TITUS ANDRONICUS,

PARTLY BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE FIRST QUARTO,
1600,

A FACSIMILE
(FROM THE COPY IN THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, EDINBURGH)

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS,

PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM, ETC., ETC.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

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## CONTENTS OF INTRODUCTION.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>§ 1</td>
<td>The Quarto and First Folio Editions of the Play</td>
<td>iii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>§ 2</td>
<td>An earlier Play of the same name</td>
<td>iv</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>§ 3</td>
<td>The Sources and Anachronisms of the Play</td>
<td>v</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>§ 4</td>
<td>External Evidence of the Authorship of the Play</td>
<td>vi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>§ 5</td>
<td>Internal Evidence of the Authorship of the Play</td>
<td>vii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Section</td>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>a. It belongs to the pre-Shaksperian 'Tragedy of Blood.'</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>b. Specimens of this 'Tragedy of Blood':</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Gorboduc</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Misfortunes of Arthur</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Jeronymo</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>The Spanish Tragedy</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>§ 6</td>
<td>The Period of <em>Titus Andronicus</em> that of <em>The Jew of Malta</em> and <em>Lust's</em></td>
<td>ix</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Dominion</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>§ 7</td>
<td>The Construction and Characters of <em>Titus Andronicus</em>:</td>
<td>xi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Aaron, p. xi; Titus, p. xi; Lavinia, p. xii.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>§ 8</td>
<td>Shakspere did not write, but did revise, <em>Titus</em></td>
<td>xii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>§ 9</td>
<td>His probable touches to it, mainly in the last three Acts</td>
<td>xiv</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INTRODUCTION.

§ 1. The earliest known edition of Titus Andronicus is the quarto of 1600, reproduced in the present volume. A second quarto was published in 1611, with the following title-page:—

"The most lamentable Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath been printed for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shoppe, near the little North door of Pauls, at the signe of the Gun. 1611."

"This edition," say the Cambridge editors, "was printed from that of 1600, from which it varies only by some printer's errors, and a few conjectural alterations.

"The 1st folio text was printed from a copy of the 2nd quarto, which perhaps was in the library of the theatre, and has some MS., alterations and additions made to the stage-directions. Here, as elsewhere, the printer of the folio has been very careless as to metre. It is remarkable that the folio contains a whole scene (III. ii.) not found in the quartos, but agreeing closely in style with the main portion of the play to allow of the supposition that it is due to a different author. The scene may have been supplied to the player's copy of the 2nd quarto from a manuscript in their possession.

The relation between the Quarto and Folio—the latter being merely a reprint of the former, with certain slight corrections, and not a separate edition—is evident on a comparison of the two texts. Though the Folio has a few corrections, the Quarto is much the best text on the whole. In the first two acts the variations of importance amount to about 50. Out of these, 28 are evidently right in Quarto, 14 in Folio; and of the remaining 8, though these are doubtful, the larger part are preferable in Quarto. A few instances from the second act will show the indeliberateness of Folio to Quarto:—II. i. 22, "This Goddessse, this Senerimis, this Nymf," Folio has, "this Queen," the last word of the preceding line.—II. i. 62, "This perturbable," Folio has, "This perturbable."—II. i. 64, "to set upon a Prince's right," Folio has "set." —II. i. 80, "To atchieve her whom I love," Folio has, "whom I do love."—II. iii. 204, "Oh brother, with the disdain stolent hurt," Folio omits "stolent."—II. iv. 5, "See how with signs and tokens she can scowle," Folio has "scowle"; and so on. These and suchlike errors will be seen to be the mistakes of a careless compositor, setting up the Folio from the Quarto. Not merely are there, as in the examples here given, letters and words
§ 2. EDITIONS OF THE PLAY.

accidentally omitted and added, but in some cases a line, or part of it, seems to have been overlooked by the printer of Folio, as in II. i. 100-1,

"Would it offend you then
That both should speeke?"

where Folio omits the latter half-line, making complete nonsense. This instance of itself ought to be conclusive.

In some cases the Folio corrects plain errors, such as "drugges" for "grudges," I. i. 154; and "swarth" for "swartie," II. iii. 72. But in every case, I think, the corrections are only such as would occur to any one reading the Quarto, and not such as imply a manuscript authority. The curious instance of III. ii. is of course an exception. I cannot explain it except by supposing, with the Cambridge editors, that the scene was "supplied to the players' copy of the 2nd Quarto from a manuscript in their possession."

§ 2. It appears from several allusions that a drama bearing the same name had been familiar to the London playgoers for at least a dozen years, and had been published, more than once, in quartos, of which no copies have survived. Ben Jonson, in the Induction to his Bartholomew Fair, produced on the 31st October, 1614, says:—"Hee that will swearie Jeronimo or Andronicus are the best playes yet shall pass unexcepted at heere as a man whose judgement shewes it is constant and hath stood still these five and twentie or thirty yeares." Taken literally, this would point to a period between 1584 and 1589; but is there any need to take it literally? If we suppose that by "five and twenty or thirty years" Jonson meant simply a good while ago, we may very well imagine that his allusion is to the "titus and andronicus" mentioned in Henslowe's Diary as having been acted for the first time, by "the Earle of Sussex his men," on the 23rd January, 1593; which, again, it is a not unnatural stretch of fancy to connect with "a booke intituled, A Noble Roman-Histoyre of Tytus Andronicus," entered in the Stationers' Registers to John Danter, on the 6th February, 1593. This, it seems probable, but is of course far from certain, was the first edition of the Titus Andronicus of 1600. Another entry, in the Stationers' Registers, 19th April, 1602, is as follows:—

"Tho. Pavier. Entred for his copies by assignm' from Thomas Millington these bookees folowing; salvo jure cuiuscunque—

viz

A booke called Thomas of Reading. vj^4.
The first and second pts of Henry the VI.
ij bookees. xij^4.
A booke called Titus and Andronic'. vj^4."
§ 2. Editions of the Play. § 3. Its Story.

"Again, on 8 Novemb., 1630," say the Cambridge editors, "is an entry assigning to Ric. Cotes from Mr Bird 'all his estate right title and interest in the copies heareafter menconed,' and in the list which follows is 'Titus and Andronicus.' On 4 Aug., 1626, Thomas Pavier had assigned his right in *Titus Andronicus* to Edw. Brewster and Rob. Birde, so that apparently the same book is spoken of here as in the entry under the date 19 April, 1602. This being the case, it is difficult to account for the fact that a book which in 1602 was the property of Thomas Millington should in 1600 have been printed for Edward White, and that, after the transference of the copyright from Millington to Pavier, a second edition of the same book should have been printed in 1611 for the same Edward White. No edition with Millington's name on the title has yet been found."

These doubtful matters it seems best to state, without venturing an opinion. Where we have no distinct data to reason from, it is useless to try to build up hypotheses. In so far as the presumed first date has been brought forward, on this side or on that, as proving, or at least intimating, that Shakspere did or did not write the play, it seems to me that there is no particular preponderance of weight on either side. When external evidence is at equilibrium, we are justified in confining our attention to the internal evidence, and to this, as regards *Titus Andronicus*, we shall come presently. A word first as to the sources of the play.

§ 3. The story is merely legendary. An imaginary Emperor, in an equally imaginary Rome, is engaged in contest with the Goths at a time when Goths were quite otherwise employed. No possible period of Roman history could be made to agree, in even the barest outline, with the period represented in this play. An Emperor and a Tribune of the People combine in mutual government. Pagans refer in turn to "Hymeneus" and "all the Roman gods," and to the "priest and holy water" of a Catholic marriage ceremony. Aaron cries out on "Popish ceremonies," and the remark, so exquisitely appropriate on the lips of a barbarian Moor, is quite in character with the conglomerate chronology of the piece. On the authority of what legend the play is founded has not been ascertained, though an allusion in the second volume of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* proves that the story was a familiar one. Painter makes special mention of the cruelty of Tamora, and an anonymous play of 1594, *A Knack to Know a Knave*, refers in distinct terms to the events which form part of the first scene of *Titus Andronicus*.

"Osrick. My gracious lord, as welcome shall you be,
To me, my daughter, and my son-in-law,
As Titus was unto the Roman senators,
When he had made a conquest on the Goths;
A ballad, *Titus Andronicus's Complaint* (given in the first volume of Percy's *Reliques*), is by some held to be the original of the play, by others to be founded upon it. It is entered in the Stationers' Registers to John Danter, Feb. 6, 1593, immediately after a play on the subject. probably the present one (see above); and to Thos. Pavier, again after the play, on April 19, 1602. That one of the two is founded upon the other is unquestionable: the incidents follow in precisely the same order, with an exact equivalence of emphasis, and a complete agreement down to the last details, such as the shooting of arrows into the air, and the individual mutilations and massacres. But it seems more probable that the ballad is a condensation of the play than that the play is an elaboration of the ballad. As Mr R. Grant White conclusively puts it: "Throughout the ballad there is evident effort to compress all the incidents of the story within as brief a relation as possible; and this is not the style of a ballad written for the ballad's sake."

Mr Albert Cohn, in his *Shakespeare in Germany*, puts forward the theory that *Titus Andronicus* is founded on the play of "titus and Vespasia," entered as "we," or new, in Henslowe's *Diary*, April 11, 1591. A *Tragedy of Titus Andronicus* was acted in Germany about the year 1600 by English players. In this play there is a Vespasian as one of the principal characters. Connecting these facts, Mr Cohn assumes that "this Vespasian, like all the other characters of the German piece, was taken from the original *Titus Andronicus*, and thus we should have to acknowledge *Titus and Vespasian* as the original on which Shakespeare's play was founded."

Mr Morley, in his *Sketch of English Literature*, accepts the inference. I give it for what it is worth, without myself inclining to place much dependence on so slight a thread of similarity.

§ 4. In considering the main question in regard to *Titus Andronicus*, the question of its Shaksperean or non-Shaksperean authorship, it is well to set clearly before us at the outset the actual external evidence which we have. There is, first, the fact that no edition of the play was published during Shakspere's lifetime with his name on the title-page. On the other hand, it was admitted into the first folio in company with the mass of his undoubted work. Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, published in 1598, refers to it as a genuine play of Shakspere:—"Witness . . . for tragedy, his Richard II., Richard III., Henry IV., King John, Titus Andronicus, and Romeo and Juliet." But Ravenscroft, who revived and altered
§ 4. **EXTERNAL EVIDENCE OF AUTHORSHIP.** § 5. **INTERNAL EVIDENCE.**

the play in the time of James II., says in his preface to an edition published in 1687:—"I have been told by some ancients conversant with the stage that it was not originally his [that is, Shakspere's], but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters."

These conflicting statements have been repeatedly brought into harmony by believers in Shakspere's entire authorship, part-authorship, and non-authorship, so as to prove that Shakspere did and did not write the whole play, and that he wrote some part of it. The fact is, they are at the mercy of every theoriser, and can be easily bent to the service of any predetermined hypothesis. The absence of Shakspere's name from the title, from one point of view a strong proof of un-Shaksperian authorship, may be met by the obvious cases of Richard II., Richard III., and other unsigned first editions of undoubtedly genuine plays. The attribution of the play to Shakspere by Meres and the editors of the first folio, apparently a still stronger proof that he really wrote it, may be almost as easily explained by supposing Ravenscroft's tradition to be true, namely, that Shakspere revised and brought on to the stage a play written by some one else, thus causing his name to be associated with it more and more, until the fact that it was not all his would be quite lost sight of. It is on the internal evidence, and the internal evidence alone, that the burden of proof really rests; all that we can require of a hypothesis intelligibly constructed from the evidence of the play itself is, that it shall not be at entire variance with the few external facts on a rational interpretation of them.

§ 5. We know, almost to a certainty, that Shakspere's earliest dramatic work consisted in adapting to the stage old plays in the stock of his players' company, and very probably in revising new works by unknown and unskilful playwrights. The second and third parts of King Henry VI. are examples to our hand of the former manner of work: Titus Andronicus may with some probability be conjectured to be an instance of the latter. I shall try to show that such a supposition is the least violent and fanciful that we can well make: accepting Ravenscroft's tradition, not from any particular reliance on its probable authenticity, but because, in the absence of any definite information to the contrary, it supplies us with a theory which most nearly agrees with our impressions after a careful examination of the text itself.

**Titus Andronicus** is a crude and violent, yet in certain respects superior, study in that pre-Shaksperian school which Mr Symonds distinguishes as "The Tragedy of Blood." ¹ This Tragedy of Blood,

¹ For the title and grouping of this body of plays I am indebted to Mr J. A. Symonds' valuable work on Shakspere's Predecessors in the English Drama: the opinions expressed, however, are in every case the result of independent study of the plays themselves.
loud, coarse, violent, extravagantly hyperbolical, extravagantly realistic, was the first outcome of a significant type of Elizabethan character, a hardy boisterousness of nature, a strength of nerve and roughness of taste, which no exhibition of horror or cruelty could shock, other than pleasurably. A popular audience required strong food, and got it.

In the early days of the drama, when playwrights were as yet unskilful, new to their trade, and without a sense of its dignity and worth, the approved style of tragedy was botched up by zealous caterers for the public taste, and was merely horrible. There was the blood, the vengeance, strong passions and unrestrained wantonness, but no art, no gradation, no conception of the difference between the horrible and the terrible. But in the maturity of the drama, in the hands of Shakespeare and Webster, the old rank tragedy of blood, the favourite of the people, became transformed. It was not done away with, but it was transformed, transfigured. The horrible became the terrible, a developed art guided the playwright's hand in touching with a certain ideality the bare and grim outlines of malevolence and murder. It was the same thing, and yet new. The plot of Hamlet is the plot of a tragedy of blood of the orthodox school, it has all the elements of the Spanish Tragedy, but it is fused by imagination and humanized by philosophy, while the muddled masterpiece of Kyd is a mere skeleton, dressed in ill-fitting clothes, but destitute of flesh and blood and vitality.

A careful examination of the plays left to us of the period about which Titus Andronicus must have been written, will show us the exact nature of this species of bloody tragedy, its frequency, and its importance and influence. There may be traced a foreshadowing of it in the copious but very solemn bloodshedding of the very first English dramas, the pseudo-classical Gorboduc, and The Misfortunes of Arthur. In these plays, behind the cold and lengthy speeches of the dramatic personages, a wonderful bustle is supposed to be going on. In the argument to Gorboduc we read, "... The sons fell to division and dissension. The younger killed the elder. The mother . . . killed the younger. The people . . . rose in rebellion and slew both father and mother. The nobility assembled and most terribly destroyed the rebels." In The Misfortunes of Arthur a more loathsome story, filled with murder and rapine, serves as plot to a tragedy of stately speeches. As yet there is no attempt to move by thrilling; a would-be classical decorum is preserved in the midst of carnage, and the sanguinary persons of the drama comment on their actions with great gravity. But while the barbarous violence of action is only supposed, and reported as having happened, with a steady suppression of sights and details of blood, it is already potentially present in the background, in readiness for more powerful use by more powerful playwrights.
§ 5. 'JERONIMO,' AND 'THE SPANISH TRAGEDY.'

