[1]

F 3

Thou

As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
 Bearer thou my hand sweet wench between thy teeth:
 And *Lavinia* thou shalt be employde in these Armes,
 And in this hand the other will I beare,
 The vow is made, Come brother take a head,
 And sweare unto my soule to right your wrongs,
 That I may turne mee to each one of you,
 You heare people curke me about,
 Come let mee see what task I haue to doe,
 Euen in their throats that hath commited them,
 Till all these mitchises be returned againe,
 And threat me, I shall neuer come to bliss,
 For these two heads doe seeme to spake to mee,
 Then which way shall I find R engeance Cause,
 And make them blinde with tributarie teares,
 And would I sūpe vpon my warticles,
 Beside this sorrow is an enemie,
Titus. Why I haue not another care to shed,
 Why dost thou laugh? It fits not with this houre,
Titus. Haba, ha.
 Now is a time to storne, why art thou still?
 The closing vp of our most wretched eyes:
 Gnaung with thy teeth, and be this dimall sight
 Rent off thy sister haire, thy other hand,
 Ah now no more will I contriue thy greets,
 Euen like a stony image cold and numme.
 Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,
 thy other banne the sonne with this decre sight,
 thy warlike hand, thy managled Daughters heere:
 thou dost not number, see thy two sonnes heads,
Mar. Now farewell *Hartie die Andronicus*,
Titus. When will this fearfull number haue an end,
 As frozen water to a stoned snake.
Marcus. Alas poore hart, that kill's comfortlesse,
 Where hee hath no more interest but to breath,
 of *Titus Andronicus*.

The most lamentable Tragedie

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

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

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

V Where

That euer death should let life beare his name,
 And yet detested life not shrinke therat:
Lucius. Ah that this sight should make to deepe a wound
 But sorrow flowd a rise double death,
 To weep with them that weep doth ease some deale,
 These miteries are more than may be borne,
 And be my hart an euerburning hell:
Marcus. Now let hote *Atma* coole in *Cyelle*,
 More than remembrance of my fathers death,
 That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
 Thy grieffe, their sports: Thy resolution mocke:
 And heere thy hand in come to the sent backe:
 Heere the heads of thy two Noble sonnes,
 For that good hand thou sentest the Emperour:
Messenger. VVorthy *Andronicus*, I art thou repaid,
 Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.
 To ease their Romanes with their bitter tongues,
 Then giue me leane, for looleers will haue leane,
 But like a drunkard must I vomit them,
 For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
 Become a deluge: one flowd and drown'd:
 Then must my earth with her continuall teares,
 Then must my sea be mooned with her sighs,
 Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
 I am the sea. Hark how her sighs doth flow:
 And wilt thou haue a reason for this colie?
 I threame the welkin with his big wolne face:
 If the winds rage, doth not the sea waxe mad,
 When heauen doth weep doth not the earth overflow:
 Then into limits could I binde my woes:
Titus. If there were reason for these miteries,
Marcus. But yet let reason gouerne thy lament,
 Then be my passions bootlesse with them,
 The most Lamentable Tragedie

of Titus Andronicus.

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

Enter *Axon* the Moore alone.

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

Titus. Is not my sorrow deepe haunting no bottomes,
 And doe not breake into the deepe extreames,
Marcus. Oh Brother speake with possibility,
 When they doe hug him in their melting bowmes,
 And staine the tyme with fogg, as sometime clouds,
 Or with our sighs we cle breath the welkin dimme,
 Doe then deare hart, for heauen shall heare our praters,
 To that I call: what wouldst thou knicle with mee?
 If any power pitties wretched teares,
 And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
Titus. Oh here I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
Aron will haue his soule blacke like his face,
Exit. Let tooles doe good and faire men call for grace,
 Doth eat me with the verie thoughts of it,
 their heads I meane: Oh how this villaine,
 Look by and by to haue thy soules with thee,
Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
 and yet deare too, because I bought mine owne,
 As Jewels purchas'd at an easie price,
 As for my soules, say I account of them,
 More hath it mented, that let it haue:
 From thousand dangers, bid him burre,
 Tell him it was a hand that ward him,
 Good *Aron* giue his Matrie my hand,
Titus. Now say your friends, what shall be dispatching

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

He cuts off Titus hand.

