

### XXXIII.

## PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

#### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*  
 PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*  
 HELICANUS, } *two Lords of Tyre.*  
 ESCANES, }  
 SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.* <sup>1)</sup>  
 CLEON, *Governor of Tharsus.*  
 LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mitylene.*  
 CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*  
 THALIARD, *a Lord of Antioch.*  
 PHILEMON, *Servant to Cerimon.*  
 LEONINE, *Servant to Dionyza.*  
 Marshal.

A Pander, *and his Wife.*  
 BOULT, *their Servant.*  
 GOWER, *as Chorus.*

The Daughter of Antiochus.  
 DIONYZA, *Wife to Cleon.*  
 THAISA, *Daughter to Simonides.*  
 MARINA, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*  
 LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to Marina.*  
 DIANA.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates,  
 Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.

SCENE — *dispersedly in various Countries.*

#### ACT I.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Before the Palace of Antioch.*

To sing a song of old <sup>2)</sup> was sung,  
 From ashes ancient Gower is come;  
 Assuming man's infirmities,  
 To glad your ear, and please your eyes  
 It hath been sung at festivals,  
 On ember-eves, and holy-ales; <sup>3)</sup>  
 And lords and ladies of their lives  
 Have read it for restoratives:  
 'Purpose to make men glorious; <sup>4)</sup>  
*Et quo antiquius, eo melius.*  
 If you, born in these latter times,  
 When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,  
 And that to hear an old man sing,  
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,  
 I life would wish, and that I might  
 Waste it for you, like taper-light. —  
 This city then, Antioch the great, <sup>5)</sup>  
 Built up for his chiefest seat;  
 The fairest in all Syria;  
 (I tell you what mine authors say;)  
 This king unto him took a pheere, <sup>6)</sup>  
 Who died and left a female heir,  
 So buxom, blithe, and full of face, <sup>7)</sup>  
 As heaven had lent her all his grace;  
 With whom the father liking took,  
 And her to incest did provoke;  
 Bad father! to entice his own <sup>8)</sup>  
 To evil, should be done by none.  
 By custom, what they did begin,  
 Was, with long use account no sin. <sup>9)</sup>  
 The beauty of this sinful dame  
 Made many princes thither frame, <sup>10)</sup>  
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,  
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow;  
 Which to prevent, he made a law,  
 (To keep her still, and men in awe,)

That whoso ask'd her for his wife,  
 His riddle told not, lost his life:  
 So for her many a wight did die,  
 As yon grim looks do testify. <sup>11)</sup>  
 What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye  
 I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE I.

*Antioch. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.*

*Ant.* Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd  
 The danger of the task you undertake.

*Per.* I have, Antiochus, and with a soul  
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,  
 Think death no hazard, in this enterprize. [*Music.*]

*Ant.* Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,  
 For the embracements even of Jove himself;  
 At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,)  
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,  
 The senate-house of planets all did sit,  
 To knit in her their best perfections.

*Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.*

*Per.* See, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,  
 Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king  
 Of every virtue gives renown to men!  
 Her face, the book of praises, where is read  
 Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence  
 Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath  
 Could never be her mild companion. <sup>12)</sup>  
 Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,  
 That have inflam'd desire in my breast,  
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,  
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,  
 As I am son and servant to your will,  
 To compass such a boundless happiness!

*Ant.* Prince Pericles, —

*Per.* That would be son to great Antiochus.

*Ant.* Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,

With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;  
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:  
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view  
A countless glory,<sup>13</sup> which desert must gain:  
And which, without desert, because thine eye  
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.<sup>14</sup>  
Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,  
Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,  
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,  
That, without covering, save yon field of stars,  
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;  
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,  
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

*Per.* Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught  
My frail mortality to know itself,  
And by those fearful objects to prepare  
This body, like to them, to what I must:<sup>15</sup>  
For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,  
Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.  
I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,  
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,<sup>16</sup>  
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;  
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,  
And all good men, as every prince should do;  
My riches to the earth from whence they came;  
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[To the Daughter of ANTIOPHUS.  
Thus ready for the way of life or death,  
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,<sup>17</sup>)  
Scorning advice.

*Ant.* Read the conclusion then;  
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,  
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

*Daugh.* In all, save that, may'st thou prove prosperous!

In all, save that, I wish thee happiness!

*Per.* Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,  
Nor ask advice of any other thought  
But faithfulness, and courage.

[He reads the Riddle.]

*I am no viper, yet I feed  
On mother's flesh, which did me breed:  
I sought a husband, in which labour,  
I found that kindness in a father.  
He's father, son, and husband mild,  
I mother, wife, and yet his child,  
How they may be, and yet in two,  
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physic is the last:<sup>18</sup> but O you powers!  
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,  
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,  
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?  
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.  
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:  
But I must tell you, — now, my thoughts revolt;  
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,<sup>19</sup>)  
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.  
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;  
Who, finger'd to make man<sup>20</sup>) his lawful music,  
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to  
hearken;

But, being play'd upon before your time,  
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:  
Good sooth, I care not for you.

*Ant.* Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,  
For that's an article within our law,  
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd;  
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

*Per.* Great king,  
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;

'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.  
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,  
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;  
For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,  
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;  
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,  
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:  
To stop the air would hurt them.<sup>21</sup>) The blind  
mole casts  
Copp'd hills<sup>22</sup>) towards heaven, to tell, the earth  
is wrong'd<sup>23</sup>)

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.  
Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will;  
And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill?  
It is enough you know; and it is fit,  
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.  
All love the womb that their first beings bred,  
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.  
*Ant.* Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found  
the meaning; —  
But I will gloze with him. [Aside.] Young prince  
of Tyre,

Though by the tenour of our strict edict,  
Your exposition misinterpreting,<sup>24</sup>)  
We might proceed to cancel of your days;  
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree  
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:  
Forty days longer we do respite you;  
If by which time our secret be undone,  
This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son:  
And until then, your entertain shall be,  
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[Exit ANTIOPHUS, his Daughter, and Attendants.  
*Per.* How courtesy would seem to cover sin!  
When what is done is like an hypocrite,  
The which is good in nothing but in sight.  
If it be true that I interpret false,  
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,  
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;  
Where<sup>25</sup>) now you're both a father and a son,  
By your untimely clasplings with your child,  
(Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father;)  
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,  
By the defiling of her parent's bed;  
And both like serpents are, who though they feed  
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.  
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men  
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,  
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.  
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;  
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.  
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,  
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:  
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,  
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.]

*Re-enter ANTIOPHUS.*

*Ant.* He hath found the meaning, for the which  
we mean  
To have his head.  
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,  
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin  
In such a loathed manner:  
And therefore instantly this prince must die;  
For by his fall my honour must keep high.  
Who attends on us there?

*Enter THALIARD.*<sup>26</sup>)

*Thal.* Doth your highness call?  
*Ant.* Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our mind  
Partakes her private actions to your secrecy:  
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.  
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;

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We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;  
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,  
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?  
*Thal.* My lord,  
'Tis done.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Ant.* Enough;  
<sup>27</sup>) Lest your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.  
*Mess.* My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

[Exit Messenger.  
*Ant.* As thou  
Wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow, shot  
From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark  
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,  
Unless thou say, prince Pericles is dead.

*Thal.* My lord, if I  
Can get him once within my pistol's length,  
I'll make him sure: so farewell to your highness.  
[Exit.]  
*Ant.* Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,  
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [Exit.]

## SCENE II.

Tyre. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.*

*Per.* Let none disturb us: Why this charge of  
thoughts?<sup>28</sup>)  
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,  
By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,  
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,  
(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed  
me quiet!

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun  
them,  
And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,  
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:  
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,  
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.  
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,  
That have their first conception by mis-dread,  
Have after-nourishment and life by care;  
And what was first but fear what might be done,  
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.<sup>29</sup>)  
And so with me; — the great Antiochus  
('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
Since he's so great, can make his will his act,)  
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;  
Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,  
If he suspect I may dishonour him:  
And what may make him blush in being known,  
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;  
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,  
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,  
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;  
Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,  
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence:  
Which care of them, not pity of myself,  
(Who am no more<sup>30</sup>) but as the tops of trees,  
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend  
them,)

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,  
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!  
2 Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,  
Peaceful and comfortable!

*Hel.* Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience  
tongue.

