

Can make you greater than the Queene of *Gobes*,
 Danc all your hopes, Madam he curreth you,
 Red on my word, and yet not discontent,
 Princely shall be thy vantage waite
 Thou comst not to be made a Roman,
 Though change of war hath wrought this change of chour,
 Cleare vp faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
 That I would chooke were I to chide a new,
Sarmitus. A goodly Lady trust me of the hue,
 Will vey you Nobly, and your followers,
 To him that for your honour and your fate,
Titus. Now Madam are you prisoners to an Emperour,
 Romans forget your feate to me,
 The heath of these vnspcakable delers,
 Rome shall record, and when I doe forget
 How people I am of thee and of thy gifts
Sarmitus. I thankes Noble *Titus* Father of my life,
 Maie honours Engins hatched at thy feete,
 Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
 Presents well worthy Romes impetuous Lord:
 My sword, my Chace, and my Prisoners,
 The wide world Emperours, doe I consecrate
 King and Commander of our common weale,
 And here in light of Rome to *Sarmitus*,
 I hold me highly Honoured of your Grace,
Titus. It doth my worde Lord, and in this matter,
 I like *Andronicus* doth this most pitee thee,
 And in the faced Patian her etipour:
 Romes Royall Mithy, Mithy of my hart,
 I will make my Empire,
 Thy name and honourable familie,
 And for an oriet *Titus* to aduance,
 And with with deede requite thy gentleness:
 I gine thee thanks in part of thy delers,
 To vs in our election this day,
 Of *Titus Andronicus*.

The most Lamentable Tragedie
Alarbus. That thou that to braue & aske the Emperour,
Sarmitus. Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell,
Titus. Patiente *Titus Andronicus*,
Sarmitus. Remains de merite,
Andronicus. draw your swords and sheath them nor,
 The *Sarmitus* be Romes Emperour
Andronicus wouldst thou were shapred to hell,
 Rather than obbe me of the peoples hart,
Andronicus. Prowd *Sarmitus*, intercepter of the good,
 I hat noble minded *Titus* meares to thee,
Titus. Content thee *Titus*, I will restore to thee,
 The peoples hart, and weare them from thence,
Andronicus. *Andronicus* I do not hate thee,
 But honour thee and will doo till I die:
 My reason it thou strength with thy friends
 Of Noble mind, is honorable meede,
Titus. & couple of Rome, and peoples Tribunes here,
 I aske your voyces and your suffrages,
 Will ye beflow them friendly on *Andronicus*,
Andronicus. I to gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
 And gratefull late returne to Rome,
 The people will accept whom he admires,
Titus. *Andronicus* I thank you, and this I make,
 That you create our Impetuous elderson,
 Lord *Sarmitus*, whose vertues will I hope,
 Reflect on Rome as vntas Rites on earth,
 And open I in this Common weale:
 I heart you will elect by my advice,
 Crowne him and say, Long live our Emperour,
Andronicus. With voyces and applaude of every soue,
Andronicus and *Pitius*, we create
Andronicus Romes great Emperour,
 I say Long live our Emperour *Sarmitus*.
Sarmitus. I thus *Andronicus*, for thy fauours doo,
 Ta

The most Lamentable Tragedie

V Whose wildome hath her Fortune conquered,
 There shall we e consummate our spouall rites,
Excurs Omnes
Titus. I am not bid to waite vpon this bnde,
Titus when went thou wont to walke alone,
 Dishonoured thus and challenged of wrongs.
Enter Marcus and Titus sonnes
Marcus. O *Titus* see! O see what thou hast done
 In a bad quarrell slaine a vertuous sonne.
Titus. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
 Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deede,
 That hath dishonoured all our Familie,
 Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy sonnes.
Lucius. But let vs gine him buriall as becomes,
 Gine *Marcus* buriall with our bretheren.
Titus. Traitors away, he tells not in this toombe
 This monument five hundred yeares hath stood,
 VVhich I haue sumpuassilie reedified:
 Here none but souldiers and Romes seruitors
 Repose in fame: None basely slaine in braule,
 Burie him where you can he comes not here.
Marcus. My Lord this is impietic in you,
 My Nephew *Marcus* deedes doo plead for him,
 He mu st be buried with his bretheren.
Titus two sonnes speakes
 And shall of him wee will accompanie,
Titus. And shall, what villaine was it spake that word:
Titus some speakes
 He that would vouch it in any place but here,
Titus. VVhat would you burne him in my despight?
Marcus. No Noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,
 To pardon *Marcus* and to bury him.
Titus. *Marcus*: Euen thou hast stroke vpon my Crest,
 And with these boyes mine honour thou hast wounded,
 My loes I doe repete you euerie one,
 So

of Titus Andronicus.

Nor we disturbe with prodiges on earth,
Titus. I gine him you the Noblest that seruants,
 The eldest sonne of this distressed Queene. *Titus*
Tamora. Stay Romaine bretheren, gracious Conque-
 Victorious *Titus* see the teares I shed,
 A moches teares in passion for her sonne.
 And if thy sonnes were euer deare to thee,
 Oh think my sonne to be as deare 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 slaughtered in the streets,
 For valiant dooings in their Countries cause?
 O if to fight for king and common-weale,
 VVere pietie in thine, it is in these:
Andronicus slaine not thy tombe with bloud,
 VVale thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
 Draw neere them then in being mercifull,
 Sweete mercie is Nobilities true badge,
 Thrice Noble *Titus*, spare my first borne sonne.
Titus. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me,
 These are their bretheren, whom your *Gorbis* beheld
 Alue and dead, and for their bretheren slaine,
 Religiously they aske a sacrifice:
 To this your sonne is markt, and die he must,
 Tappeafe their groning shadowes that are gone.
Lucius. Away with him, and make a fire straight,
 And with our swords vpon a pile of wood,
 Lets hew his limbs till they be cleane consumed.
Exit Titus sonnes with Alarbus
Tamora. O cruell irreligious pietie,
Chiron. VVas neuer Sythia halfe so barbarous,
Demetrius. Oppose not Sythia to ambitious Rome,
Alarbus goes to rest and we suruine,
 To tremble vnder *Titus* threatening looke,
 B Then

