

TITUS ANDRONICUS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SATURNINUS, Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.
 BASSIANUS, Brother to Saturninus, in love with Lavinia.
 TITUS ANDRONICUS, a Roman, General against the Goths.
 MARCUS ANDRONICUS, Tribune of the People, and brother to Titus.
 LUCIUS, } Sons to Titus Andronicus.
 QUINTUS, }
 MARTIUS, }
 MUTIUS, }
 YOUNG LUCIUS, a Boy, Son to Lucius.
 PUBLIUS, Son to Marcus Andronicus.
 SEMPRONIUS, } Kinsmen to Titus.
 CAIUS, }
 VALENTINE, }

ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.
 ALARBUS, } Sons to Tamora.
 DEMETRIUS, }
 CHIRON, }
 AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.
 A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans.
 Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.
 LAVINIA, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.
 A Nurse, and a black Child.

Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE.—Rome, and the Country near it.

ACT I

SCENE I.—Rome.

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing. The Tribunes and Senators aloft; and then enter SATURNINUS and his Followers at one door, and BASSIANUS and his Followers at the other, with drum and colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
 Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
 And, countrymen, my loving followers,
 Plead my successive title with your swords: 4
 I am his first-born son that was the last
 That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
 Then let my father's honours live in me,
 Nor wrong mine age with this indignity. 8

Bas. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right,
 If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
 Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
 Keep then this passage to the Capitol,
 And suffer not dishonour to approach
 The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
 To justice, continence, and nobility;
 But let desert in pure election shine, 16
 And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the crown.

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
 Ambitiously for rule and empery,
 Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand 20
 A special party, have, by common voice,
 In election for the Roman empery,
 Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
 For many good and great deserts to Rome: 24
 A nobler man, a braver warrior,
 Lives not this day within the city walls:
 He by the senate is accited home

From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
 That, with his sons, a terror to our foes, 29
 Hath yok'd a nation, strong, train'd up in arms.
 Ten years are spent since first he undertook
 This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms 32
 Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
 In coffins from the field;
 And now at last, laden with honour's spoils, 36
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
 Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
 Let us entreat, by honour of his name,
 Whom worthily you would have now succeed, 40
 And in the Capitol and senate's right,
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
 That you withdraw you and abate your strength;
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should, 44
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness. 45
Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy 48
 In thy uprightness and integrity,
 And so I love and honour thee and thine,
 Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
 And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament, 52
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
 And to my fortunes and the people's favour
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[Exeunt the Followers of BASSIANUS.]
Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right, 56
 I thank you all and here dismiss you all;
 And to the love and favour of my country
 Commit myself, my person, and the cause. 60

[Exeunt the Followers of SATURNINUS.]
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me 60
 As I am confident and kind to thee.
 Open the gates, and let me in.

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

ACT I, SCENE I]

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way! the good Andronicus, 64
 Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
 Successful in the battles that he fights,
 With honour and with fortune is return'd
 From where he circumscribed with his sword, 68
 And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Drums and trumpets sounded, and then enter MARTIUS and MUTIUS; after them two Men bearing a coffin covered with black; then LUCIUS and QUINTUS. After them TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and people following. The bearers set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
 Lo! as the bark, that hath discharg'd her freight,
 Returns with precious lading to the bay 72
 From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
 Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
 To re-salute his country with his tears,
 Tears of true joy for his return to Rome. 76
 Thou great defender of this Capitol,
 Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
 Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
 Half of the number that King Priam had, 80
 Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
 These that survive let Rome reward with love;
 These that I bring unto their latest home.
 With burial among their ancestors: 84
 Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.

Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,
 Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet
 To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx? 88
 Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[The tomb is opened.]
 There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars! 92
 O sacred receptacle of my joys,
 Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
 How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
 That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths, 96
 That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
 Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
 Before this earthly prison of their bones;
 That so the shadows be not unappeas'd, 100
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.
Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
 The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror, 104
 Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
 A mother's tears in passion for her son:
 And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
 O! think my son to be as dear to me. 108
 Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome,
 To beautify thy triumphs and return,
 Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;
 But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets 112

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For valiant doings in their country's cause?
 O! if to fight for king and commonweal
 Were piety in thine, it is in these.
 Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood: 116
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
 Draw near them then in being merciful;
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:
 Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son. 120
Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.

These are their brethren, whom your Goths beheld
 Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
 Religiously they ask a sacrifice: 124
 To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,
 To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
 And with our swords, upon a pile of wood, 128
 Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.
[Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.]

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!
Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?
Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
 Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive 133
 To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
 Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal
 The self-same gods, that arm'd the Queen of Troy 136
 With opportunity of sharp revenge
 Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
 May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths—
 When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen— 140
 To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, with their swords bloody.
Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
 Our Roman rites. Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
 And entrails feed the sacrificing fire, 144
 Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.

Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,
 And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.
Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus 148
 Make this his latest farewell to their souls.
[Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb.]

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
 Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
 Secure from worldly chances and mishaps! 152
 Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
 Here grow no damned drugs, here are no storms,
 No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:
 In peace and honour rest you here, my sons! 156

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;
 My noble lord and father, live in fame!
 Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
 I render for my brethren's obsequies; 160

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[ACT I]

And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.
O! bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly
reserv'd 165
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise! 168

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS and Tribunes; re-
enter SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, and Others.

Mar. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved
brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome,
Tit. Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother
Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from success-
ful wars, 172
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your
swords;

But safer triumph is this funeral pomp, 176
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been, 180
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliant of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons: 184
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness. 188
What should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all? 192
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms, 196
In right and service of their noble country.
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last. 200

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

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou
tell?

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right:
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe
them not 204

Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the
good 208

That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to
thee

The people's hearts, and wean them from them-
selves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee, 212
But honour thee, and will do till I die:

My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed. 216

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes
here,

I ask your voices and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome, 221
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you; and this suit I
make,

That you create your emperor's eldest son, 224
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:

Then, if you will elect by my advice, 228
Crown him, and say, 'Long live our emperor!'

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor, 232
And say, 'Long live our Emperor Saturnine!'

[A long flourish.]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,

I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts, 236
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:

And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,

Lavinia will I make my empress, 240
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,

And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please
thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this
match 244

I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace:
And here in sight of Rome to Saturnine,

King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate 248

My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord:

Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet. 252

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts

Rome shall record, and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts, 256

Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. [To TAMORA.] Now, madam, are you
prisoner to an emperor;

To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers. 260

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.

Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change
of cheer, 264

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent 267
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you

Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

SCENE I]

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TITUS ANDRONICUS

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy. 272

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us
go;

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and
drum. [Flourish. SATURNINUS courts

TAMORA in dumb show.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is
mine. [Seizing LAVINIA.

Tit. How, sir! Are you in earnest then, my
lord? 277

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice: 280
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

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

Tit. Traitors, avault! Where is the em-
peror's guard?

Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surpris'd. 284
Sat. Surpris'd! By whom?

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

[Exeunt MARCUS and BASSIANUS
with LAVINIA.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence
away,

And with my sword I'll keep this door safe. 288
[Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

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

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.
Tit. What! villain boy;

Barr'st me my way in Rome? [Stabs MUTIUS.

Mut. Help, Lucius, help! [Dies.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more
than so, 292

In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;

My sons would never so dishonour me.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor. 296

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

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock: 300

I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous naughty sons,

Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale 304

But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agreed these deeds with that proud brag of
thine,

That saidst I begg'd the empire at thy hands.
Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words
are these! 308

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing
piece

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword.
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;

One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons, 312
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded
heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of
Goths,

That like the stately Phoebe 'mongst her nymphs, 316
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,

If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,

And will create thee Empress of Rome. 320
Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my

choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
Sith priest and holy water are so near,

And tapers burn so bright, and every thing 324
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place

I lead espous'd my bride along with me. 328
Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome

I swear,

If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,

A loving nurse, a mother to his youth. 332
Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords,

accompany
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,

Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered: 336
There shall we consummate our spousal rights.

[Exeunt all but TITUS.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone, 339

Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and
MARTIUS.

Mar. O! Titus, see, O! see what thou hast
done;

In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.
Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,

Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed 344
That hath dishonour'd all our family:

Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!
Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;

Give Mutius burial with our brethren. 348
Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.

This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:

Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors 352
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls.

Bury him where you can; he comes not here.
Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you.

My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him; 356
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. And shall, or him we will accompany.
Mart. And shall! What villain was it spake
that word?

Quin. He that would vouch it in any place
but here. 360

Tit. What! would you bury him in my de-
spite?

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

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my
crest, 364

And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast
wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one;

So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

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

[*MARCUS and the sons of TITUS kneel.*]

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

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

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

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,

That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman; be not barbarous:

The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax

That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals.

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise.

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

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*MUTIUS is put into the tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

All. [*Kneeling.*] No man shed tears for noble Mutius;

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

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

How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths

Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

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

Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.

Is she not, then, beholding to the man

That brought her for this high good turn so far?

Mar. Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter, on one side, SATURNINUS,

attended, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and

AARON: on the other side, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA,

and Others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your

prize:

God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,

Answer I must and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give your Grace to know:

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,

Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd:

That, in the rescue of Lavinia,

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you and highly mov'd to wrath

To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:

Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,

That hath express'd himself in all his deeds

A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my

deeds:

'Tis thou and those that have dishonour'd me.