And that you leaue ere halfe an houre passe,
 But the deceite you in another sort,
 And neuer whilst I liue deceite men for:
Moore. I that be calde deceit, I will be honest,
 Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine.

of Titus Andronicus.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

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

Enter Titus and Marcus.
 Now, Help Grandier helpe, my Aunt *Lavinia*,
 Follows me enerie where I know not why.
 Good Vnckle *Marcus* see how swift she comes,
 Alas sweet Aunt I know not what you meane.
Marcus. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thine Aunt,
 She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme.
Puer. I when my Father was in Rome she did,
 M. V. What meanes my Niece *Lavinia* by these signes?
 Feare her not *Lucius*, somewhat doth she meane,
 See

Enter Lucius some and Lavinia running after him, and the Boyes from her with his Bookes under his Arme.

Exit Lucius.

To be reuenged on Rome and *Sauwaine*.
 Now will I to the *Gobes* and raise a powre,
 Beg at the gates like *Targuin* and his Queene,
 And make proud *Sauwaine* and his Emperesse,
 If *Lucius* liue, he will requite your wrongs,
 But in oblivion and hatefull greeces:
 But now not *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* liues,
 O would thou wert as thou fore hast beene,
 Farewell *Lavinia* my Noble sister,
 He loues his pledges dearer than his life:
 Farewell proud Rome till *Lucius* come againe,
 The wretched man that euer liued in Rome:
Lucius. Farewell *Andronicus* my Noble Father,

Exeunt.

Lets kill and part for we haue much to doe,
 and keepe one me as I thinke you doe,
 He to the *Gobes* and raise an arme there,
 Thou art an *Exile*, and thou must not stay,
 The most Lamentable Tragedie

of Titus Andronicus.

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

of Titus Andronicus.
 For willines mark with tape. May it please you,
 My Grandfather well advised hath sent by me,
 The goodliest weapons of his Armoire,
 To grate the your honorable youth
 The hope of Rome, for so he bid me say:
 And to I doe, and with his gifts present
 Your Lordships, when ever you haue neede,
 You may be armed and appointed well,
 And so I leave you both: Like bloodie villaines, Exit.
 Demetrius, what's here? a scrooke, and written round about,
 Let's see,
Integritas scelerisq; pura, non eget munita, nihil nec armis.
 Chiron, O tis a verie in *Horace* I know it well,
 I read it in the Grammer school agoe.
 Moore, I lust a verie in *Horace*, right you haue it,
 Now what a thing it is to be an Alie,
 Her's no foundicall, the olde man hath found their gillie,
 And sends them weapons wrapt about with lincs,
 That wound beyond thetrefcing to the quick:
 But were our writie Emperesse well a foote,
 Shee would applaud *Andronicus* conceit,
 But let her rest in her wretch a while,
 And now young Lords, wait not a happy starr,
 Led vs to Rome strangers, and more than so
 Captiues; to be aduanced to this height:
 It did me good before the Pallace gate,
 To braue the *Tribune* in his brothers hearing,
 Demetrius, But me more good to see so great a Lord,
 Basile in sinuate and send vs gifts,
 Aron, Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*,
 Did you not we his daughter very friendlie?
 Demetrius, I would we had a thousand *Romane* James
 At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust,
 Chiron, A charitable wish, and full of loue,
 Aron, Here lacks but your mother for to say Amen,
 Chiron,

The most Lamentable Tragedie
 Of some of you shall finde for it in Rome,
 Demetrius, By this our mother is for euer shamed,
 Chiron, Rome will despite her for this foule escape,
 Nurse, the Emperour in his rage will doo her death,
 Chiron, I blash to thinke upon this ignomie,
 Aron, Why then the Prindege your beauntie bears:
 The close enacts and counsels of thy hart:
 Her's a young Lad framde of another secter,
 Look how the blacke slauie smiles upon the father,
 As who should say, olde Lad I am thus owne:
 Hee is your brother Lord, sensible the sed
 Of that stille blood that first gaue life to you,
 And from your wombe where you imprisoned were,
 Hee is intranched, and come to light:
 May bee is your brother by the furtiue,
 Although my teare be stamp'd in his face,
 Nurse, Aron, what shall I say vnto the Emperesse?
 Demetrius, Aduise thee Aron, what is to be done,
 And we will all subscribe to thy aduise:
 Saue thou the childe, so wee may all be safe,
 Aron, then sit we downe and let vs all consule,
 My some and I will haue the winde of you:
 Keepe there, now take at pleasure of your safete,
 Demetrius, How many women saw this childe of his?
 Aron, why to braue Lords, when we ioune in league
 I am a Lamb, but if you braue the *Moore*,
 The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lionelle,
 The Ocean swels not so as Aron formes:
 But saie againe, how manie saw the childe,
 Nurse, *Cornelia* the Midwife, and my selfe,
 And no one els but the deliuered Emperesse,
 Aron, the Emperesse, the Midwife, and your selfe,
 two may keepe counsell when the third's away:
 Goe to the Emperesse, tell her this I said. Hee kills her,
 weeke,

The most Lamentable Tragedie

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

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

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

of Titus Andronicus.

