
TITUS ANDRONICUS

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Edited by BARBARA A. MOWAT
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Folger Shakespeare Library

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From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare's plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of "taking up Shakespeare," finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as Folger Digital Texts, we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

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I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exist to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

Textual Introduction

By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of the Folger Digital Texts, readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Digital Texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]"), half-square brackets (for example, from *Henry V*: "With [blood] and sword and fire to win your

example, from *Henry 5*: “with blood and sword and fire to win you right,”), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: “O farewell, honest <soldier.> Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Digital Texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

Synopsis

Titus Andronicus overflows with death and violence. Twenty-one sons of the Roman general Titus Andronicus have died in battle, leaving four alive. After defeating the Goths, Titus permits the sacrifice of the oldest son of their queen, Tamora.

Titus helps Saturninus become emperor. Saturninus plans to marry Titus's daughter, Lavinia. Instead, she marries Bassianus, aided by Titus's sons, one of whom Titus kills. Saturninus then marries Tamora. The stage is set for multiple revenge plots.

Tamora's lover, Aaron the Moor, instructs her two sons to kill Bassianus, then falsely implicates two of Titus's sons. Tamora's sons also rape Lavinia, cutting off her tongue and hands. To save his sons from execution, Titus cuts off his own hand, but Aaron sends him their heads.

Lucius, Titus's last son, leads an army of Goths against Rome. Titus kills Tamora's sons and serves them to her in a pie. In the ensuing events, Lavinia, Tamora, Titus, and Saturninus all die. Lucius becomes emperor and sentences Aaron to death.

Characters in the Play

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman general

LAVINIA, his daughter

LUCIUS
MUTIUS
MARTIUS
QUINTUS

} *his sons*

YOUNG LUCIUS, his grandson

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, Titus's brother, a Roman tribune

PUBLIUS, his son

SEMPRONIUS
CAIUS
VALENTINE

} *Titus's kinsmen*

SATURNINUS, elder son of the former Roman emperor, later emperor

BASSIANUS, younger son of the former emperor

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths, later empress

AARON the Moor, Tamora's lover

ALARBUS
DEMETRIUS
CHIRON

} *Tamora's sons*

AEMILIUS, A Roman nobleman

MESSENGER

NURSE

A Roman CAPTAIN

COUNTRY FELLOW

FIRST GOTH

SECOND GOTH

Tribunes, Senators, Romans, Goths, Drummers, Trumpeters, Soldiers,
Guards, Attendants, a black Child

⟨ACT 1⟩

⟨Scene 1⟩

⟨Flourish.⟩ Enter the Tribunes (⟨including Marcus Andronicus⟩) and Senators aloft. And then enter, ⟨below,⟩ Saturninus and his followers at one door, and Bassianus and his followers ⟨at another door,⟩ with ⟨other Romans,⟩ Drums, and Trumpets.

SATURNINUS

FTLN 0001	Noble patricians, patrons of my right,	
FTLN 0002	Defend the justice of my cause with arms.	
FTLN 0003	And countrymen, my loving followers,	
FTLN 0004	Plead my successive title with your swords.	
FTLN 0005	I am his firstborn son that was the last	5
FTLN 0006	That wore the imperial diadem of Rome.	
FTLN 0007	Then let my father's honors live in me,	
FTLN 0008	Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.	

BASSIANUS

FTLN 0009	Romans, friends, followers, favorers of my right,	
FTLN 0010	If ever Bassianus, Caesar's son,	10
FTLN 0011	Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,	
FTLN 0012	Keep, then, this passage to the Capitol,	
FTLN 0013	And suffer not dishonor to approach	
FTLN 0014	The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,	
FTLN 0015	To justice, continence, and nobility;	15
FTLN 0016	But let desert in pure election shine,	
FTLN 0017	And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.	

MARCUS, (*aloft,* *stepping forward and holding up* ¹ *the crown*)

FTLN 0018	Princes that strive by factions and by friends	
FTLN 0019	Ambitiously for rule and empery,	
FTLN 0020	Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand	20
FTLN 0021	A special party, have by common voice,	
FTLN 0022	In election for the Roman empery,	
FTLN 0023	Chosen Andronicus, surnamèd Pius	
FTLN 0024	For many good and great deserts to Rome.	
FTLN 0025	A nobler man, a braver warrior,	25
FTLN 0026	Lives not this day within the city walls.	
FTLN 0027	He by the Senate is accited home	
FTLN 0028	From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,	
FTLN 0029	That with his sons, a terror to our foes,	
FTLN 0030	Hath yoked a nation strong, trained up in arms.	30
FTLN 0031	Ten years are spent since first he undertook	
FTLN 0032	This cause of Rome, and chastisèd with arms	
FTLN 0033	Our enemies' pride. Five times he hath returned	
FTLN 0034	Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons	
FTLN 0035	In coffins from the field.	35
FTLN 0036	And now at last, laden with honor's spoils,	
FTLN 0037	Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,	
FTLN 0038	Renownèd Titus flourishing in arms.	
FTLN 0039	Let us entreat, by honor of his name	
FTLN 0040	Whom worthily you would have now succeed,	40
FTLN 0041	And in the Capitol and Senate's right,	
FTLN 0042	Whom you pretend to honor and adore,	
FTLN 0043	That you withdraw you and abate your strength,	
FTLN 0044	Dismiss your followers and, as suitors should,	
FTLN 0045	Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.	45

SATURNINUS

FTLN 0046 How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

BASSIANUS

FTLN 0047 Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
 FTLN 0048 In thy uprightness and integrity,

FTLN 0049 And so I love and honor thee and thine,
 FTLN 0050 Thy noble brother Titus and his sons, 50
 FTLN 0051 And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
 FTLN 0052 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
 FTLN 0053 That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
 FTLN 0054 And to my fortunes and the people's favor
 FTLN 0055 Commit my cause in balance to be weighed. 55

「*Bassianus*」 *Soldiers exit.*

SATURNINUS

FTLN 0056 Friends that have been thus forward in my right,
 FTLN 0057 I thank you all and here dismiss you all,
 FTLN 0058 And to the love and favor of my country
 FTLN 0059 Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

「*Saturninus*」 *Soldiers exit.*

FTLN 0060 Rome, be as just and gracious unto me 60
 FTLN 0061 As I am confident and kind to thee.
 FTLN 0062 Open the gates and let me in.

BASSIANUS

FTLN 0063 Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.
 〈*Flourish.*〉 They 「*exit to*」 *go up into the Senate House.*
 「*The Tribunes and Senators exit from the upper stage.*」

Enter a Captain.

〈CAPTAIN〉

FTLN 0064 Romans, make way! The good Andronicus,
 FTLN 0065 Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion, 65
 FTLN 0066 Successful in the battles that he fights,
 FTLN 0067 With honor and with fortune is returned
 FTLN 0068 From where he circumscribèd with his sword
 FTLN 0069 And brought to yoke the enemies of Rome.

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter two of Titus' sons (Lucius and Mutius) and then two men bearing a coffin covered with black, then two other sons (Martius and Quintus), then Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queen of Goths and her sons Alarbus, Chiron and

Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, and others as many as can be, then set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

TITUS

FTLN 0070	Hail Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!	70
FTLN 0071	Lo, as the bark that hath discharged his fraught	
FTLN 0072	Returns with precious lading to the bay	
FTLN 0073	From whence at first she weighed her anchorage,	
FTLN 0074	Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,	
FTLN 0075	To resalute his country with his tears,	75
FTLN 0076	Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.	
FTLN 0077	Thou great defender of this Capitol,	
FTLN 0078	Stand gracious to the rites that we intend.	
FTLN 0079	Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,	
FTLN 0080	Half of the number that King Priam had,	80
FTLN 0081	Behold the poor remains alive and dead.	
FTLN 0082	These that survive let Rome reward with love;	
FTLN 0083	These that I bring unto their latest home,	
FTLN 0084	With burial amongst their ancestors.	
FTLN 0085	Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.	85
FTLN 0086	Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,	
FTLN 0087	Why suffer'st thou thy sons unburied yet	
FTLN 0088	To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?	
FTLN 0089	Make way to lay them by their brethren.	

They open the tomb.

FTLN 0090	There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,	90
FTLN 0091	And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars.	
FTLN 0092	O sacred receptacle of my joys,	
FTLN 0093	Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,	
FTLN 0094	How many sons hast thou of mine in store	
FTLN 0095	That thou wilt never render to me more?	95

LUCIUS

FTLN 0096	Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
FTLN 0097	That we may hew his limbs and on a pile,
FTLN 0098	<i>Ad manes fratrum</i> , sacrifice his flesh

FTLN 0099

Before this earthy prison of their bones,

FTLN 0100

That so the shadows be not unappeased,

100

FTLN 0101

Nor we disturbed with prodigies on Earth.

TITUS

FTLN 0102 I give him you, the noblest that survives,
 FTLN 0103 The eldest son of this distressed queen.

TAMORA

FTLN 0104 Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious conqueror,
 FTLN 0105 Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed, 105
 FTLN 0106 A mother's tears in passion for her son.
 FTLN 0107 And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
 FTLN 0108 O think my son to be as dear to me.
 FTLN 0109 Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome
 FTLN 0110 To beautify thy triumphs and return 110
 FTLN 0111 Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke,
 FTLN 0112 But must my sons be slaughtered in the streets
 FTLN 0113 For valiant doings in their country's cause?
 FTLN 0114 O, if to fight for king and commonweal
 FTLN 0115 Were piety in thine, it is in these! 115

[She kneels.]

FTLN 0116 Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
 FTLN 0117 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
 FTLN 0118 Draw near them then in being merciful.
 FTLN 0119 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
 FTLN 0120 Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son. 120

TITUS

FTLN 0121 Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
 FTLN 0122 These are their brethren whom your Goths beheld
 FTLN 0123 Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
 FTLN 0124 Religiously they ask a sacrifice.
 FTLN 0125 To this your son is marked, and die he must, 125
 FTLN 0126 T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

LUCIUS

FTLN 0127 Away with him, and make a fire straight,
 FTLN 0128 And with our swords upon a pile of wood
 FTLN 0129 Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed.

Exit Titus' sons with Alarbus.

TAMORA, *rising and speaking aside to her sons*

FTLN 0130 O cruel, irreligious piety! 130

CHIRON, *aside to Tamora and Demetrius*

FTLN 0131 Was never Scythia half so barbarous!

DEMETRIUS, *aside to Tamora and Chiron*

FTLN 0132 Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome!

FTLN 0133 Alarbus goes to rest and we survive

FTLN 0134 To tremble under Titus' threat'ning look.

FTLN 0135 Then, madam, stand resolved, but hope withal 135

FTLN 0136 The selfsame gods that armed the Queen of Troy

FTLN 0137 With opportunity of sharp revenge

FTLN 0138 Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent

FTLN 0139 May favor Tamora the Queen of Goths

FTLN 0140 (When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen) 140

FTLN 0141 To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter the sons of Andronicus again with bloody swords.

LUCIUS

FTLN 0142 See, lord and father, how we have performed

FTLN 0143 Our Roman rites. Alarbus' limbs are lopped,

FTLN 0144 And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,

FTLN 0145 Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the sky. 145

FTLN 0146 Remaineth naught but to inter our brethren,

FTLN 0147 And with loud larums welcome them to Rome.

TITUS

FTLN 0148 Let it be so. And let Andronicus

FTLN 0149 Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

Sound trumpets, and lay the coffin in the tomb.

FTLN 0150 In peace and honor rest you here, my sons, 150

FTLN 0151 Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,

FTLN 0152 Secure from worldly chances and mishaps.

FTLN 0153 Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,

FTLN 0154 Here grow no damnèd drugs; here are no storms,

FTLN 0155 No noise, but silence and eternal sleep. 155

FTLN 0156 In peace and honor rest you here, my sons.

Enter Lavinia.

「LAVINIA」

FTLN 0157 In peace and honor live Lord Titus long;
FTLN 0158 My noble lord and father, live in fame.

「*She kneels.*」

FTLN 0159 Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
FTLN 0160 I render for my brethren's obsequies, 160
FTLN 0161 And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
FTLN 0162 Shed on this earth for thy return to Rome.
FTLN 0163 O bless me here with thy victorious hand,
FTLN 0164 Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

TITUS

FTLN 0165 Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved 165
FTLN 0166 The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
FTLN 0167 Lavinia, live, outlive thy father's days
FTLN 0168 And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise.

「*Lavinia rises.*」

「*Enter Marcus Andronicus, carrying a white robe.
Enter aloft Saturninus, Bassianus, Tribunes, Senators,
and Guards.*」

MARCUS

FTLN 0169 Long live Lord Titus, my belovèd brother,
FTLN 0170 Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome. 170

TITUS

FTLN 0171 Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

MARCUS

FTLN 0172 And welcome, nephews, from successful wars—
FTLN 0173 You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
FTLN 0174 Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
FTLN 0175 That in your country's service drew your swords; 175
FTLN 0176 But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
FTLN 0177 That hath aspired to Solon's happiness,
FTLN 0178 And triumphs over chance in honor's bed.—
FTLN 0179 Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
FTLN 0180 Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been, 180
FTLN 0181 Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
FTLN 0182 This palliament of white and spotless hue,

FTLN 0183 And name thee in election for the empire
 FTLN 0184 With these our late deceased emperor's sons.
 FTLN 0185 Be *candidatus*, then, and put it on 185
 FTLN 0186 And help to set a head on headless Rome.

TITUS

FTLN 0187 A better head her glorious body fits
 FTLN 0188 Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.
 FTLN 0189 *‘To Tribunes and Senators aloft.’* What, should I don
 FTLN 0190 this robe and trouble you? 190
 FTLN 0191 Be chosen with proclamations today,
 FTLN 0192 Tomorrow yield up rule, resign my life,
 FTLN 0193 And set abroad new business for you all?
 FTLN 0194 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
 FTLN 0195 And led my country's strength successfully, 195
 FTLN 0196 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
 FTLN 0197 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
 FTLN 0198 In right and service of their noble country.
 FTLN 0199 Give me a staff of honor for mine age,
 FTLN 0200 But not a scepter to control the world. 200
 FTLN 0201 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

MARCUS

FTLN 0202 Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

SATURNINUS

FTLN 0203 Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?
 FTLN 0204 TITUS Patience, Prince Saturninus.
 FTLN 0205 SATURNINUS Romans, do me right. 205
 FTLN 0206 Patricians, draw your swords and sheathe them not
 FTLN 0207 Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.—
 FTLN 0208 Andronicus, would thou were shipped to hell
 FTLN 0209 Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

LUCIUS

FTLN 0210 Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good 210
 FTLN 0211 That noble-minded Titus means to thee.

TITUS

FTLN 0212 Content thee, prince. I will restore to thee
 FTLN 0213 The people's hearts and wean them from themselves.

BASSIANUS

FTLN 0214 Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
 FTLN 0215 But honor thee, and will do till I die. 215
 FTLN 0216 My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
 FTLN 0217 I will most thankful be, and thanks, to men
 FTLN 0218 Of noble minds, is honorable meed.

TITUS

FTLN 0219 People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
 FTLN 0220 I ask your voices and your suffrages. 220
 FTLN 0221 Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

TRIBUNES

FTLN 0222 To gratify the good Andronicus
 FTLN 0223 And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
 FTLN 0224 The people will accept whom he admits.

TITUS

FTLN 0225 Tribunes, I thank you, and this suit I make: 225
 FTLN 0226 That you create our emperor's eldest son,
 FTLN 0227 Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
 FTLN 0228 Reflect on Rome as 'Titan's' rays on Earth
 FTLN 0229 And ripen justice in this commonweal.
 FTLN 0230 Then, if you will elect by my advice, 230
 FTLN 0231 Crown him and say "Long live our emperor."

MARCUS

FTLN 0232 With voices and applause of every sort,
 FTLN 0233 Patricians and plebeians, we create
 FTLN 0234 Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
 FTLN 0235 And say "Long live our Emperor Saturnine." 235

(A long flourish till 'Saturninus, Bassianus,
 and Guards' come down.)

SATURNINUS

FTLN 0236 Titus Andronicus, for thy favors done
 FTLN 0237 To us in our election this day,
 FTLN 0238 I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
 FTLN 0239 And will with deeds requite thy gentleness.
 FTLN 0240 And for an onset, Titus, to advance 240

FTLN 0241 Thy name and honorable family,
 FTLN 0242 Lavinia will I make my empress,
 FTLN 0243 Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
 FTLN 0244 And in the sacred 'Pantheon' her espouse.
 FTLN 0245 Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee? 245

TITUS

FTLN 0246 It doth, my worthy lord, and in this match
 FTLN 0247 I hold me highly honored of your Grace;
 FTLN 0248 And here in sight of Rome to Saturnine,
 FTLN 0249 King and commander of our commonweal,
 FTLN 0250 The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate 250
 FTLN 0251 My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners,
 FTLN 0252 Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord.
 FTLN 0253 Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
 FTLN 0254 Mine honor's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

SATURNINUS

FTLN 0255 Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life. 255
 FTLN 0256 How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts
 FTLN 0257 Rome shall record.—And when I do forget
 FTLN 0258 The least of these unspeakable deserts,
 FTLN 0259 Romans, forget your fealty to me.

TITUS, 'to Tamora'

FTLN 0260 Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor, 260
 FTLN 0261 To him that for your honor and your state
 FTLN 0262 Will use you nobly, and your followers.

SATURNINUS, 'aside'

FTLN 0263 A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue
 FTLN 0264 That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
 FTLN 0265 Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance. 265
 FTLN 0266 Though 'chance' of war hath wrought this change
 FTLN 0267 of cheer,
 FTLN 0268 Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome.
 FTLN 0269 Princely shall be thy usage every way.
 FTLN 0270 Rest on my word, and let not discontent 270
 FTLN 0271 Daunt all your hopes. Madam, he comforts you
 FTLN 0272 Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.—
 FTLN 0273 Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?

