

The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus.

Fleare. Enter the Tribunes and Senators alſt. And then enter Saturninus and his Followers at one deſire, and Bassianus and his Followers at the other, with Drums & Colours.

Saturninus. And you stand o'er the world like me of first or ſecond. Saturninus, and his Followers remoue to the Aſſable Patricians, Patrons of my right, and me? N.B. Defend the justice of my Caufe with Armes. And Countrey-men, my louing Followers, H. Please my Succellne Title with your Swords.

I was the first borne Sonne, that was the laſt That were the Imperiall Diadems of Rome: Then let my Fathers Honours live in me, Not wrong mine Age with this indignitie.

Bassianus. Romanes, Friends, Followers, Faouours of my Right: If euer Bassianus, Caſars Sonne, Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome, Keepe then this paſſage to the Capitol: And ſuffer not Dishonour to approach that place Th' Imperiall Seate to Virtue: conſecrate To Justice, Continence, and Nobility: But let Deſert in pure Election ſhine; And Romanes, fight for Freedome in yor Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus alſt with the Crown.

Princes, that ſtrive by Factions, and by Friends, Ambitiously for Rule and Emptie. Know, that the people of Rome for whom we fland A ſpecial Party, haue by Common voyce In Elecction for the Romane Emperie, Chosen Andronicus, Star-named Pleur, For many good and great deſerts to Rome, A Nobler man, a brauer Warriour, Lives not this day within the City Wallies. He by the Senate is accited home, From weary Warres againſt the barbarous Gothes, That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes) Hath yoke'd a Nation strong, train'd vp in Armes. Ten yeares are ſpent, ſince firſt he ynderooke This Caule of Rome, and chafficed with Armes. Our Enemies pride: Five times he hath return'd home, Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes In Coffins from the Field. And now at laſt, laden with Honours Spoyles, Returns the good Andronicus to Rome, Renowned Taus, flouriſhing in Armes.

Scena Prima.

Let vs intreat, by Honour of his Name, Whom (worthily) you would haue now ſucceſſe, And in the Capitoll and Senates right, Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore, That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength, Dismiffle your Followers, and as Sisters ſhould, O Plead your Deſerts in Peace and Humbleneſſe.

Saturnine. How ſayre the Tribune ſpeakeſt To calm me my thoughts. Bassia. Marcus Andronicus, ſo I do affie In thy uprightneſſe and Integrity: And ſo I Loue and Honor thee, and thine, Thy Noble Brother Taus, and his Sonnes, And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled alay) Gracions Lauinia, Romes rich Ornament, That I will heere diſmiffle my louing Friende, And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Faouor, Commit my Caufe in ballance to be weigh'd.

Exit Senators.
Saturnine. Friends, that haue beeſe Thus forward in my Right, I thank you all, and heere Dismiffle you all, And to the Loue and Faouor of my Countrey, Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Caufe I haue to Rome, be as iuft and gracious vnto me, As I am confident and kinde to thee. Open the Gates, and let me in.

Bassia. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor. Fleare. They go up into the Senat house.

Enter a Captaine.
Cep. Romanes make way: the good Andronicus, Patron of Virtue, Romes belt Champion, Successfull in the Battailles 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 Drummes and Trumpets. And then enter two of Titus Sonnes; After them, two men bearing a Coffin covered with blacke, then two other Sonnes. After them, Titus Andronicus, and then Tamara the Queen of Gothe, & her two Sonnes Chiron and Demetruſe, with Aaron the Moor, and others, as many as can bee: They ſet downe the Coffin, and Titus ſpeakeſt.

Andronicus. Haile Rome: Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes: Loc.

Loe as the Barke that hath discharg'd his fraught,
Returnes with precious lading to the Bay,
From whence at first she wgh't d her Anchorage :
Commeth *Andronice* bound with Lawrell bowes,
To resalute his Country with his stears,
Tears of true joy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
Romaines, of five and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Halle of the number that King *Friewhal*,
Behold the poore remains alive and dead !
These that Survive, let Rome reward with loue :
These that I bring vnto their lastell home,
With buriall amonst their Auncelthors.
Heere Gothes haue gien me leaue to sheath my Sword:
Titus vnkinde, and carelesse of thine owne,
Why suffer' st thou thy Sonnes vnbred yet,
To houer on the dreadfull shore of Steix ?
Make way to lay them by their Bretheren,

Alarbus goes to rest, andwe furuiue,
To tremble vnder *Titus* threatening lookes,
Then Madam stand resolute, but hope withall,
The felte same Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of sharpe revengue
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fiauer *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queen)
To quit the bloody wrongs vpother foes.

Enter the Sonnes of Andronice againe.

Laci. See Lord and Father, how we haue perform'd
Our Romaine rightes, *Alarbus* limbs are lopp'd,
And incels feede the sacrifising fire,
Whole smoke like incense doth perfume the skie,
Remaineth nought but to interre our Bretheren,
And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let *Andronice*
Make this his lastell farewell to their soules.

Flourish.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe.
In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes,
Romes readiest Champions, repose you heere in rest,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps :
Heere liuks no Treason, heere no eniuie swells,
Heere grow no damed grudges, heere are no stormes,
No noyle, but silence and Eternall sleepe,
In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes.

Enter Leonidas.

Laci. In peace and Honour, live Lord *Titus* long,
My Nuble Lord and Father, live in Fame to come,
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my Bretherens Obsequies :
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of joy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome,
O bleffe me heere with thy victorious hand,
Whose Fortune Romes best Citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus louingly reseru'd
The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lassius lie, out-lie thy Fathers dayes :
And Fames eternall date for vertues praise.

Marc. Long liue Lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,
Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome.

Tit. Thankes Gende Tribune, good son, world
Noble brother *Marcus*.

Marc. And welcome! Nephews from successfull wars,
You that surviuue and you that sleepe in Fame :
Faire Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,
That in your Countries seruice drew your Swords.
But bashe aspir'd to *Salem* Happines,
And Triumphs ouer chaunce in honours bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in iustice thou hast ever done,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,
This Palliament of white and spotlesse Hae,
And name thee in Elecction for the Empire,
With these our late deceased Emperours Sonnes :
Be *Candidatuse* then, and put it on,
And helpe to set a head on headlesse Rome.

Tit. A better head her Glorious body lies,
Then his that shakst for age and feblenesse;

What

Alarbus, slaine not thy Tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neare the nature of the Gods ?
Draw neare them then in being mercifull,
Sweet mercy is Nobilitie's true badge,
Thrice Noble *Titus*, spare my first borne sonne,
Pariight your selfe Madam, and pardon me.
These are the Bretheren, whom you Gothes beheld
Alive and dead, and for their Bretheren slaine,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice :
To this your sonne is markt, and die he must,
Toapeate their groaning shadowes that are gone.

Tit. Away with him, and make a fire straighte,
And with our Swords vpon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane consum'd.
Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.

Tam. O cruell irreleignt piety.

Cbi. Was ever Scythia halfe so barbarous ?
Bem. Oppose me Scythia to ambitious Rome,

The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

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What should I d' on this Robe and trouble you,
Be chosen with proclamations to day,
Tomorrow yeild vp rule, resigne my life,
And set abroad new businesse for you all.
Rome I haue bene the Souldier forty years,
And led my Countries strength successfully,
And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Knighted in Fieldy, slaine manfully in Armes,
In right and Service of their Noble Countrie:
Giue me a staffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a Scepter to controle the world,
Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtaine and aske the Empereur.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience Prince Saturnine.

Sat. Romaines done me right.

Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour;
Andronicus would thou were shipt to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.

Lac. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That Noble minded *Titus* meseth to thee.

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

Baf. *Andronicus*, I do not flatter thee
But Honour thee, and will doe till I die:
My Fation if thou strengthen with thy Friend?
I will most thankfull be, and thankes to men
Of Noble minde, is Honourable Meede.

Tit. People of Rome, and Noble Tribune's heire,
I aske your voyces and your Suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?

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

Tit. Tribunes I thanke you, and this fare I make,
That you Create your Emperours eldest sonne,
Lord *Saturnine*, whose Vertues will I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth,
And ripen Justice in this Common-weale:
Then if you will elect by my advise,
Crown him, and say: Long live our Emperour.

Mar. An. With Voyces and applause of euery sort,
Patricians and Plebeians we Create
Lord *Saturninus* Romes Great Emperour.
And say, Long live our Emperour *Saturnine*.

A long Flourish till they came done.

Sat. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy Faours done,
To vs in our Election this day,
I give thee thankses in part of thy Deserts,
And will with Deed recompence thy gentlenesse:
And for an Onset *Titus* to advance
Thy Name, and Honorable Familiie,
Lanuina will I make my Empresse,
Romes Royall Mistris, Mistress of my hart
And in the Sacred Parke her espouse.
Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me Highly Honour'd of your Grace,
And heire in right of Rome, to *Saturnine*,
King and Commander of our Common-weale,
The Wids-worlds Emperour, do I Conferrate,
My Swoord, my Chariot, and my Prisoners,
Presents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord:
Receive them then, the Tribune that I owe,
Mine Honouris Ensignes humbled at my feete,

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 vnspeakable Deserts,
Romans forget your Fealtie to me.

Tit. Now Madam are your prisoner to an Emperour,
To him that for you Honour and your State,
Will vse you Nobly and your followers.

Sat. A goodly Lady, trust me of the Hue
That I would choose, were I to choose a new:
Cleere vp Faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of warre

Hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou com'lt not to be made a scorne in Rome:
Princeley shal be thy vse every way.
Reft on my word, and let not discontent
Dame all your hopes: Madam he comforts you,
Can make your Greater then the Queene of Gothes?

Lanuina you are not displeas'd with this?

Lac. Not I my Lord, fise true Nobilitie,
Warrantes these words in Princely curteſie.

Sat. Thanks sweete *Lanuina*, Romans let vs goe
Ransomlesse heire we set our Prisoners free,
Proclame our Honors Lords with Trumpe and Drum.

Eaf. Lord *Titus* by your leave, this Maid is mine.

Tu. How fise? Are you in earnest then my Lord?

Baf. I Noble *Titus*, and resol'd withall,
To doc my selfe this reason, and this right:

Mar. *Saturninus*, is our Romane Justice,
This Prince in Justice cenzibut his owne.

Lac. And that he will and shall, if *Lanuina* live.

Tu. Traytors ariant, where is the Emperours Guard?

Treason my Lord, *Lanuina* is surpil'd.

Sat. Surpil'd, by whom?

Baf. By him that iustly may i offend, hereupon he and
Bear his Betroth'd, from all the world away.

Mar. Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my Sword Ile keepe this doore fast.

Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ile fonde bring her backe.

Mar. My Lord you pale not heere.

Tit. What villaine Boy, bat'll me my way in Rome?

Mar. Help *Lanuina* helpe.

Lac. My Lord you are viuent, and more then io,
In wrongfull quartell, you haue slaine your ion.

Tu. Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine,

My sonnes wold never so dishonour me.

Traytor before *Lanuina* to the Emperour.

Lac. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another lawfull promist Loun.

Enter alſt the Emperour with Tamora and her two
ſonnes, and Aaron the Moor.

Empe. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:
He trust by Leisure him that mocks me once,
Thee never: nor thy trayterous haughty sonnes,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale
But *Saturninus*? Full well *Andronicus*

Agree these Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That said'st, I beg'd the Empire at thy hand?

Tit. O monstrous, what reproachfull words are these?

Sat. But goethe wayes, goe give that changing pece,
To him that flourishe for her with his Swoord:

A valiant Sonne in law thou shal enioy:
One, fit to bandy with thy lawleſſe Sonnes,

The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

To ruffie in the Commonew-wealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are Razors to my wounded hart.
Sat. And therefore louely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
 That like the stately *Tibet* among her Nymphs
 Dost ouer-shine the Gallant & Dames of Rome,
 If thou be pleased with this my fadaine choyse,
 Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
 And will Create thee Empresse of Rome.
 Speake Queene of Gothes dost thou applau'd my choyse?
 And heere I sweare by all the Romaine Gods,
 Sich Priest and Holy-water are so neere,
 And Tapers burne so brighte, and every thing
 In readiness for *Hymen* new stand,

I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
 Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,
 I leade espous'd my Bride along with me.

Tam. And heere in sight of heauen to Rome I sweare,
 If *Saturnine* aduance the Queene of Gothes,
 Shee will a Hand-maid be to his desires,
 A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend Faire Queene,
 Panthean Lords, accompany
 Your Noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
 Sent by the heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,
 Whose wisedome hath her Fortune Conquered,
 There shall we Consummate our Spoufall rites.

Exeunt omnes.

Tit. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride:
Tit. when wert thou woon to walke alone,
 Dishonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes.

Mar. O *Titus* see! O see what thou hast done!

In a bad quarell slaine a Virtuous sonne.

