

**BASSIANUS**

Who have we here? Rome's royal Emperess,  
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?  
Or is it Dian habited like her,  
Who hath abandoned her holy groves  
To see the general hunting in this forest?

**TAMORA**

Saucy controller of my private steps!  
Had I the pow'r that some say Dian had,  
Thy temples should be planted presently  
With horns, as was Actaeon's, and the hounds  
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,  
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

**LAVINIA**

Under your patience, gentle Emperess,  
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning,  
And to be doubted that your Moor and you  
Are singled forth to try thy experiments.  
Jove shield your husband from his hounds today!  
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

**BASSIANUS**

Believe me, Queen, your swart Cimmerian  
Doth make your honor of his body's hue,  
Spotted, detested, and abominable.  
Why are you sequest'ed from all your train,  
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,  
And wand'ered hither to an obscure plot,  
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,  
If foul desire had not conducted you?

**LAVINIA**

And, being intercepted in your sport,  
Great reason that my noble lord be rated  
For sauciness. I pray you let us hence,  
And let her joy her raven-colored love;  
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

**BASSIANUS**

The King my brother shall have notice of this.

**LAVINIA**

Ay, for these slips have made him noted long,  
Good king, to be so mightily abused.

**TAMORA**

Why, I have patience to endure all this.

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