

**Landesbibliothek Oldenburg**

**Digitalisierung von Drucken**

**The Works Of Shakespear**

In Six Volumes ; Adorned With Sculptures

Consisting Of Tragedies

**Shakespear, William**

**Oxford, 1771**

Titus Andronicus.

**urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-2262**



*F. Hayman inv.*

*J. Gravelot sculp.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS. Act. 4. Sc. 3.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY

STATIONER, 207 N. 1st St., Philadelphia, Pa.



Titus Andronicus, a Verse Roman, General against the Goths.  
Marcus Andronicus, Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.

# TITUS

# ANDRONICUS.



SCENE Rome, and the Country near it.

Vol. V.

D d d



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declar'd Emperor himself.*

BESSIANUS, *Brother to SATURNINUS, in love with LAVINIA.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a Noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to TITUS.*

MARCUS,

QUINTUS,

LUCIUS,

MUTIUS,

Young LUCIUS, *a Boy, Son to LUCIUS.*

PUBLIUS, *Son to MARCUS ANDRONICUS the Tribune.*

ALARBUS,

CHIRON,

DEMETRIUS,

AARON, *a Moor, belov'd by TAMORA.*

ÆMILIUS, *a Roman.*

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to SATURNINUS.*

LAVINIA, *Daughter to TITUS ANDRONICUS.*

*A Nurse with a blackamoor Child.*

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

SCENE Rome, and the Country near it.

TITUS

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
<sup>a</sup>TITUS ANDRONICUS.  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome.

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

SATURNINUS.

**N**OBLE patricians, patrons of my right,  
Defend the justice of my cause with arms:  
And, countrymen, my loving followers,  
Plead my successive title with your swords.  
I am the first-born son of him that last

Wore the imperial diadem of *Rome*:  
Then let my father's honours live in me,  
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

*Bas.* Romans, friends, foll'wers, favourers of my right,  
If ever *Bassianus*, *Cæsar's* son,  
Were gracious in the eyes of royal *Rome*,  
Keep then this passage to the capitol;  
And suffer not dishonour to approach  
Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,  
To justice, continence, and nobility:  
But let desert in pure election shine;  
And, *Romans*, fight for freedom in your choice.

<sup>a</sup> This is one of the plays which ought not to be look'd upon to be of Shakespear's composition. By giving it the credit of a few of his lines inserted here and there he got the discredit of writing the whole.

D d d 2

Enter



*Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the crown.*

*Mar.* Princes, that strive by factions and by friends,  
Ambitiously for rule and empery,  
Know, that the people of *Rome*, for whom we stand  
A special party, have, by common voice,  
In free election for the *Roman* empery,  
Chosen *Andronicus*, surnamed *Pius*,  
For many good and great deserts to *Rome*;  
A nobler man, a braver warrior,  
Lives not this day within our city walls:  
He by the senate is accited home,  
From weary wars against the barbarous *Goths*,  
That, with his sons (a terrour to our foes)  
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.  
Ten years are spent since first he undertook  
This cause of *Rome*, and chastised with arms  
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd  
Bleeding to *Rome*, bearing his valiant sons  
In coffins from the field;  
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,  
Returns the good *Andronicus* to *Rome*,  
Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in arms.  
Let us entreat, by honour of his name,  
Whom (worthily) you would have now succeed,  
And in the capitol and senate's right,  
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,  
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;  
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,  
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

*Sat.* How fair the tribune speaks, to calm my thoughts!

*Bas.* *Marcus Andronicus*, so I do affy  
In thy uprightness and integrity,  
And so I love and honour thee and thine,  
Thy noble brother *Titus*, and his sons,  
And her to whom our thoughts are humbled all,

Gracious

Gracious *Lavinia*, *Rome's* rich ornament,  
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;  
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,  
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

*Sat.* Friends that have been thus forward in my right,  
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;  
And to the love and favour of my country  
Commit myself, my person and the cause. —  
*Rome*, be as just and gracious unto me,  
As I am confident and kind to thee. —  
Open the gates, and let me in.

*Bas.* Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.  
[*they go up into the Senate-house.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter a Captain.*

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

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

*Tit.* Hail, *Rome*, victorious in thy mourning weeds!  
Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her freight,  
Returns with precious lading to the bay,  
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,  
Cometh *Andronicus* with laurel boughs,  
To resalute his country with his tears;

Tears



Tears of true joy, for his return to *Rome*. —  
 Thou great defender of this capitol,  
 Stand gracious to the rites that we intend! —  
*Romans*, of five and twenty valiant sons,  
 Half of the number that king *Priam* had,  
 Behold the poor remains alive and dead!  
 These that survive, let *Rome* reward with love;  
 These that I bring unto their latest home,  
 With burial among their ancestors:  
 Here *Goths* have given me leave to sheath my sword.  
*Titus*, unkind, and careless of thine own,  
 Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,  
 To hover on the dreadful shore of *Styx*? —  
 Make way to lay them by their brethren. — [*they open the tomb.*  
 There greet in silence, as the dead art wont,  
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!  
 O sacred receptacle of my joys,  
 Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,  
 How many sons of mine hast thou in store,  
 That thou wilt never render to me more!  
*Luc.* Give us the proudest prisoner of the *Goths*,  
 That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,  
*Ad manes fratrum* sacrifice his flesh,  
 Before this earthly prison of their bones:  
 That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,  
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.  
*Tit.* I give him you, the noblest that survives,  
 The eldest son of this distressed queen.  
*Tam.* Stay, *Roman* brethren; — gracious conqueror,  
 Victorious *Titus*, rue the tears I shed,  
 A mother's tears in passion for her son:  
 And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,  
 O think my sons to be as dear to me.  
 Sufficeth not, that we are brought to *Rome*,  
 To beautify thy triumphs and return,  
 Captive to thee and to thy *Roman* yoke?

But



But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,  
For valiant doings in their country's cause?  
O! if to fight for king and commonweal  
Were piety in thine, it is in these.

*Andronicus*, stain not thy tomb with blood:  
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?  
Draw near them then in being merciful;  
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Thrice noble *Titus*, spare my first-born son.

*Tit.* Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.  
These are their brethren, whom you *Goths* behold  
Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain  
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:

To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,  
T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

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

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

*Tam.* O cruel irreligious piety!

*Chi.* Was ever *Scythia* half so barbarous?

*Dem.* Oppose not *Scythia* to ambitious *Rome*.

*Alarbus* goes to rest, and we survive  
To tremble under *Titus*' threat'ning looks.  
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,  
The selfsame gods that arm'd the queen of *Troy*  
With opportunity of sharp revenge  
Upon the *Thracian*'s tyrant in her tent,  
May favour *Tamora* the queen of *Goths*,  
(When *Goths* were *Goths*, and *Tamora* was queen)  
To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Reenter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus, and Lucius.*

*Luc.* See, lord and father, how we have perform'd

\* Polymnestor, whose eyes were pull'd out and sons murder'd by Hecuba, in revenge for his having treacherously slain her son Polydore. Euripid. in Hec.

Our



Our *Roman* rites: *Alarbus*' limbs are lop'd,  
 And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,  
 Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.  
 Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,  
 And with loud larums welcome them to *Rome*.

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

[*then sound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.*  
 In peace and honour rest you here, my sons,  
*Rome's* readiest champions, repose you here,  
 Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!  
 Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,  
 Here grow no damned grudges; here no storms,  
 No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:  
 In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Lavinia.*

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

*Tit.* Kind *Rome*, that hast thus lovingly preserv'd  
 The cordial of mine age, to glad mine heart!—

*Lavinia*, live, outlive thy father's days,  
 In fame's eternal date for virtue's praise!

*Mar.* Long live lord *Titus*, my beloved brother,  
 Gracious triumpher in the eyes of *Rome*!

*Tit.* Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother *Marcus*.

*Mar.* And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,  
 You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!

Fair

Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,  
That in your country's service drew your swords:  
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp  
That hath aspir'd to *Solon's* happiness,  
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed. —

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

*Tit.* A better head her glorious body fits,  
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:  
What should I don this robe, and trouble you?  
Be chose with proclamations to-day,  
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,  
And set abroad new business for you all?  
*Rome*, I have been thy soldier forty years,  
And led my country's strength successfully,  
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,  
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,  
In right and service of their noble country.  
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,  
But not a sceptre to control the world;  
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

*Mar.* *Titus*, thou shalt obtain the empery.