LAVINIA

FTLN 0274 Not I, my lord, sith true nobility
 FTLN 0275 Warrants these words in princely courtesy. 275

SATURNINUS

FTLN 0276 Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go.
 FTLN 0277 Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.
 FTLN 0278 Proclaim our honors, lords, with trump and drum.
*Flourish. Saturninus and his Guards exit, with Drums
 and Trumpets. Tribunes and Senators exit aloft.*

BASSIANUS

FTLN 0279 Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

TITUS

FTLN 0280 How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord? 280

BASSIANUS

FTLN 0281 Ay, noble Titus, and resolved withal
 FTLN 0282 To do myself this reason and this right.
Bassianus takes Lavinia by the arm.

MARCUS

FTLN 0283 *Suum* *cuique* is our Roman justice.
 FTLN 0284 This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

LUCIUS

FTLN 0285 And that he will and shall, if Lucius live! 285

TITUS

FTLN 0286 Traitors, avaunt! Where is the Emperor's guard?

Enter Saturninus and his Guards.

FTLN 0287 Treason, my lord. Lavinia is surprised.

SATURNINUS

FTLN 0288 Surprised? By whom?

FTLN 0289 BASSIANUS By him that justly may
 FTLN 0290 Bear his betrothed from all the world away. 290

MUTIUS

FTLN 0291 Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
 FTLN 0292 And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.
*Bassianus, Lavinia, Marcus, Lucius,
 Quintus, and Martius exit.*

TITUS, *to Saturninus*

FTLN 0293

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

*to Saturninus, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron,
Aaron, and Guards exit.*

MUTIUS

FTLN 0294

My lord, you pass not here.

FTLN 0295

TITUS

What, villain boy,

295

FTLN 0296

Barr'st me my way in Rome?

He stabs Mutius.

FTLN 0297

MUTIUS

Help, Lucius, help!

Mutius dies.

Enter Lucius.

LUCIUS

FTLN 0298

My lord, you are unjust, and more than so!

FTLN 0299

In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

TITUS

FTLN 0300

Nor thou nor he are any sons of mine.

300

FTLN 0301

My sons would never so dishonor me.

FTLN 0302

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the Emperor.

*Enter aloft the Emperor Saturninus with Tamora
and her two sons and Aaron the Moor.*

LUCIUS

FTLN 0303

Dead if you will, but not to be his wife

FTLN 0304

That is another's lawful promised love.

He exits.

SATURNINUS

FTLN 0305

No, Titus, no, the Emperor needs her not,

305

FTLN 0306

Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock.

FTLN 0307

I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once,

FTLN 0308

Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,

FTLN 0309

Confederates all thus to dishonor me.

FTLN 0310

Was none in Rome to make a stale

310

FTLN 0311

But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,

FTLN 0312

Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine

FTLN 0313

That said'st I begged the empire at thy hands.

TITUS

FTLN 0314 O monstrous! What reproachful words are these?

SATURNINUS

FTLN 0315 But go thy ways. Go give that changing piece 315

FTLN 0316 To him that flourished for her with his sword.

FTLN 0317 A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy,

FTLN 0318 One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,

FTLN 0319 To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

TITUS

FTLN 0320 These words are razors to my wounded heart. 320

SATURNINUS

FTLN 0321 And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,

FTLN 0322 That like the stately 'Phoebe' 'mongst her nymphs

FTLN 0323 Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,

FTLN 0324 If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,

FTLN 0325 Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride, 325

FTLN 0326 And will create thee Emperess of Rome.

FTLN 0327 Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my
choice?

FTLN 0329 And here I swear by all the Roman gods,

FTLN 0330 Sith priest and holy water are so near, 330

FTLN 0331 And tapers burn so bright, and everything

FTLN 0332 In readiness for Hymenaeus stand,

FTLN 0333 I will not resalute the streets of Rome

FTLN 0334 Or climb my palace till from forth this place

FTLN 0335 I lead espoused my bride along with me. 335

TAMORA

FTLN 0336 And here in sight of heaven to Rome I swear,

FTLN 0337 If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,

FTLN 0338 She will a handmaid be to his desires,

FTLN 0339 A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

SATURNINUS

FTLN 0340 Ascend, fair queen, 'to Pantheon.'—Lords, accompany 340

FTLN 0341 Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,

FTLN 0342 Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,

FTLN 0343 Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquerèd.
 FTLN 0344 There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

All 「but Titus」 exit.

TITUS

FTLN 0345 I am not bid to wait upon this bride. 345
 FTLN 0346 Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
 FTLN 0347 Dishonored thus and challengèd of wrongs?

*Enter Marcus and Titus' sons 「Lucius, Martius,
 and Quintus.」*

MARCUS

FTLN 0348 O Titus, see! O, see what thou hast done!
 FTLN 0349 In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

TITUS

FTLN 0350 No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine, 350
 FTLN 0351 Nor thou, nor these confederates in the deed
 FTLN 0352 That hath dishonored all our family.
 FTLN 0353 Unworthy brother and unworthy sons!

LUCIUS

FTLN 0354 But let us give him burial as becomes,
 FTLN 0355 Give Mutius burial with our brethren. 355

TITUS

FTLN 0356 Traitors, away! He rests not in this tomb.
 FTLN 0357 This monument five hundred years hath stood,
 FTLN 0358 Which I have sumptuously reedified.
 FTLN 0359 Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
 FTLN 0360 Repose in fame, none basely slain in brawls. 360
 FTLN 0361 Bury him where you can. He comes not here.

MARCUS

FTLN 0362 My lord, this is impiety in you.
 FTLN 0363 My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him.
 FTLN 0364 He must be buried with his brethren.

「MARTIUS」

FTLN 0365 And shall, or him we will accompany. 365

TITUS

FTLN 0366 “And shall”? What villain was it spake that word?

「MARTIUS」

FTLN 0367 He that would vouch it in any place but here.

TITUS

FTLN 0368 What, would you bury him in my despite?

MARCUS

FTLN 0369 No, noble Titus, but entreat of thee

FTLN 0370 To pardon Mutius and to bury him. 370

TITUS

FTLN 0371 Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,

FTLN 0372 And with these boys mine honor thou hast wounded.

FTLN 0373 My foes I do repute you every one.

FTLN 0374 So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

「QUINTUS」

FTLN 0375 He is not with himself; let us withdraw. 375

「MARTIUS」

FTLN 0376 Not I, till Mutius' bones be burièd.

*The brother (「Marcus」) and the sons
(「Lucius, Martius, and Quintus」) kneel.*

MARCUS

FTLN 0377 Brother, for in that name doth nature plead—

「MARTIUS」

FTLN 0378 Father, and in that name doth nature speak—

TITUS

FTLN 0379 Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

MARCUS

FTLN 0380 Renownèd Titus, more than half my soul— 380

LUCIUS

FTLN 0381 Dear father, soul and substance of us all—

MARCUS

FTLN 0382 Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

FTLN 0383 His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,

FTLN 0384 That died in honor and Lavinia's cause.

FTLN 0385 Thou art a Roman; be not barbarous. 385

FTLN 0386 The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax,

FTLN 0387 That slew himself, and wise Laertes' son

FTLN 0388 Did graciously plead for his funerals.

FTLN 0389 Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
 FTLN 0390 Be barred his entrance here. 390
 FTLN 0391 TITUS Rise, Marcus, rise.

「They rise.」

FTLN 0392 The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,
 FTLN 0393 To be dishonored by my sons in Rome.
 FTLN 0394 Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
They put 「Mutius」 in the tomb.

LUCIUS

FTLN 0395 There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends', 395
 FTLN 0396 Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

They all 「except Titus」 kneel and say:

FTLN 0397 No man shed tears for noble Mutius.
 FTLN 0398 He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cause.
All but Marcus and Titus exit.

MARCUS

FTLN 0399 My lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
 FTLN 0400 How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths 400
 FTLN 0401 Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

TITUS

FTLN 0402 I know not, Marcus, but I know it is.
 FTLN 0403 Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.
 FTLN 0404 Is she not then beholding to the man
 FTLN 0405 That brought her for this high good turn so far? 405
 FTLN 0406 〈Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.〉

*〈Flourish.〉 Enter the Emperor 「Saturninus,」 Tamora
 and her two sons, with 「Aaron」 the Moor, 「Drums and
 Trumpets,」 at one door. Enter at the other door
 Bassianus and Lavinia, with 「Lucius, Martius, and
 Quintus, and」 others.*

SATURNINUS

FTLN 0407 So, Bassianus, you have played your prize.
 FTLN 0408 God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

BASSIANUS

FTLN 0409 And you of yours, my lord. I say no more,
 FTLN 0410 Nor wish no less, and so I take my leave. 410

SATURNINUS

FTLN 0411 Traitor, if Rome have law or we have power,
FTLN 0412 Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

BASSIANUS

FTLN 0413 “Rape” call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
FTLN 0414 My true betrothèd love and now my wife?
FTLN 0415 But let the laws of Rome determine all. 415
FTLN 0416 Meanwhile am I possessed of that is mine.

SATURNINUS

FTLN 0417 ’Tis good, sir, you are very short with us.
FTLN 0418 But if we live, we’ll be as sharp with you.

BASSIANUS

FTLN 0419 My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
FTLN 0420 Answer I must, and shall do with my life. 420
FTLN 0421 Only thus much I give your Grace to know:
FTLN 0422 By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
FTLN 0423 This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
FTLN 0424 Is in opinion and in honor wronged,
FTLN 0425 That in the rescue of Lavinia 425
FTLN 0426 With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
FTLN 0427 In zeal to you, and highly moved to wrath
FTLN 0428 To be controlled in that he frankly gave.
FTLN 0429 Receive him then to favor, Saturnine,
FTLN 0430 That hath expressed himself in all his deeds 430
FTLN 0431 A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

TITUS

FTLN 0432 Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds.
FTLN 0433 ’Tis thou, and those, that have dishonored me.
FTLN 0434 Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge
FTLN 0435 How I have loved and honored Saturnine. *He kneels.* 435

TAMORA, *to Saturninus*

FTLN 0436 My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
FTLN 0437 Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
FTLN 0438 Then hear me speak indifferently for all,
FTLN 0439 And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

TAMORA

FTLN 0472 Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
 FTLN 0473 A Roman now adopted happily,
 FTLN 0474 And must advise the Emperor for his good.
 FTLN 0475 This day all quarrels die, Andronicus.— 475
 FTLN 0476 And let it be mine honor, good my lord,
 FTLN 0477 That I have reconciled your friends and you.—
 FTLN 0478 For you, Prince Bassianus, I have passed
 FTLN 0479 My word and promise to the Emperor
 FTLN 0480 That you will be more mild and tractable.— 480
 FTLN 0481 And fear not, lords—and you, Lavinia.
 FTLN 0482 By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
 FTLN 0483 You shall ask pardon of his Majesty.

「*Marcus, Lavinia, Lucius, Martius, and Quintus kneel.*」

「LUCIUS」

FTLN 0484 We do, and vow to heaven and to his Highness
 FTLN 0485 That what we did was mildly as we might, 485
 FTLN 0486 Tend'ring our sister's honor and our own.

MARCUS

FTLN 0487 That on mine honor here do I protest.

SATURNINUS

FTLN 0488 Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.

TAMORA

FTLN 0489 Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends.
 FTLN 0490 The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace. 490
 FTLN 0491 I will not be denied. Sweetheart, look back.

SATURNINUS

FTLN 0492 Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
 FTLN 0493 And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
 FTLN 0494 I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
 FTLN 0495 Stand up. 「*They rise.*」 495
 FTLN 0496 Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
 FTLN 0497 I found a friend, and sure as death I swore
 FTLN 0498 I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
 FTLN 0499 Come, if the Emperor's court can feast two brides,

FTLN 0500 You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.— 500
FTLN 0501 This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

TITUS

FTLN 0502 Tomorrow, an it please your Majesty
FTLN 0503 To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
FTLN 0504 With horn and hound we'll give your Grace *bonjour*.

SATURNINUS

FTLN 0505 Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. 505
 Sound trumpets. All but Aaron exit.

⟨ACT 2⟩

「Scene 1」

AARON

FTLN 0506	Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,	
FTLN 0507	Safe out of Fortune's shot, and sits aloft,	
FTLN 0508	Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,	
FTLN 0509	Advanced above pale Envy's threat'ning reach.	
FTLN 0510	As when the golden sun salutes the morn	5
FTLN 0511	And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,	
FTLN 0512	Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach	
FTLN 0513	And overlooks the highest-peering hills,	
FTLN 0514	So Tamora.	
FTLN 0515	Upon her wit doth earthly honor wait,	10
FTLN 0516	And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.	
FTLN 0517	Then, Aaron, arm thy heart and fit thy thoughts	
FTLN 0518	To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,	
FTLN 0519	And mount her pitch whom thou in triumph long	
FTLN 0520	Hast prisoner held, fettered in amorous chains	15
FTLN 0521	And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes	
FTLN 0522	Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.	
FTLN 0523	Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!	
FTLN 0524	I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold	
FTLN 0525	To wait upon this new-made emperess.	20
FTLN 0526	To wait, said I? To wanton with this queen,	
FTLN 0527	This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,	
FTLN 0528	This siren that will charm Rome's Saturnine	

FTLN 0529 And see his shipwrack and his commonweal's.
 FTLN 0530 Holla! What storm is this? 25

Enter Chiron and Demetrius, braving.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 0531 Chiron, thy years wants wit, thy wits wants edge
 FTLN 0532 And manners, to intrude where I am graced,
 FTLN 0533 And may, for aught thou knowest, affected be.

CHIRON

FTLN 0534 Demetrius, thou dost overween in all,
 FTLN 0535 And so in this, to bear me down with braves. 30
 FTLN 0536 'Tis not the difference of a year or two
 FTLN 0537 Makes me less gracious or thee more fortunate.
 FTLN 0538 I am as able and as fit as thou
 FTLN 0539 To serve and to deserve my mistress' grace,
 FTLN 0540 And that my sword upon thee shall approve 35
 FTLN 0541 And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

AARON, *aside*

FTLN 0542 Clubs, clubs! These lovers will not keep the peace.

DEMETRIUS, *to Chiron*

FTLN 0543 Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
 FTLN 0544 Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
 FTLN 0545 Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends? 40
 FTLN 0546 Go to. Have your lath glued within your sheath
 FTLN 0547 Till you know better how to handle it.

CHIRON

FTLN 0548 Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
 FTLN 0549 Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 0550 Ay, boy, grow you so brave? *They draw.* 45

FTLN 0551 AARON Why, how now, lords?

FTLN 0552 So near the Emperor's palace dare you draw
 FTLN 0553 And maintain such a quarrel openly?
 FTLN 0554 Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge.
 FTLN 0555 I would not for a million of gold 50
 FTLN 0556 The cause were known to them it most concerns,

FTLN 0557 Nor would your noble mother for much more
 FTLN 0558 Be so dishonored in the court of Rome.
 FTLN 0559 For shame, put up.
 FTLN 0560 DEMETRIUS Not I, till I have sheathed 55
 FTLN 0561 My rapier in his bosom, and withal
 FTLN 0562 Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat
 FTLN 0563 That he hath breathed in my dishonor here.
 CHIRON
 FTLN 0564 For that I am prepared and full resolved,
 FTLN 0565 Foul-spoken coward, that thund'rest with thy tongue 60
 FTLN 0566 And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.
 FTLN 0567 AARON Away, I say!
 FTLN 0568 Now by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
 FTLN 0569 This petty brabble will undo us all.
 FTLN 0570 Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous 65
 FTLN 0571 It is to jet upon a prince's right?
 FTLN 0572 What, is Lavinia then become so loose
 FTLN 0573 Or Bassianus so degenerate
 FTLN 0574 That for her love such quarrels may be broached
 FTLN 0575 Without controlment, justice, or revenge? 70
 FTLN 0576 Young lords, beware! And should the Empress know
 FTLN 0577 This discord's ground, the music would not please.
 CHIRON
 FTLN 0578 I care not, I, knew she and all the world.
 FTLN 0579 I love Lavinia more than all the world.
 DEMETRIUS
 FTLN 0580 Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice. 75
 FTLN 0581 Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.
 AARON
 FTLN 0582 Why, are you mad? Or know you not in Rome
 FTLN 0583 How furious and impatient they be,
 FTLN 0584 And cannot brook competitors in love?
 FTLN 0585 I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths 80
 FTLN 0586 By this device.
 FTLN 0587 CHIRON Aaron, a thousand deaths
 FTLN 0588 Would I propose to achieve her whom I love.

AARON

FTLN 0589 To achieve her how?

FTLN 0590 DEMETRIUS Why makes thou it so strange? 85

FTLN 0591 She is a woman, therefore may be wooed;

FTLN 0592 She is a woman, therefore may be won;

FTLN 0593 She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.

FTLN 0594 What, man, more water glideth by the mill

FTLN 0595 Than wots the miller of, and easy it is 90

FTLN 0596 Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know.

FTLN 0597 Though Bassianus be the Emperor's brother,

FTLN 0598 Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

AARON, *aside*

FTLN 0599 Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 0600 Then why should he despair that knows to court it 95

FTLN 0601 With words, fair looks, and liberality?

FTLN 0602 What, hast not thou full often struck a doe

FTLN 0603 And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

AARON

FTLN 0604 Why, then, it seems some certain snatch or so

FTLN 0605 Would serve your turns. 100

FTLN 0606 CHIRON Ay, so the turn were served.

FTLN 0607 DEMETRIUS Aaron, thou hast hit it.

FTLN 0608 AARON Would you had hit it too!

FTLN 0609 Then should not we be tired with this ado.

FTLN 0610 Why, hark you, hark you! And are you such fools 105

FTLN 0611 To square for this? Would it offend you then

FTLN 0612 That both should speed?

CHIRON

FTLN 0613 Faith, not me.

FTLN 0614 DEMETRIUS Nor me, so I were one.