They do abuse the king, that flatter him:  
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;  
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,

To which that breath<sup>31</sup>) gives heat and stronger  
glowing;  
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,  
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.  
When signior Sooth<sup>32</sup>) here does proclaim a peace,  
He flatters you, makes war upon your life:  
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;  
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

*Per.* All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook  
What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,  
And then return to us. [Exit Lords.] Helicanus, thou  
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

*Hel.* An angry brow, dread lord.  
*Per.* If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,  
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?  
*Hel.* How dare the plants look up to heaven, from  
whence

They have their nourishment?  
*Per.* Thou know'st I have power  
To take thy life.

*Hel.* [Kneeling.] I have ground the axe myself:  
Do you but strike the blow.

*Per.* Rise, 'pr'ythee, rise;  
Sit down, sit down; thou art no flatterer:  
I thank thee for it; and high heaven forbid,  
That kings should let their ears hear their faults  
hid!<sup>33</sup>)

Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,  
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,  
What would'st thou have me do?

*Hel.* With patience bear  
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

*Per.* Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;  
Who minister'st a potion unto me,  
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.  
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,  
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,  
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,  
From whence an issue I might propagate,  
<sup>34</sup>) Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.  
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;  
The rest (hark in thine ear,) as black as incest;  
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father  
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:<sup>35</sup>) but thou know'st  
this,

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.  
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,  
Under the covering of a careful night,  
Who seem'd my good protector; and being here,  
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.  
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrant's fears  
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:  
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)  
That I should open to the listening air,  
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,  
To keep his bed of blackness unalaid ope, —  
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,  
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;  
When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,  
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:  
Which love to all (of which thyself art one,  
Who now reprov'st me for it,) —

*Hel.* Alas, sir!  
*Per.* Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my  
cheeks,

Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts  
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;  
And finding little comfort to relieve them,  
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.<sup>36</sup>)

*Hel.* Well, my lord, since you have given me leave  
to speak,  
Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,  
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,

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Who either by public war, or private treason,  
Will take away your life.  
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,  
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,  
Or Destinies do cut his thread of life.

Your rule direct to any; if to me,  
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

*Per.* I do not doubt thy faith;  
But should he wrong my liberties in absence —

*Hel.* We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,  
From whence we had our being and our birth.

*Per.* Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus  
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;  
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.

The care I had and have of subjects' good,  
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.  
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;  
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:  
But in our orbs<sup>37</sup> we'll live so round and safe,  
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,<sup>38</sup>  
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

Tyre. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter THALIARD.*

*Thal.* So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here  
must I kill king Pericles; and if I do not, I am  
sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous. — Well,  
I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good  
discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of  
the king, desired he might know none of his secrets.  
Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a  
king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the  
indenture of his oath to be one. — Hush, here come  
the lords of Tyre.

*Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.*

*Hel.* You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,  
Further to question of your king's departure.  
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,  
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

*Thal.* How! the king gone! [*Aside.*]

*Hel.* If further yet you will be satisfied,  
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,  
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.  
Being at Antioch —

*Thal.* What from Antioch? [*Aside.*]

*Hel.* Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not,)  
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so:  
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,  
To show his sorrow, would correct himself;  
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,  
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

*Thal.* Well, I perceive [*Aside.*]

I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;  
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,<sup>39</sup>  
He 'scap'd the land, to perish on the seas. —  
But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

*Hel.* Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

*Thal.* From him I come  
With message unto princely Pericles;  
But, since my landing, as I have understood  
Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,  
My message must return from whence it came.

*Hel.* We have no reason to desire it, since  
Commended to our master, not to us:

Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire, —  
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*]

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## SCENE IV.

Tharsus. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

*Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.*

*Cle.* My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,  
And by relating tales of other's griefs,  
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

*Dio.* That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it;  
For who digs hills because they do aspire,  
Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.

O my distressed lord, even such our griefs;  
Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes,<sup>40</sup>  
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

*Cle.* O Dionyza,  
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,  
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?

Our tongues and sorrows do<sup>41</sup> sound deep our woes  
Into the air: our eyes do weep, till lungs  
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,  
If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,  
They may awake their helps to comfort them.

I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,  
And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

*Dio.* I'll do my best, sir.

*Cle.* This Tharsus, o'er which I have government,  
(A city, on whom plenty held full hand,)

For riches, strew'd herself even in the streets;  
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the  
clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;  
Whose men and dames so jetted<sup>42</sup> and adorn'd,  
Like one another's glass to trim them by:

Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,  
And not so much to feed on, as delight;

All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,  
The name of help grow odious to repeat.

*Dio.* O, 'tis too true.

*Cle.* But see what heaven can do! By this our  
change,

These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,  
Were all too little to content and please,  
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,  
As houses are defil'd for want of use,

They are now starv'd for want of exercise:  
Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,<sup>43</sup>  
Must have inventions to delight the taste,  
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;

Those mothers who, to nouse up their babes,  
Thought not too curious, are ready now,  
(To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd,  
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife  
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:  
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;  
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,  
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.  
Is not this true?

*Dio.* Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

*Cle.* O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup  
And her prosperities so largely taste,  
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!  
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Where's the lord governor?

*Cle.* Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,  
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

*Lord.* We have descried, upon our neighbouring  
shore,  
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

*Cle.* I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,

That may succeed as his inheritor.  
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,  
Taking advantage of our misery,  
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,<sup>44</sup>  
To beat us down, the which are down already;  
And make a conquest of unhappy me,  
Whereas no glory's<sup>45</sup> got to overcome.

*Lord.* That's the least fear; for, by the semblance  
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,  
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

*Cle.* Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat,<sup>46</sup>  
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.

But bring they what they will, what need we fear?<sup>47</sup>  
The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there.

Go tell their general, we attend him here,  
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,  
And what he craves.

*Lord.* I go, my lord. [*Exit.*]

*Cle.* Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;<sup>48</sup>  
If wars, we are unable to resist.

*Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.*

*Per.* Lord governor, for so we hear you are,  
Let not our ships and number of our men,  
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.

We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,  
And seen the desolation of your streets:  
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,  
But to relieve them of their heavy load;

And these our ships you happily may think  
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,  
With bloody views, expecting overthrow,  
Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,  
And give them life, who are hunger-starv'd, half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!  
And we'll pray for you.

*Per.* Rise, I pray you, rise;  
We do not look for reverence, but for love,  
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

*Cle.* The which when any shall not gratify,  
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,  
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,  
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!  
Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,)

Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

*Per.* Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a while,  
Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Here have you seen a mighty king  
His child, I wis, to incest bring;  
A better prince, and benign lord,

<sup>1</sup>) Prove awful both in deed and word.  
Be quiet then, as men should be,  
Till he hath pass'd necessity.

I'll show you those<sup>2</sup>) in troubles reign,  
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.  
The good in conversation<sup>3</sup>)  
(To whom I give my benizon,)

Is still at Tharsus, where each man  
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:<sup>4</sup>)  
And, to remember what he does,  
Gild his statue glorious:<sup>5</sup>)

But tidings to the contrary  
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

*Dumb show.*

*Enter at one door, PERICLES, talking with CLEON;  
all the Train with them. Enter at another door,*

XXXXIII.

a Gentleman, with a Letter to PERICLES; PERICLES  
shows the Letter to CLEON; then gives the Mes-  
senger a reward, and knights him. *Exeunt*  
PERICLES, CLEON, &c. severally.

*Gow.* Good Helicane hath staid at home,  
Not to eat honey, like a drone,  
From others' labours; forth he strive<sup>6</sup>)  
To killen bad, keep good alive;  
And, to fulfil his prince's desire,  
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:  
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,  
And hid intent, to murder him;  
And that in Tharsus was not best  
Longer for him to make his rest:  
He knowing so, put forth to seas,  
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;  
For now the wind begins to blow;  
Thunder above, and deeps below,  
Make such unquiet, that the ship  
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;  
And he, good prince, having all lost,  
By waves from coast to coast is tost;  
All perishes of man, of pelf,  
Ne aught escapen but himself;  
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,  
Threw him ashore, to give him glad;  
And here he comes: what shall be next,  
Pardon old Gower; this long's the text.<sup>7</sup>) [*Exit.*]

## SCENE I.

Pentapolis. *An open Place by the Sea-side.*

*Enter PERICLES, wet.*

*Per.* Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!  
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man  
Is but a substance that must yield to you;

And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.  
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,  
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath  
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:

Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,  
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;  
And having thrown him from your wat'ry grave,  
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

*Enter three Fishermen.*

<sup>1</sup> *Fish.* What, ho, Pilche!  
<sup>2</sup> *Fish.* Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

<sup>1</sup> *Fish.* What Patch-breech, I say!  
<sup>3</sup> *Fish.* What say you, master?

