

P E R I C L E S,
P R I N C E
O F
T Y R E.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N;

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M D C C X X I V.

WHEREAS *R. Walker*, and his Accomplices, have printed and published several of *Shake-spear's* Plays, and, to screen their innumerable Errors, advertise, that they are printed as they are acted; and industriously report, that the said Plays are printed from Copies made use of at the Theatres: I therefore declare, in Justice to the Proprietors, whose Right is basely invaded, as well as in defence of my self, that no Person ever had, directly, or indirectly, from me any such Copy or Copies; neither would I be accessory, on any Account, to the imposing on the Publick such useles, pirated and maimed Editions, as are published by the said *R. Walker*.

W. CHETWOOD,
*Prompter to his Majesty's
Company of Comedians
at the Theatre Royal in
Drury-Lane.*

Dramatis Personæ.

A Ntiochus, *a Tyrant of Greece.*

Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

Hellicanus, } *two Lords of Tyre.*
Escanes, }

Symonides, *King of Pentapolis.*

Cleon, *Governor of Tharsus.*

Lysimachus, *Governor of Metaline.*

Cerimon, *a Lord of Ephesus,*

Thaliard, *Servant to Antiochus*

Leonine, *a Murderer, Servant to Dionysia.*

Gower.

Lords, &c.

Knights tilting in Honour of Thaisa

Hesperides, *Daughter of Antiochus.*

Dionysia, *Wife to Cleon.*

Thaisa, *Daughter to Symonides.*

Marina, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*

Lychorida, *Nurse to Marina.*

Philoten, *Daughter to Cleon.*

Diana, *a Goddess appearing to Pericles.*

Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

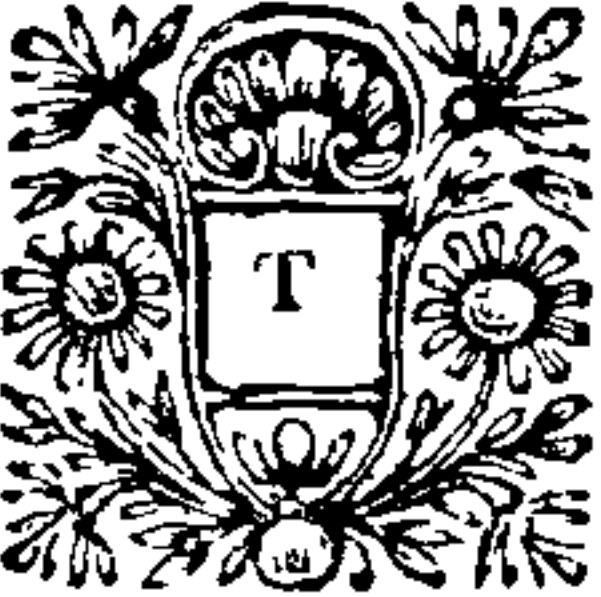


PERICLES,

Prince of Tyre.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Gower.

 *O 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 Rhim's;
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 chiefe^r Seat;
The fairest in all Syria.
I tell you what mine Authors say.*

6 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

*This King unto him took a Peer,
Who died, and left a Female Heir,
So bucksome, blithe, and full of Face,
As Heav'n 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, counted no Sin
The Beauty of this sinful Dame,
Made many Princes thither frame,
To seek her as a Bed fellow,
In Marriage pleasures, Play fellow.
Which to prevent, he made a Law,
To keep her still, and Men in awe,
That who so askt her for his Wife,
His Ridale told not, lost his Life:
So for her many a Wight did die,
As you grim Looks do testify.
What ensues to the judgment of your Eye,
I give my cause, who best can testify.* [Exit.

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and Followers.

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the Task you undertake.

Per. I have, *Antiochus*, and with a Soul emboldned
With the glory of her Praise, think Death no hazard,
In this Enterprize.

Ant. Musick, bring in our Daughter, cloth'd like a
For Embracements, even of *Jove* himse'f; [Bride
At whose conception, 'till *Lucina* reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her Presence,
The Senate-House of Planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best Perfections.

Enter Hesperides.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the Spring,
Graces her Subjects, and her Thoughts the King,
Of every Virtue gives Renown to Men.

Her

Her Face the Book of Praises, where is read
Nothing but curious Pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever rackt, and testy Wrath
Could never be her mild Companion.