*Sat.* Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

*Tit.* Patience, prince *Saturnine*!

*Sat.* *Romans*, do me right! —

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not  
Till *Saturninus* be *Rome's* emperor. —

*Andronicus*, 'would thou wert ship'd to hell,  
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

*Luc.* Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good

VOL. V.

E e e

That



That noble-minded *Titus* means to thee!

*Tit.* Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee  
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

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

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

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

*Tit.* Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,  
That you create your emperor's eldest son,  
Lord *Saturnine*; whose virtues will, I hope,  
Reflect on *Rome*, as *Titan's* rays on earth,  
And ripen justice in this commonweal.  
Then, if you will elect by my advice,  
Crown him, and say, *Long live our emperor!*

*Mar.* With voices and applause of every sort,  
Patricians, and plebeians, we create  
Lord *Saturninus*, *Rome's* great emperor;  
And say, *Long live our emperor Saturnine!*

[a long flourish till they come down.]

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

*Tit.*

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

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

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

*Sat.* A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue [to Tamora.  
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—  
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;  
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,  
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in *Rome*:  
Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent  
Daunt all your hopes: madam, who comforts you  
Can make you greater than the queen of *Goths*.—  
*Lavinia*, you are not displeas'd with this?

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

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

*Bas.* Lord *Titus*, by your leave this maid is mine.

*Tit.* How, sir? are you in earnest then, my lord? [seizing Lavinia:

*Bas.* Ay, noble *Titus*; and resolv'd withal,



To do myself this reason and this right.

[*the emperor courts Tamora in dumb show.*]

*Mar.* *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:

This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

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

*Tit.* Traitors, avant! — Where is the emperor's guard? —  
Treason, my lord; *Lavinia* is surpriz'd.

*Sat.* Surpriz'd! by whom?

*Bas.* By him that justly may  
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exit Bassianus with Lavinia.*]

S C E N E IV.

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

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

*Mut.* My lord, you pass not here.

*Tit.* What, villain-boy!

Barr'ft me my way in *Rome*?

[*he kills him.*]

*Mut.* Help, *Lucius*, help.

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

*Tit.* Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:  
My sons would never so dishonour me.

Traitor, restore *Lavinia* to the emperor.

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

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

Was there none else in *Rome* to make a stale of  
But *Saturnine*? full well, *Andronicus*,  
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,  
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

*Tit.*

*Tit.* O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

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

*Tit.* These words are razors to my wounded heart.

*Sat.* And therefore, lovely *Tamora* queen of *Goths*,  
That, like the stately *Phæbe* 'mong her nymphs,  
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of *Rome*,  
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,  
Behold, I choose thee, *Tamora*, for my bride,  
And will create thee emperess of *Rome*.  
Speak, queen of *Goths*, dost thou applaud my choice?  
And here I swear by all the *Roman* gods,  
(Sith priest and holy water are so near,  
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing  
In readiness for *Hymæneus* stands,)  
I will not resalute the streets of *Rome*,  
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place  
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

*Tam.* And here in sight of heav'n to *Rome* I swear,  
If *Saturnine* advance the queen of *Goths*,  
She will a handmaid be to his desires,  
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

*Sat.* Ascend, fair queen, *Pantheon*. — Lords, accompany  
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,  
Sent by the heavens for prince *Saturnine*,  
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:  
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

*Manet* Titus Andronicus.

*Tit.* I am not bid to wait upon this bride.  
*Titus*, when wert thou wont to walk alone,

Dishonour'd



Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

*Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, and Marcus.*

*Mar.* O, *Titus*, see, o, see what thou hast done!  
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

*Tit.* No, foolish tribune, no: no son of mine,  
Nor thou, nor these confederates in the deed,  
That hath dishonour'd all our family;  
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

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

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

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

*Sons.* And shall, or him we will accompany.

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

*Quin.* He that would vouch't in any place but here.

*Tit.* What, would you bury him in my despite?

*Mar.* No, noble *Titus*, but entreat of thee,  
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

*Tit.* *Marcus*, ev'n thou hast struck upon my crest,  
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded.  
My foes I do repute you every one;  
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

*Luc.* He is not well himself, let us withdraw.

*Quin.* Not I, till *Mutius'* bones be buried.

[*the brother and the sons kneel.*]

*Mar.* Brother, for in that name doth nature plead, —

*Quin.* Father, and in that name doth nature speak, —

*Tit.* Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

*Mar.*



*Mar.* Renowned *Titus*, more than half my soul!

*Luc.* Dear father, soul and substance of us all!

*Mar.* Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to inter  
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,

That died in honour, and *Lavinia's* cause.

Thou art a *Roman*, be not barbarous.

The *Greeks* upon advice did bury *Ajax*

That slew himself; and wife *Laertes'* son

Did graciously plead for his funerals.

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

Be barr'd his entrance here.

*Tit.* Rise, *Marcus*, rise: —

The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in *Rome!* —

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*they put him in the tomb.*]

*Luc.* There lie thy bones, sweet *Mutius*, with thy friends,  
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!

[*they all kneel, and say,*

No man shed tears for noble *Mutius!*

He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cause.

*Mar.* My lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,

How comes it that the subtle queen of *Goths*

Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in *Rome?*

*Tit.* I know not, *Marcus*; but, I know, it is:

If by device or no, the heav'ns can tell:

Is she not then beholden to the man,

That brought her for this high good turn so far?

#### SCENE VI.

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

*Sat.* So, *Bassianus*, you have play'd your prize;  
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

*Bas.*



*Baf.* And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,  
Nor with no less; and so I take my leave.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Sat.* What, madam, be dishonour'd openly,  
And basely put it up without revenge?

*Tam.* Not so, my lord; the gods of *Rome* forefend,  
I should be author to dishonour you!  
But, on mine honour dare I undertake

For

For good lord *Titus*' innocence in all;  
 Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:  
 Then at my suit look graciously on him,  
 Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,  
 Nor with four looks afflict his gentle heart. —  
 My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last, [aside.  
 Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:  
 You are but newly planted in your throne;  
 Lest then the people and patricians too  
 Upon a just survey take *Titus*' part,  
 And so supplant us for ingratitude,  
 Which *Rome* reputes to be a heinous sin,  
 Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:  
 I'll find a day to massacre them all,  
 And rase their faction, and their family,  
 The cruel father, and his traiterous sons,  
 To whom I sued for my dear son's life;  
 And make them know what 'tis to let a queen  
 Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain. —  
 Come, come, sweet emperor, — come, *Andronicus*, — [aloud.  
 Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart,  
 That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

*Sat.* Rise, *Titus*, rise; my empress hath prevail'd,

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

*Tam.* *Titus*, I am incorporate in *Rome*,  
 A *Roman* now adopted happily,  
 And must advise the emperor for his good.  
 This day all quarrels die, *Andronicus*;  
 And let it be my honour, good my lord,  
 That I have reconcil'd your friends and you. —  
 For you, prince *Bassianus*, I have pass'd  
 My word and promise to the emperor,  
 That you will be more mild and tractable. —  
 And fear not, lords; — and you, *Lavinia*,  
 By my advice, all humbled on your knees,

VOL. V.

F f f

You



You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

*Luc.* We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,  
That what we did was mildly, as we might,  
Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own.

*Mar.* That on mine honour here I do protest.

*Sat.* Away, and talk not, trouble us no more.

*Tam.* Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends.  
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;  
I will not be denied, sweet-heart, look back.

*Sat. Marcus,* for thy sake and thy brother's here,  
And at my lovely *Tamora's* entreats,  
I do remit these young men's heinous faults. —

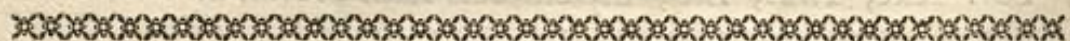
*Lavinia,* though you left me like a churl,  
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,  
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.

Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,  
You are my guest, *Lavinia,* and your friends: —  
This day shall be a love-day, *Tamora.*

*Tit.* To-morrow, an it please your majesty  
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,  
With horn and hound we'll give your grace *bonjour.*

*Sat.* Be it so, *Titus,* and gramercy too!

[*Exeunt.*]



## ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome.

*Enter Aaron alone.*

AARON.

NOW climbeth *Tamora Olympus'* top,  
Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft,  
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash,  
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.  
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,

And,

And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,  
Gallops the zodiack in his glitt'ring coach,  
And overlooks the highest peering hills:

So *Tamora*.