AARON

FTLN 0615 For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar. 110

FTLN 0616 'Tis policy and stratagem must do

FTLN 0617 That you affect, and so must you resolve

FTLN 0618 That what you cannot as you would achieve,
 FTLN 0619 You must perforce accomplish as you may.
 FTLN 0620 Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste 115
 FTLN 0621 Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
 FTLN 0622 A speedier course 'than' ling'ring languishment
 FTLN 0623 Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
 FTLN 0624 My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
 FTLN 0625 There will the lovely Roman ladies troop. 120
 FTLN 0626 The forest walks are wide and spacious,
 FTLN 0627 And many unfrequented plots there are,
 FTLN 0628 Fitted by kind for rape and villainy.
 FTLN 0629 Single you thither then this dainty doe,
 FTLN 0630 And strike her home by force, if not by words. 125
 FTLN 0631 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
 FTLN 0632 Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit
 FTLN 0633 To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
 FTLN 0634 Will we acquaint withal what we intend,
 FTLN 0635 And she shall file our engines with advice 130
 FTLN 0636 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
 FTLN 0637 But to your wishes' height advance you both.
 FTLN 0638 The Emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
 FTLN 0639 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears;
 FTLN 0640 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull. 135
 FTLN 0641 There speak and strike, brave boys, and take your
 FTLN 0642 turns.
 FTLN 0643 There serve your lust, shadowed from heaven's eye,
 FTLN 0644 And revel in Lavinia's treasury.
 CHIRON
 FTLN 0645 Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice. 140
 DEMETRIUS
 FTLN 0646 *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
 FTLN 0647 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
 FTLN 0648 *Per Stygia, per manes vehor.*

They exit.

「Scene 2」

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sons, 「and Marcus,」 making a noise with hounds and horns.

TITUS

FTLN 0649	The hunt is up, the moon is bright and gray,	
FTLN 0650	The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green.	
FTLN 0651	Uncouple here, and let us make a bay	
FTLN 0652	And wake the Emperor and his lovely bride,	
FTLN 0653	And rouse the Prince, and ring a hunter's peal,	5
FTLN 0654	That all the court may echo with the noise.	
FTLN 0655	Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,	
FTLN 0656	To attend the Emperor's person carefully.	
FTLN 0657	I have been troubled in my sleep this night,	
FTLN 0658	But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.	10

Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal. Then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their Attendants.

TITUS

FTLN 0659	Many good morrows to your Majesty;—
FTLN 0660	Madam, to you as many, and as good.—
FTLN 0661	I promised your Grace a hunter's peal.

SATURNINUS

FTLN 0662	And you have rung it lustily, my lords—	
FTLN 0663	Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.	15

BASSIANUS

FTLN 0664	Lavinia, how say you?
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FTLN 0665	LAVINIA	I say no.
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FTLN 0666	I have been broad awake two hours and more.
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SATURNINUS

FTLN 0667	Come on, then. Horse and chariots let us have,	
FTLN 0668	And to our sport. (「To Tamora」) Madam, now shall	20
FTLN 0669	you see	

FTLN 0670	Our Roman hunting.
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FTLN 0671	MARCUS	I have dogs, my lord,
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FTLN 0672 Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase
 FTLN 0673 And climb the highest promontory top. 25

TITUS

FTLN 0674 And I have horse will follow where the game
 FTLN 0675 Makes way and runs like swallows o'er the plain.

DEMETRIUS, *「aside to Chiron」*

FTLN 0676 Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
 FTLN 0677 But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

They exit.

「Scene 3」

Enter Aaron, alone, 「carrying a bag of gold.」

AARON

FTLN 0678 He that had wit would think that I had none,
 FTLN 0679 To bury so much gold under a tree
 FTLN 0680 And never after to inherit it.
 FTLN 0681 Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
 FTLN 0682 Know that this gold must coin a stratagem 5
 FTLN 0683 Which, cunningly effected, will beget
 FTLN 0684 A very excellent piece of villainy. *「He hides the bag.」*
 FTLN 0685 And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest
 FTLN 0686 That have their alms out of the Empress' chest.

Enter Tamora alone to 「Aaron」 the Moor.

TAMORA

FTLN 0687 My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad, 10
 FTLN 0688 When everything doth make a gleeful boast?
 FTLN 0689 The birds chant melody on every bush,
 FTLN 0690 The snakes lies rollèd in the cheerful sun,
 FTLN 0691 The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind
 FTLN 0692 And make a checkered shadow on the ground. 15
 FTLN 0693 Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
 FTLN 0694 And whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,

FTLN 0695	Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,	
FTLN 0696	As if a double hunt were heard at once,	
FTLN 0697	Let us sit down and mark their yellowing noise.	20
FTLN 0698	And after conflict such as was supposed	
FTLN 0699	The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoyed	
FTLN 0700	When with a happy storm they were surprised,	
FTLN 0701	And curtained with a counsel-keeping cave,	
FTLN 0702	We may, each wreathèd in the other's arms,	25
FTLN 0703	Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber,	
FTLN 0704	Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds	
FTLN 0705	Be unto us as is a nurse's song	
FTLN 0706	Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.	
AARON		
FTLN 0707	Madam, though Venus govern your desires,	30
FTLN 0708	Saturn is dominator over mine.	
FTLN 0709	What signifies my deadly standing eye,	
FTLN 0710	My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,	
FTLN 0711	My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls	
FTLN 0712	Even as an adder when she doth unroll	35
FTLN 0713	To do some fatal execution?	
FTLN 0714	No, madam, these are no venereal signs.	
FTLN 0715	Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,	
FTLN 0716	Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.	
FTLN 0717	Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,	40
FTLN 0718	Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,	
FTLN 0719	This is the day of doom for Bassianus.	
FTLN 0720	His Philomel must lose her tongue today,	
FTLN 0721	Thy sons make pillage of her chastity	
FTLN 0722	And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.	45
	<i>「He takes out a paper.」</i>	
FTLN 0723	Seest thou this letter? Take it up, I pray thee,	
FTLN 0724	And give the King this fatal-plotted scroll.	
	<i>「He hands her the paper.」</i>	
FTLN 0725	Now, question me no more. We are espied.	
FTLN 0726	Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,	
FTLN 0727	Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.	50

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

TAMORA

FTLN 0728 Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

AARON

FTLN 0729 No more, great empress. Bassianus comes.
FTLN 0730 Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy sons
FTLN 0731 To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.

He exits.

BASSIANUS

FTLN 0732 Who have we here? Rome's royal empress, 55
FTLN 0733 Unfurnished of her well-beseeming troop?
FTLN 0734 Or is it Dian, habited like her,
FTLN 0735 Who hath abandonèd her holy groves
FTLN 0736 To see the general hunting in this forest?

TAMORA

FTLN 0737 Saucy controller of my private steps, 60
FTLN 0738 Had I the power that some say Dian had,
FTLN 0739 Thy temples should be planted presently
FTLN 0740 With horns, as was Acteon's, and the hounds
FTLN 0741 Should drive upon thy new-transformèd limbs,
FTLN 0742 Unmannerly intruder as thou art. 65

LAVINIA

FTLN 0743 Under your patience, gentle empress,
FTLN 0744 'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning,
FTLN 0745 And to be doubted that your Moor and you
FTLN 0746 Are singled forth to try experiments.
FTLN 0747 Jove shield your husband from his hounds today! 70
FTLN 0748 'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

BASSIANUS

FTLN 0749 Believe me, queen, your swarthy Cimmerian
FTLN 0750 Doth make your honor of his body's hue,
FTLN 0751 Spotted, detested, and abominable.
FTLN 0752 Why are you sequestered from all your train, 75
FTLN 0753 Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
FTLN 0754 And wandered hither to an obscure plot,

FTLN 0755 Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
 FTLN 0756 If foul desire had not conducted you?
 LAVINIA
 FTLN 0757 And being intercepted in your sport, 80
 FTLN 0758 Great reason that my noble lord be rated
 FTLN 0759 For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
 FTLN 0760 And let her joy her raven-colored love.
 FTLN 0761 This valley fits the purpose passing well.
 BASSIANUS
 FTLN 0762 The King my brother shall have notice of this. 85
 LAVINIA
 FTLN 0763 Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.
 FTLN 0764 Good king to be so mightily abused!
 TAMORA
 FTLN 0765 Why, I have patience to endure all this.

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

DEMETRIUS
 FTLN 0766 How now, dear sovereign and our gracious mother,
 FTLN 0767 Why doth your Highness look so pale and wan? 90
 TAMORA
 FTLN 0768 Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
 FTLN 0769 These two have ticed me hither to this place,
 FTLN 0770 A barren, detested vale you see it is;
 FTLN 0771 The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
 FTLN 0772 Overcome with moss and baleful mistletoe. 95
 FTLN 0773 Here never shines the sun, here nothing breeds,
 FTLN 0774 Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven.
 FTLN 0775 And when they showed me this abhorred pit,
 FTLN 0776 They told me, here at dead time of the night
 FTLN 0777 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes, 100
 FTLN 0778 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 FTLN 0779 Would make such fearful and confused cries
 FTLN 0780 As any mortal body hearing it
 FTLN 0781 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
 FTLN 0782 No sooner had they told this hellish tale 105

FTLN 0783 But straight they told me they would bind me here
 FTLN 0784 Unto the body of a dismal yew
 FTLN 0785 And leave me to this miserable death.
 FTLN 0786 And then they called me foul adulteress,
 FTLN 0787 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms 110
 FTLN 0788 That ever ear did hear to such effect.
 FTLN 0789 And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 FTLN 0790 This vengeance on me had they executed.
 FTLN 0791 Revenge it as you love your mother's life,
 FTLN 0792 Or be you not henceforth called my children. 115
 DEMETRIUS, *「drawing his dagger」*
 FTLN 0793 This is a witness that I am thy son.
 CHIRON, *「drawing his dagger」*
 FTLN 0794 And this for me, struck home to show my strength.
 「They」 stab 「Bassianus.」
 LAVINIA
 FTLN 0795 Ay, come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous Tamora,
 FTLN 0796 For no name fits thy nature but thy own!
 TAMORA
 FTLN 0797 Give me the poniard! You shall know, my boys, 120
 FTLN 0798 Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.
 DEMETRIUS
 FTLN 0799 Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her.
 FTLN 0800 First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.
 FTLN 0801 This minion stood upon her chastity,
 FTLN 0802 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty, 125
 FTLN 0803 And with that painted hope braves your mightiness;
 FTLN 0804 And shall she carry this unto her grave?
 CHIRON
 FTLN 0805 And if she do, I would I were an eunuch!
 FTLN 0806 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
 FTLN 0807 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust. 130
 TAMORA
 FTLN 0808 But when you have the honey *「you」* desire,
 FTLN 0809 Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.
 CHIRON
 FTLN 0810 I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.—

FTLN 0811	Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy	
FTLN 0812	That nice-preservèd honesty of yours.	135
	LAVINIA	
FTLN 0813	O Tamora, thou bearest a woman's face—	
	TAMORA	
FTLN 0814	I will not hear her speak. Away with her.	
	LAVINIA	
FTLN 0815	Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.	
	DEMETRIUS, <i>['to Tamora']</i>	
FTLN 0816	Listen, fair madam. Let it be your glory	
FTLN 0817	To see her tears, but be your heart to them	140
FTLN 0818	As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.	
	LAVINIA	
FTLN 0819	When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?	
FTLN 0820	O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee.	
FTLN 0821	The milk thou suck'st from her did turn to marble.	
FTLN 0822	Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.	145
FTLN 0823	Yet every mother breeds not sons alike.	
FTLN 0824	<i>['To Chiron.']</i> Do thou entreat her show a woman's pity.	
	CHIRON	
FTLN 0825	What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?	
	LAVINIA	
FTLN 0826	'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark.	
FTLN 0827	Yet have I heard—O, could I find it now!—	150
FTLN 0828	The lion, moved with pity, did endure	
FTLN 0829	To have his princely paws pared all away.	
FTLN 0830	Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,	
FTLN 0831	The whilst their own birds famish in their nests.	
FTLN 0832	O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,	155
FTLN 0833	Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.	
	TAMORA	
FTLN 0834	I know not what it means.—Away with her.	
	LAVINIA	
FTLN 0835	O, let me teach thee! For my father's sake,	
FTLN 0836	That gave thee life when well he might have slain thee,	
FTLN 0837	Be not obdurate; open thy deaf <i>['ears.']</i>	160

TAMORA

FTLN 0838 Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
 FTLN 0839 Even for his sake am I pitiless.—
 FTLN 0840 Remember, boys, I poured forth tears in vain
 FTLN 0841 To save your brother from the sacrifice,
 FTLN 0842 But fierce Andronicus would not relent. 165
 FTLN 0843 Therefore away with her, and use her as you will;
 FTLN 0844 The worse to her, the better loved of me.

LAVINIA

FTLN 0845 O Tamora, be called a gentle queen,
 FTLN 0846 And with thine own hands kill me in this place!
 FTLN 0847 For 'tis not life that I have begged so long; 170
 FTLN 0848 Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

TAMORA

FTLN 0849 What begg'st thou, then? Fond woman, let me go!

LAVINIA

FTLN 0850 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more
 FTLN 0851 That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.
 FTLN 0852 O, keep me from their worse-than-killing lust, 175
 FTLN 0853 And tumble me into some loathsome pit
 FTLN 0854 Where never man's eye may behold my body.
 FTLN 0855 Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

TAMORA

FTLN 0856 So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.
 FTLN 0857 No, let them satisfy their lust on thee. 180

DEMETRIUS, *['to Lavinia']*

FTLN 0858 Away, for thou hast stayed us here too long!

LAVINIA, *['to Tamora']*

FTLN 0859 No grace, no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature,
 FTLN 0860 The blot and enemy to our general name,
 FTLN 0861 Confusion fall—

CHIRON

FTLN 0862 Nay, then, I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou her 185
 FTLN 0863 husband.
 FTLN 0864 This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

*['They put Bassianus' body in the pit and
 exit, carrying off Lavinia.']*

TAMORA

FTLN 0865 Farewell, my sons. See that you make her sure.
 FTLN 0866 Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed
 FTLN 0867 Till all the Andronici be made away. 190
 FTLN 0868 Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
 FTLN 0869 And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower.

⟨*She exits.*⟩

*Enter Aaron with two of Titus' sons,
 Quintus and Martius.*

⟨AARON⟩

FTLN 0870 Come on, my lords, the better foot before.
 FTLN 0871 Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
 FTLN 0872 Where I espied the panther fast asleep. 195

QUINTUS

FTLN 0873 My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

MARTIUS

FTLN 0874 And mine, I promise you. Were it not for shame,
 FTLN 0875 Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.
He falls into the pit.

QUINTUS

FTLN 0876 What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
 FTLN 0877 Whose mouth is covered with rude-growing briars 200
 FTLN 0878 Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
 FTLN 0879 As fresh as morning dew distilled on flowers?
 FTLN 0880 A very fatal place it seems to me.
 FTLN 0881 Speak, brother! Hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

MARTIUS

FTLN 0882 O, brother, with the dismal'st object hurt 205
 FTLN 0883 That ever eye with sight made heart lament!

AARON, *aside*

FTLN 0884 Now will I fetch the King to find them here,
 FTLN 0885 That he thereby may have a likely guess
 FTLN 0886 How these were they that made away his brother.

He exits.

FTLN 0937	TAMORA	Where is my lord the King?	260
	SATURNINUS		
FTLN 0938		Here, Tamora, though grieved with killing grief.	
	TAMORA		
FTLN 0939		Where is thy brother Bassianus?	
	SATURNINUS		
FTLN 0940		Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound.	
FTLN 0941		Poor Bassianus here lies murderèd.	
	TAMORA		
FTLN 0942		Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,	265
FTLN 0943		The complot of this timeless tragedy,	
FTLN 0944		And wonder greatly that man's face can fold	
FTLN 0945		In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.	
		<i>She giveth Saturnine a letter.</i>	
	SATURNINUS	<i>(reads the letter):</i>	
FTLN 0946		<i>An if we miss to meet him handsomely,</i>	
FTLN 0947		<i>Sweet huntsman—Bassianus 'tis we mean—</i>	270
FTLN 0948		<i>Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;</i>	
FTLN 0949		<i>Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward</i>	
FTLN 0950		<i>Among the nettles at the elder tree</i>	
FTLN 0951		<i>Which overshades the mouth of that same pit</i>	
FTLN 0952		<i>Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.</i>	275
FTLN 0953		<i>Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.</i>	
FTLN 0954		O Tamora, was ever heard the like?	
FTLN 0955		This is the pit, and this the elder tree.—	
FTLN 0956		Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out	
FTLN 0957		That should have murdered Bassianus here.	280
	AARON		
FTLN 0958		My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.	
	SATURNINUS,	<i>['to Titus']</i>	
FTLN 0959		Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,	
FTLN 0960		Have here bereft my brother of his life.—	
FTLN 0961		Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison.	
FTLN 0962		There let them bide until we have devised	285
FTLN 0963		Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.	

TAMORA

FTLN 0964 What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!

FTLN 0965 How easily murder is discoverèd.

*Attendants pull Quintus, Martius, and
the body of Bassianus from the pit.*

TITUS, *‘kneeling’*

FTLN 0966 High Emperor, upon my feeble knee

FTLN 0967 I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed, 290

FTLN 0968 That this fell fault of my accursèd sons—

FTLN 0969 Accursèd if the faults be proved in them—

SATURNINUS

FTLN 0970 If it be proved! You see it is apparent.

FTLN 0971 Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

TAMORA

FTLN 0972 Andronicus himself did take it up. 295

TITUS

FTLN 0973 I did, my lord, yet let me be their bail,

FTLN 0974 For by my father’s reverend tomb I vow

FTLN 0975 They shall be ready at your Highness’ will

FTLN 0976 To answer their suspicion with their lives.

SATURNINUS

FTLN 0977 Thou shalt not bail them. See thou follow me.— 300

FTLN 0978 Some bring the murdered body, some the murderers.

FTLN 0979 Let them not speak a word. The guilt is plain.

FTLN 0980 For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,

FTLN 0981 That end upon them should be executed.

TAMORA

FTLN 0982 Andronicus, I will entreat the King. 305

FTLN 0983 Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

TITUS, *‘rising’*

FTLN 0984 Come, Lucius, come. Stay not to talk with them.

*⟨They exit,⟩ ‘with Attendants leading Martius and
Quintus and bearing the body of Bassianus.’*

「Scene 4」

*Enter the Empress' sons, 「Demetrius and Chiron,」
with Lavinia, her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out,
and ravished.*

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 0985 So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
FTLN 0986 Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravished thee.

