

# PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

By William Shakespeare

## Dramatis Personae.

John GOWER, as Chorus.

ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.  
The DAUGHTER of Antiochus.  
THALIARD, a lord of Antioch.  
A MESSENGER of Antioch.  
Followers of Antiochus.

PERICLES, Prince of Tyre.  
MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.  
LYCHORIDA, nurse to Marina.  
HELICANUS, }  
ESCANES, } lords of Tyre.  
1st LORD, 2nd LORD, 3rd LORD, and other Lords of Tyre.  
1st GENTLEMAN, 2nd Gentleman of Tyre.  
1st SAILOR of Tyre.

SIMONIDES, King of Pentapolis.  
THAISA, daughter to Simonides, later wife to Pericles.  
1st LORD, 2nd LORD, 3rd LORD, and other Lords of Pentapolis.  
1st KNIGHT, 2nd KNIGHT, 3rd KNIGHT, 4th KNIGHT, 5th KNIGHT.  
The Knight's Squires.  
1st SAILOR, 2nd SAILOR.  
1st FISHERMAN, 2nd FISHERMAN, 3rd FISHERMAN.  
A MARSHAL.  
Ladies of Pentapolis.

CLEON, Governor of Tarsus.  
DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.  
LEONINE, servant to Dionyza.  
A LORD of Tarsus.  
Attendants on Cleon.  
1st PIRATE, 2nd PIRATE, 3rd PIRATE.

LYSIMACHUS, Governor of Mytilene.  
1st LORD and other Lords of Mytilene.  
1st GENTLEMAN, 2nd GENTLEMAN of Mytilene.  
(2nd) Sailor of Mytilene.  
A BAWD.  
A PANDAR.  
BOULT, the Pandar's servant.

CERIMON, a lord of Ephesus.  
PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon.  
1st GENTLEMAN, 2nd GENTLEMAN of Ephesus.  
1st SERVANT, 2nd SERVANT to Cerimon.  
1st POOR MAN, 2nd Poor Man.  
Virgins of Diana's Temple.  
Inhabitants of Ephesus.

DIANA, Goddess of Chastity.

Scene: Dispersedly in various Countries.

+++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++

ACT 1.

Antioch. Before Palace, with severed heads displayed above the gates.

Enter GOWER.

Gower To sing a song that old 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 holidays;  
And lords and ladies in their lives  
Have read it for restoratives.  
The purchase is to make men glorious,  
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.  
If you, born in those 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 Antioch, then; Antiochus the Great  
Built up this city for his chiefest seat,  
The fairest in all Syria -  
I tell you what mine authors say.  
This king unto him took a peer,  
Who died and left a female heir,  
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,  
As heaven had lent her all his grace;  
With whom the father liking took,  
And her to incest did provoke.  
Bad child; worse father: to entice his own  
To evil should be done by none.

But custom what they did begin  
Was with long use account no sin.  
The beauty of this sinful dame  
Made many princes thither frame  
To seek her as a bedfellow,  
In marriage pleasures playfellow;  
Which to prevent he made a law,  
To keep her still, and men in awe,  
That whoso asked 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.  
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye  
I give my cause, who best can justify.  
[Exit.

+ + + + +

Scene 1. Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTIOCHUS, Prince PERICLES, and FOLLOWERS.

Antiochus Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large received  
The danger of the task you undertake.

Pericles I have, Antiochus, and with a soul  
Emboldened with the glory of her praise  
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Antiochus Music!

[Music plays.

Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride  
For embracements even of Jove himself,  
At whose conception, till Lucina reigned,  
Nature this dowry gave to glad her presence:  
The senate-house of planets all did sit  
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter Antiochus' DAUGHTER.

Pericles See where she comes apparelled 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 razed, and testy wrath  
Could never be her mild companion.  
You gods that made me man, and sway in love,  
That have inflamed 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!

Antiochus Prince Pericles -

Pericles That would be son to great Antiochus.

Antiochus Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,  
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touched;  
For deathlike dragons here affright thee hard.  
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view  
Her countless glory, which desert must gain,  
And which without desert, because thine eye  
Presumes to reach, all the whole heap must die.  
Yon sometimes 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  
Here they stand martyrs slain in Cupid's wars;  
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist  
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Pericles 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;  
For death remembered 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,  
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,  
[To DAUGHTER.] But my unspotted fire of love to you.  
[To ANTIOCHUS.] Thus ready for the way of life or death,  
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus.

Antiochus Scorning advice, read the conclusion then;  
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,  
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daughter Of all 'sayed yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!  
Of all 'sayed yet, I wish thee happiness!

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

[Reads.] 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.

[Aside.] Sharp physic is the last. But, O, you powers  
That gives 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 loved you, and could still,  
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill.  
But I must tell you now my thoughts revolt,  
For he's no man on whom perfections wait  
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.  
You are a fair viol, and your sense the strings,  
Who, fingered to make man his lawful music,  
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken;  
But, being played upon before your time,  
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.  
Good sooth, I care not for you.

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

Pericles 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 wandering 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. The blind mole casts  
Copped hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is thronged  
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 being bred;  
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Antiochus [Aside.]

Heaven, that I had thy head! -he has found the meaning;  
But I will gloze with him. [Aloud.] Young prince of Tyre,  
Though by the tenor of our strict edict,  
Your exposition misinterpreting,  
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.  
[Exeunt all but PERICLES.]

Pericles 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 now you're both a father and a son  
By your untimely claspings with your child -  
Which pleasures fits a 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 'schew 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 cropped to keep you clear,  
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.  
[Exit.  
Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.]

Antiochus He hath found the meaning,  
For 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 us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thaliard Doth your highness call?

Antiochus Thaliard,  
You are of our chamber, Thaliard,  
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;  
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?

Thaliard My lord, 'tis done.

Antiochus Enough.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Messenger My lord, prince Pericles is fled.  
[Exit.

Antiochus As thou wilt live, fly after, and like an arrow shot from a well-experienced archer hits the mark his eye doth level at, so thou never return unless thou say `Prince Pericles is dead'.

Thaliard My lord, if I can get him within my pistol's length, I'll make him sure enough. So, farewell to your highness.

Antiochus Thaliard, adieu!  
[Exit THALIARD.

Till Pericles be dead  
My heart can lend no succour to my head.  
[Exit.

+ + + + +

Scene 2. Tyre. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PERICLES.

Pericles [Calling.]  
Let none disturb us. -Why should this change of thoughts,  
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,  
Be my so used a guest as 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 misdread,  
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.  
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 th'ostent of war will look so huge  
Amazement shall drive courage from the state,  
Our men be vanquished ere they do resist,  
And subjects punished that ne'er thought offence;  
Which care of them, not pity of myself,  
Who am no more 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.

Enter HELICANUS and all the LORDS to Pericles.

1st Lord Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

2nd Lord And keep your mind, till you return to us,  
Peaceful and comfortable.

Helicanus Peace, peace, 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 flattered but a spark,  
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;  
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,  
Fits kings as they are men, for they may err.  
When Signor Sooth 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.

[Kneels.

Pericles All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook  
What shipping and what ladings in our haven,  
And then return to us.

[Exeunt LORDS.

Helicanus,  
Thou hast moved us -what seest thou in our looks?

Helicanus An angry brow, dread lord.

Pericles If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,  
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Helicanus How dares the plants look up to heaven,  
From whence they have their nourishment?

Pericles Thou know'st I have power to take thy life from thee.

Helicanus I have ground the axe myself;  
Do but you strike the blow.

Pericles Rise, prithee, rise. Sit down; thou art no flatterer.  
I thank thee for't; and heaven forbid  
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!  
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,  
Who by thy wisdom makes a prince thy servant,  
What wouldst thou have me do?