Upon her will doth earthly honour wait,  
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.  
Then, *Aaron*, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,  
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,  
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long  
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;  
And faster bound to *Aaron's* charming eyes,  
Than is *Prometheus* ty'd to *Caucasus*.

Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!

I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,

To wait upon this new-made emperess.

To wait upon, said I? to wanton with

This queen, this goddess, this *Semiramis*;

This *Syren*, that will charm *Rome's Saturnine*,

And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.

Holla! what storm is this?

S C E N E II.

*Enter Chiron, and Demetrius.*

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

*Chi.* *Demetrius*, thou dost overween in all,  
And so in this, to bear me down with braves:

'Tis not the difference of a year or two

Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate;

I am as able, and as fit as thou,

To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;

And that my sword upon thee shall approve,

And plead my passion for *Lavinia's* love.

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

F f f 2

*Dem.*



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

*Cbi.* Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,  
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

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

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

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

*Dem.* For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,  
Foul-spoken coward! thou thunder'ft with thy tongue,  
And with thy weapon nothing dar'ft perform.

*Aar.* Away, I say. —  
Now by the gods that warlike *Goths* adore,  
This petty brabble will undo us all. —  
Why, lords, — and think you not how dangerous  
It is to jet upon a prince's right?  
What, is *Lavinia* then become so loose,  
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,  
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,  
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?  
Young lords, beware! — and should the empress know  
This discord's ground, the musick would not please.

*Cbi.* I care not, I, knew she and all the world;

I love

I love *Lavinia* more than all the world.

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

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

*Dem.* *Aaron*, a thousand deaths  
Would I propose, to atchieve her whom I love.

*Aar.* To atchieve her! how?

*Dem.* Why mak'st thou it so strange?  
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;  
She is a woman, therefore may be won;  
She is *Lavinia*, therefore must be lov'd.  
What, man! more water glideth by the mill  
Than wots the miller of, and easy it is  
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:  
Though *Bassianus* be the emperor's brother,  
Better than he have yet worn *Vulcan's* badge.

*Aar.* Ay, and as good as *Saturninus* may.

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

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

*Chi.* Ay, so the turn were served.

*Dem.* *Aaron*, thou hast hit it.

*Aar.* 'Would you had hit it too;  
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.  
Why, hark ye, hark ye; — and are you such fools  
To square for this? would it offend you then  
That both should speed?

*Chi.* 'Faith, not me.

*Dem.* No, nor me.

*Aar.*



*Aar.* For shame, be friends; and join for that you jar.  
 'Tis policy and stratagem must do  
 That you affect, and so must you resolve,  
 That what you cannot as you would atchieve,  
 You must perforce accomplish as you may.  
 Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste  
 Than this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus*' love.  
 A speedier course than ling'ring languishment  
 Must ye pursue, and I have found the path.  
 My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;  
 There will the lovely *Roman* ladies troop:  
 The forest walks are wide and spacious,  
 And many unfrequented plots there are,  
 Fitted by kind for rape and villany:  
 Single you thither then this dainty doe,  
 And strike her home by force, if not by words:  
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.  
 Come, come, our empress with her sacred wit  
 To villany and vengeance consecrate,  
 We will acquaint with all that we intend,  
 And she shall file our engines with advice,  
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,  
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.  
 The emperor's court is like the house of fame,  
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:  
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;  
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;  
 There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's eye,  
 And revel in *Lavinia*'s treasury.

*Cbi.* Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardise.

*Dem.* *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream  
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,  
*Per Styga, per manes vehor.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE



## S C E N E III.

## A Forest.

*Enter Titus Andronicus and his three Sons, with bounds and horns, and Marcus.*

*Tit.* **T**HE hunt is up, the morn is bright and gay,  
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:  
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,  
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,  
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal  
That all the court may echo with the noise.  
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,  
To tend the emperor's person carefully:  
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,  
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Wind horns. Here a cry of bounds, and wind horns in a peal:  
then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron,  
Demetrius, and their Attendants.*

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

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

*Bas. Lavinia,* how say you?

*Lav.* Why, I say, no:

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

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

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

*Tit.*



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

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

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Aaron alone.*

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

*Enter Tamora.*

*Tam.* My lovely *Aaron*, wherefore look'st thou sad,  
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?  
The birds chant melody on every bush,  
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,  
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,  
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:  
Under their sweet shade, *Aaron*, let us sit;  
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,  
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,  
As if a double hunt were heard at once,  
Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise:  
And after conflict such as was suppos'd  
The wand'ring prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,  
When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,  
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,  
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,  
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber,

Whilst

Whilst hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,  
Be unto us as is a nurse's song  
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

*Aar.* Madam, though *Venus* govern your desires,  
*Saturn* is dominator over mine:

What signifies my deadly standing eye,  
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,  
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,  
Even as an adder when she doth unrol  
To do some fatal execution?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs;  
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,  
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

Hark, *Tamora*, (the empress of my soul,  
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee)

This is the day of doom for *Bassianus*;

His *Philomel* must lose her tongue to-day,

Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,

And wash their hands in *Bassianus*' blood.

See'st thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,

And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll:

Now question me no more, we are espied;

Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,

Which dread not yet their lives' destruction.

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

*Aar.* No more, great empress; *Bassianus* comes:

Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy sons

To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [Exit.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Bassianus, and Lavinia.*

*Bas.* Whom have we here? *Rome's* royal emperess?

Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troops?

Or is it *Dian* habited like her,

Who hath abandoned her holy groves,



To see the general hunting in this forest?

*Tam.* Saucy controller of our private steps!  
Had I the power, that, some say, *Dian* had,  
Thy temples should be planted presently  
With horns, as was *Actæon's*; and the hounds  
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,  
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

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

*Baf.* Believe me, queen, your swarth *Cimmerian*  
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,  
Spotted, detested, and abominable.  
Why are you sequester'd from all your train?  
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,  
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,  
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moor*,  
If foul desire had not conducted you?

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

*Baf.* The king my brother shall have note of this.

*Lav.* Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.  
Good king, to be so mightily abused!

*Tam.* Why have I patience to endure all this?

*Enter Chiron, and Demetrius.*

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

*Tam.* Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?  
These two have tic'd me hither to this place,

A barren

A barren detested vale you see it is.  
 The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,  
 O'ercome with moss, and baleful miffelto:  
 Here never shines the sun, here nothing breeds,  
 Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.  
 And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,  
 They told me, here at dead time of the night,  
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,  
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,  
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,  
 As any mortal body, hearing it,  
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.  
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,  
 But straight they told me they would bind me here,  
 Unto the body of a dismal yew,  
 And leave me to this miserable death.  
 And then they call'd me foul adulterers,  
 Lascivious *Goths*, and all the bitterest terms  
 That ever ear did hear to such effect.  
 And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,  
 This vengeance on me had they executed:  
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,  
 Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

*Dem.* This is a witness that I am thy son. [*Stabs Bassianus.*]

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

[*Stabs him.*]

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

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

*Dem.* Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;  
 First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.

This minion stood upon her chastity,  
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,  
 And with that painted cope she braves your mightiness:  
 And shall she carry this unto her grave?

G g g 2

*Chi.*



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

*Tam.* But when you have the honey you desire,  
 Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

*Cbi.* I warrant, madam, we will make that sure. —  
 Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy  
 That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

*Lav.* O *Tamora*, thou bear'st a woman's face —

*Tam.* I will not hear her speak; away with her!

*Lav.* Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

*Dem.* Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory  
 To see her tears; but be your heart to them,  
 As unrelenting flints to drops of rain.

*Lav.* When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?  
 O, do not teach her wrath; she taught it thee.  
 The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;  
 Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.  
 Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;  
 Do thou entreat her, show a woman pity.

*Cbi.* What! wouldst thou have me prove 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, that ravens foster forlorn children,  
 The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:  
 O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,  
 Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

*Tam.* I know not what it means; away with her.

*Lav.* O, let me teach thee for my father's sake,  
 (That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee)  
 Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

*Tam.* Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,  
 Even for his sake am I now pitiless:  
 Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,

To

To save your brother from the sacrifice;  
 But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent:  
 Therefore away and use her as you will,  
 The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

*Lav.* O *Tamora*, be call'd a gentle queen,  
 And with thine own hands kill me in this place:  
 For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;  
 Poor I was slain when *Bassianus* dy'd.