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

OF H 3
The Gothes haue gathered head and with a power
Emillius, Arme my lords, Rome neuer had more cause,
Saw. What newes with thee Emillius?

Enter Ninius Emillius,
I hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and me.
Sly franticke wretch, that holst to make me great,
For this proud mocke, He be thy slaughter man,
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape priuledge,
Go dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Hauely my means bin butchered withingfully,
That did by law for murder of our porters,
May this be borne as if his traitorous sonnes,
I know from whence this same denie proceeds,
Shall I endure this monstrous villaine?
Saw. Dispitfull and intollerable wrongs,
I shall I endure this monstrous villaine?

Exit.
to a faire end.
Clow. Hangd be Lady, then I haue brought vp a neck
Tamora. Come sit you must be hangd,
Clow. How much money must I haue,
Saw. Go take him away and hang him presently

He reads the letter.
How now good fellow wouldst thou speake with vs?
Clow. Yea forsooth & your Majesty be Emperour,
Tamora. Emperesse I am, but youder be the Emperour,
Clow. Tis he, God and Saint Steven giue you Godden,
I haue brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

Enter Clowne.
of Titus Andronicus.

The most lamentable Tragedie

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

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

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

Lucius. Oh worthie Goth this is the incarnate diuell,
That robd Andronicus of his good hand,
This is the Pearle that pleasd your Emperesse eye,
And her's the base fruit of her burning lust,
Say wall-cyd haue whither wouldst thou conuay,

This

Enter
My lords you know the mightfull Gods,
How euer these distubbers of our peace
But in the peoples cares, there nought hath pass
But quen with law against the willall sonnes
Of old Andronicus, and what and it
His sorrows haue to ouerwhelme his wits:
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wraikes,
His fire, his frenzie, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heauen for his redress,
See heres to Ioue, and this to Mercurie.
This to Apollo, this to the God of warre:
Sweete skrowles to He about the streets of Rome,
Whats this but libelling against the Senat,
And blazoning our vniuersitie where,
A goodly humor is it not my Lords?
As who would say in Rome no iustice were.
But I lue his fatued exalties
Shall be no shelter to the outrages,
But he and his shall know that iustice lues
In Saturnus health, whom the heeppes,
Helo to a wake as he in iustie shall,
Cut off the proud & conspiratour that lues.
Tamora. My gracious Lord, my louely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee and beare the faults of this age,
The heets of sorrow for his valiant sonnes,
VWhole losse hath pearth him deepe and skard his hart,
And rather comfort his distressed pight,
Than preece the meanell or the best
For these cōtempers: why thus it shall become
He writed Tamora to gloie with all,
That Titus I haue touchd the to the quick,
Thy life bleed out: Aron now be wite,
Then is all the Anchor in the port.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

of Titus Andronicus.

Joine with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitour Saturnine.
Titus. Publius how now, how now my Masters,
VWhat haue you met with her?

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

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

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

Marcus. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
VVe will afflict the Emperour in his pride.
Titus. Now Masters draw, Oh well said Lucius,
Good boy in Virgoes lappe, giue it Pallas.
Marcus. My Lord, I aime a mile beyond the Moone,
H Your

O'legall iustice, vnde in such contempt,
 Troubled, contoured tims, and for the extent
 an Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne,
Saturnine, Why lords what wrongs are these, was euer
 (scene)

that Titus shot at him.

Enter Emperour and Emperesse and ber two sonnes, the
 Emperour brings the Emperesse in his hand

Exeunt.

Titus. Come *Marcus* lets goe, *Publius* follow mee.

Clowne. God be with you sir, I will.

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

And when thou hast giuen it to the Emperour,

For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant.

Here *Marcus*, told it in the Oration,

Titus, Sirra halt thou a kniffe? Come let me see it.

Clowne. I warrant you sir, let me alone.

brauie.

look for your reward. He be at hand sir, see you doe it

kill his foote, then deliuer vp your pigeons, and then

come to him, at the first approuch you must kneele, then

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you

come to him, at the first approuch you must kneele, then

kill his foote, then deliuer vp your pigeons, and then

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kill his foote, then deliuer vp your pigeons, and then

of Titus Andronicus.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Your letter is with *Iubiter* by this.