Helicanus To bear with patience such griefs as you yourself do lay upon  
yourself.

Pericles Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,  
That ministers a potion unto me  
That thou wouldst 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,  
[ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ]  
Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects.  
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  
Seemed not to strike, but smooth; but thou know'st this:  
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seems to kiss.  
Which fear so grew in me I hither fled  
Under the covering of a careful night,  
Who seemed my good protector; and, being here,  
Bethought what was past, what might succeed.  
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants' fears  
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years.  
And should he doubt, as no doubt he doth,  
That I should open to the list'ning air  
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed  
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid 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, `offence'  
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence;  
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,  
Who now reproved'st me for't -

Helicanus Alas, sir!

Pericles Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,  
Musings into my mind, with 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 for them.

Helicanus Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,  
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,  
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,  
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 till the 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.

Pericles I do not doubt thy faith;  
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

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

Pericles Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tarsus  
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 crack both.  
[^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^]  
But in our orbs will live so round and safe  
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,  
Thou showed'st a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 3. Tyre. An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter THALIARD alone.

Thaliard So this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it 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't, for if a king bid a man be a villain, he's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Husht, here comes the lords of Tyre.  
[He stands apart.]

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, with other LORDS.

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

Thaliard [Aside.] How! The king gone?

Helicanus If further yet you will be satisfied  
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,  
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.  
Being at Antioch -

Thaliard [Aside.] What from Antioch?

Helicanus Royal Antiochus, on what cause I know not,  
Took some displeasure at him -at least he judged so -  
And doubting lest he had erred or sinned,  
To show his sorrow he'd correct himself;  
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,  
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thaliard [Aside.] Well, I perceive I shall not be hanged now, although I would. But since he's gone, the king's seas must please: he 'scaped the land to perish at the seas. I'll present myself.  
[Advancing.] Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Helicanus Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thaliard From him I come with message unto princely Pericles; but since my landing I have understood your lord has betake himself to unknown travels, now message must return from whence it came.

Helicanus We have no reason to desire it,  
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.]

+ + + + +

Scene 4. Tarsus. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter CLEON the Governor of Tarsus, with DIONYZA his wife, and OTHERS.

Cleon My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,  
And by relating tales of others' griefs  
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dionyza 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 are;  
Here they are but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,  
But like to groves, being topped, they higher rise.

Cleon O Dionyza,  
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,  
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?  
Our tongues and sorrows [ ^ ^ ] to sound deep  
Our woes into the air, our eyes to weep,  
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim  
Them louder, that, if heaven slumber while  
Their creatures want, they may awake  
Their helpers to comfort them.  
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,  
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dionyza I'll do my best, sir.

Cleon This' Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,  
A city on whom plenty held full hand,  
For riches strewed herself even in her streets;  
Whose towers bore heads so high they kissed the clouds,  
And strangers ne'er beheld but wondered at;  
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorned,  
Like one another's glass to trim them by;  
Their tables were stored full to glad the sight,  
And not so much to feed on as delight;  
All poverty was scorned, and pride so great,  
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dionyza O,'tis too true.

Cleon But see what heaven can do by this our change:  
These mouths who 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 defiled for want of use,  
They are now starved for want of exercise.  
Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,

Must have inventions to delight the taste,  
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it.  
Those mothers who to nuzzle up their babes  
Thought nought too curious are ready now  
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.  
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?

Dionyza Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cleon 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 Tarsus may be theirs.

Enter a LORD.

Lord Where's the Lord Governor?

Cleon 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.

Cleon 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 stuffed the hollow vessels with their power,  
To beat us down, the which are down already,  
And make a conquest of unhappy men,  
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord That's the least fear; for, by the semblance of their white flags  
displayed, they bring us peace, and come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cleon Thou speak'st like him's untutored to repeat:  
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.  
But bring they what they will and what they can,  
What need we fear?  
Our ground's the lowest, and we are halfway 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.

Cleon Welcome is peace if he on peace consist;  
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES with ATTENDANTS.

Pericles Lord governor, for so we hear you are,  
Let not our ships and number of our men  
Be like a beacon fired t'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 was, stuffed within  
With bloody veins expecting overthrow,  
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,  
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.

All of Tarsus The gods of Greece protect you!  
[Kneeling.] And we'll pray for you.

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

Cleon 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.

Pericles Which welcome we'll accept; feast here awhile,  
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.  
[Exeunt.

+++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++

ACT 2.

Enter GOWER.

Gower Here have you seen a mighty king  
His child, iwis, to incest bring;  
A better prince and benign lord  
That will prove awful both in deed and word.  
Be quiet then, as men should be,  
Till he hath passed necessity.

I'll show you those in troubles reign,  
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.  
The good in conversation,  
To whom I give my benison,  
Is still at Tarsus, where each man  
Thinks all is writ he spoken can,  
And, to remember what he does,  
Build his statue to make him glorious.  
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 a GENTLEMAN, with a letter, to PERICLES.  
PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON.  
PERICLES gives the GENTLEMAN a reward, and knights him.  
Exit PERICLES at one door and CLEON with at another.

Good Helicane that stayed at home -  
Not to eat honey like a drone  
From others' labours, forthy he strive  
To killen bad, keep good alive,  
And to fulfil his prince' 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 Tarsus was not best  
Longer for him to make his rest.  
He, doing 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  
Makes such unquiet that the ship  
Should house him safe is wracked and split,  
And he, good prince, having all lost,  
By waves from coast to coast is tossed.  
All perishen of man, of pelf,  
Ne aught escapend but himself;  
Till Fortune, tired with doing bad,  
Threw him ashore, to give him glad.  
And here he comes. What shall be next,  
Pardon old Gower -this 'longs the text.

[Exit.

+ + + + +

Scene 1. Pentapolis. An open Place by the Seaside.

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Pericles Yet cease your ire, you 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 seas hath cast me on the rocks,  
Washed 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.

[Lies down.

Enter three FISHERMEN.

1st Fisherman What ho, Pilch!

2nd Fisherman Ha, come and bring away the nets!

1st Fisherman What, Patch-breech, I say!

3rd Fisherman What say you, master?

1st Fisherman Look how thou stirrest now! Come away, or I'll fetch thee  
with a wanion.

3rd Fisherman Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast  
away before us even now.

1st Fisherman Alas, poor souls; it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful  
cries they made to us to help them, when, welladay, we could scarce help  
ourselves.

3rd Fisherman Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpoise how  
he bounced and tumbled? They say they're 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.

1st Fisherman Why, as men do a-land: the great ones eat up the little ones.  
I can compare our rich misers 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'th' land, who never leave gaping till  
they swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Pericles [Aside.] A pretty moral.

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

2nd Fisherman Why, man?

3rd Fisherman 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 -

Pericles [Aside.] Simonides?

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

Pericles [Aside.] 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!  
[Advancing.] Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2nd Fisherman Honest? -good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

Pericles May see the sea hath cast upon your coast -

2nd Fisherman What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way!

Pericles 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 used to beg.

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

2nd Fisherman Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Pericles I never practised it.

2nd Fisherman Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got nowadays unless thou canst fish for't.

Pericles What I have been I have forgot to know,  
But what I am want teaches me to think on:  
A man thronged up 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 that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1st Fisherman Die, quoth a'? Now gods forbid't, an 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, moreo'er, puddings and flapjacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Pericles I thank you, sir.

2nd Fisherman Hark you, my friend; you said you could not beg.

Pericles I did but crave.

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

Pericles Why, are your beggars whipped then?

2nd Fisherman 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.

[Exeunt 2nd and 3rd FISHERMEN.]