Tit. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
 Nor thou, nor these Confederates in the deed,
 That hath dishonoured all our Family,
 Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy Sonnes.

Lure. But let vs give him buriall as becomes:
 Give *Marius* buriall with our Bretheren.

Tit. Traytors away, he rest's not in this Tombe:
 This Monument flue hundred yeres hath stood,
 Which I haue sumptuously re-edified:
 Heere none but Souldiers, and Romes Servitors,
 Repose in Fame: None basely slaine in braulies,
 Bury him where you can, he comes not heere.

Mar. My Lord this is inpiety in you,
 My Nephew *Marius* deeds do plead for him,
 He must be buried with his bretheren.

Titus two Sonnes speake.
 And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall! What villaine was it spake that word?

Titus sonne speake.
 He that would wouch'd it in any place but heere.

Tit. What would you bury him in my despigne?

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

Tit. *Marcus*, Even thou haft strooke vpon my Crest,
 And with these Boyes mine Honour thou haft wounded,
 My foes I doe repete you every one,
 So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

2.Sonne. He is not himselfe, let vs withdraw.

2.Sonne. Not I tell *Afuis* bones be buried.

The Brother and the fawnes kneele.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd.

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

Tit. Speake thou no more if all the rest will speede.

Mar. Renowned *Titus* more then halfe my soule.

Lure. Deare Father, soule and substance of vs all.

Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre

His Noble Nepheu heire in vertues nest,

That died in Honour and *Lavinia*'s cause,

Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:

The Greekes vpon aduise did bury *Ajax*,

That slew himselfe: And *Laertes* sonne,

Did graciously plead for his Funeralls:

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

Be bar'd his entrance heere.

Tit. Rife *Marcus*, rife,

The diuall'st day is this that ere I saw,

To be dishonored by my Sonnes in Rome.

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

They put him in the Tombe.

Lure. There lie thy bones sweet *Adrius* with thy
 Till we with Trophies do adorne thy Tombe. (friends)

They all kisse and say-

No man shed teares for Noble *Marius*,

He liues in Fame, that did in vertues cause.

Exit.

Mar. My Lord to step out of these sudden dumps,

How comes it that the subtile Queene of Gothes,

Is of a fadaine thus aduanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know noe *Marcus*: but I know itis,
 (Whether by devise or no) the heauens can tell,
 Is the not then beholding to the man,
 That brought her for this high good turne so farre?

Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Florilegus.

*Enter the Emperor, Tamora, and her two sons, with the Hoste
 at one doore. Enter at the other doore Bassianus and
 Lavinia with others.*

Sat. So *Bassianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
 God giue you ioy sir of your Gallant Bride.

Bass. And you of yours my Lord: I say no more,
 Nor with no lesse, and so I take my leuse.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome haue law, or we haue powres,
 Thou and thy Faction shall report this Rape.

Bass. Rape call you it my Lord, to eaſe my owne,
 My true betrothed Loue, and now my wife?
 But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
 Meane while I am poſſeſt of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good sir: you are very ſhort with vs,
 But if we live, weele be as ſharpe with you.

Bass. My Lord, what I haue done as best I may,
 Answere I must, and ſhall do with my life,
 Only thus much I give your Grace to know,
 By all the dutyes that I owe to Rome,

This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* heire,
 Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
 That in the rescue of *Lavinia*,

With his owne hand did flay his youngeft Son,
 In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.

To be controwl'd in that he frankly gaue:

Receiue him then to fauour *Saturnine*,

That hath expreſt himſelfe in all his deedes,
 A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince *Bassianus* leue to plead my Deeds,

'Tis thou, and thofe, that haue dishonoured me,
 Rome and the righteous heauens be my judge,

How I haue lou'd and Honour'd *Saturnine*.

Tam. My worthy Lord if euer *Tamora*,

Were

Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me speake indifferently for all :
And at my fute (sweet) pardon what is past.
Saw. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it vp without revenge ?
Tam. Not to my Lord,
The Gods of Rome for-fend,
I should be Authour to dishonour you.
But on mine honour dare, I vndertake
For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all :
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefes :
Then at my fute looke graciously on him,
Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose,
Nor with fowre lookes afflict his gentle heart,
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be woeane at last,
Dissemble all your griefes and discontentes,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Least then the people, and Patriicians too,
Vpon a iust furney take *Titus* part,
And so supplant vs for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sinne.
Yeed at intreats, and then let me alone :
He finde a day to mallice them all,
And race their faction, and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his traytious sonnes,
To whom I sued for my deare soones life.
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queen,
Kneele in the streets, and beg for grace in vaine,
Come, come, sweet Emperor, (come *Andronice*)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.

King. Rife *Titus*, tis,
My Empresse hath preual'd.

Titus. I thank ye your Maiestie,
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 aduise the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronice*.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you Prince *Bassianus*, I haue pale
My woed and prouise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords :

And you *Lavinia*,
By my advise all huenbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his Maiestie.

Saw. We doe,
And vow to heauen, and to his Highnes,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tending our sisters honour and our owne.

Marc. That on mine honour heire I do protest.

King. Away and talke not trouble vs no more.

Tamora. Nay, nay,

Sweet Emperour, we must all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,

I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.

King. Marcus,
For thy sake and thy brochers heire,
And at my louly *Titus's* intreats,
I doe remit these young mens haynous faults.

Stand vp : *Lavinia*, though you left me like a churke,

I found a friend, and sure as death I lware,

I would not part a Batchellour from the Priest.
Come, if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,
You are my gueff *Lavinia*, and your friends :
This day shall be a Loue-day *Temora*.

Tam. To morrow and it pleafe your Maiestie,
To hunte the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and Hoond,
Weele give your Grace Bow bow.

Saw. Be it so *Titus*, and Gramercy to.

Exeunt.

Actus Secunda.

Flourish.

Enter *Aaron* alone.

Aaro. Now climbeth *Temora* Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and fits aloft,
Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flashe,
Aduane'd about pale enuies threatening reach :
As when the golden Sunne salutes the morne,
And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beams,
Gallopeth the Zodiacke in his glistering Coach,
And ouer-lookes the highest piercing hills :

So *Temora* !
Upon her wit dolt earthly honour waite,
And verue stoopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aaron* armes thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Misfries,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetterd in amorous chaines,
And faster bound to *Aaron's* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheu* ti'd to *Caucasus*.
Away with flauish weedes, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in Pearle and Gold,
To waite vpon this new made Empresse.
To waite said I & To wanton with this Queen,
This Goddess, this *Semirimes*, this Queen,
This Syren, that will charme Romes Sarraines,
And see his shipwracke, and his Common weales.
Hollo, what storne is this ?

Enter *Caius* and *Demetrius* brausing.

Dew. Clures thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And enauers to inclewd where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou knowest affected be.

Chi. *Demetrius*, thou doo'lt ouer-weene in all,
And so in this, to beate me downe with braues,
'Tis not the difference of a yeare or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate :
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To ferue, and to deferue my Misfries grace,
And thanky my sworde vpon thee shal approue,
And plead my passions for *Lavinia's* loue.

Aras. Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keep the peace.

Dew. Why Boy, although our mocher (vnaudised)
Gave you a dauncing Rapier by your side,
Are you so desperat growne to threat your friends ?
Goe too : haile you. Lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meane while sir, with the litte skil I haue,
Full well shalte thou perceiue how much I dare.

Dew. I Boy, grow ye so braise ? They drawe.

Aras. Why now Lords ?
So neare the Emperours Pallace dare you draw,

And

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And maintaine such a quarrell openly? Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge. I would not for a million of Gold, The cause were knowne to them it most concerned. Nor would your noble mother for much more Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome: For shame put vp.

Deme. Not I, till I haue sheath'd My tapier in his boosome, and withall Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat, That he hath breath'd in my dishonour heere.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolu'd, Foule spoken Coward, That thundreth with thy tongue, And with thy weapon nothing dar'st performe.

Aron. A wary I say. Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore, This pretty brabble will vndoo vs all: Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous It is to set vpon a Princes right? What is *Lavinia* then become so loose, Or *Bassianus* so degenerate, That for hir loue such quartels may be broacht, Without controulement, Justice, or reuenge? Young Lords beware, and shoud the Empresse know, This disordred ground, the mischeke would not please.

Chi. I care not I, knew she and all the world, I loue *Lavinia* more then all the world.

Deme. Youngling, Learne thou to make loue meane chioise, *Lavinia* is thine elder brothers hope.

Aron. Why are ye mad? O, know ye not in Rome, How furious and impatient they be, And cannot brooke Competitors in loue? I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths, By this deuise.

Chi. *Aressa*, a thousand deaths would I propose, To achieue her whom I do loue,

Aron. To achieue her, how? *Deme.* Why mak'st thou it so strange? Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd, Shee is a woman, the foyl may be wonne, Shee is *Lavinia* therefore must be lou'd. What man, in more water glideth by the Mill Then wot'st the Miller of, and easie it is Of a cat loafe to steele a flise we know: Though *Bassianus* be the Emperours brother, Better then he haue worn *Valeans* badge.

Aron. I, and as good as *Saturnius* may.

Deme. Then why shold he dispaire that knowest so With words, faire looks, and heraldry: (court it) What halst not thou full often striukke a Doe, And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?

Aron. Why then it feemes some certayne smach or so Would serue your turnes.

Chi. I so the turne were serued.

Deme. *Aressa* thou haft hit it.

Aron. Would haue hit it too,

Then shold not we be tir'd with this adoo: Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles, To square for this? Woul'd it offend you then?

Chi. Faith not me.

Deme. Not me, so I were one.

Aron. For shame be friends, & joyne for that you lar: 'Tis pollicie, and stragenger must doe That you affect, and so must you resolute,

That what you cannot as you would atcheive, You must perforse accomplish as you may: Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chalst Then this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus* loue, A speedier course this lingring languishment Must we pursue, and I haue found the path: My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand. There will the louely Roman Ladies troope: The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious, And many vnfreighted plots there are, Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie: Single you thicker then this dainty Doe, And strike her home by force, if not by wordes: This way or not at all, stand you in hope. Come, come our Empresse with her sacred wit To villainie and vengeance consecrate, Will we acquaint with all that we intend, And she shall file our engines with aduise, That will not suffer you to square your selues, But to your wilshes height aduance you both. The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame, The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of eare: The Woods are ruthelesse, dreadfull, deafe, and dull: There speake, and flieke braue Boyes, & take your turnes, There leue your loues, shadow'd from heauens eye, And reuell in *Lavinia*'s Treasur ie.

Chi. Thy counsell Lad smells of no cowardise.

Deme. Syf's art ne'er, till I finde the streames, To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits, Per Strigia per monos Vebor.

Exeunt.

*Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sonnes, making a noyse with boundes and horner, and *Marens*.*

Ti. The hunt is vp, the moone is bright and gray, The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are greene, Vacouple heere, and let vs make a bay, And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride, And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale, That all the Court may echo with the noyse, Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours, To attend the Emperours person carefully: I haue bene troubled in my sleepe this night, But dawning day new comfort hath inflis'd.

Whiles Hunter.
*Heere a cry of boundes, and winds horner in a peale, then Enter *Saturnius*, *Tamora*, *Bassianus*, *Lavinia*, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*, and their Attendants.*

Ti. Many good morrowes to your Majestie, Madam to you as manyand as good, I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale,

Sat. And you haue rung it lustily my Lords, Somewhat to early for new married Ladies.

Bass. *Lavinia*, how say you?

Lavi. I say no:

I haue bene awake two hours and more,

Sat. Come on then, horse and Chariots letvs haue, And to our sport! Madam, now shall ye see, Our Romaine hunting.

Mar. I haue dogger my Lord, Will rouze the proudest Panther in the Chase, And clime the highest P omontary top.

Ti. And I haue horle will follow where the game Makes way, and runnes like Swallows ore the plaine

Deme. Chiron

Deme. Chiron we bunt not we, with Horse nor Hound
But hope to placke a dairny Doe to grounde, *Enter Aaron alone.*

Aaron. Enter Aaron alone.

Aaron. He that had won, would thinke that I had none,
To bury so much Gold vnder a Tree, *Enter Tamerlane the Moorse.*
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me foolishly, *Enter Tamora the Moorse.*
Know that this Gold must coine a strategeme,
Which cumidly effected, will beget a strok sot and t.
An ery excellent peice of alayne, *Enter Tamora the Moorse.*
And to reape fewe Gold for their vnsell, *Enter Tamora the Moorse.*
That haue their Almes vnto the Empresse Cheif, *Enter Tamora the Moorse.*

Tam. My louely *Enter Tamara the Moorse.* I flie you

Wherfore look't thou sad,

When every thing doth make a Gleefull boist?