*Tam.* What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

*Lav.* 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,  
 That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:  
 O, keep me from their worse-than-killing lust,  
 And tumble me into some loathsome pit,  
 Where never man's eye may behold my body:  
 Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

*Tam.* So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.  
 No; let them satisfy their lust on thee.

*Dem.* Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

*Lav.* No grace? no womanhood? ah beastly creature!  
 The blot and enemy of our general name!  
 Confusion fall —

*Chi.* Nay, then I'll stop your mouth: — bring thou her husband:  
[dragging off Lavinia.]

This is the hole where *Aaron* bid us hide him. [Exeunt.]

*Tam.* Farewel, my sons; see that ye make her sure. —  
 Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,  
 Till all th' *Andronici* be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely *Moor*,  
 And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [Exit.]

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Marcus.*

*Aar.* Come on, my lords, the better foot before;  
 Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,  
 Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

*Quin.*



*Quin.* My fight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

*Mar.* And mine, I promise you: were't not for shame,  
Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while.

[*Marcus falls into the pit.*]

*Quin.* What, art thou fall'n? what subtle hole is this,  
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,  
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,  
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?  
A very fatal place it seems to me: —

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

*Mar.* O brother, with the dismallest object  
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

*Aar.* Now will I fetch the king to find them here, [aside.  
That he thereby may have a likely guess,  
How these were they that made away his brother. [*Exit Aaron.*]

S C E N E VII.

*Mar.* Why dost not comfort me, and help me out  
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

*Quin.* I am surpris'd with an uncouth fear:  
A killing sweat o'erruns my trembling joints;  
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

*Mar.* To prove thou hast a true divining heart,  
*Aaron* and thou look down into the den,  
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

*Quin.* *Aaron* is gone; and my compassionate heart  
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold  
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:  
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now  
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

*Mar.* Lord *Bassianus* lies imbrued here,  
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,  
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

*Quin.* If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

*Mar.* Upon his bloody finger he doth wear

A precious



A precious ring, that lightens all the hole ;  
Which, like a taper in some monument,  
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,  
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit.

So pale did shine the moon on *Pyramus*,  
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.

O brother, help me with thy fainting hand  
(If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath)

Out of this fell devouring receptacle,

As hateful as *Cocytus*' misty mouth.

*Quin.* Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out ;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,

I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb

Of this deep pit, poor *Bassianus*' grave.

I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

*Mar.* And I no strength to climb without thy help.

*Quin.* Thy hand once more I will not lose again,

Till thou art here aloft, or I below.

Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[falls in.

S C E N E VIII.

*Enter the Emperor, and Aaron.*

*Sat.* Along with me: I'll see what hole is here ;  
And what he is that now is leap'd into't. —  
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend  
Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

*Mar.* Th' unhappy son of old *Andronicus* ;  
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,  
To find thy brother *Bassianus* dead.

*Sat.* My brother dead ! I know, thou dost but jest :  
He and his lady both are at the lodge,  
Upon the north-side of this pleasant chafe ;  
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

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

*Enter*



*Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.*

*Tam.* Where is my lord the king?

*Sat.* Here, *Tamora*, though griev'd with killing grief.

*Tam.* Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?

*Sat.* Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;  
Poor *Bassianus* here lies murdered.

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

[*She giveth Saturninus a letter.*

*Saturninus reads the letter.*

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

*Sat.* O *Tamora*, was ever heard the like!  
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:  
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out  
That should have murder'd *Bassianus* here.

*Aar.* My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

*Sat.* Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,  
Have here bereft my brother of his life. — [to Titus.  
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison,  
There let them bide until we have devis'd  
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

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

*Tit.* High emperor, upon my feeble knee

I beg

I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,  
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,  
(Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them) —

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

*Tam.* *Andronicus* himself did take it up.

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

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

*Tam.* *Andronicus*, I will entreat the king;  
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

*Tit.* Come, *Lucius*, come; stay not to talk with them. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E IX.

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

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

*Chi.* Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,  
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

*Dem.* See, how with signs and tokens she can scrowle.

*Chi.* Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

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

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

*Dem.* If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord. [*Exeunt.*]



## SCENE X.

*Enter Marcus to Lavinia.*

*Mar.* Who's this, my niece, that flies away so fast?  
 Cousin, a word; where is your husband? say:  
 If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!  
 If I do wake, some planet strike me down,  
 That I may slumber in eternal sleep!  
 Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands  
 Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare  
 Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,  
 Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,  
 And might not gain so great a happiness,  
 As have thy love? why dost not speak to me?  
 Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,  
 Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,  
 Doth rise and fall between thy rosy lips,  
 Coming and going with thy honey breath.  
 But, sure, some *Tereus*\* hath deflowered thee,  
 And lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.  
 Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame:  
 And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,  
 (As from a conduit with three issuing spouts)  
 Yet do thy cheeks look red as *Titan's* face,  
 Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.  
 Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?  
 O that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,  
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind!  
 Sorrow concealed, like an oven stop'd,  
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.  
 Fair *Philomela*, she but lost her tongue,  
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind,  
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;  
 A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met withal,  
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off

[\* *Tereus* was a king of Thrace, who ravished his sister *Philomela*, and cut out her tongue, that she should not tell. *Dr. Grey.*]

That

That could have better sew'd than *Philomel*.  
 O, had the monster seen those lily hands  
 Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,  
 And make the filken strings delight to kiss them,  
 He would not then have touch'd them for his life.  
 Or, had he heard the heav'nly harmony,  
 Which that sweet tongue of thine hath often made,  
 He would have drop'd his knife, and fall'n asleep,  
 As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* poet's feet.  
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;  
 For such a fight will blind a father's eye.  
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;  
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?  
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:  
 O could our mourning ease thy misery! [Exeunt.]

\*\*\*\*\*

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Street in Rome.*

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

TITUS.

HEAR me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!  
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent  
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;  
 For all my blood in *Rome's* great quarrel shed;  
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;  
 And for these bitter tears, which you now see  
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;  
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,  
 Whose souls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought!

H h h 2

For



For two and twenty sons I never wept,  
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

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

For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write  
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears:  
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite,  
My sons sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,  
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,  
Than youthful *April* shall with all his showers:  
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;  
In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,  
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,  
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lucius with his sword drawn.*

O reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!  
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death,  
And let me say, that never wept before,  
My tears are now prevailing orators.

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

*Tit.* Ah *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead: —  
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you —

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

*Tit.* Why, 'tis no matter, man; if they did hear,  
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,  
They would not pity me.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,  
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,  
Yet in some sort are better than the tribunes,  
For that they will not intercept my tale:  
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet  
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;  
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,

*Rome*

*Rome* could afford no tribune like to these.  
 A stone is as soft wax, tribunes more hard than stones:  
 A stone is silent, and offendeth not;  
 And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.  
 But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

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

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

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Marcus, and Lavinia.*

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

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

*Mar.* This was thy daughter.

*Tit.* Why, *Marcus*, so she is.

*Luc.* Ah me! this object kills me.

*Tit.* Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her. —  
 Speak, my *Lavinia*, what accursed hand  
 Hath made thee helpless, in thy father's spite?  
 What fool hath added water to the sea?  
 Or brought a faggot to bright-burning *Troy*?  
 My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,  
 And now, like *Nilus*, it disdaineth bounds. —  
 Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,  
 For they have fought for *Rome*, and all in vain:  
 And they have nurs'd this wo, in feeding life:

In



In bootless prayer have they been held up,  
 And they have serv'd me to effectless use.  
 Now all the service I require of them,  
 Is, that the one will help to cut the other. —  
 'Tis well, *Lavinia*, that thou hast no hands;  
 For hands to do *Rome* service are but vain.

*Luc.* Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

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

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

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

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

When



When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears  
 Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew,  
 Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

*Mar.* Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband:  
 Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

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

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

*Mar.* Patience, dear niece; — good *Titus*, dry thine eyes.

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

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

*Tit.* Mark, *Marcus*, mark! I understand her signs:  
 Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say  
 That to her brother which I said to thee:  
 His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,

Can



Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.  
 O what a sympathy of wo is this!  
 As far from help as limbo is from blifs.

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Aaron.*

*Aar.* *Titus Andronicus*, my lord the emperor  
 Sends thee this word, that, if thou love thy sons  
 Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thyself old *Titus*,  
 Or any one of you chop off your hand,  
 And fend it to the king; he for the same  
 Will fend thee hither both thy sons alive,  
 And that shall be the ransome for their fault.