Pericles [Aside.] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1st Fisherman Hark you, sir; do you know where ye are?

Pericles Not well.

1st Fisherman Why, I'll tell you. This is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

Pericles The good Simonides, do you call him?

1st Fisherman Ay, sir, and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government.

Pericles He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1st Fisherman Marry, sir, half a day's journey. And I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and tomorrow is her birthday, and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to joust and tourney for her love.

Pericles Were my fortunes equal to my desires I could wish to make one there.

1st Fisherman 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 2nd and 3rd FISHERMEN, drawing up a net.

2nd Fisherman 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, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Pericles An armour, friends! I pray you let me see it.

Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all thy crosses

Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself;

And though it was mine own, 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  
'Twixt me and death" -and pointed to this brace -  
"For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity,  
The which the gods protect thee from, may't defend thee!"  
It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it,  
Till the rough seas that spares not any man  
Took it in rage, though calmed have given't again.  
I thank thee for't; my shipwreck now's no ill,  
Since I have here my father gave in's will.

1st Fisherman   What mean you, sir?

Pericles   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 loved 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 it I may appear a gentleman.  
And if that ever my low fortunes better,  
I'll pay your bounties, till then rest your debtor.

1st Fisherman   Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Pericles   I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1st Fisherman   Why, do'e take it; and the gods give thee good on't!

2nd Fisherman   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.

Pericles   Believe't, I will.  
By your furtherance I am clothed in steel,  
And, spite of all the rapture of the sea,  
This jewel holds his building on my arm.  
Unto thy value I will 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.

2nd Fisherman   We'll sure provide. Thou shalt have my best gown to make thee  
a pair, and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Pericles   Then honour be but equal to my will;  
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill.

[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 2. Pentapolis. Before a Pavilion overlooking the Lists.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, and LORDS attending.

Simonides Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

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

Simonides Return them we are ready; 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.

[Exit a LORD.

Thaisa It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express  
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Simonides It's 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 renowns if not respected.  
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to entertain  
The labour of each knight in his device.

Thaisa Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

The 1st KNIGHT passes by.  
His SQUIRE presents his device to THAISA.

Simonides Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thaisa A knight of Sparta, my renowned father,  
And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is a black Ethiop reaching at the sun;  
The word, Lux tua vita mihi.

Simonides He loves you well that holds his life of you.  
[Exeunt 1st KNIGHT and his SQUIRE.

The 2nd KNIGHT passes by.  
His SQUIRE presents his device to THAISA.

Simonides Who is the second that presents himself?

Thaisa A prince of Macedon, my royal father,  
And the device he bears upon his shield

Is an armed knight that's conquered by a lady;  
The motto thus in Spanish, Piu per dolcera che per forza.  
[Exeunt 2nd KNIGHT and his SQUIRE.]

The 3rd KNIGHT passes by.  
His SQUIRE presents his device to THAISA.

Simonides And what's the third?

Thaisa The third of Antioch,  
And his device a wreath of chivalry;  
The word, Me pompae provexit apex.  
[Exeunt 3rd KNIGHT and his SQUIRE.]

The 4th KNIGHT passes by.  
His SQUIRE presents his device to THAISA.

Simonides What is the fourth?

Thaisa A burning torch that's turned upside down;  
The word, Qui me alit me extinguit.

Simonides Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,  
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.  
[Exeunt 4th KNIGHT and his SQUIRE.]

The 5th KNIGHT passes by.  
His SQUIRE presents his device to THAISA.

Thaisa The fifth, a hand environed with clouds,  
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;  
The motto thus, Sic spectanda fides.  
[Exeunt 5th KNIGHT and his SQUIRE.]

Enter PERICLES in rusty armour, and presents his device to THAISA.

Simonides And what's the sixth and last, the which the knight himself  
With such a graceful courtesy delivered?

Thaisa He seems to be a stranger, but his present is  
A withered branch that's only green at top;  
The motto, In hac spe vivo.

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

1st 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 practised more the whipstock than the lance.

2nd Lord He well may be a stranger, for he comes  
To an honoured triumph strangely furnished.

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

Simonides Opinion's but a fool that makes us scan  
The outward habit by the inward man.  
But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw  
Into the gallery.

[Exeunt.

[Great shouts within, and all cry "The mean Knight!"

+ + + + +

Scene 3. Pentapolis. A Hall of State. A Banquet prepared.

Enter, at one door, King SIMONIDES, THAISA, LADIES, and LORDS,  
at the other, a MARSHAL with PERICLES and the KNIGHTS from tilting.

Simonides Knights,  
To say you're 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 princes and my guests.

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

Pericles 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

Simonides Call it by what you will, the day is yours;  
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.  
In framing an artist art hath thus decreed  
To make some good, but others to exceed;  
And you're her laboured scholar. Come, queen o'th' feast -  
For, daughter, so you are - here take your place.  
Marshal, the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights We are honoured much by good Simonides.

Simonides Your presence glads our days; honour we love,  
For who hates honour hates the gods above.

Marshal Sir, yonder is your place.

Pericles Some other is more fit.

1st Knight Contend not, sir, for we are gentlemen  
Have neither in our hearts nor outward eyes  
Envied the great nor shall the low despise.

Pericles You are right courteous knights.

Simonides Sit, sir, sit.  
[Aside.] By Jove I wonder, that is king of thoughts,  
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.

Thaisa [Aside.] By Juno, that is queen of marriage,  
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,  
Wishing him my meat.  
[To SIMONIDES.] Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.

Simonides [To THAISA.] He's but a country gentleman.  
H'as done no more than other knights have done;  
H'as broken a staff or so -so let it pass.

Thaisa [Aside.] To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Pericles [Aside.] 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 vail their crowns to his supremacy;  
Where now his son's like 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;  
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,  
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Simonides What, are you merry, knights?

1st Knight Who can be other in this royal presence?

Simonides Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim,  
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,  
We drink this health to you.

Knights We thank your grace.

Simonides Yet pause awhile;  
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,  
As if the entertainment in our court

Had not a show might countervail his worth.  
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thaisa What is't to me, my father?

Simonides O, attend, my daughter.  
Princes in this should live like gods above,  
Who freely give to everyone that come to honour them;  
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,  
Which make a sound but killed are wondered at.  
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,  
Here say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thaisa 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.

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

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

Simonides And furthermore tell him we desire to know of him  
Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.

Thaisa The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Pericles I thank him.

Thaisa Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Pericles I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

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

Pericles A gentleman of Tyre, my name Pericles;  
My education been 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.

Thaisa He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,  
A gentleman of Tyre,  
Who only by misfortune of the seas,  
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

Simonides 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 addressed,  
Will 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.

[They dance.

So, this was well asked, 'twas so well performed.  
Come, sir, here's a lady that wants breathing too;  
And I have heard, sir, you knights of Tyre  
Are excellent in making ladies trip,  
And that their measures are as excellent.

Pericles In those that practise them they are, my lord.

Simonides O, that's as much as you would be denied  
Of your fair courtesy.

[The KNIGHTS and LADIES dance.

Unclasp, unclasp!  
Thanks, gentlemen, to all. All have done well,  
[To PERICLES.] But you the best.

Pages and lights, to conduct  
These knights unto their several lodgings.  
Yours, sir, we've given order be next our own.

Pericles I am at your grace's pleasure.

Simonides Princes, it is too late to talk of love,  
And that's the mark I know you level at;  
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;  
Tomorrow all for speeding do their best.

[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 4. Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Helicanus No, Escanes, know this of me,  
Antiochus from incest lived 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 in a chariot  
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,  
A fire from heaven came and shrivelled up  
Those bodies, even to loathing, for they so stunk

That all those eyes adored them ere their fall  
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Escanes 'Twas very strange.