The Birds chaire melody, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

The Snake lies roll'd in the chearefull Sunnes ligament,

The greene leaues quicke, with the coolinge winde,

And make a cheker'd shadow on the grounde,

Vnder their sweete shade, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

And while the babling Echo mock's the Hounds,

Repying flirily to the well run'd Hornes,

As if a double hunt were heard at once, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Let vs sit downe, and make thei yelping noyses stand,

And after conflict, such as was supposed, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

The wandring Prince and Dido once enioy'd, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

When with a happy forme they were surpris'd,

And Curtaine with a Gounsaile-keeping Cauce,

We may each wreathed in the others armes,

(Our pastimes done) p'esse a Golden flumber,

Whiles Hounds and Hornes, and sweet Melodious Birds

Be unto vs, as is a Nurles Song, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Of Lullabye, to bring her Babe asleepe, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Aaron. Madame, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.* you know right well

Though *Venus* gouerne your desires,

Saturne is Dominator ouer mine, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

What signifies my deadly standing eyes,

My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholie, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

My fleece of Wolly haire, that now vincles, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Euen as an Adder: when she doth vnrowle, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

To do some fatal execution? *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

No Madam, these are no Venerall signes, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Vengeance is in my heart, death is in my hand, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Blood, and revenge, are Hammering in my head,

Hatke *Tamara*, the Empresse of my Soule,

Which never hopes more heauen, then rests in thee,

This is the day of Doone for *Bastianus*,

His Philosophie must loose her tongue to day,

Thy Soones make Pillage of her Chastity,

And walfe their hands in *Bastianus* blood,

Seest thou this Letter, take it vp I pray thee,

And give the King this fatall plotted Scrowle,

Now question me no more, we are espied,

Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty,

Which dreads not yet their liues destruction,

Enter Bastianus and Laetitia.

Bastianus. Ah my sweet *Moore*,

Sweeter to me then life, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Aaron. No more great Empresse, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Be croise with him, and Ile goe fetch thy Sonnes,

To backe thy quarrell whos so ere they befall side to

Bastianus. Whom haue we heere? *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Romes Royall Empresse, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Vbfurnish of our well beseeming troupe? *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
Or ist *Diana* habited like her, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
Who hath abandoned her holy Grotes, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
To see the general Hunting in this Forrest? *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Tam. Sawde conuict of our private steppeis fault,
Had I the power, thac somie say *Diana* had, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
Thy Temples should be planted presently, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
With Hornes, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.* as was *Aeneas*, and the Hounds *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
Should drive vpon his new transformed lambe, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.* Is he *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
Vnannerly Inruder as thou art, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Last. Under your patience, gentle Empresse, I bryng, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in flamin, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
Add to be doubted, that your desire bid you adien her, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
Are fangled forth to my experimēt, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
Iose shuld your husband from his Hounds to day, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
Tisplity they shuld take him for a stagge. *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Bast. Breuyé me Queene, your iurish Cyttorne, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
Doth make your Honour of his bader hue, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
Spotted, defected, and abominable, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
Why are you sequestred from all your calme? *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
Dismounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
And wandred hither poorelye to plaine, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
Accompanied with a barbatus *Moore*, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
If foule deafe had not conducted you thither amissly, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
Lau. And being intercepte in your spes, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
Great reason that my Noble Lord, be ruled, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
For Sanciuellies, I pray you let vs hence, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
And let her ioy her stauen coloured loue, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
This valley fifteth purpos passing well, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Bast. The King my Brother shall haue notice of this, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Lau. I, for these slips haue made haerned long, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Good King, to be so mightyly abused, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Tam. Why haue patience to endure all this? *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Enter Chiron and Demetrio.

Dem. How now deere Southaigne, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*
And our gracious Mother, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Why doth your Highnesse looke so pale and wan? *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Tam. Haue I not reason think you all looke pale? *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

These two haue sicld me hither to this place, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

A barren, defected vale you see it is, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

The Trees though sommier, yet forlorne and leane, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Ore-comes with Mofse, and balefull Mafleſſe, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Heere neuer shines the Sunne, heere nothing breedes, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Vnleſſe the nightly Owle, or fatall Rauen, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

And when they flew'd me this abhorred pit, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

They tolde me heere at dead time of the night, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

A thousand Fiends, a thousand hissing Snakes, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Ten thousand fwelling Toades, as many Vychines, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Would make such fearefull and confusid cries, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

As any mortall body hearing it, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Should straite fall mad, or else die suddenly, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

No sooner had they told this hellish tale, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

But straite they tolde me they would binde me heere, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Vnto the body of a diſmall yew, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

And leave me to this miserable death, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

And then they call'd me foule Adulteresse, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Lasciuious Goſt, and all the bitterest tearnes, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

That euer eare did hear to ſuch effect, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

And had you not by wondrous fortune come, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

This vengeance on me had they executed, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Reuenge it, as you loue your Mothers life, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Or be y not beneſtorth cal'd my Children, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Dem. This is a witneſſe that I am thy Sonne, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Chi. And this for me, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Strook home to ſhew my ſtrength, *Enter Tamara the Moorse.*

Lau. I come *Enter Tamara the Moorse.* nay Barbarous Therasia.

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne. *To Iulius*

Tam. Give me thy poyniard, you shall know my boyes
Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong. *To Iulius*

Dew. Stay Madian heere is more belongs to her; o T
First thrash the Corne, then after borne the winnowing. *To Iulius*
This Minion staid upon her chaffy, *to Iulius* o T
Vpon her Nuptiall voun, her leyse *to Iulius* o T
And with thaspainted hong, beauties your Mighthiness, *to Iulius*
And shall she carry this wno her gane? qv your blood? *to Iulius*

Cbi. And if the doe, noo is reborn vngent, *to Iulius* V
I would I were an Ewe, *to Iulius* V
Drag besy her blisshand to some secret hole, *to Iulius* V
And make his dead Tuske-Bilbowe, *to Iulius* V

Tam. But when ye haue the hony we desire, *to Iulius* V
Let not this Waspedouche be sooth to fling a bloud wal? *to Iulius* V

Cbi. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure? *to Iulius* V
Come Mistres, now before we will enjoy, *to Iulius* V
That nice-preferred honest yfours? *to Iulius* V

Lew. Oh Tamora, thou bear'lt the womans face, *to Iulius* V

Tam. I will not heare her speake, away with her! *to Iulius* V

Lay. Sweet Lards lise her haire me but a sword! *to Iulius* V

Dene. Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory, *to Iulius* V

To see her teares, but by your haire so them, *to Iulius* V

As vreleint fift so drops of raine, *to Iulius* V

Wheridid the Tigers young ones teach the dsm? *to Iulius* V

O doe not leame her wrach, *to Iulius* V

The milke thou suck'it from her did come to Marble, *to Iulius* V

Euen at thy Teastholt had it thy Tyranny, *to Iulius* V

Yet every Mothes breeds not Sonnes alike, *to Iulius* V

Do they intes her shew a woman pitiful? *to Iulius* V

Chrys. What and thow art well aduised, *to Iulius* V

Wouldst thou haue me prove my selfe a bawd? *to Iulius* V

Lew. The triste, *to Iulius* V

The Rauen dothone hatch a Larke, *to Iulius* V

Yet haue I heard, *to Iulius* V

On could I finde it nowe, *to Iulius* V

The Lion mou'd with pitty, *to Iulius* V

Swingynge too hys, *to Iulius* V

To haue his Princely pawes par'd all away, *to Iulius* V

Sometime, *to Iulius* V

Rauens foster forlorn children, *to Iulius* V

The whil'it their owne birds famish in their nests: *to Iulius* V

Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no, *to Iulius* V

Nothing so kind but something pitifull, *to Iulius* V

Tam. I know not what it meanes, away with her. *to Iulius* V

Lewin. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake, *to Iulius* V

That gane their life when well he might haue flaine them, *to Iulius* V

Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares. *to Iulius* V

Tam. Had'it thou in person here offended me, *to Iulius* V

Euen for his sake, am I pittilesse, *to Iulius* V

A Rememper Boyes, I pow'r'd forth teares in vayne, *to Iulius* V

To faze your hech her from the sacrifice, *to Iulius* V

But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent, *to Iulius* V

Therefore away with her, and vle her as you will, *to Iulius* V

The worse to her, the better lou'd of me, *to Iulius* V

Lay. Oh Tamora, *to Iulius* V

Be call'd a gentle Queen, *to Iulius* V

Whod aduise And with thine owne hands kill me in this place, *to Iulius* V

For 'tis not life that I haue beg'd so long, *to Iulius* V

Poore I was flaine, when *Bassianus* dy'd, *to Iulius* V

I was a child, to feare I kno wot what. *to Iulius* V

Tam. What beg'st thou then? fond woman let me go? *to Iulius* V

Lay. Tis present death I beg, and one thing more, *to Iulius* V

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell, *to Iulius* V

Oh kepe me from their wortle stink killing lust, *to Iulius* V

And tumble me into some loathsome pit, *to Iulius* V

Where neuer manes eye may behold my body, *to Iulius* V

Do this, and be a charitable murderer. *to Iulius* V

Tam. So should I rob my sweet Sonnes of their fee, *to Iulius* V

No let them suffice their lust on thee. *to Iulius* V

Dene. Away, *to Iulius* V

For thou haft staid vs heere too long, *to Iulius* V

Lanis. No Garace, *to Iulius* V

No womanhood? Ah beastly creature, *to Iulius* V

The blot and enemy to our general name, *to Iulius* V

Confession fall. *to Iulius* V

Cbi. Nay then lie stop your mouth, *to Iulius* V

Bring thow her husband, *to Iulius* V

This is the Hole where *Aaron* bid vs hide him, *to Iulius* V

Tam. Farewell my Sonnes, see that you make her sure, *to Iulius* V

Nere let my heart knowe cheere indeed, *to Iulius* V

Till all, the *Andronices* be made awaie, *to Iulius* V

New will I heare to seeke my louely *Moor*, *to Iulius* V

And let my spleenefull Sonnes this Trull defloure. *Exit*, *to Iulius* V

Enter Aaron with two of Tamores Sonnes, *to Iulius* V

Aren. Come on my Lords, the better foot before, *to Iulius* V

Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit, *to Iulius* V

Where I left the Panther fast asleepe, *to Iulius* V

Quin. My fight is very dull what ere it bodes, *to Iulius* V

Marti. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame, *to Iulius* V

Well could I please our sport to sleepe a while. *to Iulius* V

Quin. What art thou fallen? *to Iulius* V

What subtile Hole is this, *to Iulius* V

Whose mouth is couered with Rude growing Briers, *to Iulius* V

Vpon whole leaves are drops of new-fled-blood, *to Iulius* V

A fresh as mornings dew distill'd on flowers, *to Iulius* V

A very fafull place it seemes to me. *to Iulius* V

Speake Brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall? *to Iulius* V

Marti. Oh Brother, *to Iulius* V

With the dismalst object, *to Iulius* V

That ever eye with fight made heart lament. *to Iulius* V

Aren. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere, *to Iulius* V

That he thereby may haue a likely gesse, *to Iulius* V

How these were they that made away his Broders. *to Iulius* V

Exit Aaron. *to Iulius* V

Marti. Why doft not comfort me and helpe me out, *to Iulius* V

From this vnhallow'd and blood-stained Hole? *to Iulius* V

Quin. I am surprised with an vncouth feare, *to Iulius* V

A chilling sweat ore-runs my trembling ioynes, *to Iulius* V

My heart fulfels more then mine eie can see. *to Iulius* V

Marti. To proue thou haft a true diuining heart, *to Iulius* V

Aren and thou looke downe into this den, *to Iulius* V

And see a fearfull sight of blood and death. *to Iulius* V

Quin. *Aren* is gone, *to Iulius* V

And my compassionat heart. *to Iulius* V

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold ev'n that. *to Iulius* V

The thing where ge it trembles by furnisse yeb. *to Iulius* V

Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now. *to Iulius* V

Was I a child, to feare I kno wot what. *to Iulius* V

Marti. Lord *Bassianus* lies embredew heere, *to Iulius* V

All on a heape like to the slaughtered Lambe, *to Iulius* V

In this deseted, darke, blood-drinking pit, *to Iulius* V

Quin. If it be darke, how doest thou know'tis he? *to Iulius* V

Mart. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare, *to Iulius* V

A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole, *to Iulius* V

Which like a Taper in some Monument, *to Iulius* V

Doth shne vpon the dead mans earthly cheekes, *to Iulius* V

And shewes the ragged entrailles of the pit: *to Iulius* V

So pale did shne the Moone on *Paramus*, *to Iulius* V

When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood: *to Iulius* V

O Brother helpe me with thy faining hand, *to Iulius* V

If scare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath, *to Iulius* V

Out of this fell devouring receptacle, *to Iulius* V

As hatfull as *Ocius* milke mouth. *to Iulius* V

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out, *to Iulius* V

Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
I may be plukt into the swallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore Bassianus grave :
I have no strength to plucke thee to the brinke.