<sup>1</sup> *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now! come away,  
or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.<sup>8</sup>)

<sup>3</sup> *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor  
men that were cast away before us, even now.

<sup>1</sup> *Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to  
hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them,  
when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

<sup>3</sup> *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I  
saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled?<sup>9</sup>)  
they say, they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on  
them, they ne'er come, but I look to be washed.

Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

<sup>1</sup> *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land; the great ones  
eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich mi-  
sers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and  
tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at  
last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales  
have I heard on a' the land, who never leave gaping,  
'till they've swallowed the whole parish, church,  
steeple, bells and all.

*Per.* A pretty moral.

3 *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 *Fish.* Why, man?

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallowed me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind —

*Per.* Simonides?

3 *Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

*Per.* How from the finny subject of the sea These fishers tell the infirmities of men; And from their wat'ry empire recollect

All that may men approve, or men detect! — Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.

*Per.* Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast —

2 *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

*Per.* A man whom both the waters and the wind, In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball For them to play upon, entreats you pity him; He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 *Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes then?

*Per.* I never practis'd it.

2 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

*Per.* What I have been I have forgot to know; But what I am, want teaches me to think on; A man shrunk up <sup>10</sup> with cold; my veins are chill, And have no more of life, than may suffice To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help; Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For I am a man, <sup>11</sup> pray see me buried.

1 *Fish.* Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid; I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and more'er puddings and flap-jacks; <sup>12</sup> and thou shalt be welcome.

*Per.* I thank you, sir.

2 *Fish.* Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

*Per.* I did but crave.

2 *Fish.* But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

*Per.* Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

2 *Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. <sup>[Exeunt two of the Fishermen.]</sup>

*Per.* How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 *Fish.* Hark you, sir! do you know where you are?

*Per.* Not well.

1 *Fish.* Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

*Per.* The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 *Fish.* Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

*Per.* He is a happy king, since from his subjects He gains the name of good, by his government.

How far is his court distant from this shore? <sup>13</sup>

1 *Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow

is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

*Per.* Did but my fortunes <sup>14</sup> equal my desires, I'd wish <sup>15</sup> to make one there.

1 *Fish.* O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for — his wife's soul.

*Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a Net.*

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, <sup>16</sup> 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

*Per.* An armour, friends! I pray you let me see it. Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses, Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself:

And, though it was mine own, <sup>17</sup> part of mine heritage, Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge, (even as he left his life,) *Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield*

*'Twill twist me and death; (and pointed to this brace:)* <sup>18</sup> For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity, <sup>19</sup> Which gods protect thee from! it may defend thee.

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it; Till the rough seas, that spare not any man, Took it in rage, though calm'd, they giv't again: <sup>20</sup> I thank thee for't; my shipwreck's now no ill, Since I have here my father's gift by will. <sup>21</sup>

1 *Fish.* What mean you, sir?

*Per.* To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth, For it was sometime target to a king; I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,

And for his sake, I wish the having of it; And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court, Where with't I may appear a gentleman;

And if that ever my low fortunes better, I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

*Per.* I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish.* Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

2 *Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolences, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

*Per.* Believ't, I will. Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel; And spite of all the rupture of the sea, This jewel holds his bidding <sup>22</sup> on my arm; Unto thy value will I mount myself

Upon a courser, whose delightful steps Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread. — Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided Of a pair of bases. <sup>23</sup>

2 *Fish.* We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

*Per.* Then honour be but a goal to my will; This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. <sup>[Exeunt.]</sup>

## SCENE II.

*The same. A public Way, or Platform, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Sim.* Are the knights ready to begin the triumph? <sup>24</sup>

1 *Lord.* They are, my liege; And stay your coming to present themselves.

## SCENE III.

*The same. A Hall of State. A Banquet prepared.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.*

*Sim.* Knights, To say you are welcome, were superfluous. To place upon the volume of your deeds, As in a title-page, your worth in arms, Were more than you expect, or more than's fit, Since every worth in show commends itself. Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast: You are my guests! <sup>32</sup>

*Thai.* But you, my knight and guest; To whom this wreath of victory I give, And crown you king of this day's happiness.

*Per.* 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit. *Sim.* Call it by what you will, the day is yours; And here, I hope, is none that envies it.

In framing artists, art hath thus decreed, To make some good, but others to exceed; And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o'the feast,

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place: Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

*Knights.* We are honour'd much by good Simonides. *Sim.* Your presence glads our days; honour we love, For who hates honour, hates the gods above. *Marsh.* Sir, yond's your place.

*Per.* Some other is more fit. 1 *Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen, That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes, Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

*Per.* You are right courteous knights. *Sim.* Sit, sit, sir; sit. *Per.* By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts, These cates resist me, she not thought upon. <sup>33</sup>

*Thai.* By Juno, that is queen Of marriage, all the viands that I eat Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat! Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

*Sim.* He's but A country gentleman; He has done no more than other knights have done; Broken a staff, or so: so let it pass.

*Thai.* To me he seems like diamond to glass. *Per.* Yon king's to me, like to my father's picture, Which tells me, in that glory once he was; Had princes sit, like stars about his throne, And he the sun, for them to reverence.

None that beheld him, but like lesser lights, Did veil their crowns to his supremacy; Where now his son's a glow-worm in the night, The which hath fire in darkness, none in light; Whereby I see that Time's the king of men, For he's their parent, and he is their grave, And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

*Sim.* What, are you merry, knights? 1 *Knight.* Who can be other, in this royal presence? *Sim.* Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim, (As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,) We drink this health to you.

*Knights.* We thank your grace. *Sim.* Yet pause a while; Yon knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy, As if the entertainment in our court Had not a show might countervail his worth. Note it not you, Thaisa?

*Thai.* What is it To me, my father? *Sim.* O, attend, my daughter; Princes, in this, should live like gods above,

*Sim.* Return them, we are ready; <sup>25</sup> and our daughter,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are, Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat For men to see, and seeing, wonder at. <sup>[Exit a Lord.]</sup>

*Thai.* It pleaseth you, my father, <sup>26</sup> to express My commendations great, whose merit's less.

*Sim.* 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are A model, which heaven makes like to itself: As jewels lose their glory, if neglected, So princes their renown, if not respected.

'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain The labour of each knight, in his device. *Thai.* Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

*Enter a Knight; he passes over the Stage, and his Squire presents his Shield to the Princess.*

*Sim.* Who is the first that doth prefer himself? *Thai.* A knight of Sparta, my renowned father; And the device he bears upon his shield Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun; The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.* <sup>27</sup>

*Sim.* He loves you well, that holds his life of you. <sup>[The second Knight passes.]</sup> Who is the second, that presents himself?

*Thai.* A prince of Macedon, my royal father; And the device he bears upon his shield Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady: The motto thus, in Spanish, *Più per dulzura que per fuerza.* <sup>28</sup> <sup>[The third Knight passes.]</sup>

*Sim.* And what's the third? *Thai.* The third of Antioch; And his device, a wreath of chivalry: The word, *Me pompæ prorexit apex.* <sup>[The fourth Knight passes.]</sup>

*Sim.* What is the fourth? *Thai.* A burning torch, that's turned upside down; The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

*Sim.* Which shows, that beauty hath his power and will, Which can as well inflame, as it can kill. <sup>[The fifth Knight passes.]</sup>

*Thai.* The fifth, an hand environed with clouds; Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried: The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.* <sup>[The sixth Knight passes.]</sup>

*Sim.* And what's the sixth and last, which the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd? *Thai.* He seems a stranger; but his present is A wither'd branch, that's only green at top; <sup>29</sup> The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

*Sim.* A pretty moral; From the dejected state wherein he is, He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward show Can any way speak in his just commend: For, by his rusty outside, he appears To have practis'd more the whipstock, <sup>30</sup> than the lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

*Sim.* Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan The outward habit by the inward man. <sup>31</sup> But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw Into the gallery. <sup>[Exeunt.]</sup>

<sup>[Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight.]</sup>

Who freely give to every one that comes  
To honour them; and princes, not doing so,  
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd  
Are wonder'd at.<sup>34)</sup>

Therefore to make's entrance<sup>35)</sup> more sweet, here say,  
We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.<sup>36)</sup>

*Thai.* Alas, my father, it befits not me  
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:

He may my proffer take for an offence,  
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

*Sim.* How!  
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

*Thai.* Now, by the gods, he could not please me  
better. *[Aside.]*

*Sim.* And further tell him, we desire to know,  
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

*Thai.* The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.  
*Per.* I thank him.

