

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;

An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe. 4
Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

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

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;

And so let's leave her to her silent walks. 8

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

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

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*]

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who's this? my niece, that flies away so fast?

Cousin, a word; where is your husband? 12
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands 16

Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness 20
As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?

Alas! a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips, 24
Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah! now thou turn'st away thy face for shame;
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood, 29

As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face

Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud. 32
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?

O! that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind.

Sorrow concealed, like to an oven stopp'd, 36
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee; 40
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal.

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.

O! had the monster seen those lily hands 44
Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,

And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,

He would not, then, have touch'd them for his life;

Or had he heard the heavenly harmony 48
Which that sweet tongue hath made,

He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

Come, let us go, and make thy father blind; 52

For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;

What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?

Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee: 56

O! could our mourning ease thy misery.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the place of execution; TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;

For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd; 5

And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;

Be pitiful to my condemned sons, 8
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.

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

For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write 12
[*He throws himself on the ground.*]

My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;

My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush. 16
[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c., with the Prisoners.*]

O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain, 16
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,

Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;

In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow, 20
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,

So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

[*Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.*]

O reverend tribunes! O gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death: 24

And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain:
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by: 28

And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

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

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak. 32

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,

They would not mark me, or if they did mark,
They would not pity me, yet plead I must,

All bootless unto them. 36

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,

Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes.

For that they will not intercept my tale. 40

When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;

And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these. 44

A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones;

A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn? 48

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death;

For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee. 52

Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?

Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then, 56

From these devourers to be banished!

But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

[*Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.*]

Mar. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break: 60

I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

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

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is. 64

Luc. Ay me! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.

Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?

What fool hath added water to the sea, 69
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?

My grief was at the height before thou cam'st;
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds. 72

Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;

And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up, 76

And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now all the service I require of them

Is that the one will help to cut the other.

'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands, 80
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

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

Mar. O! that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence, 84

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung

Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

Luc. O! say thou for her, who hath done this deed? 88

Mar. O! thus I found her straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,

That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my dear; and he that wounded her 92
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:

For now I stand as one upon a rock
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,

Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge 97

Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man, 100

And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,

Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight 104
It would have maddened me: what shall I do

Now I behold thy lively body so?

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:

Thy husband he is dead, and for his death 109
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.

Look! Marcus; ah! son Lucius, look on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears

Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew 113
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her husband;

Perchance because she knows them innocent.
Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful. 117

Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;

Witness the sorrow that their sister makes. 120
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;

Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.

Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain, 124

Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd, like meadows yet not dry,

With miry slime left on them by a flood?

And in the fountain shall we gaze so long 128
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,

And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?

Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?

Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows 132

Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,

Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come. 136

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for at your grief

See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah! Marcus, Marcus, brother; well I wot 140

Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

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

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs: 144

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:

His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks, 148

O! what a sympathy of woe is this;
As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor Sends thee this word: that, if thou love thy sons,

Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus, Or any one of you, chop off your hand, And send it to the king: he for the same Will send thee hither both thy sons alive; And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron! Did ever raven sing so like a lark, That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise? With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand:

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off? Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,

That hath thrown down so many enemies, Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn: My youth can better spare my blood than you; And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,

And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe, Writing destruction on the enemy's castle? O! none of both but are of high desert:

My hand hath been but idle; let it serve To ransom my two nephews from their death; Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,

For fear they die before their pardon come. Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go! Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine. Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,

Let me redeem my brothers both from death. Mar. And for our father's sake, and mother's care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee. Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe. Mar. But I will use the axe.

[Exit LUCIUS and MARCUS.] Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine. Aar. [Aside.] If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so: But I'll deceive you in another sort, And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[Cuts off TITUS' hand.] Re-enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now stay your strife: what shall be is dispatch'd.

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:

Tell him it was a hand that warded him From thousand dangers; bid him bury it; More hath it merited; that let it have.

As for my sons, say I account of them As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own. Aar. I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand,

Look by and by to have thy sons with thee. [Aside.] Their heads, I mean. O! how this villany

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it. Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [Exit.] Tit. O! here I lift this one hand up to heaven,

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth: If any power pities wretched tears,

To that I call! [To LAVINIA.] What! wilt thou kneel with me?

Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers, Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,

And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O! brother, speak with possibilities, And do not break into these deep extremes.