CHIRON

FTLN 0987 Write down thy mind; bewray thy meaning so,
FTLN 0988 An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 0989 See how with signs and tokens she can scrawl. 5

CHIRON, 「to Lavinia」

FTLN 0990 Go home. Call for sweet water; wash thy hands.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 0991 She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
FTLN 0992 And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

CHIRON

FTLN 0993 An 'twere my cause, I should go hang myself.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 0994 If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord. 10

「Chiron and Demetrius」 exit.

Enter Marcus from hunting.

「MARCUS」

FTLN 0995 Who is this? My niece, that flies away so fast?—
FTLN 0996 Cousin, a word. Where is your husband?
FTLN 0997 If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me.
FTLN 0998 If I do wake, some planet strike me down
FTLN 0999 That I may slumber an eternal sleep. 15
FTLN 1000 Speak, gentle niece. What stern ungentle hands
FTLN 1001 Hath lopped and hewed and made thy body bare
FTLN 1002 Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments
FTLN 1003 Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
FTLN 1004 And might not gain so great a happiness 20
FTLN 1005 As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?

FTLN 1006	Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,	
FTLN 1007	Like to a bubbling fountain stirred with wind,	
FTLN 1008	Doth rise and fall between thy rosèd lips,	
FTLN 1009	Coming and going with thy honey breath.	25
FTLN 1010	But sure some Tereus hath deflowered thee,	
FTLN 1011	And lest thou shouldst detect 'him' cut thy tongue.	
FTLN 1012	Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame,	
FTLN 1013	And notwithstanding all this loss of blood,	
FTLN 1014	As from a conduit with 'three' issuing spouts,	30
FTLN 1015	Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,	
FTLN 1016	Blushing to be encountered with a cloud.	
FTLN 1017	Shall I speak for thee, shall I say 'tis so?	
FTLN 1018	O, that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,	
FTLN 1019	That I might rail at him to ease my mind.	35
FTLN 1020	Sorrow concealèd, like an oven stopped,	
FTLN 1021	Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.	
FTLN 1022	Fair Philomela, why she but lost her tongue,	
FTLN 1023	And in a tedious sampler sewed her mind;	
FTLN 1024	But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee.	40
FTLN 1025	A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,	
FTLN 1026	And he hath cut those pretty fingers off	
FTLN 1027	That could have better sewed than Philomel.	
FTLN 1028	O, had the monster seen those lily hands	
FTLN 1029	Tremble like aspen leaves upon a lute	45
FTLN 1030	And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,	
FTLN 1031	He would not then have touched them for his life.	
FTLN 1032	Or had he heard the heavenly harmony	
FTLN 1033	Which that sweet tongue hath made,	
FTLN 1034	He would have dropped his knife and fell asleep,	50
FTLN 1035	As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.	
FTLN 1036	Come, let us go and make thy father blind,	
FTLN 1037	For such a sight will blind a father's eye.	
FTLN 1038	One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;	
FTLN 1039	What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?	55
FTLN 1040	Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee.	
FTLN 1041	O, could our mourning ease thy misery!	

They exit.

⟨ACT 3⟩

「Scene 1」

*Enter the Judges and Senators with Titus' two sons
(「Quintus and Martius」) bound, passing on the stage to
the place of execution, and Titus going before, pleading.*

TITUS

FTLN 1042	Hear me, grave fathers; noble tribunes, stay.	
FTLN 1043	For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent	
FTLN 1044	In dangerous wars whilst you securely slept;	
FTLN 1045	For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed,	
FTLN 1046	For all the frosty nights that I have watched,	5
FTLN 1047	And for these bitter tears which now you see,	
FTLN 1048	Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,	
FTLN 1049	Be pitiful to my condemnèd sons,	
FTLN 1050	Whose souls is not corrupted as 'tis thought.	
FTLN 1051	For two-and-twenty sons I never wept	10
FTLN 1052	Because they died in honor's lofty bed.	

Andronicus lieth down, and the Judges pass by him.

「*They exit with the prisoners as Titus continues speaking.*」

FTLN 1053	For these, tribunes, in the dust I write	
FTLN 1054	My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears.	
FTLN 1055	Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite.	
FTLN 1056	My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.	15
FTLN 1057	O Earth, I will befriend thee more with rain	
FTLN 1058	That shall distil from these two ancient ruins	
FTLN 1059	Than youthful April shall with all his showers.	

FTLN 1060	In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;	
FTLN 1061	In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow	20
FTLN 1062	And keep eternal springtime on thy face,	
FTLN 1063	So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.	

Enter Lucius with his weapon drawn.

FTLN 1064	O reverend tribunes, O gentle agèd men,	
FTLN 1065	Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death,	
FTLN 1066	And let me say, that never wept before,	25
FTLN 1067	My tears are now prevailing orators.	

LUCIUS

FTLN 1068	O noble father, you lament in vain.	
FTLN 1069	The Tribunes hear you not; no man is by,	
FTLN 1070	And you recount your sorrows to a stone.	

TITUS

FTLN 1071	Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.—	30
FTLN 1072	Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you—	

LUCIUS

FTLN 1073	My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.	
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TITUS

FTLN 1074	Why, 'tis no matter, man. If they did hear,	
FTLN 1075	They would not mark me; if they did mark,	
FTLN 1076	They would not pity me. Yet plead I must,	35
FTLN 1077	And bootless unto them.	

FTLN 1078	Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,	
FTLN 1079	Who, though they cannot answer my distress,	
FTLN 1080	Yet in some sort they are better than the Tribunes,	
FTLN 1081	For that they will not intercept my tale.	40

FTLN 1082	When I do weep, they humbly at my feet	
FTLN 1083	Receive my tears and seem to weep with me,	
FTLN 1084	And were they but attirèd in grave weeds,	
FTLN 1085	Rome could afford no tribunes like to these.	

FTLN 1086	A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than	45
FTLN 1087	stones;	

FTLN 1088	A stone is silent and offendeth not,	
FTLN 1089	And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.	
FTLN 1090	But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?	

LUCIUS

FTLN 1091 To rescue my two brothers from their death, 50
 FTLN 1092 For which attempt the Judges have pronounced
 FTLN 1093 My everlasting doom of banishment.

TITUS, *rising*

FTLN 1094 O happy man, they have befriended thee!
 FTLN 1095 Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
 FTLN 1096 That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers? 55
 FTLN 1097 Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
 FTLN 1098 But me and mine. How happy art thou then
 FTLN 1099 From these devourers to be banishèd.
 FTLN 1100 But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter Marcus with Lavinia.

MARCUS

FTLN 1101 Titus, prepare thy agèd eyes to weep, 60
 FTLN 1102 Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break.
 FTLN 1103 I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

TITUS

FTLN 1104 Will it consume me? Let me see it, then.

MARCUS

FTLN 1105 This was thy daughter.

FTLN 1106 TITUS Why, Marcus, so she is. 65

FTLN 1107 LUCIUS Ay me, this object kills me!

TITUS

FTLN 1108 Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her.—
 FTLN 1109 Speak, Lavinia. What accursèd hand
 FTLN 1110 Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
 FTLN 1111 What fool hath added water to the sea 70
 FTLN 1112 Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
 FTLN 1113 My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
 FTLN 1114 And now like Nilus it disdaineth bounds.—
 FTLN 1115 Give me a sword. I'll chop off my hands too,
 FTLN 1116 For they have fought for Rome and all in vain; 75
 FTLN 1117 And they have nursed this woe in feeding life;

FTLN 1118 In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 FTLN 1119 And they have served me to effectless use.
 FTLN 1120 Now all the service I require of them
 FTLN 1121 Is that the one will help to cut the other.— 80
 FTLN 1122 'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,
 FTLN 1123 For hands to do Rome service is but vain.

LUCIUS

FTLN 1124 Speak, gentle sister. Who hath martyred thee?

MARCUS

FTLN 1125 O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
 FTLN 1126 That blabbed them with such pleasing eloquence, 85
 FTLN 1127 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage
 FTLN 1128 Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
 FTLN 1129 Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

LUCIUS

FTLN 1130 O, say thou for her who hath done this deed!

MARCUS

FTLN 1131 O, thus I found her straying in the park, 90
 FTLN 1132 Seeking to hide herself as doth the deer
 FTLN 1133 That hath received some unrecuring wound.

TITUS

FTLN 1134 It was my dear, and he that wounded her
 FTLN 1135 Hath hurt me more than had he killed me dead.
 FTLN 1136 For now I stand as one upon a rock, 95
 FTLN 1137 Environed with a wilderness of sea,
 FTLN 1138 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 FTLN 1139 Expecting ever when some envious surge
 FTLN 1140 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
 FTLN 1141 This way to death my wretched sons are gone; 100
 FTLN 1142 Here stands my other son a banished man,
 FTLN 1143 And here my brother, weeping at my woes.
 FTLN 1144 But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn
 FTLN 1145 Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.
 FTLN 1146 Had I but seen thy picture in this plight 105
 FTLN 1147 It would have madded me. What shall I do,
 FTLN 1148 Now I behold thy lively body so?

FTLN 1149	Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,	
FTLN 1150	Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyred thee.	
FTLN 1151	Thy husband he is dead, and for his death	110
FTLN 1152	Thy brothers are condemned, and dead by this.—	
FTLN 1153	Look, Marcus!—Ah, son Lucius, look on her!	
FTLN 1154	When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears	
FTLN 1155	Stood on her cheeks as doth the honeydew	
FTLN 1156	Upon a gathered lily almost withered.	115

MARCUS

FTLN 1157 Perchance she weeps because they killed her husband,
FTLN 1158 Perchance because she knows them innocent.

TITUS

FTLN 1159	If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,	
FTLN 1160	Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—	
FTLN 1161	No, no, they would not do so foul a deed.	120
FTLN 1162	Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—	
FTLN 1163	Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,	
FTLN 1164	Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.	
FTLN 1165	Shall thy good uncle and thy brother Lucius	
FTLN 1166	And thou and I sit round about some fountain,	125
FTLN 1167	Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks,	
FTLN 1168	How they are stained like meadows yet not dry	
FTLN 1169	With miry slime left on them by a flood?	
FTLN 1170	And in the fountain shall we gaze so long	
FTLN 1171	Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness	130
FTLN 1172	And made a brine pit with our bitter tears?	
FTLN 1173	Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?	
FTLN 1174	Or shall we bite our tongues and in dumb shows	
FTLN 1175	Pass the remainder of our hateful days?	
FTLN 1176	What shall we do? Let us that have our tongues	135
FTLN 1177	Plot some device of further misery	
FTLN 1178	To make us wondered at in time to come.	

LUCIUS

FTLN 1179 Sweet father, cease your tears, for at your grief
FTLN 1180 See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

MARCUS

FTLN 1181 Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus, dry thine eyes. 140

TITUS

FTLN 1182 Ah, Marcus, Marcus! Brother, well I wot
FTLN 1183 Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
FTLN 1184 For thou, poor man, hast drowned it with thine own.

LUCIUS

FTLN 1185 Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

TITUS

FTLN 1186 Mark, Marcus, mark. I understand her signs. 145
FTLN 1187 Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
FTLN 1188 That to her brother which I said to thee.
FTLN 1189 His napkin, with 'his' true tears all bewet,
FTLN 1190 Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
FTLN 1191 O, what a sympathy of woe is this, 150
FTLN 1192 As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

Enter Aaron the Moor alone.

AARON

FTLN 1193 Titus Andronicus, my lord the Emperor
FTLN 1194 Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sons,
FTLN 1195 Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
FTLN 1196 Or any one of you, chop off your hand 155
FTLN 1197 And send it to the King; he for the same
FTLN 1198 Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
FTLN 1199 And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

TITUS

FTLN 1200 O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
FTLN 1201 Did ever raven sing so like a lark, 160
FTLN 1202 That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
FTLN 1203 With all my heart I'll send the Emperor my hand.
FTLN 1204 Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

LUCIUS

FTLN 1205 Stay, father, for that noble hand of thine,
FTLN 1206 That hath thrown down so many enemies, 165
FTLN 1207 Shall not be sent. My hand will serve the turn.

FTLN 1208 My youth can better spare my blood than you,
 FTLN 1209 And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

MARCUS

FTLN 1210 Which of your hands hath not defended Rome
 FTLN 1211 And reared aloft the bloody battleax, 170
 FTLN 1212 Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
 FTLN 1213 O, none of both but are of high desert.
 FTLN 1214 My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
 FTLN 1215 To ransom my two nephews from their death.
 FTLN 1216 Then have I kept it to a worthy end. 175

AARON

FTLN 1217 Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
 FTLN 1218 For fear they die before their pardon come.

MARCUS

FTLN 1219 My hand shall go.

FTLN 1220 LUCIUS By heaven, it shall not go!

TITUS

FTLN 1221 Sirs, strive no more. Such withered herbs as these 180
 FTLN 1222 Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

LUCIUS

FTLN 1223 Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
 FTLN 1224 Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

MARCUS

FTLN 1225 And for our father's sake and mother's care,
 FTLN 1226 Now let me show a brother's love to thee. 185

TITUS

FTLN 1227 Agree between you. I will spare my hand.

FTLN 1228 LUCIUS Then I'll go fetch an ax.

FTLN 1229 MARCUS But I will use the ax. *「Lucius and Marcus」 exit.*

TITUS

FTLN 1230 Come hither, Aaron. I'll deceive them both.
 FTLN 1231 Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine. 190

AARON, *「aside」*

FTLN 1232 If that be called deceit, I will be honest
 FTLN 1233 And never whilst I live deceive men so.

FTLN 1234 But I'll deceive you in another sort,
 FTLN 1235 And that you'll say ere half an hour pass.
He cuts off Titus' hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus again.

TITUS

FTLN 1236 Now stay your strife. What shall be is dispatched.— 195
 FTLN 1237 Good Aaron, give his Majesty my hand.
 FTLN 1238 Tell him it was a hand that warded him
 FTLN 1239 From thousand dangers. Bid him bury it.
 FTLN 1240 More hath it merited; that let it have.
 FTLN 1241 As for my sons, say I account of them 200
 FTLN 1242 As jewels purchased at an easy price,
 FTLN 1243 And yet dear, too, because I bought mine own.

AARON

FTLN 1244 I go, Andronicus, and for thy hand
 FTLN 1245 Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.
 FTLN 1246 *Aside.* Their heads, I mean. O, how this villainy 205
 FTLN 1247 Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
 FTLN 1248 Let fools do good and fair men call for grace;
 FTLN 1249 Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

He exits.

TITUS

FTLN 1250 O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
 FTLN 1251 And bow this feeble ruin to the earth. *He kneels.* 210
 FTLN 1252 If any power pities wretched tears,
 FTLN 1253 To that I call. (*Lavinia kneels.*) What, wouldst thou
 FTLN 1254 kneel with me?
 FTLN 1255 Do, then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our
 FTLN 1256 prayers, 215
 FTLN 1257 Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim
 FTLN 1258 And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
 FTLN 1259 When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

MARCUS

FTLN 1260 O brother, speak with possibility,
 FTLN 1261 And do not break into these deep extremes. 220

TITUS

FTLN 1262 Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
 FTLN 1263 Then be my passions bottomless with them.

MARCUS

FTLN 1264 But yet let reason govern thy lament.

TITUS

FTLN 1265 If there were reason for these miseries,
 FTLN 1266 Then into limits could I bind my woes. 225
 FTLN 1267 When heaven doth weep, doth not the Earth o'erflow?
 FTLN 1268 If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
 FTLN 1269 Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoll'n face?
 FTLN 1270 And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
 FTLN 1271 I am the sea. Hark how her sighs doth flow! 230
 FTLN 1272 She is the weeping welkin, I the Earth.
 FTLN 1273 Then must my sea be movèd with her sighs;
 FTLN 1274 Then must my Earth with her continual tears
 FTLN 1275 Become a deluge, overflowed and drowned,
 FTLN 1276 Forwhy my bowels cannot hide her woes 235
 FTLN 1277 But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
 FTLN 1278 Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
 FTLN 1279 To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger with two heads and a hand.

MESSENGER

FTLN 1280 Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
 FTLN 1281 For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperor. 240
 FTLN 1282 Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
 FTLN 1283 And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back.
 FTLN 1284 Thy grief their sports, thy resolution mocked,
 FTLN 1285 That woe is me to think upon thy woes
 FTLN 1286 More than remembrance of my father's death. 245

He exits.

MARCUS

FTLN 1287 Now let hot Etna cool in Sicily,
 FTLN 1288 And be my heart an everburning hell!

FTLN 1289 These miseries are more than may be borne.
 FTLN 1290 To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
 FTLN 1291 But sorrow flouted at is double death. 250

LUCIUS

FTLN 1292 Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound
 FTLN 1293 And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
 FTLN 1294 That ever death should let life bear his name,
 FTLN 1295 Where life hath no more interest but to breathe.
「Lavinia kisses Titus.」

MARCUS

FTLN 1296 Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless 255
 FTLN 1297 As frozen water to a starvèd snake.

TITUS

FTLN 1298 When will this fearful slumber have an end?

MARCUS

FTLN 1299 Now farewell, flatt'ry; die, Andronicus.
 FTLN 1300 Thou dost not slumber. See thy two sons' heads,
 FTLN 1301 Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here, 260
 FTLN 1302 Thy other banished son with this dear sight
 FTLN 1303 Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
 FTLN 1304 Even like a stony image cold and numb.
 FTLN 1305 Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs.
 FTLN 1306 Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand, 265
 FTLN 1307 Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal sight
 FTLN 1308 The closing up of our most wretched eyes.
 FTLN 1309 Now is a time to storm. Why art thou still?

FTLN 1310 TITUS Ha, ha, ha!

MARCUS

FTLN 1311 Why dost thou laugh? It fits not with this hour. 270
「Titus and Lavinia rise.」

TITUS

FTLN 1312 Why, I have not another tear to shed.
 FTLN 1313 Besides, this sorrow is an enemy
 FTLN 1314 And would usurp upon my wat'ry eyes
 FTLN 1315 And make them blind with tributary tears.

