

**УИЛЬЯМ  
ШЕКСПИР**

TITUS

ANDRONICUS

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**Titus Andronicus**

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*Titus Andronicus:*

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# William Shakespeare

## Titus Andronicus

### The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft And then enter Saturninus and his Followers at one doore, and Bassianus and his Followers at the other, with Drum & Colours.

Saturninus. Noble Patricians, Patrons of my right,  
Defend the iustice of my Cause with Armes.  
And Countrey-men, my louing Followers,  
Pleade my Successiue Title with your Swords.  
I was the first borne Sonne, that was the last  
That wore the Imperiall Diadem of Rome:  
Then let my Fathers Honours liue in me,  
Nor wrong mine Age with this indignitie

Bassianus. Romaines, Friends, Followers,  
Fauourers of my Right:  
If euer Bassianus, Césars Sonne,  
Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,  
Keepe then this passage to the Capitoll:  
And suffer not Dishonour to approach

Th' Imperiall Seate to Vertue: consecrate  
To Iustice, Continence, and Nobility:  
But let Desert in pure Election shine;  
And Romanes, fight for Freedome in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne.

Princes, that striue by Factions, and by Friends,  
Ambitiously for Rule and Empery:  
Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand  
A speciall Party, haue by Common voyce  
In Election for the Romane Emperie,  
Chosen Andronicus, Sur-named Pious,  
For many good and great deserts to Rome.  
A Nobler man, a brauer Warriour,  
Liues not this day within the City Wallles.  
He by the Senate is accited home  
From weary Warres against the barbarous Gothes,  
That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes)  
Hath yoak'd a Nation strong, train'd vp in Armes.  
Ten yeares are spent, since first he vndertooke  
This Cause of Rome, and chasticed with Armes  
Our Enemies pride. Fiue times he hath return'd  
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes  
In Coffins from the Field.  
And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyles,  
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,  
Renowned Titus, flourishing in Armes.  
Let vs intreat, by Honour of his Name,

Whom (worthily) you would haue now succede,  
And in the Capitoll and Senates right,  
Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,  
That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,  
Dismiss your Followers, and as Suters should,  
Pleade your Deserts in Peace and Humblenesse

Saturnine. How fayre the Tribune speakes,  
To calme my thoughts

Bassia. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affie  
In thy vprightnesse and Integrity:  
And so I Loue and Honor thee, and thine,  
Thy Noble Brother Titus, and his Sonnes,  
And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)  
Gracious Lauinia, Romes rich Ornament,  
That I will heere dismiss my louing Friends:  
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Fauour,  
Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

Exit Souldiours.

Saturnine. Friends, that haue beene  
Thus forward in my Right,  
I thanke you all, and heere Dismiss you all,  
And to the Loue and Fauour of my Countrey,  
Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Cause:

Rome, be as iust and gracious vnto me,  
As I am confident and kinde to thee.  
Open the Gates, and let me in

Bassia. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor.

Flourish. They go vp into the Senat house.

Enter a Captaine.

Cap. Romanes make way: the good Andronicus,  
Patron of Vertue, Romes best Champion,  
Successefull in the Battailes that he fights,  
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,  
From whence he circumscribed with his Sword,  
And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets. And then enter two of Titus  
Sonnes; After them, two men bearing a Coffin couered with  
blacke, then two other Sonnes. After them, Titus Andronicus,  
and then Tamora the Queene of Gothes, & her two Sonnes  
Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moore, and others, as  
many as can bee: They set downe the Coffin, and Titus speakes.

Andronicus. Haile Rome:  
Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes:

Loe as the Barke that hath discharg'd his fraught,  
Returns with precious lading to the Bay,  
From whence at first she weigh'd her Anchorage:  
Commeth Andronicus bound with Lawrell bowes,  
To resalute his Country with his teares,  
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,  
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,  
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.  
Romaines, of fiue and twenty Valiant Sonnes,  
Halfe of the number that King Priam had,  
Behold the poore remains aliue and dead!  
These that Suruiue, let Rome reward with Loue:  
These that I bring vnto their latest home,  
With buriall amongst their Auncestors.  
Heere Gothes haue giuen me leaue to sheath my Sword:  
Titus vnkinde, and carelesse of thine owne,  
Why suffer'st thou thy Sonnes vnburied yet,  
To houer on the dreadfull shore of Stix?  
Make way to lay them by their Bretheren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in silence as the dead are wont,  
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:  
O sacred receptacle of my ioyes,  
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobilitie,  
How many Sonnes of mine hast thou in store,  
That thou wilt neuer render to me more?