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

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament. Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,

Then into limits could I bind my woes. When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad, Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?

And wilt thou have a reason for this coil? I am the sea; hark! how her sighs do blow;

She is the weeping welkin, I the earth: Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;

Then must my earth with her continual tears Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd;

For why my bowels cannot hide her woes, But like a drunkard must I vomit them.

Then give me leave, for losers will have leave To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid

For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor. Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,

And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back: Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd;

That woe is me to think upon thy woes, More than remembrance of my father's death.

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily, And be my heart an ever burning hell!

These miseries are more than may be borne. To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,

But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah! that this sight should make so deep a wound,

And yet detested life not shrink thereat, That ever death should let life bear his name,

Where life hath no more interest but to breathe. [LAVINIA kisses TITUS.]

Mar. Alas! poor heart; that kiss is comfortless

As frozen water to a starved snake. Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus;

Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads, Thy war-like hand, thy mangled daughter here;

Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,

Even like a stony image, cold and numb. Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs.

Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight

The closing up of our most wretched eyes! Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha! Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed: Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,

And would usurp upon my watery eyes, And make them blind with tributary tears:

Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave? For these two heads do seem to speak to me,

And threaten me I shall never come to bliss Till all these mischiefs be return'd again

Even in their throats that have committed them. Come, let me see what task I have to do.

You heavy people, circle me about, That I may turn me to each one of you,

And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs. The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head;

And in this hand the other will I bear. Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things:

Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.

As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight; Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:

Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there: And if you love me, as I think you do,

Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do. [Exit TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father; The woefullest man that ever liv'd in Rome;

Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again, He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.

Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister; O! would thou wert as thou tofore hast been;

But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives But in oblivion and hateful griefs.

If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs, And make proud Saturnine and his empress

Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen. Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,

To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in TITUS' House. A Banquet set out.

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS, a Boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit; and look you eat no more

Than will preserve just so much strength in us As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot: Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,

And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine

Is left to tyrannize upon my breast; And when my heart, all mad with misery,

Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh, Then thus I thump it down.

[To LAVINIA.] Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still. Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;

Or get some little knife between thy teeth, And just against thy heart make thou a hole;

That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall May run into that sink, and, soaking in,

Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears. Mar. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay

Such violent hands upon her tender life. Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I. What violent hands can she lay on her life?

Ah! wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er, How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?

O! handle not the theme, to talk of hands, Lest we remember still that we have none.

Fie, fie! how frantically I square my talk, As if we should forget we had no hands,

If Marcus did not name the word of hands. Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:

Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what she says; I can interpret all her martyr'd signs:

She says she drinks no other drink but tears, Brew'd with her sorrow, mash'd upon her cheeks.

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought; In thy dumb action will I be as perfect

As begging hermits in their holy prayers: Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign, But I of these will wrest an alphabet,

And by still practice learn to know thy meaning. Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale. Mar. Alas! the tender boy, in passion mov'd,

Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness. Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

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

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:

A deed of death, done on the innocent, 56

Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone;

I see, thou art not for my company.

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

Tit. But how if that fly had a father and a mother?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings

And buzz lamenting doings in the air!

Poor harmless fly,

That, with his pretty buzzing melody, 64

Came here to make us merry! and thou hast

kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-

favour'd fly,

Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd

him.

Tit. O, O, O!

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,

For thou hast done a charitable deed.

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;

Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor 72

Come hither purposely to poison me.

There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.

Ah! sirrah.

Yet I think we are not brought so low, 76

But that between us we can kill a fly

That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas! poor man; grief has so wrought

on him,

He takes false shadows for true substances. 80

Tit. Come, take away. Lavinia, go with me:

I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee

Sad stories chanced in the times of old.

Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,

And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV

SCENE I.—Rome. TITUS' Garden.

Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young LUCIUS, LAVINIA running after him.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia Follows me everywhere, I know not why:

Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes:

Alas! sweet aunt, I know not what you mean. 4

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

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

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

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean. 8

See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee;

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah! boy; Cornelia never with more care 12

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee

Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

Mar. Canst thou not guess wherefore she

plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her; 17

For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,

Extremity of griefs would make men mad;

And I have read that Hecuba of Troy 20

Ran mad through sorrow; that made me to fear,

Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth; 24

Which made me down to throw my books and

fly,

Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt;

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,

I will most willingly attend your ladyship. 28

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[LAVINIA turns over the books which LUCIUS had let fall.