*Thai.* Wishing it so much blood unto your life.  
*Per.* I thank both him and you, and pledge him  
freely.

*Thai.* And further he desires to know of you,  
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

*Per.* A gentleman of Tyre — (my name, Pericles;  
My education being in arts and arms;)

Who looking for adventures in the world,  
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,  
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

*Thai.* He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,  
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by  
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft

Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

*Sim.* Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,  
And will awake him from his melancholy.

Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,  
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.

Even in your armours, as you are address'd,<sup>37)</sup>  
Will very well become a soldier's dance.

I will not have excuse, with saying, this  
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;

Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

*[The Knights dance.]*  
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.<sup>38)</sup>

Come, sir;  
Here is a lady that wants breathing too:

And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre  
Are excellent in making ladies trip;

And that their measures are as excellent.

*Per.* In those that practise them, they are, my lord.  
*Sim.* O, that's as much, as you would be denied

*[The Knights and Ladies dance.]*  
Of your fair courtesy. — Unclasp, unclasp;

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,  
But you the best. *[To PERICLES.]* Pages and lights,  
conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours, sir,  
We have given order to be next our own.

*Per.* I am at your grace's pleasure.

*Sim.* Princes, it is too late to talk of love,  
For that's the mark I know you level at:

Therefore each one betake him to his rest;  
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE IV.

Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

*Hel.* No, no, my Escanes; know this of me, —  
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free:

For which, the most high gods not minding longer  
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,  
Due to this heinous capital offence;

Even in the height and pride of all his glory,  
When he was seated, and his daughter with him,  
In a chariot of inestimable value,

A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up  
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,  
That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,  
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

*Esca.* 'Twas very strange.

*Hel.* And yet but just; for though  
This king were great, his greatness was no guard  
To bar heaven's shafts, but sin had his reward.

*Esca.* 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1 *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,  
Or council, has respect with him but he.<sup>39)</sup>

2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve, without reproof.

3 *Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not second it.

1 *Lord.* Follow me, then: Lord Helicane, a word.

*Hel.* With me? and welcome: Happy day, my  
lords.

1 *Lord.* Know, that our griefs are risen to the top,  
And now at length they overflow their banks.

*Hel.* Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince  
you love.

1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;  
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,  
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;  
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;

And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,<sup>40)</sup>  
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,  
And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord.* Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our  
censure:<sup>41)</sup>

And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,  
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof,)

Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,  
That best knows how to rule, and how to reign,  
We thus submit unto — our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

*Hel.* Try honour's cause; forbear your suffrages:  
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear,  
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,<sup>42)</sup>

Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.  
A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you  
To forbear choice i'the absence of your king;

If in which time expir'd, he not return,  
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.

But if I cannot win you to this love,  
Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,  
And in your search, spend your adventurous worth;

Whom if you find, and win unto return,  
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 *Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;  
And, since lord Helicane enjoineth us,  
We with our travels will endeavour it.

*Hel.* Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp  
hands;

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE V.

Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.

Enter SIMONIDES, reading a Letter, the Knights  
meet him.

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.  
*Sim.* Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,  
That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake  
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,  
Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord?

*Sim.* Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly  
tied her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;  
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,<sup>43)</sup>  
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 *Knight.* Though loath to bid farewell, we take  
our leaves. *[Exeunt.]*

*Sim.* So.  
They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:  
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,  
Or never more to view nor day nor light.

Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine;  
I like that well: — nay, how absolute she's in't,  
Not minding whether I dislike or no!

Well, I commend her choice;  
And will no longer have it be delay'd.

Soft, here he comes: — I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

*Per.* All fortune to the good Simonides!

*Sim.* To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you,  
For your sweet music this last night: my ears,  
I do protest, were never better fed

With such delightful pleasing harmony.  
*Per.* It is your grace's pleasure to commend;  
Not my desert.

*Sim.* Sir, you are music's master.  
*Per.* The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

*Sim.* Let me ask one thing. What do you think,  
sir, of

My daughter?

*Per.* As of a most virtuous princess.  
*Sim.* And she is fair too, is she not?

*Per.* As a fair day in summer; wondrous fair.  
*Sim.* My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;

Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,  
And she'll your scholar be; therefore look to it.

*Per.* Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.  
*Sim.* She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

*Per.* What's here!  
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?  
'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life. *[Aside.]*

O, seek not to intrap, my gracious lord,  
A stranger and distressed gentleman,  
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,  
But bent all offices to honour her.

*Sim.* Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art  
A villain.

*Per.* By the gods, I have not, sir.  
Never did thought of mine levy offence;  
Nor never did my actions yet commence  
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

*Sim.* Traitor, thou liest.  
*Per.* Traitor!

*Sim.* Ay, traitor, sir.  
*Per.* Even in his throat, (unless it be the king,)

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.  
*Sim.* Now by the gods, I do applaud his courage. *[Aside.]*

*Per.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
That never relish'd of a base descent.

I came unto your court, for honour's cause,  
And not to be a rebel to her state;  
And he that otherwise accounts of me,  
This sword shall prove, he's honour's enemy.

*Sim.* No! —  
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

*Per.* Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,  
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue

Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe  
To any syllable that made love to you?

*Thai.* Why, sir, say if you had,  
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

*Sim.* Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory? —  
I am glad of it with all my heart. *[Aside.]* I'll tame  
you;

I'll bring you in subjection. —  
Will you, not having my consent, bestow  
Your love and your affections on a stranger?

(Who, for aught I know to the contrary,  
Or think, may be as great in blood as I.) *[Aside.]*  
Hear therefore, mistress; frame your will to mine, —  
And you, sir, hear you. — Either be rul'd by me,  
Or I will make you — man and wife. —

Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too. —  
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy; —  
And for a further grief, — God give you joy!  
What, are you both pleas'd?

*Thai.* Yes, if you love me, sir.  
*Per.* Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.

*Sim.* What, are you both agreed?  
*Both.* Yes, 'please your majesty.

*Sim.* It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;  
Then with what haste you can, get you to bed.<sup>44)</sup>  
*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

*Gow.* Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;  
No din but snores, the house about,  
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast  
Of this most pompous marriage feast.

The cat, with eyne of burning coal,  
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;  
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,  
As the blither for their drouth.

Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,  
A babe is moulded; — Be attent,  
And time that is so briefly spent,  
With your fine fancies quaintly eche; <sup>1)</sup>  
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb show.

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with  
Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and  
gives PERICLES a Letter. PERICLES shows it to  
SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to the former.<sup>2)</sup> Then  
enter THAISA with child, and LYCHORIDA. SIMO-  
NIDES shows his Daughter the Letter; she rejoices;  
she and PERICLES take leave of her Father, and  
depart. Then SIMONIDES, &c. retire.

*Gow.* By many a dearn and painful perch,<sup>3)</sup>  
Of Pericles the careful search  
By the four opposing coignes,<sup>4)</sup>  
Which the world together joins,  
Is made, with all due diligence,  
That horse, and sail, and high expence,  
Can stead the quest.<sup>5)</sup> At last from Tyre  
(Fame answering the most strong inquire,)  
To the court of king Simonides  
Are letters brought; the tenour these:  
Antiochus and his daughter's dead;  
The men of Tyrus, on the head  
Of Helicanus would set on  
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:  
The mutiny there he hastes t'appease;<sup>6)</sup>  
Says to them, if king Pericles

Come not, in twice six moons, home,  
He obedient to their doom,<sup>7)</sup>  
Will take the crown. The sum of this,  
Brought hither to Pentapolis,  
Y-ravished the regions round,  
And every one with claps, 'gan sound,  
*Our heir apparent is a king:*  
*Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?*  
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:  
His queen with child makes her desire  
(Which who shall cross?) along to go;  
(Omit we all their dole and woe;) *Lychorida*, her nurse, she takes,  
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes  
On Neptune's billow; half the flood  
Hath their keel cut;<sup>8)</sup> but fortune's mood  
Varies again; the grizzled north  
Disgorges such a tempest forth,  
That, as a duck for life that dives,  
So up and down the poor ship drives,  
The lady shrieks, and well-a-neighbor!<sup>9)</sup>  
Doth fall in travail with her fear:  
And what ensues in this fell storm,  
Shall, for itself, itself perform.  
I will relate,<sup>10)</sup> action may  
Conveniently the rest convey:  
Which might not what by me is told.<sup>11)</sup>  
In your imagination hold  
This stage, the ship, upon whose deck  
The sea-tost<sup>12)</sup> prince appears to speak. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE I.