Martius. Nor I no strength to clime without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,
Till thou art heere alioft, or I believe,
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. Both fall in.

Enter the Empereur, Aeneas the Moore.

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

Martius. The wehapple sonste of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlookie houre,
To finde thy brother Bassianus dead.

Satyr. My brother dead ? I know thou doest but iest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the North-side of this pleasant Chase,
'Tis not an houre since I left him there.

Martius. We know not where you left him all aliue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lavinia.

Tamora. Where is my Lord the King ?

King. Heere Tamora, though grieu'd with killing grieve,
Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus ?

King. Now to th'bottome doest thou search my wound,
Poore Bassianus heere lies murthered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fassall writ,
The consplot of this timelesse Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smiles such murderous Tyrannie.

She giveth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturnine reads the Letter.

And if we misse to murther him baslyly,
Sweet bassianus, Bassianus 'tis we meane,
Doe thou so much as dig the grave for him,
They know'st our meaning, looke for thy reward
Among the Nestles at the Elder tree,
Whiche over-blades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we deareed to bury Bassianus
Doe this and purchase us thy lefftng friends.

King. Oh Tamora, was ever heard the like ?
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke first, if you can finde the hanfman out,
That shoulde haue murthered Bassianus heere.

Aeneas. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold.

King. Two of thy whelpes, fell Curs of bloody kind
Haue heere bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,
There let them bide vntill we haue deale'd
Some accurst heard-of tortering paine for them.

Tam. What are they in this pit,
Oh wondrous thing !

How easilie murder is discouered ?

Tit. High Emperour, vpon my feble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares, not lightly fred,
T hat this fell fault of my accursed Sonnes,
Accursed, if the faulter be prou'd in them.

King. If it be prou'd ? you see it is apparent,

Who found this Letter, Tamora was it you ?
Tamora. Andronicus himselfe did take it vp.

Tit. I did my Lord,
Yet let me be their baile,
For by my Fathers reverent Tombe I vow
They shall be ready at your Highnes will,
To answere their suspition with their liues.

King. Thou shal not baile them, see thou follow me:
Some bring the murthered body, some the murtherers,
Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,
Foe by my soule, were there worse end then death,
That end vpon them shoulde be executed.

Tam. Andronicus I will entreat the King,
Feare not thy Sonnes, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come Lavinia come,
Stay not to talke with them,

Exeunt.

Enter the Empereur, Scemes, with Lavinia, her hands cut off and
her tongue cut out, and strangled.

Demetrio. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and raisth thee.

Chorus. Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
And if thy stumpees will let thee play the Scribe.

Demetrio. See how with signes and tokens she can scowle.

Chorus. Goe home,
Call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Demetrio. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash.
And so let's leare her to her silent walkes.

Chorus. And t'were my cause, I shoulde goe hang my selfe.

Demetrio. If thou had'st hands to helpe thee knit the cord.

Exeunt.

Wraide Hornes.

Enter Marcus from hunting to Lavinia.

Who is this, my Neece that flies away so fast ?
Cosen a word, where is your husband ?

If I do dreame, would all my wealth would wake me ;
If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe,

That I may flumber in eternall sleepe.

Speake gentle Neece, what sterne vngentle hands

Hath lopt, and hev'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches, those sweet Ornamentes

Whose circkling shadower, Kings haue soughe to sleep in

And might not gaine so great a happines

As halfe thy Loue : Why doest not speake to me ?

Alasa, Crimson rives of warme blood,

Like to a bubling fountaine fir'd with winde,

Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,

Comming and going with thy hony breath.

But sure some Terrors hath defloured thee,

And least thou shouldest detect them, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame :

And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,

As from a Conduic with their illusing Spouts,

Yet doth thy cheekes looke red as Tires face,

Blushing to be encouert with a Cloud,

Shall I speake for thee ? shall I say 'tis so ?

Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast

That I might raile at him to ease my mind.

Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen stopt,

Doth burne the hart to Cinders where it is.

Faire Philomela she but lost her tongue,

And in a tedious Sampter fowled her minde.

But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,

A craftier Terrors hast thou met, withall

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,

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That

That could haue better sowed then *Philomel*.
 Oh had the monster seene those Lilly hands,
 Tremble like Aphen leaves vpon a Lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
 He would not then haue toucht them for his life.
 Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,
 Whic h that sweet tongue hath made :
 He would haue dropt his knite and fell asleepe,
 As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
 Come, let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,
 For such a sight will blinde a fachers eye.
 One hours stome will drowne the fragrant meades,
 What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes ?
 Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:
 Oh could our mourning easie thy misery. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius.

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

Ti. Hearre me graue fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In daungerous warres, whilist you securely slept:
 For all my blood in Romes great quarrell died,
 For all the frosty nights that I haue watcht,
 And for these bitter teares, which now you see,
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekees,
 Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
 Who soules is not corrupted as 'tis thought :
 For two and twenty sonnes I never wept,
 Because they died in honours lofty bed.

Andronicus falleth downe, and his Judge passe by him.
 For thethe, Tribunes, in the du I write
 My harts deepe lauguor, and my soules sad teares:
 Let my teares chanck the earths drie appetit.
 My sonnes sweet blood, will make it thame and blush:
 O earth ! I will be friend ther more with raine. *Exeunt*
 That shall distill from these two ancient raines,
 Then youthfull April shall with all his shoures
 In summers droughte ile drop vpon thee still,
 In Winter with warme teares ile melt the snow,
 And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to dranke my deare loynes blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawn.

Oh reverent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
 Vnbinde my sonnes, remeire the doome of death,
 And let me say (that neuer wept before)
 My teares are now preualding Oratours.

Lu. Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,
 The Tribunes heare not, no man is by,
 And you recouer your sorro wets to a stome.

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

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

Ti. Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare
 They would not marke me so if they did heare
 They would not pity me.

Ti. Therefore I tell my forrowes booteles to the stones.

Who though they cannot answere my distresse,
 Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,
 For that they will not intercept my tale:
 When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete
 Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
 And were they but attised in graue weedes,
 Rome could afford no Tribune-like to thefes.
 A stome is as soft waxe,
 Tribunes more hard then stomes:
 A stome is silent, and offendeth not,
 And Tribunes with their tongues doothe men to death.
 But wherefore stand' st thou with thy weapon drawne ?
Lu. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
 For which attempt the Judges haue pronounced
 My euerlastynge doome of banishment.
Ti. Oh happy man, they haue befriended thee:
 Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceiue
 That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers ?
 Tigers must pray, and Rome affords no prey
 But me and and mine : how happy art thou then,
 From these desoulers to be banished ?
 But who comes with our brother *Marcus* here ?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

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

Ti. Will it conuine me ? Let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Ti. Why *Marcus* to thes ?

Luc. Ay me this obiect kils me.

Ti. Faine-harted boy, arise and looke vpon her,

Speake *Lavinia*, what accursed hand

Hath made thee handleſle in thy Fathers fight ?

What foole hath added water to the Sea ?

Or brought a faggot to bright burnynge Troy ?

My griele was at the height before thou cam'st,

And now like *Nylius* it did sinck bounds :

Give me a sword, Ile chop off my hands too,

For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine :

And they haue nur'd this woey,

In feeding life :

In booteleſſe prayer haue they bene held vp,

And they haue seru'd me to effeſſe life,

Now all the seruice I require of them,

Is that the one will helpe to cut the other :

'Tis well *Lavinia*, has thou haſt no hands,

For hands to do Rome seruice, is but vaine.

Lu. Speake gentle fitter, who hath martyrd thee ?

Mar. O that delighfull engine of her thoughts,
 That blab'd them with ſuch pleafing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hoſpoy cage,
 Where like a ſweet mellodious bird is ſung,
 Sweet varied notes inchanting every ear.

Luc. Oh ſay thou for her, and vndeſtand me
 Who hath done this deed ?

Mar. Oh thus I found her ſtraying in the Parke,
 Seeking to hide herſelfe as doth the Deare
 That hath receiued ſome vnfrecuring wounds.

Ti. It was my Deare,
 And he that wounded her,
 Hauſt hurt me more, then had he kild me dead :
 For now I ſtand as one vpon a Rocke,
 Inuiron'd with a wildernes of ſea,
 Who markes the waxing tide,
 Grow wauer by wauer,

Expecting

Expecting euer when some envious surge,
Will in his brainish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched soumes are gone:
Heere stands my other sonne, a brainish man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes,
But that which gives my soule the greatest spurne,
Is deere *Lauinia*, deere then my loue,
Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madid me. What shall I doe?
Now I beholde thy lively body so?

Thou haft no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyred thee?
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, at some *Lauinia* looke on her;
When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stood on her cheekez, as doth the hony dew,
Vpon a gathred Lillie almost withered.

Mar. Perchance she weepes because they kill'd her
husband,
Perchance becauise she knowes him innocent.

Ti. If they did kill thy husband then be joyfull,
Because the law hath cane revenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe so foole a deede,
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle *Lauinia* let me kisse thy lips,
Or make some signes how I may do thee easie:
Shall thy good Vnkle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I sit round about some Fountaine,
Locking all downwards to behold our cheekez
How they are stain'd in meadowes, yet not dry
With mery flime left on them by a flood:
And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh raffe be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a beine pit with our bitter teares?
Or shal we cut away our hands like thiose?
Or shal we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shewes
Passe the remainder of our hatefull dayes?
What shall we doe? Let vs that haue our tongues
Plot some deafe of further miseries
To make vs wonderd at in time to come.

Lu. Sweet Father ease your teares, for at your griefe
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* drie thine
eyes.

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

Lu. Ah my *Lauinia* I will wipe thy cheekez.
Ti. Marke *Marcus* marke, I understand her signes,
Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His Napkin with hertue rearez all bewer,
Can do no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekez.
Oh what a simpathy of woe is this!
As faire from helpe as Limbo is from blisse,

Enter *Aron* the *Moore* alone.

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

Ti. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aron*,
Did ever Rauen sing so like a Lark,
That gives sweet tydings of the Sunnes vprise?
With all my hearte, I defend the Emperour my land,
Good Aras wilt thou help to chop it off?

Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,
Shall not be sent; my hand will serue the curse.
My youth can better spare my blood then yow,
And therefore mine shall saue my brothers lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battaleas,
Writing destruction on the enemies Castle?
Oh none of both but are of high deserte:
My hand hath bin but idle, let it serue
To ransome my two nephewes from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.

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

Mar. My hand shall goe.
Lu. By heauen it shall not goe.

Ti. Sirs strive no more, such withered heabz as these
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.

Lu. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.

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

Ti. Agreed betweene you, I will spare my hand.

Lu. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.

Mar. But I will vse the Axe.

Ti. Come hither *Aron*, Ile deceiue them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Moore. If that be cal'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never whil'st I live deceiue men so:
But Ile deceiue you in another sort,
And that you'll say ere halfe an houre passe.

Enter *Aras* off *Titus* hand.

Enter *Lucius* and *Marcus* again.

Ti. Now stay you strife, what shall be is dispatche;
Good *Aras* giue his Maiestie 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 haue.
As for me for my sonnes, say I account of them,
As iewels purchased at an easie price,
And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne.

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

Ti. O heere I lift this one hand vp to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me?
Doe then deare heart, for heaven shall heare our prayers,
Or with our sighs weeke breath the welkin diinne,
And staine the Sun with fogge as somtyme cloudes,
When they do hug him in their melting bofomes.

Mar. Oh brether speake with possibillities,
And do not breake into these deadly extremes.

Ti. Is not my sorrow deepe, hauing no boctome?
d d 3 Then

Then be my passions bottomlesse with them.

Marc. But yet let reason gouerne thy lament.

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,

Then into limits could I binde my woes :

When beautu doth weepe, doth not the earth o'reflow ?

If the wundes rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,

Threatening the welkin with his big-fowle face ?

And will thou haue a reason for this coile ?

I am the Sea. Harke how her fighes doe flow !

Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth :

Then must my Sea be moued with her fighes,

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 drunckard must I vomit them :

Then give me leave, for looers will have leuse,

To eale their stomackes with their bitter tongues ;

Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,

For that good hand thou sentest the Emperour :

Heete are the heads of thy two noble soones.

And heeres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe :

Thy grieses, their spoiles : Thy resolution mockt,

That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,

More then remembrance of my fathers death.

Exit.

Marc. Now let hot *Aena* coole in Cilicie,

And be my heart an ener-burning hell :

These miseries are more then may be boorne.

To weepe with them that weepe, doth easse some deale,

But sorrow flouted at, is double death.

Lucius. Ah that this fight should make so deep a wound,

And yet detested life not shrinke therat :

That easer death should let life bear his name,

Where life hath no more interest but to breath.