*Tit.* O gracious emperor! o gentle *Aaron*!  
 Did ever raven sing so like a lark,  
 That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?  
 With all my heart, I'll fend the emperor  
 My hand; good *Aaron*, wilt thou chop it off?

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

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

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

*Mar.* My hand shall go.

*Luc.* By heav'n, it shall not go.

*Tit.* Sirs, strive no more, such wither'd herbs as these

Are

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

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

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

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

*Luc.* Then I'll go fetch an axe.

*Mar.* But I will use it. [*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*]

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

*Aar.* If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,  
And never whilst I live deceive men so. —

But I'll deceive you in another sort; [*aside.*]

And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.  
[*he cuts off Titus' hand.*]

*Reenter Lucius, and Marcus.*

*Tit.* Now stay your strife; what shall be, is despatch'd. —  
Good *Aaron*, give his majesty my hand:  
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him  
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it:  
More hath it merited? that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them  
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price,  
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

*Aar.* I go, *Andronicus*: and for thy hand  
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee: —  
Their heads I mean. O, how this villany [*aside.*]

Doth fat me with the very thought of it!  
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,  
*Aaron* will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Tit.* O hear! — I lift this one hand up to heav'n,  
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth;

VOL. V.

I i

If



If any power pities wretched tears,  
 To that I call: what, wilt thou kneel with me?  
 Do then, dear heart; for heav'n shall hear our prayers,  
 Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,  
 And stain the sun with fogs, as sometime clouds  
 When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

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

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

*Mar.* But yet let reason govern thy lament.

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

*Enter a Messenger bringing in two heads and a hand.*

*Mes.* Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repay'd  
 For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor:  
 Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;  
 And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back;  
 Thy grief's their sport, thy resolution mock'd:  
 That wo is me to think upon thy woes,  
 More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit.*

*Mar.* Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,

And

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

*Luc.* Ah that this fight should make so deep a wound,  
 And yet detested life not shrink thereat!  
 That ever death should let life bear his name,  
 Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

*Mar.* Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,  
 As frozen water to a starved snake.

*Tit.* When will this fearful slumber have an end?

*Mar.* Now farewell flattery! — Die, *Andronicus*;  
 Thou dost not slumber: see thy two sons' heads,  
 Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;  
 Thy other banish'd son with this dire fight  
 Struck pale and bloodless, and thy brother I,  
 Even like a stony image, cold and numb.  
 Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs:  
 Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand  
 Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight  
 The closing up of our most wretched eyes:  
 Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

*Tit.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Mar.* Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

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

I i i 2

And



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

## S C E N E V.

*Manet Lucius.*

*Luc.* Farewel, *Andronicus*, my noble father.  
 The woful'st man that ever liv'd in *Rome!*  
 Farewel, proud *Rome!* till *Lucius* come again,  
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.  
 Farewel, *Lavinia*, my noble sister,  
 O, 'would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!  
 But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives,  
 But in oblivion and hateful griefs.  
 If *Lucius* live, he will requite your wrongs,  
 And make proud *Saturninus* and his empress  
 Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his queen.  
 Now will I to the *Goths* and raise a power,  
 To be reveng'd on *Rome* and *Saturnine*. [Exit Lucius.

## S C E N E VI.

*An Apartment in Titus' House. A Banquet.*

*Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and the Boy Lucius.*

*Tit.* SO, so, now sit: and look you eat no more  
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us,

\* This scene is not in the old edition.

As

As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

*Marcus*, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;  
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,  
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief  
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine  
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;  
And when my heart, all mad with misery,  
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,  
Then thus I thump it down. —

Thou map of wo, that thus dost talk in signs,  
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,  
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.  
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;  
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,  
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,  
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall  
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,  
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

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

*Tit.* How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?  
Why, *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I.  
What violent hands can she lay on her life?  
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands?  
To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o'er,  
How *Troy* was burnt, and he made miserable?  
O, handle not the theme, no talk of hands,  
Lest we remember still that we have none. —  
Fie, fie! how frantickly I square my talk!  
As if we should forget we had no hands,  
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands!  
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:  
Here is no drink. — Hark, *Marcus*, what she says,  
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;  
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,  
Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks.

Speechless



Speechless complaint! — O I will learn thy thought:  
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect  
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers.  
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heav'n,  
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,  
 But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,  
 And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

*Boy.* Good grandfire, leave these bitter deep laments;  
 Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

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

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

[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, *Marcus*, with thy knife?

*Mar.* At that that I have kill'd, my lord, a fly.

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

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

*Tit.* But! How if that fly had a father and mother?  
 How would he hang his slender gilded wings,  
 And buz laments and dolings in the air?  
 Poor harmless fly!

That, with his pretty buzzing melody,  
 Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.

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

*Tit.* O, o, o!

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,  
 For thou hast done a charitable deed.  
 Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,  
 Flattering myself, as if it were the *Moor*

Come



Come hither purposely to poison me. —  
 There's for thyself, and that's for *Tamora*:  
 Yet still, I think, we are not brought so low,  
 But that between us we can kill a fly,  
 That comes in likeness of a coal-black *Moor*.  
*Mar.* Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,  
 He takes false shadows for true substances.  
 Come, take away. — *Lavinia*, go with me:  
 I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee  
 Sad stories, chanced in the times of old. —  
 Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,  
 And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Titus' House.

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

Boy.

HELP, grandfire, help! my aunt *Lavinia*  
 Follows me every 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 me, *Lucius*, do not fear thy aunt.

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

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

*Mar.* What means my niece *Lavinia* by these signs?

*Tit.* Fear thou not, *Lucius*; somewhat doth she mean:  
 See, *Lucius*, see, how much she makes of thee:  
 Somewhither would she have thee go with her,  
 Ah, boy, *Cornelia* never with more care  
 Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee

Sweet



Sweet poetry, and *Tully's* oratory :

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus ?

*Boy.* My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,  
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her :  
For I have heard my grandfire say full oft,  
Exremity of grief would make men mad ;  
And I have read, that *Hecuba* of *Troy*  
Ran mad through sorrow : that made me to fear :  
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt  
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,  
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth ;  
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,  
Causeless perhaps : — but pardon me, sweet aunt ;  
And, madam, if my uncle *Marcus* go,  
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

*Mar.* *Lucius*, I will.

*Tit.* How now, *Lavinia* ? — *Marcus*, what means this ?  
Some book there is that she desires to see. —  
Which is it, girl, of these ? — Open them, boy. —  
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd :  
Come, and make choice of all my library,  
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heav'ns  
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed :  
What book ?

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?

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

*Tit.* *Lucius*, what book is that she tosses so ?

*Boy.* Grandfire, 'tis *Ovid's Metamorphoses* ;  
My mother gave it me.

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

*Tit.* Soft ! see how busily she turns the leaves !  
Help her : what would she find ? — *Lavinia*, shall I read ?  
This is the tragick tale of *Philomel*,

And

And treats of *Tereus*' treason and his rape;  
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

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

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

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

*Mar.* O, why should nature build so foul a den,  
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

*Tit.* Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,  
What *Roman* lord it was durst do the deed;  
Or slunk not *Saturnine* as *Tarquin* erst,  
That left the camp to sin in *Lucrece*' bed?

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

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

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,  
This after me, when I have writ my name,  
Without the help of any hand at all. —  
Curst be that heart that forc'd us to this shift! —  
Write thou, good niece, and here display at least,  
What god will have discover'd for revenge;  
Heav'n guide thy pen, to print thy sorrows plain,  
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[*she takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps,  
and writes.*

*Tit.* O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?  
*Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.*

*Mar.* What, what! — the lustful sons of *Tamora*,

VOL. V. K k k Performers



Performers of this hateful bloody deed?

*Tit.* *Magne regnator poli,  
Tam lentus audis scelera! tam lentus vides!*

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

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

*Boy.* I say, my lord, that, if I were a man,  
Their mother's bedchamber should not be safe,  
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of *Rome*.

*Mar.* Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft  
For this ungrateful country done the like.

