Scene 3
Epilogue
It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare’s plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of “taking up Shakespeare,” finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as Folger Digital Texts, we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare’s plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare’s works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger’s holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare’s works in the Folger’s Elizabethan Theater.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare’s works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exists to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library
Until now, with the release of the Folger Digital Texts, readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare’s plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare’s plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of Hamlet, two of King Lear, Henry V, Romeo and Juliet, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare’s text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed “improper” and “indecent” for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See The Tempest, 1.2: “Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee…”). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Digital Texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from Othello: “[If she in
chains of magic were not bound,"), half-square brackets (for example, from *Henry V*: “With \{blood\} and sword and fire to win your right,"), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: “O farewell, honest \{soldier\}. Who hath relieved/you?`). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Digital Texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.
The nautical tale of a wandering prince, *Pericles* is narrated by John Gower, a poet from the English past. Gower explains that Pericles, Prince of Tyre, hopes to win the hand of a princess in Antioch. When Pericles learns that she and the king, her father, are lovers, he flees for his life.

Pericles brings grain to Tarsus during a famine, but loses his ships and men in a storm. In Pentapolis, Pericles wins a tournament and marries the king’s daughter, Thaisa. With Thaisa pregnant, she and Pericles sail for Tyre. Thaisa bears a daughter, Marina, at sea, but apparently dies. Her coffin drifts ashore at Ephesus, where she is revived and becomes a priestess of Diana.

Pericles leaves the baby Marina with the king and queen of Tarsus. Fourteen years later, Marina, kidnapped by pirates, is sold to a brothel, but her eloquence protects her. Told that she has died, a grief-stricken Pericles rediscovers her. Guided by a vision from the goddess Diana, Pericles and Marina reunite with Thaisa.
Characters in the Play

GOWER, fourteenth-century poet and Chorus of the play

PERICLES, prince of Tyre
THAISA, princess of Pentapolis and wife to Pericles
MARINA, daughter of Pericles and Thaisa

HELCANUS  
ESCANES  \} lords of Tyre
Three other LORDS of Tyre

ANTIOCHUS, king of Antioch
DAUGHTER, princess of Antioch
THALIARD, nobleman of Antioch
MESSENGER

CLEON, governor of Tarsus
DIONYZA, wife to Cleon
LEONINE, servant to Dionyza
A LORD of Tarsus
Three PIRATES

SIMONIDES, king of Pentapolis
Three FISHERMEN

MARSHAL
Five KNIGHTS, suitors for the hand of Thaisa
LORDS of Pentapolis
LYCHORIDA, attendant to Thaisa and, later, to Marina
Two SAILORS, mariners onboard ship from Pentapolis

LORD CERIMON, a wiseman/physician in Ephesus
PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon
Two SUPPLIANTS
Two GENTLEMEN of Ephesus
SERVANT

DIANA, goddess of chastity

LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mytilene
PANDER, owner of brothel
BAWD, mistress of brothel and wife to Pander
BOLT, servant to Pander and Bawd
Two GENTLEMEN, visitors to brothel

Tyrian SAILOR
SAILOR from Mytilene
GENTLEMAN of Tyre
LORD of Mytilene

Followers of Antiochus, Attendants to Pericles, Attendants to Simonides, Squires to the five Knights, Tyrian gentlemen, Citizens of Tarsus, Ladies of Pentapolis, Servants to Cerimon, Companion to Marina, Priestesses in Diana’s temple, Messenger from Tyre
1 Chorus

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 holy days,
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 these latter times
When wit’s more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you like taper light.
This Antioch, then: Antiochus the Great
Built up this city for his chiepest 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

7
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 accounted 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.

"He indicates heads above the stage."

What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give my cause, who best can justify.

He exits.

Scene 1

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.
PERICLES

See where she comes, appareled 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.

ANTIOCHUS

Music! Bring in our daughter, clothèd like a bride
For embraces 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.

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.
He points to the heads.

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,

But my unspotted fire of love to you.—

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

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.
He reads the Riddle:

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother’s flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labor
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

Few love to hear the sins they love to act.
’Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He’s more secure to keep it shut than shown.
For vice repeated is like the wand’ring wind,
Blows dust in others’ eyes to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear:
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them. 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.—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 honor and your worth.

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

All except Pericles exit.
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 parents’ 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.  He exits.

