

Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste  
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.  
A speedier course than lingering languishment  
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.  
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;  
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:  
The forest walks are wide and spacious;  
And many unfrequented plots there are  
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:  
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 empress, with her sacred wit  
To villany and vengeance consecrate,  
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;  
And she shall file our engines with advice,  
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,  
But to your wishes' height advance you both.  
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,  
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears:  
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;

**There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your  
turns;**

**There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's eye,**

**And revel in Lavinia's treasury.**