*Boy.* And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

*Tit.* Come, go with me into my armory:  
*Lucius*, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy  
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons

¶ Presents

Presents that I intend to send them both.  
 Come, come; — thou'lt do my message, wilt thou not?  
*Boy.* Ay, with my dagger in their bosom, grandfire.  
*Tit.* No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course. —  
*Lavinia*, come; — *Marcus*, look to my house:  
*Lucius* and I'll go brave it at the court;  
 Ay, marry will we, sir, and we'll be waited on. [Exeunt.  
*Mar.* O heavens, can you hear a good man groan  
 And not relent, or not compassion him?  
*Marcus*, attend him in his ecstasy,  
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart  
 Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;  
 But yet's so just, that he will not revenge: —  
 Revenge, o heav'ns, for old *Andronicus*! [Exit.

## S C E N E II.

The Palace.

*Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one door: and at another door young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons and verses writ upon them.*

*Chi.* **D**EMETRIUS, here's the son of *Lucius*,  
 He hath some message to deliver us.  
*Aar.* Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather:  
*Boy.* My lords, with all the humbleness I may,  
 I greet your honours from *Andronicus*; —  
 And pray the *Roman* gods confound you both. [aside.  
*Dem.* Gramercy, lovely *Lucius*; what's the news?  
*Boy.* That you are both decipher'd (that's the news)  
 For villains mark'd with rape. — [aside.] May it please you,  
 My grandfire, well advis'd, hath sent by me  
 The goodliest weapons of his armory,  
 To gratify your honourable youth,  
 The hope of *Rome*; for so he bad me say:

K k k 2

And



And so I do, and with his gifts present  
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,  
You may be armed and appointed well.  
And so I leave you both — like bloody villains. [*aside.*] [*Exit.*]

*Dem.* What's here, a scroll, and written round about?  
Let's see.

*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus,  
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.*

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

*Aar.* Ay, just; — a verse in *Horace*; — right, you have it. —  
Now what a thing it is to be an ass!  
Here's no fond jest; th' old man hath found their guilt,  
And sends the weapons wrap'd about with lines,  
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:  
But, were our witty empress well afoot,  
She would applaud *Andronicus*' conceit.  
But let her rest in her unrest a while. — [*aside.*]

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star  
Led us to *Rome* strangers, and more than so,  
Captives, to be advanced to this height?  
It did me good before the palace gate  
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

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

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

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

*Chi.* A charitable wish, and full of love.

*Aar.* Here lacketh but your mother, to say amen.

*Chi.* And that would she for twenty thousand more.

*Dem.* Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods  
For our beloved mother in her pains.

*Aar.* Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.

[*flourish.*]  
*Dem.*

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

*Cbi.* Belike, for joy the emp'ror hath a son.

*Dem.* Soft, who comes here?

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Nurse with a Blackamoor child.*

*Nur.* Good morrow, noble lords:

O, tell me, did you see *Aaron the Moor*?

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

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

*Aar.* Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?  
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

*Nur.* O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,  
Our emprefs' shame, and stately *Rome's* disgrace. —  
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

*Aar.* To whom?

*Nur.* I mean, that she is brought to bed.

*Aar.* Well, god give her good rest! what hath he sent her?

*Nur.* A devil.

*Aar.* Why, then she is the devil's dam:  
A joyful issue.

*Nur.* A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.  
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,  
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime:  
The emprefs sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,  
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

*Aar.* Out, out, you whore! is black so base a hue? —  
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

*Dem.* Villain, what hast thou done?

*Aar.* That which thou canst not undo.

*Cbi.* Thou hast undone our mother.

*Dem.* Wo to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice,  
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

*Cbi.*



*Cbi.* It shall not live.

*Aar.* It shall not die.

*Nur.* *Aaron*, it must; the mother wills it so.

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

*Dem.* I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point: —  
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

*Aar.* Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.  
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,  
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,  
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,  
That touches this my first-born son and heir.

I tell you, younglings, not *Enceladus*  
With all his threat'ning band of *Typhon's* brood,  
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the god of war,  
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what, y'unsanguine shallow-hearted boys!  
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,  
In that it scorns to bear another hue:

For all the water in the ocean  
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,  
Although she lave them hourly in the flood. —

Tell the empress from me, I am of age  
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

*Dem.* Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

*Aar.* My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;  
The vigour and the picture of my youth:

This, before all the world, do I prefer;  
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,  
Or some of you shall smoke for it in *Rome*.

*Dem.* By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

*Cbi.* *Rome* will despise her for this foul escape.

*Nur.* The emperor in his rage will doom her death.

*Cbi.* I blush to think upon this ignominy.

*Aar.*



*Aar.* Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:  
 Fine treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing  
 The close enacts and counsels of the heart!  
 Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer:  
 Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;  
 As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*  
 He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed  
 Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;  
 And from that womb where you imprison'd were,  
 He is enfranchis'd and come to light:  
 Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,  
 Although my seal be stamped in his face.

*Nur.* *Aaron*, what shall I say unto the empress?

*Dem.* Advise thee, *Aaron*, what is to be done,  
 And we will all subscribe to thy advice:  
 Save thou the child, so we may be all safe.

*Aar.* Then sit we down, and let us all consult.  
 My son and I will have the wind of you:  
 Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*they sit on the ground.*]

*Dem.* How many women saw this child of his?

*Aar.* Why, so, brave lords, when we all join in league,  
 I am a lamb; but if you brave the *Moor*,  
 The chafed boar, the mountain lions,  
 The ocean swells not so as *Aaron* storms. —  
 But say again, how many saw the child?

*Nur.* *Cornelia* the midwife, and myself:  
 And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

*Aar.* The empress, the midwife, and yourself. —  
 Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:  
 Go to the empress, tell her, this I said: — [he kills her.  
 Week, week! so cries a pig prepar'd to th' spit.

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

*Aar.* O lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:  
 Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?  
 A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.

And



And now be it known to you my full intent:  
 Not far, one *Muliteus* lives, my countryman;  
 His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,  
 His child is like to her, fair as you are:  
 Go, pack with him, and give the mother gold,  
 And tell them both the circumstance of all,  
 And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,  
 And be received for the emperor's heir,  
 And substituted in the place of mine,  
 To calm this tempest whirling in the court;  
 And let the emperor dandle him for his own.  
 Hark ye, my lords, ye see I have giv'n her physick,  
 And you must needs bestow her funeral;  
 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:  
 This done, see that you take no longer days,  
 But send the midwife presently to me.  
 The midwife and the nurse well made away,  
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

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

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

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

SCENE

## SCENE IV.

*A Street near the Palace.*

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

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

*Mar.* O *Publius*, is not this a heavy case,  
 To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

*Pub.* Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,  
 By day and night t'attend him carefully;  
 And feed his humour kindly as we may,

VOL. V.

L 1 1

Till



Till time beget some careful remedy.

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

*Tit.* *Publius*, how now? how now, my masters, what?  
Have you met with her?

*Pub.* No, my good lord; but *Pluto* sends you word,  
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:  
Marry, for justice, she is now employ'd,  
He thinks, with *Jove* in heav'n, or somewhere else;  
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

*Tit.* He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.  
I'll dive into the burning lake below,  
And pull her out of *Acheron* by th' heels. —  
*Marcus*, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,  
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the *Cyclops*' size;  
But metal, *Marcus*, steel to th' very back,  
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear.  
And, sith there's no justice in earth or hell,  
We will solicit heav'n, and move the gods,  
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs:  
Come to this gear. — You're a good archer, *Marcus*.

[he gives them the arrows.]

*Ad Jovem*, that's for you: — here *ad Apollinem*: —

*Ad Martem*, that's for myself:

Here, boy, to *Pallas*: — here to *Mercury*: —  
To *Saturn*, and to *Cælus*; — not to *Saturnine*,  
You were as good to shoot against the wind. —  
To it, boy, *Marcus*; — loose thou when I bid:  
O' my word I have written to effect,  
There's not a god left unfolicited.

*Mar.* Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court;  
We will afflict the emperor in his pride. [they shoot.]

*Tit.* Now, masters, draw. — O, well said, *Lucius*!  
Good boy, in *Virgo's* lap, give it to *Pallas*.

*Mar.*

*Mar.* My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon ;  
Your letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

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

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

*Tit.* Why, there it goes. God give your lordship joy !

*Enter a Clown with a basket and two pigeons.*

News, news from heav'n ! *Marcus*, the post is come. —  
Sirrah, what tidings ? have you any letters ?  
Shall I have justice ? what says *Jupiter* ?

*Clow.* Who ? the gibbet-maker ? he says, that he hath taken  
them down again, for the man must not be hang'd till the next  
week.