Luc. Giue vs the proudest prisoner of the Gothes,  
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile  
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:  
Before this earthly prison of their bones,  
That so the shadowes be not vnappes'd,  
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth

Tit. I giue him you, the Noblest that Suruiues,  
The eldest Son of this distressed Queene

Tam. Stay Romaine Bretheren, gracious Conqueror,  
Victorious Titus, rue the teares I shed,  
A Mothers teares in passion for her sonne:  
And if thy Sonnes were euer deere to thee,  
Oh thinke my sonnes to be as deere to mee.  
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome  
To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returne  
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,  
But must my Sonnes be slaughtred in the streetes,  
For Valiant doings in their Countries cause?  
O! If to fight for King and Common-weale,  
Were piety in thine, it is in these:  
Andronicus, staine not thy Tombe with blood.  
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?  
Draw neere them then in being mercifull.  
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,

Thrice Noble Titus, spare my first borne sonne

Tit. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me.  
These are the Brethren, whom you Gothes beheld  
Aliue and dead, and for their Bretheren slaine,  
Religiously they aske a sacrifice:  
To this your sonne is markt, and die he must,  
T' appease their groaning shadowes that are gone

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight,  
And with our Swords vpon a pile of wood,  
Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane consum'd.

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamo. O cruell irreligious piety

Chi. Was euer Scythia halfe so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose me Scythia to ambitious Rome,  
Alarbus goes to rest, and we suruiue,  
To tremble vnder Titus threatning lookes.  
Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,  
The selfe same Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy  
With opportunitie of sharpe reuenge

Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,  
May fauour Tamora the Queene of Gothes,  
(When Gothes were Gothes, and Tamora was Queene)  
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.  
Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Luci. See Lord and Father, how we haue perform'd  
Our Romaine rightes, Alarbus limbs are lopt,  
And intrals feede the sacrificing fire,  
Whole smoke like incense doth perfume the skie.  
Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren,  
And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus  
Make this his latest farewell to their Soules.

Flourish.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe.

In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes,  
Romes readiest Champions, repose you heere in rest,  
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:  
Heere lurks no Treason, heere no enuie swels,  
Heere grow no damned grudges, heere are no stormes,  
No noyse, but silence and Eternall sleepe,

In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes.

Enter Lauinia.

Lai. In peace and Honour, liue Lord Titus long,  
My Noble Lord and Father, liue in Fame:  
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,  
I render for my Bretherens Obsequies:  
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy  
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.  
O blesse me heere with thy victorious hand,  
Whose Fortune Romes best Citizens applau'd

Ti. Kind Rome,  
That hast thus louingly reseru'd  
The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,  
Lauinia liue, out-liue thy Fathers dayes:  
And Fames eternall date for vertues praise

Marc. Long liue Lord Titus, my beloued brother,  
Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome

Tit. Thankes Gentle Tribune,  
Noble brother Marcus

Mar. And welcome Nephews from succesfull wars,  
You that suruiue and you that sleepe in Fame:  
Faire Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,  
That in your Countries seruice drew your Swords.  
But safer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,  
That hath aspir'd to Solons Happines,  
And Triumphs ouer chaunce in honours bed.  
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,  
Whose friend in iustice thou hast euer bene,  
Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,  
This Palliament of white and spotlesse Hue,  
And name thee in Election for the Empire,  
With these our late deceased Emperours Sonnes:  
Be Candidatus then, and put it on,  
And helpe to set a head on headlesse Rome

Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,  
Then his that shakes for age and feeblenesse:  
What should I don this Robe and trouble you,  
Be chosen with proclamations to day,  
To morrow yeeld vp rule, resigne my life,  
And set abroad new businesse for you all.  
Rome I haue bene thy Souldier forty yeares,  
And led my Countries strength successefully,  
And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonnes,  
Knighted in Field, slaine manfully in Armes,  
In right and Service of their Noble Countrie:  
Giue me a staffe of Honour for mine age,

But not a Scepter to controule the world,  
Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtaine and aske the Emperie

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune can'st thou tell?