You Gods that made me Man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd Desire within my Breast,
To taste the Fruit of yon celestial Tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am Son and Servant to your Will,
To compass such a boundless Happiness.

Ant. Prince *Pericles*.

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

Ant. Before thee stands this fair *Hesperides*,
With golden Fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For Death like Dragons here affright thee hard:
Her Face, like Heav'n, enticeth thee to view
Her countless Glory, which Desert must gain:
And which without Desert, because thine Eye
Presumes to reach, all the whole heap must die,
Yon sometimes famous Princes like thy self
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless Tongues, and Semblance pale,
That without covering save yon Field of Stars,
Here they stand Martyrs slain in *Cypria's* Wars:
And with dead Cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going on Death's Net, whom none resist.

Per. *Antiochus* I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail Mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful Objects to prepare
This Body, like to them, to what I must:
For Death remembred, should be like a Mirrour,
Who tells us, Life's but Breath, to trust in Error:
I'll make my will then, and as sick Men do,
Who know the World, see Heav'n, but feeling Woe,
Gripe not at earthly Joys, as erst they did.
So I bequeath a happy Peace to you
And all good Men, as every Prince should do,
My Riches to the Earth from whence they came:
But my unspotted fire of Love to you. [To *Hesperides*.
Thus ready for the way of Life or Death,

8 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

I wait the sharpest blow, *Antiochus,*
Scorning advice. Read the Conclusion then.

Ant. Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed
As these before, so thou thy self shalt bleed.

Hesp. Of all said yet, may thou prove prosperous,
Of all said yet, I wish thee happiness. [Ex. *Hesperides.*

Per. Like a bold Champion I assume the Lists,
Nor ask advice of any other Thought,
But Faithfulness, and Courage.

The Riddle.

*I am no Viper, yet I feed
On Mother's flesh which did me breed:
I sought a Husband, in which Labour,
I found that kindness in a Father.
He's Father, Son, and Husband mild,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his Child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp Physick is the last! but O you Powers!
That gives Heav'n countless Eyes to view Men's Acts,
Why could they not their sights perpetually?
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it,
Fair Glass of Light, I lov'd you, and could still,
Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with Ill:
But I must tell you, now my Thoughts revolt;
For he's no Man on whom Perfections wait,
That knowing Sin within, will touch the Gate:
You're a fair Viol, and your Sense the Strings,
Who finger'd to make Man his lawful Musick,
Wou'd draw Heav'n down, and all the Gods to hearken,
But being plaid upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a Chime:
Good sooth I care not for you.

Ant. Prince *Pericles*, touch not upon thy Life,
For that's an Article within our Law,
As dangerous as the rest: Your time's expir'd,
Either expound now, or receive your Sentence.

Per. Great King,
Few love to hear the Sins they love to act,

'Twould

Twould braid your self too near for me to tell it:
 Who hath a Book of all that Monarchs do.
 He's more secure to keep it shut, than shewn:
 For Vice repeated, is like the wandring Wind,
 Blows Dust in others Eyes, to spread it self;
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
 The Breath is gone, and the fore Eyes see clear.
 To stop the Air would hurt them, the blind Mole casts
 Copt Hills toward Heav'n, to tell the Earth is throng'd
 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 it, and 'tis fit;
 What being more known, grows worse to smother it.
 All love the Womb that there being bred,
 Then give my Tongue like leave to love my Head.

Ant. Heav'n that I had it; he has found the meaning,
 But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of Tyre,
 Though by the Tenour of our strict Edict,
 Your Exposition mis-interpreting,
 We might proceed to cancel off 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 shews, we'll joy in such a Son:
 And until then, your Entertain shall be
 As doth besit our Honour, and your Worth. [Exit:]

Manet Pericles solus.

Per. How Courtesie would seem to cover Sin,
 When what is done is like a 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 Pleasure fits an Husband, not a Father,)
 And she an Eater of her Mother's flesh,
 By the defiling of her Parent's Bed,

10 Periclés, *Prince of Tyre.*

And both like Serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest Flowers, yet they Poyson breed.

Antioch farewell, for Wisdom sees, those Men
Blush not in Actions blacker than the Night,
Will shew no Course to keep them from the Light
One Sin, I know, another doth provoke ;
Murder's as near to Lust, as Flame to Smoak.
Poison and Treason are the Hands of Sin,
Ay, and the Targets to put off the Shame :
Then lest my Life be cropt to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the Danger which I fear. [Exit.]