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 loathèd manner.
And therefore instantly this prince must die,
For by his fall my honor 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. ‘He gives poison and money.’
   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. [He exits.]

ANTIOCHUS, to Thaliard 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. Till Pericles be dead, My heart can lend no succor to my head.

[They exit.]

Scene 2

Enter Pericles with an Attendant.

PERICLES Let none disturb us. (Attendant exits.) 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 honor him
If he suspect I may dishonor 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’er-spread 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 offense;
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.

FIRST LORD
Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast.
SECOND LORD
And keep your mind till you return to us
Peaceful and comfortable.
HELCANUS
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 \textit{wind} gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.

\textit{[He kneels.]}

Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please.
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

\textbf{PERICLES}

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

\textit{[The Lords exit.]}

\textbf{HELICANUS}

Thou hast moved us. What seest thou in our looks?

\textbf{HELICANUS}

An angry brow, dread lord.

\textbf{PERICLES}

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

\textbf{HELICANUS}

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

\textbf{PERICLES}

Thou knowest I have power to take thy life from thee.

\textbf{HELICANUS}

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

\textbf{PERICLES}

Rise, prithee rise.

\textit{[Helicanus rises.]}

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 counselor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makes a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?

\textbf{HELICANUS}

To bear with patience such griefs
As you yourself do lay upon yourself.
PERICLES

Thou speak’st like a physician, Helicanus,
That ministres 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 me 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 pretense of wrong that I have done him;

When all, for mine—if I may call ’t—offense,
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—

HELCANUS   Alas, sir!

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.

PERICLES  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 we’ll 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. [They exit.

[Scene 3]

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
Pericles, Prince of Tyre

ACT 1. SC. 3

He steps aside.

HELICANUS

THALIARD

HELICANUS

THALIARD

Enter Helicanus and 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
Does speak sufficiently he’s gone to travel.

THALIARD, aside

How? The King gone?

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?

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 ears it must please. He ’scaped the land to perish at the sea. I’ll present myself.—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 betook himself to unknown travels. Now message must return from whence it came.

HELCANUS 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. 

"They exit."

"Scene 4"
Enter Cleon the Governor of Tarsus, with his wife Dionyza 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 distressèd 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 do sound deep our woes Into the air, our eyes weep till our lungs 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 savors 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 naught 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.

DIONYZA   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 thee bring’st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

LORD

We have descried upon our neighboring 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 neighboring 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 favorers, 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’?

‘The 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.
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, [kneeling]
The gods of Greece protect you, and we’ll pray for
you.

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

CLEON, [rising, with the others]
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.

They exit.
Enter 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 Messenger a reward and knights him. Pericles exits at one door, and Cleon at another.
Good Helicane, that stayed at home—
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others’ labors, for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive,
And to fulfill his prince’ desire—

[Sends word] of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And had 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.

[He exits.]

[Scene 1]
Enter Pericles, wet.

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 my breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death.
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And, having thrown him from your wat’ry grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he’ll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

FIRST FISHERMAN    What ho, Pilch!
SECOND FISHERMAN   Ha, come and bring away the nets!
FIRST FISHERMAN    What, Patchbreech, I say!
THIRD FISHERMAN    What say you, master?
FIRST FISHERMAN    Look how thou stirr’st now! Come away, or I’ll fetch thee with a wanion.
THIRD FISHERMAN    Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.
FIRST 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!
THIRD 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.
FIRST 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: he plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a’ the land, who never leave gaping till they swallowed the whole parish—

church, steeple, bells and all.

PERICLES, aside A pretty moral.
THIRD FISHERMAN    But, master, if I had been the sexton,
I would have been that day in the belfry.
SECOND FISHERMAN: Why, man?

THIRD 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?

THIRD 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!—

Peace be at your labor, honest fishermen.

SECOND 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—

SECOND 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.

FIRST FISHERMAN: No, friend, cannot you beg? Here’s them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

SECOND FISHERMAN, to Pericles: Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

PERICLES: I never practiced it.

SECOND 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 you see me buried.

FIRST FISHERMAN   Die, quotha? Now gods forbid ’t, an I
have a gown. Here, come, put it on; keep thee
warm. [Pericles puts on the garment.] 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.

SECOND FISHERMAN   Hark you, my friend. You said you
could not beg?

PERICLES   I did but crave.

SECOND FISHERMAN   But crave? Then I’ll turn craver
too, and so I shall ’scape whipping.