In Jeronimo (or Hieronymo) and The Spanish Tragedy—in reality a single play of colossal proportions—we have perhaps the first, and at once the foremost, representative of genuine tragedy of blood. The stilted and formal phraseology is still employed, in a much modified and improved form, but there is a real attempt to move the hardy susceptibilities of an audience; the murders occur on the stage, and are executed with as much fierceness and vigour as possible, and the language of overblown rant is at least intended (and was probably found) to be very stirring. The action of both plays is slow, dull, wearisome, with no vivacity, naturalness, or art in it; the language alternates from the ridiculously trivial to the ridiculously inflated; while in the way of character there are the very slightest indications of here and there a mood or a quality. But the play is important by reason of its position at the head of a long line of tragedies, containing more than one of the dramas of Marlowe, and scarcely coming to an end in the superb masterpiece of Webster.

The keynote of Kyd's conception of tragedy is murder. Of that most terrible of tragedies—the tragedy of a soul—he is utterly unconscious. Actual physical murder,—honourably in the duel, or treacherously by the hand of one of those wonderful villains who live and move and have their being on the stage everywhere,—this is the very abracadabra of his craft. A fine situation must have a murder or two in it. A troublesome character must be removed by a murderer, and the hero and heroine must also be murdered, for the sake of pathos, and a rounded termination, one after the other. Last of all the villain, or the two or three villains, as is more likely, meet with unexpected violent ending, thereby affording a moral lesson of the most practical and obvious kind. In addition there should be a madness, and several atrocities. Madness, only second, though distinctly second, to murder, is an ingredient in many of these plays, notably the Spanish Tragedy. It was Hieronymo's madness that attracted that greater poet of the famous "additions,"—Jonson or another. He found it a thing of nought, a conventional, frigidly rhetorical, stage lunacy: he left it a thing of pity and terror, piteous and terrible to all generations.

Contemporaneous with the Spanish Tragedy, but less representative of the movement, are several other melodramas—the anonymous Soliman and Perseda, and Peele's Battle of Alcazar, for instance. Becoming, not more human, but more artistic, the tragedy of blood found a willing exponent in the great, daring, but unballasted genius Marlowe, and in the authors of Lust's Dominion.

§ 6. It is to this period that Titus Andronicus belongs,—a period of more mature art, more careful construction, more power of characterization, but still in aim essentially similar. These plays
are distinguished from the Spanish Tragedy on the one hand, but
they are after all still more sharply distinguished from the Lear,
the Duchess of Malfi, or even the Revenger's Tragedy, and the harsh
but powerful dramas of Marston, on the other.

Marlowe's Jew of Malta is the most generally known of the
tragedies of blood, and it is indeed not an ill specimen of the
developed style. Marlowe, who originated so much, cannot be
said to have originated this manner. It was popular before his
time, but having a certain affinity with his genius he attempted it,
one, perhaps twice, and in stamping it in his own mint raised its
currency. The Jew of Malta belongs distinctly to the school of
Kyd, but it is raised above its precursors, not only by reason of
the frequent splendour of its poetry, but still more by the presence
of a finely-imaged character, an idealizing of the passion of greed.
The play is Barabas; with his entrance and exit the good in it
comes in and goes out. The captains, brutes and bullies, the
shadowy Abigail, all the minor characters, are hasty sketches, rank
if not bodiless, mere foils to the malevolent miser Barabas himself,
as it has been so often pointed out, is a creation only in the first
two acts, where he foreshadows Shylock; in all the latter portion
of the play he is only that "monster with a large painted nose" of
whom Lamb has spoken. Marlowe and Shakspere, it is sad to
recollect, alike degraded their art, Marlowe more than once,
Shakspere at least once, to please the ears of the groundlings. The
intentional debasement of Barabas, in the latter half of The Jew of
Malta, from a creation into a caricature, is only equalled, but it is
equalled, by that similar debasement of Falstaff, in The Merry
Wives of Windsor, from the prophet and philosopher of this
world's cakes and ale into an imbecile buffoon, helpless, witless,
and ridiculous.

Lust's Dominion, a play issued under the name of Marlowe,
but assigned by Mr Collier, with great probability, to Decker,
Haughton, and Day, is a play of the same class as The Jew of
Malta, overloaded with the most fiendish crimes to an inconceivable
extent, but in several scenes really beautiful and fanciful, and con-
taining, like The Jew of Malta, a single predominant character, the
villain Eleazar, drawn with abundant strength and some precision.
This play is the very quintessence of the tragedy of blood; cram-
med from end to end with the most ingeniously atrocious villainies,
but redeemed from utter vulgarity by a certain force and even delicacy
of expression, and a barbaric splendour of horror not untinged
with ferocious irony. It is a work of art, if of a gross and immature
kind, in a sense in which The Spanish Tragedy is not. The old
outlines remain, but they are filled in with bold but glaring colouring,
with coarsely-painted human figures, and are set in a distinct, though
§ 7. TITUS ANDRONICUS: CONSTRUCTION AND CHARACTERS. xi

loud, key of colour. The thing is revolting, but it is no longer contemptible.

Between these two plays, but rather in company with the former than the latter, I would place Titus Andronicus. Like The Jew of Malta and Lust's Dominion, it contains the full-length portrait of a villain; like the Spanish Tragedy, its most powerful scenes are devoted to the revengeful madness of a wronged old man.

§ 7. In construction it belongs distinctively to the Tragedy of Blood: it is full of horrors, of evil and bloodthirsty characters. There are, if I remember rightly, thirteen murders and executions, besides various outrages and mutilations, in the course of the play. More than half, including a torture and a banquet of human flesh, are enacted on the stage. As regards the characters, there is in Titus a fine note of tragic pathos, in Aaron a certain vigour and completeness of wickedness, in Tamora a faint touch of power, but in Lavinia, in Bassianus, in Saturninus, in the sons of Titus and Tamora, scarcely the semblance of an attribute. The powerful sketch of Aaron is a good deal indebted to the Barabas of Marlowe. There is much the same comprehensive malevolence, feeding on itself rather than on any external provocation; a malevolence even deeper in dye, if less artistic in expression. Both have a delight in evil, apart from the pleasure anticipated from an end gained. They revel in it, like a virtuous egoist in the consciousness of virtue. Eleazar, in Lust's Dominion, is a slightly different type of the complete villain. His is a cold, calculating wickedness, not raving or furious, but set on a certain end. He enjoys his villany, but in a somewhat sad and sober fashion. He is supremely ambitious; to that ambition all other qualities of evil bow—his lust, his cruelty, his spite, his pride; everything. He uses his passions and the passions of others as trained servants; and he sets them tasks, always for his advancement. The three villains, Barabas, Aaron, and Eleazar, are three of the earliest, three primary types, of that long series in which the Elizabethan dramatists attempted to read the problem of Renaissance Italy—of wickedness without moral sense, without natural conscience, wickedness cultivated almost as an aesthetic quality, and attaining a strenuous perfection.

The character of Titus is on a higher plane than that of Aaron; it has more humanity, and a pathos that is the most artistic quality of the play. Titus is the one character, absolutely the only one, who moves us to any sympathy of emotion. The delineation is unequal, there are passages and scenes of utter incoherency and flatness, speeches put into his mouth of the most furious feebleness, but at its best—in the later scenes of half real and half pretended madness—the character of Titus is not so very much below the Hieronymo of the “aditions.” At its worst it sinks to almost the
level of the original Hieronymo. Such curious inequality is not observable in any other person of the play. Aaron and Tamora are the Aaron and Tamora of a single conception, worked out with more or less skill on a level line. The dummies of the play are consistent dummies. Lavinia is a single and unmixed blunder. But Titus, by his situation the most interesting character of the play, is at one time fine, at another foolish, in a way for which it is difficult to account if a single author wrote the whole play. I shall refer again to this matter later.

Lavinia, I have said, is a single and unmixed blunder. There is no other word for it. I can never read the third scene of the second act without amazement at the folly of the author, who, requiring in the nature of things to win our sympathy for his afflicted heroine, fills her mouth with the grossest and vilest insults against Tamora—so gross, so vile, so unwomanly, that her punishment becomes something of a retribution instead of being wholly a brutality. There is every dramatic reason why the victim should not share the villain's soul, every dramatic reason why her situation should be pure pathos. Nothing but the coarseness of nature in the man who first wrote it can explain the absurdity. And this is Shakspere's first heroine—the first of the series that Imogen concludes—in the opinion of those critics, German and other, who assign the whole of Titus Andronicus to the young Shakspere!

The character of Lavinia is alone enough to show the absurdity of this view; and the character of Lavinia only belongs to the general conception of the play, which is not a whit better than might be expected of a clever follower of approved models, a disciple of Marlowe in his popular melodrama. But when we have said this, we have not said everything. The beauty and force of certain passages, and the impressiveness of certain scenes, are so marked, and so markedly above the level of the surrounding work, that we may well hesitate to deny to Shakspere all part or lot in it.

§ 8. Two positions I think we are justified in assuming. First, that Titus Andronicus is so immeasurably dissimilar to all Shakspere's other early work, that it is, to say the least, improbable that the whole play can be his; and second, that the assumption of a revision by him of another man's work is, on the face of it, quite probable and likely. Shakspere's first original plays were bright, fanciful, witty, dainty comedies; touched with the young joy of existence, full of irreflective gaiety and playful intellect; nowhere dwelling on things horrible and unpleasant, but avoiding these, resolutely or unconsciously overlooking them, and turning away from them, whenever they presented themselves. It was the Court Comedies of Lyly rather than the Bloody Tragedies of Kyd which influenced the earliest dramatic writings of Shakspere. From whatever reason

—whether mere natural liking, or a strenuous self-suppression due to an acknowledged immaturity—Shakspere would seem never to have attempted the arduous task of a tragedy until in mind and art he had grown to complete ripeness; that is, if we except *Andronicus.* *Romeo and Juliet,* a romantic drama with a tragical ending, but not a tragedy in the sense in which *King Lear* is a tragedy, shows us very distinctly the manner in which Shakspere, even at a much later period than the latest assignable to *Titus Andronicus,* dealt with the sadnesses and incongruities of life, with sorrow, loss, death, affliction, wrong. There is not a touch, not a tone of horror; nothing but sweet and beautiful, even where it is most piteous. All sorrow resolves itself into "tears of perfect moan"; all tragedy dies upon a song. It is exquisitely pathetic, but there is little hint of the unspeakable pathos of *Lear.* Now *Titus Andronicus* is full of gross horror, sickening with the scent of blood, materially moving. It seems nothing less than impossible that the same hand should have written, first this play, in which the playwright revels coarsely in blood and horror; then *Romeo and Juliet,* in which a tragic story is treated with only lyrical rendering of the tragedy; then *King Lear,* burdened with an almost intolerable weight of terror, but kept virginely sweet, and pure, and fair by the twin quality of pity. Unless Shakspere wrote *Titus Andronicus* he never touched tragedy without making it either lyrically pathetic or piteously terrible. And it is only natural to suppose that he never did, and never could have done so.

On the other hand, taking into consideration the differences of workmanship not untraceable in the play, and the comparative force and beauty of certain parts, it is not impossible that Shakspere had, if not a hand, then at least some finger in it. It is known that he was at one time the "Johannes-fac-totum" of a players' company, and that he was employed in furbishing up old plays for fresh performance. Suppose a new play, by a "private author," written (but somewhat clumsily) in a popular style, is offered to the theatre,—what would be more likely than that the thing should be handed over to the dramatic journeyman, young Shakspere, for brief revision and rectification? Young Shakspere, little as he may care for the style, has of course to hold himself subservient to the ideals of the original playwright; but he heightens, where he can, the art of the delineations, inserts some passages of far more impressive significance, perhaps almost some scenes, and touches the dead level of the language into something of grace and freshness. Thus we have a stupid plot, a medley of horrible incidents, an undercurrent of feeble language; and, in addition, some powerful dramatic writing, together with bright passages here and there, in which a fresh and living image is expressed finely.
§ 9. Coleridge's fancy or theory as to Shakspere's way of dealing with a play in revising it—beginning indifferently, adding only a line here and there, but getting more interested as he went on—applies very well to Titus Andronicus. All the first act is feeble and ineffectual; here and there a line, a couplet, a short passage—such as the touch on mercy, or the speech of Titus (Act I. scene ii. 187-200)—puts a colour on the pale outline, and sets our thoughts running on Shakspere. But the "purple patches" are woefully far apart. Such entire brainlessness as goes to the making of the very important piece of dialogue between the 270th and 290th lines of the first scene of the first act, is scarcely to be found throughout the whole play. All the business of the act is confused and distorted; lengthy where it should be short, short where it ought to be extended. There is not a touch in it, probable or possible, of the shaping hand of Shakspere; of itself this act is enough to disprove his authorship of the complete play.

With the second act there is a decided improvement. Aaron, the notable villain of the piece, makes his first appearance; Tamora blossoms out into the full flower of wickedness; and in the mouths of these most unidyllic personages we have some of those fine idyllic passages which seem not unlike the early style of Shakspere. For myself, I can see no touch of Shakspere in the first lines of the act,—

"Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top," &c.,—

which some would assign to his account. They are a very tolerable but entirely flagrant imitation of Marlowe's most rhetorical manner; not one whit above the reach of the first author of the play, although, in a sense, above his level. But in some later passages it seems not unpermissible to see the token of Shakspere's hand. The lines from 80 ("She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd") onward through a speech or two, have unquestionably a truer ring, a more easy flow and vigour, than the surrounding dialogue. Three lines a little further on—

"The emperor's court is like the House of Fame,²
The palace full of tongues, of eyes and ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull"—

1 This adage seems to have been popular in Elizabethan times, and is by no means necessarily a Shaksperian sentiment. Beside the exactly parallel passage in the First Part of King Henry VI. and the partly parallel passage in Richard III., there is another, tolerably close, in The Birth of Merlin—one of the so-called "Doubtful Plays," but about as doubtful, in an opposite sense, as Othello:—

"For her consent, let your fair suit go on;
She is a woman, sir, and will be won" (Act I. sc. i.).