Tit. Hownow, Lavinia! Marcus, what means

this?

Some book there is that she desires to see.

Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy. 32

But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;

Come, and take choice of all my library,

And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens 72

Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed. 36

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think she means that there was more

than one

Confederate in the fact: ay, more there was;

Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses;

My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,

Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest. 44

Tit. Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!

[Helping her.

What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,

And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape; 48

And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see! note how she quotes

the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet

girl,

Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was, 52

Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?

See, see!

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,—

O! had we never, never hunted there,— 56

Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,

By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Mar. O! why should nature build so foul a

den,

Unless the gods delight in tragedies? 60

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none

but friends,

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:

Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,

That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed? 64

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece: brother, sit down by me.

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,

Inspire me, that I may this treason find!

My lord, look here; look here, Lavinia: 68

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,

This after me.

[He writes his name with his staff, and

guides it with his feet and mouth.

I have writ my name

Without the help of any hand at all.

Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!

Write thou, good niece, and here display at last

What God will have discover'd for revenge. 74

Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,

That we may know the traitors and the truth!

[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides

it with her stumps, and writes.

Tit. O! do you read, my lord, what she hath

writ? 77

Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora

Performers of this heinous, bloody deed? 80

Tit. Magni dominator poli,

Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Mar. O! calm thee, gentle lord; although I

know

There is enough written upon this earth 84

To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts

And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.

My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;

And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;

And swear with me, as, with the woeful fere 89

And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,

Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,

That we will prosecute by good advice 92

Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,

And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how;

But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:

The dam will wake, an if she wind you once: 97

She's with the lion deeply still in league,

And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,

And when he sleeps will she do what she list. 100

You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;

And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,

And lay it by: the angry northern wind 104

Will blow these sands like Sibyl's leaves abroad,

And where's your lesson then? Boy, what say

you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,

Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe

For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome. 109

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full

oft

For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live. 112

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury:

Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal my boy

Shall carry from me to the empress' sons

Presents that I intend to send them both: 116

Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou

not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms,

grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.

Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my house; 120

Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court:

Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[Exeunt TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.

Mar. O heavens! can you hear a good man

groan,

And not relent or not compassion him? 124

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart

Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;

But yet so just that he will not revenge. 128

Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter, from one side, AARON, DEMETRIUS, and

CHIRON; from the other young LUCIUS, and

an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and

verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;

He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad

grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I

may, 4

I greet your honours from Andronicus;

[Aside.] And pray the Roman gods, confound

you both!

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what's the

news?

Boy. [Aside.] That you are both decipher'd,

that's the news, 8

For villains mark'd with rape. [Aloud.] May it

please you,

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me

The goodliest weapons of his armoury,

To gratify your honourable youth, 12

The hope of Rome, for so he bade me say;

And so I do, and with his gifts present

Your lordships, that whenever you have need,

You may be armed and appointed well. 16

And so I leave you both: [Aside.] like bloody

villains. [Exeunt Boy and Attendant.

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written

round about?

Let's see:—

[Reads.] 'Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus, 20

Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.

Chi. O! 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:

I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay just, a verse in Horace; right, you

have it. 24

[Aside.] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!

Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found

their guilt

And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with

lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick;

But were our witty empress well afoot, 29

She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:

But let her rest in her unrest awhile.

[To them.] And now, young lords, was't not a

happy star 32

Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,

Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing. 36

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord

Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?

Did you not use his daughter very friendly? 40

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames

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

Chi. A charitable wish and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say

amen. 44

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand

more.

Dem. Come, let us go and pray to all the gods

For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. [Aside.] Pray to the devils; the gods

have given us over. [Trumpets sound.]

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish

thus? 49

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a blackamoor Child.

Nur. Good morrow, lords. O! tell me, did

you see 52

Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,

Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron! we are all undone. 56

Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou

keep!

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O! that which I would hide from

heaven's eye, 60

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace!

She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she's brought a-bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good rest! What

hath he sent her? 64

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she's the devil's dam: a joyful

issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful

issue.

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad 68

Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,

And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's

point.

Aar. 'Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a

hue? 72

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother. 76

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast

undone.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed

choice!

Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend! 80

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

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

Aar. What! must it, nurse? then let no man

but I 84

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's

point:

Nur. Give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch

it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy

bowels up. 88

[Takes the Child from the Nurse,

and draws.

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your

brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point 92

That touches this my first-born son and heir.

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threatening band of Typhon's

brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war, 96

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue, 100

In that it scorns to bear another hue;

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood. 104

Tell the empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress

thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this my-

self; 108

The vigour, and the picture of my youth:

This before all the world do I prefer;

This maugre all the world will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome. 112

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

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul

escape.

Nur. The emperor in his rage will doom her

death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy. 116

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty

bears.

Fie, treacherous hue! that will betray with

blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart:

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer: 120

Look how the black slave smiles upon the father,

As who should say, 'Old lad, I am thine own.'

He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed

Of that self blood that first gave life to you; 124

And from that womb where you imprison'd

were

He is enfranchised and come to light:

Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,

Although my seal be stamped in his face. 128

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the em-

press?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advice:

Save thou the child, so we may all be safe. 132

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult,

My son and I will have the wind of you:

Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[They sit.]

Dem. How many women saw this child of

his? 136

Aar. Why, so, brave lords! when we join in

league,

I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,

The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,

The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms. 140

But say, again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,

And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and your-

self: 144

Two may keep counsel when the third's away.

Go to the empress; tell her this I said:

[Stabbing her.]

'Weke, weke!'

So cries a pig prepared to the spit. 148

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Where-

fore didst thou this?

Aar. O lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:

Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,

A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.

And now be it known to you my full intent. 153

Not far, one Muli lives, my countryman;

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed.

His child is like to her, fair as you are: 156

Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,

And tell them both the circumstance of all,

And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,

And be received for the emperor's heir, 160

And substituted in the place of mine,

To calm this tempest whirling in the court;

And let the emperor dandle him for his own.

Hark ye, lords; you see, I have given her physic,

[Pointing to the Nurse.]

And you must needs bestow her funeral; 165

The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.

This done, see that you take no longer days,

But send the midwife presently to me. 168

The midwife and the nurse well made away.

Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

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

With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora, 172

Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON,

bearing off the Nurse's body.]

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow

flies;

There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,

And secretly to greet the empress' friends. 176

Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you

hence;

For it is you that puts us to our shifts:

I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,

And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,

And cabin in a cave, and bring you up 181

To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[Exit with the Child.]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Public Place.

Enter TITUS, bearing arrows, with letters on the ends of them; with him MARCUS, young LUCIUS, PUBLIUS, SEMPRONIUS, CAIUS, and other Gentlemen, with bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is

the way.

Sir boy, now let me see your archery:

Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there

straight.

Terras Astraea reliquit: 4

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's

fled.

Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall

Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;

Happily you may find her in the sea; 8

Yet there's as little justice as at land.

No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;

'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,

And pierce the inmost centre of the earth: 12

Then, when you come to Pluto's region,

I pray you, deliver him this petition;

Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,

And that it comes from old Andronicus, 16

Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.

Ah! Rome. Well, well; I made thee miserable

What time I threw the people's suffrages

On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me. 20

Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,

And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:

This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her

hence;

And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O Publius! is not this a heavy case, 25

To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns

By day and night to attend him carefully, 28

And feed his humour kindly as we may,

Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.

Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war 32

Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,

And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my masters!

What! have you met with her? 36

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you

word,

If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:

Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,

He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere 40

else,

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.

I'll dive into the burning lake below,

And pull her out of Acheron by the heels. 44

Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;

No big-bon'd men fram'd of the Cyclops' size;

But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,

Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs 48

can bear:

And sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,

We will solicit heaven and move the gods

To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.

Come, to this gear. You are a good archer,

Marcus. [*He gives them the arrows.*
Ad Jovem, that's for you: here, *ad Apollinem*:
Ad Martem, that's for myself:

Here, boy, to Pallas: here, to Mercury:
 To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine;
 You were as good to shoot against the wind.
 To it, boy! Marcus, loose when I bid.
 Of my word, I have written to effect;

There's not a god left unsolicited.
 Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into
 the court:

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.
 Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O!
 well said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap: give it Pallas.
 Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
 Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou
 done?