*Enter PERICLES, on a Ship at Sea.*

*Per.* Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,  
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast  
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
Having call'd them from the deep! O still thy deaf'ning,  
Thy dreadful thunders; gently quench thy nimble,  
Sulphureous flashes! — O how, *Lychorida*,  
How does my queen? — Thou storm, thou! venomously  
Wilt thou spit all thyself? — The seaman's whistle  
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,  
Unheard. — *Lychorida!* — *Lucina*, O  
Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle  
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity  
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs  
Of my queen's travails! — Now, *Lychorida* —

*Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.*

*Lyc.* Here is a thing  
Too young for such a place, who, if it had  
Conceit,<sup>13)</sup> would die as I am like to do.  
Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.  
*Per.* How! how, *Lychorida!*  
*Lyc.* Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.  
Here's all that is left living of your queen, —  
A little daughter; for the sake of it,  
Be manly, and take comfort.  
*Per.* O you gods!  
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,  
Recall not what we give, and therein may  
Vie honour with yourselves.<sup>14)</sup>

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir,  
Even for this charge.  
*Per.* Now, mild may be thy life!  
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:  
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!<sup>15)</sup>  
For thou'rt the rudest welcom'd to this world,

That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!  
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,<sup>16)</sup>  
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,  
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,  
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,<sup>17)</sup>  
With all thou canst find here. — Now the good gods  
Throw their best eyes upon it!

*Enter two Sailors.*

*1 Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you.  
*Per.* Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;<sup>18)</sup>  
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love  
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,  
I would, it would be quiet.  
*1 Sail.* Slack the bolins there;<sup>19)</sup> thou wilt not,  
wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.  
*2 Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy  
billow kiss the moon, I care not.  
*1 Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea  
works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till  
the ship be cleared of the dead.  
*Per.* That's your superstition.  
*1 Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it still  
hath been observed; and we are strong in earnest.  
Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard  
straight.

*Per.* Be it as you think meet. — Most wretched  
queen!

*Lyc.* Here she lies, sir.  
*Per.* A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear;  
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements  
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time  
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight  
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;  
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
And aye-remaining lamps,<sup>20)</sup> the belching whale  
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,  
Lying with simple shells. *Lychorida*,  
Bid *Nestor* bring me spices, ink and paper,  
My casket and my jewels; and bid *Nicander*  
Bring me the satten coffer: lay the babe  
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say  
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

*[Exit LYCHORIDA.]*

*2 Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,  
caulk'd and bitum'd ready.

*Per.* I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?  
*2 Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

*Per.* Thither, gentle mariner,  
Alter thy course for Tyre. When can'st thou reach it?  
*2 Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.  
*Per.* O make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe  
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it  
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;  
I'll bring the body presently. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.

Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

*Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some Persons  
who have been shipwrecked.*

*Cer.* Philemon, ho!

*Enter PHILEMON.*

*Phil.* Doth my lord call?  
*Cer.* Get fire and meat for these poor men;  
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.  
*Serv.* I have been in many; but such a night as this,  
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.  
*Cer.* Your master will be dead ere you return;  
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,

██████

That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,  
And tell me how it works. *[To PHILEMON.]*  
*[Exeunt PHILEMON, Servant, and those who  
had been shipwrecked.]*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*1 Gent.* Good morrow, sir.  
*2 Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.  
*Cer.* Gentlemen,  
Why do you stir so early?

*1 Gent.* Sir,  
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,  
Shook, as the earth did quake;  
The very principals did seem to rend,  
And all to topple;<sup>21)</sup> pure surprise and fear  
Made me to quit the house.  
*2 Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;  
'Tis not our husbandry.<sup>22)</sup>

*Cer.* O, you say well.

*1 Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having  
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours  
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.  
It is most strange,  
Nature should be so conversant with pain,  
Being thereto not compell'd.

*Cer.* I held it ever,

Virtue and cunning<sup>23)</sup> were endowments greater  
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs  
May the two latter darken and expend;  
But immortality attends the former,  
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever  
Have studied physic, through which secret art,  
By turning o'er authorities, I have  
(Together with my practice) made familiar  
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions  
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;  
And I can speak of the disturbances  
That nature works, and of her cures; which gives me  
A more content in course of true delight  
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,  
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,  
To please the fool and death.<sup>24)</sup>

*2 Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd  
forth  
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves  
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:  
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even  
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon  
Such strong renown as time shall never —

*Enter two Servants with a Chest.*

*Serv.* So; lift there.

*Cer.* What is that?

*Serv.* Sir, even now  
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest;  
'Tis of some wreck.

*Cer.* Set 't down, let's look on it.<sup>25)</sup>

*2 Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

*Cer.* Whate'er it be,  
'Tis wond'rous heavy. Wrench it open straight;  
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,  
It is a good constraint of fortune, that  
It belches upon us.

*2 Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.

*Cer.* How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd! —  
Did the sea cast it up?

*Serv.* I never saw so huge a billow, sir,  
As toss'd it upon shore.

*Cer.* Come, wrench it open;  
Soft, soft! — it smells most sweetly in my sense.

*2 Gent.* A delicate odour.

*Cer.* As ever hit my nostril; so, — up with it.  
O you most potent gods! What's here? a corpse!

██████

*1 Gent.* Most strange!  
*Cer.* Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and en-  
treasur'd

With bags of spices full! A passport too!  
Apollo, perfect me i'the characters! *[Unfolds a Scroll.]*

*Here I give to understand,* *[Reads.]*

*(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)*  
*I, king Pericles, have lost*  
*This queen, worth all our mundane<sup>26)</sup> cost.*  
*Who finds her, give her burying,*  
*She was the daughter of a king:*  
*Besides this treasure for a fee,*  
*The gods requite his charity!*

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart  
That even cracks for woe! — This chanc'd to-night.  
*2 Gent.* Most likely, sir.

*Cer.* Nay, certainly to-night;  
For look, how fresh she looks! — They were too rough,  
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;  
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.  
Death may usurp on nature many hours,  
And yet the fire of life kindle again  
The overpressed spirits. I have heard  
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,  
By good appliance was recovered.

*Enter a Servant, with Boxes, Napkins, and Fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths. —  
The rough and woeful music that we have,  
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.  
The vial once more; — How thou stirr'st, thou block!  
The music there. — I pray you, give her air: —  
Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth  
Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranc'd  
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow  
Into life's flower again!

*1 Gent.* The heavens, sir,  
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up  
Your fame for ever.

*Cer.* She is alive; behold,  
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels  
Which Pericles hath lost,  
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;  
The diamonds of a most praised water  
Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,  
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,  
Rare as you seem to be! *[She moves.]*

*Thai.* O dear Diana,  
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?  
*2 Gent.* Is not this strange?

*1 Gent.* Most rare.

*Cer.* Hush, gentle neighbours;  
Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her.  
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,  
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;  
And Æsculapius guide us!  
*[Exeunt, carrying THAISA away.]*

## SCENE III.

Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA,  
and MARINA.*

*Per.* Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;  
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands  
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,  
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods  
Make up the rest upon you!

*Cle.* Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you  
mortally,  
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.

*Dion.* O your sweet queen!  
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought  
her hither,

To have bless'd mine eyes!

*Per.* We cannot but obey  
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar  
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end  
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom,  
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,) here  
I charge your charity withal, and leave her  
The infant of your care; beseeching you  
To give her princely training, that she may be  
Manner'd as she is born.

*Cle.* Fear not, my lord:  
Your grace,<sup>27)</sup> that fed my country with your corn,  
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)  
Must in your child be thought on. If neglect  
Should therein make me vile, the common body,  
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:  
But if to that my nature need a spur,  
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,  
To the end of generation!

*Per.* I believe you;  
Your honour and your goodness teach me credit,<sup>28)</sup>  
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,  
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,  
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,  
Though I show will in't. So I take my leave.  
Good madam, make me blessed in your care  
In bringing up my child.

*Dion.* I have one myself,  
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,  
Than yours, my lord.

*Per.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.  
*Cle.* We'll bring your grace even to the edge o'the  
shore;

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune,<sup>29)</sup> and  
The gentlest winds of heaven.