² Compare Chaucer's poem so entitled.
have a genuine impressiveness, and one is almost inclined to refer them to Shakspere, the more so as they have this much of the look of an insertion,—that they could be omitted without the least necessary break in the sense. In the second and third scenes are several well-known passages, often attributed to Shakspere: "The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray," &c. (ll. 1—6), the companion piece of the third scene—"The birds chant melody on every bush"; and again the powerful description of the "barren detested vale" (91 cf. seq.). Neither of these is wholly unworthy of Shakspere's youth. The second passage—scene iii. ll. 10-29, and not by any means ending, as some would have it end, at the 15th line—impresses me as the most melodious and sweet-fancied in the play; and more than that, a really beautiful interlude. If there is any Shakspere in the play, this is. But the speech of Tamora (ll. 91—108), powerful as it is, in some respects, is somewhat less obviously Shakserian. In the blundering and foolish scene between Tamora and Lavinia, further on in the third scene, there is, in conception and general execution, about as much of Shakspere as of Bacon; but nine really pathetic lines—158-166—I should like to think Shakspere's. Lavinia says to Demetrius and Chiron, referring to Tamora, "Do thou entreat her show a woman pity."

"Ch. What! would'st thou have me show myself a bastard?  
Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark;  
Yet have I heard (O could I find it now!)  
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure  
To have his princely paws par'd all away.  
Some say the ravens foster forlorn children,  
The whilst their own birds famish in the nest:  
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,  
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!"

The turn of these lines, particularly the last two, is good; and it will be noticed that Tamora's next speech, "I know not what it is: away with her," might even better have come directly in answer to Lavinia's first entreaty:

"Do thou entreat her show a woman pity."

The "it" of "I know not what it means" would then naturally refer to the "pity" of the preceding line; as it is, there is some irregularity in such an answer, referring as it does to nothing more direct than, "O be to me... something pitiful!" The lines have quite the appearance of an insertion.

The last three acts are far superior to the first two. They are mainly concerned with the wrongs and madness of Titus, which I suspect to have been entered into by Shakspere with more sympathy than the other parts of the play, and almost throughout dignified and humanized by him. I do not mean to say that
Shakspere wrote all, or most, of the speeches assigned to Titus throughout the play, or even in the last three acts. The touches by which a great poet can raise the work of a little poet from puerility to fineness may be slight and delicate; and are, indeed, far too delicate to be distinguished and emphasized by the critic. Nor is the service which I suspect Shakspere to have rendered his predecessor, complete. Not a few empty and rhetorical passages put into the mouth of the suffering hero seem like untouched fragments of the former stuff. If any one will be at the pains to compare, say the speech of Titus at line 65 (Act III.) with the speech of Titus at line 33, he will see, I cannot but think, a considerable difference; and a glance at the tawdry rant of Marcus, at the close of the second act, will still further emphasize the contrast if compared with, say, the five lines of the same speaker at line 82 of the third act. In all the earlier part of the play, and throughout in perhaps every character but Titus, such touches of Shakspere as we can distinguish are occasional, and are simple brief additions and revisions of single passages. But in the "magnificent lunacy" of Titus (as Mr Symonds rightly calls it) there is a note of keen tragic pathos which seems to me distinctly above the reach of an imitative dramatist of the School of Blood. How much of Shakspere there is in this latter part of the play it is hazardous to conjecture. We cannot so much point to certain lines, as in the earlier acts, and say, This reads like Shakspere; but we must perceive a finer spirit at work, and the keener sense that went to the making or mending of some whole scenes, or main parts of them. Mr Swinburne has pointed out that the pregnant arrow-scenes are written in blank verse of more variety and vigour than we find in the baser parts of the play; and these, he adds, if any scenes, we may surely attribute to Shakspere. I would add some part, by no means all, of the second scene of the fifth act; especially that grimly ironical portion from the 80th onwards about twenty lines. The first 60 lines of the scene, powerful as they are, have no Shaksperean quality in them: they are directly studied from Marlowe, no doubt by the "private author," who was certainly a disciple of Marlowe, and not without a measure of cleverness. Again, the devilish utterances of Aaron (Act V. sc. i.)—some of the most noticeable speeches in the book—are absolutely un-Shaksperian, while distinctly in the manner of Marlowe. Indeed, so closely are they imitated from the confession of Barabas (Jew of Malta, Act II. sc. ii.) that we can hardly be surprised at the occasional attribution of the play to Marlowe—worse than foolish as this is on every really reasonable ground. All the ending of the play—the grotesquely horrible dish of human flesh, the tortures, &c.—is of course entirely due to the original author. Nothing is more clearly and
more closely connected with the model Tragedy of Blood; and nothing certainly could be more unlike Shakspere.

Thus we see, on glancing through the play, that Titus Andronicus, in its plot, general conception, and most of its characters, belongs distinctly to the Tragedy of Blood, and, being in these respects inferior to the best of it, may be considered the work of a disciple of the school, not of an acknowledged master; while in certain parts it seems to be lifted above itself, vivified and dignified; a combination which naturally suggests the revision of an inferior work by a superior master. The closer we examine it, the more natural does the view become, and the more probable does it seem that in Titus Andronicus we have the work of an unknown writer revised by the young Shakspere. To consider it the work of an amateur, a disciple of the bloody school, but not a great writer, elevated to its present state (of far from perfection) by Shakspere's early revision—which is substantially the Ravenscroft tradition—seems to explain the otherwise inexplicable mixture in this singular play of good and bad, twaddle and forc'fulness; and seems to explain, on the one hand, why it is so good as it is, on the other, why it is no better. I do not think it is very sensible to try to assign the play, as originally written, to some well-known author of the time, such as Greene or Marlowe, rather than to the "private author." Such resemblances of these writers as occur might naturally be imitations; but to father on Marlowe, in especial, the meaner parts of the play, is a quite gratuitous insult to his memory.

Arthur Symons.

23 June, 1885.
The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus
Andronicus.

As it hath sundry times beene playde by the
Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, the
Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sullifex, and the
Lorde Chamberlaine theyr Servants.

AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for Edward White
and are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the little
North doore of Paules, at the signe of
the Gun. 1600.
The most lamentable Romaine
Tragedie of Titus Andronicus: As it was plaid
by the Right Honorable the Earle of Darbie, Earle
of Pembroke, and Earle of Sulfex
theyr Servants.

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

Saturninus.

Oble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms.
And Countremen my loving followers,
Plead my successfull Title with your swords:
I am his first borne sonne, that was the last
That ware the Imperiaall Diadmé of Rome,
Then let my Fathers honours line in mee,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignitie.

Bassianus.

Romaines, friends, followers, fauourers of my right,
It ever Bassianus Cesars sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of royall Rome,
Kepe then this passage to the Captoll,
And suffer not dishonour to approch,
The Imperiaall seate to vertue, consecrate
To justice, continence, and Nobilitie:
But let defert in pure election shine,
And Romans fight for freedome in your choice.

A 2

Marcus
The most lamentable Tragedie

Marcus Andronicus with the Crown.

Princes that strive by factions and by friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Emperie,
Know that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A speciall Partie, haue by common voyce,
In election for the Romaine Emperie
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a brauer Warriour,
Lives not this day within the City walls.
Holby the Senate is accited home.
From weary waies against the barbarous Gothes,
That with his sonnes (a terror to our foes)
Hath yoakt a Nation strong, trained vp in Armes.
Tenne yeeres are spent since first he undertooke.
This cause of Rome, and chastised with Armes.
Our enemies pride: Five times he hath returnd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sonnes
In Coffins from the field;
And now at laft, laden with honours spoyles.
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Pius flourishing in Armes.
Let vs intreate by honours of his name,
Whom worthy you would have now succeede,
And in the Capitall and Senates right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength,
Definith your followers, and as forens should,
Pleade your deserts in peace and humblenes.

Saturnines.

How faire the Tribune speakes to calme my thoughts.
Bastianus.

Marcus Andronicus, so I doe assie.
of Titus Andronicus.

In thy uprightnes and integrity,
And so I loue and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sones,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious LADY, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will here dismist my loving friends:
And to my fortunes and the peoples fauour,
Commit my cause in balleance to be waid. Exit Souldiers.

Saturninus.
Friends that have benne thus forward in my right.
I thanke you all, and heere dismist you all,
And to the lune and fauour of my Country,
Commit my selfe, my person, and the cause:
Rome be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the gates and let me in.

Basilicus. 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:
Successfull in the batailles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is returned,
From where he circumfered with his sword,
And brought to yoake the enemies of Rome.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and then enter two of Titus sones, and then two men bearing a Coffin covered with blacke, then two other sones, then Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queene of Gokhes and her two sones, Chiron and Demetrius, with Aron the More, and others, as many as can be then sit downe the Coffin, and Titus speaks.
The most lamentable Tragedie

Titus. Haile Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds,
Loe as the Barke that hath discharged his fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she wayd her anchorage;
Commeth Andromono, bound with Lawrell bowes,
To refulute his Country with his teares,
Teares of true joy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the rights that we entend.
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sonnes,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poore remainse alive and dead:
These that forluye, let Rome reward with love:
These that I bring vnto their latest home,
With buriall amongst their auncestors.
Here Gothes haue given me leave to sheath my sword,
Titus vankind, and careless of thine owne,
Why sufferst thou thy sonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull shore of Stix,
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

They open the Tombe.
There greete in silence as dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
O sacred Receptacle of my joyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobility,
How many sonnes haft thou of mine in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more.

Lucius. Give vs the proudest prisoner of the Gothes.
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh;
Before this earthy prison of their bones,
That so the shadowes be not vnappexed,
Nor we disturbed with prodigies on earth.

Titus.
of Titus Andronicus.

Titus. I give him you, the noblest that surviues,
The eldest sonne of this distressed Queene.

Tamora. Stay Romaine brethren, gracious Conquerer,
Victorious Titus, rue the teares shed,
A mothers teares in passion for her sonne:
And if thy sonnes were euer deere to thee,
Oh thinke my sonne to be as deere to me.
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy triumphs, and returne
Captiue to the, and to thy Romaine yoake,
But must my sonnes be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their Countries caufe?
O if to fight for King and common weale,
Were pietie in thine, it is in thefe:
Andronicus, slaine not thy sonne with blood.

Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull,
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice noble Titus spare my first borne sonne.

Titus. Patient your selue Madam, and pardon me.
These are theyr brethren, whom you Gothes beheld
Alive and dead, and for theyr brethren slaine,
Religiously they aske a sacrifice:
To this your sonne is markt, and die he muft,
Tappease their groining shadowes that are gone.

Lucius. Away with him, and make a fire straight,
And with our swords vpon a pile of wood,
Let him his limbs till they be cleane consumde.

Exit Titus sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamora. O cruell irreligious pietie.
Chiron. Was euer Sythia halfe so barbarous?
Demet. Oppose not Sythia to ambitious Rome,
Alarbus goes to rest and we surviue,
To tremble vnder Titus threatening looke,
The most lamentable Tragedie

Then Madam stand resolv'd, but hope with all,
The selfe same Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of sharpe revenge
Upon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May favour Tamora the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and Tamora was Queene)
To quit the bloodie wrongs upon her foes.

Enter the forces of Andronicus againe.

Lucius. See Lord and father how we haue performd
Our Romaine rights, Alarbus limbs are lopt,
And inrals feede the sacrificing fire,
VVhose sinke like incense doth perfume the skie,
Remainth nought but to interre our brethren,
And with loud Larums welcome them to Rome.

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

Sound trumpets, and lay the Coffin in the Tombe.
In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes,
Romes readiest Champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:
Here lurks no treafon, here no enuiue sweles,
Here grow no damned drugges, here are no stormes,
No noyse, but silence and eternall sleepe.
In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes.

Enter Lavinia.
In peace and honour, liue Lord Titus long,
My noble Lord and Father liue in fame:
Lye at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my brethrens obsequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of joy
Shed on the earth for thy retourne to Rome,
O bleffe me heere with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best Citizens applaud.

Titus. Kind Rome, that haft thus louingly referude
of *Titus Andronicus*.

The cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lanima liue, our liue thy Fathers dayes,
And Fames eternall date for vertues praise.

Marcus. Long liue Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumphe in the eyes of Rome.

Titus. Thankes gentle Tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Marcus. And welcome Nephews from succesful wars.

You that surviuue, and you that sleepe in fame:
Faire Lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your Countries service drew your swords,
But later triumph is this funerall ponipe,
That hath aspirde to Solons happines,
And triumphs ouer chaunce in honors bed.

*Titus Andronicus*, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou haft ever beene,
Send thee by mee their Tribune and their trust,
This Palliament of white and spotlese hue,
And name thee in ele<fhon for the Empire,
With these our late deceased Emperours sonnes:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And helpe to set a head on headles Rome.

*Titus*. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that shakes for age and seeblenes :
What should I don this Robe and trouble you,
Be chosen with Proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld vp rule, resigne my life,
And set abroad new busines for you all.
Rome I haue beene thy soildier fortie yeeres,
And led my Countries strength succesfully,
And buried one and twentie valiant sonnes
Knighted in Field, slaine manfully in Armes,
In right and service of their noble Countrie:
Give me a staffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a scepter to controule the world,
The most lamentable Tragedie

Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last.

Marcus. Titus, thou shalt obtaine & ask the Emperie.

Saturn. Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell.

Titus. Patience Prince Saturninus.

Saturn. Romaines doe me right.

Patricians draw your swords, and sheath them noe

Till Saturninus be Romes Emperour:

Andromen. would thou were shipt to hell,

Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.

Lucius. Proude Saturnine, interrupter of the good

That noble minded Titus meanes to thee.

Titus. Content thee prince, I will restore to thee

The peoples harts, and weane them from them selues.

Basian. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,

But honour thee, and will doe till I die:

My faction if thou strengthen with thy friend,

I will most thankful be, and thanks to men

Of noble mindes, is honorable meede.

Titus. People of Rome, and peoples Tribunes here,

I ask your voyces and your suffrages,

Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. To gratifie the good Andronicus,

And gratulate his safe returne to Rome,

The people will accept whom he admits.

Titus. Tribunes I thank you; and this sute I make,

That you create your Emperours eldest sonne,

Lord Saturnine, whose vertues will I hope,

Reflect on Rome as Tynans raises on earth,

And ripen justice in this Common weale:

Then if you will elect by my advise,

Crowne him, and say, Long live our Emperour.

Marcus. An. With voyces & applause of every sort.

Patricians and Plebeans, we create

Lord Saturninus Romes great Emperour.

And
And say, Long live our Emperor Saturnine.

Saturn. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done,
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thankes in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentlenes:
And for an onset Titus to advance,
Thy name, and honorable familie,
Lavinia will I make my Emperesse,
Romés: royall Misfris, Misfris of my hart,
And in the sacred Pathan her espouse:
Tell me Andromcus, doth this motion please thee.