Titus. Patience Prince Saturninus

Sat. Romaines do me right.  
Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not  
Till Saturninus be Romes Emperour:  
Andronicus would thou wert shipt to hell,  
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good  
That Noble minded Titus meanes to thee

Tit. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee  
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselues

Bass. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee

But Honour thee, and will doe till I die:  
My Faction if thou strengthen with thy Friend?  
I will most thankfull be, and thanks to men  
Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Meede

Tit. People of Rome, and Noble Tribunes heere,  
I aske your voyces and your Suffrages,  
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. To gratifie the good Andronicus,  
And Gratulate his safe returne to Rome,  
The people will accept whom he admits

Tit. Tribunes I thanke you, and this sure I make,  
That you Create your Emperours eldest sonne,  
Lord Saturnine, whose Vertues will I hope,  
Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth,  
And ripen Iustice in this Common-weale:  
Then if you will elect by my aduise,  
Crowne him, and say: Long liue our Emperour

Mar. An. With Voyces and applause of euery sort,  
Patricians and Plebeans we Create  
Lord Saturninus Romes Great Emperour.  
And say, Long liue our Emperour Saturnine.

A long Flourish till they come downe.

Satu. Titus Andronicus, for thy Fauours done,  
To vs in our Election this day,  
I giue thee thankes in part of thy Deserts,  
And will with Deeds requite thy gentlenesse:  
And for an Onset Titus to aduance  
Thy Name, and Honorable Familie,  
Lauinia will I make my Empresse,  
Romes Royall Mistris, Mistris of my hart  
And in the Sacred Pathan her espouse:  
Tell me Andronicus doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,  
I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,  
And heere in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,  
King and Commander of our Common-weale,  
The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Consecrate,  
My Sword, my Chariot, and my Prisoners,  
Presents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord:  
Receiue them then, the Tribute that I owe,  
Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feete

Satu. Thankes 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 vnspeakable Deserts,  
Romans forget your Fealtie to me

Tit. Now Madam are you prisoner to an Emperour,  
To him that for your Honour and your State,  
Will vse you Nobly and your followers

Satu. A goodly Lady, trust me of the Hue  
That I would choose, were I to choose a new:  
Cleere vp Faire Queene that cloudy countenance,  
Though chance of warre  
Hath wrought this change of cheere,  
Thou com'st not to be made a scorne in Rome:  
Princely shall be thy vsage euery way.  
Rest on my word, and let not discontent  
Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you,  
Can make you Greater then the Queene of Gothes?  
Lauinia you are not displeas'd with this?

Lau. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,  
Warrants these words in Princely curtesie

Sat. Thankes sweete Lauinia, Romans let vs goe:  
Ransomlesse heere we set our Prisoners free,

Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpe and Drum

Bass. Lord Titus by your leaue, this Maid is mine

Tit. How sir? Are you in earnest then my Lord?

Bass. I Noble Titus, and resolu'd withall,  
To doe my selfe this reason, and this right

Marc. Suum cuiquam, is our Romane Iustice,  
This Prince in Iustice ceazeth but his owne

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

Tit. Traytors auant, where is the Emperours Guarde?  
Treason my Lord, Lauinia is surpris'd

Sat. Surpris'd, by whom?

Bass. By him that iustly may  
Beare his Betroth'd, from all the world away

Muti. Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away,  
And with my Sword Ile keepe this doore safe

Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her backe

Mut. My Lord you passe not heere

Tit. What villaine Boy, bar'st me my way in Rome?

Mut. Helpe Lucius helpe. He kils him

Luc. My Lord you are vniust, and more then so,  
In wrongfull quarrell, you haue slaine your son

Tit. Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine,  
My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me.  
Traytor restore Lauinia to the Emperour

Luc. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,  
That is anothers lawfull promist Loue.

Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two sonnes,  
and Aaron the Moore.

Empe. No Titus, no, the Emperour needs her not,  
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:  
Ile trust by Leisure him that mocks me once.  
Thee neuer: nor thy Trayterous haughty sonnes,  
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.  
Was none in Rome to make a stale  
But Saturnine? Full well Andronicus  
Agree these Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,  
That said'st, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands

Tit. O monstrous, what reproachfull words are these?