*Per.* I will embrace  
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam. — O, no tears,  
Lychorida, no tears:  
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace  
You may depend hereafter. — Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

*Enter CERIMON and THAISIA.*

*Cer.* Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,  
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now  
At your command. Know you the character?

*Thai.* It is my lord's.  
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,  
Even on my yearning time; but whether there  
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,  
I cannot rightly say: But since king Pericles,  
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,  
A vestal livery will I take me to,  
And never more have joy.

*Cer.* Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,  
Diana's temple is not distant far,  
Where you may 'bide until your date expire.<sup>30)</sup>  
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine  
Shall there attend you.

*Thai.* My recompense is thanks, that's all;  
Yet my good-will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*]

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#### ACT IV.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Imagine Pericles at Tyre,<sup>1)</sup>  
Welcom'd to his own desire.  
His woful queen leave at Ephess,  
To Dian there a votaress,  
Now to Marina bend your mind,  
Whom our fast growing scene must find  
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd  
In music, letters; who hath gain'd  
Of education all the grace,  
Which makes her both the heart and place  
Of general wonder.<sup>2)</sup> But alack!  
That monster envy, oft the wrack  
Of earned praise,<sup>3)</sup> Marina's life  
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.  
And in this kind hath our Cleon  
One daughter, and a wench full grown,  
Even ripe for marriage fight; this maid  
Hight Philoten: and it is said  
For certain in our story, she  
Would ever with Marina be:

Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk<sup>4)</sup>  
With fingers, long, small, white as milk;  
Or when she would with sharp needl wound  
The cambric, which she made more sound  
By hurting it; or when to the lute  
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,  
That still records with moan;<sup>5)</sup> or when  
She would with rich and constant pen  
Vail to her mistress Dian;<sup>6)</sup> still  
This Philoten contends in skill  
With absolute Marina:<sup>7)</sup> so  
With the dove of Paphos might the crow  
Vie feathers white. Marina gets  
All praises, which are paid as debts,  
And not as given. This so darks  
In Philoten all graceful marks,  
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,  
A present murderer does prepare  
For good Marina, that her daughter  
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.  
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,  
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;  
And curs'd Dionyza hath  
The pregnant instrument of wrath<sup>8)</sup>  
Prest for this blow.<sup>9)</sup> The unborn event  
I do commend to your content:  
Only I carry winged time  
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;  
Which never could I so convey,  
Unless your thoughts went on my way. —  
Dionyza does appear,  
With Leonine, a murderer.

[*Exit.*]

#### SCENE I.

Tharsus. *An open Place near the Sea-shore.*

*Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.*

*Dion.* Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to  
do it:

'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.  
Thou canst not do a thing i'the world so soon,  
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,  
Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,  
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which  
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be  
A soldier to thy purpose.

*Leon.* I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

*Dion.* The fitter then the gods should have her.

Here

Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.  
Thou art resolv'd?

*Leon.* I am resolv'd.

*Enter MARINA, with a Basket of Flowers.*

*Mar.* No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,  
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,  
The purple violets, and marigolds,  
Shall, as a chaplet,<sup>10)</sup> hang upon thy grave,  
While summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid,  
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,  
This world to me is like a lasting storm,  
Whirring me from my friends.<sup>11)</sup>

*Dion.* How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?  
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not  
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have  
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's chang'd!<sup>12)</sup>  
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come;  
Give me your wreath of flowers, ere the sea mar it.  
Walk forth with Leonine; the air is quick there,<sup>13)</sup>  
Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach.<sup>14)</sup> Come; —  
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

*Mar.* No, I pray you;  
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

*Dion.* Come, come;  
I love the king your father, and yourself,  
With more than foreign heart.<sup>15)</sup> We every day  
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find  
Our paragon to all reports,<sup>16)</sup> thus blasted,  
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;  
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en  
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,  
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve  
That excellent complexion, which did steal  
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;  
I can go home alone.

*Mar.* Well, I will go;  
But yet I have no desire to it.

*Dion.* Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.  
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;  
Remember what I have said.

*Leon.* I warrant you, madam.

*Dion.* I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;  
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood:  
What! I must have a care of you.

*Mar.* Thanks, sweet madam. —  
[*Exit DIONYZA.*]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

*Leon.* South-west.

*Mar.* When I was born, the wind was north.

*Leon.* Was't so?

*Mar.* My father, as nurse said, did never fear,  
But cry'd, *good seamen!* to the sailors, galling  
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes:  
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea  
That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder-  
tackle

Wash'd off a canvas-climber:<sup>17)</sup> *Ha!* says one,  
*Wilt out?* and, with a dropping industry,  
They skip from stem to stern: the boatswain whistles,  
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

*Leon.* And when was this?

*Mar.* It was when I was born:  
Never was waves nor wind more violent.

*Leon.* Come, say your prayers speedily.<sup>18)</sup>

*Mar.* What mean you?

*Leon.* If you require a little space for prayer,  
I grant it: Pray; but be not tedious,  
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn  
To do my work with haste.

*Mar.* Why, will you kill me?

*Leon.* To satisfy my lady.

*Mar.* Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,  
I never did her hurt in all my life;  
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn  
To any living creature: believe me, la,  
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:  
I trod upon a worm against my will,  
But I wept for it. How have I offended,  
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or  
My life imply her danger?

*Leon.* My commission  
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

*Mar.* You will not do't for all the world, I hope.  
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow  
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,  
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought;  
Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now:  
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,  
And save poor me, the weaker.

*Leon.* I am sworn,  
And will despatch.

*Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.*

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain! [*LEONINE runs away.*]

2 *Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's  
have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates with MARINA.*]

#### SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Re-enter LEONINE.*

*Leon.* These roving thieves<sup>19)</sup> serve the great  
pirate Valdes;

And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:  
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,  
And thrown into the sea. — But I'll see further;  
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,  
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,  
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain.

[*Exit.*]

#### SCENE III.

Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.*

*Enter PANDER, BAWD, and BOULT.*

*Pand.* Boul't!

*Boul't.* Sir!

*Pand.* Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is  
full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart,  
by being too wenchless.

*Bawd.* We were never so much out of creatures.  
We have but poor three, and they can do no  
more than they can do; and with continual action  
are even as good as rotten.

*Pand.* Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we  
pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be  
us'd in every trade, we shall never prosper.<sup>20)</sup>

*Bawd.* Thou say'st true; 'tis not the bringing up  
of poor bastards, as I think, I have brought up  
some eleven —

*Boul't.* Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again.  
But shall I search the market?

*Bawd.* What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong  
wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully  
sodden.

*Pand.* Thou say'st true; they are too unwhole-  
some o'conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead,  
that lay with the little baggage.

*Boul't.* Ay, she quickly poop'd him; she made him  
roast meat for worms: — but I'll go search the market.

[*Exit BOULT.*]

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the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

**Boult.** 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll dis-furnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

**Pand.** Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

**Bawd.** 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

**Boult.** We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

**Lys.** How now? How a dozen of virginities?

**Bawd.** Now, the gods to-bless your honour!<sup>43)</sup>

**Boult.** I am glad to see your honour in good health.

**Lys.** You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

**Bawd.** We have here one, sir, if she would — but there never came her like in Mitylene.

**Lys.** If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou would'st say.

**Bawd.** Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

**Lys.** Well; call forth, call forth.

**Boult.** For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but —

**Lys.** What, 'pr'ythee?

**Boult.** O, sir, I can be modest.

**Lys.** That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

**Bawd.** Here comes that which grows to the stalk; — never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

**Lys.** 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you; — leave us.

**Bawd.** I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

**Lys.** I beseech you, do.

**Bawd.** First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [To MARINA, whom she takes aside.]

**Mar.** I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

**Bawd.** Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

**Mar.** If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

**Bawd.** 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

**Mar.** What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

**Lys.** Have you done?

**Bawd.** My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[Exeunt Bawd, PANDER, and BOULT.]

**Lys.** Go thy ways. — Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

**Mar.** What trade, sir?

**Lys.** What I cannot name but I shall offend.

**Mar.** I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

**Lys.** How long have you been of this profession?

**Mar.** Ever since I can remember.

**Lys.** Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?<sup>44)</sup>

**Mar.** Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

**Lys.** Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

**Mar.** Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

**Lys.** Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

**Mar.** Who is my principal?

**Lys.** Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

**Mar.** If you were born to honour, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgment good

That thought you worthy of it.