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

Saturn. Thankes noble Titus, Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts
Rome shall record, and when I doe forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans forget your fealtie to me.

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

Saturn. A goodly Lady, trust me of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose a newe:
Cheere vp faire Queene that cloowy countenance,
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou comst not to be made a corne in Rome.
Princely shall be thy vflage every way.
The most lamentable Tragedie

Rest on my word, and let not discontent,
Daunt all your hopes, Madame he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the Queene of Gothes,
Launia you are not displeased with this.
Launia. Not I my Lord, with true Nobilitie,
Warrants these words in princely curtesie.
Saw. Thankes sweet Launia, Romans let vs goe,
Raunfomles heere we set our prisoners free,
Proclaime our honours Lords with trumpe and Drum.

Basianus. Lord Titus by your leaue, this maide is mine.
Titus. How far, are you in earnest then my Lord?
Basia. I noble Titus, and resolute withall,
To doe my selfe this reason and this right.

Lucius. Suum cuique is our Romane justice,
This Prince in justice ceazeth but his owne.
Lucius. And that he will and shall, if Launia live.
Titus. Traitors aunant, where is the Emperours gard?
Treason, my Lord, Launia is surprizde.
Saw. Surprizde, by whom?
Basia. By him that justly may
Bear his betrothde from all the world away.

Minius. Brothers, helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my sword Ile kepe this doore safe.
Titus. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her back.
Minius. My Lord you passe not heere.
Titus. What villaine boy, barft me my way in Rome?
Minius. Helpe Lucius, helpe.

Lucius. My Lord you are vnjust, and more then so,
In wrongfull quarrell you have slaine your sonne.
Titus. Nor thou, nor he, are any sonnes of mine,
My sonnes would never so dishonour me,
Traitor restore Launia to the Emperour.

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

Enter
of Titus Andronicus.

Enter aloft the Emperor with Tamora and her two
foones, and Aron the Moore.

Emperor: No Titus, no, the Emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:
Ile trust by leysure, him that mocks me once,
Thee neuer, nor thy trayterous haughty soones,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale
But Saturnine? Full well Andronicus
Agree these deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That saidst I begd the Empire at thy hands.

Titus. O monstrous, what reprochfull words are these?

Saturn. But goe thy wayes, goe glie that changing peece,
To him that flourisht for her with his sword:
A valiant soonne in law thou shalt enjoy,
One fit to bandy with thy lawlesse soones,
To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.

Titus. These words are razors to my wounded hart.

Saturn. And therfore louely Tamora Queene of Gothes,
That like the stately Thebe mongst her Nymphs,
Doft ouerginn the gallantst Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sodaine choise,
Behold I choose thee Tamora for my Bride,
And will create thee Empresse of Rome.

Speake Queene of Gothes doft thou applaud my choise?

And here I sweare by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Priest and holy water are so neere,
And tapers burne so bright, and every thing
In readines for Hymenes island,
I will not refulute the streets of Rome,
Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,
I leade espousd my Bride along with me.

Tamora. And here in sight of heauen to Rome I sweare.

If Saturnine aduaunce the Queene of Gothes,

B 3

Shee
The most lamentable Tragedie

Shee will a handmaide be to his desires,
A loving Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend faire Queene: Panthean Lords accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
Sent by the Heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her Fortune conquered,
There shall we consummate our spousall rites.

Exeunt omnes.

Titus. I am not bid to wait vpon this Bride,
Titus when went thou went to walke alone,
Dishonourred thus and challenged of wrongs.

Enter Marcus and Titus sones.

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

Titus. No foolish Tribune, no: No sone of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed,
That hath dishonourred all our Family,
Worthy brother, and worthy sones.

Lucius. But let vs give him buriall as becomes,

Give Marcus buriall with our bretheren.

Titus. Traitors away, he rests not in this tombe:
This monument füe hundreth yeares hath stood,
Which I haue sumptuously recifid:

Here none but Souldiers and Romes Scruitors
Repose in fame: None basely slaine in braules,
Bury him where you can he comes not here.

Marcus. My Lord this is impriety in you,
My Nephew Mutins deeds doo plead for him,
He must be buried with his bretheren.

Titus two sones speakes.

And shall, or him we will accompany.

Titus. And shall. What villainie was it spake that word?

Titus sone speakes.

Hethat would vouche it in any place but heere.

Titus.
of Titus Andronicus.

Titus. What would you bury him in my despight?
Marcus. No noble Titus, but intreate of thee.
To pardon Marcus, and to bury him.
Titus. Marcus: Even thou hast stroke upon my crest.
And with these boyes mine honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you every one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
3. Sonne. He is not with himselfe, let vs withdraw.
The brother and the sonnes kneele.
Marcus. Brother, for in that name doth nature please.
2. Sonne. Father, and in that name doth nature speake.
Titus. Speake thou no more, if all the rest will speede.
Marcus. Renowned Titus, more then halfe my soule.
Lucius. Deare Father, soule and substance of vs all.
Marcus. Suffer thy brother Marcus to interre,
His noble Nephew heere in vertues nest,
That died in honour and Laumeris cause.
Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:
The Greekes vpon aduise did bury Minus,
That slew himselfe: and wife Lauretus sonne,
Did graciously pleas for his Funerals:
Let not young Minus then that was thy joy,
Be bard his entrance heere.
Titus. Rife Marcus, rife,
The dismalst day is this that ere I saw,
To be dishonoured by my sonnes in Rome:
Well bury him, and bury me the next.
They put him in the tombe.
Lucius. There lie thy bones sweet Minus with thy friends.
Till we with Trophies doo adorn thy tombe:
They all kneele and say,
No man shed teares for noble Minus,
He lives in fame, that die in vertues cause.

Exit
The most lamentable Tragedie
Exit all but Marcus and Titus.

Marcus. My Lord to step out of these drerie dumps,
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Gothes,
Is of a sodaine thus aduaunc'd in Rome.

Titus. I know not Marcus, but I know it is,
(Whether by devise or no, the heauens can tell.)
Is she not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne so farre.

Enter the Emperor, Tamora and her two sonnes, with the Moore
at one doore. Enter at the other doore Bascianus and
Launia, with others.

Saturnine. So Bascianus, you haue plaid your prize,
God give you joy sir of your gallant Bride.

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

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

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

Saturnine. Tis good sir, you are very short with vs.
But if we lue, weele be as sharpe with you.

Bascianus. My Lord what I haue done as best I may.
Answere I must, and shall doe with my life,
Onely thus much I gieue your Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This Noble Gentleman Lord Titus heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the resuce of Launia,
With his owne hand did slay his youngest sonne,
In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath,
To be contrould in that he frankelie gane,
Receace 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 plead my deeds,
Tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heauens be my juge,
How I haue loued and honoured Saturnine.

Tamora. My worthy Lord, if ever Tamora,
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me speake indifferently for all:
And at my sute (sweete) pardon what is past.

Saturn. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it vp without revenge.

Tamora. Not so my Lord, the Gods of Rome forfend
I should be Author to dishonour you.
But on mine honour dare I undertake,
For good Lord Titus innocence in all:
Whose furie not dissembled speaks his greeues:
Then at my sute looke graciously on him,
Looke not so noble a friend on vaine fuppose,
Nor with fowre lookes affliet his gentle hart.

My Lord, be rulde by me, be wonne at last,
Dissemble all your greeues and discontentes,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Left then the people, and Patricians too,
Upon a just furuay take Titus part,
And fo supplant you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sinne.
Yeelde at intreates: and then let me alone,
Ile finde a day to maflacre them all.
And race their faction and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his trayterous sonsnes,
To whom I hued for my deere Sonnes life.
The most lamentable Tragedie

And make them know, what tis to let a Queene,
Knee! in the streets, and begge for grace in vaine.
Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come Andronicus,)
Take vp thy good old man, and cheere the hart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.

Saur. Rise Titus rise, my Empresse hath preuaild.
Titus. I thanke your maiestie, and her my Lord.
These worde, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tamora. Titus I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the Emperour for his good,
Thys day all quarrels die Andronicus.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I have reconciled your friends and you.
For you prince Basianus I have pai'd
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords, and you Lavinia,
By my advise all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie.

We doe, and vowe to heauen, and to his highnes,
That what we did, was mildly as we might,
Tendring our sisters honour and our owne.

Marcus. That on mine honour heere I doe protest.
Saur. Away and talk not, trouble vs no more.

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

Saur. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brothers heere,
And at my louelie Tamoras intreats,
I doe remit these young mens hainous faults,
Stand vp: Lavinia, though you left me like a chulle,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a Batchler from the priest.

Come
of Titus Andronicus.

Come, if the Emperours court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest Lavinia, and your friends:
Thys day shall be a love-day Tamora.

Titus. To morrow and it please your majestie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horse and hound, weele give your grace bon iour.

Saturn.- Be it so Titus, and grammarie to. Exeunt.

sound trumpets, manet Aurore.

Aron. Now climeth Tamora Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and fits aloft,
Secure of thunders cracke or lightning flash,
Aduaunc'd aboue pale enuies threatening reach,
As when the golden sunne salutes the morn,
And having girt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering coach,
And ouer-lookes the highest piercing hills.

So Tamora.

Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue stoops and trembles at her frowne.
Then Aron arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mistris,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, setted in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aron charming eyes,
Then is Prometheus tie to Caucasus.
Away with flauish weedes and servile thoughts,
I will be bright, and shine in pearle and gold,
To waite vpon this new made Emperelle.
To waite said I to wanton with this Queene,
This Goddesse, this Semerimis, this Nymph,
Thys Syren, that will charme Romes Saturnine,
And see his shipwracke, and his Common-weals.
Hollo, what storme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius braving.

C 2
The most lamentable Tragedie

Dem. Chiron thy yeeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou knowest affected be.

Chiron. Demetrius, thou doost overweene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,
Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate;
I am as able and as fit as thou,
To serve, and to deferre my Mistris grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Arie. Clubs, clubs, these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why boy, although our mother (unaduizd)
Gave you a daunting rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends:
Goe too: have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

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

Dem. Why boy, grow yee so braue?

Arie. Why how now Lords?
So neere the Emperous pallass dare you draw,
And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote the ground of all this grudge,
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concerned;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonoured in the Court of Rome.

Foule. For shame put vp.

Dem. Not I, till I haue sheathd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust those reprochfull speeches downe his throate;
That he hath breathd in my dishonour here.

Chiron. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolute,
of Titus Andronicus.

Foul spok'n Coward, that thundrest with thy tongue,
And wish thy weapon nothing darest performe.

Moore. Away I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
This petty brabble will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to let vpon a Prince right?
What is Launia then become fo loose,
Or Bascius fo degenerate,
That for her louse such quarrels may be brocht,
Without controlement, justice, or reuenge.
Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,
This discord ground, the muficke would not please.

Chiron. I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I loue Launia more then all the world, (choise,

Demetrius. Youngling leaine thou to make some meaner
Launia is thine elder brothers hope.

Moore. Why are ye mad? or know yee not in Rom
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doo but plot your deaths;
By this devise.

Chiron. Aron, A thousand deaths would I propo
To atchiue her whom I loue.

Aron. To atchiue her how?

Demetrius. Why makes thou it so strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wone,
Shee is Launia, therefore must be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the smill
Than wots the Miller of, and easie it is,
Of a cut loafe to steale a shiue we know:
Though Bascius be the Emperours brother
Better than he haue worne Vulturis badge.

C?

Moore.
The most lamentable Tragedie

Moore. I, and as good as Saturninus may.

Demet. Then why should hee despair that knowes to
With words, faire lookes, & liberality. (court it
What hath not thou full often strooke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?

Moore. Why then it seems some certain snatch, or so
Would serve your turnes.

Chiron. So the turne were servred.

Demet. Aron thou haft hit it.

Moore. Would you had hit it too,

Then should not we be tirde with this ado.

Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such foole,

To square for this: would it offend you then

That both should speedo.

Chiron. Faith not me.

Demet. Nor me, so I were one.

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

Tis policy and stratageme must doe

That you affect, and so must you resolue,

That what you cannot as you would achine,

You must perforce accomplish as you may:

Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaft

Than this Lavinia, Bacchus love.

A speedier course this lingering languishment

Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:

My Lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,

There will the louely Romaine Ladies troope:

The forest walkes are wide and spacious,

And many unfrequented plots there are,

Fitted by kindle for rape and villanie:

Single you thither then this dainty Doe,

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

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

Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Villainy will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with aduise,
That will not suffer you to square your felies,
But to your wishes hight advance you both.
The Emperours court is like the house of fame,
The palleace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There speake, and strike braue boyes, and take your turnes,
There serue your luft, shadowed from heavens eye,
And reuell in Laudinaes treasury.

Chiron. Thy counfell lads, smells of no cowardize.

Demetrius. Sit fas aut nefas, till I finde the streame,
To coole this heate, a charme to calm these firs,
Per Stigia, per manes I'choy.

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sonnet,
making a noyse with hounds & hornes.

Titus. The hunt is vp, the Moone is bright and gray,
The fieldes are fragrant, and the woods are greene,
Uncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,
And rowze the Prince, and ring a Hunters peale
That all the court may eccho with the noyse.
Sonnes, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully:
I haue beene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspird.

Heere a cry of Houndes, and winde horn as a peale, then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bascia. auida, Chiron.

Demetrius, and their Attendants.

Titus. Many good morrowes to you, madame;
Madame to you as many, and as good.
I promised your Grace a Hunters peale.

Stat.
The most lamentable Tragedie

Saturnine. And you have rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat too early for new married Ladies.
Bacchus. Launa, how say you? (more.
Laun. I say no: I have beene broade awake two houres and
Saturnine. Come on then, horse and Chariots let us haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romaine hunting.
Marcus. I haue doggs my Lord,
Will ronze the proudest Petitie in the chafe,
And clime the highest promontary top.
Titus. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes like swallows ore the plaine.
Deceitess. Chiron we hunt not we, with horse nor hound
But hope to pluck a dainty Doe to ground. Exeunt.
Enter Aron alone.

Moore. He that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know that this gold must coine a stratagem,
Which cunningly effected will beget,
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And so repose sweet gold for their unrest,
That have their aimes out of the Empresse Cheist.

Enter Tamora alone to the Moore.

Tamora. My lovely Aron, wherefore look'ft thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleefull boast?
The birds chant melody on every bough,
The snakes lies roll'd in the chearful sunne,
The greene leaves quiter with the cooling wind,
And make a checkerd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aron let vs sit,
And whilst the babbling Echoe mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well tun'd hornets.
of Titus Andronicus.