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,

How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora

Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

Then hear me speak indifferently for all;

And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,

And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome

forfend

I should be author to dishonour you!

But on mine honour dare I undertake

For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,

Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs.

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;

Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,

Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.

[*Aside to SATURNINUS.*] My lord, be rul'd by

me, be won at last;

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:

You are but newly planted in your throne;

Lest then, the people, and patricians too,

Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,

And so supplant you for ingratitude,

Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,

That you will be more mild and tractable.

And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia,

By my advice, all humbled on your knees,

You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven and to his

highness,

That what we did was mildly, as we might,

Tendering our sister's honour and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

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

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all

be friends:

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;

I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's

here,

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,

I do remit these young men's heinous faults:

Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,

I found a friend, and sure as death I swore

I would not part a bachelor from the priest.

Come; if the emperor's court can feast two brides,

You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.

This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty

To hunt the panther and the hart with me,

With horn and hound we'll give your Grace

bon jour.

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

[*Trumpets. Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I.—Rome. Before the Palace.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,

Safe out of Fortune's shot; and sits aloft,

Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,

Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.

As when the golden sun salutes the morn,

And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,

Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,

And overlooks the highest-peering hills;

So Tamora.

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait

And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.

Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts

To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,

And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph

long

Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,

And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes

Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.

Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!

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

To wait upon this new-made empress.

To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,

And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all

And so in this, to bear me down with braves.

'Tis not the difference of a year or two

Makes me less gracious or thee more fortunate:

I am as able and as fit as thou

To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;

And that my sword upon thee shall approve,

And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep

the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, un-

advis'd,

Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,

Are you so desperate grown, to threat your

friends?

Go to; have your lath glu'd within your sheath

Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I

have,

Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

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

Aar. Why, how now, lords!

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,

And maintain such a quarrel openly?

Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:

I would not for a million of gold

The cause were known to them it most con-

cerns;

Nor would your noble mother for much more

Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.

For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheath'd

My rapier in his bosom, and withal

Thrust those reproachful speeches down his

throat

That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,

Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy

tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform!

Aar. Away, I say!

Now, by the gods that war-like Goths adore,

This petty brabble will undo us all.

Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous

It is to jet upon a prince's right?

What! is Lavinia then become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd

Without controlment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware! an should the empress

know

This discord's ground, the music would not

please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:

I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some

meaner choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not in

Rome

How furious and impatient they be,

And cannot brook competitors in love?

I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths

By this device.

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit

wants edge

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love. 80
Aar. To achieve her! how?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd. 84
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother, 88
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

Dem. Then why should he despair that knows
to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality? 92
What! hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

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

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd. 96
Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too!
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye! and are you such fools
To square for this? Would it offend you then 100
That both should speed?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for that
you jar:

'Tis policy and stratagem must do 104
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love. 109
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand; 112
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are
Fitted by kind for rape and villany: 116
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit
To villany and vengeance consecrate, 121
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves, 124
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take
your turns; 129
There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's
eye,

And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,

Per Styga, per manes vehor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Forest.

Horns and cry of hounds heard. Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Hunters, &c.; MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,

The fields are fragrant and the woods are green.
Uncouple here and let us make a bay,

And wake the emperor and his lovely bride, 4
And rouse the prince and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.

Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully: 8
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,

But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

[*A cry of hounds, and horns winded in a peal.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and Attendants.

Many good morrows to your majesty;
Madam, to you as many and as good; 12
I promised your Grace a hunter's peal.

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

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no; 16
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on, then; horse and chariots let
us have,

And to our sport.—[*To TAMORA.*] Madam, now
shall ye see

Our Roman hunting.

Mar. I have dogs, my lord, 20
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the
game

Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. [*Aside.*] Chiron, we hunt not, we, with
horse nor hound, 25

But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A lonely Part of the Forest.

Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had
none,

To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.

Let him that thinks of me so abjectly 4
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget

A very excellent piece of villany;
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest 8
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

[*Hides the gold.*

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st
thou sad,

When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?

The birds chant melody on every bush, 12
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground.

Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit, 16
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the
hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,

Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise; 20
And after conflict, such as was suppos'd

The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,

And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave, 24
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;

Whilst hounds and horns and sweet melodious
birds

Be unto us as a nurse's song 28
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your
desires,

Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye, 32
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls

Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution? 36

No, madam, these are no venereal signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,

Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul, 40
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in
thee,

This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day,

Thy sons make pillage of her chastity, 44
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.

Now question me no more; we are espied; 48
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

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

Aar. No more, great empress; Bassianus
comes: 52

Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatso'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal em-
press,

Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop? 56
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power that some say Dian had, 61
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art! 65

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;

And to be doubted that your Moor and you 68

Are singled forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds
to-day!