FTLN 1316	Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?	275
FTLN 1317	For these two heads do seem to speak to me	
FTLN 1318	And threat me I shall never come to bliss	
FTLN 1319	Till all these mischiefs be returned again	
FTLN 1320	Even in their throats that hath committed them.	
FTLN 1321	Come, let me see what task I have to do.	280
FTLN 1322	You heavy people, circle me about	
FTLN 1323	That I may turn me to each one of you	
FTLN 1324	And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.	
FTLN 1325	The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head,	
FTLN 1326	And in this hand the other will I bear.—	285
FTLN 1327	And, Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these arms.	
FTLN 1328	Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy	
FTLN 1329	teeth.—	
FTLN 1330	As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight.	
FTLN 1331	Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay.	290
FTLN 1332	Hie to the Goths and raise an army there.	
FTLN 1333	And if you love me, as I think you do,	
FTLN 1334	Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.	

All (but Lucius) exit.

LUCIUS

FTLN 1335	Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,	
FTLN 1336	The woefull'st man that ever lived in Rome.	295
FTLN 1337	Farewell, proud Rome, till Lucius come again.	
FTLN 1338	He loves his pledges dearer than his life.	
FTLN 1339	Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister.	
FTLN 1340	O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!	
FTLN 1341	But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives	300
FTLN 1342	But in oblivion and hateful griefs.	
FTLN 1343	If Lucius live he will requite your wrongs	
FTLN 1344	And make proud Saturnine and his empress	
FTLN 1345	Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen.	
FTLN 1346	Now will I to the Goths and raise a power	305
FTLN 1347	To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine.	

Lucius exits.

「Scene 2」

《A banquet. Enter 「Titus」 Andronicus, Marcus, Lavinia,
and the boy 「Young Lucius, with Servants.」

TITUS

FTLN 1348	So, so. Now sit, and look you eat no more	
FTLN 1349	Than will preserve just so much strength in us	
FTLN 1350	As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.	
FTLN 1351	Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot.	
FTLN 1352	Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands	5
FTLN 1353	And cannot passionate our tenfold grief	
FTLN 1354	With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine	
FTLN 1355	Is left to tyrannize upon my breast,	
FTLN 1356	Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,	
FTLN 1357	Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,	10
FTLN 1358	Then thus I thump it down.—	
FTLN 1359	Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs,	
FTLN 1360	When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,	
FTLN 1361	Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.	
FTLN 1362	Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;	15
FTLN 1363	Or get some little knife between thy teeth	
FTLN 1364	And just against thy heart make thou a hole,	
FTLN 1365	That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall	
FTLN 1366	May run into that sink and, soaking in,	
FTLN 1367	Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.	20

MARCUS

FTLN 1368	Fie, brother, fie! Teach her not thus to lay
FTLN 1369	Such violent hands upon her tender life.

TITUS

FTLN 1370	How now! Has sorrow made thee dote already?	
FTLN 1371	Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.	
FTLN 1372	What violent hands can she lay on her life?	25
FTLN 1373	Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands,	
FTLN 1374	To bid Aeneas tell the tale twice o'er	
FTLN 1375	How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?	
FTLN 1376	O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,	

FTLN 1377	Lest we remember still that we have none.—	30
FTLN 1378	Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk,	
FTLN 1379	As if we should forget we had no hands	
FTLN 1380	If Marcus did not name the word of hands!	
FTLN 1381	Come, let's fall to, and, gentle girl, eat this.	
FTLN 1382	Here is no drink!—Hark, Marcus, what she says.	35
FTLN 1383	I can interpret all her martyred signs.	
FTLN 1384	She says she drinks no other drink but tears	
FTLN 1385	Brewed with her sorrow, mashed upon her cheeks.—	
FTLN 1386	Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought.	
FTLN 1387	In thy dumb action will I be as perfect	40
FTLN 1388	As begging hermits in their holy prayers.	
FTLN 1389	Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,	
FTLN 1390	Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,	
FTLN 1391	But I of these will wrest an alphabet	
FTLN 1392	And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.	45
	YOUNG LUCIUS, <i>「weeping」</i>	
FTLN 1393	Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments.	
FTLN 1394	Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.	
	MARCUS	
FTLN 1395	Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,	
FTLN 1396	Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.	
	TITUS	
FTLN 1397	Peace, tender sapling. Thou art made of tears,	50
FTLN 1398	And tears will quickly melt thy life away.	
	<i>Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.</i>	
FTLN 1399	What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with <i>「thy」</i> knife?	
	MARCUS	
FTLN 1400	At that that I have killed, my lord, a fly.	
	TITUS	
FTLN 1401	Out on thee, murderer! Thou kill'st my heart.	
FTLN 1402	Mine eyes <i>「are」</i> cloyed with view of tyranny;	55
FTLN 1403	A deed of death done on the innocent	
FTLN 1404	Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone.	
FTLN 1405	I see thou art not for my company.	

MARCUS

FTLN 1406 Alas, my lord, I have but killed a fly.

TITUS

FTLN 1407 “But”? How if that fly had a father and mother? 60

FTLN 1408 How would he hang his slender gilded wings

FTLN 1409 And buzz lamenting doings in the air!

FTLN 1410 Poor harmless fly,

FTLN 1411 That, with his pretty buzzing melody,

FTLN 1412 Came here to make us merry! And thou hast killed 65

FTLN 1413 him.

MARCUS

FTLN 1414 Pardon me, sir. It was a black, ill-favored fly,

FTLN 1415 Like to the Empress’ Moor. Therefore I killed him.

FTLN 1416 TITUS O, O, O!

FTLN 1417 Then pardon me for reprehending thee, 70

FTLN 1418 For thou hast done a charitable deed.

FTLN 1419 Give me thy knife. I will insult on him,

FTLN 1420 Flattering myself as if it were the Moor

FTLN 1421 Come hither purposely to poison me.

FTLN 1422 There’s for thyself, and that’s for Tamora. 75

FTLN 1423 Ah, sirrah!

FTLN 1424 Yet I think we are not brought so low

FTLN 1425 But that between us we can kill a fly

FTLN 1426 That comes in likeness of a coalblack Moor.

MARCUS

FTLN 1427 Alas, poor man, grief has so wrought on him 80

FTLN 1428 He takes false shadows for true substances.

TITUS

FTLN 1429 Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me.

FTLN 1430 I’ll to thy closet and go read with thee

FTLN 1431 Sad stories chanced in the times of old.—

FTLN 1432 Come, boy, and go with me. Thy sight is young, 85

FTLN 1433 And thou shalt read when mine begin to dazzle.

They exit.⟩

⟨ACT 4⟩

「Scene 1」

*Enter Lucius' son and Lavinia running after him, and
the boy flies from her with his books under his arm.*

Enter Titus and Marcus.

YOUNG LUCIUS

FTLN 1434 Help, grandsire, help! My aunt Lavinia
FTLN 1435 Follows me everywhere, I know not why.—
FTLN 1436 Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!—
FTLN 1437 Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

MARCUS

FTLN 1438 Stand by me, Lucius. Do not fear thine aunt.

5

TITUS

FTLN 1439 She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

YOUNG LUCIUS

FTLN 1440 Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

MARCUS

FTLN 1441 What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

TITUS

FTLN 1442 Fear her not, Lucius. Somewhat doth she mean.

FTLN 1443 See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee.

10

FTLN 1444 Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

FTLN 1445 「Ah,」 boy, Cornelia never with more care

FTLN 1446 Read to her sons than she hath read to thee

FTLN 1447 Sweet poetry and Tully's *Orator*.

「MARCUS」

FTLN 1448 Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus? 15

YOUNG LUCIUS

FTLN 1449 My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
 FTLN 1450 Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her;
 FTLN 1451 For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
 FTLN 1452 Extremity of griefs would make men mad,
 FTLN 1453 And I have read that Hecuba of Troy 20
 FTLN 1454 Ran mad for sorrow. That made me to fear,
 FTLN 1455 Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
 FTLN 1456 Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
 FTLN 1457 And would not but in fury fright my youth,
 FTLN 1458 Which made me down to throw my books and fly, 25
 FTLN 1459 Causeless, perhaps.—But pardon me, sweet aunt.
 FTLN 1460 And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
 FTLN 1461 I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

FTLN 1462 MARCUS Lucius, I will.

TITUS

FTLN 1463 How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this? 30
 FTLN 1464 Some book there is that she desires to see.—
 FTLN 1465 Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—
 FTLN 1466 「To Lavinia.」 But thou art deeper read and better
 FTLN 1467 skilled.
 FTLN 1468 Come and take choice of all my library, 35
 FTLN 1469 And so beguile thy sorrow till the heavens
 FTLN 1470 Reveal the damned contriver of this deed.—
 FTLN 1471 Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

MARCUS

FTLN 1472 I think she means that there were more than one
 FTLN 1473 Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was, 40
 FTLN 1474 Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

TITUS

FTLN 1475 Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

YOUNG LUCIUS

FTLN 1476 Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis*.
 FTLN 1477 My mother gave it me.

FTLN 1478	MARCUS	For love of her that's gone,	45
FTLN 1479		Perhaps, she culled it from among the rest.	
	TITUS		
FTLN 1480		Soft! So busily she turns the leaves.	
FTLN 1481		Help her! What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?	
FTLN 1482		This is the tragic tale of Philomel,	
FTLN 1483		And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape.	50
FTLN 1484		And rape, I fear, was root of thy annoy.	
	MARCUS		
FTLN 1485		See, brother, see! Note how she quotes the leaves.	
	TITUS		
FTLN 1486		Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet girl,	
FTLN 1487		Ravished and wronged as Philomela was,	
FTLN 1488		Forced in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?	55
FTLN 1489		See, see! Ay, such a place there is where we did hunt—	
FTLN 1490		O, had we never, never hunted there!—	
FTLN 1491		Patterned by that the poet here describes,	
FTLN 1492		By nature made for murders and for rapes.	
	MARCUS		
FTLN 1493		O, why should nature build so foul a den,	60
FTLN 1494		Unless the gods delight in tragedies?	
	TITUS		
FTLN 1495		Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,	
FTLN 1496		What Roman lord it was durst do the deed.	
FTLN 1497		Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,	
FTLN 1498		That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?	65
	MARCUS		
FTLN 1499		Sit down, sweet niece.—Brother, sit down by me.	
		<i>They sit.</i>	
FTLN 1500		Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury	
FTLN 1501		Inspire me, that I may this treason find.—	
FTLN 1502		My lord, look here.—Look here, Lavinia.	
		<i>He writes his name with his staff and guides it with feet and mouth.</i>	
FTLN 1503		This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,	70
FTLN 1504		This after me. I have writ my name	

FTLN 1505	Without the help of any hand at all.	
FTLN 1506	Cursed be that heart that forced us to this shift!	
FTLN 1507	Write thou, good niece, and here display at last	
FTLN 1508	What God will have discovered for revenge.	75
FTLN 1509	Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,	
FTLN 1510	That we may know the traitors and the truth.	
	<i>She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps and writes.</i>	
FTLN 1511	O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?	
	「TITUS」	
FTLN 1512	“ <i>Stuprum</i> . Chiron, Demetrius.”	
	MARCUS	
FTLN 1513	What, what! The lustful sons of Tamora	80
FTLN 1514	Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?	
FTLN 1515	TITUS <i>Magni Dominator poli,</i>	
FTLN 1516	<i>Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?</i>	
	MARCUS	
FTLN 1517	O, calm thee, gentle lord, although I know	
FTLN 1518	There is enough written upon this earth	85
FTLN 1519	To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts	
FTLN 1520	And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.	
FTLN 1521	My lord, kneel down with me.—Lavinia, kneel.—	
FTLN 1522	And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector’s hope,	
	<i>「They all kneel.」</i>	
FTLN 1523	And swear with me—as, with the woeful fere	90
FTLN 1524	And father of that chaste dishonored dame,	
FTLN 1525	Lord Junius Brutus swore for Lucrece’ rape—	
FTLN 1526	That we will prosecute by good advice	
FTLN 1527	Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,	
FTLN 1528	And see their blood or die with this reproach.	95
	<i>「They rise.」</i>	
	TITUS	
FTLN 1529	’Tis sure enough, an you knew how.	
FTLN 1530	But if you hunt these bearwhelps, then beware;	
FTLN 1531	The dam will wake an if she wind you once.	
FTLN 1532	She’s with the lion deeply still in league,	

FTLN 1533	And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back;	100
FTLN 1534	And when he sleeps will she do what she list.	
FTLN 1535	You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let alone.	
FTLN 1536	And come, I will go get a leaf of brass,	
FTLN 1537	And with a gad of steel will write these words,	
FTLN 1538	And lay it by. The angry northern wind	105
FTLN 1539	Will blow these sands like Sibyl's leaves abroad,	
FTLN 1540	And where's our lesson then?—Boy, what say you?	
	YOUNG LUCIUS	
FTLN 1541	I say, my lord, that if I were a man,	
FTLN 1542	Their mother's bedchamber should not be safe	
FTLN 1543	For these base bondmen to the yoke of Rome.	110
	MARCUS	
FTLN 1544	Ay, that's my boy! Thy father hath full oft	
FTLN 1545	For his ungrateful country done the like.	
	YOUNG LUCIUS	
FTLN 1546	And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.	
	TITUS	
FTLN 1547	Come, go with me into mine armory.	
FTLN 1548	Lucius, I'll fit thee, and withal my boy	115
FTLN 1549	Shall carry from me to the Empress' sons	
FTLN 1550	Presents that I intend to send them both.	
FTLN 1551	Come, come. Thou 'lt do my message, wilt thou not?	
	YOUNG LUCIUS	
FTLN 1552	Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.	
	TITUS	
FTLN 1553	No, boy, not so. I'll teach thee another course.—	120
FTLN 1554	Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house.	
FTLN 1555	Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;	
FTLN 1556	Ay, marry, will we, sir, and we'll be waited on.	
	<i>All 'but Marcus' exit.</i>	
	MARCUS	
FTLN 1557	O heavens, can you hear a good man groan	
FTLN 1558	And not relent, or not compassion him?	125
FTLN 1559	Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,	
FTLN 1560	That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart	

FTLN 1561 Than foemen's marks upon his battered shield,
 FTLN 1562 But yet so just that he will not revenge.
 FTLN 1563 Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! 130

He exits.

「Scene 2」

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

CHIRON

FTLN 1564 Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius.
 FTLN 1565 He hath some message to deliver us.

AARON

FTLN 1566 Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

YOUNG LUCIUS

FTLN 1567 My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
 FTLN 1568 I greet your Honors from Andronicus— 5
 FTLN 1569 「*Aside.*」 And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 1570 Gramercy, lovely Lucius. What's the news?

YOUNG LUCIUS, 「*aside*」

FTLN 1571 That you are both deciphered, that's the news,
 FTLN 1572 For villains marked with rape.—May it please you,
 FTLN 1573 My grandsire, well advised, hath sent by me 10
 FTLN 1574 The goodliest weapons of his armory
 FTLN 1575 To gratify your honorable youth,
 FTLN 1576 The hope of Rome; for so he bid me say,
 FTLN 1577 And so I do, and with his gifts present
 FTLN 1578 Your Lordships, 「that,」 whenever you have need, 15
 FTLN 1579 You may be armed and appointed well,
 FTLN 1580 And so I leave you both— (「*aside*」) like bloody villains.

He exits, 「with Attendant.」

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 1581 What's here? A scroll, and written round about.

FTLN 1582	Let's see:	
FTLN 1583	「He reads:」	20
FTLN 1584	“Integer vitae, scelerisque purus, Non eget Mauri iaculis, nec arcu.”	
CHIRON		
FTLN 1585	O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well.	
FTLN 1586	I read it in the grammar long ago.	
AARON		
FTLN 1587	Ay, just; a verse in Horace; right, you have it.	
FTLN 1588	「Aside.」 Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!	25
FTLN 1589	Here's no sound jest. The old man hath found their	
FTLN 1590	guilt	
FTLN 1591	And sends them weapons wrapped about with lines	
FTLN 1592	That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.	
FTLN 1593	But were our witty empress well afoot,	30
FTLN 1594	She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.	
FTLN 1595	But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—	
FTLN 1596	And now, young lords, was 't not a happy star	
FTLN 1597	Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,	
FTLN 1598	Captives, to be advanced to this height?	35
FTLN 1599	It did me good before the palace gate	
FTLN 1600	To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.	
DEMETRIUS		
FTLN 1601	But me more good to see so great a lord	
FTLN 1602	Basely insinuate and send us gifts.	
AARON		
FTLN 1603	Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?	40
FTLN 1604	Did you not use his daughter very friendly?	
DEMETRIUS		
FTLN 1605	I would we had a thousand Roman dames	
FTLN 1606	At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.	
CHIRON		
FTLN 1607	A charitable wish, and full of love!	
AARON		
FTLN 1608	Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.	45
CHIRON		
FTLN 1609	And that would she, for twenty thousand more.	

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 1610 Come, let us go and pray to all the gods
FTLN 1611 For our belovèd mother in her pains.

AARON, *aside*

FTLN 1612 Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.
Trumpets sound offstage.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 1613 Why do the Emperor's trumpets flourish thus? 50

CHIRON

FTLN 1614 Belike for joy the Emperor hath a son.

FTLN 1615 DEMETRIUS Soft, who comes here?

Enter Nurse, with a blackamoor child in her arms.

FTLN 1616 NURSE Good morrow, lords.

FTLN 1617 O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

AARON

FTLN 1618 Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all, 55

FTLN 1619 Here Aaron is. And what with Aaron now?

NURSE

FTLN 1620 O, gentle Aaron, we are all undone!

FTLN 1621 Now help, or woe betide thee evermore.

AARON

FTLN 1622 Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!

FTLN 1623 What dost thou wrap and fumble in thy arms? 60

NURSE

FTLN 1624 O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,

FTLN 1625 Our empress' shame and stately Rome's disgrace.

FTLN 1626 She is delivered, lords, she is delivered.

FTLN 1627 AARON To whom?

FTLN 1628 NURSE I mean, she is brought abed. 65

AARON

FTLN 1629 Well, God give her good rest. What hath he sent her?

FTLN 1630 NURSE A devil.