**Lys.** How's this? how's this? — Some more; — be sage.<sup>45)</sup>

**Mar.** For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune Hath plac'd me here within this loathsome stie, Where, since I came, diseases have been sold Dearer than physic, — O that the good gods Would set me free from this unhallow'd place, Though they did change me to the meanest bird That flies i'the purer air!

**Lys.** I did not think Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou could'st.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:

Perséver still in that clear way thou goest, And the gods strengthen thee!

**Mar.** The gods preserve you!

**Lys.** For me, be you thoughten

That I came with no ill intent: for to me The very doors and windows savour vilely. Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not but thy training hath been noble. — Hold; here's more gold for thee. —

A curse upon him, die he like a thief, That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st from me,

It shall be for thy good.

[As LYSIMACHUS is putting up his Purse,

BOULT enters.]

**Boult.** I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

**Lys.** Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your house,

But for this virgin that doth prop it up, Would sink and overwhelm you all. Away!

[Exit LYSIMACHUS.]

**Boult.** How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope,<sup>46)</sup> shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

**Mar.** Whither would you have me?

**Boult.** I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

**Bawd.** How now! what's the matter?

**Boult.** Worse and worse, mistress; She has here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

**Bawd.** O abominable!

**Boult.** She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

**Bawd.** Marry, hang her up for ever!

**Boult.** The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

**Bawd.** Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

**Boult.** An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

**Mar.** Hark, hark, you gods!

**Bawd.** She conjures; away with her. Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!<sup>47)</sup> [Exit Bawd.]

**Boult.** Come, mistress; come your way with me.

**Mar.** Whither would you have me?

**Boult.** To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

**Mar.** 'Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

**Boult.** Come now, your one thing.

**Mar.** What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

**Boult.** Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

**Mar.** Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command.

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend Of hell would not in reputation change:

Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel

That hither comes enquiring for his tib;<sup>48)</sup>

To the choleric fisting of each rogue thy ear

Is liable; thy very food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.<sup>49)</sup>

**Boult.** What would you have me? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

**Mar.** Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth;

Serve by indenture to the common hangman;

Any of these ways are better yet than this:

For that which thou professest, a baboon,<sup>50)</sup>

Could he but speak, would own a name too dear.

O that the gods would safely from this place

Deliver me! Here, here is gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain aught by me,

Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,

With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;

And I will undertake all these to teach.

I doubt not but this populous city will

Yield many scholars.

**Boult.** But can you teach all this you speak of?

**Mar.** Prove that I cannot, take me home again,

And prostitute me to the basest groom

That doth frequent your house.

**Boult.** Well, I will see what I can do for thee:

if I can place thee, I will.

**Mar.** But, amongst honest women?

**Boult.** 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent; therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

**Gow.** Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances Into an honest house, our story says. She sings like one immortal, and she dances As goddess-like to her admired lays: Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her neeld composes<sup>1)</sup>

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry; That even her art sisters the natural roses;

Her inkle,<sup>2)</sup> silk, twin with the rubied cherry:

That pupils lacks she none of noble race,

Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain

She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;

And to her father turn our thoughts again,

Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;

Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd

Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast

Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd

God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence

Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,

His banners sable trimm'd with rich expence;

And to him in his barge with fervour hies.

In your supposing once more put your sight;<sup>3)</sup>

Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:

Where, what is done in action, more, if might,<sup>4)</sup>

Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.

On board Pericles' Ship, off Mitylene. A close Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclined on a Couch. A Barge lying beside the Tyrian Vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian Vessel, the other to the Barge; to them

HELICANUS.

**Tyr. Sail.** Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you. [To the Sailor of Mitylene.]

O here he is. —

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene, And in it is Lysimachus the governor,

Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

**Hel.** That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

**Tyr. Sail.** Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two Gentlemen.

**1 Gent.** Doth your lordship call?

**Hel.** Gentlemen, There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray you,

To greet them fairly.

[The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the Barge.]

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.

**Tyr. Sail.** Sir, This is the man that can, in aught you would, Resolve you.

**Lys.** Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

**Hel.** And you, sir, to out-live the age I am,

And die as I would do.

**Lys.** You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,

Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,

I made to it, to know of whence you are.

**Hel.** First, sir, what is your place?

**Lys.** I am governor of this place you lie before.

**Hel.** Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;  
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken  
To any one, nor taken sustenance,  
But to prorogue his grief.<sup>5)</sup>

*Lys.* Upon what ground is his distemperance?

*Hel.* Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;  
But the main grief of all springs from the loss  
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

*Lys.* May we not see him, then?

*Hel.* You may indeed, sir.  
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak  
To any.

*Lys.* Yet, let me obtain my wish.

*Hel.* Behold him, sir: [*PERICLES discovered*] this was  
a goodly person,

Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,<sup>6)</sup>

Drove him to this.

*Lys.* Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you!  
Hail!

Hail, royal sir!

*Hel.* It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

*1 Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst  
wager,

Would win some words of him.

*Lys.* 'Tis well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony  
And other choice attractions, would allure,  
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,<sup>7)</sup>  
Which now are midway stopp'd:  
She, all as happy as of all the fairest,<sup>8)</sup>  
Is, with her fellow maidens, now within  
The leafy shelter that abuts against  
The island's side.

[*He whispers one of the attendant Lords. — Exit  
Lord, in the Barge of LYSIMACHUS.* 9)]

*Hel.* Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit  
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness  
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you further,  
That for our gold we may provision have,  
Wherein we are not destitute for want,  
But weary for the staleness.

*Lys.* O, sir, a courtesy,  
Which if we should deny, the most just God  
For every graff would send a caterpillar,  
And so inflict our province. — Yet once more  
Let me entreat to know at large the cause  
Of your king's sorrow.

*Hel.* Sit, sir, I will recount it; —  
But, see, I am prevented.

*Enter, from the Barge, Lord, MARINA, and a  
young Lady.*

*Lys.* O, here is  
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!  
Is't not a goodly presence?<sup>10)</sup>

*Hel.* A gallant lady.

*Lys.* She's such, that were I well assur'd she came  
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish  
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.  
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty  
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:  
If that thy prosperous-artificial feat<sup>11)</sup>  
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,  
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay  
As thy desires can wish.

*Mar.* Sir, I will use  
My utmost skill in his recovery,  
Provided none but I and my companion  
Be suffer'd to come near him.

*Lys.* Come, let us leave her,  
And the gods make her prosperous! [*MARINA sings.*]

*Lys.* Mark'd he your music?

*Mar.* No, nor look'd on us.

*Lys.* See, she will speak to him.

*Mar.* Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear: —

*Per.* Hum! ha!

*Mar.* I am a maid,  
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,  
But have been gaz'd on, comet-like:<sup>12)</sup> she speaks,  
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief  
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.  
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,  
My derivation was from ancestors  
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:  
But time hath rooted out my parentage,  
And to the world and aukward casualties<sup>13)</sup>  
Bound me in servitude. — I will desist;  
But there is something glows upon my cheek,  
And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.*

[*Aside.*]

*Per.* My fortunes — parentage — good parentage —  
To equal mine! — was it not thus? what say you?

*Mar.* I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,  
You would not do me violence.

*Per.* I do think so.  
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me. —  
You are like something that — What countrywoman?  
Here of these shores?

*Mar.* No, nor of any shores:  
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am  
No other than I appear.

*Per.* I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.  
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one  
My daughter might have been: my queen's square  
brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;  
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,  
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;  
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them  
hungry,

The more she gives them speech. — Where do you  
live?

*Mar.* Where I am but a stranger: from the deck  
You may discern the place.

*Per.* Where were you bred?  
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which  
You make more rich to owe?<sup>14)</sup>

*Mar.* Should I tell my history,  
'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

*Per.* 'Pr'ythee, speak:  
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st  
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace  
For the crown'd truth to dwell in:<sup>15)</sup> I'll believe thee,  
And make my senses credit thy relation,  
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st  
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?  
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,  
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st  
From good descending?

*Mar.* So indeed I did.  
*Per.* Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st  
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,  
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,  
If both were open'd.

*Mar.* Some such thing indeed  
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts  
Did warrant me was likely.

*Per.* Tell thy story;  
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part  
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I  
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look  
Like Patience, gazing on king's graves, and smiling  
Extremity out of act.<sup>16)</sup> What were thy friends?  
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?  
Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.

*Mar.* My name, sir, is Marina.

*Per.* O, I'm mock'd,  
And thou by some incensed god sent hither  
To make the world laugh at me.