Marc. Alas poore hart that kisst is comfortlesse,

As frozen water to a starned snake.

Titus. When will this fearefull slumber haue an end ?

Marc. Now farewell flatterie, die *Andronicus*,

Thou doft not slumber, fee thy two foul heads,

Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here :

Thy other banisht soone with this deere fight

Scrueke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,

Euen like a stony Image, cold and numme.

Ah now no more will I concroule my grieses,

Rent off thy siluer haire, thy other hand

Grawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall fight

The closing vp of our most wretched eyes :

Now is a time to stroome, why art thou still ?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha,

Marc. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this house.

Ti. Why I haue not another teate to shed :

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,

And would vsurpe vpon my warty eyes,

And make them blinde with tributarie teares.

Then which way shal I finde Reuenges Cau ?

For these two heedes doe seeme to speake to me,

And threat me, I shall never come to blisse,

Till all these mischieves be returned againe,

Euen in their throats that haue committed them.

Come let me see what taskes I haue to doe,

You heauie people, circle me about,

That I may turne me to each one of you,

And feare me into my soule to right your wrongs.

The vow is made, come Brother take a head,

And in this hand the other will I bearre.

And *Lucilia* thou shalt be emploied in these things :

Bearre thou my hand sweet wrench betweene thy teeth :

As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,

Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,

Hic to the *Gather*, and raise an army there,

And if you loose me, as I thinke you doe,

Let's kisse and part, for we haue much to doe.

Marcus Lucius. Well you blodid I we

Luci. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father :

The woefull man that ever liu'd in Rome :

Farewell proud Rome, til *Lucilia* come againe,

Heloues his pledges dearer then his life :

Farewell *Lucilia* my noble sister,

O would thou were as thou to sore haft beepe,

But now, nor *Lucilia* nor *Lucilia* lives :

But in obliuion and haeful grieves :

If *Lucilia* live, he will requir your wrongs,

And make proud *Saturnine* and his Emprefce

Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene,

Now will he to the Gothes and raise a power,

To be reueng'd on Rome and *Saturnine*.

Exit Lucilia

A Braken.

Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lucilia, and the Boy.

An. So, so, now sit, and looke you eat no more

Then will preferue iust so much strength in vs

As will reuenge these bitter woes of ours :

Marcus. Vnknit that sorrow-wreathen knot :

Thy Neece and I poore Creatures want our hands

And cannot paisionate our tenfold griefe,

With fouldest Armes. This poore right hand of mine,

Is left to turrannize vpon my breast,

Who when my hart all mad with misery,

Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,

Then thus I thumpe it downe.

Thou Map of woe, that thus doft talk in signes,

When thy poore hart beates without ragious beating,

Tisou canst not strike it thus to make it full ?

Wound it with fighing girtle, kil it with grooves :

Or get some little knife betweene thy teeth,

And iust against thy hart make thou a hole,

That all the tesres that thy poore eyes let fall

May run into that sink, and fosking in,

Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea salt teares,

Marc. By brother sy, teach her not thus to lay

Such violent hands vpon her tender life.

An. How now ! Has sorrow made thee doate already ?

Why *Marcus*, no man shoulde be mad but I :

What violent hands can she lay on her life :

Ah, wherefore doft thou vrge the name of hands,

To bid *Aeneas* tell the tale twice ore

How Troy was burnt, and he made miserables

O handle not the theame, to talke of hands,

Leafe we remember still that we haue none,

Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I square my talke

As if we shoulde forget we had no hands :

If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands,

Come, lets fall too, and gentle girle eat this,

Heere is no drinke ? Harke *Marcus* what the saies,

I can interpret all her martir'd signes,

She saies, she drinke no other drinke, but teares

Bre'd with her sorrow : mesh'd vpon her cheekes,

Speech.

Speechlesse complayner, I will leare thy thoughts:
In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect
As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not fight nor hold thy stumps to heauen,
Nor winke, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make a signe,
But I (of these) will wrell an Alphabet,
And by still practise, leare to know thy meaning,

Bey. Good grandfie, leue these bister deepe laments,
Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy in passion mou'd,
Doth weepe to see his grandfies heauenesse.

An. Peace tender Saphling, thou art made of teates,
And teates will quickly melt thy life away.

Marcus *breaks the dub with a knife.*

What doest thou stile me at *Marcus* with knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd my Lord, a Fly

An. Out on the iuerturous i thou kill'd my lart,
Mine eyes cloid with view of Tirannie:

A deed of death done on the Innocent
Becoms not *Titus* brother: get thee gone,

I see thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas (my Lord) I haue but kill'd a fly.

An. But? How is that Fly had a fater and mother?

How would he haue his flender gilded wings
And bus lamenting doings in the ayer,

Poore harteselfe Fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody,

Came heere to make vs merry,
And thou haft kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me sir, a flane and di, haue and di

It was a blacke illfaour'd Fly, who I slyly won't

Like to the Empresse Moore, therefore I kill'd him.

An. O o o,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a Charsitable deed:

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,
Flattering my selfe, as if it were the Moore,

Come hither purposely to poyson me.

There's for thy selfe, and thats for *Tamires*: Ah sara,

Yet I thinke we are not brought so low,
But that betweene vs, we can kill a Fly,

That comes in likenesse of a Cole-blacke Moore.

Mar. Alas poore man, grieve ha's so wrought on him,

He takes false shadowes, for true substances.

An. Come, take away: *Lavinia* goe with me,

Haile to thy cloflet, and goe read with thee

Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.

Come boy, and goe with me, thy fight is young.

And thou shalt read, when mine begin to dazell.

Exeunt

Actus Quartus.

Enter young *Lacius* and *Lavinia* running after him, and the Boy flies from her with his booke under his arme.

Enter *Titus* and *Marcus*.

Bey. Helpe Grandfie helpe, say Aunt *Lavinia*,
Followes me every where I know not why.
Good Uncle *Marcus* see how swift she comes,
Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you meant.

Mar. Stand by me *Lacius*, doe not feare thy Aunt,
Titus. She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme
Bey. I when my father was in Rome she did.

Mar. What meanes my Neece *Lavinia* by these signes?

Ti. Fear not *Lavinia*, somewhat doth she meane:

See *Lavinia* see, how much she makes of thee:

Some whether would she haue thee gone with her,

Ah boy, *Cornelia* never with more care

Read to her sonnes, then she hath read to thee,

Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:

Canst thou not geesse wherefore she plies thee thus?

Bey. My Lord I know not I, nor can I geesse,

Vnklese come fit or frenzie do pelleſſe her:

For I haue heard my Grandfie ſay full oft,

Extremeſie of griefes would make men mad.

And I haue read that *Hecuba* of Troy,

Ran mad through ſorrow, that made me to feare,

Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,

Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,

And would not but in fury fight my youth,

Which made me downe to throw my booke, and flie

Castles perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,

And Madam, if my Uncle *Marcus* goe,

I will moft willingly attend your Ladyship.

Mar. *Lacius* I will.

Ti. How now *Lavinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?

Some booke there is that ſhe defires to fee,

Which is it girle of theſe? Open them boy,

But thou art deeper read and better ſkild,

Come and take choyſe of all my Library,

And ſo beguile thy sorrow, till the heauens

Reueale the daſt'd contrarie of this deed,

What booke?

Why lifts ſhe vp her armes in ſequenece thus?

Mar. I think ſhe meanes that ther was more then one

Confederate in the fact, I more there was:

Or elſe to heauen ſhe heauens them to reuenge.

Ti. *Lavinia* what booke is that the tolleſt ſo?

Boy. Grandfie tis Ouids Metamorphofis,

My mother gave it me.

Mar. For loue of her that's gone,

Perhaſh ſhe culd it from among the reſt.

Ti. Soft, ſo busily ſhe turnes the leaves,

Helpe her, what would ſhe finde? *Lavinia* ſhall I read?

This is the tragicke tale of *Philemon*?

And treates of *Terens* treason and his rape,

And rape I ſearc was rootes of thine annoy.

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

Ti. *Lavinia*, were thou thus ſurpriz'd sweet girle,

Rauifht and wrong'd as *Philemon* was?

Fore'd in the rutheſt, waf, and gloomy woods?

See, ſee, I ſuch a place there is where we did hunt,

(O bid we neuer, neuer hunted there)

Patern'd by that the Poet heire describes,

By nature made for murthers and for rapes.

Mar. O why ſhould nature build to foule a den,

Vnkleſe the Gods delight in tragedies?

Ti. Glue ſignes sweet girle, for heire are none but friends

What Romaine Lord it was durſt do the deed?

Or flunke not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* eth,

That left the Campe to ſime in *Larees* bed.

Mar. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother ſit downe by me,

Appollo, *Pallus*, *Ione*, or *Mercury*,

Inſpire me that I may this treaſon finde.

My Lord looke heire, looke heire *Lavinia*.

He writes his Name with his Staffe, and guides it

with feete and mons.

This ſandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canſt

This after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Curst be that haire that forc't vs to that shifft :
Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,
What God will haue disfoured for revenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy forrowes plaine,
That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

*She takes the graffe from her mouth, and quides it with her
fingers and writes.*

Ti. Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writ ?
Sister. Cioeis, Demetrios.

Mar. Whist, whist, the fullfull sonnes of Tamora,
Performers of this hainous bloody deed ?

Ti. Magis Domina tibi poli,
Tus longus, andis sceleris, tam leuitas videt.

Mar. Oh calme thee gentle Lord : Although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To stirre a mutinie in the mildest thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaims,
My Lord kneele downe with me; *Lavinia* kneele,
And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine *Hector* hope,
And swearre with me, as with the wofull Feare
And father of that clift dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Iulus Brutus* (weare for *Lucius* rape,
That we will prosecute (by good aduise)
Mortall reuenge vpon these traytoryous Gothes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Ti. Tis fure enough, and you knew how.
But if you hunt these Beare-whelpes, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if she wende you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deeplye stell in leuge.
And lolls him whilſt the paleyth on her backe,
And when he sleepes will she do what she list,
You are a young hemesman *Moore*, let it alone,
And come, I will goe get a leafe of brasse,
And with a Gad of Steele will write these wordes,
And lay it by : the angry Northernne winde
Will blow these fands like *sabres* leaves abroad,
And wheres your lesson then, Boy what say you ?

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

Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull country done the like.

Boy. And Vnkle so will I, and if I live.

Ti. Come goe with me into mine Armarie,
Lavinia Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonner,
Presents that I intend to send them both,
Come, come, thou'l do thy mesage, wilt thou not ?

Boy. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandſire :
Ti. No boy nor ſo, Ile teach thee another courſe,
Lavinia comes, *Marcellus* looke to my house,
Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the Court,
I marry will we ſit, and weele be waitiont. *Exeunt.*

Mar. O heauen ! Can you haue a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him ?

Marcellus attend him in his extacie,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Then foe-mens markes vpon his batter'd ſhield,
Ere yet so iuft, that he will not revenge,
Revenge the heauens for old *Andronice*. *Exit*.

Enter Aaron, Chiron and Demetrios at one doore and at another
doore *yauing Lavinia and another, with a bundle of*
weapons, and verſes writ vpon them.

Chi. Demetrios heeres the ſcene of *Lavinia*,
He hath ſome meffage to deliuere vs.

Aron. I ſome mad meffage from his mad Grandfather.

Boys. My Lords, with all the humblenſt I my,

I greetee your honours from *Andronice*,
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.

Deme. Gramercie louely *Lavinia*, what ſtiche newes ?

For vilenies markt with rape. May it pleafe you,

My Grandſire well aduiſ'd hath ſent by me,

The goodlieſt weapons of his Armarie,

To gratifie your honourable youth,

The hope of Rome, for ſo he had me ſay :

And fo I do and with his gifts preſent

Your Lordships, when euer you haue need,

You may be armed and appointed well,

And ſo I leane you both: like bloody vilaunes. *Exeunt*

Deme. What's heere ? a crole, & written round about,

Let's fee.

Integer vita fecerisque parvus, non egit manus incutis nec ar-

cus.

Chi. O 'tis a verſe in *Horace*, I know it well.

I read it in the Grammer long a goe.

Moore. I iuft, a verſe in *Horace* right, you haue it,

Now what a thing it is to be an Aſſe ?

Hee's no ſound ieff, the old man hath found their guilt,

And ſends the weapons wrapt about with lines,

That wound(beyond their feeling) to the quick :

But were our witty Emprefſe well a foot,

She would applaud *Andronice* conceit:

But let her ref, in her eneft a white.

And now young Lords, wa'tho a happy flarie

Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then so ;

Captives, to be advanced to this height ?

It did me good before the Pallace gate,

To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.

Deme. But me more good, to ſee ſo great a Lord

Bafely intinuate, and fend vs gifts.

Moore. Had he not reaſon Lord *Demetrios* ?

Did you not ſe his daughter very friendly ?

