

# William Shakespeare

## Titus Andronicus

### Dramatis Personae

**Saturninus**, Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.

**Bassianus**, Brother to Saturninus, in love with Lavinia.

**Titus Andronicus**, a Roman, General against the Goths.

**Marcus Andronicus**, Tribune of the People, and brother to Titus.

**Lucius, Quintus, Martius, & Mutius**, Sons to Titus Andronicus.

**Young Lucius**, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

**Publius**, Son to Marcus Andronicus.

**Sempronius, Caius, & Valentine**, Kinsmen to Titus.

**Æmilius**, a noble Roman.

**Alarbus, Demetrius, & Chiron**, Sons to Tamora.

**Aaron**, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown;  
Romans.

Goths and Romans.

**Tamora**, Queen of the Goths.

**Lavinia**, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse, and a black Child.  
Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and  
Attendants.

SCENE.-*Rome, and the Country near it.*

## Act I

### Scene I

*Rome. Before the Capitol.*

*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,  
Keep then this passage to the Capitol  
And suffer not dishonour to approach  
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,  
To justice, continence and nobility;  
But 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:  
He by the senate is accit'd home

From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;  
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,  
Hath yoked a nation strong, train'd up in arms.  
Ten years are spent since first he undertook  
This cause of Rome and chastised with arms  
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd  
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons  
In coffins from the field;  
And now at last, laden with horror's spoils,  
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,  
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.  
Let us entreat, by honour of his name,  
Whom worthily you would have now succeed.  
And in the Capitol and senate's right,  
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,  
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.*

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me  
As I am confident and kind to thee.  
Open the gates, and let me in.

## **Bassianus**

Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

*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!  
Lo, as the bark, that hath discharged her fraught,  
Returns with precious jading to the bay  
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,  
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,  
To re-salute his country with his tears,  
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.  
Thou great defender of this Capitol,  
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!  
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.

Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,  
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,  
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?  
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

*The tomb is opened.*

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,  
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!  
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.

### **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.  
Then, madam, stand resolved, but hope withal  
The self-same gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy  
With opportunity of sharp revenge  
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,  
May favor Tamora, the Queen of Goths —  
When Goths were Goths and Tamora was  
queen —  
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*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;  
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in  
rest,  
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!  
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,  
Here grow no damned grudges; here are no  
storms,  
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:  
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.*

### **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**

And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,  
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!  
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,  
That in your country's service drew your swords:  
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,  
That hath aspired to Solon's happiness  
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.  
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,  
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,  
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,  
This palliament of white and spotless hue;  
And name thee in election for the empire,  
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:  
Be candidatus then, and put it on,  
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

## **Titus Andronicus**

A better head her glorious body fits  
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:  
What should I don this robe, and trouble you?  
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,  
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,  
And set abroad new business for you all?  
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,  
And led my country's strength successfully,  
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,  
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,

In right and service of their noble country  
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,  
But not a sceptre to control the world:  
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

### **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,  
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,  
And ripen justice in this commonweal:  
Then, if you will elect by my advice,  
Crown him and say 'Long live our emperor!'



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 withal  
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:  
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;  
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,  
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.  
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,  
That like the stately Phoebe 'mongst her nymphs  
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,  
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?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,  
Sith priest and holy water are so near  
And tapers burn so bright and every thing  
In readiness for Hymenaeus stand,  
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,  
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place  
I lead espoused my bride along with me.

## **Tamora**

And 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.

## **Saturninus**

Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords, accompany

Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,  
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,  
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:  
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

*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:  
This monument five hundred years hath stood,  
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:  
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?

### **Quintus**

He that would vouch it in any place but here.

### **Titus Andronicus**

What, would you bury him in my despite?

### **Marcus Andronicus**

No, noble Titus, but entreat of thee

To pardon Mutius and to bury him.

**Titus Andronicus**

Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,  
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast  
wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one;  
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

**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.  
Thou art a Roman; be not barbarous:  
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax  
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son  
Did graciously plead for his funerals:  
Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy  
Be barr'd his entrance here.

## Titus Andronicus

Rise, Marcus, rise.  
The dismall'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** [*Kneeling*]

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:  
Is she not then beholding to the man  
That brought her for this high good turn so far?  
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

*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;  
Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,  
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,  
And so supplant you for ingratitude,  
Which Rome reposes to be a heinous sin,  
Yield at entreats; and then let me alone:  
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.

## **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.

## **Marcus Andronicus**

That, on mine honour, here I do protest.

## **Saturninus**

Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.

## **Tamora**

Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:  
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;

I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.

### **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 II

## Scene I

*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:

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,  
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.  
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,  
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,  
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long  
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains  
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes  
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.

Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!  
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,  
To wait upon this new-made empress.