As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs sit downe and marketh their yellowing noyse:
And after conflict such as was suppos'd
The wandring Prince and Dido once enjoyed,
When with a happy storme they were surpris'd,
And curtained with a counsafe-keeping Caue,
We may each wraith'd in the others armes,
(Our paltimes done) potesse a golden slumber,
Whiles houndes and horses, and sweet melodious birds
Be vnto us as is a Nurces song
Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe a sleepe.

Aven. Madame, thoughe Venus gouerne your desires.
Saturne is dominator ouer mine:
V What signifieth my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my clowdy melancholie,
My fleece of woolle hayre that now vncurles,
Even as an Adder when she doth vnrowle
To doe some fatal execution.
No madam, these are no veneriall signes,
Vengeance is in my hart, death in my hand,
Blood and reuenge are hammering in my head.
Harke Tamora the Empresse of my soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen than rells in thee,
This is the day of doome for Bafianus,
His Philomel must loose her tongue to day,
Thy sonnes make pillage of her chastitie,
And wash their hands in Bafianus blood.
Sceft thou this letter: take it vp I pray thee,
And give the King this fatal plotted scrowle.
Now question me no more, we are espied,
Here comes a parcell of our hopefull bootie,
Which dreads not yet their liues destruction.

Enter Bafianus and Lavinia.

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

D. Moore.
The most lamentable Tragedie

Moore. No more great Empresse, Bafianus comes.
Be crosse with him, and he goe fetch thy sones
To backe thy quarrels what so euer they be.

Bafianus. Who haue we here? Romes royall Empresse,
Unfurnisht of her well be seeming troope?
Or is it Dian habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
To see the generall hunting in this Forrest?

Tamora. Sawcie controuler of my prouise steps,
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples shoulde be planted presently,
With hornes as was Aetones, and the hounds,
Should drive vpon thy new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly intruder as thou arst.

Lavinia. Under your patience gentle Empresse,
Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your Moore and you,
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Ione sheeld your husband from his houndes to day,
Tis pity they should take him for a Stag.

Bafianus. Beleeue me Queene your swartie Cymerion,
Doth make your honour of his bodies hue,
Spotted, detesled, and abominable.

Why are you sequestred from all your traine,
Dismounted from your snowe white goodly steede,
And wandred hether to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moore,
If soule desire had not condueted you?

Lavinia. And beeing intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble Lord be rated
For saufines, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her joy her Rauen culloured love,
This valley fits the purpose pasing well.

Bafia. The King my brother shall haue notice of this.

Lavinia.
of Titus Andronicus.

Lavinia. I, for these slips have made him noted long,
Good King to be so mightie abused.

Queen. Why I have patience to endure all this.

Demetrius. How now deere soueraine & our gracious mother,
Why doth your Highness looke so pale and wan?

Queen. Have I not reason thinke you to looke pale,
These two haue ticed me hether to this place,
A barren, detested vale you see it is,
The trees though Sommer, yet forlome and leane,
Ocreome with mossie and balefull Mistletoe.
Here never shines the sunne, heere nothing breeds,
Viiissthe nightly Owle or fatall Rauen:
And when they showd me this abhorred pit,
They told me here at dead time of the night,
A thousand feends, a thousand hising snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toades,as many wchins,
Would make such fearfull and confused cries,
As any mortall body hearing it
Should straite fall mad, or else die suddainely.
No sooner had they tolde this hellish tale,
But strait they told me they would bind me here,
Unto the body of a dismall Ewgh,
And leau me to this miserable death.
And then they calde me foule adulteresse,
Lauicous Goth, and all the bitterest tearmes,
That ever care did heare to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed;
Reuenge it as you love your Mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth cald my children.

Demet. This is a wittes that I am thy sonne. stab him.

Chiron. And this for me struck home to shew my strength.

Lavinia. I come Semeramis, nay Barberous Tamora,
The most lamentable Tragedie

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.

Tamora. Give me the peynard, you shall know my boies;
Your mothers hand shall right your mothers wrong.

Demet. Stay Madam, heere is more belongs to her,
First thrash the corne, then after burne the straw:
This minorion flood upon her chaflitie,
Upon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie,
And with that painted hope, braues your nightimes,
And shall she carry this vnto her grave.

Chiron. And if the doe, I would I were an Eucnake,
Drag hence her husband to some secrete hole,
And make his dead trunke pillow to our luft.

Tamora. But when ye haue the honny we desire,
Let not this waspe out-line vs both to sting.

Chiron. I warrant you madam, we will make that sure:
Come mistress, now perforce we will enjoy,
That nice preferued honestie of yours.

Launia. Oh Tamora, thou bearest a womans face.

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

Launia. Sweet Lords intreate her heare me but a word.

Demet. Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory
To see her teares, but be your hatt to them
As unrelenting Flint to drops of raine.

Launia. When did the Tigers young ones teach the dam.
O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milke thou suckst from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny,
Yet every mother breedes not sones alike,
Doe thou intreate her shew a woman pitty.  

Chiron. What wouldst thou haue me proove my selfe a

Launia. Tis true the Rauen doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion moued with pittie did indure
To haue his princely pawes parde all away:

Some
of Titus Andronicus.

Some say that Rautens foster forlorn children,
The whist their owne birds famish in their nests:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no,
Nothing so kind but somthing pittifull.

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

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

Tamora. Hadst thou in person here offended me,
Even for his sake am I pittifull.
Remember boyes I powred forth teares in vaine,
To save your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce Andromcus would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vse her as you will,
The worse to her the better lou'd of me.

Lavinia. Oh Tamora, be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For tis not life that I haue begg'd so long,
Poore I was slaine when Baseworm did.

Tamora. What begst thou then fond woman let me goe:

Lavinia. Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell,
Oh keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some lothsome pit,
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this and be a charitable murderer.

Tamora. So should I rob my sweet fornes of their fee,
No let them satisifie their lust on thee.

Demetrius. Away for thou haft faide vs here too long.

Lavinia. No grace, no womanhood, ah beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confusion fall.

Chiron. Nay then ile stoppe your mouth, bring thou her
This is the hole where Aron bid vs hide him.

Tamora.
The most lamentable Tragedie

Tamora. Farewell my sonnes, see that you make her sure,
Nere let my hart know merry cheere indeede,
Till all the Aaron be made away:
Now will I hence to seeke my louly Moore,
And let my spleenfull sonnes this Trull defloure.

Enter Aron, with two of Titus sonnes.

Come on my Lords, the better soute before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast a sleepe.

Quintus. My sight is very dull what ere it bogles.

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

Quin. What art thou fallen, what subtill hole is this,
Whole mouth is couered with rude growing briers,
Vpon whose leaves are drops of new shed blood,
As fresh as morning dewe distild on flowers,
A very fatall place it seemes to mee,
Speake brother, haft thou hurt thee with the fall?

Martus. Oh brother, with the dismal hart obiect hurt,
That euerie with sight made hart lament.

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

Martus. Why dooest not comfort me, and helpe me out
From this vn hollow, and blood stained hole.

Quintus. I am surprised with a vncotht feare,
A chilling sweat overruns my trembling ioynts,
My hart suspects more then mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou haft 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 whereat it trembles by surmise:

Oh
of Titus Andronicus.

Oh tell me who it is, for nere tell now,
Was I a child, to seare I know not what.
Martius. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to a slaughtred Lambe,
In this detested darke blood drinking pit.

Quintus. If it be darke how dooest thou know tis hee.
Martius. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all this hole:
Which like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead mans earthy cheekes,
And shewes the ragged intrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the Moone on Piramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood,
O brother helpe me with thy fainting hand,
If seare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath.
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hatefull as Orcus mislie mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
May be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore Bassianus graue:
I have no strength to plucke thee to the brinck,
Martius. Nor no strength to clime without thy helpe.

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

Enter the Emperour, and Aron the Moore.

Satyr. Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere,
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.
Martins. The wchappre sonne of old Andronicus.
Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,
The most lamentable Tragedie

To finde thy brother Bascianus dead.

Saturninus. My brother dead, I know thou dost but rest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chafe,
This not an hour since I left them there.

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

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tamora. Where is my Lord the King?

King. Heere Tamora, though green'd with killing griefe.

Tamora. Where is thy brother Bascianus?

King. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound,
Dooe Bascianus heere lies murthred.

Tamora. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ.
The complot of this endless Tragedy,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smilies such murderous tyrannie.

She giueth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.

And if we misse to meete him-handsomely,
Sweet huntsman Bascianus is we meane,
Doe thou so much as dig the grave for him,
Thus knowing its meaning, looke for thy reward,
Among the Nettlees at the Elder tree,
Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit;
Where we decreed to bury Bascianus.
Doe this and purchase vs thy loving friends.

King. Oh Tamora was euer heard the like,
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke first if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should have murthred Bascianus heere.

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

King.
of Titus Andronicus.

King. Two of thy whelpes, fell curs of bloody kinde,

Haue here bereft my brother of his life:

Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,

There let them bide untill we haue deuised

Some neuer heard of tortering paine for them:

Tamora. What are they in this pit, oh wondrous thing!

How easily murder is discouered.

Titus. High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,

I beg this boone, with teares not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursed sonnes,

Accursed, if the faultes be prou’d in them.

King. If it be prou’d, you see it is apparant,

V Who found this letter, Tamora was it you?

Tamora. Andronicus himselfe did take it vp.

Titus. I did my Lord, yet let me be their bailie,

For by my Fathers reuerent tombes I vow

They shall be ready at your Highnes will,

To aunswere theyr suspition with theyr liues.

King. Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me.

Some bring the murthered body, some the murthcrcs,

Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,

For by my soule, were there worse end then death,

That end vpon them should be executed.

Tamora. Andronicus I will intreat the King,

Feare not thy sonnes, they shall doe well enough.

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

Enter the Empresse sonnes, with Luvinia, her bandes cut off, & her tongue cut out, and rauisht.

Demet. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,

Who twas that cut thy tongue and rauisht thee.

Chiron. Write downe thine minde,bewray thy meaning so,

And if thy stumpses will let thee play the scribe.

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

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

E. Demet.
The most lamentable Tragedie

Deme. Shee hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash,
And so lets leave her to her silent walkes.

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

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

Enter Marcus from hunting.

Who is this, my Niecee that flies away so fast?
Cosen a word, where is your husband:
If I doe dreame would all my wealth would wake me.
If I doe wake some Planet strike me downe,
That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.

Speake gentle Niecee, what terme vng little hands,
Hath lopt, and Hewde, and made thy body bare,
Of her two branches those sweet ornaments
Whose circling shadowes, Kings have fought to sleepe in,
And might not gaine so great a hapes
As halfe thy lute: Why dooest not speake to me?
Alas, a crimson river of warme blood,
Like to a bubling Fountaine stiend with winde,
Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,
Commning and going with thy honnie breath.
But sure some Terms hath defloured thee,
And least thou shouldst detest them, cut thy tongue.
Ah now thou turnst away thy face for shame,
And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,
As from a Conduit with theyr issuing spouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as Tityans face,
Blushing to be encountered with a clowde.
Shall I speake for thee, shall I say tis so.
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast,
That I might raile at him to ease my minde.
Sorrow concealed, like an Owen flopt,
Doth burne the hart to cinders where it is.
Faire Philomela, why she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler fowled her munde.

But
of Titus Andronicus.

But loely Neece, that meanes is cut from thee,
A craftier Terror, Cofen halfe thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could haue better fowed then Philomel.
Oh had the monster seen those Lilly hands,
Tremble like Aspen leaves uppon a Lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
He would not then haue toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,
Which that sweete tongue hath made:
He would haue droped his knife and fell a sleepe,
As Cerberus at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come let vs goe, and make thy Father blind,
For such a sight will blind a Fathers eye.
One houres Storme wil drowne the fragrant meades,
What will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee,
Oh could our mourning ease thy misery. 

Exeunt.

Enter the Judges and Senatours with Titus two Sonnes bound,
passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going be-
fore pleading.

Titus. Heare me graue Fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous waeres, whist you securely slept,
For all my blood in Romes great quarterd shied,
For all the frosty nights that I haue warcht,
And for these bitter teares which now you see,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my checkes,
Be pitiful to my condemmed Sonnes,
Whose soules is not corrupct as tis thought.
For two and twenty Sonnes I never wept,
Because they died in honours lofty bed,
Andromace lies downe, and the Judges passe by him.

Exeunt.
The most lamentable Tragedie

For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write.
My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
Let my teares flanch the earths drie appetite,
My sonnes sweet blood will make it thame and blushe:
O earth, I will befriend thee more with raine
That shall distill from these two antient ruines,
Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres.
In Sommers drought, Ie drop vpon thee still,
In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,
And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drinke my deere sonnes blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawn.
Oh reverent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men
Vnbinde my sonnes, receffe the doome of death,
And let me say, (that never wept before)
My teares are now prevailing Oratours.

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

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

Lucius. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake.

Titus. Why tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me, or if they did marke,
They would not pitty me, yet pleade I must,
And embellese unto them.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes to the stones,
Who though they cannot answere my distressfure,
Yet in some sort they are better then the Trybunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I doe weep, they humble at my seete
Receive my teares, and weep to wepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these:
of Titus Andronicus.

A stone is soft as waxe, Tribunes more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawne?

Lucius. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Judges haue pronounct,
My everlasting doome of banishment.

Titus. O happy man, they haue bestried thee:
Why foolish Lucius, doest thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderne of Tygers?
Tygers must pray, and Rome affords no pray
But me and mine, how happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished.
But who comes with our brother Marcus heere?

Marcus. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to wepe,
Or if not so, thy noble hart to breake:
I bring constringing sorrow to thine age.

Titus. Will it consume me? Let me see it then.

Marcus. This was thy Daughter.

Titus. Why Marcus so she is.

Lucius. Ay me, this Object kills me.

Titus. Faint-hearted-boy, arise and looke upon her,
Speake Launia, what accursed hand,
Hath made thee handlest in thy Fathers sight?
What foole hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My griefe was at the height before thou camest,
And now like Nybus it disdaineth bounds.

Give me a sword, Ile chop off my hands too,
For they haue sought for Rome, and all in vaine:
And they haue nourished this woe, in feeding life.
In bootless prayer haue they beene held vp,
And they haue serv'd me to effectlesse use.
The most lamentable Tragedie

Now all the service I require of them, Is that the one will help to cut the other. Tis well Lavinia that thou hast no hands, For hands to doe Rome service is but vaine. Lucius. Speake gentle sister, who hast martred thee. Marcus. Oh that delightfull engine of her thoughts, That blabbd them with such pleasing eloquence. Is torned from forth that prettie hollow cage, Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung, Sweet varied notes inchaunting evry eare.

Lucius. Oh say thou for her, who hast done this deed? Marcus. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke, Seeking to hide her selfe as doth the Deare That hath receaude some unrecuring wound.