Enter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning,
For which we mean to have his Head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my Infamy,
Nor tell the World *Antiochus* doth sin
In such a loathed manner.
And therefore instantly this Prince must die
And by his Fall my Honour must keep high.
Who attends us here ?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your Highness call ?

Ant. *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber,
And our Mind partakes her private Actions
To your Secresie ; and for your Faithfulness
We will advance you, *Thaliard*.
Behold, here's Poison and here's Gold,
We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him.
It fits thee not to ask the Reason why :
Because we bid it : Say, is it done ?

Thal. My Lord, 'tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough. Let your Breath cool your self, telling
your haste.

Mes. My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is dead.

Ant. As thou wilt live, fly at her ; and as an Arrow,
shot from a well experienced Archer, hits the Mark his
Eye doth level at : so do thou never return, unless thou
say, Prince *Pericles* is dead.

Thal.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my Pistol's length, I'll make him sure enough : So farewell to your Highness. [Exit.

Ant. *Thaliard* adieu, 'till *Pericles* be dead,
My Heart can lend no succour to my Head. [Exit.

Enter *Pericles*, *Hellicanus*, with other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us:
Why should this change of Thoughts,
The sad Companion dull-ey'd Melancholly,
By me so us'd, 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 Pleasure's court mine Eyes and mine Eyes shun them,
And Danger which I fear'd, 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, that Passions of the Mind,
That have their first Conception by mis-dread,
Have After-Nourishment and Life by Care ;
And what was first by fear, what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so 'tis with me. The great *Antiochus*,
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his Will his Act,
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence,
Nor boots it me to say I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him.
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known,
With hostile Forces he'll o'er-spread the Land,
And with the stint of War will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive Courage from the State :
Our Men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought Offence
Which care of them, not pity of my self,
Who once no more but as the Tops of Trees,
Which fence the Roots they grow by, and defend them,
Make not my Body pine, and Soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

1 Lord.

12 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

1 *Lord.* Joy and all Comfort in your sacred Breast.

2 *Lord.* And keep your Mind 'till ye return to us
Peaceful and comfortable.

Hell. Peace, peace, and give experience Tongue:
They do abuse the King that flatter him,
For flattery is the Bellows Llovs up Sin,
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a Spark,
To which that Spark gives heart and stronger glowing;
Whereas Reproof obedient and in order,
Fits Kings as they are Men, for they may err:
When Signior *Sooth* here doth proclaim Peace,
He flatters you, makes War upon your Life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me if you please,
I cannot be much lower than my Knees.

Per. All leave us else: but let your Cares o'er-look
What Shipping, and what Lading's in our Haven,
And then return to us: *Hellicanus*, thou hast
Mov'd us: what seest thou in our Looks?

Hell. An angry Brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be such a Dart in Princes Frowns,
How dost thy Tongue move Anger to our Face?

Hell. How dare the Planets look up unto Heav'n,
From whence they have their Nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have Power to take thy Life from:

Hell. I have ground the Ax my self, (thee.
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee rise, sit down, thou art no Flatterer,
I thank thee for it, and Heav'n 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 would'st thou have me do?

Hell. To bear with patience such Grievs,
As you your self do lay upon your self.

Per. Thou speak'st like a Physician, *Hellicanus*,
That ministers a Potion unto me

That thou would'st tremble to receive thy self.

Attend me then; I went to *Antioch*,

Where, as thou know'st, (against the Face of Death)

I fought the Purchase of a glorious Beauty,

From

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
 Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: But thou know'st this,
 'Tis time to fear, when Tyrants seem to kiss.
 Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
 Under the covering of a careful Night,
 Who seem'd my good protector: and being here,
 Bethought me what was past, what might succeed;
 I knew him tyrannous, and Tyrants fears
 Decrease not, but grow faster than the Years:
 And should he think, as no doubt he doth,
 That I should open to the listening Air,
 How many worthy Princes Blood were shed,
 To keep his Bed of blackness unlaid ope,
 To lop that doubt, he'll fill this Land with Arms,
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done him,
 When all for mine, if I may call offence,
 Must feel Wars blow, who fears not Innocence:
 Which love to all, for which thy self art one,
 Who now reprov'd'st me for it.

Hell. Alas, Sir.