*Tit.* Tut, what says *Jupiter*, I ask thee ?

*Clow.* Alas, sir, I know not *Jupiter* ;  
I never drank with him in all my life.

*Tit.* Why, villain, art thou not the carrier ?

*Clow.* Ay, of my pigeons, sir ; nothing else.

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

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

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

*Tit.* Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with  
a grace ?

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

\* He means to say *tribunus plebis*.



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

*Clow.* Ay, sir.

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

*Clow.* I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

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

*Clow.* God be with you, sir; I will.

*Tit.* Come, *Marcus*, let us go. — *Publius*, follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E V.

The Palace.

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

*Sat.* **W**HYY, lords, what wrongs are these? was ever seen  
 An emperor of *Rome* thus over-born,  
 Troubled, confronted thus, and for th' extent  
 Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?  
 My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,  
 (However the disturbers of our peace  
 Buz in the people's ears) there nought hath past,  
 But even with law against the wilful sons  
 Of old *Andronicus*. And what an if  
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits, Shall

Shall we be thus afflicted in his freaks,  
 His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?  
 And now he writes to heav'n for his redress.  
 See, here's to *Jove*; and this to *Mercury*;  
 This to *Apollo*; this to the god of war:  
 Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of *Rome*!  
 What's this but libelling against the senate,  
 And blazoning our injustice ev'ry where?  
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?  
 As who would say, in *Rome* no justice were.  
 But if I live, his feigned ecstasies  
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages:  
 But he and his shall know, that justice lives  
 In *Saturninus*' health, whom, if she sleep,  
 He'll so awake, as she in fury shall  
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

*Tam.* My gracious lord, my lovely *Saturnine*,  
 Lord of my life, commander of my thought,  
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of *Titus*' age,  
 Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,  
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;  
 And rather comfort his distressed plight,  
 Than prosecute the meanest or the best,  
 For these contempts. — Why, thus it shall become [aside.  
 High-witted *Tamora* to glose with all:  
 But, *Titus*, I have touch'd thee to the quick,  
 Thy lifeblood out: if *Aaron* now be wise,  
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.

*Enter Clown.*

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

*Clow.* Yea forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

*Tam.* Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

*Clow.* 'Tis he. God and faint *Stephen* give you good-e'en,  
 I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

[he reads the letter.

*Sat.*



*Sat.* Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

*Clow.* How much money must I have?

*Tam.* Come, firrah, thou must be hang'd.

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

*Sat.* Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!  
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?  
I know from whence this same device proceeds:  
May this be born? as if his traiterous sons,  
That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,  
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully? —  
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair,  
Nor age nor honour shall share privilege. —  
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughterman;  
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'ft to make me great,  
In hope thyself should govern *Rome* and me.

*Enter Æmilius.*

*Sat.* What news with thee, *Æmilius*?

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

*Sat.* Is warlike *Lucius* general of the *Goths*?  
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head,  
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.  
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:  
'Tis he the common people love so much;  
Myself have often overheard them say,  
(When I have walked like a private man)  
That *Lucius*' banishment was wrongfully,  
And they have wish'd that *Lucius* were their emperor.

*Tam.* Why should you fear? is not our city strong?

*Stat.*



*Sat.* Ay, but the citizens do favour *Lucius*,  
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

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

*Sat.* But he will not entreat his son for us.

*Tam.* If *Tamora* entreat him, then he will:  
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear  
With golden promises, that were his heart  
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,  
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue. —  
Go thou before as our embassador; [to *Æmilius*.  
Say, that the emperor requests a parley  
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

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

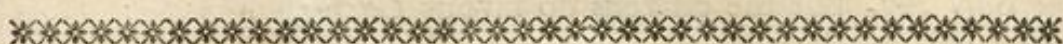
*Æmil.* Your bidding shall I do effectually. [Exit.

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

*Sat.* Then go successfully, and plead to him. [Exeunt.

A C T





## ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Camp, at a small distance from Rome.*

*Enter Lucius with Goths, with Drum and Soldiers.*

LUCIUS.

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

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

*Omn.* And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

*Luc.* I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.  
But who comes here led by a lusty *Goth*?

## SCENE II.

*Enter a Goth leading Aaron with his Child in his arms.*

*Goth.* Renowned *Lucius*, from our troops I stray'd  
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;  
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye  
Upon the wasted building, suddenly

I heard

I heard a child cry underneath a wall :  
 I made unto the noise ; when soon I heard  
 The crying babe control'd with this discourse :  
*Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam !*  
*Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,*  
*Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,*  
*Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor :*  
*But where the bull and cow are both milkwhite,*  
*They never do beget a coal-black calf.*  
*Peace, villain, peace !* (even thus he rates the babe)  
 For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth ;  
 Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,  
 Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.  
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,  
 Surpriz'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,  
 To use as you think needful of the man.

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

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

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

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

VOL. V.

M m m

*Luc.*



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

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

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

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

*Luc.* Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god:  
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

*Aar.* What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;  
Yet, for I know thou art religious,  
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,  
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies  
Which I have seen thee careful to observe:  
Therefore I urge thy oath, (for that I know  
An idiot holds his bauble for a god, [aside.  
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears,  
To that I'll urge him) — therefore thou shalt vow  
By that same god, what god so'er it be  
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,  
To save my boy, nourish, and bring him up,  
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

*Luc.* Even by my god I swear to thee, I will.

*Aar.* First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

*Luc.* O most insatiate luxurious woman!

*Aar.* Tut, *Lucius!* this was but a deed of charity,  
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.  
'Twas her two sons that murder'd *Bassianus*;  
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,  
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

*Luc.*

*Luc.* O, most detestable villain! call'st thou that Trimming?

*Aar.* Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of't.

*Luc.* O barb'rous beastly villains like thyself!

*Aar.* Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them: That coddling spirit had they from their mother, As sure a card, as ever won the set; That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me, As true a dog as ever fought at head; Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth. I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole, Where the dead corps of *Bassianus* lay: I wrote the letter that thy father found, And hid the gold within the letter mention'd, Confed'rate with the queen and her two sons. And what's else done that thou hast cause to rue, Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in't? I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand, And when I had it, drew myself apart, And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter: I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall, When for his hand he had his two sons' heads, Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily That both mine eyes were rainy like to his: And when I told the empress of this sport, She swooned almost at my pleasing tale, And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

*Goth.* What canst thou say all this, and never blush?

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

*Luc.* Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

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

Ev'n now I curse the day (and yet, I think,  
Few come within the compass of my curse)  
Wherein I did not some notorious ill;  
As kill a man, or else devise his death,

M m m 2

Ravish



Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;  
 Accuse some innocent, and then forswear  
 Myself; set deadly enmity between  
 Two friends; make poor men's cattle break their necks;  
 Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,  
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears:  
 Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,  
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,  
 Ev'n when their sorrow almost was forgot;  
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,  
 Have with my knife carved in *Roman* letters,  
*Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.*  
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,  
 As willingly as one would kill a fly;  
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,  
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

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

*Aar.* If there be devils, 'would I were a devil  
 To live and burn in everlasting fire,  
 So I might have your company in hell,  
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

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

*Enter Æmilius.*

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

*Luc.* Let him come near. —

Welcome, *Æmilius*; what's the news from *Rome*?

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

*Goth.* What says our general?

*Luc.*

*Luc. Æmilius*, let the emperor give his pledges  
Unto my father and my uncle *Marcus*,  
And we will come. — Away! march!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Titus' Palace in Rome.*

*Enter Tamora, Chiron, and Demetrius, disguis'd.*

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

[*they knock, and Titus appears above.*]

*Tit.* Who doth molest my contemplation?  
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,  
That so my sad decrees may fly away,  
And all my study be to no effect?  
You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do,  
See here in bloody lines I have set down:  
And what is written, shall be executed.

*Tam. Titus*, I am come to talk with thee.

*Tit.* No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,  
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?  
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

*Tam.* If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

*Tit.* I am not mad; I know thee well enough:  
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines;  
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;  
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;  
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well

For



For our proud empress, mighty *Tamora* :  
Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

*Tam.* Know thou, sad man, I am not *Tamora* ;  
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend :  
I am revenge, sent from th' infernal kingdom,  
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,  
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.  
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light ;  
Confer with me of murder and of death :  
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking place,  
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,  
Where bloody murder or detested rape  
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out ;  
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,  
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

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

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

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

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

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

*Tam.*



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

*Tit.* Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are!  
And you the empress! but we worldly men  
Have miserable mad mistaking eyes:  
O sweet revenge, now do I come to thee,  
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,  
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit Titus from above.*]

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

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Titus.*

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

*Tam.* What wouldst thou have us do, *Andronicus*?

