

From Act 1.1

(The foreshadowing of Tamora's hypocrisy and ambition of revenge, which may not be revealed by now. Also we know that Saturninus is gullible.)

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 forfend 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.