Per. Drew Sleep out of my Eyes, Blood from my Cheeks,
 Mistrings into my Mind, with a thousand doubts
 How I might stop their Tempest ere it came,
 And finding little comfort to relieve them,
 I thought it Princely Charity to grieve for them.

Hell. Well, my Lord, since you have given me leave to
 Freely will I speak. *Antiochus* you fear, [speak;
 And justly too, I think, you fear the Tyrant,
 Who either by publick 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 the Thread of his Life:
 Your Rule direct to any, if to me,
 Day serves not Light more faithful, than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy Faith,

14 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

But should he wrong my Liberties in my absence?

Hell. We'll mingle our Bloods together in the Earth,
From whence we had our Being and our Birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to *Tharsus,*
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee ;
And by whose Letters I'll dispose my self:
The care I had and have of Subjects good
On thee I lay, whose Wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for Faith, not ask thine Oath,
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both :
But in our Orbs we live so round and safe,
That time of both this Truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou shewest a Subject's shine, I a true Prince. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Thaliard solus.

Thal. So, this is *Tyre,* and this is the Court, here must
I kill King *Pericles,* and if I do not, I am sure to be
hang'd at home: It is dangerous.

Well, I perceive he was a wise Fellow, and had good dis-
cretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the King,
desir'd he might know none of his Secrets. Now do I see
he had some reason for it: For if a King bid a Man be a Vil-
lain, he is bound by the Indenture of his Oath to be one.

Hush! here comes the Lords of *Tyre.*

Enter Helicanus, Escanes, with other Lords of Tyre.

Hell. You shall not need, my Fellow-Peers of *Tyre,*
Further to question me of your King's departure.
His seal'd Commission left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How, the King gone?

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

Thal. What from *Antioch*?

Hell. Royal *Antiochus* (on what cause I know not)
Took some displeasure at him, at least he judg'd so:
And doubting that he had erred or sinned,
To shew his Sorrow, he would correct himself;
So puts himself un'o the Shipman's toyl,
With whom each Minute threatens Life or Death.

Thal.

Thal. Well, I perceive I shall not be hang'd now, although I would; but since he's gone, the King's Seas must please: he 'scap'd the Land, to perish at the Sea: I'll present my self. Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Hell. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come
With Message unto Princely *Pericles*;
But since my landing I have understood,
Your Lord hath betook himself to unknown Travels,
My Message must return from whence it came.

Hell. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our Master, not to us;
Yet ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As Friends to *Antioch*, we may feast in *Tyre*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleon, the Governor of Tharsus, with Dionysia and others.

Cle. My *Dionysia*, shall we rest us here,
And by relating Tales of others Griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at Fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs Hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one Mountain to cast up a higher:
O my distressed Lord, even such our Griefs are,
Here they're but felt, and seen with Mischief's Eyes,
But like to Groves, being topt, they higher rise.

Cle. O *Dionysia*,
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 to weep,
Till Tongues fetch breath that may proclaim
Them louder, that if Heav'n 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.

Dio. I'll do my best, Sir.

Cle. This *Tharsus*, o'er which I've the Government,
A City, on whom Plenty held full hand,
For Riches strew'd herself even in the Streets,

Whose

Whose Towers bore heads so high, they kist the Clouds,
 And Strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
 Whose Men and Dames so jetted and dorn'd,
 Like one another's Glais to trim them by;
 There Tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
 And not so much to feed on, as delight,
 All Poverty was scorn'd, and Pride so great,
 The Name of Help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. Oh 'tis true.

Cle. But see what Heav'n 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 desi'd for want of use,
 They are now starv'd for want of Exercise;
 Those Palates, who, not yet to favors younger,
 Must have Inventions to delight the Taste,
 Would now be glad of Bread, and beg for it;
 These Mothers who to nouzle up their Babes,
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
 To eat those little Darlings whom they lov'd;
 So sharp are Hunger's Teeth, that Man and Wife
 Draw Lots who first shall die to lengthen Life.
 Here stands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping,
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
 Have scarce Strength left to give them Burial.
 Is not this true?

Dio. Our Cheeks and hollow Eyes do witness it.

Cle. O let those Cities that of Plenty's Cup,
 And her Prosperities so largely taste,
 With their superfluous Riots hear these Tears;
 The Misery of *Tharsus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord:

Lord. Where's the Lord-Governor?

Cle. Here, speak out thy Sorrows, which thou bring'st
 in haste, for Comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our Neighbouring
 A portly sail of Ships make hitherward. [Shore,

Cle. I thought as much.