Titus. It was my Deare, and he that wounded her, Hath hurt me more then had he kild me dead: For now I stand as one upon a Rock, Inquirond with a wilderness of Sea, Who markes the waxing tide grow waue by waue, Expecting eu'erb when some enuisus surge, Will in his brimish bowels swallow him. This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone, Here stand my other sonne a banisht man, And heere my brother weeping at my woes: But that which gies my soule the greatt spurne, Is deere Lavinia, deerer than my soule, Had I but seen thy picture in this plight, It would have madded me: what shal I doe, Nowe I behold thy liuely body 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,

When:
of Titus Andronicus.

When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stood on her cheekes, as doth the honny dew,
Upon a gathered Lillie almost withered. (husband, Mark.)
Perchance she weeps because they kild her
Perchance, because shee knowes them innocent.
Titus. If they did kill thy husband then be joyfull,
Because the Law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe so foule a deed,
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle Lavinia, let me kisse thy lips,
Or make some signe how I may doe thee caste:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius
And thou and I sit round about some Fountain,
Looking all downswards to behold our cheekes
How they are staine in Meadowes yet not drie,
With mierie flame left on them by a flood?
And in the Fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that cierenes,
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 dombe shoues
Passe the remainder of our hatefull dayes?
What shall we doe? let vs that have our tongues
Plot some devise of further miserie
To make vs wondred at in time to come.

Luci. Sweet father ceaze your teares, for at your greese
See how my wretched sister fres and weepes.
Mar. Patience deere Neece, good Titus dry thine eyes.
Titus. Ah Marcus, Marcus, Brother well I wote,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man hast drownd it with thine owne.
Lucius. Ah my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheekes.
Titus. Marke Marcus, marke, I understand her signes,
Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say

That
The most lamentable Tragedie

That to her brother, which I said to thee.
His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,
Can doe no service on her sorrowfull cheeke.
Oh what a sympathy of woe is this,
As farre from helpe, as Limbo is from blisse.

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. Titus Andronicus, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sonnes,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thy selfe old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand
And send it to the King, he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sonnes alive,
And that shall be the raunfome for their fault.

Titus. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle Aron,
Did euer Rauen sing so like a Larke,
That gues sweete tydings of the Sunnes vprise?
With 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 serve 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 bloody Battleaxe,
Wrighting destruction on the enemies Castle?
Oh none of both, but are of high desert:
My hand hath beene but idle, let it serve
To raunfome my two Nephewes from their death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

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

Marcus. My hand shall goe.

Lucius. By heaven it shall not goe.
of *Titus Andronicus.*

*Titus.* Srs strive no more, such withred heare as thefe
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.

*Lucius.* Sweet 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 love to thee.

*Titus.* Agree betwenee you, I will spare my hand.

*Lucius.* Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.

*Marcus.* But I will vse the Axe.  

**Exeunt.**

*Titus.* Come hether Aron, Ile deceite them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine.

*Aron.* If that be calde deceite, I will be honest,
And neuer whilst I liue deceite men so :
But Ile deceite you in another fort,
And that youle say ere halfe an houre passe.

---

*Hee cuts off Titus hand.*

**Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.**

*Titus.* Now lay your strife, what shal be is dispatche :
Good Aron giue his Maiestie my hand,
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers, bid him bury it,
More hath it merrited : that let it haue :
As for my sones, say I account of them,
As iewels purchall at an easie price,
And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne.

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

---

**Exit.**

*Titus.*
The most lamentable Tragedie

Titus. O here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what would thou kneele with me?
Do eat deere hart, for heaven shall heare our prayers,
Or with our sighs wele breath the welkin dimme,
And staine the sunne with fogge, as sometime clowdes
When they doe hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marcus. Oh brother speake with possibilitie,
And doe not breake into these deepe extremes.

Titus. Is not my sorrow deepe hating no bottome?
Then be my passions bottomled with them.
Marcus. But yet let reason gouerne thy laments.

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I binte my woes:
When heaven doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?
If the windes rage, doth not the sea waxe mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big wolne face?
And wilt thou haue a reason for this coile?
I am the sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow:
Sche is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be troued with her sighes,
Then must my earth with her continall teares,
Become a deluge: overflowed and drowned:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for loofers will haue leave,
To eate theyr stomacks with theyr bitter tongues.

Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.

Messeng. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour:
Here are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.
of Titus Andronicus.

And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent backe:
Thy griefe theys sports: Thy resolution mockt:
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my fathers death. 

Marcus. Now let hote Aetna coole in Cycelie,
And be my hart an euer-burning hell:
These miseries are more then may be borne.
To weep with them that weep,doth eafe some deale,
But sorrow flouted at, is double death.

Lucius. Ah that this sight should make to deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrinke thereat:
That euer death should let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breath.

Marcus. Alas poore hart, that kille is comfortlesse,
As frozen water to a flamed snake.

Titus. When will this fearfull slumber have an end?

Marcus. Now farewell flattery, die Andronicus,
Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sonnes heads:
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here:
Thy other banished sonne with this decre sight
Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controwle my griefes,
Rent off thy siluer haire, thy other hande
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
The closing vp of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storme, why art thou still?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha.

Marcus. Why doft thou laugh? it fitts not with this houre.

Titus. Why I have not another teare to shed;

Besides, this sorrow is an enemie,
And would usurpe vpon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Caue.
The most lamentable Tragedie

For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,
And threat me, I shal never come to blisse,
Till all these mischiefes be returned againe;
Euen in their throates that haue committed them.
Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
You haue people, circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare unto my soule to right your wrongs,
The vowe is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare.
And Launia thou shalt be imploide in these Armes,
Bare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the Gothes, and raise an armie there,
And if you louse me, as I thinke you doe,
Let us kisse and part, for we haue much to doe.

Exeunt.

Lucius: Farewell Andronicus my noble Father:
The woefull man that ever liue in Rome:
Farewell proude Rome till Lucius come againe,
He louses his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewell Launia my noble sister,
O would thou were as thou to fore haft bene,
But now nor Lucius nor Launia liues,
But in oblivion and hatefull greeves:
If Lucius liue, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proude Saturnine and his Empresse
Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his Queene.
Now will I to the Gothes and raise a power,
To be requenged on Rome and Saturnine.

Exit Lucius.
Enter Lucius sonne and Launia running after him, and the boy flies from her with his booke under his arme.

Enter Titus and Marcus.

Puer. Help Grandfiter helpe, my Aunt Launia, followes me euery where, I know not why.
Good Uncle Marcus see how swift she comes,
Alas sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
Mar. Stand by mee Lucius, doe not feare thine aunt.
Titus. She loues thee boy too well to do thee harme.
Puer. I when my Father was in Rome she did.
Mar. What meanes my Niece Launia by these signes.
Titus. Feare her not Lucius, somewhat doth she mean.
See Lucius see, how much shee makes of thee:
Some whether would she have 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 geffe wherefore shee plies thee thus.
*Puer. My Lord, I know not I, nor can I geffe,
Vnlese some fit or frenzie doe possesse her:
For I haue heard my Grandfier say full oft,
Extremitie of greeues would make men mad.
And I have 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 er my mother did,
And would not but in furie ffright my youth,
Which made me downe to throw my bookees and flye,
Causelle perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,
And Madam, if my Uncle Marcus goe,
The most lamentable Tragedie

I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Mar. Lucius I will.

Titus. How now Launia, Marcus what means this?
Some booke there is that shee desires to see:
Which is it gyre of these, open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choyse of all my Librarie,
And so beguile thy sorrow, tell the heaunens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.

V. Why lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?

Mar. I think the means that there were more than one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
Or else to heauen the heaunens them for reuenge:

Titus. Lucius what booke is that she tosteth so?

Puer. Grand jotis Ouids Metamorphosis,

My mother gaue it mee.

Mar. For love of her thats gone,
Perhaps she cult it from among the rest.

Titus. Soft, so busifie shee turns the leaues,
Help she, what would she finde? Launia shall I read?
This is the tragick tale of Philomel,
And treates of Tereus treason and his rape,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy,

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

Titus. Launia, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet gyre?

Rauish't and wrongd as Philomela was,
For in the ruthlesse, vaft, and gloomie woods;
See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)

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

Mar. O why should nature build so foule a den,
Unlesse the Gods delight in tragedies,

Tu. Give signes sweet gyrls, for here are none but friends,

What
of Titus Andronicus.

V. What Romaine Lord it was durt doe the deede?  
Or slouke not Saturnine as Tarquin erst,  
That left the Campe to finne in Lucrece bed.  
Mar. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by mee,  
Apollo, Pallas, lone, or Mercarie,  
Inspire me that I may thys treason finde,  
My Lord looke heere, looke heere Lavinia.

He writes his Name with his staffe, and guides it with feete and mouth.

Thys sondie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst  
This after mee, I haue writ my name,  
V Without the helpe of any hand at all.  
Curtst be that hat that forst vs to this shft:  
Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,  
V What God will haue discouered for reuenge,  
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy forrowes plaine,  
That we may know the traytors and the truth.

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

Oh doe yee read my Lord what she hath writ,  
Staprum, Chiron, Demetrius.  
Marcus. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of Tamora,  
Performers of this hyinous bloody deede.  
Titus. Magni Dominator polis,  
Tam lentus audis selecta, tam lentus vides?  
Mar. Oh calme the gentle Lord, although I know  
There is enough written vpon this earth,  
To stirre a murinie in the mildest thoughts,  
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaimes,  
My Lord kneele downe with me; Lavinia kneele,  
And
The most lamentable Tragedie

And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine Heftors hope,
And sware with me as with the wofull fcoere,
And father of that chaft dishonoured Dame,
Lord Impus Bruns sware for Lucrece rape,
That we will prosecute by good advice
Mortall reuenge upon thefe trayerous Gothes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproch.

Titus. Tis sure enough, and you knew how,
But if you hunt thefe Beare whelpes, then beware,
The Dam will wake, and if shee winde you once,
Shees with the Lion deeply still in league,
And luls him whilst shee plaiceth on her back.
And when he sleepe, will she doe what she lift.
You are a young huntsman Marcus, let alone,
And come I will goe get a leafe of brace,
And with a gad of fleee will write thefe words,
And lay it by : the angry Northen winde,
Will blow thefe fands like Sibels leaves abroade,
And vwheres you leffon then, boy what say you ?

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

Marcus. I thats my boy, thy father hath full off,
For his vngratefull Country done the like.

Puer. And Vnckle, so will I, and if I live.

Titus. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius lke fit thee, and withall my boy
Shall carrie from me to the Emprefle fones;
Present that I intend to fend them both:
Come, come, thoul do thy message wilt thou not ?

Puer. I with my dagger in thev bofomes Grandfier.

Titus. No boy, not fo, lke teach thee another coufe;
Lanina come, Marcus looke to my house,
Lucius and lke goe brave it at the Court,
of Titus Andronicus.

I marry will we sit, and weele be waited on.   Exeunt.

Mar. O heauen, can you heare a good man groane
And not relent, or not compasion him?

Marcus attend him in his extasie,
That hath more fears of sorrows in his hart,
Than foe-mens markes uppon his battred shield,
But yet so iust, that he will not revenge,
Revenge the heauen for old Andronicus.  Exit.

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

Chiron. Demetrius, here's the sonne of Lucius,
He hath some meassage to deliver vs.

Aron. Some mad meassage from his mad Grandfather.

Puer. My Lords, with all the humblenes I may,
I grette yourHonours from Andronicus,
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.

Demet. Gramarie loueley Lucius, what the newes.

Puer. That you are both disciphered, that's the newes.
For villaines markt with rape. May it please you,
My Grandfier well advised hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
To gratefull your honourable youth
The hope of Rome, for so he bid me say:
And so I doe, and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, when euer you haue neede,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leave you both: Like bloody villaines.  Exit.

Dem. What's heres a scrole, and written round about,

Lets's see,

Integer vite scelerisque purus, non egeis maevi inculis nec arcan.

Chiron. O tis a verse in Horace I know it well,
The most lamentable Tragedie

I read it in the Grammar long agoe.

Aron. I luft, a verse in Horace, right you have it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Asle.
Her's no found iest, the old man hath found theyr gilt,
And fends them weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound beyond theyr feeling to the quick:
But were our wittie Empresse well a foote,
Shee would applaud Andronicus conceit,
But let her rest in her vnrest a while.
And now young Lords, waft not a happy starre,
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more than fo
Captiues, to be advanced to this height:
It did me good before the pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his bothers hearing.

Demet. But me more good to see so great a Lord,
Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts.

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

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

Chiron. A charitable wish, and full of loue.

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

Chiron. And that would she for twentie thousand more.

Deme. Come let vs goe and pray to all the Gods
For our beloved mother in her paines.

Aron. Pray to the devils the gods haue giv'n vs ouer.

Trumpets sound.

Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?

Chiron. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne.

Deme. Soft, who comes heere.

Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore child.

Nur. God morrow Lords, o tell me did you see Aron the

Aron. Wel, more or leffe, or here a whit at all, (Moore

Heere
of Titus Andronicus.

Here Aron is, and what with Aron now?

Nurse. Oh gentle Aron, we are all undone.
Now helpe, or woe betide thee evermore.

Aron. Why what a catterwauling dost thou keep, what dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?

Nurse. O that which I would hide from heavens eye.

Our Empresse shame, and Sairely Romes disgrace,
She is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.

Aron. To whom.

Nurse. I meane she is brought a bed.

Aron. Well God giue her good rest, what hast hee sent

Nurse. A dutill.

Aron. Why then she is the devils Dam, a joyfull issue,

Nurse. A icroles, distmall, black, and sorrowfull issue.

Here is the babe as pathsome as a toade,

Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime,
The Empresse tendes it thee, thy flampe thy scale,

And bids thee christen it with thy daggers poynt.

Aron. Sounds ye whose, is black to base a hue?

Sweet blowse, you are a beautious blossome faire.

Deme. Villaine what hast thou done?

Aron. That which thou canst not unde.

Chiron. Thou haist undone our mother.

Aron. Villaine, I have done thy mother.

Deme. And therein hellish dog thou hast undone her,

Woe to her chance, and damme her loathed choice,

Accurst the offspring of so soule a friend.

Chiron. It shall not live

Aron. It shall not die.

Nurse. Aron it must, the mother wils it se.

Aron. What must it Nurse? then let no man but I.

Doe execution on my flesh and blood.