Helicanus And yet but justice, for though  
This king were great, his greatness was no guard  
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Escanes 'Tis very true.

Enter three LORDS.

1st Lord See, not a man in private conference  
Or council has respect with him but he.

2nd Lord It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3rd Lord And cursed be he that will not second it.

1st Lord Follow me then. Lord Helicane, a word.

Helicanus With me? -and welcome. Happy day, my lords.

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

Helicanus Your griefs? For what? Wrong not your prince you love.

1st 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 resolved he lives to govern us,  
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,  
And leaves us to our free election,

2nd Lord Whose death indeed's the strongest in our censure,  
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,  
Like goodly buildings left without a roof  
Soon fall to ruin, your noble self,  
That best know how to rule and how to reign,  
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

All Lords Live, noble Helicane!

Helicanus By honour's cause, forbear your suffrages.  
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.  
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,

Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.  
A twelvemonth longer let me entreat you  
To forbear the absence of your king;  
If in which time expired he not return,  
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.  
But if I cannot win you to this love,  
Go search like nobles, 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.

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

Helicanus Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands.  
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.  
[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 5. Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.

Enter SIMONIDES reading of a letter at one door. The KNIGHTS meet him.

1st Knight Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Simonides 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 her by no means can I get.

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

Simonides Faith, by no means; she has so strictly tied  
Her to her chamber that 'tis impossible.  
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;  
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vowed,  
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3rd Knight Loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves.  
[Exeunt KNIGHTS.

Simonides So, they are well dispatched. 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.  
'Tis well, mistress, 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 do commend her choice,  
And will no longer have it be delayed.  
Soft, here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Pericles All fortune to the good Simonides!

Simonides To you as much. Sir, I am beholding to you  
For your sweet music this last night. I do  
Protest my ears were never better fed  
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Pericles It is your grace's pleasure to commend,  
Not my desert.

Simonides Sir, you are music's master.

Pericles The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Simonides Let me ask you one thing.  
What do you think of my daughter, sir?

Pericles A most virtuous princess.

Simonides And she is fair too, is she not?

Pericles As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.

Simonides Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;  
Ay, so well that you must be her master  
And she will be your scholar; therefore look to it.

Pericles I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

Simonides She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Pericles [Aside.] What's here?  
A letter that she loves the knight of Tyre!  
'Tis the king's subtlety to have my life.  
[To SIMONIDES.] O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,  
A stranger and distressed gentleman  
That never aimed so high to love your daughter,  
But bent all offices to honour her.

Simonides Thou hast bewitched my daughter,  
And thou art a villain.

Pericles By the gods, I have not.  
Never did thought of mine levy offence,  
Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

Simonides Traitor, thou liest.

Pericles Traitor?

Simonides Ay, traitor.

Pericles Even in his throat, unless it be the king,  
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Simonides [Aside.] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

Pericles My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
That never relished 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.

Simonides No? Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Pericles 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.

Thaisa Why, sir, say if you had, who takes offence  
At that would make me glad?

Simonides Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?  
[Aside.] I am glad on't with all my heart.  
[Aloud.] I'll tame you, I'll bring you in subjection.  
Will you, not having my consent,  
Bestow your love and your affections  
Upon a stranger? [Aside.] Who, for aught I know,  
May be, nor can I think the contrary,  
As great in blood as I myself.  
[Aloud.] Therefore hear you, mistress: either frame  
Your will to mine; and you, sir, hear you:  
Either be ruled by me, or I will make you  
Man and wife.  
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too,  
And being joined, I'll thus your hopes destroy;  
And for further grief -God give you joy!  
What, are you both pleased?

Thaisa Yes, if you love me, sir.

Pericles Even as my life my blood that fosters it.

Simonides What, are you both agreed?

Pericles &

Thaisa Yes, if't please your majesty.

Simonides It pleaseth me so well that I will see you wed,  
And then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.  
[Exeunt.

+++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++

ACT 3.

Enter GOWER.

Gower Now sleep yslaked hath the rout,  
No din but snores the house about,  
Made louder by the o'erfed breast  
Of this most pompous marriage feast.  
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,  
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole,  
And crickets sing a'th' oven's mouth  
Are 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;  
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

Dumb Show.

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with LORDS attending;  
a MESSENGER meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter.  
PERICLES shows it SIMONIDES; the LORDS kneel to PERICLES.  
Then enter THAISA with child, with LYCHORIDA, a nurse.  
SIMONIDES shows her the letter; she rejoices.  
She and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart with LYCHORIDA.  
Exeunt the Rest.

By many a dern and painful perch,  
Of Pericles the careful search,  
By the four opposing coigns  
Which the world together joins,  
Is made with all due diligence  
That horse and sail and high expense  
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre -  
Fame answering the most strange enquire -

To th' court of King Simonides  
Are letters brought, the tenor these:  
Antiochus and his daughter dead,  
The men of Tyrus on the head  
Of Helicanus would set on  
The crown of Tyre, but he will none.  
The mutiny he there hastes t'appease,  
Says to 'em, if King Pericles  
Come not home in twice six moons,  
He, obedient to their dooms,  
Will take the crown. The sum of this  
Brought hither to Pentapolis  
Yraved the regions round,  
And everyone with claps can sound,  
"Our heir-apparent is a king!  
Who dreamed, 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; 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-near  
Does fall in travail with her fear;  
And what ensues in this fell storm  
Shall for itself itself perform.  
I will relate, action may  
Conveniently the rest convey,  
Which might not what by me is told.  
In your imagination hold  
This stage the ship, upon whose deck  
The sea-tossed Pericles appears to speak.  
[Exit.

+ + + + +

Scene 1. At Sea, between Pentapolis and Ephesus.

Enter PERICLES a-shipboard.

Pericles   The 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 called them from the deep. O, still

Thy deafening, dreadful thunders, gently quench  
Thy nimble sulphurous flashes. O, how, Lychorida,  
How does my queen? Thou stormest 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 a baby.

Lychorida Here is a thing too young for such a place,  
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I  
Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece  
Of your dead queen.

Pericles How! How, Lychorida?

Lychorida 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.

Pericles 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  
Use honour with you.

Lychorida Patience, good sir,  
Even for this charge.

Pericles Now, mild may be thy life,  
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe;  
Quiet and gentle thy conditions, for  
Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world  
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!  
Thou hast as chiding a nativity  
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,  
With all thou canst find here. Now, the good gods  
Throw their best eyes upon't!

Enter two SAILORS.

1st Sailor What courage, sir? God save you!

Pericles Courage enough. I do not fear the flaw,  
It hath done to me the worst; yet for the love  
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new seafarer,  
I would it would be quiet.

1st Sailor Slack the bow-lines there! Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and  
split thyself.

2nd Sailor But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I  
care not.

1st Sailor 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.

Pericles That's your superstition.

1st Sailor Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed, and  
we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield 'er, for she must overboard  
straight.

Pericles As you think meet. Most wretched queen!

Lychorida Here she lies, sir.

Pericles A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;  
No light, no fire. Th'unfriendly elements  
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time  
To give thee hallowed to thy grave, but straight  
Must cast thee, scarcely confined, in the ooze,  
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
And e'er-remaining lamps, the belching whale  
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,  
Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida,  
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,  
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander  
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe  
Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say  
A priestly farewell to her. Suddenly, woman.

[Exit LYCHORIDA.]

2nd Sailor Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed  
ready.

Pericles I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

2nd Sailor We are near Tarsus.

Pericles Thither, gentle mariner,  
Alter thy course from Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

2nd Sailor By break of day, if the wind cease.

Pericles O, make for Tarsus!  
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 2. Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.