AARON

FTLN 1631 Why, then she is the devil's dam. A joyful issue!

NURSE

FTLN 1632 A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue!
 FTLN 1633 Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad 70
 FTLN 1634 Amongst the fair-faced breeders of our clime.
 FTLN 1635 The Empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
 FTLN 1636 And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

AARON

FTLN 1637 Zounds, you whore, is black so base a hue?
 FTLN 1638 'To the baby.' Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous 75
 FTLN 1639 blossom, sure.

DEMETRIUS Villain, what hast thou done?

FTLN 1641 AARON That which thou canst not undo.

FTLN 1642 CHIRON Thou hast undone our mother.

FTLN 1643 AARON Villain, I have done thy mother. 80

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 1644 And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone her.
 FTLN 1645 Woe to her chance, and damned her loathèd choice!
 FTLN 1646 Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend!

FTLN 1647 CHIRON It shall not live.

FTLN 1648 AARON It shall not die. 85

NURSE

FTLN 1649 Aaron, it must. The mother wills it so.

AARON

FTLN 1650 What, must it, nurse? Then let no man but I
 FTLN 1651 Do execution on my flesh and blood.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 1652 I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point.
 FTLN 1653 Nurse, give it me. My sword shall soon dispatch it. 90

AARON, *'taking the baby'*

FTLN 1654 Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up!
 FTLN 1655 Stay, murderous villains, will you kill your brother?
 FTLN 1656 Now, by the burning tapers of the sky
 FTLN 1657 That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
 FTLN 1658 He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point 95
 FTLN 1659 That touches this my firstborn son and heir.
 FTLN 1660 I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus

FTLN 1661	With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,	
FTLN 1662	Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war	
FTLN 1663	Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.	100
FTLN 1664	What, what, you sanguine, shallow-hearted boys,	
FTLN 1665	You white-limed walls, you alehouse painted signs!	
FTLN 1666	Coal black is better than another hue	
FTLN 1667	In that it scorns to bear another hue;	
FTLN 1668	For all the water in the ocean	105
FTLN 1669	Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,	
FTLN 1670	Although she lave them hourly in the flood.	
FTLN 1671	Tell the Empress from me, I am of age	
FTLN 1672	To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.	
	DEMETRIUS	
FTLN 1673	Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?	110
	AARON	
FTLN 1674	My mistress is my mistress, this myself,	
FTLN 1675	The vigor and the picture of my youth.	
FTLN 1676	This before all the world do I prefer;	
FTLN 1677	This maugre all the world will I keep safe,	
FTLN 1678	Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.	115
	DEMETRIUS	
FTLN 1679	By this our mother is forever shamed.	
	CHIRON	
FTLN 1680	Rome will despise her for this foul escape.	
	NURSE	
FTLN 1681	The Emperor in his rage will doom her death.	
	CHIRON	
FTLN 1682	I blush to think upon this ignomy.	
	AARON	
FTLN 1683	Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears.	120
FTLN 1684	Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing	
FTLN 1685	The close enacts and counsels of thy heart.	
FTLN 1686	Here's a young lad framed of another leer.	
FTLN 1687	Look how the black slave smiles upon the father,	
FTLN 1688	As who should say "Old lad, I am thine own."	125

FTLN 1689	He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed	
FTLN 1690	Of that self blood that first gave life to you,	
FTLN 1691	And from <i>that</i> womb where you imprisoned were	
FTLN 1692	He is enfranchisèd and come to light.	
FTLN 1693	Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,	130
FTLN 1694	Although my seal be stampèd in his face.	
	NURSE	
FTLN 1695	Aaron, what shall I say unto the Empress?	
	DEMETRIUS	
FTLN 1696	Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,	
FTLN 1697	And we will all subscribe to thy advice.	
FTLN 1698	Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.	135
	AARON	
FTLN 1699	Then sit we down, and let us all consult.	
FTLN 1700	My son and I will have the wind of you.	
FTLN 1701	Keep there. Now talk at pleasure of your safety.	
	DEMETRIUS, <i>to the Nurse</i>	
FTLN 1702	How many women saw this child of his?	
	AARON	
FTLN 1703	Why, so, brave lords! When we join in league,	140
FTLN 1704	I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,	
FTLN 1705	The chafèd boar, the mountain lioness,	
FTLN 1706	The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.	
FTLN 1707	<i>To the Nurse.</i> But say again, how many saw the	
FTLN 1708	child?	145
	NURSE	
FTLN 1709	Cornelia the midwife and myself,	
FTLN 1710	And no one else but the delivered Empress.	
	AARON	
FTLN 1711	The Empress, the midwife, and yourself.	
FTLN 1712	Two may keep counsel when the third's away.	
FTLN 1713	Go to the Empress; tell her this I said.	150
	<i>He kills her.</i>	
FTLN 1714	"Wheak, wheak"! So cries a pig preparèd to the spit.	
	DEMETRIUS	
FTLN 1715	What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou this?	

AARON

FTLN 1716 O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy.
 FTLN 1717 Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
 FTLN 1718 A long-tongued babbling gossip? No, lords, no. 155
 FTLN 1719 And now be it known to you my full intent:
 FTLN 1720 Not far one Muliteus my countryman
 FTLN 1721 His wife but yesternight was brought to bed.
 FTLN 1722 His child is like to her, fair as you are.
 FTLN 1723 Go pack with him, and give the mother gold, 160
 FTLN 1724 And tell them both the circumstance of all,
 FTLN 1725 And how by this their child shall be advanced
 FTLN 1726 And be received for the Emperor's heir,
 FTLN 1727 And substituted in the place of mine,
 FTLN 1728 To calm this tempest whirling in the court; 165
 FTLN 1729 And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.
 FTLN 1730 Hark you, lords, you see I have given her physic,

[*indicating the Nurse*]

FTLN 1731 And you must needs bestow her funeral.
 FTLN 1732 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.
 FTLN 1733 This done, see that you take no longer days, 170
 FTLN 1734 But send the midwife presently to me.
 FTLN 1735 The midwife and the nurse well made away,
 FTLN 1736 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

CHIRON

FTLN 1737 Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
 FTLN 1738 With secrets. 175

DEMETRIUS For this care of Tamora,

FTLN 1739 Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Demetrius and Chiron*] exit,

[*carrying the Nurse's body.*]

AARON

FTLN 1741 Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies,
 FTLN 1742 There to dispose this treasure in mine arms
 FTLN 1743 And secretly to greet the Empress' friends.— 180
 FTLN 1744 Come on, you thick-lipped slave, I'll bear you hence,

FTLN 1745 For it is you that puts us to our shifts.
 FTLN 1746 I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
 FTLN 1747 And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
 FTLN 1748 And cabin in a cave, and bring you up 185
 FTLN 1749 To be a warrior and command a camp.
He exits 「with the baby.」

「Scene 3」

*Enter Titus, old Marcus, 「his son Publius,」 young
 Lucius, and other gentlemen (「Caius and Sempronius」)
 with bows, and Titus bears the arrows with letters on
 the ends of them.*

TITUS

FTLN 1750 Come, Marcus, come. Kinsmen, this is the way.—
 FTLN 1751 Sir boy, let me see your archery.
 FTLN 1752 Look you draw home enough and 'tis there straight.—
 FTLN 1753 *Terras Astraea reliquit.*
 FTLN 1754 Be you remembered, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.— 5
 FTLN 1755 Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
 FTLN 1756 Go sound the ocean and cast your nets;
 FTLN 1757 Happily you may catch her in the sea;
 FTLN 1758 Yet there's as little justice as at land.
 FTLN 1759 No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it. 10
 FTLN 1760 'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
 FTLN 1761 And pierce the inmost center of the Earth.
 FTLN 1762 Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
 FTLN 1763 I pray you, deliver him this petition.
 FTLN 1764 Tell him it is for justice and for aid, 15
 FTLN 1765 And that it comes from old Andronicus,
 FTLN 1766 Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.
 FTLN 1767 Ah, Rome! Well, well, I made thee miserable
 FTLN 1768 What time I threw the people's suffrages
 FTLN 1769 On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me. 20

FTLN 1770	Go, get you gone, and pray be careful all,	
FTLN 1771	And leave you not a man-of-war unsearched.	
FTLN 1772	This wicked emperor may have shipped her hence,	
FTLN 1773	And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.	
	MARCUS	
FTLN 1774	O Publius, is not this a heavy case	25
FTLN 1775	To see thy noble uncle thus distract?	
	PUBLIUS	
FTLN 1776	Therefore, my lords, it highly us concerns	
FTLN 1777	By day and night t' attend him carefully,	
FTLN 1778	And feed his humor kindly as we may,	
FTLN 1779	Till time beget some careful remedy.	30
	MARCUS	
FTLN 1780	Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy	
FTLN 1781	「But ...」	
FTLN 1782	Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war	
FTLN 1783	Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,	
FTLN 1784	And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.	35
	TITUS	
FTLN 1785	Publius, how now? How now, my masters?	
FTLN 1786	What, have you met with her?	
	PUBLIUS	
FTLN 1787	No, my good lord, but Pluto sends you word,	
FTLN 1788	If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall.	
FTLN 1789	Marry, for Justice, she is so employed,	40
FTLN 1790	He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,	
FTLN 1791	So that perforce you must needs stay a time.	
	TITUS	
FTLN 1792	He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.	
FTLN 1793	I'll dive into the burning lake below	
FTLN 1794	And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.	45
FTLN 1795	Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,	
FTLN 1796	No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size,	
FTLN 1797	But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,	
FTLN 1798	Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can	
FTLN 1799	bear;	50

FTLN 1800	And sith there's no justice in Earth nor hell,	
FTLN 1801	We will solicit heaven and move the gods	
FTLN 1802	To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.	
FTLN 1803	Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.	
	<i>He gives them the arrows.</i>	
FTLN 1804	"Ad Jovem," that's for you;—here, "Ad Apollinem";—	55
FTLN 1805	"Ad Martem," that's for myself;—	
FTLN 1806	Here, boy, "to Pallas";—here, "to Mercury";—	
FTLN 1807	"To 'Saturn,' Caius—not to Saturnine!	
FTLN 1808	You were as good to shoot against the wind.	
FTLN 1809	To it, boy!—Marcus, loose when I bid.	60
FTLN 1810	Of my word, I have written to effect;	
FTLN 1811	There's not a god left unsolicited.	
	MARCUS	
FTLN 1812	Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court.	
FTLN 1813	We will afflict the Emperor in his pride.	
	TITUS	
FTLN 1814	Now, masters, draw. (' <i>They shoot.</i> ') O, well said,	65
FTLN 1815	Lucius!	
FTLN 1816	Good boy, in Virgo's lap! Give it Pallas.	
	MARCUS	
FTLN 1817	My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon.	
FTLN 1818	Your letter is with Jupiter by this.	
	TITUS	
FTLN 1819	Ha, ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?	70
FTLN 1820	See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns!	
	MARCUS	
FTLN 1821	This was the sport, my lord; when Publius shot,	
FTLN 1822	The Bull, being galled, gave Aries such a knock	
FTLN 1823	That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court,	
FTLN 1824	And who should find them but the Empress' villain?	75
FTLN 1825	She laughed and told the Moor he should not choose	
FTLN 1826	But give them to his master for a present.	
	TITUS	
FTLN 1827	Why, there it goes. God give his Lordship joy!	

Enter 'a country fellow' with a basket and two pigeons in it.

FTLN 1828	News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is	
FTLN 1829	come.—	80
FTLN 1830	Sirrah, what tidings? Have you any letters?	
FTLN 1831	Shall I have Justice? What says Jupiter?	
FTLN 1832	'COUNTRY FELLOW' Ho, the gibbet-maker? He says that	
FTLN 1833	he hath taken them down again, for the man must	
FTLN 1834	not be hanged till the next week.	85
FTLN 1835	TITUS But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?	
FTLN 1836	'COUNTRY FELLOW' Alas, sir, I know not Jubiter; I never	
FTLN 1837	drank with him in all my life.	
FTLN 1838	TITUS Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?	
FTLN 1839	'COUNTRY FELLOW' Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.	90
FTLN 1840	TITUS Why, didst thou not come from heaven?	
FTLN 1841	'COUNTRY FELLOW' From heaven? Alas, sir, I never	
FTLN 1842	came there. God forbid I should be so bold to press	
FTLN 1843	to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with	
FTLN 1844	my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter	95
FTLN 1845	of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the Emperal's	
FTLN 1846	men.	
FTLN 1847	MARCUS, 'to Titus' Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to	
FTLN 1848	serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons	
FTLN 1849	to the Emperor from you.	100
FTLN 1850	TITUS Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the Emperor	
FTLN 1851	with a grace?	
FTLN 1852	'COUNTRY FELLOW' Nay, truly, sir, I could never say	
FTLN 1853	grace in all my life.	
	TITUS	
FTLN 1854	Sirrah, come hither. Make no more ado,	105
FTLN 1855	But give your pigeons to the Emperor.	
FTLN 1856	By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.	
FTLN 1857	Hold, hold; meanwhile here's money for thy	

FTLN 1858 charges.—Give me pen and ink.—Sirrah, can you
 FTLN 1859 with a grace deliver up a supplication? 110
He writes.
 FTLN 1860 *Country fellow* Ay, sir.
 FTLN 1861 TITUS Then here is a supplication for you, and when
 FTLN 1862 you come to him, at the first approach you must
 FTLN 1863 kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons,
 FTLN 1864 and then look for your reward. I'll be at 115
 FTLN 1865 hand, sir. See you do it bravely.
He hands him a paper.
 FTLN 1866 *Country fellow* I warrant you, sir. Let me alone.
 TITUS
 FTLN 1867 Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.—
He takes the knife and gives it to Marcus.
 FTLN 1868 Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,
 FTLN 1869 For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.— 120
 FTLN 1870 And when thou hast given it to the Emperor,
 FTLN 1871 Knock at my door and tell me what he says.
 FTLN 1872 *Country fellow* God be with you, sir. I will.
He exits.
 TITUS
 FTLN 1873 Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius, follow me.
They exit.

Scene 4

*Enter Emperor Saturninus and Empress Tamora
 and her two sons Chiron and Demetrius, with
 Attendants. The Emperor brings the arrows in his
 hand that Titus shot at him.*

SATURNINUS

FTLN 1874 Why, lords, what wrongs are these! Was ever seen
 FTLN 1875 An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
 FTLN 1876 Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
 FTLN 1877 Of equal justice, used in such contempt?

FTLN 1878	My lords, you know, 「as know」 the mightful gods,	5
FTLN 1879	However these disturbers of our peace	
FTLN 1880	Buzz in the people's ears, there naught hath passed	
FTLN 1881	But even with law against the willful sons	
FTLN 1882	Of old Andronicus. And what an if	
FTLN 1883	His sorrows have so overwhelmed his wits?	10
FTLN 1884	Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,	
FTLN 1885	His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?	
FTLN 1886	And now he writes to heaven for his redress!	
FTLN 1887	See, here's "to Jove," and this "to Mercury,"	
FTLN 1888	This "to Apollo," this to the god of war.	15
FTLN 1889	Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!	
FTLN 1890	What's this but libeling against the Senate	
FTLN 1891	And blazoning our injustice everywhere?	
FTLN 1892	A goodly humor is it not, my lords?	
FTLN 1893	As who would say, in Rome no justice were.	20
FTLN 1894	But if I live, his feignèd ecstasies	
FTLN 1895	Shall be no shelter to these outrages,	
FTLN 1896	But he and his shall know that justice lives	
FTLN 1897	In Saturninus' health, whom, if he sleep,	
FTLN 1898	He'll so awake as he in fury shall	25
FTLN 1899	Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.	
TAMORA		
FTLN 1900	My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,	
FTLN 1901	Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,	
FTLN 1902	Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,	
FTLN 1903	Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,	30
FTLN 1904	Whose loss hath pierced him deep and scarred his	
FTLN 1905	heart,	
FTLN 1906	And rather comfort his distressed plight	
FTLN 1907	Than prosecute the meanest or the best	
FTLN 1908	For these contempts. (「Aside.」) Why, thus it shall	35
FTLN 1909	become	
FTLN 1910	High-witted Tamora to gloze with all.	
FTLN 1911	But, Titus, I have touched thee to the quick.	
FTLN 1912	Thy lifeblood out, if Aaron now be wise,	
FTLN 1913	Then is all safe, the anchor in the port.	40

Enter 「Country Fellow.」

FTLN 1914 How now, good fellow, wouldst thou speak with us?
FTLN 1915 「COUNTRY FELLOW」 Yea, forsooth, an your Mistressship be
FTLN 1916 emperial.

TAMORA

FTLN 1917 Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.
FTLN 1918 「COUNTRY FELLOW」 'Tis he!—God and Saint Stephen 45
FTLN 1919 give you good e'en. I have brought you a letter and
FTLN 1920 a couple of pigeons here.

「Saturninus」 *reads the letter.*

SATURNINUS

FTLN 1921 Go, take him away, and hang him presently.
FTLN 1922 「COUNTRY FELLOW」 How much money must I have?
FTLN 1923 TAMORA Come, sirrah, you must be hanged. 50
FTLN 1924 「COUNTRY FELLOW」 Hanged! 「By 'r」 Lady, then I have
FTLN 1925 brought up a neck to a fair end.

He exits 「with Attendants.」

SATURNINUS

FTLN 1926 Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
FTLN 1927 Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
FTLN 1928 I know from whence this same device proceeds. 55
FTLN 1929 May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,
FTLN 1930 That died by law for murder of our brother,
FTLN 1931 Have by my means been butchered wrongfully!
FTLN 1932 Go, drag the villain hither by the hair.
FTLN 1933 Nor age nor honor shall shape privilege. 60
FTLN 1934 For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughterman,
FTLN 1935 Sly, frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great
FTLN 1936 In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter nuntius, Aemilius.

FTLN 1937 SATURNINUS What news with thee, Aemilius?

AEMILIUS

FTLN 1938 Arm, my lords! Rome never had more cause. 65
FTLN 1939 The Goths have gathered head, and with a power

FTLN 1940 Of high-resolvèd men bent to the spoil,
 FTLN 1941 They hither march amain under conduct
 FTLN 1942 Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus,
 FTLN 1943 Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do 70
 FTLN 1944 As much as ever Coriolanus did.