Titus. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?

See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* hornes.

Marcus. This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot

The Bull being galde, gaue *Aries* such a knocke,

That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,

And who should finde them but the Emperesse villaine:

Shee laught, and tolde the *Moore* hee should not choose,

But giue them to his Matter for a present.

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

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

Clowne. Newes, newes from heauen,

Marcus the Poast is come.

Titus. Sirra what tidings, haue you any letters,

Shall I haue iustice, what saies *Iubiter*?

Clowne. Ho the Gibbetmaker? Hee saies that he hath

taken them downe againe, for the man must not be hanged

till the next weeke.

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

Clowne. Alas sir, I know not *Iubiter*,

I neuer dranke with him in all my life.

Titus. V Why villaine art not thou the Carrier.

Clowne. I of my pigeons sir, nothing els.

Titus. V Why didst thou not come from heauen?

Clowne. From heauen, alas sir, I neuer came there,

God forbid I should be so bolde, to presse to heauen in my

young daies:

V Why I am going with my pigeons to the tribunall

plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle betwixt my Vncle,

and one of the Emperals men.

Marcus. V Why sir, that is as fit as can bee to serue for

your Oration, and let him deliuer the pigeons to the

Emperour from you.

Titus.

Almost impregnable, his old yeares date,

V With golden promises, that were his hart

For I can smooth and fill his aged cares,

Tamora. If *Tamora* treat him than he will,

King. But he will not treat his sonne for vs,

The officered with delicious feede.

When as the one is wounded with the bat,

Then baies to fish, or hontestakes to sheepe,

With words more sweete and yet more dangerous

I will inchant the old *Andronicus*,

Then cheare thy spirit for know thou Emperour,

Even so marcell thou the giddie men of Rome,

He can at pleasure tinct their mofles,

Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,

And is not careful what they mean etherby,

The Eagle fatters these birds to sing,

Is the same dimde, that *Grats* doe he in it,

Tamora. *King* Be thy thoughts impetuous like thy name,

And will reuolt from me to fauour him,

King. I but the Citizens fauour *Lucius*,

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

And they haue with that *Lucius* were their Emperour.

That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfull,

V When I haue walked like a private man,

My selfe hath often heard them say,

It is he the common people loue so much,

I now begin our sorrowes to approach,

A flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with Rome,

Thee tidings nip me, and I hang the head

King. Is warlike *Lucius* General of the *Goths*,

As much as euer *Cortanus* did.

V Who threats in court of this reuenge, to doe

Of *Lucius* sonne to old *Andronicus*,

They hit their march againe, vnder conduct

Of high reuolued men, bent to the spale,

The most Lamentable Tragedie

of Titus Andronicus.

Yet should both care and hart obey my tongue.

Goe thou before to be our Ambassador,

Say that the Emperour requests a partie,

Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting,

Even at his Fathers house the old *Andronicus*.

King. *Emillius* doe this message honourably,

And if he stand in hostage for his saltie,

Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Emillius. Your bidding shall I doe effectually.

Exit.

Tamora. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,

And temper him with all the Art I haue,

To plucke proude *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths*,

And now sweet Emperour be blith againe,

And burie all thy feare in my deuises,

Saturnine. Then goe successantly and plead to him.

Exeunt.

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

Lucius. Approued warriors, and my faithfull friends,

I haue receaued letters from great Rome,

V Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,

And how desirous of our fight they are.

Therefore great Lords bee as your titles witness,

Impetuous, and impatient of your wrongs,

And wherein Rome hath done you any skath,

Let him make treable satisfaction.

Goth. Braue slip sprong from the great *Andronicus*,

V Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,

V Whose high exploit and honourable deeds,

Ingratefull Rome requires with foule contempt,

Be bold in vs weele follow where thou leadst,

Like

Ther's not a hollow Cause or lurking place,
 Conter with me of murder and of death,
 Come downe and we; come to this words light,
 By working wretkfull vengeance on thy foes;
 To ease the gnawing vulture of thy minde,
 I am Revenge sent from the infernall Kingdomes,
 Shee is thy enemy, and I thy friend,
Tamora. Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*,
 Is not thy coming for my other hand.
 For our proud Emperesse, mighty *Tamora*:
 wimes all sorrow that I know thee well
 wimes the tiring day and heauie night,
 wimes these trenches made by greife and care,
 Wimes this wretched lump, wimes these crimson lines,
Titus. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Tamora. I thin didst know me thou wouldst talk with
 Thou hast the odds of me therefore no more.
 VVanting a hand to giue that accord,
Titus. Not a word, how can I grace my talke,
Tamora. I thin, I am come to talke with thee.
 And what is written shall be executed,
 See here in bloodie lines I haue set downe,
 You are decedde, for what I meane to doe,
 And all my studie be to no effect,
 That to my fadderees may flie away,
 Is it your trick to make me ope the doore,
Titus. Who doth moult my contemplation?
 I boy knocke and *Titus* opens his studie doore,
 And worke confusion on his enemies.