One Sorrow never comes but brings an Heir,

That

That may succeed as his Inheritor:
 And so in ours: Some neighbouring Nation,
 Taking advantage of our Misery,
 Hath stuf't the hollow Vessels with their Pow'r,
 To beat us down, the which are down already,
 And make a Conquest of unhappy me;
 Whereas no Glory is got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least Fear,
 For by the semblance of their Flags display'd,
 They bring us Peace, and come to us as Favourers,
 Not as Foes,

Cle. Thou speak'st like Hymns untutor'd to repeat,
Who makes the fairest Shew, 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 half way there:
 Go tell their General we attend him here:
 To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
 And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my Lord.

Cle. Welcome his Peace, if he on Peace consist;
 If Wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles with Attendants.

Per. Lord-Governor, for so we hear you are,
 Let not our Ships and number of our Men
 Be like a Beacon fir'd, to amaze your Eyes,
 We've 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 release them of their heavy load,
 And these our Ships, you happily may think
 As like the *Trojan* Horse, was stuf't within,
 With bloody Veins expecting Overthrow,
 Are stor'd with Corn to make your needy Bread,
 And give them Life, whom Hunger starv'd half dead.

Omnes. The Gods of Greece protect you,
 And we'll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you arise;
 We do not look for Reverence, but for Love,
 And harbourage for our self, our Ships, and Men.

Cit.

18 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with Unthankfulness in Thought,
Be it our Wives, our Children, or our selves,
The Curse of Heav'n and Men succeed their Evils:
'Till when, the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,
Your Grace is welcome to our Town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept. Feast here a while,
Until our Stars that frown, lend us a Smile. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Gower.

Gow. **H**ERE have you seen a mighty King,
His Child, I wis, 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 past Necessity:
I'll shew you those in Troubles Reign,
Losing a Mite, a Mountain gain:
The Good in Conversation,
To whom I give my Benizon,
It still at Tharsus, where each Man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statue to make him glorious:
But Tidings to the contrary,
Are brought t'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 shews the Letter to Cleon, Pericles gives the Messenger a Reward, and knights him.

[*Exit Pericles at one Door, and Cleon at another.*]

*Good Hellican that staid at home,
Not to eat Honey like a Drone,*

From

From others Labours; for though he strive
 To killen bad, keep good alive:
 And to fulfil his Prince's Desire,
 Sav'd one of all that haps in Tyre:
 How Thaliard came full bent with Sin,
 And had intent to murther him;
 And that in Tharsus was not best,
 Longer for him to make his Rest:
 He doing so, put forth to Seas,
 Where when Men bin, there's seldom Ease,
 For now the Wind begins to blow
 Thunder above, and Deeps below,
 Make such unquiet, that the Ship
 Should House him safe, is wrack'd and split,
 And he, good Prince, having all lost,
 By Waves, from Coast to Coast is tost:
 All perishen of Man, of Pelf,
 Ne ought escapen'd but himself;
 'Till Fortune tir'd with doing bad,
 Threw him ashore to give him glad:
 And here he comes; what shall be next,
 Pardon old Gower, thus long's the Text.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet cease your Ire, you angry Stars of Heav'n;
 Wind, Rain, and Thunder; remember earthly Man
 Is but a Substance that must yield to you:
 And I, as fits my Nature, do obey you.
 Alas the Sea hath cast me on the Rocks,
 Washt 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 watry Grave,
 Here to have Death in Peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 *Fish.* What, to pelch?

2 *Fish.* Ha, come and bring away the Nets.

1 *Fish.* What patch Breech, I say.

3 *Fish.* What say you, Master?

1 *Fish.*

20 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now,
Come away, I'll fetch thee with a Wannion.

2 *Fish.* Faith, Master, I am thinking of the poor Men
That were cast away before us, even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas poor Souls it griev'd my Heart to hear
What pitiful Cries they made to us, to help them,
When, well-a-day, we could scarcely he'p our selves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, said not I as much,
When I saw the *Porpus* how he bounc'd and tumbled?
They say, they are half Fish, half Flesh;
A Plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be wash'd.
Master, I marvel how the Fishes live in the Sea?

1 *Fish.* Why, as Men do at Land,
The great ones eat up 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'th'Land,
Who never leave gaping, 'till they swallow'd
The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Bells and all.