Deme. He broach the tadpole on my Rapiers poynt,

Nurse giue it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it.
The most lamentable Tragedie

Aron. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels vp,
Stay murderous villains, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning tapers of the skie,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my Semitar's sharpe point,
That touches this my first borne sonne and heire:
I tell you yonglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's broode,
Nor great Alcides, nor the God of warre,
Shall ceaze this pray out of his fathers hands:
What, what, yee sanguine shallow harted boies,
Yee white limbde walls, ye ale-house painted signes,
Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
In that it scornes to bear another hue:
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can never turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
Although shee laue them howrely in the flood:
Tell the Emprefle from me I am of age
To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can.

Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble Mistris thus,
Aron. My mistris is my mistris, this my selfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world doe I preferre,
This mauger all the world will I keepe safe;
Or some of you shall smoake for it in Rome.

Deme. By this our mother is for ever shamed.
Chiron. Rome will despise her for this foule escape,
Nurse. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.
Chiron. I blush to thinke upon this ignomie.

Aron. Why there's the priviledge your beautie beares:
Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of thy hart:
Heer's a young Lad framde of another leere,
Looke how the blacke slave smiles vpon the father.
of Titus Andronicus.

As who should say, old Lad I am thine own.
He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed
Of that selfe blood that first gave life to you,
And from your wombe where you imprisoned were,
He is infranchized, and come to light:
Nay he is your brother by the suffer side,
Although my seale be stamped in his face.

Nurse. Aron, what shall I say unto the Empresse.
Demetrius. Advise thee Aron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advise:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

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

Demetrius. How many women saw this child of his?
Aron. Why so braue Lords, when we ioyne in league
I am a Lambe, but if you braue the Moore,
The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyonesse,
The Ocean swells not so as Aron stormes:
But say againe, how many saw the child.

Nurse. Cornelia the Midwife and my selfe,
And no one else but the delivered Empresse.

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

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

Demetrius. What mean't thou Aron, wherfore didst thou this?
Aron. O Lord sir, tis a deede of policie,
Shall she haue to betray this gift of ours?
A long tongu'd babling Gossip, no Lords, no:
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
Not farre, one a Maliseus my Country-man
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, faire as you are:

Goe
The most lamentable Tragedie

Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their child shall be aduaunst,
And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,
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 phisick,
And you must needes bestow her funerall,
The fiedes are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, see that you take no longer dayes
But send the Midwife presently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurfe well made away.
Then let the Ladies tattle what they pleafe.

Chiron. Aron, I see thou wilt not trust the ayre with secrets.
Deme. For this care of Tamora,
Her selfe, and hers are highly bound to thee. Exeunt.
Aron. Now to the Gothes, as swift as swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
And secretly to greet the Emperesse friendes:
Come on you thick-lipt-slave, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our shifts:
Ile make you feede on berries, and on rootes,
And feede on curds and whay, and sucke the Goate,
And cabbin in a Caeu, and bring you vp,
To be a warriour and commaund a Campe. Exit.

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentle-
men with bowes, and Titus beares the arrowes with Letters
on the endes of them.

Titus. Come Marcus, come, kinsmen this is the way,
Sir boy let me see your archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough and tis there straige

Terra.
of Titus Andronicus.

Terras Astra reliquit, be you remembered Marcus.
She's gone, she's fled, first take you to your tooles,
You Colens shall goe found the Ocean,
And cast your nets, happily you may catch her in the sea,
Yet ther's as little justice as at Land:
No Publius and Sempronius, you must doe it,
Tis you must dig with mattocke and with spade,
And pierce the utmost center of the earth,
Then when you come to Plutus Region,
I pray you deliver him this petition,
Tell him it is for justice and for ayde,
And that it comes from olde Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrowes in vngratefull Rome.
Ah Rome, well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the peoples suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore mee.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leaue you not a man of warre vnsearcht,
This wicked Emperour may haue shipt her hence,
And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for justice.

Marcus. O Publius, is not this a heauie case
To see thy noble Vrikle this distract?
Publius. Therfore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
By day and night t'attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some carefull remedie.

Marcus. Kinsmen, his sorrowes are past remedie.
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traytour Saturnine.

Titus. Publius how now, how now my Maisters,
What haue you met with her?
Publius. No my good Lord, but Pluto sends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you shall,
The most lamentable Tragedie

Marrie for justice she is so imploied,
He thinks with love in heauen, or some where else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tim. He doth me wrong to feede me with delayes,
He due into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acaron by the heeles.

Marcus. We are but shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bond-men fram'd of the Cyclops size,
But mettall Marcus, steale to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can beare:
And if there's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will sollicithe heauen and moue the Gods,
To send downe Justice for to wreake our wrongs:
Come to this gear, you are a good Archer Marcus,
He gives them the Arrows.

Ad Iouem, that's for you, here ad Apollinem,
Ad Martem, that's for my selfe,
Here boy to Pallas, here to Mercury,
To Saturnine, to Caius, not to Saturnine,
You were as good to shoote against the wind.
To it boy, Marcus loose when I bid,
Of my word I haue written to effect,
There's not a God left unsolicitted.

Marcus. Kindsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperor in his pride.

Tim. Now Maisters draw, oh well said Lucius,
Good boy in Virgoes lap, give it Pallas.

Marcus. My Lord, I aime a mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tim. 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 gald, gave Aris such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,
of Titus Andronicus.

And who should finde them but the Empresse villaine:
Shee laught, and tolde the Moore he should not choose
But give them to his matter for a present.
Titus. VVhy there it goes, God giue his Lordship joy.

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

Titus. Newes, newes from heaven,
Marcus the post is come.
Sirra what tydings, haue you any letters,
Shall I haue justice, what sayes Jupiter?
Clowne. Ho the liebbetmaker? hee sayes that hee hath ta-ken them downe againe, for the man must not be hangd till the next weeke.

Titus. But what sayes Jupiter I aske thee?
Clowne. Alas sir, I know not Jupiter?
I neuer dranke with him in all my life.

Titus. Why villaine, art not thou the Carrier?
Clowne. I of my pidgeons sir, nothing els.

Titus. VVhy, didst thou not come from heaven?
Clowne. From heaven, alas sir, I neuer came there,
God forbid I should bee so bolde, to presse to heaven in my young dayes.

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

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

Titus. Tell mee, can you deliuer an Oration to the Em-perour with a grace.

Clowne. Nay truely sir, I couldeneuer say grace in all my life.

Titus. Sirra come hither, make no more ado,

H. But
IV.iii.

The most lamentable Tragedie

But give your Pidgions to the Emperour,
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands,
Hold, hold, meane while here's money for thy charges,
Give me pen and ink.

Sirra, can you with a grace deliver a Supplication?

Clowne. I sir.

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneele, then kiss his foote, then deliver up your Pidgions, and then looke for your reward.

Ile be at hand sir, see you doe it braue-lye.

Clowne. I warrant you sir, let mee alone.

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

Here Marcus, fold it in the Oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant.

Clowne. God be with you sir, I will.

Titus. Come Marcus let vs goe, Publius follow me.

Exit.

Exeunt.

IV.iv.

Enter Emperour and Empresse, and her two sonses, she.

Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand
that Titus shot at him.

Satur. Why Lordes what wrongs are these, was euer scene,
An Emperour in Rome thus ouer-borne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall justice, vsde in such contempt.
My Lords you know the mightfull Gods,
How euer these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples cares, there nought hath past,
But euen with law against the wilfull sonses

Of
Of Titus Andronicus.

Of old Andronicus. And what and if
His sorrowes have so ouerwhelmede his wits:
Shall we be thus afflieted in his wreknes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitterness:
And now he writes to heauen for his redresse,
See here's to love, and this to Mercurie,
This to Apollo, this to the God of waire:
Sweet serowles to flie about the streets of Rome,
Whats this but libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our vnjustice every where,
A goodly humor, is it not my Lords?
As who would say, in Rome no injustice were.
But if I liue, his famed extasies
Shall be no shelter to these outragges,
But he and his shall know that injustice liues
In Saturnius health, whom if he sleepe,
Hele so awake, as he in furie shall,
Out of the proud'lt conspirator that liues.

Tamora. My gracious Lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of Tiens age,
Th'effects of sorrow for his valiant sonses,
Whose losse hath pearst him deepe, and skard his hart,
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts: Why thus it shall become
Hie witted Tamora to close with all,
But Tiun I have touched thee to the quick,
Thy life blood out; if Aron now be wife,
Then is all safe, the Anchor in the port.

Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow, wouldst thou speake with vs?
Clowne. Yea forsooth, & your Mistership be Emperiall.

H 2  Tamo.
The most lamentable Tragedie

Tamora. Empresse I am, but yonder fits the Emperor.
Clowne. Tis he, God and Saint Stephen give you godden,
I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons heere.

Hee reads the Letter.

Satur. Goe take him away, and hang him presently?
Clowne. How much money must I haue.
Tamora. Come sirra you must be hanged.
Clowne. Hangd be Lady, then I haue brought vp a necke
to a faire end.

Exit.

Satur. Dispitefull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villanie?
I know from whence this same deuise proceeds.
May this be borne, as if his trayterous sonnes,
That dye by law for murther of our brother,
Haue by my meanes been butchered wrongfully.
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape pruileadge,
For this proude mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man,
Sly frantick wretch, that holp't to make me great,
In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and mee.

Enter Nuntius Emilius.

Satur. What newes with thee Emilius?
Emilius. Arme my Lords, Rome never had more caule,
The Gothes have gathered head, and with a power
Of high resoluted men, bent to the spoyle,
They hither march amaine, vnder conduct
Of Lucius, sonne to old Andronicus,
Who threatens in course of this revenge to doe

As
of Titus Andronicus.

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

King. Is warlike Lucius General of the Gothe,
These eydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grasse beate downe with flourse:
I now begins our sorrowes to approach,
This the common people loue so much,
My self hath often heard them say,
When I have walked like a private man,
That Lucius banishment was wrongfully,
And they haue willed that Lucius were their Emperor.

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

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

Tamora. King, be thy thoughts impecious like thy name.
Is the Sunne durng, that Gnats doe flie in it,
The Eagle sufferes little birds to sing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure Clint their melody.
Euen so mayest thou the giddy men of Rome,
Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,
I will enchaunt the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet and yet more dangerous
Then baites to fish, or honey stalks to sheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baite,
The other rotted with delicious seede.

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

Tamora. If Tamora intreate him than he will,
For I can smooth and fill his aged cares,
With golden promises, that were his hart
Almost impregnable, his old yeares deafe,
Yet should both care and hart obey my tongue,
Goe thou before to be our Embassadour,
Say that the Emperour requests a parly,
The most lamentable Tragedie

Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
Euen at his Fathers houle the old Andronicus.

King. Emillius doe this message honourably,
And if he stand in hostage for his safety,
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 proud Lucius from the warlike Gothes,
And now sweet Emperour be blith againe,
And bury all thy fears in my deaifes.

Saturnine. Then goe successantly and pleade to him.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes, with
Drums and Soldiers.

Lucius. Approved warriers, and my faithful friends,
I haue receaued letters from great Rome,
Which signifieth what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how defious of our sight they are.
Therefore great Lords be as your tides witnes,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any skath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt,
Be bold in vs weele follow where thou leadst,
Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommers day,
Led by their Maister to the flowred fields,
And be aduengd on cursed Tamora:

And
of Titus Andronicus.

And as he spake, so say we all with him.

Lucius. I humbly thank him and I thank you all,
But who comes heere led by a lulty Goth?

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

Goth. Renowned Lucius from our troupes I straied,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie,
And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye,
Upon the wafted building sudtainly,
I heard a child cry vnderneath a wall,
I made vnto the hoise, when soone I heard,
The crying babe controd with this discourse:
Peace tawny flauce, halfe me, and halfe thy dam,
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mothers lookke,
Villaine thou mightst haue beene an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both milke white,
They neuer doe beget a cole-blacke Calfe:
Peace villaine peace, euon thus he rates the babe,
For I must beare thee to a trusty Goth,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mothers sake.
With this my weapon drawne I rufht vpon him
Surprizd him sudtainly, and brought him hither
To vse as you thinke needfull of the man.

Lucius. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuill,
That robd Andronicus of his good hand,
This is the Pearle that pleas'd your Empresse eye,
And here's the base fruite of her burning luft,
Say wall-eyd flauce whither wouldst thou conuay,
This growing Image of thy fiendlike face;
Why dooest not speake? what deafe, not a word?
The most lamentable Tragedie

A halter Souldiers, hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruite of Bastardie.

Aron. Touch not the boy, he is of Royall blood.
Lucius. Too like the sier for ever being good,
First hang the child that he may see it sparr,
A sight to vexe the Fathers soule withall.

Aron. Get me a ladder, Lucius save the child,
And beare it from me to the Empresse:
If thou doe this, ile shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to heare,
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile speake no more, but vengeance rot you all.

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

Aron. And if it please thee: why assure thee Lucius,
I will vexe thy soule to heare what I shall speake:
For I must take of murthers, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominaible deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies,
Ruthfull to heare, yet pitieously performed,
And this shall all be buried in my death,

Unless thou swearer to me my child shall live.

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

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

Lucius. Who should I swearer by, thou beleuwest no God,
That graunted, how canst thou beleue an oath.

Aron. What if I doe not, as indeede I do not,
Yet for I know thou art religious,
And haft a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I haue seen thee carefull to obserue,
Therefore I urge thy oath, for that I know,
An Ideot holds his bauble for a God,
And keepest the oath which by that God he swears,
of Titus Andronicus.

To that I'll urge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God soeere it be
That thou adorest, and hall in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Lucius. Euen by my God I sweare to thee I will.
Aron. First know thou, I begot him on the Empresse,
Lucius. Oh most inatiate and luxurious woman.
Aron. Tut Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,
Twas her two sonnes that murdered Bajazuus,
They cut thy sisters tongue and rauisht her,
And cut her hands, and trimd her as thou sawest.

Lucius. Oh detestable villaine, call'st thou that trimming,
Aron. Why she was wafted, and cut, and trimd,
And twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Lucius. Oh barberous beastly villaines like thy selfe.
Aron. Indeed I was their tutor to instruct them,
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a care as ever wone the set:
That bloody minde I thinke they learnt of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head:
Well, let my deedes be witenes of my worth,
I traynde thy brethren to that guilefull hole,
Where the dead corps of Bajazuus lay:
I wrote the Letter that thy Father found
And hid the gold within the Letter mentioned.
Confederate with the Queene, and her two sonnes.
And what not done, that thou haft cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischiefe in it,
I playd the cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my selfe a part,
And almoast broke my hart with extreame laughter,
I pried me through the crewe of a wall,

When
The most lamentable Tragedie

V When for his hand he had his two sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
And when I told the Empresse of thys sport,
Shee sound'd almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tydings gave me twenty kisles.

Gertrude

V What canst thou say all this, and never blush.

Aaron.

I like a blacke dogge as the saying is.