of Titus Andronicus.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

VVell shalt thou know her by thine owne proportion,
 For vp and downe she doth resemble thee,
 I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
 They haue bin violent to me and mine.
Tamora. VVell hast thou leff and vs, this shall we doe,
 But would it please thee good *Andronicus*,
 To send for *Lucius* thy thrice valiant sonne,
 VVho leades towards Rome a band of warlike *Gothes*,
 And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
 VVhen he is here euen at thy solemne feast,
 I will bring in the Emperesse and hir sonnes,
 The Emperour him selfe and all thy toes,
 And at thy mercie shall they stoope and kneele,
 And on them shalt thou ease thy angry hart:
 VVhat sayes *Andronicus* to this deuile.

Enter Marcus.

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

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

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

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

Tamora. VVhat say you boyes will you abide with
 whiles

Tamora. Thus in this strange and sad habilliment,
 I will encounter with *Andronicus*,
 And say I am reuenge sent from below,
 To loyne with him and right his hainous wrongs,
 Knocke

Enter Tamora and her two sonnes disguised.

And we will come, march away
 Vnto my Father and my Vnkle *Marcus*,
Luc. *Emilius*, let the Emperour giue his pledges,
Gorb. What saies our Generall,
 And they shall be immediately deliuered,
 VVilling you to demand your hostages,
 He craues a Parley at your fathers house,
 And for he vnderstands you are in Armes,
 The Roman Emperour greets you all by me,
Emil. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the *Gothes*,
 VVelcome *Emilius*, what the newes from Rome?
Lucius. Let him come here,
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.
Gorb. My Lord there is a messenger from Rome,
Enter Emilius.

Luc. *Emilius*, let the Emperour giue his pledges,
 And they shall be immediately deliuered,
 VVilling you to demand your hostages,
 He craues a Parley at your fathers house,
 And for he vnderstands you are in Armes,
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Lucius. Let him come here,
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.
Gorb. My Lord there is a messenger from Rome,
Enter Emilius.

of Titus Andronicus.

This growing image of thy fiendlike face,
 VVhy doost not speake? what deafe, nor a word?
 A halte: Souldiers, hang him on this tree,
 And by his side his fruite of Bastardie,
Aron. Touch not the boy, he is of R oiall blood.
Luc. Too like the fier for euer being good,
 First hang the child that he may see it sprall,
 A sight to vex the fathers soule withall.
Aron. Get me a ladder, *Lucius* saue the child,
 And beare it from me to the Emperesse:
 If thou do this, Ile shew thee wondrous things,
 That highly may aduantage thee to heare,
 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
 Ile speake no more, but vengeance rotte you all.
Lucius. Say on, and if it please me which thou speakest,
 Thy child shall liue, and I will see it nourisht.
Aron. And if it please thee? why assure thee *Lucius*,
 I will vex thy soule to heare what I shall speake:
 For I must talke of murders, rapes, and massakers,
 Actes of black night, abhominable deeds,
 Complots of michiefse, treason, villanie s,
 Ruthfull to heare, yet pittcouly performde,
 And this shall all be buried in my death,
 VVlesse thou sweare to me my child shall liue.
Lucius. Tell on thy minde, I say thy child shall liue.
Aron. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.
Luci. VVho should I sweare by, thou beleueest no God,
 that graunted, how canst thou beleue an oath.
Aron. VVhat if I doe not, as indeed I do not,
 Yet for I know thou art religious,
 And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
 VVith twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
 VVhich I haue scene thee carefull to obserue,
 Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know,
 An ideot holds his bauble for a God,

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

Aron.

Art thou not torrie for these hainous deeds?

Lucius.

Like a blacke Dog, as the saying is,

Aron.

What canst thou say all this and neuer blin?

Lucius.

