

LIST OF ROLES

ROMANS

SATURNINUS *eldest son of the recently deceased Emperor of Rome, later Emperor*
 BASSIANUS *younger brother of SATURNINUS, later husband to LAVINIA*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS *a Tribune of the people, brother of TITUS*

TITUS ANDRONICUS *a Roman nobleman, general against the Goths*

LUCIUS

QUINTUS

MARTIUS

MUTIUS

LAVINIA

*the surviving sons of TITUS (in descending order of age)
 only daughter of TITUS, betrothed to LAVINIA*

A NURSE

A CAPTAIN

MESSENGERS/SERVANTS

OTHER ROMANS *including Senators, Tribunes, Soldiers, and Attendants*

GOTHS

TAMORA *Queen of the Goths and later Empress of Rome by marriage*

ALARBUS

DEMETRIUS

CHIRON

the sons of TAMORA in descending order of age

AARON *A Moor in service of Tamora; her lover*

OTHER GOTHS *forming an army*

ACT 1.1

The Tomb of the ANDRONICI appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft. Enter, below, from one side, SATURNINUS and his Followers; and, from the other side, BASSIANUS and his Followers; with drum and colours

SATURNINUS

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

BASSIANUS

Romans, friends, followers, favorers of my right,
If ever Bassianus, Caesar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Let desert in pure election shine,
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the crown

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
Let us entreat, by honour of his name,
That you withdraw you and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

SATURNINUS

How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

BASSIANUS

Marcus Andronicus, so I do ally
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,

Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
 And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
 And to my fortunes and the people's favor
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

Exeunt the followers of BASSIANUS

SATURNINUS

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

Exeunt the followers of SATURNINUS

Flourish. SATURNINUS and BASSIANUS go up into the Capitol

Enter a Captain

CAPTAIN

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

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

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
 Andronicus comes bound with laurel boughs
 To re-salute his country with his tears.
 Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
 Half of the number that King Priam had,
 Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!
 These that survive let Rome reward with love;
 These that I bring unto their latest home,
 With burial amongst their ancestors:
 Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.

[opens tomb]

O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!

LUCIUS

Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeased,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

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

[hands over ALARBUS]

TAMORA

Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me!
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke,
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:
Thrice noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

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

LUCIUS

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

Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, with ALARBUS

TAMORA

O cruel, irreligious piety!

CHIRON

Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

DEMETRIUS

Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening looks.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS and MUTIUS, with their swords bloody

LUCIUS

See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.
Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Enter LAVINIA

LAVINIA

In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy,
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud!

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!

Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Enter, below, MARCUS ANDRONICUS and Tribunes; re-enter SATURNINUS and BASSIANUS, attended [LAVINIA goes to BASSIANUS]

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

SATURNINUS

Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Patience, Prince Saturninus.

SATURNINUS

Romans, do me right:
Patricians, draw your swords: and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

LUCIUS

Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

TITUS ANDRONICUS

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

BASSIANUS

Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

TRIBUNES

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

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him and say 'Long live our emperor!'

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

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

A long flourish till they come down

SATURNINUS

Titus Andronicus, for thy favors done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart;
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

TITUS ANDRONICUS

It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here in sight of Rome to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

SATURNINUS

Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts
Rome shall record, and when I do forget

The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

[To TAMORA] Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers.

SATURNINUS

A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou comest not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.
--Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?

LAVINIA

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

SATURNINUS

Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go;
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Flourish. SATURNINUS courts TAMORA in dumb show

BASSIANUS

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

Seizing LAVINIA

TITUS ANDRONICUS

How, sir! are you in earnest then, my lord?

BASSIANUS

Ay, noble Titus; and resolved wthal
To do myself this reason and this right.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

'Suum cuique' is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

LUCIUS

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

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surprised!

SATURNINUS

Surprised! by whom?

BASSIANUS

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

Exeunt BASSIANUS and MARCUS with LAVINIA

MUTIUS

Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS

TITUS ANDRONICUS

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

MUTIUS

My lord, you pass not here.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

What, villain boy!
Barr'st me my way in Rome?

Stabbing MUTIUS

MUTIUS

Help, Lucius, help!

Dies

During the fray, SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON and AARON go out and re-enter, above

Re-enter LUCIUS

LUCIUS

My lord, you are unjust, and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
 My sons would never so dishonour me:
 Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

LUCIUS

Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
 That is another's lawful promised love.

