Pericles, Prince of Tyre

By William Shakespeare

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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

Lords of Tyre:
  HELICANUS
  ESCANES
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

ACT 1

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 chiefest seat,
The fairest in all Syria.
I tell you what mine authors say.
This king unto him took a peer,
Who died and left a female heir
So buxom, blithe, and full of face
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took
And her to incest did provoke.
Bad child, worse father! To entice his own
To evil should be done by none.
But custom what they did begin
Was with long use 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.
ANTIOCHUS
Music! *Music sounds offstage.*
Bring in our daughter, clothèd like a bride
For embracements even of Jove himself,
At whose conception, till Lucina reigned,
Nature this dowry gave: to glad her presence,
The senate house of planets all did sit
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter Antiochus' daughter.

PERICLES
See where she comes, 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.
You gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflamed desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree
Or die in th' adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness.
ANTIOCHUS
Prince Pericles—
PERICLES
That would be son to great Antiochus.
ANTIOCHUS
Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touched;
For deathlike dragons here affright thee hard.
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all the whole heap must die.
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,
To the Daughter. 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 Great king,

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

All except Pericles exit.

PERICLES

How courtesy would seem to cover sin
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son
By your untimely claspings with your child,
Which pleasures fits a husband, not a father,
And she an eater of her mother's flesh
By the defiling of her 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.
HELICANUS
Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the King that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flattered, but a spark
To which that 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.
He kneels.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please.
I cannot be much lower than my knees.
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. *The Lords exit.*
Helicanus,

Thou hast moved us. What seest thou in our looks?
HELICANUS An angry brow, dread lord.
PERICLES
If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?
HELICANUS
How dares the plants look up to heaven,
From whence they have their nourishment?
PERICLES
Thou knowest I have power to take thy life from thee.
HELICANUS I have ground the ax myself;
Do but you strike the blow.
PERICLES
Rise, prithee rise. *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?
HELICANUS To bear with patience such griefs
As you yourself do lay upon yourself.
PERICLES
Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That ministers a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me, then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest,
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seemed not to strike, but smooth. But thou know'st this:
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seems to kiss;
Which fear so grew in me I hither fled
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seemed my good protector; and, being here,
Bethought 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—
HELICANUS Alas, sir!
PERICLES
Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,

Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve for them.

HELICANUS
Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any. If to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

PERICLES I do not doubt thy faith.
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

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

PERICLES
Tyre, I now look from thee, then, and to Tarsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee,
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath.
Who shuns not to break one will crack both.
But in our orbs 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 sure to be hanged at home. 'Tis dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for 't, for if a king bid a man be a villain, he's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Husht! Here comes the lords of Tyre. *He steps aside.*

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?

HELICANUS
If further yet you will be satisfied
Why, as it were, unlicensed of your loves
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—
THALIARD*, aside* What from Antioch?
HELICANUS
Royal Antiochus, on what cause I know not,
Took some displeasure at him—at least he judged so;
And doubting lest he had erred or sinned,
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.
THALIARD*, aside* Well, I perceive I shall not be hanged now, although I would; but since he's gone, the King's 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.
HELICANUS We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us.
Yet ere you shall depart, this we desire:
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.
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 do weep till 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.
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.

LORD I go, my lord. *He exits.*

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

Enter Pericles with Attendants.

PERICLES
Lord Governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon fired t' amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre
And seen the desolation of your streets;
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuffed within
With bloody veins expecting overthrow,
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.

ALL*, 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.

ACT 2

2 Chorus
Enter Gower.

GOWER
Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, iwis, to incest bring;
A better prince and benign lord
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet, then, as men should be,
Till he hath passed necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,
To whom I give my benison,
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is Writ he speken 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.

PERICLES
Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you,
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas, the seas hath cast me on the rocks,
Washed me from shore to shore, and left 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 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 shipwrack 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 renowns 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 pompae 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
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.*
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*, aside*

Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

SIMONIDES

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

THAISA*, going to Pericles*

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.

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*

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

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. *They dance.*
Unclasp, unclasp!
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well;
To Pericles. But you the best.—Pages and lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings. *To Pericles.* Yours, sir,
We have given order be next our own.

PERICLES I am at your Grace's pleasure.

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

Scene 4

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 'Twas very strange.