'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cim-
merian 72

Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.

Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly
steed,

And wander'd hither to an obscure plot, 77
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport, 80
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness. I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;

This valley fits the purpose passing well. 84
Bas. The king my brother shall have note of
this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted
long:

Good king, to be so mightily abus'd!
Tam. Why have I patience to endure all
this? 88

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our
gracious mother!

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?
Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look
pale?

These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place: 92
A barren detested vale, you see, it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:

Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven: 97
And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body hearing it
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale, 105
But straight they told me they would bind me
here

Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death: 108
And then they called me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms

That ever ear did hear to such effect;
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come, 112
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son. 116
[*Stabs BASSIANUS.*

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

[*Also stabs BASSIANUS, who dies.*

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous
Tamora;

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

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

Dem. Stay, madam; here is more belongs
to her:

First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.
This minion stood upon her chastity, 124
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope she braves your
mightiness:

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole, 129
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting. 132

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make
that sure.

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

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

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

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

Dem. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them 140
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach
the dam?

O! do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to
marble; 144

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:

[*To CHIRON.*] Do thou entreat her show a
woman pity.

Chi. What! wouldst thou have me prove
myself a bastard? 148

Lav. 'Tis true! the raven doth not hatch a
lark:

Yet have I heard, O! could I find it now,
The lion mov'd with pity did endure

To have his princely paws par'd all away. 152

Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:

O! be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful. 156

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

Lav. O, let me teach thee! for my father's
sake,

That gave thee life when well he might have
slain thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears. 160

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended
me,

Even for his sake am I pitiless.
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain

To save your brother from the sacrifice; 164
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:

Therefore, away with her, and use her as you
will:

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora! be call'd a gentle queen, 168
And with thine own hands kill me in this place;
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;

Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman,
let me go. 172

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg: and one thing
more

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.
O! keep me from their worse than killing lust,

And tumble me into some loathsome pit, 176
Where never man's eye may behold my body:

Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their
fee:

No, let them satisfy their lust on thee. 180

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

Lav. No grace! no womanhood! Ah, beastly
creature,

The blot and enemy to our general name.
Confusion fall— 184

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth. Bring
thou her husband:

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.
[*DEMETRIUS throws the body of BASSIANUS*

into the pit; then exeunt DEMETRIUS
and CHIRON, dragging off LAVINIA.

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see that you make
her sure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed 188
Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. 194

[*Exit.*]

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot be-
fore: 192

Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

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

Mart. And mine, I promise you: were't not
for shame, 196

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.
[*Falls into the pit.*]

Quin. What! art thou fall'n? What subtle
hole is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing
briers, 199

Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?

A very fatal place it seems to me.

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

Mart. O brother! with the dismall'st object
hurt 204

That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to
find them here,

That he thereby may give a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother. 209

[*Exit.*]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help
me out

From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints:

My heart suspects more than mine eye can
see. 213

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining
heart,

Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death. 216

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate
heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.

O! tell me how it is; for ne'er till now 220
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,

In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit. 224

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

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,

Which, like a taper in some monument, 228
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,

And shows the ragged entrails of the pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus

When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother! help me with thy fainting hand, 233

If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,

As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth. 236

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

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb

Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave. 240

I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.
Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without
thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose
again, 244

Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
Thou canst not come to me: I come to thee. 246

[*Falls in.*]

Re-enter AARON with SATURNINUS.

Sat. Along with me: I'll see what hole is
here,

And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend 248

Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,

To find thy brother Bassianus dead. 252

Sat. My brother dead! I know thou dost but
jest:

He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;

'Tis not an hour since I left him there. 256

Mart. We know not where you left him all
alive;

But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRO-
NICUS, and LUCIUS.*

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with kill-
ing grief. 260

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my
wound:

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ, 265

[*Giving a letter.*]

The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold

In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.
Sat. And if we miss to meet him hand-
somely, 268

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him:

Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles of the elder-tree 272

Which overshades the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus:

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.
O Tamora! was ever heard the like? 276

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out

That should have murder'd Bassianus here.
Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of
gold. 280

Sat. [*To TITUS.*] Two of thy whelps, fell curs
of bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life.
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:

There let them bide until we have devis'd 284
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What! are they in this pit? O won-
drous thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee 288
I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed;

That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see it is apparent. 292

Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;

For, by my father's reverend tomb, I vow 296
They shall be ready at your highness' will

To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou fol-
low me. 300

Some bring the murder'd body, some the mur-
derers:

Let them not speak a word; the guilt is plain;

For, by my soul, were there worse end than
death, 304

That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king: 304
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

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

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Forest.

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA,
ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue
cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can
speak,

Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd
thee.