PERICLES   Why, are your beggars whipped, then?

SECOND 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.   [He exits with Third Fisherman.]

PERICLES,   [aside]

How well this honest mirth becomes their labor!

FIRST FISHERMAN   Hark you, sir, do you know where
you are?

PERICLES   Not well.

FIRST FISHERMAN   Why, I’ll tell you. This is called Pentapolis,
and our king the good Simonides.

PERICLES   “The good Simonides” do you call him?

FIRST 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?  

FIRST 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.  

FIRST FISHERMAN O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get he may lawfully deal for his wife’s soul.  

Enter the two other Fishermen, drawing up a net.  

SECOND 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 armor.  

PERICLES An armor, friends? I pray you let me see it.  

[They pull out the armor.]  

Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all thy crosses Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself; And though it was mine own, part of my 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 may 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 his will.
FIRST 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 fortune’s better, I’ll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

FIRST FISHERMAN: Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

PERICLES: I’ll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

FIRST FISHERMAN: Why, do ’ee take it, and the gods give thee good on ’t.

SECOND FISHERMAN: Ay, but hark you, my friend, ’twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters. There are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you’ll remember from whence you had them.

PERICLES: Believe ’t, I will. [(He puts on the armor.)]

By your furtherance I am clothed in steel, And spite of all the rupture of the sea, This jewel holds his [(biding) 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.

SECOND 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 honor be but a goal to my will; This day I’ll rise or else add ill to ill. [(They exit.)]
Scene 2

Enter King Simonides, with Lords, Attendants, and Thaisa.

Simonides

Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

First Lord

They are, my liege, and stay your coming to present themselves.

Simonides

Return them we are ready, and our daughter here,

In honor of whose birth these triumphs are,

Sits here like Beauty’s child, whom Nature gat for men to see and, seeing, wonder at.

[An Attendant exits.]

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 renouns if not respected.

’Tis now your honor, daughter, to entertain the labor of each knight in his device.

Thaisa

Which to preserve mine honor, I’ll perform.

The first Knight passes by. [His Squire presents a shield to Thaisa.]

Simonides

Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thaisa

A knight of Sparta, my renownèd 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.

The second Knight passes by. His Squire presents a shield to Thaisa.

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: Pue per doleera kee per forsa.

The third Knight passes by. His Squire presents a shield to Thaisa.

SIMONIDES

And what’s the third?

THAISA

The third, of Antioch;
And his device a wreath of chivalry;
The word: Me pompa provexit apex.

The fourth Knight passes by. His Squire presents a shield to Thaisa.

SIMONIDES

What is the fourth?

THAISA

A burning torch that’s turnèd 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.

The fifth Knight passes by. His Squire presents a shield to Thaisa.

THAISA

The fifth, an hand environèd with clouds,
Holding out gold that’s by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus: Sic spectanda fides.
The sixth Knight, "Pericles, passes by. He presents a shield 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.

FIRST 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 practiced more the whipstock than the lance.

SECOND LORD

He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honored triumph strangely furnishèd.

THIRD LORD

And on set purpose let his armor 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 will withdraw into the gallery.

«They exit.»

Great shouts «offstage,» and all cry, “The mean knight.”
Scene 3

Enter the King, Simonides, Thaisa, Marshal, Ladies, Lords, Attendants, and Knights in armor, 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.

She places a wreath on Pericles’ head.

Pericles

’Tis more by fortune, lady, than my 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 are her labored scholar.—Come, queen o’ the feast,
For, daughter, so you are; here, take your place.—
Marshal, the rest as they deserve their grace.

Knights

We are honored much by good Simonides.

Simonides

Your presence glads our days. Honor we love,
For who hates honor hates the gods above.

Marshal, to Pericles Sir, yonder is your place.

Pericles Some other is more fit.

First Knight

Contend not, sir, for we are gentlemen
PERICLES, Prince of Tyre

ACT 2. SC. 3

Pericles, Prince of Tyre

Have neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envies the great, nor shall the low despise.

PERICLES
You are right courteous knights.

SIMONIDES
Sit, sir, sit. "They sit." 30

"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 unsavory,
Wishing him my meat.—Sure, he’s a gallant gentleman.

SIMONIDES
He’s but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has 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 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 glowworm 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?

KNIGHTS
Who can be other in this royal presence?