Deme. I would we had a thouſand Romane Daimes

At ſuch a bay, by turne to ſerve our luſt.

Chi. A charitable wiſh, and full of loue.

Moore. Heere lack'st thou mother for to ſay, Amen.

Chi. And that would ſit for twenty thouſand more.

Deme. Come, let vs go, and pray to all the Gods

For our beloved mocher in her paines.

Moore. Pray to the devils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.

Flourish.

Deme. Why do the Emperors trumpets flouriſh thus ?

Chi. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a ſonne.

Deme. Soft, who comes heere ?

Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore child.

Nurſe. Good morrow Lords:

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

Aron. Well, more or leſſe, or ne're a whit at all,

Heere *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now ?

Nurſe. Oh gentle *Aaron*, we are all vndone,

Now helpe, or who betide thee euermore.

Aron. Why, what a catterwalling doſt thou keepe ?

What doſt thou wrap and fumble in thine armes ?

Nurſe. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,

Our Emprefſe shame, and ſtately Romes disgrace,

She is deliuert Lords, ſhe is deliuert.

Aron. To whom ?

Nurſe. I meane ſhe is brought a bed ?

Aron. Wel God give her good refl.

What

The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

45

What hast he sent her?

- *Nurse.* A devill.

Aron. Why then she is the Devils Dame a joyfull issue.

Nurse. A toylesse, dismall, blacke & sorrowfull issue,

Heere is the babe an loathsome as a toad,

Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime,

The Empresse sends it thee thy stampe, thy feale,

And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.

- *Aron.* Oat you whore, black to base a bate?

Sweet blowfe, you are a heinous blossome fure.

Deme. Villaine what hast thou done?

Aron. That which thou canst not vndoe.

Cbi. Thou haft vndone our mother.

Deme. And therein hellish dog, thou haft vndone,

Woe to her chance, and haun't her loathed choyce,

Accusest the off-spring of so soule a fiend.

Cbi. It shal not live.

Aron. It shal not die.

Nurse. *Aron* is must, the mother wils it so.

Aron. What, must it *Nurse*? Then let no man but I

Doc excusion on my flesh and blood.

Deme. Ile breache the Tadpole on my Rapiers point;

Nurse give at me, my sword shall toooce dispatch it.

Aron. Soone this sword shall plough thy bowels vp.

Stay mortiferous vilieties, will you kill your brother?

Now by the burning Tapers of the skie,

That sh one so brightly when this Boy was got,

He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,

That touches this my first borne sonne and heire,

I tell you young-lings, not *Excedamus*,

With all his threating band of *Typhus* broode,

Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of warre,

Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:

What, what ye fanguine shallow harted Boys,

Ye white-limb'd walls, ye Ale-houfe painted signes,

Cole-blacke is better then another hue,

In that it scornes to besee another bue:

For all the water in the Ocean,

Can never torme the Swans blacke legs to white,

Although the late them hourely in the flood:

Tell the Empresse from me, I am of age

To keepe mine owne, excuse is how she can.

Deme. Wilt thou betray any noble misris thus?

Aron. My misris is my misris: this my selfe,

The vigour, and the picture of my youth,

This, before all the world do I preferre,

This ounger all the world will I keepe safe,

Or some of you shall smooke for it in Rome.

Deme. By this our mother is for ever sham'd,

Cbi. Rome will despise her for this foule escape.

Nr. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.

Cbi. I blush to thinkke vpon this ignomie.

Aron. Why ther's the prisedge your beauty beares:

Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing

The close cunctis and counsels of the hart:

Heer's a young Lad fram'd of another leere,

Looke how the blacke fluse smiles vpon the father;

As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne,

He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed

Of that selfe blood that first gave life to you,

And from that wosme where you imprisoned were

He is in franchis and come to light:

Nay he is your brother by the surer syde,

Although my feale be stamped in his face.

Nurse. *Aron* what shall I say unto the Empresse?

Deme. Aduisle thee *Aron*, what is to be done,

And we will al subscribe to thy advise:

Sane thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aron. Then sit we downe and let vs all confute.

My sonne and I will haue the wnde of you:

Keepere there, now talke at pleasure of your safety.

Deme. How many women saw this childe of his?

Aron. Why so braue Lords, when we ioyne in league

I am a Lambe: but if you braue the *Mowre*,

The chased Bore, the mountaine Lyonesse,

The Ocean swells not so at *Arons* stormes:

But say agayne, how many saw the childe?

Nurse. *Cornelia*, the midwife, and my selfe,

And none else but the delauerred Empresse.

Aron. The Empresse, the Midwife, and your selfe,

Two may keepe counsell, when the the thrid's away:

Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said,

He kills her Wecke, wecke, to cryes a Pigge prepared to th' Spitt.

Deme. What mean'st thou *Aron*?

Wherefore did'lt thou this?

Aron. O Lord sir, 'tis a deed of pollicie?

Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?

A long tongu'd babling Gosip? No Lord no:

And now be it knowne to you my full intent.

Nor farre, one *Malitiam* my Country-man

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,

His childe is like to her, faire as you are:

Goe packe with him, and give the mother gold,

And tell them both the circumstance of all,

And how by this their Childe shall be aduanc'd,

And be received for the Emperours heyre,

And substituted in the place of mine,

To palme this tempest whiseling in the Court,

And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.

Hatre ye Lords, ye see I haue gien her physicks,

And you must needs beset her funerall,

The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:

This done, see that you take no longer daies

But send the Midwife presently to me.

The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,

Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.

Cbi. *Aron* I fee thou wilt not trust the syre with se-

Deme. For this care of *Tamora*,

Her selfe, and hers are highly bound to thee.

Exect.

Aron. Now to the Gothes, as swift as Swallow flites,

There to dispouse this treasure in mine armes,

And secretly to greene the Empresses friends:

Come on you thick-lipp'd-flues, Heare you hence,

For it is you that puts vs to our flights:

Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,

And feed on curds and whay, and fiske the Goate,

And cabin in a Cae, and bring you vp

To be a warriour, and command a Campe.

Exit

Enter Tams, old Marcus, young Lucius, and her gentlemen

with bows, and Tams bears the arrowes with

Letters on the end of them.

Tis. Come *Marcus*, come *kinsmen* this is the way.

Sir Boy let me fee your Archerie,

Looke yee draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:

Tams. After a day, be you remembred *Marcus*.

She's gone, she's fled, first take you to your toolies,

You Cosens shall goo sound the Ocean:

And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,

Yet ther's as little justice as at Land:

No Publius and Sempronius, you must doe it.

Tis

'Tis you must dig with Mattocke, and with Spade,
And pierce the Inmost Center of the earth :
Then when you come to *Plantes* Region,
I pray you deliver him this petition :
Tell him it is for justice, and for aide,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with sorowes in vngratefull Rome,
Ah Rome ! Well, well, I made thee miserale,
What time I threw the peoples suffrages
On him that thus doth tyranize o're us.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leave you not a man of warre unsearche,
This wicked Emperor may have shaps her hence,
And kinshen then we may goe pipe for justice.

Marcus. O *Publius* is not this a hearie case
To see thy Noble Uncle thus distract ?

Publ. Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
By day and night t'attend him carefully :
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget soone carefull remedie.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorowes are past remedie.
Joyne with the Gothes, and with reuengewill warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the Traytor *Saturnus*.

Tit. *Publius* how now ? how now my Maisters ?
What haue you met with her ?

Publ. No my good Lord, but *Pavo* sends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you shall,
Mariate for justice she is so employ'd,
He thinkes with *Iose* in heaven, or some where else :
So that perforce you must needs stay a tyme.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,
Ile dive into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of *Scars* by the heelles
Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bo'nd-men, fram'l of the Cyclops size,
But metall *Marcus*, steele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backe can beare,
And fith there's no iustice in earth nor hell,
We will sollicite heaven, and moane the Gods
To feed downe Justice for to wreske our wongs :
Come to this geaze, you are a good Archer *Marcus*.

He gives them the Arrows.

Ad Iouem, that's for you *here ad Appollonem*,
Ad Martem, that's for my selfe,
Heere Boy to Pallas, heere to *Mercury*,
To Saturnine, to *Caues*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to shooe againt the wind.
Too it Boy, *Marcus* loose when I bide :
Of my word, I haue written to effect,
Ther's not a God left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
We will affilte the Emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now Maisters draw, Oh well said *Lucus* :
Good Boy in *Virgo* lap, give it *Pallas*.

Marc. My Lord, I pine a Mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Imper* by this.

Tit. Ha,ha, *Publius*, what haft thou done ?
See, see, thou haft shot off one of *Taurus* horns.

Marc. This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot,
The Bull being gal'd, gaue *Aries* such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Ram horns in the Court,
And who should finde them but the Empresse villaine :
She laughte, and told the Moore he shold not choose
But give them to his Maister for a present.

Tit. Why there it goes, God give your Lordship joy.

Enter the *Cleonne* with a basket and two *Pigeons* in it.

Tit. Newes newes, from heauen,

Marcus the poast is come.

Sirrah, what tydings haue you any letters ?

Shall I haue iustice, what sayes *Jupiter* ?

Cleonne. Ho the libbetmaker, he sayes that he hath taken them downe againe, for the man must not be hang'd till the next weeke.

Tit. But what sayes *Jupiter* I aske thee ?

Cleonne. Alas sir I know not *Jupiter* :

I never dranke with him in all my life.

Tit. Why villaine art not thou the Carrier ?

Cleonne. I of my Pigeons sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heauen ?

Cleonne. From heauen ? Alas sir, I never came there, God forbid I shold be so bold, to preffe to heauen in my young daies. Why I am going with my pigeons to the Tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt my Uncle, and one of the Emperials men.

Marc. Why sir, that is as fit as can be to serue for your Oration, and let him deliuier the Pigeons to the Emperour from you.

Tit. Tell mee, can you deliuier an Oration to the Emperour with a Grace ?

Cleonne. Nay truely sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah come hither, make no more adoe,
But giue your Pigeons to the Emperour,
By me thou shalt haue Justice at his hands.
Hold, hold, meane while her's money for thy charge,
Giue me pen and inke.

Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliuier a Supplication ?

Cleonne. I sir

Tit. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneele, then kille his foote, then deliuier vp your Pigeons, and then looke for your reward. Ile be at hand sir, fee you do it brauely.

Cleonne. I warrant you sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah hast thou a knife ? Come let me see it, Heere *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration, For thou haft made it like an humble Suppliant : And when thou haft given it the Emperour, Knocke at my doore, and tell me what he sayes.

Cleonne. God be with you sir, I will.

Tit. Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow me.

Exit.

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

Exeunt.

Satyr. Why Lords,

What wrongs are these ? was euer seene
An Emperour in Roome thus ouerborne,
Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the exten
Of eg all iustice, w'd in such contempt ?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
(How euer these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples easies) there nought hath past,
But even with law against the willfull Sonnes
Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His sorowes haue so ouerwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitternesse ?
And now he writes to heauen for his redresse.
See, heeres to *Iose*, and this to *Mercury*.

This

This to *Apoll*, this to the God of warre ;
Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of Rome ;
What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning out Insultis every where ?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lord's ?
As who would say, in Roome no Justice were ?
But if I lie, has fained estates :
Shall beno [he]leter to the seouerages i am fild yet now ?
But he and his still know wherin he lies, and no book
In Somewhers health wheron he slope, /
He'll so awake, as he in fury shall.
Cut off the proundy Confessor that lies !

Tam. My gracious Lord, my louely *Sempronius*,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and bear the faults of Time age,
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant Sonnes,
Whose losse hath pier'd him deep, and feard his heart ;
And rather comfort his distressed plight, than shoudred I
Then prosecute the meane of the bish, as no Glorie
For these contemps. Why thus it shall become
High witted *Tamora* to glorie with all
But *Titus*, I have touch'd thee to the quicke,
Thy life blood out : If *Aeneas* now be wife,
Then is all safe, the Anchor 't in the Post.

Enter *Claudius*. How now good fellow, wouldest thou speake with vs ?

Claud. Yea forsooth, and your Mistrisship be Emperiall.
Tam. Emperess I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.

Claud. 'Tis he ; God & Saint Stephen give you good den;

I haue brought you a Letter, & a couple of Piggins here.

Sem. Goe take him away, and hang him presently.

Claud. How much money must I haue ?

Tam. Come fierah you must be hang'd.

Claud. Hang'd her Lady, then I haue brought vp a neck
to a faire end.

Sem. Delpightfull and inollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villany ?
I know from whence this same deuile proceeded :
May this be borne ? As if it is traytious Sonnes,
That dy'd by law for mother of our Brother,
Haue by my meanes beeene butcher'd wrongfully ?
Goe drage she villaine hither by the haire,
Not Age, nor Honour, shall shape priuallge :
For this proud mocke, he be thy slaughter man :
Sly franticke wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thy selfe shoud govern Roome and me.