When for his hand he had his two sonnes heads,
 Which had his teares and laughter for hartell,
 That both mine eyes were rawe like to his;
 And when I sold the Empreſſe of this sport,
 Shee found almost at my pleasing sale,
 And for my tidings gave me twenty killes.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

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

Lucius. Euen by my God if we are to thee I will.

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

Lucius. Oh most insatiate and luxurious woman.

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

Luc. Oh detestable villaine, callst thou that trimming.

Aron. Why shee was washt, and cut, and trimd,
 And twas trim sport for them which had the doing of it.

Luc. Oh barbarous beastlie villaines like thy selfe.

Aron. Indeed I was their tutor to instruct them,
 That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
 As sure a card as euer wonne the set:
 That bloodie minde I thinke they learnd of me,
 As true a Dog as euer fought at head:
 VVell let my deeds be witness of my worth,
 I traind thy bretdixen to that guilefull hole,
 Where the dead corpes of *Bassianus* laie:
 I wrote the letter that thy Father found,
 And hid the gold within that letter mentiond,
 Confederate with the Queene and her two sonnes,
 And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
 wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it,
 I plaid the cheater for thy fathers hand,
 And when I had it drew my selfe a part,
 And almost broke my hart with extreame laughter,
 I pried me through the crevice of a wall,

when

Titus. This closing with himselfe his Lament,
 I will embrace thee in my arms,
 And if one armes embracement will content thee,
 Of sweete Reuenge, now doe I come to thee,
 Haue miſerable mad making eyes:
 And you the Empreſſe, but we worldie men
 Good Lord how like the Empreſſe sonnes they are,
 Cause they take vengeance of such kinde of men,
Titus. Rape and Murder, therefore called so,
Titus. Are they my miſters, what are they called?
Titus. These are my miſters and come with me
 So thou destroy Rapine and Murder her,
 And day by day he do this heare task,
 VVill hee come downe in the Sea,
 I will be a seaman all day long,
 I will dilmount and by thy waggons wheele,
 And when thy Car is laden with their heads,
 And find out murder in their guiltie cares,
 To hate thy reuengefull waggons with away,
 Provide thee two proper partrays, blacke as jet,
 And where hee come with thee about the Globe,
 And then hee come and be thy waggons,
 Stab them, or reare them on thy Chariot wheele,
 Now giue some surance that thou art reuenged,
 To by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,
Titus. Doe me some seruice ere I come to thee,
Titus. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me
 To be a torment to mine enemies,
Titus. Art thou? Reuenged and art thou sent to mee,
 Reuenge which makes the foule offender wake,
 And in their eares tell them my deede shall name,
 Can couch for teare but I will finde the mount,
 Where bloodie murder or detested rape,
 No wall of bricke or milke vale,
 The most Lamentable Tragedie

of Titus Andronicus.

What ere I forge to feede his braine-ſeare humors,
 Doe you vphold and maintaine in your speeches,
 For now hee firmelie takes me for Reuenge,
 And being credulous in this mad thought,
 Hee make him send for *Lucius* his sonne,
 And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
 Hee finde some cunning practise out of hand,
 To scatter and disperſe the giddie *Gothes*,
 Or at the least make them his enemies:
 See here hee comes, and I must plie my theame.
Titus. Long haue I bin forlorne and all for thee,
 welcome dread Furie to my woefull house,
 Rapine and Murther you are welcome too:
 How like the Empreſſe and her sonnes you are,
 well are you fitted, had you but a *Moore*,
 Could not all hell afford you such a Diuells
 For well I wot the Empreſſe neuer wags,
 But in her companie there is a *Moore*,
 And would you represent our Queene a right,
 It were conuenient you had such a Diuells.
 But welcome as you are, what shall wee doe?
Titus. what wouldst thou haue vs doe *Andronicus*?
Demetrius. Show me a murtherer hee deale with him,
Chiron. Show me a villaine that hath done a rape,
 And I am sent to be reuenged on him,
Titus. Show me a thou (and that hath done thee wrong,
 And I will be reuenged on them all.
Titus. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,
 And when thou findest a man that's like thy selfe,
 Good murther stab him, hee's a murtherer,
 Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap,
 To finde another that is like to thee,
 Good Rapine stab him, hee is a raviſher,
 Goe thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
 There is a Queene attended by a *Moore*,

Well

of Titus Andronicus.