Per. A pretty Moral.

3 *Fish.* But, Master, if I had been the Sexton,
I would have been that Day in the Belfrey.

2 *Fish.* Why, Man?

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallow'd 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 *Symonides* were of my Mind.

Per. *Symonides!*

3 *Fish.* We would purge the Lard of these Drones,
That rob the Bee of her Honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the Sea
These Fishers tell the Infirmities of Men,
And from their watry Empire recollect,
All that may Men approve, or Men detect.
Peace be at your Labour, honest Fishermen

2 *Fish.*

2 *Fish.* Honest, good Fellow, what's that if it be a Day fits you,

Search out of the Ka'ender, and no body look after it?

Per. Y'may see the Sea hath cast me upon your Coast.

2 *Fish.* What a drunken Knave was the Sea,
To cast thee in our way?

Per. A Man whom both the Waters and the Wind,
In that vast Tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play upon, intreats you pity him:
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 *Fish.* No, Friend, cannot you beg?
Here's them in our Country of Greece,
Get more with Begging, than we can do with Working.

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

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's no-
thing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, Want teaches me to think on;
A Man throng'd up with Cold, my Veins are chill,
And have no more of Life than may suffice
To give my Tongue that heat to ask your help:
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a Man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish.* Die, ko-tha, now Gods forbid; I have a Gown here,
come put it on, keep thee warm; now afore me a hand-
some Fellow: Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have
Flesh for all Day, Fish for fasting Days and more; or Pud-
dings and Flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, Sir.

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

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fish.* But crave? then I'll turn Craver too,
And so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your Beggars whipt then?

2 *Fish.* Oh not all, my Friend, not all; for if all your
Beggars were whipt, I would wish no better Office, than
to be Beadle. But Master, I'll go draw the Net.

Per. How well this honest Mirth becomes their labour?

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

Per.

22 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

Per. Not well.

1 Fish. I tell you, this is called *Pentapolis*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good King *Symonides*, do you call him?

1 Fish. Ay Sir, and he deserves so to be call'd,
For his peaceable Reign and good Government.

Per. 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?

1 Fish. Marry, Sir, half a day's Journey; and I'll tell
you, he hath a fair Daughter, and to-morrow is her Birth-
day, and there are Princes and Knights come from all parts
of the World, to Just and Turney for her Love.

Per. Were my Fortunes equal to my Desires,
I could wish to make one there.

1 Fish. Oh 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 Fisher-men drawing up a Net.

2 Fish. Help, Master help, here's a Fish hangs in the Net,
like a poor Man's Right in the Law, 'twill hardly come out.
Habots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turn'd to a rusty Armor.

Per. An Armor, Friends! I pray you let me see it.
Thanks, Fortune, yet that after all Crosses,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair my self;
And though it was mine own, part of mine Heritage,
Which my dead Father did bequeath to me,
With this strict Charge, even as he left his Life:
Keep it, my *Pericles*, it hath been a Shield
'Twixt me and Death; and pointed to this Brayse;
For that it sav'd me; keep it in like necessity,
The which the Gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee.
It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it,
'Till the rough Seas, that spares not any Man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd hath given't again:
I thank thee for't, my Shipwrack now's no ill,
Since I have here my Father's Gift in's Will.

1 Fish. What mean you, Sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind Friends, this Coat of Worth,
For it was sometime Target to a King,
I know it by this Mark; he lov'd me dearly,

And

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.

1 Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the Lady?

Per. I'll shew the virtue I have born in Arms.

1 Fish. Why, take it, and the Gods give thee good on't.

2 Fish. But hark you, my Friend, 'twas we that made up
 this Garment thro' 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.

Per. Believe it I will;

By your furtherance I am cloath'd in Steel,
 And spight of all the rapture of the Sea,
 This Jewel holds his building on my Arm;
 Unto thy value I will mount my self
 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.

2 Fish. We'll sure provide, thou shalt have
 My best Gown to make thee a pair;
 And I'll bring thee to the Court my self.

Per. Then Honour be but a Goal to my Will,
 This Day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exeunt.

Enter Symonides with Attendants and Thaisa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Triumph?

1 Lord. They are, my Liege, and stay your coming,
 To present themselves.

King. Return them, we are ready; and our Daughter
 In Honour of whose Birth, these Triumphs are, [here,
 Sits here like Beauty's Child, whom Nature gat,
 For Men to see and seeing wond'ring at.