Enter *Nuntius* *Emilius*.

Sem. What newes with thee *Emilius* ?
Emil. Arm my Lords, Roome never had more cause,
The Gothes haue gather'd head, and with a power
Of high resolute men, bent to the spoyle
They bihther march amaine, vnder conduct
Of *Lucius*, Sonne to old *Andronicus* :
Who threatis in course of this reuenge to do
As much as ever *Caroleanus* did.

King. Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the Gothes ?
These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or graffe beat downe with stormes :
I, now begins our forswere to approach,
'Tis he the common people loue to much,
My selfe haue often heard them say, /
(When I haue walked like a priuate man)
That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,
And they haue wifht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.

Tam. Why shold you feare ? is not our City strong ?

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

Tam. King, be thy thoughts Imperious like thy name,
Is the Sunne dum'd, that Gnats do sicke it ?
The Eagle suffers little Birds to sing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure flint their melodye,
Euen so myself thou, the giddy men of Roome,
Then cheare thy spiri, for know thou Imperious,
I will enchant the old *Andronicus*,
With wordes more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Then baites to fish, or hony stukes to sheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baite,
The other rotted with delicious foode.

King. But he will not entreat his Sonne for vs.

Tam. If *Tamora* entreat him, then he will,

For I can smooth and fit his aged eare,

With golden promises, that were his bese,

Almost Impregnable his old eares deafe,

Yet shold both eare and heart obey my tongue,

Goe thou before to our Embassadour,

Say, that the Emperour requieth a party

Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

King. *Emilius* do this mesage Honourably,

And if he stand in Hostage for his safety,

Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Emil. Your bidding that I do effectually.

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

And temper him with all the Art I haue,

To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike Gothes.

And now sweet Emperour be blithe againe,

And bury all thy feare in my denises.

Sem. Then goe successfull and plead for him.

Emil. Exit.

Adius Quintus.

Florit. Enter *Lucius* with an Army of Gothes,

with Drum and Scoulders.

Luci. Approved warriours, and my faithfull Friends,

I haue received Letters from great Roome,

Which signifies what haire they beare their Emperour,

And how desirous of our fight they are.

Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witness,

Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,

And wherein Roome hath done you any iache,

Let him make treble satisfaction.

Gorb. Brav flipp, sprung from the Great *Andronicus*,

Whole name was once our terror, now our comfort,

Whof high exploit, and honourable Deeds,

Ingratfull Roome requires with foule contempt :

Behold iars, weele follow where thou lead'st,

Like flinging Bees in hottest Summers day,

Led by their Maister to the flowered fields,

And be aueng'd on curst *Tamora*:

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

Luet. I liambly thank him, and I thank ye all,

But who comenheere, led by a lousy Goth ?

Enter a Goth leading of *Aeneas* with his child

in his armes.

Gorb. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troupes I straide,

To gaze vpon a ruinous Monastrie,

And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye
Vpon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a childe cry vnderneath a wall,
I made vnto the noyse, when somme I heard,
The crying babe controll'd with this discoursesegge of
Peace, Tawny slauke, halfe me, and halfe thy Dame,
Did not thy Huse accvray whole brat thou art?
Had nature lest there, but thy Mothers looke,
Villaine thou might'st haue bene an Imperfour,
But where the Bull and Cow are both mukl whiske,
They neare do beget a cole-blacke-Calfes,
Peace, villaine peace, even thus he rases the babe,
For I must beare thee to a trulay Goth,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe,
Will hold thee dearely for thy Mothers sake,
With this my weapon drawne I rush upon him,
Surpriz'd him sudainely, and brought his hister
To vfe, as you thinke needefull of the man.

Luci. Oh wronhy Goth, this is the incarnate devill,
That rob'd Andromachis of his good hand:
This is the Pearele that pleas'd your Empresse eye,
And heere's the Bafe Fruit of his burning lust,
Say wall-ey'd slauke, whether would'st thou conuay
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speake f what deafe? Not a word?
A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,
And by his side his Fruste of Baftardie.

Arou. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood.

Luci. Too like the Syre for ever being good,
First hang the Child that he may see it spirall,
A fight to vexe the Fathers soule withall.

Arou. Get me a Ladder *Luci*, issue the Childe,
And bear it from me to the Empresse:
If thou do this, Ile shew thee wonderous thingys,
That highly may aduantage thee to hearre;
If thou wyl not, befall what may befall,
Ile speake no more; but vengeance rot you all.

Luci. Say on, and if it please me which thou spek'lt,
Thy child shall liue, and I will see it Nouisift.

Arou. And if it please thee? why assur thee *Luci*,
Twll vexe thy soule to heare what I shall speake:
For I must talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Massacres,
Actes of Blacke-night, abominable Deeds,
Complots of Mischief, Treason, Villanies
Ruthfull to heare, yet pitiously preform'd,
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Vnlesse thou swear to me my Childe shall liue.

Luci. Tell on thy minde,
I say thy Childe shall liue.

Arou. Swearre that he shal, and then I will begin.

Luci. Who shalld I weare by,
Thou be euill no God,
That graunted, how evill thou beleue an oath?

Arou. What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art Religiose,
And haft a thing within thee, called Conscience,
With twenty Popish trickes and Ceremonies,
Which I haue feste them carefull to obfue :
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know
An Idiot holds his Bauble for a God,
And keeps the oath which by that God he swerres,
To that Ile vrge him; therefore thou shalke vow
By that same God, what God so e're it be
That thou adorest, and haft in reverence,
To gue my Boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
Or else I will discouer nought to thee.

Luci. Even by my God I swerres to to thee I will.

Arou. First know thou, made sif on calme, I say
I haue got him on the Empresse, quallid and callid her.

Luci. Oh most Infatiacie luxuriant woman!

Arou. Tut *Luci*, this was but a deed of Charitie,

To thich which thou shalt heare of me anoy,

'Twas her two Sonnes that murdered *Bassianus*,

They cut her Sisters tongue, and rauisched her,

And cut her hands off, and trim'd her as thou saw'st.

Luci. Oh detestable villaine

Call'ſt thou that Trimming & cutting of her hands?

Arou. Whyſte was walk, and cut, and trim'd,

And 'twas trim'sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luci. Oh barbarous beastly villaines like thy ſelfe!

Arou. Indeed, I was their Tutor to inſtruct them,

That Codding ſpirit had they from their Mother,

As ſure a Card as euer wonne the ſets:

That bloody minde I thinkne they learm'd of me,

As true a Dog as euer fought at head.

Well, let my Deeds be wiſeſſe of my worth:

I trayed the Bretheren to that guilefull Hole,

Where the dead Corps of *Bassianus* lay :

I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,

And hid the Gold within the Letter mentioned,

Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonnes,

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

Wherin I had no ſroke of Miſcheſe in it,

I play'd the Cleafer for thy Fathers hand,

And when I had it, drew my ſelfe apart,

And almoſt broke my heart with extreame laughter.

I ſcried me through the Creuice of a Wall,

When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heade,

Beheld his teares, and laught so hartily,

That both mine eyes were rainie like to his :

And when I told the Empresse of this ſport,

She ſounded almoſt at my pleaſing tale,

And for my rydings, gaue me twenty kiffes.

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

Arou. I like a blacke Dogge, as the ſaying is.

Luci. Art thou not ſorry for these haunous deeds?

Arou. I, that I had not done a thouſand more:

Even now I curse the day, and yet I thinke

Few come withſhew few compaſie of my caſe,

Wherin I did not ſome Notoriouſe ill,

As kill a man, or elſe deuife his death,

Rauish a Maid, or plot the way to do it,

Accufe some Innocente, and forweare my ſelfe,

Set deadly Enmy betweene two Friends,

Make poore mens Cartell breake their neckes,

See fire on Barnes and Hayſtackes in the nighte,

And bid the Owners quench them with the teares :

Oſc haue I dig'd vp dead men from their graves,

And ſet them vpright at their deere Friends doore,

Euen when their forrowes almoſt was forgot,

And on their ſkinnes, as on the Barke of Trees,

Hauke with my knife carued in Romaine Letters,

Let not your forrow die, though I am dead,

Tut, I haue done a thouſand dreadfull things,

As willingly, as one would kill a Fly,

And nothing greenes me hartily indeede,

But that I cannot doe ten thouſand more.

Luci. Bring downe the diuell, for he muſt not die

So ſweet a death as hanging preſently.

Arou. If there be diuels, would I were a devill,

To liue and borne in euclafing fire,

So I might haue your company in hell,

But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Lac. Sirs stop his mouth, & let him speake no more.

Enter Emilia.

Goth. My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Lac. Let him come neare;

Welcome *Emilia*, what the newes from Rome?

Em. Lord *Emilia*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperor greets you all by me.
And for he understandes you are in Armes,
He craves a parly at your Fathers house
Willing you to demand your Hostages,
And they shall be immediately delivered.

Goth. What sties our Generall?

Lac. *Emilia*, let the Emperor give his pledges
Unto my Father, and my Uncle *Marcus*,
And we will come i march away.

Exeunt.

Enter Tamora, and her two Sons disguised.

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad Habilliment,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,
And say, I am Revenge sent from below,
To joyne with him and right his hainous wrongs:
Knocke at his study where they say he keepeſ,
To ruminante ſtrange plots of dire Revenge,
Tell him Revenge is come to joyne with him,
And workes conuincion on his Enemies.

*They knocke and *Titus* opens his ſtudy dore.*

Tit. Who doth malleſt my Contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
That ſo my ſad decrees may flie away,
And all my ſtudie be to no effect?
You are deceiu'd, for what I meane to do,
Se heere in bloody lines I haue ſet downe:
And what is written ſhall be executed.

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

Tit. Nonos a word: how can I graue my talke,
Wanting a hand to give it action,
Thou haſt the o'ds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou diſt know me,

Thou woulſt i'th talke with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know the well enough,
Witness this wretched ſtump,
Witnesse theſe crimson lines,
Witnesse theſe Trenches made by grieſe and care,
Witnesse the ſtyring day, and heauie night,
Witnesse all ſorrow, that I know thee well:
For our proud Emprefſe, Mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy couincion for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou ſad man, I am not *Tamora*,
She is thy Enemie, and I thy Friend,
I am Revenge ſent from thi' infernall Kingdome,
To eaſe the gnawing Vulture of the mind,
By working wreakefull vengeance on my Foes:
Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Confirme with me of Murder and of Death,
There's not a hollow Cauſe or lurking place,
No vail obfcurity, or mifly vale,
Where bloody Murther or detefted Rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will finde them out,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Revenge, which makes the foule offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou ſent to me,

To be a torment to mine Enemies?

Tam. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.

Tit. Doe me ſome ſervice ere I come to thee:
Loc by thy ſide where Rape and Murther ſtands,
Now giue ſome furance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, & teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,
And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whiſle along with thee about the Globes,
Prouide thee two proper Palfries, as blacke as Jet,
To hale thy vengefull Waggon ſwift away,
And finde out Murther in their guilty caſes.
And when thy Car is loaded with their heads,
I will diſmount, and by the Waggon wheeles,
Trot like a ſeralle footeſman all day long,
Even from *Eftow* thicke in the Eaſt,
Vntill his very downefall in the Sea.

And day by day, He do this heavy taske,
So thou diſtroy Rapine and Murther there.

Tam. Theſte are my Minifters, and come with me.

Tit. Are them thy Minifters, what are they call'd?

Tam. Rape and Murther, therefore called so,
Caſte they take vengeaunce of ſuch kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord how like the Emprefſe Sons they are,
And you the Emprefſe: But we worldy men,
Haue miſerable mad miſtaking eyes:
Oh ſweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one armes imbrace ment will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.

Tam. This cloſing with him, fits his Lunacie,
What ere I forge to leede his braine-fickneſſe fits,
Do you vphold, and maintaine in your ſpeeches,
For now he firtely takes me for Revenge,
And being Credulous in this mad thought,
He make him ſend for *Lacus* his Sonne,
And whilſt I ſat at a Banquet held him ſure,
He find ſome cunning praſeſe out of hand
To ſcatter and diſperle the giddie Gothes,
Or at the leaſt make them his Enemies:
See heere he comes, and I muſt play my theameſe.

Tit. Long haue I bene forlorne, and all for thee,
Welcomē dread Fury to thy woefull house,
Rapine and Murther, you are welcomē too,
How like the Emprefſe and her Sonnes you are.
Well are you fitte, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell afford you ſuch a deuill?
For well I wore the Emprefſe neuer wags;
But in her company there is a Moore,
And would you repreſent our Queene aright
It were conuenient you had ſuch a deuill:
But welcome as you are, what ſhall we doe?

Tam. What woulſt thou haue vs doe *Andronicus*?