Exit

SATURNINUS

No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
 Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
 Was there none else in Rome to make a stale,
 But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
 Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
 That said'st I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

SATURNINUS

But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
 To him that flourish'd for her with his sword
 A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
 One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
 To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

These words are razors to my wounded heart.

SATURNINUS

And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,
 If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
 Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
 And will create thee empress of Rome,
 Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?

TAMORA

Here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
 If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
 She will a handmaid be to his desires,
 A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Exeunt all but TITUS

TITUS ANDRONICUS

I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

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

TITUS ANDRONICUS

No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

LUCIUS

But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:
Bury him where you can; he comes not here.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

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

QUINTUS MARTIUS

And shall, or him we will accompany.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

'And shall!' what villain was it that spake
that word?

MARTIUS

He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

QUINTUS

Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

MARCUS and the Sons of TITUS kneel

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,--

QUINTUS

Father, and in that name doth nature speak,--

TITUS ANDRONICUS

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

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,--

LUCIUS

Dear father, soul and substance of us all,--

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy
Be barr'd his entrance here.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Rise, Marcus, rise.

The dismal'st day is this that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

MUTIUS *is put into the tomb*

LUCIUS

There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

ALL

No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

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

TITUS ANDRONICUS

I know not, Marcus; but I know it is,
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.

Flourish. Re-enter, from one side, SATURNINUS attended, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON and AARON; from the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and others

SATURNINUS

So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

BASSIANUS

And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so, I take my leave.

SATURNINUS

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

BASSIANUS

Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My truth-betrothed love and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

SATURNINUS

'Tis good, sir: you are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

BASSIANUS

My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know:
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;
That in the rescue of Lavinia
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you and highly moved to wrath
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him, then, to favor, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'Tis thou and those that have dishonour'd me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have loved and honour'd Saturnine!

TAMORA

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

SATURNINUS

What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

TAMORA

Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forbend
I should be author to dishonour you!
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all;
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.

Aside to SATURNINUS be won at last;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne.
I'll find a day to massacre them all
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life,
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.
Aloud---Come, come, sweet emperor; come, Andronicus;
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

SATURNINUS

Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

TAMORA

Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconciled your friends and you.
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not lords, and you, Lavinia;
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

[*Titus's sons kneel*]

LUCIUS

We do, and vow to heaven and to his highness,
That what we did was mildly as we might,
Tendering our sister's honour and our own.

SATURNINUS

Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults: Stand up.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your grace bonjour.

SATURNINUS

Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

Flourish. Exeunt

ACT 2.1 Rome. Before the Palace.

Enter AARON

AARON

Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash;
Advanced above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,

This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.
Holloa! what storm is this?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, braving

DEMETRIUS

Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am graced;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

CHIRON

Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

AARON

[*Aside*] Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep
the peace.

DEMETRIUS

Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath
Till you know better how to handle it.

CHIRON

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

DEMETRIUS

Ay, boy, grow ye so brave?

They draw

AARON

Why, how now, lords!
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
For shame, put up.

DEMETRIUS

Not I, till I have sheathed
My rapier in his bosom and withal

Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat
That he hath breathed in my dishonour here.

CHIRON

For that I am prepared and full resolved.
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing darest perform!

AARON

Away, I say!
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware! and should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

CHIRON

I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

DEMETRIUS

Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

AARON

Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

CHIRON

Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose to achieve her whom I love.

AARON

To achieve her! how?

DEMETRIUS

Why makest thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;

She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.

AARON

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

CHIRON

Ay, so the turn were served.

DEMETRIUS

Aaron, thou hast hit it.

AARON

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

CHIRON

Faith, not me.

DEMETRIUS

Nor me, so I were one.

AARON

For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar:
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;
There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

CHIRON

Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice,

Exeunt

CUT: 2.2 A forest near Rome. *Horns and cry of hounds heard.* [Scene of hunting could be conveyed in dumb show, music]

2.3. A lonely part of the forest.

Enter TAMORA and AARON

TAMORA

My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?

[*Tamora attempts to seduce AARON*]

AARON

Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy.
Hark Tamora, the empress of my soul,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus:
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day,
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Now question me no more; we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

TAMORA

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

AARON

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

Exit

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA

BASSIANUS

Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves
To see the general hunting in this forest?

TAMORA

Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently

With horns, as was Actaeon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

LAVINIA

Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

BASSIANUS

Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed.
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

LAVINIA

And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness. I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

BASSIANUS

The king my brother shall have note of this.