SIMONIDES
Here, with a cup that’s "stored" unto the brim,
As do you love, fill to your mistress’ lips.
We drink this health to you. \[He drinks.\]

**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 honor 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.
\[He drinks.\]

**THAISA**
Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold.
He may my proffer take for an offense,
Since men take women’s gifts for impudence.

**SIMONIDES**
How?
Do as I bid you, or you’ll move me else.

**THAISA**
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.
\[He drinks to Simonides.\]
Pericles, Prince of Tyre

ACT 2. SC. 3

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 shipwrack driven upon this shore.

THAISA, {returning to her place} ¹
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 armors, as you are addressed,
Will well become a soldiers’ 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.

PERICLES
In those that practice them they are, my lord.

SIMONIDES
O, that’s as much as you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy.

Unclasp, unclasp!
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well;

ʻTo Pericles.ʻ But you the best.—Pages and lights, to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings. ʻTo Pericles.ʻ Yours, sir,

We have given order be next our own.

PERICLES I am at your Grace’s pleasure.

ʻSIMONIDESʻ

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.

ʻThey exit.ʻ

ʻScene 4ʻ

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 offense,

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 shriveled 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 ʼTwas 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.
'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

**FIRST LORD**

See, not a man in private conference
Or counsel has respect with him but he.

**SECOND LORD**

It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

**THIRD LORD**

And cursed be he that will not second it.

**FIRST LORD**

Follow me, then.—Lord Helicane, a word.

**HELICANUS**

With me? And welcome. Happy day, my lords.

**FIRST 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.

**FIRST 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, give ’s cause to mourn his funeral
And leave us to our free election.

**SECOND LORD**

Whose death’s indeed 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   Live, noble Helicane!

HELICANUS  
Try honor’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 twelve-month longer let me entreat you  
To forbear the absence of your king;  
If in which time expired, he not return,  
I shall with agèd 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.  

FIRST LORD  
To wisdom he’s a fool that will not yield.  
And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,  
We with our travels will endeavor.

HELICANUS  
Then you love us, we you, and we’ll clasp hands.  
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

"They exit."

Scene 5

Enter the King, "Simonides," reading of a letter at one door; the Knights meet him.

FIRST 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.
SECOND KNIGHT

May we not get access to her, my lord?

SIMONIDES

Faith, by no means; she hath 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 honor will not break it.

THIRD KNIGHT

Loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

[The Knights exit.]

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? 35

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. 40

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.—

O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord, 45

A stranger and distressèd gentleman

That never aimed so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honor her.

SIMONIDES  Thou hast bewitched my daughter, and thou art a villain. 50

PERICLES  By the gods, I have not!

Never did thought of mine levy offense;

Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

SIMONIDES  Traitor, thou liest! 55

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. 60

PERICLES

My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relished of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honor’s cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state,
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he’s honor’s enemy. 65

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 70
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 offense
At that would make me glad?

SIMONIDES

Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory? 75
\[Aside.\] I am glad on ’t with all my heart.—
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.—
Therefore, hear you, mistress: either frame
Your will to mine—and you, sir, hear you:
Either be ruled by me—or I’ll make you 80
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, (to Pericles) if you love me, sir.
PERICLES
    Even as my life my blood that fosters it.

SIMONIDES    What, are you both agreed?

BOTH        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.

They exit.
Enter Gower.

Now sleep yslackèd hath the rout;
No din but snores about the house,
Made louder by the o’erfed breast
Of this most pompous marriage feast.
The cat with eyne of burning coal
Now couches from the mouse’s hole,
And ‘crickets’ sing at the 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 molded. 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.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door with
Attendants. A Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives
Pericles a letter. Pericles shows it Simonides. The Lords
kneel to him; then enter Thaisa with child, with
Lychorida, a nurse. The King shows her the letter. She
rejoices. She and Pericles take leave of her father, and
depart ‘with Lychorida and their Attendants. Then
Simonides and the others exit.’
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’ oppress,
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,
Y-ravishèd the regions round,
And everyone with claps can sound,
“Our heir apparent is a king!
Who dreamt, 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, moved,
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-anear, 
Does fall in travail with her fear. 
And what ensues in this fell storm 
Shall for itself itself perform.

I nill 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.

He exits.

Scene 1

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 deaf’ning dreadful thunders, gently quench 
Thy nimble sulfurous flashes.—O, how, Lychorida, 
How does my queen?—Then, storm, 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, carrying an infant.