Enter Lord CERIMON, with two weather-beaten POOR MEN.

Cerimon Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Philemon Doth my lord call?

Cerimon Get fire and meat for these poor men.  
[Exit PHILEMON.

'T'as been a turbulent and stormy night.

1st Poor Man I have been in many, but such a night as this  
Till now I ne'er endured.

Cerimon Your master will be dead ere you return;  
There's nothing can be ministered to nature  
That can recover him.  
[To 2nd POOR MAN.] Give this to the pothecary,  
And tell me how it works.

[Exeunt POOR MEN.

Enter TWO GENTLEMEN.

1st Gentleman Good morrow.

2nd Gentleman Good morrow to your lordship.

Cerimon Gentlemen, why do you stir so early?

1st Gentleman Sir, our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,  
Shook as th' earth did quake.  
The very principals did seem to rend  
And all to topple. Pure surprise and fear  
Made me to quit the house.

2nd Gentleman That is the cause we trouble you so early;  
'Tis not our husbandry.

Cerimon O, you say well.

1st Gentleman But I much marvel that your lordship,  
Having rich tire about you, should at these early hours  
Shake off the golden slumber of repose. 'Tis most strange,  
Nature should be so conversant with pain,  
Being thereto not compelled.

Cerimon I hold it ever  
Virtue and cunning 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 dwells in vegetives, in metals, stones,  
And can speak of the disturbances  
That nature works, and of her cures, which doth give 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.

2nd Gentleman Your honour has through Ephesus poured forth  
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves  
Your creatures, who by you have been restored.  
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even  
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon  
Such strong renown as time shall never raze.

Enter two or three SERVANTS with a chest.

1st Servant So, lift there.

Cerimon What's that?

1st Servant Sir, even now  
Did the sea toss up upon our shore this chest.  
'Tis of some wreck.

Cerimon Set't down; let's look upon't.

2nd Gentleman 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cerimon Whate'er it be,  
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight.  
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,

'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

2nd Gentleman 'Tis so, my lord.

Cerimon How close 'tis caulked and bitumed! Did the sea cast it up?

1st Servant I never saw so huge a billow, sir,  
As tossed it upon shore.

Cerimon Wrench it open.  
Soft! -it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2nd Gentleman A delicate odour.

Cerimon As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.  
O you most potent gods! What's here, a corpse?

1st Gentleman Most strange!

Cerimon Shrouded in cloths of state, balmed and entreated  
With full bags of spices! A passport too!  
Apollo, perfect me in the characters!  
[Reads from a scroll.]

"Here I give to understand,  
If e'er this coffin drives a-land,  
I, King Pericles, have lost  
This queen worth all our mundane 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 chanced tonight.

2nd Gentleman Most likely, sir.

Cerimon Nay, certainly tonight,  
For look how fresh she looks. They were too rough  
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within;  
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

[Exit SERVANT.]

Death may usurp on nature many hours,  
And yet the fire of life kindle again  
The o'expressed spirits. I heard of an Egyptian  
That had nine hours lain dead,  
Who was by good appliances recovered.

Re-enter SERVANT, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said! -the fire and cloths.  
The still and woeful music that we have,  
Cause it to sound, beseech you.

[Music.

The viol 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 entranced  
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow  
Into life's flower again!

1st Gentleman The heavens,  
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up  
Your fame forever.

Cerimon 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  
Doth appear to make the world twice rich. Live,  
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,  
Rare as you seem to be.

[THAISA moves.

Thaisa O dear Diana,  
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

2nd Gentleman Is not this strange?

1st Gentleman Most rare.

Cerimon Hush, my gentle neighbours!  
Lend me your hands. To the next chamber bear her.  
Get linen: now this matter must be looked to,  
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;  
And Aesculapius guide us!

[Exeunt, carrying out THAISA.

+ + + + +

Scene 3. Tarsus. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, and LYCHORIDA with the baby in her arms.

Pericles Most honoured Cleon, I must needs be gone;  
My twelve months are expired, 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!

Cleon Your shakes of fortune,  
Though they haunt you mortally, yet glance  
Full wond'ringly on us.

Dionyza O your sweet queen!  
That the strict fates had pleased you'd brought her hither,  
To have blessed mine eyes with her.

Pericles 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 gentle babe Marina,  
Whom for she was born at sea I have named so,  
Here I charge your charity withal; leaving her  
The infant of your care; beseeching you to give her  
Princely training, that she may be mannered  
As she is born.

Cleon Fear not, my lord, but think  
Your grace, 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 neglection  
Should therein make me vile, the common body,  
By you relieved, 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!

Pericles I believe you.  
Your honour and your goodness teach me to't  
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,  
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,  
Unscissored shall this hair of mine remain,  
Though I show ill in't. So I take my leave.  
Good madam, make me blessed in your care  
In bringing up my child.

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

Pericles Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cleon We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge o'th' shore,  
Then give you up to the masked Neptune and  
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Pericles I will embrace  
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,  
Lychorida, no tears:  
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace

You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord.  
[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 4. Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

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

Thaisa It is my lord's.  
That I was shipped at sea I well remember,  
Even on my eaning time, but whether there  
Delivered, 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.

Cerimon Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,  
Diana's temple is not distant far,  
Where you may abide till your date expire.  
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine  
Shall there attend you.

Thaisa My recompense is thanks, that's all;  
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.  
[Exeunt.

+++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++

ACT 4.

Enter GOWER.

Gower Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,  
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.  
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,  
Unto Diana there's a votaress.  
Now to Marina bend your mind,  
Whom our fast-growing scene must find  
At Tarsus, and by Cleon trained  
In music's letters; who hath gained  
Of education all the grace,  
Which makes her both the heart and place  
Of general wonder. But, alack,  
That monster envy, oft the wrack  
Of earned praise, 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-rite. This maid  
Hight Philoten, and it is said  
For certain in our story she  
Would ever with Marina be;  
Be't when she weaved the siled silk  
With fingers long, small, white as milk;  
Or when she would with sharp needle wound  
The cambric, which she made more sound  
By hurting it; or when to th' lute  
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,  
That still records with moan; or when  
She would with rich and constant pen  
Vail to her mistress Dian; still  
This Philoten contends in skill  
With absolute Marina; so  
With 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 cursed Dionyza hath  
The pregnant instrument of wrath  
Prest for this blow. The unborn event  
I do commend to your content;  
Only I carried 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 1. Tarsus. Near the Seashore.

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dionyza Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do't.  
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.  
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon  
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,  
Which is but cold, inflaming 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.

Leonine I will do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dionyza The fitter then the gods should have her.  
Here she comes, weeping for her only mistress' death.  
Thou art resolved?

Leonine I am resolved.

Enter MARINA with a basket of flowers.

Marina 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 carpet hang upon thy grave  
While summer days doth last. Ay me, poor maid,  
Born in a tempest when my mother died,  
This world to me is as a lasting storm  
Whirring me from my friends.

Dionyza How now, Marina! Why do you keep alone?  
How chance my daughter is not with you?  
Do not consume your blood with sorrowing:  
Have you a nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's  
Changed with this unprofitable woe!  
Come, give me your flowers. O'er the sea-margent  
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,  
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.  
Come, Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

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

Dionyza Come, come,  
I love the king your father and yourself  
With more than foreign heart. We every day  
Expect him here. When he shall come and find  
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,  
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage,  
Blame both my lord and me that we have taken  
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.

Marina Well, I will go,  
But yet I have no desire to it.

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

Leonine I warrant you, madam.

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

Marina My thanks, sweet madam.  
[Exit DIONYZA.  
Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leonine South-west.

Marina When I was born the wind was north.

Leonine Was't so?