LAVINIA

Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king, to be so mightily abused!

TAMORA

Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON

DEMETRIUS

How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother!
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

TAMORA

Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
 These two have 'ticed me hither to this place:
 A barren detested vale, you see it is;
 And straight they told me they would bind me here
 Unto the body of a dismal yew
 And leave me to this miserable death.
 And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
 That ever ear did hear to such effect;
 Thus, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed.
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
 Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

DEMETRIUS

This is a witness that I am thy son.

Stabs BASSIANUS

CHIRON

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

Also stabs BASSIANUS, who dies

LAVINIA

Ay, come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous Tamora,
 For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

TAMORA

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

DEMETRIUS

Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her;
 First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
 This minion stood upon her chastity,
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
 And with that painted hope braves your mightiness:
 And shall she carry this unto her grave?

CHIRON

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

TAMORA

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

CHIRON

I warrant you, madam, we wil l make that sure.
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

LAVINIA

O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,--

TAMORA

I will not hear her speak; away with her!

LAVINIA

Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

DEMETRIUS

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

LAVINIA

When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:

To CHIRON

Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

CHIRON

What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?

LAVINIA

'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard,--O, could I find it now!--
The lion moved with pity did endure
To have his princely paws pared all away:
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

TAMORA

I know not what it means; away with her!

LAVINIA

O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,
 That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
 Be not obdurate; open thy deaf ears!

TAMORA

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

LAVINIA

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

TAMORA

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

LAVINIA

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

TAMORA

So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
 No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

DEMETRIUS

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

LAVINIA

No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
 The blot and enemy to our general name!
 Confusion fall--

CHIRON

Nay, then I'll stop your mouth. Bring thou her husband:
 This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

DEMETRIUS *throws the body of BASSIANUS into the pit; then exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, dragging off LAVINIA*

TAMORA

Farewell, my sons: see that you make her sure.
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflow'r.

Exit

[Cut from end of this scene, action to be resolved in dumbshow or other way: Aaron leads Quintus and Martius to the pit with Bassianus's body; he pushes them in/frames them for Bassianus's murder, where they are later discovered by Saturninus, Tamora, and Titus; Saturninus has the brothers arrested and led away. Action also needs to cover length of Lavinia's costume change]

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

DEMETRIUS

So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

CHIRON

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

DEMETRIUS

See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

CHIRON

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

DEMETRIUS

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

CHIRON

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

DEMETRIUS

If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON

Enter MARCUS

MARCUS

Who is this? my niece, that flies away so fast!
 Cousin, a word; where is your husband?
 If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
 If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
 That I may slumber in eternal sleep!
 Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
 Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare
 Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
 Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
 And might not gain so great a happiness
 As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee
 O, could our mourning ease thy misery!

Exeunt

ACT 3.1 Rome. A street.

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

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
 And for these bitter tears, which now you see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,

Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn

O reverend tribunes! O gentle, aged men!
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
 And let me say, that never wept before,
 My tears are now prevailing orators.

LUCIUS

O noble father, you lament in vain:
 The tribunes hear you not; no man is by;
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

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

LUCIUS
My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

TITUS ANDRONICUS
Why, tis no matter, man; if they did hear,
They would not mark me, or if they did mark,
They would not pity me, yet plead I must;
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
A stone is soft as wax,--tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.

[TITUS] *Rises*

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

LUCIUS
To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt the judges have pronounced
My everlasting doom of banishment.

TITUS ANDRONICUS
O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banished!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA

MARCUS ANDRONICUS
Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

TITUS ANDRONICUS
Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS
This was thy daughter.

TITUS ANDRONICUS
Why, Marcus, so she is.

LUCIUS

Ay me, this object kills me!

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.
Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

LUCIUS

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

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

O, that delightful engine of her thoughts
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

LUCIUS

O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

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

TITUS ANDRONICUS

It was my deer; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he killed me dead:
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me: what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears:
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead: and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her husband;
Perchance because she knows them innocent.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips.
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some deuce of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

LUCIUS

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

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

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

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

LUCIUS

Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this,
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON

AARON

Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,--that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
 With all my heart, I'll send the emperor My hand:
 Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

LUCIUS

Stay, father! My hand will serve the turn:
 My youth can better spare my blood than you;
 And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

Which of your hands hath not defended Rome?
 My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
 To ransom my two nephews from their death;
 Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

AARON

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

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

LUCIUS

Then I'll go fetch an axe.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

But I will use the axe.

Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:
 Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

AARON

[*Aside*] If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
 And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:
 But I'll deceive you in another sort,
 And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

Cuts off TITUS's hand

AARON

I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand
 Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.
Aside Their heads, I mean. O, how this villany
 Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace.
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

Exit

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS

TITUS ANDRONICUS

O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call!

To LAVINIA What, wilt thou kneel with me?
Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

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

TITUS ANDRONICUS

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

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Enter a MESSENGER, with two heads and a hand

MESSENGER

Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd;
That woe is me to think upon thy woes
More than remembrance of my father's death.

Exit

LUCIUS

Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

LAVINIA *kisses THE HEADSⁱ*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starved snake.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

When will this fearful slumber have an end?

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here.
Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs:
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Ha, ha, ha!

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Why, I have not another tear to shed.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other I will bear.
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd: these arms!
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

Exeunt TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA

LUCIUS

Farewell Andronicus, my noble father,
The wofull'st man that ever lived in Rome:
Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!

Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine.

Exit

[Cut 3.2—a scene only found in the Folio]

[Cut 4.1—young Lucius is chased by Lavinia; Lavinia writes names of her rapists in sand. Expository and non-action based and gives no info that audience doesn't have BUT is scene where Titus learns identity of rapists; not sure if inclusion of scene is worth it though. Our audience can simply assume L fills in her pops somehow?]

ACT 4.2

Trumpets sound within. [Enter DEMETRIUS, CHIRON]

DEMETRIUS

Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

CHIRON

Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

DEMETRIUS

Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a blackamoor Child in her arms; [Enter AARON at another door]

NURSE

Good morrow, lords:

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

AARON

Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

NURSE

O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!

Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

AARON

Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

NURSE

O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace!
She is deliver'd, lords; she is deliver'd.

AARON

To whom?

NURSE

I mean, she is brought a-bed.

AARON

Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

NURSE

A devil.

AARON

Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful issue.

NURSE

A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime:
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

AARON

'Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

DEMETRIUS

Villain, what hast thou done?

AARON

That which thou canst not undo.

CHIRON

Thou hast undone our mother.

AARON

Villain, I have done thy mother.

DEMETRIUS

And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend!

CHIRON

It shall not live.

AARON

It shall not die.

NURSE

Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

AARON

What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

DEMETRIUS

I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

AARON

Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

Takes the Child from the NURSE and draws

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-limed walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

DEMETRIUS

Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

AARON

My mistress is my mistress; this myself,
The vigour and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I prefer;
This maugre all the world will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

DEMETRIUS

By this our mother is forever shamed.

CHIRON

Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

NURSE

The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

CHIRON

I blush to think upon this ignominy.

AARON

Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you,
And from that womb where you imprison'd were
He is enfranchised and come to light:
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

NURSE

Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

DEMETRIUS

Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

CHIRON

How many women saw this child of his?

AARON

Why, so, brave lords! when we join in league,
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.
But say, again; how many saw the child?

NURSE

Cornelia the midwife and myself;
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

AARON

The empress, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel when the third's away:
Go to the empress, tell her this I said.

He kills the NURSE

Wheak, wheak! --so cries a pig prepared to the spit.

DEMETRIUS

What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou this?

AARON

O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
 Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
 A long-tongued babbling gossip? no, lords, no:
 And now be it known to you my full intent.
 Not far, one Muli lives, my countryman;
 His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
 His child is like to her, fair as you are:
 Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
 And tell them both the circumstance of all;
 And how by this their child shall be advanced,
 And be received for the emperor's heir,
 And substituted in the place of mine,
 This done, see that you take no longer days,
 But send the midwife presently to me.
 The midwife and the nurse well made away,
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

CHIRON

Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
 With secrets.

DEMETRIUS

For this care of Tamora,
 Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON bearing off the Nurse's body

AARON

Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
 There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
 And secretly to greet the empress' friends.
 Come on, you thick lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;
 For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
 I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
 And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
 And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
 To be a warrior, and command a camp.