SATURNINUS

FTLN 1945 Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
 FTLN 1946 These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
 FTLN 1947 As flowers with frost or grass beat down with storms.
 FTLN 1948 Ay, now begins our sorrows to approach. 75
 FTLN 1949 'Tis he the common people love so much.
 FTLN 1950 Myself hath often heard them say,
 FTLN 1951 When I have walkèd like a private man,
 FTLN 1952 That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
 FTLN 1953 And they have wished that Lucius were their emperor. 80

TAMORA

FTLN 1954 Why should you fear? Is not your city strong?

SATURNINUS

FTLN 1955 Ay, but the citizens favor Lucius
 FTLN 1956 And will revolt from me to succor him.

TAMORA

FTLN 1957 King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
 FTLN 1958 Is the sun dimmed that gnats do fly in it? 85
 FTLN 1959 The eagle suffers little birds to sing
 FTLN 1960 And is not careful what they mean thereby,
 FTLN 1961 Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
 FTLN 1962 He can at pleasure stint their melody.
 FTLN 1963 Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome. 90
 FTLN 1964 Then cheer thy spirit, for know, thou emperor,
 FTLN 1965 I will enchant the old Andronicus
 FTLN 1966 With words more sweet and yet more dangerous
 FTLN 1967 Than baits to fish or honey-stalks to sheep,
 FTLN 1968 Whenas the one is wounded with the bait, 95
 FTLN 1969 The other rotted with delicious 'feed.'

SATURNINUS

FTLN 1970 But he will not entreat his son for us.

TAMORA

FTLN 1971 If Tamora entreat him, then he will,
FTLN 1972 For I can smooth and fill his aged ears
FTLN 1973 With golden promises, that were his heart 100
FTLN 1974 Almost impregnable, his old 'ears' deaf,
FTLN 1975 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
FTLN 1976 'To Aemilius.' Go thou before to be our ambassador.
FTLN 1977 Say that the Emperor requests a parley
FTLN 1978 Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting 105
FTLN 1979 Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

SATURNINUS

FTLN 1980 Aemilius, do this message honorably,
FTLN 1981 And if he stand in hostage for his safety,
FTLN 1982 Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

AEMILIUS

FTLN 1983 Your bidding shall I do effectually. 110
He exits.

TAMORA

FTLN 1984 Now will I to that old Andronicus
FTLN 1985 And temper him with all the art I have
FTLN 1986 To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
FTLN 1987 And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
FTLN 1988 And bury all thy fear in my devices. 115

SATURNINUS

FTLN 1989 Then go successantly, and plead to him.
They exit.

⟨ACT 5⟩

「Scene 1」

⟨*Flourish.*⟩ *Enter Lucius with an army of Goths, with
Drums and Soldiers.*

LUCIUS

FTLN 1990	Approved warriors and my faithful friends,	
FTLN 1991	I have received letters from great Rome	
FTLN 1992	Which signifies what hate they bear their emperor	
FTLN 1993	And how desirous of our sight they are.	
FTLN 1994	Therefore, great lords, be as your titles witness,	5
FTLN 1995	Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs,	
FTLN 1996	And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,	
FTLN 1997	Let him make treble satisfaction.	

「FIRST」 GOTH

FTLN 1998	Brave slip sprung from the great Andronicus,	
FTLN 1999	Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,	10
FTLN 2000	Whose high exploits and honorable deeds	
FTLN 2001	Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,	
FTLN 2002	Be bold in us. We'll follow where thou lead'st,	
FTLN 2003	Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day	
FTLN 2004	Led by their master to the flowered fields,	15
FTLN 2005	And be avenged on cursèd Tamora.	

「GOTHS」

FTLN 2006	And as he saith, so say we all with him.	
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LUCIUS

FTLN 2007	I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.	
FTLN 2008	But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?	

Enter a Goth, leading of Aaron with his child in his arms.

「SECOND」 GOTH

FTLN 2009	Renowned Lucius, from our troops I strayed	20
FTLN 2010	To gaze upon a ruinous monastery,	
FTLN 2011	And as I earnestly did fix mine eye	
FTLN 2012	Upon the wasted building, suddenly	
FTLN 2013	I heard a child cry underneath a wall.	
FTLN 2014	I made unto the noise, when soon I heard	25
FTLN 2015	The crying babe controlled with this discourse:	
FTLN 2016	“Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dame!	
FTLN 2017	Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,	
FTLN 2018	Had nature lent thee but thy mother’s look,	
FTLN 2019	Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor.	30
FTLN 2020	But where the bull and cow are both milk white,	
FTLN 2021	They never do beget a coal-black calf.	
FTLN 2022	Peace, villain, peace!”—even thus he rates the babe—	
FTLN 2023	“For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth	
FTLN 2024	Who, when he knows thou art the Empress’ babe,	35
FTLN 2025	Will hold thee dearly for thy mother’s sake.”	
FTLN 2026	With this, my weapon drawn, I rushed upon him,	
FTLN 2027	Surprised him suddenly, and brought him hither	
FTLN 2028	To use as you think needful of the man.	

LUCIUS

FTLN 2029	O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil	40
FTLN 2030	That robbed Andronicus of his good hand;	
FTLN 2031	This is the pearl that pleased your empress’ eye;	
FTLN 2032	And here’s the base fruit of her burning lust.—	
FTLN 2033	Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey	
FTLN 2034	This growing image of thy fiendlike face?	45
FTLN 2035	Why dost not speak? What, deaf? Not a word?—	
FTLN 2036	A halter, soldiers! Hang him on this tree,	
FTLN 2037	And by his side his fruit of bastardy.	

AARON

FTLN 2038	Touch not the boy. He is of royal blood.
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LUCIUS

FTLN 2039 Too like the sire for ever being good. 50
 FTLN 2040 First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,
 FTLN 2041 A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
 FTLN 2042 Get me a ladder.

「A ladder is brought, which Aaron is made to climb.」

FTLN 2043 AARON Lucius, save the child
 FTLN 2044 And bear it from me to the Empress. 55
 FTLN 2045 If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things
 FTLN 2046 That highly may advantage thee to hear.
 FTLN 2047 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
 FTLN 2048 I'll speak no more but "Vengeance rot you all!"

LUCIUS

FTLN 2049 Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st, 60
 FTLN 2050 Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourished.

AARON

FTLN 2051 And if it please thee? Why, assure thee, Lucius,
 FTLN 2052 'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
 FTLN 2053 For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
 FTLN 2054 Acts of black night, abominable deeds, 65
 FTLN 2055 Complots of mischief, treason, villainies,
 FTLN 2056 Ruthful to hear, yet piteously performed.
 FTLN 2057 And this shall all be buried in my death,
 FTLN 2058 Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

LUCIUS

FTLN 2059 Tell on thy mind. I say thy child shall live. 70

AARON

FTLN 2060 Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

LUCIUS

FTLN 2061 Who should I swear by? Thou believest no god.
 FTLN 2062 That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

AARON

FTLN 2063 What if I do not? As indeed I do not.
 FTLN 2064 Yet, for I know thou art religious 75
 FTLN 2065 And hast a thing within thee callèd conscience,
 FTLN 2066 With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies

FTLN 2067	Which I have seen thee careful to observe,	
FTLN 2068	Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know	
FTLN 2069	An idiot holds his bauble for a god	80
FTLN 2070	And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,	
FTLN 2071	To that I'll urge him. Therefore thou shalt vow	
FTLN 2072	By that same god, what god soe'er it be	
FTLN 2073	That thou adorest and hast in reverence,	
FTLN 2074	To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up,	85
FTLN 2075	Or else I will discover naught to thee.	
	LUCIUS	
FTLN 2076	Even by my god I swear to thee I will.	
	AARON	
FTLN 2077	First know thou, I begot him on the Empress.	
	LUCIUS	
FTLN 2078	O, most insatiate and luxurious woman!	
	AARON	
FTLN 2079	Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity	90
FTLN 2080	To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.	
FTLN 2081	'Twas her two sons that murdered Bassianus.	
FTLN 2082	They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravished her,	
FTLN 2083	And cut her hands, and trimmed her as thou sawest.	
	LUCIUS	
FTLN 2084	O detestable villain, call'st thou that trimming?	95
	AARON	
FTLN 2085	Why, she was washed, and cut, and trimmed; and	
FTLN 2086	'twas	
FTLN 2087	Trim sport for them which had the doing of it.	
	LUCIUS	
FTLN 2088	O, barbarous beastly villains, like thyself!	
	AARON	
FTLN 2089	Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.	100
FTLN 2090	That coddling spirit had they from their mother,	
FTLN 2091	As sure a card as ever won the set;	
FTLN 2092	That bloody mind I think they learned of me,	
FTLN 2093	As true a dog as ever fought at head.	
FTLN 2094	Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.	105

FTLN 2095	I trained thy brethren to that guileful hole	
FTLN 2096	Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay.	
FTLN 2097	I wrote the letter that thy father found,	
FTLN 2098	And hid the gold within that letter mentioned,	
FTLN 2099	Confederate with the Queen and her two sons.	110
FTLN 2100	And what not done that thou hast cause to rue,	
FTLN 2101	Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?	
FTLN 2102	I played the cheater for thy father's hand,	
FTLN 2103	And, when I had it, drew myself apart	
FTLN 2104	And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.	115
FTLN 2105	I pried me through the crevice of a wall	
FTLN 2106	When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads,	
FTLN 2107	Beheld his tears, and laughed so heartily	
FTLN 2108	That both mine eyes were rainy like to his.	
FTLN 2109	And when I told the Empress of this sport,	120
FTLN 2110	She sounded almost at my pleasing tale,	
FTLN 2111	And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.	
	GOTH	
FTLN 2112	What, canst thou say all this and never blush?	
	AARON	
FTLN 2113	Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.	
	LUCIUS	
FTLN 2114	Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?	125
	AARON	
FTLN 2115	Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.	
FTLN 2116	Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,	
FTLN 2117	Few come within the compass of my curse—	
FTLN 2118	Wherein I did not some notorious ill,	
FTLN 2119	As kill a man, or else devise his death;	130
FTLN 2120	Ravish a maid or plot the way to do it;	
FTLN 2121	Accuse some innocent and forswear myself;	
FTLN 2122	Set deadly enmity between two friends;	
FTLN 2123	Make poor men's cattle break their necks;	
FTLN 2124	Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,	135
FTLN 2125	And bid the owners quench them with their tears.	
FTLN 2126	Oft have I digged up dead men from their graves	
FTLN 2127	And set them upright at their dear friends' door,	

FTLN 2128 Even when their sorrows almost was forgot,
 FTLN 2129 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees, 140
 FTLN 2130 Have with my knife carved in Roman letters
 FTLN 2131 "Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."
 FTLN 2132 But I have done a thousand dreadful things
 FTLN 2133 As willingly as one would kill a fly,
 FTLN 2134 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed 145
 FTLN 2135 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

LUCIUS

FTLN 2136 Bring down the devil, for he must not die
 FTLN 2137 So sweet a death as hanging presently.
"Aaron is brought down from the ladder."

AARON

FTLN 2138 If there be devils, would I were a devil,
 FTLN 2139 To live and burn in everlasting fire, 150
 FTLN 2140 So I might have your company in hell
 FTLN 2141 But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

LUCIUS

FTLN 2142 Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter Aemilius.

GOTH

FTLN 2143 My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
 FTLN 2144 Desires to be admitted to your presence. 155

FTLN 2145 LUCIUS Let him come near. *"Aemilius comes forward."*
 FTLN 2146 Welcome, Aemilius. What's the news from Rome?

AEMILIUS

FTLN 2147 Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
 FTLN 2148 The Roman Emperor greets you all by me;
 FTLN 2149 And, for he understands you are in arms, 160
 FTLN 2150 He craves a parley at your father's house,
 FTLN 2151 Willing you to demand your hostages,
 FTLN 2152 And they shall be immediately delivered.

FTLN 2153 GOTH What says our general?

LUCIUS

FTLN 2154 Aemilius, let the Emperor give his pledges 165

FTLN 2155 Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
 FTLN 2156 And we will come. March away.

「*They exit.*」

「Scene 2」

Enter Tamora and her two sons, disguised.

TAMORA

FTLN 2157 Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment
 FTLN 2158 I will encounter with Andronicus
 FTLN 2159 And say I am Revenge, sent from below
 FTLN 2160 To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
 FTLN 2161 Knock at his study, where they say he keeps
 FTLN 2162 To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge.
 FTLN 2163 Tell him Revenge is come to join with him
 FTLN 2164 And work confusion on his enemies.

5

They knock, and Titus (「above」) opens his study door.

TITUS

FTLN 2165 Who doth molest my contemplation?
 FTLN 2166 Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
 FTLN 2167 That so my sad decrees may fly away
 FTLN 2168 And all my study be to no effect?
 FTLN 2169 You are deceived, for what I mean to do,
 FTLN 2170 See here, in bloody lines I have set down,
 FTLN 2171 And what is written shall be executed.

10

15

TAMORA

FTLN 2172 Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

TITUS

FTLN 2173 No, not a word. How can I grace my talk,
 FTLN 2174 Wanting a hand to give 〈it action?〉
 FTLN 2175 Thou hast the odds of me; therefore, no more.

TAMORA

FTLN 2176 If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

20

TITUS

FTLN 2177 I am not mad. I know thee well enough.
 FTLN 2178 Witness this wretched stump; witness these crimson
 FTLN 2179 lines;
 FTLN 2180 Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
 FTLN 2181 Witness the tiring day and heavy night; 25
 FTLN 2182 Witness all sorrow that I know thee well
 FTLN 2183 For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.
 FTLN 2184 Is not thy coming for my other hand?

TAMORA

FTLN 2185 Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora.
 FTLN 2186 She is thy enemy, and I thy friend. 30
 FTLN 2187 I am Revenge, sent from th' infernal kingdom
 FTLN 2188 To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind
 FTLN 2189 By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
 FTLN 2190 Come down and welcome me to this world's light.
 FTLN 2191 Confer with me of murder and of death. 35
 FTLN 2192 There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
 FTLN 2193 No vast obscurity or misty vale
 FTLN 2194 Where bloody murder or detested rape
 FTLN 2195 Can couch for fear but I will find them out,
 FTLN 2196 And in their ears tell them my dreadful name, 40
 FTLN 2197 Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

TITUS

FTLN 2198 Art thou Revenge? And art thou sent to me
 FTLN 2199 To be a torment to mine enemies?

TAMORA

FTLN 2200 I am. Therefore come down and welcome me.

TITUS

FTLN 2201 Do me some service ere I come to thee. 45
 FTLN 2202 Lo, by thy side, where Rape and Murder stands,
 FTLN 2203 Now give some surance that thou art Revenge:
 FTLN 2204 Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels,
 FTLN 2205 And then I'll come and be thy wagoner,
 FTLN 2206 And whirl along with thee about the globe, 50
 FTLN 2207 Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,
 FTLN 2208 To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away,

FTLN 2209	And find out 'murderers' in their guilty 'caves.'	
FTLN 2210	And when thy car is loaden with their heads,	
FTLN 2211	I will dismount and by thy wagon wheel	55
FTLN 2212	Trot like a servile footman all day long,	
FTLN 2213	Even from 'Hyperion's' rising in the east	
FTLN 2214	Until his very downfall in the sea.	
FTLN 2215	And day by day I'll do this heavy task,	
FTLN 2216	So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.	60
	TAMORA	
FTLN 2217	These are my ministers and come with me.	
	TITUS	
FTLN 2218	Are 'they' thy ministers? What are they called?	
	TAMORA	
FTLN 2219	Rape and Murder; therefore callèd so	
FTLN 2220	'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.	
	TITUS	
FTLN 2221	Good Lord, how like the Empress' sons they are,	65
FTLN 2222	And you the Empress! But we 'worldly' men	
FTLN 2223	Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.	
FTLN 2224	O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,	
FTLN 2225	And if one arm's embracement will content thee,	
FTLN 2226	I will embrace thee in it by and by.	70
	<i>'He exits above.'</i>	
	TAMORA	
FTLN 2227	This closing with him fits his lunacy.	
FTLN 2228	Whate'er I forge to feed his brainsick humors,	
FTLN 2229	Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,	
FTLN 2230	For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;	
FTLN 2231	And, being credulous in this mad thought,	75
FTLN 2232	I'll make him send for Lucius his son;	
FTLN 2233	And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,	
FTLN 2234	I'll find some cunning practice out of hand	
FTLN 2235	To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,	
FTLN 2236	Or, at the least, make them his enemies.	80
FTLN 2237	See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.	

「Enter Titus.」

TITUS

FTLN 2238	Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.	
FTLN 2239	Welcome, dread Fury, to my woeful house.—	
FTLN 2240	Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too.	
FTLN 2241	How like the Empress and her sons you are!	85
FTLN 2242	Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor.	
FTLN 2243	Could not all hell afford you such a devil?	
FTLN 2244	For well I wot the Empress never wags	
FTLN 2245	But in her company there is a Moor;	
FTLN 2246	And, would you represent our queen aright,	90
FTLN 2247	It were convenient you had such a devil.	
FTLN 2248	But welcome as you are. What shall we do?	

TAMORA

FTLN 2249	What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?
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DEMETRIUS

FTLN 2250	Show me a murderer; I'll deal with him.
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CHIRON

FTLN 2251	Show me a villain that hath done a rape,	95
FTLN 2252	And I am sent to be revenged on him.	

TAMORA

FTLN 2253	Show me a thousand that hath done thee wrong,
FTLN 2254	And I will be revengèd on them all.

TITUS, 「to Demetrius」

FTLN 2255	Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,	
FTLN 2256	And when thou findest a man that's like thyself,	100
FTLN 2257	Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.	