HELICANUS
And yet but justice; for though this king were great,
His greatness was no guard to bar heaven's shaft,
But sin had his reward.

ESCANES 'Tis very true.

Enter 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?
PERICLES
As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.

SIMONIDES
Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you,
Ay, so well that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar. Therefore, look to it.
PERICLES
I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.
SIMONIDES
She thinks not so. Peruse this writing else.
PERICLES, *aside* What's here?
A letter that she loves the knight of Tyre?
'Tis the King's subtlety to have my life.—
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
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.
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!
PERICLES Traitor?
SIMONIDES Ay, traitor.
PERICLES
Even in his throat, unless it be the King
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
SIMONIDES, *aside*
Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
PERICLES
My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relished of a base descent.
I came unto your court for 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.
SIMONIDES No?
Here comes my daughter. She can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.

PERICLES
Then as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father if my tongue
Did e'er solicit or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.
THAISA
Why, sir, say if you had, who takes offense
At that would make me glad?
SIMONIDES
Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
(*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
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.

ACT 3

3 Chorus
Enter Gower.

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.

Dumb Show.

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.*
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 rudeliest 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.
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.
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.
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,
Where, for a monument upon thy bones
And e'er-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells.—O, Lychorida,

Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink, and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffin. Lay the babe
Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her. Suddenly, woman!

Lychorida exits.

SECOND SAILOR Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

PERICLES
I thank thee, mariner. Say, what coast is this?

SECOND SAILOR We are near Tarsus.

PERICLES Thither, gentle mariner.
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 exit.

Scene 2

Enter Lord Cerimon with two Suppliants.

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 SUPPLIANT
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. *Suppliants 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.
The very principals did seem to rend
And all to topple. Pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

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.
He reads.
Here I give to understand,
If e'er this coffin drives aland,
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying.
She was the daughter of a king.
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity.
If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That ever cracks for woe. This chanced tonight.
SECOND GENTLEMAN
Most likely, sir.
CERIMON Nay, certainly tonight,
For look how fresh she looks. They were too rough
That threw her in the sea.—Make a fire within;
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.
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.

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. *Music sounds.* The viol once more!
How thou stirr'st, thou block! The music there.
Music sounds.
I pray you, give her air. Gentlemen,
This queen will live. Nature awakes a 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.

THAISA 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.

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,
Beseeching you to give her princely training,
That she may be mannered as she is born.

CLEON Fear not, my lord, but think
Your Grace, that fed my country with your corn,
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, would force me to my duty.
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

PERICLES I believe you.
Your 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.

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

PERICLES Madam, my thanks and prayers.

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

ACT 4

4 Chorus
Enter Gower.

GOWER
Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there 's a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tarsus, and by Cleon trained
In music, 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 rite. 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. *Dionyza 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?
MARINA When I was born.
Never was waves nor wind more violent,
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. "Ha!" says one, "Wolt out?"
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stern to stern. The Boatswain whistles, and
The Master calls and trebles their confusion.
LEONINE Come, say your prayers.
He draws his sword.
MARINA What mean you?
LEONINE
If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it. Pray, but be not tedious, for
The gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.
MARINA Why will you kill me?
LEONINE To satisfy my lady.
MARINA Why would she have me killed?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life.
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature. Believe me, la,
I never killed a mouse, nor hurt a fly.
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for 't. How have I offended
Wherein my death might yield her any profit

Or my life imply her any danger?
LEONINE My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do 't.
MARINA
You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-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.
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.
PANDER Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.
BAWD Thou sayst true. 'Tis not our bringing up of poor bastards—as I think I have brought up some eleven—
BOLT Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?
BAWD What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully

sodden.
PANDER Thou sayst true. There's two unwholesome, a' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead that lay with the little baggage.
BOLT Ay, she quickly pooped him. She made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the market. *He exits.*
PANDER Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.
BAWD Why to give over, I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?
PANDER O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger. Therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving o'er.
BAWD Come, other sorts offend as well as we.
PANDER 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.

