The most Lamentable Tragedie

VNTHEE Whose winde hath her Fortune conquered,
There all shee can consume at her spoudly miles.

Titus. I am not soe sad as you are upon this head,
But when you want to walk alone,
Dulboured thro' this and challenge of wrongs.

Enter Marcus and Titus, and

Marcus. O Titus, O Titus! see what thou hast done
In a bad quarrell, flame a vertuous sonne,
Titus. No sodiast Tribune, no! No name of mine.
Nor thou, nor thee, confederrance in the deed:
That hast dishonour'd all our Famifie,
Vvorthy brother, and vertuous sonne.

Lucius. But let's use him both alike and becomes,
Give Marcus most of our leaves here.

Titus. Traitors away, he relest not in this toome:
This monument five hundred thousand years had Flood,
V Which I have toppas; and to keeeded.
For more of sodiast and Rovmes severors,
Repit in fame: None hardly flame a bratte
But he who can you be come not here.

Marcus. My Lord this is impietie in you,
My nephew Marcus doth desire thee for,
He must be buried with his brother.

Titus two sons decrees,
And shall or him we'll accompany.

Titus. And shall, what villaine was it spake that word?

He that would vouchsafe in any place but here,
Titus. What would you burn him in my delight?

Marcus. No Noble Titus, but interred of thee.
To pardon Marcus and to bury him.

Titus. Marcus! Even thus thou hast broke upon my Creft,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast woundes,
My los I doe repent you curious one,
The most Lamentable Tragedie

Lucretia you were not displeased with this,

Lavinia. Not my Lord, fair true Noble.

Vinarres these words in Privity euricere.

Saturnine. Thanks sweete Lucretia. Remaines let us goe,

Ruminiades here we set our Pilgrimage.

Proculus. Honourable Lords with Grumpus and Drum,

Bacchus. Lord Titus by your leve, this maid is mine.

Titus. How farre, are you in earnest then my Lord?

Bacchus. A Noble name to relick without,

do you felie this reason and this right.

Marsus. Saturnine is our Romanish heart,

this principe must cease at his owne.

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

Tullus. treston amongst, where in the Emperor's side

through my Lord Lucretia is forsponted.

Saturnine. Surpriz'd, by whom?

Bacchus. By him that shall be,

Bear his beretitio from all the world's face,

Marsus. brothers, he paus not over her hence away,

And with my word he kepe this doore safe.

Titus. Follow my Lord. He brought her backe,

Marsus. My Lord you paue not here.

Titus. What says this boy, saith me this way in Rome?

Adonis. Help Lavinia help.

Lucius. My Lord you are vnsound, and more than so,

In wrongfull quarrell you have lain your fancyes,

Not harme, nor heare are any fancies of mine,

My owne lups would rather sfamilhe me,

Tafier efore Lavinia to the Emperor.

Lucius. Dead if you will, but note to be his wife,

That is another lawfull prudent wife.

Enter all the Emperor with Tullus and other two

famous and Arctobomierse.

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

Nor her, nor likewise any of thy flocke.

Of Titus Andronicus.

The Cordiall of mine age to glad my heart,

Lucretia now outlive the lathers days.

Venereal and eternal date for vertuous praise.

Marsus. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother.

Glorious triumph in the field of Rome.

Tullus. How tenderly do you love him, brother.

Marsus. And welcome Nepheus from Francesco's towne,

You that are mine, and that sleepe in fame,

Faire Lord, your fortunes are alike in all,

That in your Countries to draw your swords,

But faire enough in this lamentable pumpes,

That are aspired to Salome's happiness,

And triumphs on others chance in honor's bed.

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,

V of the friends in this time haue curst beene,

Send thee by mee their tribute and their trouts,

This Parliament of white and bloody hue,

And anathematized for the Empire,

Titus. With their late deceased Emperor's bones

Be Cauous and then put it on,

And help lest a head on heads be.

Titus. A better lead her glorious heavies,

Who is the bloudy for age and felonies.

That should I do this Roabs and trouble you,

Be chozen with Proclamation to dair,

To Morrow ye drudgery, refine my life,

And for short, new foules for you all,

I have beene the boulde in fourtie yeares,

And led my Countries through fire and flesh,

And buried one and twenty valiant foules,

Kneigned in field, blaine manifost in Armes,

In right and forke of their Noble Countrey,

Give me thine Honour for mine age,

But not to cease to constrain the world,

Y plight he held it Lord, that held it high.