

# 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.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare's plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare's works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger's holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare's works in the Folger's Elizabethan Theater.

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 exists to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

*Michael Witmore*  
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

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# 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 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.

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# 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.

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# 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

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# ⟨ACT 1⟩

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## ⟨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*<sup>1</sup> *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,

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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*

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*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.

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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.



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.

*['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  
FTLN 0328 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.



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,



「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 glistering 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,

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|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| 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 promisèd 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?

LAVINIA I say no.

FTLN 0666 I have been broad awake two hours and more.

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.

FTLN 0671 MARCUS I have dogs, my lord,

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

*「He takes out a paper.」*

FTLN 0723 Seest thou this letter? Take it up, I pray thee,  
 FTLN 0724 And give the King this fatal-plotted scroll.

*「He hands her the paper.」*

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 abhorrèd 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 confusèd 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 |

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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.—

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|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| 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 briers 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.*

MARTIUS

FTLN 0887     Why dost not comfort me and help me out                     210  
 FTLN 0888     From this 「unhallowed」 and bloodstainèd hole?

QUINTUS

FTLN 0889     I am surprisèd with an uncouth fear.  
 FTLN 0890     A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints.  
 FTLN 0891     My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

MARTIUS

FTLN 0892     To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,                     215  
 FTLN 0893     Aaron and thou look down into this den  
 FTLN 0894     And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

QUINTUS

FTLN 0895     Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart  
 FTLN 0896     Will not permit mine eyes once to behold  
 FTLN 0897     The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.                     220  
 FTLN 0898     O, tell me who it is, for ne'er till now  
 FTLN 0899     Was I a child to fear I know not what.

MARTIUS

FTLN 0900     Lord Bassianus lies 「berayed」 in blood,  
 FTLN 0901     All on a heap, like to a slaughtered lamb,  
 FTLN 0902     In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.                     225

QUINTUS

FTLN 0903     If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

MARTIUS

FTLN 0904     Upon his bloody finger he doth wear  
 FTLN 0905     A precious ring that lightens all this hole,  
 FTLN 0906     Which like a taper in some monument  
 FTLN 0907     Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks                     230  
 FTLN 0908     And shows the ragged entrails of this pit.  
 FTLN 0909     So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus  
 FTLN 0910     When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.  
 FTLN 0911     O, brother, help me with thy fainting hand—  
 FTLN 0912     If fear hath made thee faint as me it hath—                     235  
 FTLN 0913     Out of this fell devouring receptacle,  
 FTLN 0914     As hateful as 「Cocytus」 misty mouth.

QUINTUS, *「reaching into the pit」*

FTLN 0915 Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out,  
 FTLN 0916 Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,  
 FTLN 0917 I may be plucked into the swallowing womb 240  
 FTLN 0918 Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.

*「He pulls Martius' hand.」*

FTLN 0919 I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

MARTIUS

FTLN 0920 Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

QUINTUS

FTLN 0921 Thy hand once more. I will not loose again  
 FTLN 0922 Till thou art here aloft or I below. 245  
 FTLN 0923 Thou canst not come to me. I come to thee.

*「He falls in.」*

*Enter the Emperor 「Saturninus, with Attendants,」  
 and Aaron the Moor.*

SATURNINUS

FTLN 0924 Along with me! I'll see what hole is here  
 FTLN 0925 And what he is that now is leapt into it.—  
 FTLN 0926 Say, who art thou that lately didst descend  
 FTLN 0927 Into this gaping hollow of the earth? 250

MARTIUS

FTLN 0928 The unhappy sons of old Andronicus,  
 FTLN 0929 Brought hither in a most unlucky hour  
 FTLN 0930 To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

SATURNINUS

FTLN 0931 My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest.  
 FTLN 0932 He and his lady both are at the lodge 255  
 FTLN 0933 Upon the north side of this pleasant chase.  
 FTLN 0934 'Tis not an hour since I left them there.

MARTIUS

FTLN 0935 We know not where you left them all alive,  
 FTLN 0936 But, out alas, here have we found him dead.

*Enter Tamora, 「Titus」 Andronicus, and Lucius.*

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|           |             |  |     |
|-----------|-------------|--|-----|
| 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.*

「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 agèd 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 aged 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.

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;

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|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| 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 unrecurring 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 <sup>his</sup> 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 uprising?  
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.

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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.

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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 woeful'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, unknit 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,

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|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| 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.                         |    |

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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 coal-black 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.*)

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「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.

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|           |        |   |                      |
|-----------|--------|---|----------------------|
| 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<br/>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.

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

FTLN 1511 O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?

「TITUS」

FTLN 1512 “*Stuprum*. Chiron, Demetrius.”

MARCUS

FTLN 1513 What, what! The lustful sons of Tamora 80  
 FTLN 1514 Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

FTLN 1515 TITUS *Magni Dominator poli,*

FTLN 1516 *Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?*

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,

*「They all kneel.」*

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

*「They rise.」*

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,

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|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| 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 armèd 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 | 「 <i>He reads:</i> 」   | 20 |
| FTLN 1584 | “ <i>Integer vitae, scelerisque purus,<br/>Non eget Mauri iaculis, nec arcu.</i> ” |    |
|           | 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 | 「 <i>Aside.</i> 」 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.

FTLN 1640 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

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|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| 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 「that」 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, 「to the Nurse」

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 「To the Nurse.」 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

*He kills her.*

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 receivèd 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

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|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| 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 |

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|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| 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 | " <i>Ad Jovem</i> ," that's for you;—here, " <i>Ad Apollinem</i> ";— | 55 |
| FTLN 1805 | " <i>Ad Martem</i> ," 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 Emperial'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.                                    |     |
| FTLN 1854 | 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.*
- FTLN 1873 TITUS 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 distressèd 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.*

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# ⟨ACT 5⟩

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## 「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.

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. |  |
|-----------|--|--|

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

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|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| 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 carvèd 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 5  
FTLN 2162 To ruminare strange plots of dire revenge.  
FTLN 2163 Tell him Revenge is come to join with him  
FTLN 2164 And work confusion on his enemies.

*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, 10  
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. 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,

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|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
| 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?

DEMETRIUS

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

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.



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;—

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|            |  |    |
|------------|--|----|
| 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, 70  
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, 75

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|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| 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.      |     |

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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.

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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.

*They exit, 「carrying the dead bodies.」*

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