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 honor with you.

LYCHORIDA Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge. [She hands him the infant.] 20

PERICLES, [to the infant] Now mild may be thy life,
For a more blusterous birth had never babe.
Quiet and gentle thy conditions, for
Thou art the rudest welcome to this world
That ever 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.

FIRST 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.

FIRST SAILOR Slack the bowlines there!—Thou wilt not,
wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself!
SECOND SAILOR  But searoom, an the brine and cloudy
    billow kiss the moon, I care not.  50
FIRST 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.  55
FIRST 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.  60
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 coffined, in the ooze,  65
    Where, for a monument upon thy bones
    And e’er-remaining lamps, the belching whale
    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 coffin. Lay the babe
    Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say
    A priestly farewell to her. Suddenly, woman!

    [Lychorida exits.] 70
SECOND SAILOR Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,
    caulked and bitumed ready.  75
PERICLES
    I thank thee, mariner. Say, what coast is this?
SECOND SAILOR  We are near Tarsus.  80
PERICLES      Thither, gentle mariner.
SECOND SAILOR  Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?
SECOND 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.  
\[ They\’s exit. \]

Scene 2
Enter Lord Cerimon with two Supplicants.

CERIMON  Philemon, ho!  

Enter Philemon.

PHILEMON  Doth my lord call?  

CERIMON  Get fire and meat for these poor men. ’T has been a turbulent and stormy night.  

[Philemon exits.]

FIRST SUPPLICANT  
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 Second Suppliant.‘ Give this to the ’pothecary, And tell me how it works.  

[Suppliant exit.]

Enter two Gentlemen.

FIRST GENTLEMAN  Good morrow.  

SECOND GENTLEMAN  Good morrow to your Lordship.  

CERIMON  
Gentlemen, why do you stir so early?  

FIRST GENTLEMAN  Sir, Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea, Shook as the earth did quake.
SECOND GENTLEMAN

That is the cause we trouble you so early. 
'Tis not our husbandry.

CERIMON

O, you say well.

FIRST 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 blessed 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 honor, 
Or tie my pleasure up in silken bags 
To please the fool and death.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

Your Honor 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—

Enter two or three Servants with a chest.

SERVANT

So, lift there.

CERIMON

What’s that?

SERVANT

Sir, even now

Did the sea toss up upon our shore this chest.

’Tis of some wrack.

CERIMON

Set ’t down. Let’s look upon ’t.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

’Tis like a coffin, sir.

CERIMON

What e’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.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

’Tis so, my lord.

CERIMON

How close ’tis caulked and bitumed!

Did the sea cast it up?

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.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

A delicate odor.

CERIMON

As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.

They open the chest.

O, you most potent gods! What’s here? A corse?

SECOND GENTLEMAN

Most strange!

CERIMON

Shrouded in cloth of state, balmed and entreasured
With full bags of spices. A passport too!
Apollo, perfect me in the characters.

\textit{He reads.}  

\textit{Here I give to understand,}
\textit{If e’er this coffin drives aland,}
\textit{I, King Pericles, have lost}
\textit{This queen, worth all our mundane cost.}
\textit{Who finds her, give her burying.}
\textit{She was the daughter of a king.}
\textit{Besides this treasure for a fee,}
\textit{The gods requite his charity.}

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That ever cracks for woe. This chanced tonight.

SECOND GENTLEMAN
Most likely, sir.

CERIMON

\textit{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.

\textit{A servant exits.}

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

\textit{Enter one with boxes, napkins, and fire.}

Well said, well said! The fire and cloths.
The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you. \textit{Music sounds.} The
viol once more!
How thou stirr’st, thou block! The music there.

\textit{Music sounds.}

I pray you, give her air. Gentlemen,
This queen will live. Nature awakes a \textit{warm} breath
Out of her. She hath not been entranced
Above five hours. See how she gins to blow
Into life’s flower again.

FIRST GENTLEMAN    The heavens, through you,
         Increase our wonder, and sets 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.

               She moves.

THAIASA    O dear Diana,
         Where am I? Where’s my lord? What world is this?

SECOND GENTLEMAN    Is not this strange?

FIRST GENTLEMAN    Most rare!

CERIMON    Hush, my gentle neighbors!
         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.

               They carry her away as they all exit.

Scene 3

Enter Pericles, at Tarsus, with Cleon and Dionyza, and
Lychorida with the child.