Lucius. Then gracious auditors be it knowne to you,
 VVhile I stand by and weepe to heare him speake,
 Her's Rome's young Capraine let him tell the tale,
 And force you to commiseration,
 When it should moue you to attend me selfe,
 And breake my vtterance euen in the time,
 Burthoods of teares will drowne my Oratione,
 Nor can I vtter all our bitter grieffe,
 My hart is not compact of flint nor Steele,
 That giues our Troy, our Rome the cruell wound,
 Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
 Tell vs what Sinon hath be witch our eares,
 When subtle Greece surpris'd King Priams Troy,
 The florie of that balefull burning night,
 To loue like Diodes had attending care,
 When with his solemne tongue he did discourse
 Speake Rome's deare friend as erst our Ancestor,
 Cannot induce you to attend my words,
 Graue wittles of time experience,
 But if my hostie signes and chappes of age,
 Doe shamefull execution on her selfe,
 Like a tortoise and desperate call away,
 And thee whom rage the kingdoms curle too,
Romane Lord. Let Rome her selfe bee bane vnto her,
 Thee broken limbs againe into one bodie,
 This scatter'd corne into one mutuall sheaf,
 Oblerme teach you how to knit againe,
 Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous galls,
 By vapors scou'd as a light of soyle,
Marsus. You had sad men, people and sons of Rome,
 Their meede for meede, death for a deadly deede,
Imperour. Can the sonnes eie behold his fathers blood?
 Die trauicke wretch for toils accented deede
Lucius. Die trauicke wretch for toils accented deede
 His meede for meede, death for a deadly deede.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

Bid him farewell commit him to the graue,
 Doe them that kindnes and take leaue of them,
Puer. Oh Grandfue, Grandfire, eu'n with all my hart,
 VVould I were dead so you did liue againe,
 O Lord I cannot speake to him for weeping,
 My teares will choacke me if I ope my mouth.
Romane. You had *Andronicus* haue done with woes,
 Giue sentence on this execrable wretch,
 That hath bin breeder of these dyre euents,
Lucius. Set him brest deepe in earth and famish him,
 There let him stand and raue and crie for foode.
 If any one releues or pitties him,
 For the offence he dies, this is our doome,
 Some stay to see him fastned in the earth.
Aron. Ah why should wrath be mute and furie dumb,
 I am no babie I, that with base prayers
 I should repent the euils I haue done,
 Ten thousand worse than euer yet I did
 VVould I performe if I might haue my will,
 If one good deed in all my life I did
 I doe repent it from my yerie foule.
Lu. Some louing friends conuay the Emperour hence,
 And giue him buriall in his fathers graue,
 My Father and *Lavinia* shall forthwith,
 Be clos'd in our housholds monument,
 As for that rauinous tiger *Tamora*,
 No funerall right, nor man in mourning weede,
 No mournfull bell shall ring her buriall
 But throw her forth to beasts and birds to pray,
 Her life was beastlie and deuoid of pittie,
 And being dead let birds on her take pittie.

Exeunt.

Finis the Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

The most Lamentable Tragedie

And welcome all although the cheare be poore,
 I will fill your Tomacks, please you care of it,
King. VVhy art thou thus accented *Andronicus*?
Titus. Because I would be sure to haue all well,
 To entertaine your highnes and your Emperour,
 VVas it well done of *Tamora*
 My Lord the Emperour resolue me this,
Titus. And if your highnes knew my hart you were,
 VVas it well done of *Tamora*
 To lay his daughter with his owne right hand
 Because she was enforst, haide, and deffowder
King. It was *Andronicus*.
Titus. Your reason mighty lord,
King. Because the gild should not suruive her shame,
 And by her presence shall renewe his sorowes,
Titus. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuall,
 A patterne precedent, and iustie warrant,
 For me most wretched to performe the like,
 Die, die, *Lavinia* and thy shame with thee,
 And with thy shame thy father's sorow die,
King. VVhat hast thou done, vnnaturall and unkinde,
 Kill her for whom my teares haue made me blind,
 I am as woell as *Virginius* was,
 And haue a thousand times more cause than he,
 To doe this outrage, and it now is done,
King. VVhat was the ransitt, tell who did the deede,
 T. VVhile please you care, will please your highnes feed,
Tam. VVhy hast thou flaine thy only Daughter thus?
Titus. Not I, was *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*,
 They Raulther and cut away her tongue,
 And they, was they, that did her all this wrong.
King. Go fetch them hither to vs presently.
Titus. VVhy there they are both bak'd in this Pie,
 VVhen of their Mother dainties hath fed,
 Eating the flesh that shee her selfe hath bred.

of Titus Andronicus.

VVhiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
 How I haue gouerd our determind selfe,
 Yee'd to his humor, smooth and sleek him faire,
 And tarrie with him till I turne againe,
Titus. I knew them all though they suppos'd me mad,
 And will ore reach them in their owne deuises,
 A paire of cursed hell hounds and their Dame.
Deme. Maddam depart at pleasure, leaue vs here,
Tamora. Farewell *Andronicus*, Reuenge now goes,
 To lay a complot to betray thy foes.
Titus. I know thou dost and sweet Reuenge farewell.
Chiron. Tell vs old man how shall we be implord,
Titus. But I haue worke enough for you to doe
Publius, come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*,
Publius. VVhat is your will?
Titus. Know you these two. *(Titus)*
Pub. The Emperesse sonnes I take them, *Chiron*, *Deme*.
Titus. Fie, *Publius* fie, thou art too much deceau'd,
 The one is Murder and Rape is the others name,
 And therefore binde them gentle *Publius*,
Caius and *Valentine*. lay hands on them,
 Oft haue you heard me wish for such an houre,
 And now I finde it therefore binde them sure,
 And stop their mouthes if they begin to crie.
Chiron. Villaines forbear we are the Emperesse sons.
Pub. And therefore doe we what we are commanded,
 Stop close their mouthes let them not speake a word,
 Is he sure bound, looke that you bind them fast.

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

Titus. Come, come, *Lavinia* looke thy foes are bound,
 Sit stop their mouthes let them not speake to me,
 But let them heare what tearfull words I vtter.
 Oh villaines *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,

And see them readie against their Mother comes,
 Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.
 Lucius, Vnckle Marcus, since tis my Fathers minde,
 That I repaire to Rome I am content,
 Got, And ours with this, befall what Fortune will,
 Lact, Good Vnckle take you in this barberous Moore,
 This rauenous tiger, this accursed diuell,
 Let him receaue no sustenance, fester him,
 Till he be brought vnto the Emperors face,
 For reuenge of her foule proceedings,
 And see the Ambush of our friends be strong,
 I feare the Emperour meanes no good to vs,
 Moore, Some diuell whisper curtes in my eare,
 And prompt me that my tongue may vtter forth,
 The venous mallice of my swelling hart,
 Lact, Away in humane dogge vnhalloved haue,
 Shee help our vnckle to conuay him in,
 The vmpers shewe the Emperour is at hand,
 Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Emperesse with Tribunes and others.
 King, VVhat hath the firmament mooued thus than once,
 Lucius, VVhat doets it thee to call thy selfe a Iunee,
 Mar, Comes Emperour and Neplew break the Parde,
 These quarters in will be quickly debarred,
 The feall is ready which the carefull Trins,
 Hath ordainde to an honorable end,
 For peace, for loue, for league and good to Rome,
 Deale you therefore, draw nie and take your places.
 King, Marcus we will.
 Trins, VVelcome my Lord, welcome dread Queene,
 Welcome

The most Lamentable Tragedie
 of Titus Andronicus.
 And see them readie against their Mother comes,
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 Trins, VVelcome my Lord, welcome dread Queene,
 Welcome

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

The most Lamentable Tragedie
 Were they that murthered our Emperours brother,
 And they it were that rauish'd our sister,
 For their fell blinnes our brothers were beheaded,
 Our Fathers teares dripped, and bawly contend,
 O that I see hand that fought Rome's quarrell out,
 And sent her enemies vnto the gaue,
 Tally my selfe vnkindly banished,
 The gates shut on me and eard weeping out,
 To beg reliefe among Rome's enemies,
 VVho drew their enemies in my true teares,
 And opt their armes to embrace me as a friend,
 I am the turned forth bet knowne to you,
 that haue preferred her welfare in my blood,
 And from her bosome took the enemies point,
 Sheathing the fleete in my aduancous body,
 Alas you know I am no vauiter I,
 My teares can witness duab although they are,
 That my report is not full of truth,
 But soft, me thinks I doe digesse too much,
 Crying my wordes praise, O pardon me
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves,
Marcus. Now is my tyme to speake, behold the child,
 O this was *Tamora* deuilerd,
 The child of an irreligious Moore,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes,
 The villain is aliue in *Trins* house,
 And as he is to witness this is true,
 Now Iudge what course had *Trins* to reuenge,
 the wrongs vnspakeable past patience,
 Or more than any thing man could beare,
 Now haue you heard the truth, what say you Romanes
 Haue we done ought amill, how vs wherein,
 And from the place where you behold vs pleading,
 the poore remainder of *Andronicus*,
 VVill hand in hand, all headlong hurle our selues,
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our selues, [And]

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