BOLT Come your ways, my masters. You say she's a virgin?
PIRATE 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 but 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.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?
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 go 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!"
CLEON O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.
DIONYZA Be one of those that thinks
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.
CLEON To such proceeding
Whoever but his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honorable courses.
DIONYZA Be it so, then.
Yet none does know but you how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain my child and stood between
Her and her fortunes. None would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face,
Whilst ours was blurted at and held a malkin
Not worth the time of day. It pierced me through,
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Performed to your sole daughter.
CLEON Heavens forgive it.
DIONYZA And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn. Her monument is
Almost finished, and her epitaphs
In glitt'ring golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.
CLEON Thou art like the Harpy,
Which, to betray, dost with thine angel's face
Seize with thine eagle's talons.
DIONYZA
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 go on—
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb Show.

Enter Pericles at one door, with all his train, Cleon and Dionyza at the other. Cleon shows Pericles the tomb, whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. 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?
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.
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.

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.* 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.
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*, at the door* I beseech your Honor, one piece
for me.

LYSIMACHUS Avaunt, thou damnèd 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 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!

BAWD She conjures. Away with her! Would she had never come within my doors.—Marry, hang you!—She's born to undo us.—Will you not go the way of womenkind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! *Bawd and Pander exit.*

BOLT Come, mistress, come your way with me.

MARINA Whither wilt thou have me?

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

MARINA Prithee, tell me one thing first.

BOLT Come, now, your one thing.

MARINA
What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

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

MARINA
Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change.
Thou art the 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.

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

MARINA
Do anything but this thou 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.

ACT 5

Enter Gower.

GOWER
Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As 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 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.

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 FROM MYTILENE*, 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.
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,
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.—
Fair one, all goodness that consists in beauty:
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient,
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.
MARINA Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery, provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffered to come near him.
LYSIMACHUS Come, let us
Leave her, and the gods make her prosperous.
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! *He pushes her away.*
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.
Pray you turn your eyes upon me.
You're like something that—What
countrywoman?
Here of these shores?
MARINA No, nor of any shores.
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.
PERICLES
I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such
A one my daughter might have been: my queen's
Square brows, her stature to an inch;
As 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.
MARINA Some such thing I said,
And said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.
PERICLES Tell thy story.
If thine considered prove the 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.
She sits.
MARINA
My name is Marina.
PERICLES O, I am mocked,
And thou by some incensèd god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me!
MARINA Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.
PERICLES Nay, I'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me
To call thyself Marina.
MARINA The name
Was given me by one that had some power—
My father, and a king.
PERICLES How, a king's daughter?
And called Marina?
MARINA You said you would believe me.
But not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.
PERICLES But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse, and are no fairy
Motion? Well, speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore called Marina?
MARINA Called Marina
For I was born at sea.
PERICLES At sea? What mother?
MARINA
My mother was the daughter of a king,
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Delivered weeping.
PERICLES O, stop there a little!
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, *to Lysimachus* 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?
LYSIMACHUS
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. *He sleeps.*
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.

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.

Scene 2

Enter Gower.

GOWER
Now our sands are almost run,
More a little, and then dumb.
This my last boon give me—
For such kindness must relieve me—
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy and pretty din
The regent made in 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, whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feathered briefness sails are filled,
And wishes fall out as they're willed.
At Ephesus the temple see
Our king and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon
Is by your fancies' thankful doom.

He exits.

Scene 3

Enter Cerimon and Diana's Priestesses, including Thaisa; at another door enter Pericles, Marina, Helicanus, Lysimachus, and Attendants.

PERICLES
Hail, Dian! To perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the King of Tyre,
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid child called Marina, 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.
I threw her overboard with these very arms.
CERIMON
Upon this coast, I warrant you.
PERICLES 'Tis most certain.
CERIMON
Look to the lady. O, she's but 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 Now I know you better.
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 Still confirmation!
Embrace him, dear Thaisa. This is he.
They embrace.
Now do I long to hear how you were found,
How possibly preserved, and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.
THAISA Lord Cerimon, my lord, this man
Through whom the gods have shown their power, that can
From first to last resolve you.
PERICLES Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen relives?
CERIMON I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her,
How she came placed here in the temple,
No needful thing omitted.
PERICLES
Pure Dian, I bless thee for thy vision, and
Will offer night oblations to thee.—Thaisa,
This prince, the fair 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.
THAISA
Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father's dead.
PERICLES
Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days.
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.—
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold. Sir, lead 's the way.
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.