Lucius.

Art thou not sorry for these hainous deedes.

Aaron.

I that I had not done a thousand more,
Euen now I curse the day; and yet I thinke
Few come within the compasse of my curse,
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else accuse his death,
Mauish a mayde, or plot the way to doe it,
Accuse some innocent, and forswear my selfe,
Set deadly enmity betweene two friends,
Make poore mens cattle breake their necks,
Set fire on Barnes and haystackes in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their teares:
Oft have I dig'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their deere friends doore,
Euen when their sorrowes almost was forgot,
And on their skinnes, as on the barks of trees,
Hause with my knife carued in Romaine letters.

Let
of *Titus Andronicus.*

*Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly,
And nothing grieves me hiftily indeed,
But that I cannot do more thousand more.*

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

*eArn.* If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To lye and burne in everlafting fire,
So I might have your company in hell
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

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

*Enter Emillius.*

*Goth.* My Lord there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

*Lucius.* Let him come neere.

*VVe.ome Emillius, what's the newes from Rome?*

*Em.ilk.* Lord Lucius, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Roman Emperor greets you all by mee,
And for he understands you are in Armes,
He craves a parley at your Fathers house
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

*Goth.* What sayes our Generall?

*Lucius.* Emillius, let the Emperor giue his pledges
Unto my Father, and my Uncle Marcus,
And we will come, march away.

*Enter Tamora, and her two sonsnes disguis'd.*

*Tamora.* Thus in this strange and sad habillement,
I will encounter with Andronicus.
The most lamentable Tragedie

And say, I am Revenge sent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs,
Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,
To ruminat strange plots of diere Revenge,
Tell him Revenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confusion on his enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his studie doore.

Titus. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the doore,
That so my sad decrees may the away,
And all my study be to no effect.
You are deceau'd, for what I meane to doe,
See here in bloody lines I have set downe.
And what is written shall be executed.

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

Titus. No not a word, how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue that accord,
Thon halt the ods of me therefore no more.

Tamora. If thou didst know me thou wouldst talke with

Titus. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witness this wretched slump; witness these crimson lines,
Witness these trenchers made by griefe and care,
Witness the tyring day and heauy night,
Witness all sorow that I know thee well
For our proud Empresslee, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand.

Tamora. Know thou sad man, I am not Tamora,
She is thy enemie, and I thy friend,
I am Revenge sent from th' infernal Kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working weakefull vengeane on thy foes:

Come
of Titus Andronicus.

Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Confere with me of murder and of death,
There’s not a hollow Cause or lurking place,
No vast obscuritie or mistie vale,
Where bloody murder or detested rape,
Can couch for feare but I will finde them out,
And in their ears tell them my dreadfull name,
Reuenge which makes the soule offender quake.

Titus. Art thou Reuenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to thine enemies.

Tamora. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me?

Titus. Doe me some service ere I come to thee,
Loe by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,
Now giue some assurance that thou art Reuenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy Chariot wheeles,
And then ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
Prouide thee two proper Palfraves, black as Jet,
To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,
And finde out murder in their guilty cares.
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Trot like a seruile footeman all day long,
Euen from Epeous rising in the East,
Vntill his very downfall in the Sea.
And day by day ile doe this heauy taske,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tamora. These are my ministers and come with me.

Titus. Are them thy ministers, what are they call’d?

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

Titus. Good Lord how like the Empresse Sonnes they are,
And you the Empresse, but we worldly men
Hauue miserable mad mistaking eyes:
The most lamentable Tragedie

Oh sweet Revenge, now doe I come to thee,
And if one arms imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.

Tamora. This closing with him fits his Lunacie,
What ere I forge to feede his braine-sicke fits,
Doc you uphold, and maintaine in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,
And being credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him send for Lucius his sonne,
And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
Ile finde some cunning practicke out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddie Gothes,
Or at the least make them his enemies:
See heere he comes, and I must ply my theame.

Titus. Long have I been 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 deuill?
For well I wote the Empresse never wags
But in her company there is a Moore.
And would you represent our Queene right,
It were convenient you had such a deuill:
But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?

Tamora. What wouldst thou haue vs doe Andronicus?
Dem. Show me a murtherer ile deale with him.
Chiron. Show me a villaine that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reuengde on him.
Tamora. Show me a thousand that haue 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
of Titus Andronicus.

Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine stab him, he is a rausher.
Goe thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maist 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 beene violent to me and mine.

Tamora. Well haft thou lereond vs, this shall we doe,
But would it please thee good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius thy thrice valiant sonne,
Who leads toward Rome a band of warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
When hee is heere, even at thy solemnse feast,
I will bring in the Empresse and her sonnes,
The Emperour himselfe, and all thy fote,
And at thy mercy shall they stoope and kneele,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry hart:
What sayes Andronicus to this deuide ?

Enter Marcus.

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

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

Tamora.
The most lamentable Tragedie

Tamora. Now will I hence about thy busines,
And take my ministers along with me.
Titus. Nay, nay, let rape and murder stay with me,
Or else I'll call my brother back againe,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.
Tam. What say you boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperor,
How I have gournd our determin'd jest,
Yerke to his humour, smooth and speake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.
Titus. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will ore-reach them in their owne deuices,
A payre of cursed hell hounds and their Dame.
Deme. Madam depart at pleasure, leave vs here.
Tamora. Farewell Andronicus, Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.
Titus. I know thou dost, and sweet Revenge farewell.
Chiron. Tell vs old man, how shall we be imployed,
Titus. Tnt I haue worke enough for you to doe.
Publius come hether, Caio, and Valentine,
Publius. What is your will.
Titus. Know you these two?
Pub. The Emperesse sones I take the, Chiron, Demetrius.
Titus. For Publius fie, thou art too much deceaude,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore binde them gentle Publius,
Caio 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 cry.
Chiron. Villaines forbear, we are the Empresse sones.
Publius. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,
Is he sure bound, looke that you binde them fast.

Enter
of Titus Andronicus.

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lauinia with a Bason.

Titus. Come, come, Lauinia, looke thy foes are bound, Sirs stop their mouthes, let them not speake to me, But let them heare what fearfull words I vtte. Oh villaines, Chiron and Demetrius, Here stands the spring whom you haue stain'd with mud, This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt, You kild her husband, and for that wild fault, Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death, My hand cut off, and made a merry jest, Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more deere Than hands or tongue, her spotlesse chaflitie, Inhumaine traytors you conftraind and forst. What would you say if I should let you speake? Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace. Harke wretches how I meane to matter you, This one hand yet is left to cut your throates Whilft that Lauinia tweene her stumps doth hold, The Bason that receaues your guiltie blood. You know your Mother means to feast with me, And calls herselfe Revenge, and thinks me mad. Harke villaines, I will grinde your bones to duft, And with your blood and it, I le make a palle, And of the palle a coffen I will reare, And make two pasties of your shamefull heads, And bid that strumpet your unhallowed Dam, Like to the earth swallow her owne increase. This is the feast that I haue bid her too, And this the banquet she shall surfeet on, For worse than Philomel you vs'de my daughter, And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd.
The most lamentable Tragedie

And now prepare your throates, Lavinia come,
Receive the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hatefull liquor temper it,
And in that paste let their vile heads be bakt,
Come, come, be every one officius,
To make this banquet, which I wish may prove
More sterne and bloody than the Centaurs feast.
He cuts their throates.

So now bring them in, for he play the Cooke,
And see them readye against their mother comes.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

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

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

Lucius. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous Moore,
This rauenous Tiger, this accursed devill,
Let him receaue no sustinance, fetter him,
Tell he be brought vnto the Empresse face,
For testimonie of her soule proceedings,
And see the Ambush of our friendes be strong,
I feare the Emperour meanes no good to vs.

Moore. Some devill whisper curfes in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may vttre forth,
The venemous mallice of my swelling hart.

Lucius. Away inhuman dogge, unhallowed slauke,
Sirs, helpe our vnckle to convoy him in,
The trumpets shewe the Emperour is at hand.

Sound trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empresse, with
Tribunes and others.

King. What hath the firmament moe sunnes than one?

Lucius.
of Titus Andronicus.

Lucius. What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a sunne?

Marcus. Romes Emperour and Nephew break the peace,
These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The feast is ready which the careful Titus,
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league and good to Rome,
Please you therefore draw mie and take your places.

Empe. Marcus we will.

Sound trumpets, enter Titus like a Cooke placing the meate on the table, and Latinia with a vail over her face.

Titus. Welcom my gracious Lord, welcom dread Queene,
Welcome yee warlike Gothes, welcome Lucius,
And welcome all although the cheere bee poore,
Twill fill your stomacks, please you see oth.

King. Why art thou thus attired Andronicus?

Titus. Because I would be sure to haue all well,
To entertaine your highnes and your Empresse,
Tam. We are beholding to you good Andronicus.

Titus. And if your highnes knew my hart you were,
My Lord the Emperour resolue me this,
Was it well doone of rafe Virginius
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand,
Because shee was enforst, stained, and deslowde?

King. It was Andronicus.

Titus. Your reason mightie Lord.

King. Because the girlie should not suruive her shame,
And by her presence still remme his forrowes.

Titus. A reason mightie, strong, and effectuall,
A pattern, president, and liuely warrant,
For the most wretched to performe the like,
Die, die, Latinia, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy Fathers sorrow die.

King. What hast thou done, unnatural and vnkinde,
The most lamentable Tragedie

Tit. Kild her for whom my teares have made me blind.

I am as wofull as Virginus was,

And have a thousand times more cause then he,

To doe this outrage, and it now is done.

King. What was she raui/ht, tell who did the deed.

Tuts. Wilt please you eate, wilt please your highnes feed.

Tam. Why haft thou slaine thine onely daughter thus?

Tuts. Not I, twas Chiron and Demetrius.

They raui/ht her, and cut away her tongue,

And they, twas they, that did her all this wrong.

King. Goe fetch them hether to vs presently.

Tuts. Why there they are both, baked in that pie.

Whereof theyr mother daintilie hath fed

Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred.

Tis true, tis true, witnes my kniues sharpe point.

He stab the Empresse.

Empe. Die franticke wretch for this accursed deed.

Lucius. Can the sones eye behold his father bleede?

There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deed.

Marcus. You sad sace men, people and sons of Rome,

By vprores feuerd as a flight of fowle,

Scatterd by windes and high tempeftious gusts,

Oh let me teach you how to knit againe

This seattred corne into one mutuell sheaffe,

These broken limbs againe into one body.

Roman Lord. Let Rome herselfe be bane vnto herselfe,

And shee whom mightie kingdoms curse too,

Like a forlorne and desperate cast away,

Doe shamefull execution on herselfe.

But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,

Grave witnesses of true experience,

Cannot induce you to attend my words,

Speake Romes decree friend, as erst our Ancestor,
of *Titus Andronicus*.

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To loue-sicke Didoes sad attending care,
The story of that balefull burning night,
When subtile Greetes surprizd King Priams Troy.
Tell vs what Simon hath bewitcht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in
That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.
My hart is not compaft of flint nor Steele,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grieue,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
And breake my vtrance euin in the time,
When it should moue you to attend me moft,
Lending your kind commiseration,
Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,
Your harts will throb and wepe to heare him speake.

Lucius. Then noble auditory be it knowne to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetius
Were they that murdred our Emperours brother,
And they it were that rauished our sister,
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares defpotted, and basely coufend,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And sent her enemies vnto the grave.
Lastly my selfe vnkindly banished,
The gates shut on me and turnd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among Romes enemies,
Who drownd their enmity in my true teares,
And opt their armes to imbrace me as a friend,
I am the turned forth be it knowne to you,
That haue prefered her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosome tooke the enemies point,
Sheathing the Steele in my aduentrous body.
Alas you know I am no vaunter I,
My tears can witness dumb although they are,
The most lamentable Tragedie

That my report is just and full of truth,
But soft, me thinks I doe digresse too much,
Crying my worthlesse praise, Oh pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marcus. Now is my turne to speake, behold the child,
Of this was Tamora deliuered,
The issue of an irreligious Moore,
Chiefest architect and plotter of these woes,
The villaine is abuie in Titus house,
And as he is to witnes this is true,
Now judge what course had Titus to reuenge.
These wrongs vs speakeable past patience,
Or more than any living man could beare.
Now you haue heard the truth, what say you Romaines?
Haue we done ought amiss, shew us wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of Andronicus
Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,
And on the ragged stones beate forth our brains,
And make a mutuall closure of our house:
Speake Romaines speake, and if you say we shal,
Lucius hand in hand Lucius and I will fall.

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

Marcus. Lucius, all haile Romes royall Emperour,
Goe goe into old Titus sorrowfull house,
And hither hale that misbeleeuing Moore,
To be adiudge some direfull slaughtring death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouernour.

Lucius. Thanks gentle Romaines may I gouerne so,
To heale Romes harms, and wipe away her woe,

But
of Titus Andronicus.

But gentle people give me a myne a while,
For nature puts me to a heauie taske,
Stand all a loose, but Vnkle draw you neere,
To shed obsequious teares vpon this trunke,
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowfull drops vpon thy blood slaine face,
The last true duties of thy noble soume.

Marcus. Teare for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,
Thy brother Marcus tendes on thy lips,
Oh were the summe of these that I should pay,
Countlessse and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Lucius. Come hither boy come, come and leare of vs
To melt in showers, thy Grandfire lou'd thee well,
Many a time he daunst thee on his knee,
Sung thee a sleepe, his louing breaste thy pillow,
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Mette and agreeing with thine infancie,
In that respect then, like a louing child.
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so,
Friends should associate friends in grieve and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave,
Doe them that kindnes, and take leave of them.

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

Romaine. You sad Andronic have done with woes,
Glue sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath bene breeder of these dire events.

Lucius. Set him breastedeepe in earth and famish him,
There let him stand and rave and cry for foode,
If any one releuues or pitties him,
For the offence he dies, this is our doome.
The most lamentable Tragedie

Some stay to see him fastned in the earth.

Aron. Ah why should wrath be mute and fury dumb,
I am no baby I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I haue done,
Ten thousand worse than euer yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will,
If one good deede in all my life I did
I doe repent it from my very soule.

Lucius. Some louing friends convoy th'Emperor hence,
And giue him buriall in his Fathers graue,
My Father and Launia shall forthwith
Be closed in our households monument:
As for that hainous Tiger Tamora,
No funerall right, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournfull bell shall ring her buriall.
But throw her forth to beasts and birds to pray,
Her life was beastly and detuode of pitty,
And being so, shall haue like want of pitty.
See justice done on Aron that damn'd Moore,
By whom our heauie haps had their beginning:
That afterwards to order well the state,
That like events may mercit ruinate.

FINIS