PERICLES

Most honored 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.
Pericles, Prince of Tyre

ACT 3. SC. 3

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 had 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,
Beseeming 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 honor and your goodness teach me to ’t
Without your vows.—Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honor, all
‘Unscissored’ shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ‘ill’ in ’t. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessèd in your care
In bringing up my child.
PERICLES, Prince of Tyre

ACT 3. SC. 4

PERICLES

DIONYZA

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

CLEON

We’ll bring your Grace e’en to the edge o’ th’ shore,
Then give you up to the maskèd 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.

[They exit.]

[Scene 4]

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?

[He shows her the letter.]

THAISA

It is my lord’s. That I was shipped at sea
I well remember, even on my [bearing] 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 you 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.

[They exit.]
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, letters; who hath gained  
Of education all the grace  
Which makes high both the art and place  
Of general wonder. But, alack,  
That monster envy, oft the wrack  
Of earnèd praise, Marina's life  
'Seeks to take off by treason's knife.  
And in this kind our Cleon hath  
One daughter and a full grown wench,  
Even ripe for marriage. This maid  
Hight Philoten, and it is said  
For certain in our story she  
Would ever with Marina be.  
Be 't when they weaved the sleided 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 the 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 the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks
That Cleon’s wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead,
And cursèd Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content.
Only I carry wingèd 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.

He exits.

"Scene 1"

Enter Dionyza with 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 in flaming, 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 favor ’s
Changed with this unprofitable woe.
Come, give me your flowers. O’er the sea marge
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.  [Dionyzia exits.]
          Is this wind westerly that blows?

LEONINE    Southwest.

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?
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 stern to stern. The Boatswain whistles, and
The Master calls and trebles their confusion.

Come, say your prayers.

"]"

What mean you?

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.

Why will you kill me?

To satisfy my lady.

Why would she have me killed?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life. 85
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 ’t. How have I offended
Wherein my death might yield her any profit
Or my life imply her any danger?

My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do ’t.

You will not do ’t for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favored, 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.
125  Pericles, Prince of Tyre  ACT 4. SC. 2

Your lady seeks my life. Come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

LEONINE  I am sworn
And will dispatch.  

'He seizes her.'

Enter Pirates.

FIRST PIRATE  Hold, villain!  'Leonine runs offstage.'
SECOND PIRATE  A prize, a prize!  'He seizes Marina.'
THIRD PIRATE  Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's
have her aboard suddenly.
'They' exit, 'carrying Marina.'

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.

'He exits.'

(Scene 2)

Enter 'Pander, Bawd, and Bolt.'

PANDER  Bolt!
BOLT  Sir?
PANDER  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.
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.

Thou sayst true. ’Tis not our bringing up of poor bastards—as I think I have brought up some eleven—

Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

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

Thou sayst true. There’s two unwholesome, a’ conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead that lay with the little baggage.

Ay, she quickly pooped him. She made him roast-meat for worms. But I’ll go search the market.

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

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

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.

Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

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

Enter Bolt with the Pirates and Marina.

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

O, sir, we doubt it not.
BOLT Master, I have gone through for this piece you see. If you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

BAWD Bolt, has she any qualities?

BOLT She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes. There’s no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

BAWD What’s her price, Bolt?

BOLT I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

PANDER 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. [He exits with Pirates.]

BAWD Bolt, take you the marks of her: the color 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.

BOLT Performance shall follow. [He exits.]

MARINA Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!

He should have struck, not spoke. Or that these pirates,

Not enough barbarous, had 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 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 
stir you up. Bolt’s returned.

"Enter Bolt."

BOLT  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?

BOLT  Faith, they listened to me as they would have 
hearkened to their father’s testament. There was a 
Spaniard’s mouth watered an he went to bed to her 
very description.

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

BOLT  Tonight, tonight! But, mistress, do you know the 
French knight that cowers i’ the hams?

BAWD  Who? Monsieur Verolles?

BOLT  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.

BOLT Well, if we had of every nation a traveler, 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 you 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.

BOLT 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
going with warrant.

BOLT 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.

BOLT I may so.

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

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

BAWD Bolt, spend thou that in the town. (She gives him
money.) 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.

BOLT I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so
awake the beds 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?

*They* exit.

(Scene 3)

*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. *A* lady Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess To equal any single crown o’ th’ Earth I’ the 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 face. 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 impious innocent And, for an honest attribute, cry out “She died by foul play!”
O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

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.