Sat. But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,  
To him that flourisht for her with his Sword:  
A Valliant sonne in-law thou shalt enioy:  
One, fit to bandy with thy lawlesse Sonnes,  
To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome

Tit. These words are Razors to my wounded hart

Sat. And therefore louely Tamora Queene of Gothes,

That like the stately Thebe mong'st her Nymphs  
Dost ouer-shine the Gallant'st Dames of Rome,  
If thou be pleas'd with this my sodaine choyse,  
Behold I choose thee Tamora for my Bride,  
And will Create thee Empresse of Rome.  
Speake Queene of Goths dost thou applau'd my choyse?  
And heere I sweare by all the Romaine Gods,  
Sith Priest and Holy-water are so neere,  
And Tapers burne so bright, and euery thing  
In readines for Hymeneus stand,  
I will not resalute the streets of Rome,  
Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,  
I leade espous'd my Bride along with me

Tamo. And heere in sight of heauen to Rome I sweare,  
If Saturnine aduance the Queen of Gothes,  
Shee will a Hand-maid be to his desires,  
A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth

Satur. Ascend Faire Queene,  
Panthean Lords, accompany  
Your Noble Emperour and his louely Bride,  
Sent by the heauens for Prince Saturnine,  
Whose wisdom hath her Fortune Conquered,  
There shall we Consummate our Spousall rites.

Exeunt. omnes.

Tit. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride:  
Titus when wer't thou wont to walke alone,  
Dishonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes.

Mar. O Titus see! O see what thou hast done!  
In a bad quarrell, slaine a Vertuous sonne

Tit. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,  
Nor thou, nor these Confederates in the deed,  
That hath dishonoured all our Family,  
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy Sonnes

Luci. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes:  
Giue Mutius buriall with our Bretheren

Tit. Traytors away, he rest's not in this Tombe:  
This Monument fiue hundreth yeares hath stood,  
Which I haue Sumptuously re-edified.  
Heere none but Souldiers, and Romes Seruitors,  
Repose in Fame: None basely slaine in braules,  
Bury him where you can, he comes not heere

Mar. My Lord this is impiety in you,  
My Nephew Mutius deeds do plead for him,  
He must be buried with his bretheren

Titus two Sonnes speakes. And shall, or him we will  
accompany

Ti. And shall! What villaine was it spake that word?

Titus sonne speakes. He that would vouch'd it in any place  
but  
heere

Tit. What would you bury him in my despight?

Mar. No Noble Titus, but intreat of thee,  
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him

Tit. Marcus, Euen thou hast stroke vpon my Crest,  
And with these Boyes mine Honour thou hast wounded,  
My foes I doe repute you euery one.  
So trouble me no more, but get you gone

1. Sonne. He is not himselfe, let vs withdraw
2. Sonne. Not I tell Mutius bones be buried.

The Brother and the sonnes kneele.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd  
2. Sonne. Father, and in that name doth nature speake

Tit. Speake thou no more if all the rest will speede

Mar. Renowned Titus more then halfe my soule

Luc. Deare Father, soule and substance of vs all

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to interre  
His Noble Nephew heere in vertues nest,  
That died in Honour and Lauinia's cause.  
Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:  
The Greekes vpon aduise did bury Ajax  
That slew himselfe: And Laertes sonne,  
Did graciously plead for his Funerals:  
Let not young Mutius then that was thy ioy,  
Be bar'd his entrance heere

Tit. Rise Marcus, rise,  
The dismall'st day is this that ere I saw,

To be dishonored by my Sonnes in Rome:  
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.  
They put him in the Tombe.

Luc. There lie thy bones sweet Mutius with thy friends.  
Till we with Trophees do adorne thy Tombe.  
They all kneele and say.  
No man shed teares for Noble Mutius,  
He liues in Fame, that di'd in vertues cause.

Enter.

Mar. My Lord to step out of these sudden dumps,  
How comes it that the subtile Queene of Gothes,  
Is of a sodaine thus aduanc'd in Rome?

Ti. I know not Marcus: but I know it is,  
(Whether by deuse or no) the heauens can tell,  
Is she not then beholding to the man,  
That brought her for this high good turne so farre?  
Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Enter the Emperour, Tamora, and her two sons, with  
the Moore at one doore.

Enter at the other doore Bassianus and Lauinia with others.