Marina My father, as nurse says, did never fear,  
But cried `Good seamen!' to the sailors, galling  
His kingly hands haling ropes,  
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea  
That almost burst the deck.

Leonine When was this?

Marina When I was born.  
Never was waves nor wind more violent;  
And from the ladder-tackle washes off  
A canvas-climber. `Ha!' says one `wolt out?'  
And with a dropping industry they skip  
From stem to stern; the boatswain whistles, and  
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leonine Come, say your prayers.

Marina What mean you?

Leonine 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.

Marina Why will you kill me?

Leonine To satisfy my lady.

Marina Why would she have me killed?

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 killed 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 any profit,  
Or my life imply her any danger?

Leonine My commission  
Is not to reason of the deed, but do't.

Marina You will not do't for all the world, I hope.  
You are well favoured, 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 showed well in you. Do so now.  
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,  
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leonine [Seizing MARINA.] I am sworn,  
And will dispatch.

Enter PIRATES.

1st Pirate Hold, villain!

[Exit LEONINE.

2nd Pirate A prize, a prize!

3rd Pirate Half-part, mates, half-part! Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.  
[Exeunt PIRATES with MARINA.

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leonine These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes.  
And they have seized Marina, let her go;  
There's no hope she will 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 ravished must by me be slain.

[Exit.

+ + + + +

Scene 2. Mytilene. Before a Brothel.

Enter PANDAR, BAWD, and BOULT.

Pandar Boul't!

Boult Sir?

Pandar Search the market narrowly; Mytilene 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 they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pandar Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd Thou sayst true; 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards -as, I think, I have brought up some eleven -

Boult 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.

Pandar Thou sayst true; there's two unwholesome, a' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead that lay with the little baggage.

Boult Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast meat for worms. But I'll go search the market.  
[Exit.

Pandar Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd Why to give over, I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pandar O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger; therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving o'er.

Bawd Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pandar As well as we? Ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. But here comes Boult.

Re-enter BOULT with the PIRATES and MARINA.

Boult Come your ways, my masters. You say she's a virgin?

1st Pirate O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult Master, I have gone through for this piece you see. If you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd Boulton, has she any qualities?

Boulton She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd What's her price, Boulton?

Boulton It cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pandar Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[Exeunt PANDAR and PIRATES.]

Bawd Boulton, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry 'He that will give most shall have her first'. Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boulton Performance shall follow.

[Exit.]

Marina Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!  
He should have struck, not spoke. Or that these pirates,  
Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me  
For to seek my mother!

Bawd Why lament you, pretty one?

Marina That I am pretty.

Bawd Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Marina I accuse them not.

Bawd You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Marina The more my fault  
To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Marina No.

Bawd Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well. You shall have the difference of all complexions. What, do you stop your ears?

Marina Are you a woman?

Bawd What would you have me be an I be not a woman?

Marina An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd Marry, whip the gosling! I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Marina The gods defend me!

Bawd If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boul't's returned.

Re-enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boul't I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd And, I prithee, tell me how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boul't Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth watered, and he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd We shall have him here tomorrow with his best ruff on.

Boul't Tonight, tonight. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i'the hams?

Bawd Who, Monsieur Veroles?

Boul't Ay, he; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her tomorrow.

Bawd Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither -here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boul't Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd [To MARINA.] Pray you come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me, you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers. Seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Marina I understand you not.

Boul't O, take her home, mistress, take her home. These blushes of hers must

be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd Thou sayst true, i'faith, so they must, for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult Faith, some do and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint -

Bawd Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult I may so?

Bawd Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd [Giving money.] Boult, spend thou that in the town. Report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the bed of eels as my giving out her beauty stirs up the lewdly inclined. I'll bring home some tonight.

Bawd [To MARINA.] Come your ways, follow me.

Marina If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,  
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.  
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us?  
[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 3. Tarsus. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dionyza Why are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cleon O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter  
The sun and moon ne'er looked upon!

Dionyza I think you'll turn a child again.

Cleon Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,  
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,  
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess  
To equal any single crown o'th' earth

I'th' justice of compare! O villain Leonine!  
Whom thou hast poisoned too.  
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness  
Becoming well thy fact. What canst thou say  
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dionyza That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates;  
To foster is not ever to preserve.  
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?  
Unless you play the pious innocent,  
And for an honest attribute cry out  
'She died by foul play'.

Cleon O, go to! Well, well;  
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods  
Do like this worst.

Dionyza Be one of those that thinks  
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence,  
And open this to Pericles. I do shame  
To think of what a noble strain you are,  
And of how coward a spirit.

Cleon To such proceeding  
Whoever but his approbation added,  
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow  
From honourable courses.

Dionyza Be it so, then.  
Yet none does know but you how she came dead,  
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.  
She did distain my child, and stood between  
Her and her fortunes. None would look on her,  
But cast their gazes on Marina's face,  
Whilst ours was blurted at and held a malkin  
Not worth the time of day. It pierced me through;  
And though you call my course unnatural,  
You not your child well loving, yet I find  
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness  
Performed to your sole daughter.

Cleon Heavens forgive it!

Dionyza And as for Pericles,  
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,  
And yet we mourn. Her monument  
Is almost finished, and her epitaphs  
In glitt'ring golden characters express  
A general praise to her, and care in us,  
At whose expense 'tis done.

Cleon Thou art like the harpy,  
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,  
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dionyza Ye're like one that superstitiously  
Do swear to th' gods that winter kills the flies;  
But yet I know you'll do as I advise.  
[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 4. Tarsus. Before the Monument of Marina.

Enter GOWER.

Gower Thus time we waste, and long leagues make short,  
Sail seas in cockles, have and wish but for't,  
Making to take our imagination  
From bourn to bourn, region to region.  
By you being pardoned, we commit no crime  
To use one language in each several clime  
Where our scene seems to live. I do beseech you  
To learn of me, who stand wi'th' gaps to teach you  
The stages of our story. Pericles  
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,  
Attended on by many a lord and knight,  
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.  
Old Helicanus goes along. Behind  
Is left to govern it, you bear in mind,  
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late  
Advanced in Tyre to great and high estate.  
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought  
This king to Tarsus -think his pilot thought;  
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on -  
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.  
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;  
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb Show.

Enter PERICLES, at one door, with all his TRAIN;  
CLEON and DIONYZA at the other.  
CLEON shows PERICLES the tomb, whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts  
on  
sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs, followed by his TRAIN.  
Then exeunt CLEON and DIONYZA.

See how belief may suffer by foul show!  
This borrowed passion stands for true old woe;  
And Pericles, in sorrow all devoured,

With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'ershower'd,  
Leaves Tarsus, and again embarks. He swears  
Never to wash his face nor cut his hairs;  
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears  
A tempest which his mortal vessel tears,  
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit  
The epitaph is for Marina writ  
By wicked Dionyza.

[Reads the epitaph.]

"The fairest, sweetest, and best lies here,  
Who withered in her spring of year.  
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,  
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter.  
Marina was she called; and at her birth,  
Thetis, being proud, swallowed some part o'th' earth.  
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflowed,  
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestowed;  
Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never stint,  
Make raging battery upon shores of flint."

No visor does become black villainy  
So well as soft and tender flattery.  
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,  
And bear his courses to be ordered  
By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play  
His daughter's woe and heavy welladay  
In her unholy service. Patience then,  
And think you now are all in Mytilen.

[Exit.

+ + + + +

Scene 5. Mytilene. A Street before the Brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, TWO GENTLEMEN.

1st Gentleman Did you ever hear the like?

2nd Gentleman No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being  
once gone.

1st Gentleman But to have divinity preached there! -did you ever dream of  
such a thing?