Exit

[Cut 4.3: Enter TITUS, bearing arrows with letters at the ends of them; with him, MARCUS, Young LUCIUS, PUBLIUS, SEMPRONIUS, CAIUS, and other Gentlemen, with bows
 TITUS ANDRONICUS. Scene cut for clarity's sake: a dumbshow or some other piece of action needs to show Titus and his followers “libeling the senate” and criticizing Saturninus’s rule, fomenting the rebellion of the people against the Emperor & Tamora’s rule (‘blazoning their

injustice everywhere') etc; whatever items Titus uses to do this, Saturninus can enter holding or brandishing in 4.4 instead of 'the arrows in his hand that TITUS shot'. Placards? Anti-Saturninus posters etc?]

4.4 The same. Before the palace.

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, Lords, and others; SATURNINUS with the arrows in his hand that TITUS shot

SATURNINUS

Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever seen
 An emperor in Rome thus overborne?
 What's this but libelling against the senate,
 And blazoning our injustice every where?
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
 As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
 But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
 But he and his shall know that justice lives
 In Saturninus' health, whom, if she sleep,
 He'll so awake as she in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

TAMORA

My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
 The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
 Whose loss hath pierced him deep and scarr'd his heart;
 And rather comfort his distressed plight
 Than prosecute the meanest or the best
 For these contempts.
Aside Why, thus it shall become
 High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
 But, Titus, I have touched thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.

Enter AEMILIUS [a messenger]

What news with thee, AEmilius?

AEMILIUS

Arm, arm, my lord;--Rome never had more cause.
 The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
 high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
 They hither march amain, under conduct
 Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;

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

SATURNINUS

Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he the common people love so much;
Myself hath often over-heard them say,
When I have walked like a private man,
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

TAMORA

Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

SATURNINUS

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

TAMORA

King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep,
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

SATURNINUS

But he will not entreat his son for us.

TAMORA

If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
Go thou before, be our ambassador:
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

AEMILIUS

Your bidding shall I do effectually.

Exit

TAMORA

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

SATURNINUS

Then go successantly, and plead to him.

Exeunt

ACT 5.1 Plains near Rome.

Enter LUCIUS with an army of Goths, with drum and colours

LUCIUS

Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
 I have received letters from great Rome,
 Which signify what hate they bear their emperor
 And how desirous of our sight they are.
 Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
 Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
 And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
 Let him make treble satisfaction.
 I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
 But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

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

SECOND GOTH

Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd
 To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
 And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
 Upon the wasted building, suddenly
 I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
 I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
 The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
 'Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!
 Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
 Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor.
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
 Surprised him suddenly, and brought him hither,
 To use as you think needful of the man.'

LUCIUS

O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
 That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;
 Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey

This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? what, deaf? not a word?
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree.
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

AARON

Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.

LUCIUS

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

A ladder brought, which AARON is made to ascend

AARON

Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more but 'Vengeance rot you all!'

LUCIUS

Say on: an if it please me which thou speak'st
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

AARON

An if it please thee! why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres,
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

LUCIUS

Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

AARON

Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

LUCIUS

Who should I swear by? thou believest no god:
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

AARON

What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I'll urge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou adorest and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

LUCIUS

Even by my god I swear to thee I will.

AARON

First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

LUCIUS

O most insatiate and luxurious woman!

AARON

Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue and ravish'd her
And cut her hands and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

LUCIUS

O detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

AARON

Why, she was wash'd and cut and trimm'd, and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

LUCIUS

O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

AARON

Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,

And, when I had it, drew myself apart
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

FIRST GOTH

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

AARON

Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

LUCIUS

Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

AARON

Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day--and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse,--
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else devise his death,
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly,
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

LUCIUS

Bring down the devil; for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

AARON

If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

LUCIUS

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

Enter a Goth

THIRD GOTH

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

LUCIUS
Let him come near.

Enter AEMILIUS [a MESSENGER]

AEMILIUS
Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

LUCIUS
AEmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away.

Exeunt

5.2 Rome. Before TITUS's house.

Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, disguised

TAMORA
Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.
They knock

Enter TITUS, above

TITUS ANDRONICUS
Who doth molest my contemplation?

TAMORA
Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

TITUS ANDRONICUS
No, not a word; how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

TAMORA

If thou didst know me, thou wouldest talk with me.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches made by grief and care,
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

TAMORA

Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge: sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes:
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

TAMORA

I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?