Sat. So Bassianus, you haue plaid your prize,

God giue you ioy sir of your Gallant Bride

Bass. And you of yours my Lord: I say no more,  
Nor wish no lesse, and so I take my leaue

Sat. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,  
Thou and thy Faction shall repent this Rape

Bass. Rape call you it my Lord, to cease my owne,  
My true betrothed Loue, and now my wife?  
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,  
Meane while I am possest of that is mine

Sat. 'Tis good sir: you are very short with vs,  
But if we liue, wee be as sharpe with you

Bass. My Lord, what I haue done as best I may,  
Answere I must, and shall do with my life,  
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,  
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,  
This Noble Gentleman Lord Titus heere,  
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,  
That in the rescue of Lauinia,  
With his owne hand did slay his youngest Son,

In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.  
To be controul'd in that he frankly gaue:  
Receiue him then to fauour Saturnine,  
That hath expre'st himselfe in all his deeds,  
A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome

Tit. Prince Bassianus leaue to plead my Deeds,  
'Tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,  
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,  
How I haue lou'd and Honour'd Saturnine

Tam. My worthy Lord if euer Tamora,  
Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine,  
Then heare me speake indifferently for all:  
And at my sute (sweet) pardon what is past

Satu. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,  
And basely put it vp without reuenge?

Tam. Not so my Lord,  
The Gods of Rome fore-fend,  
I should be Authour to dishonour you.  
But on mine honour dare, I vndertake  
For good Lord Titus innocence in all:  
Whose fury not dissembled speakes his griefes:

Then at my sute looke graciously on him,  
Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose,  
Nor with sowre lookes afflict his gentle heart.  
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at last,  
Dissemble all your griefes and discontents,  
You are but newly planted in your Throne,  
Least then the people, and Patricians too,  
Vpon a iust suruey take Titus part,  
And so supplant vs for ingratitude,  
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sinne.  
Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone:  
Ile finde a day to massacre them all,  
And race their faction, and their familie,  
The cruell Father, and his trayt'rous sonnes,  
To whom I sued for my deare sonnes life.  
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queene.  
Kneelee in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.  
Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come Andronicus)  
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,  
That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne

King. Rise Titus, rise,  
My Empresse hath preuail'd

Titus. I thanke your Maiestie,  
And her my Lord.  
These words, these lookes,

Infuse new life in me

Tamo. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,  
A Roman now adopted happily.  
And must advise the Emperour for his good,  
This day all quarrels die Andronicus.  
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,  
That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.  
For you Prince Bassianus, I haue past  
My word and promise to the Emperour,  
That you will be more milde and tractable.  
And feare not Lords:  
And you Lauinia,  
By my advise all humbled on your knees,  
You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie

Son. We doe,  
And vow to heauen, and to his Highnes,  
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,  
Tendring our sisters honour and our owne

Mar. That on mine honour heere I do protest

King. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more

Tamora. Nay, nay,  
Sweet Emperour, we must all be friends,  
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,  
I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back

King. Marcus,  
For thy sake and thy brothers heere,  
And at my louely Tamora's intreats,  
I doe remit these young mens haynous faults.  
Stand vp: Lauinia, though you left me like a churle,  
I found a friend, and sure as death I sware,  
I would not part a Batchellour from the Priest.  
Come, if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,  
You are my guest Lauinia, and your friends:  
This day shall be a Loue-day Tamora

Tit. To morrow and it please your Maiestie,  
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,  
With horne and Hound,  
Weele giue your Grace Bon iour

Satur. Be it so Titus, and Gramercy to.

Exeunt.

Actus Secunda.

Flourish. Enter Aaron alone.

Aron. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus toppe,  
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits aloft,  
Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flash,  
Aduanc'd about pale enuies threatning reach:  
As when the golden Sunne salutes the morne,  
And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,  
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering Coach,  
And ouer-lookes the highest piercing hills:  
So Tamora  
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,  
And vertue stoopes and trembles at her frowne.  
Then Aaron arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,  
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mistris,  
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long  
Hast prisoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,  
And faster bound to Aarons charming eyes,  
Then is Prometheus ti'de to Caucasus.  
Away with slauish weedes, and idle thoughts,  
I will be bright and shine in Pearle and Gold,  
To waite vpon this new made Empresse.  
To waite said I? To wanton with this Queene,  
This Goddess, this Semirimis, this Queene.  
This Syren, that will charme Romes Saturnine,  
And see his shipwracke, and his Common weales.  
Hollo, what storme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing.