*Mar.* Patience, good sir,  
Or here I'll cease.

*Per.* Nay, I'll be patient;  
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,  
To call thyself Marina.

*Mar.* The name Marina  
Was given me by one that had some power;  
My father, and a king.

*Per.* How! a king's daughter?  
And call'd Marina?

*Mar.* You said you would believe me;  
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,  
I will end here.

*Per.* But are you flesh and blood?  
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?  
No motion?<sup>17)</sup> Well; speak on. Where were you  
born?

And wherefore call'd Marina?

*Mar.* Call'd Marina,  
For I was born at sea.

*Per.* At sea? thy mother?  
*Mar.* My mother was the daughter of a king;  
Who died the very minute I was born,  
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft  
Deliver'd weeping.

*Per.* O, stop there a little!  
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep  
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be.

My daughter's buried. [*Aside.*] Well: — where were  
you bred?  
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,  
And never interrupt you.

*Mar.* You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I did  
give o'er.

*Per.* I will believe you by the syllable<sup>18)</sup>  
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:  
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

*Mar.* The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me;  
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,  
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd  
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn,<sup>19)</sup>  
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;  
Brought me to Mitylene. But, now, good sir,  
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It  
may be,

You think me an impostor: no, good faith;  
I am the daughter to king Pericles,  
If good king Pericles be.

*Per.* Ho, Helicanus!

*Hel.* Calls my gracious lord?

*Per.* Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,  
Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,  
What this maid is, or what is like to be,  
That thus hath made me weep?

*Hel.* I know not; but  
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,  
Speaks nobly of her.

*Lys.* She would never tell  
Her parentage; being demanded that,  
She would sit still and weep.

*Per.* O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;  
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;  
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,  
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,  
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,  
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;  
Thou that was born at sea, buried at Tharsus,  
And found at sea again! — O Helicanus,  
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud  
As thunder threatens us: This is Marina. —

What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,  
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,  
Though doubts did ever sleep.<sup>20)</sup>

*Mar.* First, sir, I pray,  
What is your title?

*Per.* I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now  
(As in the rest thou hast been godlike perfect,)  
My drown'd queen's name, thou art the heir of  
kingdoms,

And another life to Pericles thy father.<sup>21)</sup>

*Mar.* Is it no more to be your daughter, than  
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?  
Thaisa was my mother, who did end,  
The minute I began.

*Per.* Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my child.  
Give me fresh garments. Mine own Helicanus,  
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,  
By savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all;  
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge,  
She is thy very princess. — Who is this?

*Hel.* Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,  
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,  
Did come to see you.

*Per.* I embrace you, sir.  
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.  
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what music? —  
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him  
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,  
How sure you are my daughter. — But what music?

*Hel.* My lord, I hear none.

*Per.* None?

The music of the spheres: list, my Marina.

*Lys.* It is not good to cross him; give him way.

*Per.* Rarest sounds!

Do ye not hear?

*Lys.* Music? My lord, I hear —

*Per.* Most heavenly music:  
It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber  
Hangs on mine eyelids; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*]

*Lys.* A pillow for his head;  
[*The Curtain before the Pavilion of PERICLES  
is closed.*]

So leave him all. Well, my companion-friends,  
If this but answer to my just belief,  
I'll well remember you.

[*Exit LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA,  
and attendant Lady.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same.*

*PERICLES on the Deck asleep; DIANA appearing  
to him as in a vision.*

*Dia.* My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,  
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.  
There, when my maiden priests are met together,  
Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,  
And give them repetition to the life.<sup>22)</sup>

Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:

Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.

Awake, and tell thy dream. [*DIANA disappears.*]

*Per.* Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,<sup>23)</sup>  
I will obey thee! — Helicanus!

*Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.*

*Hel.* Sir.

*Per.* My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike  
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am  
For other service first: toward Ephesus

Turn our blown sails; <sup>24)</sup> eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—

[To HELICANUS.]

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,  
And give you gold for such provision  
As our intents will need?

*Lys.* With all my heart, sir; and when you come  
ashore,

I have another suit.

*Per.* You shall prevail,  
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems  
You have been noble towards her.

*Lys.* Sir, lend your arm.

*Per.* Come, my Marina. [Exit.]

*Enter GOWER, before the Temple of Diana at  
Ephesus.*

*Gow.* Now our sands are almost run;  
More a little, and then done. <sup>25)</sup>

This, as my last boon, give me,  
(For such kindness must relieve me,  
That you aptly will suppose

What pageantry, what feats, what shows,  
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,  
The regent made in Mitylin,

To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,  
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd

To fair Marina; but in no wise,  
Till he had done his sacrifice, <sup>26)</sup>

As Dian bade: whereto being bound,  
The interim, pray you, all confound. <sup>27)</sup>

In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,  
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.

At Ephesus, the temple see,  
Our king, and all his company.

That he can hither come so soon,  
Is by your fancy's thankful boon. <sup>28)</sup>

[Exit.]

### SCENE III.

*The Temple of Diana at Ephesus; THAISA standing  
near the Altar, as High-priestess; a number  
of Virgins on each side; CERIMON and other Inha-  
bitants of Ephesus attending.*

*Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHUS,  
HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.*

*Per.* Hail Dian! to perform thy just command,  
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;  
Who, frighted from my country, did wed  
The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.

At sea in child-bed died she, but brought forth  
A maidchild call'd Marina; who, O goddess,  
Wears yet thy silver livery. <sup>29)</sup> She at Tharsus  
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years  
He sought to murder: but her better stars  
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore  
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,  
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she  
Made known herself my daughter.

*Thai.* Voice and favour! —  
You are, you are — O royal Pericles! — [She faints.]

*Per.* What means the woman? she dies! help,  
gentlemen!

*Cer.* Noble sir,  
If you have told Diana's altar true,  
This is your wife.

*Per.* Reverend appearer, no;  
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

*Cer.* Upon this coast, I warrant you.

*Per.* 'Tis most certain.

*Cer.* Look to the lady; — O, she's but o'erjoyed.  
Early, one blust'ring morn, this lady was  
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and

Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her  
Here in Diana's temple.

*Per.* May we see them?

*Cer.* Great sir, they shall be brought you to my  
house,

Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is  
Recover'd.

*Thai.* O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity  
Will to my sense <sup>30)</sup> bend no licentious ear,  
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,

Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,  
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,  
A birth, and death?

*Per.* The voice of dead Thaisa!

*Thai.* That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,  
And drown'd. <sup>31)</sup>

*Per.* Immortal Dian!

*Thai.* Now I know you better. —  
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,  
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[Shows a Ring.]

*Per.* This, this: no more, you gods! your present  
kindness

Makes my past miseries sport: You shall do well,  
That on the touching of her lips I may

Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried  
A second time within these arms.

*Mar.* My heart  
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[Kneels to THAISA.]

*Per.* Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh,  
Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,  
For she was yielded there.

*Thai.* Bless'd, and mine own!

*Hel.* Hail, madam, and my queen!

*Thai.* I know you not.

*Per.* You have heard me say, when I did fly from  
Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

*Thai.* 'Twas Helicanus then.

*Per.* Still confirmation:  
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;  
How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,  
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

*Thai.* Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man  
Through whom the gods have shown their power;  
that can

From first to last resolve you.

*Per.* Reverend sir,  
The gods can have no mortal officer  
More like a god than you. Will you deliver  
How this dead queen re-lives?

*Cer.* I will, my lord.  
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,  
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;  
How she came placed here within the temple;  
No needful thing omitted.

*Per.* Pure Diana!  
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer  
My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,  
This prince, the fair-betrothed <sup>32)</sup> of your daughter,  
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,  
This ornament that makes me look so dismal,  
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;  
And what these fourteen years no razor touched,  
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

*Thai.* Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,  
Sir, that my father's dead.

XXXXIII.

*Per.* Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my  
queen,  
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves  
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;  
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.  
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,  
To hear the rest untold. — Sir, lead the way.

[Exit.]

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* In Antioch, <sup>33)</sup> and his daughter, you have  
heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:  
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen  
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,)

Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,  
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.  
In Helicanus may you well descry  
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:  
In reverend Cerimon there well appears  
The worth that learned charity aye wears.  
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame  
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name  
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;  
That him and his they in his palace burn.  
The gods for murder seemed so content  
To punish them; although not done, but meant.  
So on your patience evermore attending,  
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

[Exit GOWER.]

XXXXIII.