See, see! thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.
 Mar. This was the sport, my lord: when
 Publius shot,

The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
 That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court;
 And who should find them but the empress'
 villain?

She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not
 choose

But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his lord-
 ship joy!

Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons
 in it.

News! news from heaven! Marcus, the post is
 come.

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
 Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. O! the gibbet-maker? He says that he
 hath taken them down again, for the man must
 not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

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

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

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven! alas! sir, I never came
 there. God forbid I should be so bold to press
 to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going
 with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take
 up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one
 of the imperial's men.

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

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

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

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
 But give your pigeons to the emperor:

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
 Hold, hold; meanwhile, here's money for thy
 charges.

Give me pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplica-
 tion?

Clo. Ay, sir.
 Tit. Then here is a supplication for you.

And when you come to him, at the first ap-
 proach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then
 deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your
 reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let
 me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
 For thou hast made it like a humble suppliant:
 And when thou hast given it to the emperor,

Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.
 Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow
 me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Before the Palace.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON,
 Lords, and Others: SATURNINUS with the arrows
 in his hand that TITUS shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these!
 Was ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
 Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
 Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?

My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,—
 However these disturbers of our peace
 Buzz in the people's ears,—there nought hath
 pass'd,

But even with law, against the wilful sons
 Of old Andronicus. And what an if

His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,

His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
 And now he writes to heaven for his redress:

See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
 This to Apollo; this to the god of war;

Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
 What's this but libelling against the senate,

And blazoning our injustice every where?
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?

As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
 But if I live, his feigned ecstasies

Shall be no shelter to these outrages;
 But he and his shall know that justice lives

In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
 He'll so awake, as she in fury shall

Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.
 Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,

Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,

The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd
 his heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight
 Than prosecute the meanest or the best

For these contempts.—[*Aside.*] Why, thus it
 shall become

High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,

Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.

Enter Clown.

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

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be
 imperial.

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

Clo. 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen give you
 good den.

I have brought you a letter and a couple of
 pigeons here.

[SATURNINUS reads the letter.
 Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him pre-
 sently.

Clo. How much money must I have?
 Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

Clo. Hanged! By'r lady, then I have brought
 up a neck to a fair end.

[*Exit, guarded.*
 Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
 Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know from whence this same device proceeds:
 May this be borne? As if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,
 Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully!

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
 Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege.

For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughterman;
 Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter EMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?
 Æmil. Arm, arm, my lord! Rome never had
 more cause.

The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power
 Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march amain, under conduct
 Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;

Who threatens, in course of this revenge, to do
 As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is war-like Lucius general of the Goths?
 These tidings nip me, and I hang the head

As flowers with frost or grass beat down with
 storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
 'Tis he the common people love so much;

Myself hath often heard them say,
 When I have walked like a private man,

That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
 And they have wish'd that Lucius were their

emperor.
 Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city

strong?
 Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,

And will revolt from me to succour him.
 Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like

thy name.
 Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
 And is not careful what they mean thereby,

Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
 He can at pleasure stint their melody;

Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
 Then cheer thy spirit; for know, thou emperor,

I will enchant the old Andronicus

With words more sweet, and yet more danger-
 ous,

Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep,
 Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,

The other rotted with delicious feed.
 Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
 For I can smooth and fill his aged ear

With golden promises, that, were his heart
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,

Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
 [To EMILIUS.] Go thou before, be our ambas-
 sador:

Say that the emperor requests a parley
 Of war-like Lucius, and appoint the meeting,

Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.
 Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:

And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
 Bid him demand what pledge will please him

best.
 Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[*Exit.*
 Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
 And temper him with all the art I have,

To pluck proud Lucius from the war-like Goths.
 And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
 And bury all thy fear in my devices.

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

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Plains near Rome.*

Flourish. Enter LUCIUS, and an army of Goths,
 with drums and colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful
 friends,

I have received letters from great Rome,
 Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,

And how desirous of our sight they are.
 Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,

Imperious and impatient of your wrongs;
 And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,

Let him make treble satisfaction.
 First Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great

Andronicus,
 Whose name was once our terror, now our

comfort;
 Whose high exploits and honourable deeds

Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
 Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,

Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day
 Led by their master to the flower'd fields,

And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.
 Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with

him.
 Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you

all.
 But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child
 in his arms.

Sec. Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our
 troops I stray'd,

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
 And as I earnestly did fix mine eye