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

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.

Heavens forgive it.

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.

Thou art like the Harpy,
Which, to betray, dost with thine angel’s face
Seize with thine eagle’s talons.
DIONYZA

You’re like one that superstitiously
Do swear to the gods that winter kills the flies.
But yet I know you’ll do as I advise.

They exit.

[Scene 4]
[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 scenes seems to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand in the 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 time 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—
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.
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. 'Cleon and Dionyza exit.'

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'ershowered,
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:

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 orderèd
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 Mytilene. He exits.
Scene 5

Enter two Gentlemen.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Did you ever hear the like?
SECOND GENTLEMAN No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.
FIRST GENTLEMAN But to have divinity preached there! Did you ever dream of such a thing? 5
SECOND GENTLEMAN No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy houses. Shall ’s go hear the vestals sing?
FIRST GENTLEMAN I’ll do anything now that is virtuous, but I am out of the road of rutting forever.

They exit.

Scene 6

Enter [Bawd, Pander, and Bolt.]

PANDER 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. 5
BOLT Faith, I must ravish her, or she’ll disfurnish us of all our cavalleria, and make our swearers priests.
PANDER Now the pox upon her greensickness for me!
BAWD Faith, there’s no way to be rid on ’t but by the way to the pox. 10

Enter Lysimachus.

Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.
BOLT We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish
    baggage would but give way to customers.

LYSIMACHUS, [removing his disguise] How now! How a
dozen of virginities?

BAWD Now the gods to-bless your Honor!

BOLT I am glad to see your Honor 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 Honor knows what ’tis to say, well enough.

LYSIMACHUS Well, call forth, call forth. [Pander exits.]

BOLT 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?

BOLT 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.

[Enter Pander with Marina.]

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

LYSIMACHUS Faith, she would serve after a long voyage
    at sea. Well, there’s for you. [He gives money.] 45
    Leave us.

BAWD I beseech your Honor, give me leave a word, and
    I’ll have done presently.

LYSIMACHUS I beseech you, do. [He moves aside.]

BAWD, [to Marina] First, I would have you note this is
    an honorable 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 honorable 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,  coming forward  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 Honor and her together. Go thy ways.

LYSIMACHUS,  Bawd, Pander, and Bolt exit.  

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

MARINA  What trade, sir?

LYSIMACHUS  Why, I cannot name ’t 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 honorable 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 herbwoman, 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 honor, show it now;
    If put upon you, make the judgment 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' the 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.
    Persevere in that clear way thou goest
    And the gods strengthen thee!  [He gives her money.]

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 savor 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.  [He gives her money.]
    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.

\[He begins to exit.\]

BOLT, \textit{at the door} I beseech your Honor, 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! \[He exits.\]

BOLT 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?

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

Enter \textit{Bawd and Pander}.

BAWD How now, what’s the matter?

BOLT Worse and worse, mistress. She has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus!

BAWD O, abominable!

BOLT He makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

BAWD Marry, hang her up forever.

BOLT 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 Bolt, take her away, use her at thy pleasure, crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

BOLT An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be plowed.

MARINA Hark, hark, you gods!
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! [Bawd and Pander exit.]

Come, mistress, come your way with me.
Whither wilt thou have me?
To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.
Prithee, tell me one thing first.
Come, now, your one thing.
What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?
Why, I could wish him to be my master, or
rather, my mistress.
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 damnèd doorkeeper to every
Coistrel that comes enquiring 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.
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?

Do anything but this thou dost. 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.  

She gives him money.

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.

BOLT 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.

BOLT Well, I will see what I can do for thee. If I can

place thee, I will.

MARINA But amongst honest women.

BOLT 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.

They exit.
Enter Gower:

\[ \text{GOWER} \]

Marina thus the brothel ’scapes, and chances
   Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
   As goddesslike to her admirèd 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 cursèd bawd. Here we her place,
   And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him \textit{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 fervor 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.

\textit{He exits.}
Scene 1

Enter Helicanus, to him two Sailors, one from the Tyrian ship and one from Mytilene.

TYRIAN SAILOR, (to Sailor from Mytilene) Where is Lord Helicanus? He can resolve you. O, here he is.— Sir, there is 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. (Sailor from Mytilene exits.)

Call up some gentlemen.