Dem. Chiron thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge  
And manners to intru'd where I am grac'd,  
And may for ought thou know'st affected be

Chi. Demetrius, thou doo'st ouer-weene in all,  
And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,  
'Tis not the difference of a yeere or two  
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:  
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,  
To serue, and to deserue my Mistris grace,  
And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,  
And plead my passions for Lauinia's loue

Aron. Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keep the peace

Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (vnaduised)  
Gauē you a daunsing Rapier by your side,  
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends?  
Goe too: haue your Lath glued within your sheath,  
Till you know better how to handle it

Chi. Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,  
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare

Deme. I Boy, grow ye so braue?

They drawe.

Aron. Why how now Lords?  
So nere the Emperours Pallace dare you draw,  
And maintaine such a quarrell openly?  
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge.  
I would not for a million of Gold,  
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes.  
Nor would your noble mother for much more  
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome:  
For shame put vp

Deme. Not I, till I haue sheath'd  
My rapier in his bosome, and withall  
Thrust these reprochfull speches downe his throat,  
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour heere

Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolu'd,  
Foule spoken Coward,  
That thundrest with thy tongue,  
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st performe

Aron. A way I say.

Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,  
This pretty brabble will vndoo vs all:  
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous  
It is to set vpon a Princes right?  
What is Lauinia then become so loose,  
Or Bassianus so degenerate,  
That for her loue such quarrels may be broacht,  
Without controulement, Iustice, or reuenge?  
Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,  
This discord ground, the musicke would not please

Chi. I care not I, knew she and all the world,  
I loue Lauinia more then all the world

Demet. Youngling,  
Learne thou to make some meaner choise,  
Lauinia is thine elder brothers hope

Aron. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,  
How furious and impatient they be,  
And cannot brooke Competitors in loue?  
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,  
By this deuise

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,

To atchieue her whom I do loue

Aron. To atcheiue her, how?

Deme. Why, mak'st thou it so strange?  
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,  
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne,  
Shee is Lauinia therefore must be lou'd.  
What man, more water glideth by the Mill  
Then wots the Miller of, and easie it is  
Of a cut loafe to steale a shiue we know:  
Though Bassianus be the Emperours brother,  
Better then he haue worne Vulcans badge

Aron. I, and as good as Saturninus may

Deme. Then why should he dispaire that knowes to court it  
With words, faire looks, and liberality:  
What hast not thou full often strucke a Doe,  
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?

Aron. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so  
Would serue your turnes

Chi. I so the turne were serued

Deme. Aaron thou hast hit it

Aron. Would you had hit it too,  
Then should not we be tir'd with this adoo:  
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,  
To square for this? Would it offend you then?

Chi. Faith not me

Deme. Nor me, so I were one

Aron. For shame be friends, & ioyne for that you iar:  
'Tis pollicie, and stratageme must doe  
That you affect, and so must you resolute,  
That what you cannot as you would atcheiue,  
You must perforce accomplish as you may:  
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chast  
Then this Lauinia, Bassianus loue,  
A speedier course this lingring languishment  
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:  
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand.

There will the louely Roman Ladies troope:  
The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious,  
And many vnfrequented plots there are,  
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:  
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,  
And strike her home by force, if not by words:  
This way or not at all, stand you in hope.  
Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit  
To villainie and vengeance consecrate,  
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,  
And she shall file our engines with aduise,  
That will not suffer you to square your selues,  
But to your wishes height aduance you both.  
The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,  
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:  
The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:  
There speake, and strike braue Boyes, & take your turnes.  
There serue your lusts, shadow'd from heauens eye,  
And reuell in Lauinia's Treasurie

Chi. Thy counsell Lad smells of no cowardise

Deme. Sit fas aut nefas, till I finde the streames,  
To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits,  
Per Stigia per manes Vehor.

Exeunt.

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sonnes, making a noyse with hounds and hornes, and Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,  
The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are greene,  
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,  
And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,  
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,  
That all the Court may eccho with the noyse.  
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,  
To attend the Emperours person carefully:  
I haue bene troubled in my sleepe this night,  
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Winde Hornes.

Heere a cry of houndes, and winde hornes in a peale,  
then Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lauinia, Chiron,  
Demetrius, and their Attendants.

Ti. Many good morrowes to your Maiestie,  
Madam to you as many and as good.  
I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale

Satur. And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,  
Somewhat to earely for new married Ladies

Bass. Lauinia, how say you?

Lai. I say no:

I haue bene awake two houres and more

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