TAMORA

Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
And you, the empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

Exit above

TAMORA

This closing with him fits his lunacy
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,

Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
 For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
 And, being credulous in this mad thought,
 I'll make him send for Lucius his son;
 And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
 I'll find some cunning practise out of hand,
 To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
 Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
 See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS below

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
 Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house:
 Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too.
 How like the empress and her sons you are!
 Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:
 Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
 For well I wot the empress never wags
 But in her company there is a Moor;
 And, would you represent our queen aright,
 It were convenient you had such a devil:
 But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

TAMORA

What wouldest thou have us do, Andronicus?

DEMETRIUS

Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

CHIRON

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

TAMORA

Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
 And I will be revenged on them all.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;
 And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself.
 Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.
 Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap
 To find another that is like to thee,
 Good Rapine, stab him; he's a ravisher.
 Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
 There is a queen, attended by a Moor;

Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,
for up and down she doth resemble thee:
I pray thee, do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.

TAMORA

Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house;
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shalt they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS [who does a serious double take at all the foolishness]

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

This will I do, and soon return again.

Exit

TAMORA

Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

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

TAMORA

[*Aside to her sons*] What say you, boys? will you bide with him,
 Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
 How I have govern'd our determined jest?
 Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
 And tarry with him till I turn again.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

[*Aside*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
 And will o'erreach them in their own devices:
 A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam!

DEMETRIUS

Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

TAMORA

Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
 To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

Exit TAMORA

CHIRON

Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Tut, I have work enough for you to do.

[Enter SERVENTS who help TITUS bind CHIRON and DEMETRIUS; TITUS exits]

CHIRON

Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

[SERVANT]

And therefore do we what we are commanded.
 Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
 Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS, with LAVINIA; he bearing a knife, and she a basin

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.
 Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
 But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
 O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
 Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,
 This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.

You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
 Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
 My hand cut off and made a merry jest;
 Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
 Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
 Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust
 And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,
 And of the paste a coffin I will rear
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads,
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
 Like to the earth swallow her own increase.
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
 And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,

He cuts their throats

Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small
 And with this hateful liquor temper it;
 And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.
 So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies

5.3 Court of TITUS's house. A banquet set out.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON prisoner

LUCIUS

Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind
 That I repair to Rome, I am content.

FIRST GOTH

And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

LUCIUS

Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
 This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him
 Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
 For testimony of her foul proceedings:
 And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
 I fear the emperor means no good to us.

AARON

Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
 And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
 The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

LUCIUS

Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!
 Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.

Exeunt GOTHS, with AARON. Flourish within

5.4

Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with servants, Tribunes, Senators, and others;

[enter LUCIUS and token GOTHS at another door]

Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at table

Enter TITUS dressed like a Cook, LAVINIA veiled; TITUS places the dishes on the table

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
 Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
 And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
 'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

SATURNINUS

Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Because I would be sure to have all well,
 To entertain your highness and your empress.

TAMORA

We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
 My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
 Was it well done of rash Virginius
 To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
 Because she was enforced, stain'd, and deflower'd?

SATURNINUS

It was, Andronicus.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Your reason, mighty lord?

SATURNINUS

Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

Kills LAVINIA

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

SATURNINUS

What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage: and it now is done.

SATURNINUS

What, was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Will't please you eat? will't please your
highness feed?

TAMORA

Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

SATURNINUS

Go fetch them hither to us presently.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

Kills TAMORA

SATURNINUS

Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed!

Kills TITUS

LUCIUS

Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed!

Kills SATURNINUS. A great tumult. LUCIUS, MARCUS, and others go up into the balcony

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;

LUCIUS

Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despised, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies:
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears.
And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child:

Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant

Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes:
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
And as he is, to witness this is true.

[*Sends servants to summon AARON*]

Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
 Speak, Romans, speak; and if you say we shall,
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

ALL

Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!
 All hail, Lucius, Rome's gracious governor!

LUCIUS

Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
 To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!

Kissing TITUS

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
 The last true duties of thy noble son!

MARCUS ANDRONICUS

Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
 Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
 O were the sum of these that I should pay
 Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

[*Kisses* TITUS ANDRONICUS]

Re-enter Attendants with AARON

LUCIUS

Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
 There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food;
 If any one relieves or pities him,
 For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
 Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

AARON

O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
 I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
 I should repent the evils I have done:
 Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
 Would I perform, if I might have my will;
 If one good deed in all my life I did,
 I do repent it from my very soul.

LUCIUS

Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate.

Exeunt

¹ This stage direction—Lavinia kisses the heads—comes from a copy of the play that toured to Germany in the seventeenth century and likely expresses what actually was shown on stage; other editors ignore this and variously have Lavinia kiss Titus, or Marcus, instead