FTLN 2258	「To Chiron.」 Go thou with him, and when it is thy
FTLN 2259	hap

FTLN 2260	To find another that is like to thee,	
FTLN 2261	Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.	105

FTLN 2262	「To Tamora.」 Go thou with them; and in the
FTLN 2263	Emperor's court

FTLN 2264	There is a queen attended by a Moor.
FTLN 2265	Well shalt thou know her by thine own proportion,

FTLN 2266 For up and down she doth resemble thee. 110
 FTLN 2267 I pray thee, do on them some violent death.
 FTLN 2268 They have been violent to me and mine.

TAMORA

FTLN 2269 Well hast thou lessoned us; this shall we do.
 FTLN 2270 But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
 FTLN 2271 To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son, 115
 FTLN 2272 Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
 FTLN 2273 And bid him come and banquet at thy house?
 FTLN 2274 When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
 FTLN 2275 I will bring in the Empress and her sons,
 FTLN 2276 The Emperor himself, and all thy foes, 120
 FTLN 2277 And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
 FTLN 2278 And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
 FTLN 2279 What says Andronicus to this device?

TITUS, (['calling'])

FTLN 2280 Marcus, my brother, 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter Marcus.

FTLN 2281 Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius. 125
 FTLN 2282 Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths.
 FTLN 2283 Bid him repair to me and bring with him
 FTLN 2284 Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths.
 FTLN 2285 Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.
 FTLN 2286 Tell him the Emperor and the Empress too 130
 FTLN 2287 Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
 FTLN 2288 This do thou for my love, and so let him,
 FTLN 2289 As he regards his aged father's life.

MARCUS

FTLN 2290 This will I do, and soon return again. ['*Marcus exits.*']

TAMORA

FTLN 2291 Now will I hence about thy business 135
 FTLN 2292 And take my ministers along with me.

TITUS

FTLN 2293 Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
 FTLN 2294 Or else I'll call my brother back again
 FTLN 2295 And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

TAMORA, *['aside to Chiron and Demetrius']*

FTLN 2296	What say you, boys? Will you abide with him	140
FTLN 2297	Whiles I go tell my lord the Emperor	
FTLN 2298	How I have governed our determined jest?	
FTLN 2299	Yield to his humor, smooth and speak him fair,	
FTLN 2300	And tarry with him till I turn again.	

TITUS, *aside*

FTLN 2301	I knew them all, though they supposed me mad,	145
FTLN 2302	And will o'erreach them in their own devices—	
FTLN 2303	A pair of cursèd hellhounds and their dam!	

DEMETRIUS, *['aside to Tamora']*

FTLN 2304 | Madam, depart at pleasure. Leave us here.

TAMORA

FTLN 2305	Farewell, Andronicus. Revenge now goes	
FTLN 2306	To lay a complot to betray thy foes.	150

TITUS

FTLN 2307	I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell. <i>「Tamora exits.」</i>
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CHIRON

FTLN 2308 | Tell us, old man, how shall we be employed?

TITUS

FTLN 2309	Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
FTLN 2310	Publius, come hither; Caius, and Valentine.

「*Publius, Caius, and Valentine enter.*」

FTLN 2311	PUBLIUS	What is your will?	155
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FTLN 2312 | TITUS Know you these two?

PUBLIUS

FTLN 2313 The Empress' sons, I take them—Chiron, Demetrius.

TITUS

FTLN 2314	Fie, Publius, fie, thou art too much deceived.	
FTLN 2315	The one is Murder, and Rape is the other's name;	
FTLN 2316	And therefore bind them, gentle Publius.	160
FTLN 2317	Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them.	

FTLN 2318 Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
 FTLN 2319 And now I find it. Therefore bind them sure,
 FTLN 2320 And stop their mouths if they begin to cry.

「*Titus exits.*」

CHIRON

FTLN 2321 Villains, forbear! We are the Empress' sons. 165

PUBLIUS

FTLN 2322 And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
 FTLN 2323 Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a word.
 FTLN 2324 Is he sure bound? Look that you bind them fast.

*Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia
 with a basin.*

TITUS

FTLN 2325 Come, come, Lavinia. Look, thy foes are bound.—
 FTLN 2326 Sirs, stop their mouths. Let them not speak to me, 170
 FTLN 2327 But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
 FTLN 2328 O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
 FTLN 2329 Here stands the spring whom you have stained with
 FTLN 2330 mud,
 FTLN 2331 This goodly summer with your winter mixed. 175
 FTLN 2332 You killed her husband, and for that vile fault
 FTLN 2333 Two of her brothers were condemned to death,
 FTLN 2334 My hand cut off and made a merry jest,
 FTLN 2335 Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
 FTLN 2336 Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity, 180
 FTLN 2337 Inhuman traitors, you constrained and forced.
 FTLN 2338 What would you say if I should let you speak?
 FTLN 2339 Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
 FTLN 2340 Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
 FTLN 2341 This one hand yet is left to cut your throats, 185
 FTLN 2342 Whiles that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
 FTLN 2343 The basin that receives your guilty blood.
 FTLN 2344 You know your mother means to feast with me,
 FTLN 2345 And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.
 FTLN 2346 Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to dust, 190

FTLN 2347 And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,
 FTLN 2348 And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
 FTLN 2349 And make two pasties of your shameful heads,
 FTLN 2350 And bid that strumpet, your unhallowed dam,
 FTLN 2351 Like to the Earth swallow her own increase. 195
 FTLN 2352 This is the feast that I have bid her to,
 FTLN 2353 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
 FTLN 2354 For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
 FTLN 2355 And worse than Procne I will be revenged.
 FTLN 2356 And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come, 200
 FTLN 2357 Receive the blood. *He cuts their throats.*
 FTLN 2358 And when that they are dead,
 FTLN 2359 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
 FTLN 2360 And with this hateful liquor temper it,
 FTLN 2361 And in that paste let their vile heads be baked. 205
 FTLN 2362 Come, come, be everyone officious
 FTLN 2363 To make this banquet, which I wish may prove
 FTLN 2364 More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
 FTLN 2365 So. Now bring them in, for I'll play the cook
 FTLN 2366 And see them ready against their mother comes. 210
They exit, 'carrying the dead bodies.'

「Scene 3」

*Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Goths, 'with Aaron,
 Guards, and an Attendant carrying the baby.'*

LUCIUS

FTLN 2367 Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind
 FTLN 2368 That I repair to Rome, I am content.

「FIRST」 GOTH

FTLN 2369 And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

LUCIUS

FTLN 2370 Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
 FTLN 2371 This ravenous tiger, this accursèd devil. 5
 FTLN 2372 Let him receive no sust'nance. Fetter him

FTLN 2373 Till he be brought unto the Empress' face
 FTLN 2374 For testimony of her foul proceedings.
 FTLN 2375 And see the ambush of our friends be strong.
 FTLN 2376 I fear the Emperor means no good to us. 10

AARON

FTLN 2377 Some devil whisper curses in my ear
 FTLN 2378 And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth
 FTLN 2379 The venomous malice of my swelling heart.

LUCIUS

FTLN 2380 Away, inhuman dog, unhallowed slave!—
 FTLN 2381 Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. 15

Sound trumpets.

FTLN 2382 The trumpets show the Emperor is at hand.
「Guards and Aaron exit.」

*Enter Emperor 「Saturninus」 and Empress 「Tamora」
 with 「Aemilius,」 Tribunes, 「Attendants,」 and others.*

SATURNINUS

FTLN 2383 What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

LUCIUS

FTLN 2384 What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

MARCUS

FTLN 2385 Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle.
 FTLN 2386 These quarrels must be quietly debated. 20
 FTLN 2387 The feast is ready which the careful Titus
 FTLN 2388 Hath ordained to an honorable end,
 FTLN 2389 For peace, for love, for league and good to Rome.
 FTLN 2390 Please you therefore draw nigh and take your places.

FTLN 2391 SATURNINUS Marcus, we will. 25

*Trumpets sounding, enter Titus like a cook, placing the
 dishes, 「with young Lucius and others,」 and Lavinia
 with a veil over her face.*

TITUS

FTLN 2392 Welcome, my lord;—welcome, dread queen;—
 FTLN 2393 Welcome, you warlike Goths;—welcome, Lucius;—

FTLN 2394	And welcome, all. Although the cheer be poor,	
FTLN 2395	'Twill fill your stomachs. Please you eat of it.	
	<i>「They begin to eat.」</i>	
	SATURNINUS	
FTLN 2396	Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?	30
	TITUS	
FTLN 2397	Because I would be sure to have all well	
FTLN 2398	To entertain your Highness and your empress.	
	TAMORA	
FTLN 2399	We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.	
	TITUS	
FTLN 2400	An if your Highness knew my heart, you were.—	
FTLN 2401	My lord the Emperor, resolve me this:	35
FTLN 2402	Was it well done of rash Virginius	
FTLN 2403	To slay his daughter with his own right hand	
FTLN 2404	Because she was enforced, stained, and deflowered?	
FTLN 2405	SATURNINUS It was, Andronicus.	
FTLN 2406	TITUS Your reason, mighty lord?	40
	SATURNINUS	
FTLN 2407	Because the girl should not survive her shame,	
FTLN 2408	And by her presence still renew his sorrows.	
	TITUS	
FTLN 2409	A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;	
FTLN 2410	A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant	
FTLN 2411	For me, most wretched, to perform the like.	45
FTLN 2412	Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,	
FTLN 2413	And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die.	
	<i>「He kills Lavinia.」</i>	
	SATURNINUS	
FTLN 2414	What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?	
	TITUS	
FTLN 2415	Killed her for whom my tears have made me blind.	
FTLN 2416	I am as woeful as Virginius was,	50
FTLN 2417	And have a thousand times more cause than he	
FTLN 2418	To do this outrage, and it now is done.	

SATURNINUS

FTLN 2419 What, was she ravished? Tell who did the deed.

TITUS

FTLN 2420 Will 't please you eat?—Will 't please your Highness
FTLN 2421 feed?

55

TAMORA

FTLN 2422 Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

TITUS

FTLN 2423 Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius.
FTLN 2424 They ravished her and cut away her tongue,
FTLN 2425 And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

SATURNINUS

FTLN 2426 Go fetch them hither to us presently.

60

TITUS

FTLN 2427 Why, there they are, both bakèd in this pie,
FTLN 2428 Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
FTLN 2429 Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
FTLN 2430 'Tis true, 'tis true! Witness my knife's sharp point.
He stabs the Empress.

SATURNINUS

FTLN 2431 Die, frantic wretch, for this accursèd deed.

65

「He kills Titus.」

LUCIUS

FTLN 2432 Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

「He kills Saturninus.」

FTLN 2433 There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

*「A great tumult. Lucius, Marcus, and
others go aloft to the upper stage.」*

MARCUS

FTLN 2434 You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,
FTLN 2435 By uproars severed as a flight of fowl
FTLN 2436 Scattered by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
FTLN 2437 O, let me teach you how to knit again
FTLN 2438 This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf,
FTLN 2439 These broken limbs again into one body,
FTLN 2440 「Lest」 Rome herself be bane unto herself,
FTLN 2441 And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,

70

75

FTLN 2442	Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,	
FTLN 2443	Do shameful execution on herself.	
FTLN 2444	But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,	
FTLN 2445	Grave witnesses of true experience,	
FTLN 2446	Cannot induce you to attend my words,	80
	<i>He turns to Lucius.</i>	
FTLN 2447	Speak, Rome's dear friend, as erst our ancestor,	
FTLN 2448	When with his solemn tongue he did discourse	
FTLN 2449	To lovesick Dido's sad-attending ear	
FTLN 2450	The story of that baleful burning night	
FTLN 2451	When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's Troy.	85
FTLN 2452	Tell us what Sinon hath bewitched our ears,	
FTLN 2453	Or who hath brought the fatal engine in	
FTLN 2454	That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—	
FTLN 2455	My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,	
FTLN 2456	Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,	90
FTLN 2457	But floods of tears will drown my oratory	
FTLN 2458	And break my utterance even in the time	
FTLN 2459	When it should move you to attend me most	
FTLN 2460	And force you to commiseration.	
FTLN 2461	Here's Rome's young captain. Let him tell the tale,	95
FTLN 2462	While I stand by and weep to hear him speak.	
	LUCIUS	
FTLN 2463	Then, gracious auditory, be it known to you	
FTLN 2464	That Chiron and the damned Demetrius	
FTLN 2465	Were they that murderèd our emperor's brother,	
FTLN 2466	And they it were that ravishèd our sister.	100
FTLN 2467	For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,	
FTLN 2468	Our father's tears despised, and basely cozened	
FTLN 2469	Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out	
FTLN 2470	And sent her enemies unto the grave;	
FTLN 2471	Lastly, myself unkindly banishèd,	105
FTLN 2472	The gates shut on me, and turned weeping out	
FTLN 2473	To beg relief among Rome's enemies,	
FTLN 2474	Who drowned their enmity in my true tears	
FTLN 2475	And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend.	

FTLN 2476	I am the turned-forth, be it known to you,	110
FTLN 2477	That have preserved her welfare in my blood	
FTLN 2478	And from her bosom took the enemy's point,	
FTLN 2479	Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.	
FTLN 2480	Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;	
FTLN 2481	My scars can witness, dumb although they are,	115
FTLN 2482	That my report is just and full of truth.	
FTLN 2483	But soft, methinks I do digress too much,	
FTLN 2484	Citing my worthless praise. O, pardon me,	
FTLN 2485	For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.	

MARCUS

FTLN 2486	Now is my turn to speak. Behold the child.	120
FTLN 2487	Of this was Tamora deliverèd,	
FTLN 2488	The issue of an irreligious Moor,	
FTLN 2489	Chief architect and plotter of these woes.	
FTLN 2490	The villain is alive in Titus' house,	
FTLN 2491	And as he is to witness, this is true.	125
FTLN 2492	Now judge what 'cause had Titus to revenge	
FTLN 2493	These wrongs unspeakable, past patience,	
FTLN 2494	Or more than any living man could bear.	
FTLN 2495	Now have you heard the truth. What say you,	
FTLN 2496	Romans?	130
FTLN 2497	Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,	
FTLN 2498	And from the place where you behold us pleading,	
FTLN 2499	The poor remainder of Andronici	
FTLN 2500	Will, hand in hand, all headlong hurl ourselves,	
FTLN 2501	And on the ragged stones beat forth our souls,	135
FTLN 2502	And make a mutual closure of our house.	
FTLN 2503	Speak, Romans, speak, and if you say we shall,	
FTLN 2504	Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.	

AEMILIUS

FTLN 2505	Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,	
FTLN 2506	And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,	140
FTLN 2507	Lucius our emperor, for well I know	
FTLN 2508	The common voice do cry it shall be so.	

「ROMANS」

FTLN 2509 Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!

MARCUS, 「to Attendants」

FTLN 2510 Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,

FTLN 2511 And hither hale that misbelieving Moor

145

FTLN 2512 To be 「adjudged」 some direful slaught'ring death

FTLN 2513 As punishment for his most wicked life.

「Attendants exit. Lucius and Marcus
come down from the upper stage.」

「ROMANS」

FTLN 2514 Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

LUCIUS

FTLN 2515 Thanks, gentle Romans. May I govern so

FTLN 2516 To heal Rome's harms and wipe away her woe!

150

FTLN 2517 But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,

FTLN 2518 For nature puts me to a heavy task.

FTLN 2519 Stand all aloof, but, uncle, draw you near

FTLN 2520 To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.

「He kisses Titus.」

FTLN 2521 O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

155

FTLN 2522 These sorrowful drops upon thy 「bloodstained」 face,

FTLN 2523 The last true duties of thy noble son.

MARCUS

FTLN 2524 Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,

FTLN 2525 Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.

「He kisses Titus.」

FTLN 2526 O, were the sum of these that I should pay

160

FTLN 2527 Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

LUCIUS, 「to Young Lucius」

FTLN 2528 Come hither, boy. Come, come, and learn of us

FTLN 2529 To melt in showers. Thy grandsire loved thee well.

FTLN 2530 Many a time he danced thee on his knee,

FTLN 2531 Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;

165

FTLN 2532 Many a story hath he told to thee,

FTLN 2533 And bid thee bear his pretty tales in mind

FTLN 2534 And talk of them when he was dead and gone.

MARCUS

FTLN 2535 How many thousand times hath these poor lips,
 FTLN 2536 When they were living, warmed themselves on thine! 170
 FTLN 2537 O, now, sweet boy, give them their latest kiss.
 FTLN 2538 Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave.
 FTLN 2539 Do them that kindness, and take leave of them.

YOUNG LUCIUS

FTLN 2540 O grandsire, grandsire, ev'n with all my heart
 FTLN 2541 Would I were dead so you did live again! 175

He kisses Titus.

FTLN 2542 O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping.
 FTLN 2543 My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

Enter Aaron with Guards.

ROMAN

FTLN 2544 You sad Andronici, have done with woes.
 FTLN 2545 Give sentence on this execrable wretch
 FTLN 2546 That hath been breeder of these dire events. 180

LUCIUS

FTLN 2547 Set him breast-deep in earth and famish him.
 FTLN 2548 There let him stand and rave and cry for food.
 FTLN 2549 If anyone relieves or pities him,
 FTLN 2550 For the offense he dies. This is our doom.
 FTLN 2551 Some stay to see him fastened in the earth. 185

AARON

FTLN 2552 Ah, why should wrath be mute and fury dumb?
 FTLN 2553 I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
 FTLN 2554 I should repent the evils I have done.
 FTLN 2555 Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
 FTLN 2556 Would I perform, if I might have my will. 190
 FTLN 2557 If one good deed in all my life I did,
 FTLN 2558 I do repent it from my very soul.

Aaron is led off by Guards.

LUCIUS

FTLN 2559 Some loving friends convey the Emperor hence,
 FTLN 2560 And give him burial in his fathers' grave.

FTLN 2561	My father and Lavinia shall forthwith	195
FTLN 2562	Be closèd in our household's monument.	
FTLN 2563	As for that ravenous tiger, Tamora,	
FTLN 2564	No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weed;	
FTLN 2565	No mournful bell shall ring her burial;	
FTLN 2566	But throw her forth to beasts and birds to prey.	200
FTLN 2567	Her life was beastly and devoid of pity,	
FTLN 2568	And being dead, let birds on her take pity.	
	<i>They exit, 「carrying the dead bodies.」</i>	