2nd Gentleman No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses. Shall's go hear  
the vestals sing?

1st Gentleman I'll do anything now that is virtuous; but I am out of the  
road of rutting for ever.

[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 6. Mytilene. A Room in the Brothel.

Enter PANDAR, BAWD, and BOULT.

Pandar Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd Fie, fie upon her! She's able to freeze 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 disfurnish us of all our cavalleria, and make our swearers priests.

Pandar 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.

Lysimachus How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd Now, the gods to bless your honour!

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

Lysimachus 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 Mytilene.

Lysimachus If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou wouldst say.

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

Lysimachus 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 -

Lysimachus What, prithee?

Boult O, sir, I can be modest.

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

[Exit BOULT.

Bawd Here comes that which grows to the stalk -never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter PANDAR with MARINA.

Is she not a fair creature?

Lysimachus Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea.

[Giving money to BAWD.

Well, there's for you. Leave us.

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

Lysimachus I beseech you, do.

Bawd [To MARINA, taking her aside.] First, I would have you note this is an honourable man.

Marina 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.

Marina 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.

Marina What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lysimachus Ha' 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. Go thy ways.  
[Exeunt PANDAR, BAWD, and BOULT.

Lysimachus Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Marina What trade, sir?

Lysimachus Why, I cannot name but I shall offend.

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

Lysimachus How long have you been of this profession?

Marina E'er since I can remember.

Lysimachus Did you go to't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

Marina Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

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

Marina Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into't? I hear say you're of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lysimachus Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Marina Who is my principal?

Lysimachus 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.

Marina If you were born to honour, show it now; if put upon you, make the judgement good that thought you worthy of it.

Lysimachus How's this, how's this? Some more; be sage.

Marina For me that am a maid, though most ungentle fortune have placed me in this sty, where, since I came, diseases have been sold dearer than physic -That the gods would set me free from this unhallowed place, though they did change me to the meanest bird that flies i'th' purer air!

Lysimachus I did not think thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dreamt thou couldst. Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, thy speech had altered it. Hold, here's gold for thee. Persever in that clear way thou goest, and the gods strengthen thee!

Marina The good gods preserve you!

Lysimachus For me, be you thoughten that I came with no ill intent; for to me the very doors and windows savour vilely. Fare thee well. 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 dost hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter BOULT.

Boult I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lysimachus Avaunt, thou damned doorkeeper! Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it, would sink and overwhelm you. Away!  
[Exit.

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, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Marina Whither would you have me?

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

Re-enter BAWD and PANDAR.

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.

Marina 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 womenkind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays.  
[Exeunt BAWD and PANDAR.

Boult Come, mistress. Come your ways with me.

Marina Whither wilt thou have me?

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

Marina Prithee tell me one thing first.

Boult Come, now, your one thing.

Marina What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

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

Marina Neither of these are 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 art the damned doorkeeper to every coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib. To the choleric fisting of every rogue thy ear is liable. Thy food is such as hath been belched on by infected lungs.

Boult What would you have me do? 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?

Marina Do anything but this thou doest. Empty old receptacles or common shores of filth; serve by indenture to the common hangman. Any of these ways are yet better than this, for what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak, would own a name too dear. That the gods would safely deliver me from this place! Here, here's gold for thee. If that thy master would gain by me, proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance, with other virtues which I'll keep from boast, and 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?

Marina 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.

Marina But amongst honest women.

Boult Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress hath 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 5.

Enter GOWER.

Gower 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 neele composes  
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,  
That even her art sisters the natural roses;  
Her inkle, 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,  
Where, driven before the winds, he is arrived  
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast  
Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived  
God Neptune's annual feast to keep; from whence  
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,  
His banners sable, trimmed with rich expense;  
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.  
In your supposing once more put your sight;  
Of heavy Pericles, think this his bark,  
Where what is done in action, more, if might,  
Shall be discovered. Please you sit and hark.

[Exit.

+ + + + +

Scene 1. The Coast of Mytilene.

On board Pericles' ship.

A pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; PERICLES within it.

Lysimachus' barge lies beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter HELICANUS; to him TWO SAILORS, one of the Tyrian vessel, and one of the Mytilene barge.

1st Sailor [To the 2nd SAILOR.]

Where is Lord Helicanus? He can resolve you. O, here he is. [To HELICANUS.] Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene, and in it is Lysimachus the governor, who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Helicanus That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

1st Sailor Ho, gentlemen! My lord calls.

Enter two or three GENTLEMEN.

1st Gentleman Doth your lordship call?

Helicanus Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard; I pray greet him fairly.

[GENTLEMEN go on board the barge.

Enter, from the barge, LYSIMACHUS and LORDS, with the GENTLEMEN.

1st Sailor Sir, this is the man that can, in aught you would, resolve you.

Lysimachus Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Helicanus And you, to outlive the age I am, and die as I would do.

Lysimachus 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.

Helicanus First, what is your place?

Lysimachus I am the governor of this place you lie before.

Helicanus Sir, our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king; a man who for this three months hath not spoken to anyone, nor taken sustenance but to prorogue his grief.

Lysimachus Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Helicanus 'Twould be too tedious to repeat; but the main grief springs from the loss of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lysimachus May we not see him?

Helicanus You may; but bootless is your sight; he will not speak to any.

Lysimachus Yet let me obtain my wish.

Helicanus Behold him.

Draws the pavilion curtain, to reveal PERICLES reclined on a couch.

This was a goodly person till the disaster that one mortal night drove him to this.

Lysimachus Sir, king, all hail! The gods preserve you! Hail, royal sir!

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

1st Lord Sir, we have a maid in Mytilene I durst wager would win some words

of him.

Lysimachus 'Tis well bethought. She, questionless, with her sweet harmony and other chosen attractions, would allure, and make a battery through his deafened parts, which now are midway stopped. She is all happy as the fairest of all, and with her fellow maids is now upon the leafy shelter that abuts against the island's side.

[Whispers 1st LORD, who exits to the barge.

Helicanus Sure, all effectless; yet nothing we'll omit that bears recovery's name. But since your kindness we have stretched thus far, let us beseech you that for our gold we may provision have, wherein we are not destitute for want, but weary for the staleness.

Lysimachus 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.

Helicanus Sit, sir, I will recount it to you -But see, I am prevented.

Re-enter 1st LORD with MARINA and her COMPANION.

Lysimachus O, here's the lady that I sent for.  
Welcome, fair one! Is't not a goodly presence?

Helicanus She's a gallant lady.

Lysimachus She's such a one that, were I well assured  
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 beauty,  
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient,  
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat  
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,  
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay  
As thy desires can wish.

Marina Sir, I will use  
My utmost skill in his recovery, provided  
That none but I and my companion maid  
Be suffered to come near him.

Lysimachus Come, let us leave her;  
And the gods make her prosperous!  
[They withdraw. MARINA sings.

Lysimachus [Advancing.] Marked he your music?

Marina No, nor looked on us.

Lysimachus See, she will speak to him.

Marina Hail, sir! My lord, lend ear.

Pericles [Repulsing her.] Hum, ha!

Marina I am a maid,  
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,  
But have been gazed on like a comet. She speaks,  
My lord, that maybe hath endured a grief  
Might equal yours, if both were justly weighed.  
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 awkward casualties  
Bound me in servitude. [Aside.] I will desist;  
But there is something glows upon my cheek,  
And whispers in mine ear `Go not till he speak'.

Pericles My fortunes -parentage -good parentage -  
To equal mine -was it not thus? What say you?

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

Pericles I do think so. Pray you turn your eyes upon me.  
You're like something that -What countrywoman?  
Here of these shores?

Marina No, nor of any shores;  
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am  
No other than I appear.