TYRIAN SAILOR Ho, gentlemen, my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

GENTLEMAN Doth your Lordship call?

HELICANUS Gentlemen, There is some of worth would come aboard. I pray, greet him fairly.

Enter Lysimachus, with Lords and Sailor from Mytilene.

SAILOR (to Lysimachus) Sir, This is the man that can, in aught you would, Resolve you.

LYSIMACHUS, (to Helicanus) 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, honoring 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 belovèd 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. 'Pericles is revealed.' 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.

LORD

    Sir, we have a maid in Mytilene,
    I durst wager would win some words of him.

LYSIMACHUS  'Tis well bethought.

HELICANUS

    She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
    And other chosen attractions, would allure
    And make a batt’ry through his defended ports,
    Which now are midway stopped.
    She is all happy as the fairest of all,
    And, with her fellow maid, is now upon
    The leafy shelter that abuts against
    The island’s side.
HELICANUS
Sure, all effectless; yet nothing we’ll omit
That bears recovery’s name.

[Lysimachus signals to a Lord, who exits.]

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 graft 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.

[Enter 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 a gentle kind and noble stock,
[’t\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.

[LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS AND OTHERS MOVE ASIDE.]

MARINA SINGS

The Song.

LYSIMACHUS, COMING FORWARD

Marked he your music?

MARINA

No, nor looked on us.

LYSIMACHUS, MOVING ASIDE

See, she will speak to him.

MARINA, TO PERICLES

Hail, sir! My lord, lend ear.

PERICLES

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 may be 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.

MARINA

Pray you turn your eyes upon me.

[You’re] like something that—What

[Countrywoman?]

Here of these [shores?]

FTLN 2153
FTLN 2154
FTLN 2155
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FTLN 2179
FTLN 2180
FTLN 2181
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 wandlike 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 crownèd 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. 150

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

Tell thy story.
If thine considered prove the thousand 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.

My name is Marina.
O, I am mocked,
And thou by some incensèd god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me!

Or here I’ll cease.
Thou little know’st how thou dost startle me
To call thyself Marina.

Patience, good sir,
Nay, I’ll be patient.
Thou little know’st how thou dost startle me
To call thyself Marina.

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

How, a king’s daughter?
And called Marina?

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

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

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!

[Aside.] 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 the 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 counselor,
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’s 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, honored sir.  
Give me a gash, put me to present pain,  
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me  
O’erbear the shores of my mortality  
And drown me with their sweetness.—O, come hither,  
Thou that beget’st him that did thee beget,  
Thou that 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 [life] 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. Thou ’rt 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.

They put fresh garments on him.

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 you not hear?

Music, my lord? I hear—

PERICLES

Most heavenly music.

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

LYSIMACHUS

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

Lysimachus and others begin to exit.

Well, my companion friends, if this but answer
To my just belief, I’ll well remember you.

All but Pericles exit.
**Pericles, Prince of Tyre**  
ACT 5. SC. 1

* Diana *descends.*

**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 ’t, and happy, by my silver bow.  
Awake, and tell thy dream.  

*She ascends.*

**PERICLES**

Celestial Dian,  
Goddess argentine, I will obey thee.—  
Helicanus!

*Enter Helicanus, Lysimachus, Marina, and Attendants.*

**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.—  
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.

*They exit.*
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 Mytilene
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, wheroeto 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.

He exits.

PERICLES

Hail, Dian! To perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the King of Tyre,
Who, frightened from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid child called Marina, whom, 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 favor!
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!

[She falls in a faint.]

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.

CERIMON
Upon this coast, I warrant you.

PERICLES ’Tis most certain.

CERIMON
Look to the lady. O, she’s but overjoyed.
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 recoverèd.

[Thaisa rises.]

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, supposèd dead
And drowned.

PERICLES 「Immortal」 Dian!

THAISA 「She points to the ring on his hand.」

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a 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! 「They embrace.」

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, 「embracing Marina」 Blessed, 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, Prince of Tyre

ACT 5. SC. 3

They embrace.

THAISA

PERICLES

CERIMON

PERICLES

THAISA

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.

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

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

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.

Pure Dian, [I] bless thee for thy vision, and
Will offer night oblations to thee.—Thaisa,
This prince, the fair betrothèd 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.

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

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.

[They exit.]

[EPilogue]
[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 learnèd charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread his cursèd deed to the honored name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemèd so content
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you. Here our play has ending.

[He exits.]