Dem. Shew me a Murtherer, Ile deale with him.

Chi. Shew me a Villaine that bath done a Rape,
And I am ſent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thouſand that haue done thee wrong,
And Ile be revenged on them all.

Tit. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou findest a man that's like thy ſelfe,
Good Murther ſtab him, hee's a Murtherer.

Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,

Well maſt thou know her by thy owne proportion,
For up and downe ſhe doth reſemble thee.

I pray thee doe on them ſome violent death,
They haue bene violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well haft thou lesson'd vs, this shall we do,
But would it please thee good *Andronice*,
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice Valiant Sonne,
Who leades towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy house,
When he is heere, even at thy Solemne Feast,
I will bring in the Emprefle and her Sonnes,
The Emperour himfelle, and all thy Foes,
And at thy mercy shall they Roop, and kneele,
And on them ſhalt thou eale, thy angry heart :
What faies *Andronice* to this deuile ?

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Marcus my Brother, 'tis ſad *Thou* calls,
Go gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
Then haſt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chieff Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encamp his Souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour, and the Emprefle too,
Feaſt at my houſe, and he ſhall Feaſt with them,
This do thou for my loue, and ſo let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.

Marc. This will I do, and ſooner returne againe.

Tam. Now will I hence about thy busynesse,
And take my Minifters along with me.

Tam. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder ſtay with me,
Or els Ile call my Brother backe againe,
And cleue to no reuenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. What ſay you Boyes, will you blide wiþ him,
Whiles I go tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouern'd our determined ieff ?
Yeeld to his Humour, ſmooth and ſpeake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.

Tam. I know them all, though they ſuppoſe me mad,
And will o're-reach them in their owne deuifes,
A payre of cursed hell-hounds and their Dam.

Dow. Madam depart at pleaſure, leauē vs beſte.

Tam. Farewell *Andronice*, reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy Foes.

Tam. I know thou dooſt, and ſweet reuenge farewell.

Chi. Tell vs old man, how ſhall we be imployd ?

Tam. Tot, I haue worke enough for you to doe,

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

Pub. What is your wil ?

Tam. Knew you theſe two ?

Pub. The Emprefle Sonnes, ſo up in ſorrowfull

I take them, *Chires*, *Demetrios*.

Tam. Fit *Publius*, ſir, thou art too much deceau'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore bind them gentle *Publius*,

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

Oft haue you heard me wiſh for ſuch an houre,

And now I ſind it, therefore bind them ſure,

Chi. Villaines forheare, we are the Emprefle Sonnes.

Pub. And therefore do we, what we are commanded,

Stop cloſe their moſthes, let them not ſpeak a word,

Iſe bare bound, looke that you bind them ſaſt. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Tam. Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia
with a Bafon.*

Tam. Come, come *Lavinia*, looke, thy Foes are bound,
Sirs ſtop their moſthes, let them not ſpeak to me,
But let them heare what ſcarful words I vter.

Oh Villaines, *Chires*, and *Demetrios*,
Here stands the ſpring whom you haue ſtain'd with muſe,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kil'd her her husband, and for that ſil'd ſaule,
Two of her Brothers were condemned to deaſh,
My hand cut off, and made a merry ieft,
Both her ſweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more deere
Theſe Hands or tongue, her spotleſſe Chriftiy,
Inhumaine Traytors, you constrain'd and for th'.
What would you ſay, if I ſhould let you ſpeak &
Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace,
Hark, Wretches, how I meane to martyr you,
This one Hand yes is left, to cut your throats,
Whilſt that *Lavinia* tweene her ſtumps doth hold:
The Bafon that receives your guilty bled.

You know your Mother meaneſ to eaſt with me,
And calls berſeſe Reuenge, and thinkes me mad.

Hark Villaines, I will grind your bones to duff,
And with your blood and it, Ile make a Paſle,
And of the Paſle a Coffen I will rearre,
And make two Paſties of your shamefull Heads,

And bid that ſtrumper your unthalloed Dam,

Like to the earth ſwallow her increafe.

This is the Feaſt, haſt I haue bid her to,

And this the Banquet ſhe shall ſurfeſt on,

For worse then *Philometre* you ſil'd my Daughter,

And worse then *Pregnal* will be ſeueng'd,

And now prepare your throats: *Lavinia* come,

Receiue the blood, and when that they are dead,

Let me goe grind their Bones to powder small,

And with this hatefull Liquor temper it,

And in that Paſle let their wil'd Heads be bakte,

Come, come, be every one officious,

To make this Banquet, which I wiſh might proue,

More ſteme and bloody then the Centaures Feaſh.

Enter Lavinia, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Luc. Vnkle *Marcus*, ſince 'tis my Fathers minde
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

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

Luc. Good Vnkle take you in this barbarous *Mores*,

This Rauenous Tiger, this accuſed deuill,

Let him receive no luſtenance, fetter him,

Till he be brought unto the Emperour face,

For teſtimony of her, foule proceedings,

And ſee the Ambaſh of our Friends be strong,

Ifere the Emperour meaneſ no good to vs.

Arou. Some deuill whisper curse in my eare,

And prompt me that my tongue may vter for th',

The Venemous Malice of my ſwelling heart.

Luc. Away Inhumaine Dogge, Unhallowed Slave,

Sirs, helpe our Vnkle, to conuey him in,

The Trumpets ſhew the Emperour is at hand.

*Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Emprefle, with
Tribunes and others.*

Sat. What, haſt thou the Itemanment more Sunſ than one ?

Luc. What bootes it thee to call thy ſelfe a Sunne ?

Mar. Romes Emperour & Nephew breake the paſle,

These quarrels must be quietely debated,

The Feaſt is ready which the carefull *Thou*,

Hath

Hath ordained to an Honourable end,
For Peace, for Loue, for League, and good to Rome :
Please you therefore draw neare and take your places.

Satyr. Marcus we will.

A Table brought in.

Enter *Titus* like a Cooke placing the meat on
the Table, and *Lavinia* with a vail over her face.

Titus. Welcome my gracious Lord,
Welcome Dread Queene,
Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all although the cheare be poore,
'Twll fill your stomacks, please you eat of it.

Satyr. Why art thou thus attir'd *Andronicus*?

Titus. Because I would be fure to hane all well,
To entertaine your Highnesse, and your Empresse.

Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus* ?

Titus. And if your Highnesse knew my heart, you were:
My Lord the Emperour resolute me this,
Was it well done of rath *Virginia*,
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand.
Because she was enfor't, stain'd, and deflow'r'd ?

Satyr. It was *Andronicus*.

Titus. Your reason, Mighty Lord ?

Satyr. Because the Girele shold not furaine her shame,
And by her presence full renew her sorowes.

Titus. A reaon mighty, strong, and effectuall,
A pastorne, presidant, and lively warrant,
For me(most wretched) to perfonne the like:
Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame, thy Fathers sorrow die.

He kills her.

Satyr. What hast done, vnnaturall and vnkinde ?

Titus. Kild her for whom my teares haue made me blind.
I am as wofull as *Virginia* was,
And haue a thousand times more cause then he.

Satyr. What was she rauisht? tell who did the deed,

Titus. Wilt please you eare,
Wilt please your Highnesse feed ?

Titus. Why hast thou slaine thine onely Daughter ?

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

Satyr. Go fetch them hither to vs presently.

Titus. Why there they are both, baken in that Pie,
Whereof their Mother dancilly hath fed :
Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred.
Tis true, 'tis true, witness my kniues sharpe point.

He slays the Empresse.

Satyr. Die frantike wretch, for this accursed deed.
Lore. Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed ?

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

Mar. You sad fac'd men, people and Sonnes of Rome,
By vprores sever'd like a flight of Fowle,
Scattered by windes and high tempestuous gusts :
Oh let me teach you how, to knitt againe
This seuered Corne, into one mutuall sheafe,
These broken limbs againe into one body.

Cath. Let Rome her selfe be bane vnto her selfe,
And shee whom mightie kingdomes curse too,
Like a solome and desperate castaway,
Doe shamefull execution on her selfe,
But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,
Graue witnessesse of true experiance,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as 'cift our Auncestor,

When with his solemnne tongue he did discouer
To loue-fiske *Dider* had attending care,
The story of that balefull burning night,
When subtil Greeks surpris'd King *Priamus* Troy:

Tell vs what *Sise* hath bewitcht our easies,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,

That giues out Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound,
My heart is not compact of flint nor Steele,

Nor can I vtter all our bitter griefe,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,

And breake my very utterance, euen in the time
When it shoulde moue you to attend me most,

Lending your kind hand Consideration.

Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,
Your hearts will throb and weepe to heare him speake,

Lore. This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you,
That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*

Were they that murdered our Emperours Brother,
And they it were that rascallised our Sister,

For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares despis'd, and basely coulson'd,

Of that true hand that fought Romes quarell our,
And sent her enemies vnto the graue.

Lastly, my selfe vinkinely banished,

The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Romes Enemies,

Who drown'd their enmity in my true teares,
And op'd their armes to imbrace me as a Friend :

And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you,
That haue prefer'd her welfare in my blood,

And from her bofom tooke the Enemies point,
Sheathing the Steele in my aduenturous body.

Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,

My scars can witnesse, dumbe although they are,
That my report is iust and full of truth:

But soft, me thinkes I do digress too much,
Cytting my worthless praise: Oh pardon me,

For where no Friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mare. Now is my turne to speake: Behold this Child,
Of this was *Tamora* delivred,

The issue of an Irreligious *Moor*,

Chiefe Architect and plotter of these woes,
The Villaine is aliue in *Titus* house,

And as he is, to witnesse this is true.

Now judge what course had *Titus* to revenge
Thee wrongs, vnspeakable past patience,

Or more then any living man could bear.

Now you haue heard the truthe, what say you Romaines?

Hau'e we done ought amiss? shew vs wherein,
And from the place where you beheld vs now,

The poore remainder of *Andronicus*,

Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines,

And make a mutuall cloſure of our house :

Speake Romaines speake, and if you say we shall,
Loe hand in hand, *Lavinia* and I will fall.

Emilia. Come come, thou reverent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,

Lucius our Emperour for well I know,

The common voyce do cry it shall be so.

Mar. *Lucius*, all haile Romes Royall Emperour,

Goe, goe into old *Titus* forrowfull house,

And bithir hale that misbelieving *Mare*,

To be adiug'd some direfull slaughtering deſth,

As punishment for his moft wicked life.

Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Governor.

Lic. Thanks gentle Romanes, may I govern so,
To heale Roones harmes, and wipe away her woe,
But gentle people, give me syne a while,
For Nature puts me to a heasy taske :
Stand all aloofe, but Vnkle draw you neere,
To shew obsequies teares vpon this Trunke :
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
Theft sorrowfull drops vpon thy bloud-blaine face,
The last true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.

Mar. Tears for teate, and louing kisse for kisse,
Thy Brother *Marcus* tenders on thy Lips :
O were the summe of these that I should pay
Countesse, and infinit, yet would I pay them.

Lic. Come hither Boy, come, come, and leare of vs
To mewe in shoures : thy Grandfire lou'd thee well :
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee :
Sung thee asleepe, hi's Louing Brest, thy Pillow :
Many a master hath he told to thee,
I Meete, and agreeing with thine Infancie :
In that respect then, like a louing Childe,
Shed yee some small drops from thy tender Spring,
Because kinde Nature doth require it so :
Friends, shold associate Friends, in Greefe and Wo.
Bid him farewell, commis him to the Graue,
Do him that kindnesse, and take leue of him.

Boy. O Grandfire, Grandfire : even with all my heart
Would I were Dead, so you did Lye againe.
O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me, if I ope my mouth.

Roman. You sad *Andronicus*, haue done with woes,
Give sentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath beene breeder of these dire euents.

Lic. Set him brest deepe in earth, and famis him :
There let him stand, and rauie, and cry for foode :
If any one releues, or pities him,
For the offence, he dies. This is our doome :
Some stay, to see him fast ned in the earth.

Aron. O why should wrath be mute, & Fury dumb ?
I am no Baby I, that with base Prayers
I shold repent the Euils I haue done.
Ten thousand worse, then ever yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will :
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I do repeat it from my very Soule.

Lavinia. Some louing Friends conuey the Emp,hence,
And giue him buriall in his Fathers graue.
My Father, and *Lavinia*, shall forthwith
Be closed in our Households Monument :
As for that heynous Tyger *Tamora*,
No Funeral Rite, nor man in mournefull Weeds ;
No mournfull Bell shall ring her Buriall :
But throw her toorth to Beasts and Birds of prey :
Her life was Beast-like, and deuid of pitty,
And being so, shall haue like want of pitty.
See Justice done on *Tamora* that damnd Moore,
From whom, our heuy happes had their beginning :
Then afterward, to Order well the State,
That like Euent, may ne'ret Ruinate.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