Pericles 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-voiced, her eyes as jewel-like  
And cased 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?

Marina Where I am but a stranger. From the deck  
You may discern the place.

Pericles Where were you bred?  
And how achieved you these endowments which  
You make more rich to owe?

Marina If I should tell my history, it would seem  
Like lies, disdained in the reporting.

Pericles Prithee speak.  
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou lookest  
Modest as Justice, and thou seemest a palace  
For the crowned Truth to dwell in. I will believe thee,  
And make my senses credit thy relation  
To points that seem impossible; for thou lookest  
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?  
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,  
Which was when I perceived thee, that thou cam'st  
From good descending?

Marina So indeed I did.

Pericles Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st  
Thou hadst been tossed from wrong to injury,  
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,  
If both were opened.

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

Pericles Tell thy story.  
If thine considered prove the thousandth part  
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I  
Have suffered like a girl; yet thou dost look  
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling  
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?  
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?  
Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by me.

Marina My name is Marina.

Pericles O, I am mocked,  
And thou by some incensed god sent hither  
To make the world to laugh at me.

Marina Patience, good sir,  
Or here I'll cease.

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

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

Pericles How, a king's daughter,  
And called Marina?

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

Pericles But are you flesh and blood?  
Have you a working pulse, and are no fairy?  
Motion! Well, speak on. Where were you born?

And wherefore called Marina?

Marina Called Marina  
For I was born at sea.

Pericles At sea! What mother?

Marina My mother was the daughter of a king;  
Who died the minute I was born,  
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft  
Delivered weeping.

Pericles 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, buried.  
Well, where were you bred?  
I'll hear you more, to th' bottom of your story,  
And never interrupt you.

Marina You scorn; believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er.

Pericles I will believe you by the syllable  
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:  
How came you in these parts? Where were you bred?

Marina The king my father did in Tarsus leave me,  
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,  
Did seek to murder me; and having wooed a villain  
To attempt it, who having drawn to do't,  
A crew of pirates came and rescued me,  
Brought me to Mytilene. But, 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.

Pericles Ho, Helicanus!

Helicanus    Calls my lord?

Pericles    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?

Helicanus    I know not;  
But here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene  
Speaks nobly of her.

Lysimachus    She never would tell her parentage.  
Being demanded that, she would sit still and weep.

Pericles    O Helicanus, strike me, honoured 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 begett'st him that did thee beget;  
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,  
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 confirmed enough,  
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Marina    First, sir, I pray, what is your title?

Pericles    I am Pericles of Tyre. But tell me now my  
Drowned queen's name, as in the rest you said  
Thou hast been godlike perfect, the heir of kingdoms,  
And another like to Pericles thy father.

Marina    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.

Pericles    Now, blessing on thee! Rise; th' art my child.  
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus;  
She is not dead at Tarsus, 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?

Helicanus    Sir, 'tis the governor of Mytilene,  
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,  
Did come to see you.

Pericles I embrace you. 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?

Helicanus My lord, I hear none.

Pericles None? The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.

Lysimachus It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Pericles Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

[Music.

Lysimachus My lord, I hear most heavenly music.

Pericles It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber  
Hangs upon mine eyes. Let me rest.

[Sleeps.

Lysimachus A pillow for his head. So, leave him all.

Well, my companion friends,  
If this but answer to my just belief,  
I'll well remember you.

[Exeunt all but PERICLES.

DIANA appears to PERICLES.

Diana 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.

Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe;

Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!

Awake, and tell thy dream.

[Disappears.

Pericles Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,  
I will obey thee. Helicanus!

Re-enter HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, and MARINA.

Helicanus Sir?

Pericles My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike  
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am for other service first.  
Toward Ephesus turn our blown sails;  
Eftsoons I'll tell thee why.

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

Lysimachus Sir, with all my heart; and when you come ashore I have another  
suit.

Pericles You shall prevail, were it to woo my daughter; for it seems you  
have been noble towards her.

Lysimachus Sir, lend me your arm.

Pericles Come, my Marina.  
[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 2. Ephesus. The Temple of Diana.

THAISA standing near the altar, as High Priestess;  
a number of VIRGINS on each side.  
CERIMON and other INHABITANTS of Ephesus attending.

Enter GOWER.

Gower Now our sands are almost run;  
More a little, and then dumb.  
This, 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 Mytilin  
To greet the king. So he thrived  
That he is promised to be wived  
To fair Marina; but in no wise  
Till he had done his sacrifice  
As Dian bade; whereto being bound,  
The interim, pray you, all confound.  
In feathered briefness sails are filled,  
And wishes fall out as they're willed.  
At Ephesus the temple see  
Our king, and all his company.  
That he can hither come so soon  
Is by your fancies' thankful doom.

[Exit.

ITALIC ON[+ + + + + Scene 3.]

Enter PERICLES, LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

Pericles Hail, Dian! To perform thy just command  
I here confess myself the king of Tyre,  
Who, frighted from my country, did wed  
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.  
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth  
A maid-child called Marina, who, O goddess,  
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus  
Was nursed with Cleon, who at fourteen years  
He sought to murder; but her better stars  
Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore  
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,  
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she  
Made known herself my daughter.

Thaisa Voice, and favour! -  
You are, you are -O royal Pericles!

[Faints.

Pericles What means the nun? She dies! Help, gentlemen!

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

Pericles Reverend appearer, no;  
I threw her overboard with these very arms.

Cerimon Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Pericles 'Tis most certain.

Cerimon Look to the lady. O, she's but o'erjoyed.  
Early one blustering morn this lady was  
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,  
Found there rich jewels, recovered her, and placed her  
Here in Diana's temple.

Pericles May we see them?

Cerimon Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,  
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is  
Recovered.

Thaisa O, let me look!  
If he be none of mine, my sanctity  
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,  
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,  
Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,  
Like him you are. Did you not name a tempest,  
A birth, and death?

Pericles The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thaisa That Thaisa am I, supposed dead  
And drowned.

Pericles Immortal Dian!

Thaisa Now I know you better.  
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,  
The king my father gave you such a ring.  
[Points to his ring.

Pericles This, this! No more, you gods; your present kindness  
Makes my past miseries sports. 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.

Marina [Kneeling.] My heart  
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

Pericles Look who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;  
Thy burden at the sea, and called Marina  
For she was yielded there.

Thaisa Blest, and mine own!

Helicanus Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thaisa I know you not.

Pericles You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,  
I left behind an ancient substitute:  
Can you remember what I called the man?  
I have named him oft.

Thaisa 'Twas Helicanus then.

Pericles Still confirmation!  
Embrace him, dear Thaisa, this is he.  
Now do I long to hear how you were found,  
How possibly preserved, and who to thank,  
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thaisa Lord Cerimon, my lord -this man  
Through whom the gods have shown their power -that can  
From first to last resolve you.

Pericles Reverend sir,  
The gods can have no mortal officer

More like a god than you. Will you deliver  
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cerimon 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 in the temple;  
No needful thing omitted.

Pericles Pure Dian, I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer  
night-oblations to thee. Thaisa, this prince, the fair betrothed of your  
daughter, shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now this ornament makes me look  
dismal will I clip to form; and what this fourteen years no razor touched, to  
grace thy marriage-day I'll beautify.

Thaisa Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,  
My father's dead.

Pericles 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's the way.

[Exeunt.

Enter GOWER.

Gower In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard  
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward.  
In Pericles, his queen, and daughter, seen,  
Although assailed with fortune fierce and keen,  
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,  
Led on by heaven, and crowned 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 to the honoured 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, although not done, but meant.  
So on your patience evermore attending,  
New joy wait on you! Here our play hath ending.