*Dem.* Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

*Gbi.*



*Chi.* Show me a villain that hath done a rape,  
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

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

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

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

*Tit.* *Marcus*, my brother! 'tis sad *Titus* calls:

*Enter Marcus.*

Go, gentle *Marcus*, to thy nephew *Lucius*;  
Thou shalt inquire him out among the *Goths*:  
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him  
Some of the chiefest princes of the *Goths*;  
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:  
Tell him, the emperor and the empress too

Feast

Feast at my house; and he shall feast with them:  
This do thou for my love; and so let him,  
As he regards his aged father's life.

*Mar.* This will I do, and soon return again.

[*Exit,*

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

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

*Tam.* What say you, boys? will you abide with him, [*aside.*  
Whiles I go tell my lord, the emperor,  
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?  
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,  
And tarry with him till I come again.

*Tit.* I know them all, though they suppose me mad; [*aside.*  
And will o'erreach them in their own devices:  
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam.

*Dem.* Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here. [*aside.*

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

*Tit.* I know, thou dost; and, sweet revenge, farewell!

*Chi.* Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

*Tit.* Tut, I have work enough for you to do. —

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

*Enter Publius, and Servants.*

*Pub.* What is your will?

*Tit.* Know ye these two?

*Pub.* The empress' sons

I take them, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*.

*Tit.* Fie, *Publius*, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd;

The one is murder, rape is the other's name:

And therefore bind them, gentle *Publius*;

*Caius* and *Valentine*, lay hands on them:

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

And now I find it: therefore bind them sure.

[*Exit Titus:*

*Chi.*



*Chi.* Villains, forbear; we are the empress' sons.

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

## S C E N E V.

*Reenter Titus Andronicus with a Knife, and Lavinia with a Bason.*

*Tit.* Come, come, *Lavinia*; look, thy foes are bound: —  
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me,  
But let them hear what fearful words I utter. —  
O villains, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*!  
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,  
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd:  
You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,  
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death;  
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:  
Both her sweet hands, her tongue and that more dear  
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,  
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.  
What would you say, if I should let you speak?  
Villains! for shame you could not beg for grace.  
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.  
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,  
Whilst that *Lavinia* 'twixt her stumps doth hold  
The bason that receives your guilty blood.  
You know, your mother means to feast with me,  
And calls herself revenge, and thinks me mad, —  
Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,  
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,  
And of the paste a coffin will I rear,  
And make two pasties of your shameful heads,  
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,  
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.  
This is the feast that I have bid her to,  
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;

For

For worse than *Philomel* you us'd my daughter,  
 And worse than *Progne* I will be reveng'd.  
 And now prepare your throats. — *Lavinia*, come,  
 Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,  
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,  
 And with this hateful liquor temper it;  
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.  
 Come, come, be every one officious  
 To make this banquet, which I wish might prove  
 More stern and bloody than the *Centaur's* feast.

[*he cuts their throats.*

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

*Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron Prisoner.*

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

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

*Luc.* Good uncle, take you in this barbarous *Moor*,  
 This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;  
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,  
 Till he be brought unto the emp'ror's face,  
 For testimony of these foul proceedings:  
 And see the ambush of our friends be strong;  
 I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

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

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

[Exeunt Goths with Aaron.

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. [flourish  
 The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.



## SCENE VI.

*Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperor and Empress, with Tribunes and others.*

*Sat.* What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

*Luc.* What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?

*Mar.* Rome's emperor, and, nephew, break your parley;  
These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful *Titus*

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to *Rome*:

Please you therefore draw nigh and take your places.

*Sat.* *Marcus*, we will. [hautboys.

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

*Tit.* Welcome, my gracious lord; — welcome, dread queen; —

Welcome, ye warlike *Goths*; — thou, *Lucius*, welcome; —

And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,

'Twill fill your stomachs, please you eat of it.

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

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

*Tam.* We are beholden to you, good *Andronicus*.

*Tit.* An if your highness knew my heart, you were. —  
My lord the emperor, resolve me this;

Was it well done of rash *Virginus*,

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,

Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?

*Sat.* It was, *Andronicus*.

*Tit.* Your reason, mighty lord?

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

*Tit.* A reason mighty, strong, effectual;  
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,

For

For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—  
 Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy shame with thee,  
 And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die! [he kills her.]

*Sat.* What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

*Tit.* Kill'd her for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woful as *Virginus* was;

And have a thousand times more cause than he  
 To do this outrage: and it is now done.

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

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

*Tam.* Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

*Tit.* Not I; 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*:

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;  
 And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

*Sat.* Go fetch them hither to us presently.

*Tit.* Why, there they are both, baked in that pie,  
 Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,  
 Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[he stabs the Empress.]

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

[he stabs Titus.]

*Luc.* Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?—

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

[Lucius stabs the Emperor.]

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

*Goth.* Let *Rome* herself be bane unto herself,  
 And she whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,  
 Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,  
 Do shameful execution on herself.

*Mar.* But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,

Grave



Grave witnesses of true experience,  
 Cannot induce you to attend my words,  
 Speak, *Rome's* dear friend; as erst our ancestor, [to Lucius.  
 When with his solemn tongue he did discourse  
 To lovesick *Dido's* sad attending ear,  
 The story of that baleful burning night,  
 When subtle *Greeks* surpris'd king *Priam's* *Troy*:  
 Tell us what *Sinon* hath bewitch'd our ears,  
 Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,  
 That gives our *Troy*, our *Rome*, the civil wound.  
 My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;  
 Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,  
 But floods of tears will drown my oratory,  
 And break my very utterance; even in the time  
 When it should move you to attend me most,  
 Lending your kind commiseration.  
 Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;  
 Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

*Luc.* Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,  
 That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*  
 Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;  
 And they they were that ravished our sister:  
 For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,  
 Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd  
 Of that true hand, that fought *Rome's* quarrel out,  
 And sent her enemies into the grave.  
 Lastly, myself unkindly banished,  
 (The gates shut on me) and turn'd weeping out,  
 To beg relief among *Rome's* enemies,  
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,  
 And op'd their arms t' embrace me as a friend:  
 And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,  
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,  
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,  
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.  
 Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;

My



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

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

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

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

*Lucius*, all hail; *Rome's* gracious governor!

*Luc.* Thanks, gentle *Romans*: may I govern so,  
To heal *Rome's* harm, and drive away her wo!  
But, gentle people, give me aim a while,

For



For nature puts me to a heavy task :  
 Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,  
 To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk : —  
 O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,  
 These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face;  
 The last true duties of thy noble son.

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

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

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

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter Romans, with Aaron.*

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

*Luc.* Set him breast-deep in earth, and furnish him;  
 There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:  
 If any one relieves or pities him,

For

For the offence he dies. This is our doom.  
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

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

*Luc.* Some loving friends convey the emp'ror hence,  
And give him burial in his father's grave.  
My father and *Lavinia* shall forthwith  
Be clos'd in our household's monument.  
As for that heinous tigress *Tamora*,  
No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,  
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;  
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:  
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity,  
And being so, she shall have like want of it.  
See justice done on *Aaron* that damn'd *Moor*,  
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning;  
Then afterwards, we'll order well the state,  
That like events may ne'er it ruinate.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



For the offence he dies. This is our doom.  
 Some say to see him suffer'd in the earth.  
 O why should wrath be mine, and fury dumb?  
 I am no baby, I, that with pale prayers  
 I should report the evil I have done;  
 I on the ground would rather ever rest I did,  
 Would I perform, if I might have my will;  
 If one good deed in all my life I did,  
 I can repeat it from my very soul.  
 Some loving friends convey the body hence,  
 And give him burial in his father's grave.  
 My father and I ever shall forthwith  
 Be clos'd in our household's monument.  
 As for that heinous tyrant Yewer,  
 No funeral rites, nor man in mortal weeds,  
 No monument shall bring her to the earth;  
 But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey;  
 Her life was hell-like, and devoid of pity,  
 And being so, she shall have the worst of it.  
 Her justice done on earth, that should have  
 From whom our heavy judgment their beginning  
 I fear afterwards, we'll enter with the line  
 I had the ev'ry man of it remember'd.