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal Father, to express
 My Commendations great, whose Merit's less.

King. It's fit it should be so; for Princes are
 A Model which Heav'n makes of it self:
 As Jewels lose their Glory, if neglected,
 So Princes their Renowns if not respected.

'Tis now your Honour, Daughter, to entertain

The

24 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

The Labour of each Knight, in his Device.

Thai. Which to preserve mine Honour, I'll perform.
[*The first Knight passes by.*

King. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A Knight of *Sparta*, my renowned Father,
And the Device he bears upon his Shield,
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the Sun,
The word, *Lux tua Vita mihi.*

King. He loves you well, that holds his Life of you.

[*The second Knight.*

Who is the second, that presents himself?

Thai. A Prince of *Macedon*, my Royal Father,
And the Device he bears upon his Shield,
Is an arm'd Knight, that's conquer'd by a Lady,
The Motto thus in *Spanish*, *Pue Por dolcera chi por forza*

[*The third Knight.*

King. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of *Antioch*; and his Device
A Wreath of Chivalry; the word, *Me Pompei provexit*
apex. [The fourth Knight.

King. And what is the Fourth?

Thai. A burning Torch turned upside down,
The word, *Qui me alit, me extinguit.*

King. Which shews that Beauty hath his Power and
Which can as well enflame, as it can kill. (Will,

[*The fifth Knight.*

Thai. The fifth an Hand environed with Clouds,
Holding out Gold, that's by the Touch-stone try'd :
The Motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth Knight.*

King. And what's the sixth and last, the which the
Knight himself with such a graceful Courtesie deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a Stranger, but his Present is
A wither'd Branch, that's only green at top :
The Motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

King. A pretty Moral ;
From the dejected State wherein he is,
He hopes by you his Fortunes yet may flourish.

Lord. He had need mean better than his outward
Can any way speak in his just commend: [Shew

For,

For, by his rusty Outside, he appears
To've practis'd more the Whipstock than the Lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a Stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd Triumph strangely furnish'd.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his Armour rust
Untill this Day, to scour it in the Dust.

King. 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.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Great Shouts, and all cry The mean Knight.*

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. 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 shew commends it self;

Prepare for Mirth, for Mirth comes at a Feast.

You are Princes, and my Guests.

Th. i. But you, my Knight and Guest,

To whom this wreath of Victory I give,

And Crown you King of this Day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by Fortune, Lady, than by Merit.

King. 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 her labour'd Scholar: Come, Queen o'th' Feast,

For, Daughter, so you are, here take your place:

Martial the rest, as they deserve thy grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good *Symonides*.

King. Your Presence glads our Days, Honour we love,

For who hates Honour, hates the Gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yonder is your Place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 *Knight.* Contend not, Sir, for we are Gentlemen,

That neither in our Hearts, nor outward Eyes,

Envy the Great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous Knights.

King. Sit, sit, sit.

26 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

By *Jove*, I wonder, that is King of Thoughts,
These Cates resist me, he not thought upon.

Thai. by *Juno*, that is the Queen of Marriage,
All Viands that I eat do seem unfavory,
Wishing him my Meat; sure he's a gallant Gentleman.

King. He's but a Country Gentleman: has done no more
Than other Knights have done, has broken a Staff,
Or so; let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems a Diamond to Glafs.

Per. Yon King's to me like to my Father's Picture,
Which tells me in that Glory once he was,
And Princes sat 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, like a Glo-worm in the Night,
The which hath Fire in Darknes, none in Light;
Whereby I see that Time's the King of Men,
For he's their Parents, and he is their Grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

King. What are you merry, Knights?

Knights. Who can be other in this Royal Prefence?

King. Here, with a Çup that's stirr'd unto the brim,
As you do love, fill to your Mistie's Lips,
We drink this Health to you.

Knights. We thank your Grace.

King. Yet pause a while.

Yon Knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the Entertainment in our Court
Had not a shew might countervail his Worth.
Note it not you, *Thaisa*?

Thai. What is't to me, my Father?

King. O, attend, my Daughter;
Princes, in this, should live like Gods above,
Who freely give to every one that come to honour them:
And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wondred at:
Therefore to make his entrance now more sweet,
Here say we drink this standing Bowl of Wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my Father it befits not me,

Unto

Unto a stranger Knight to be so bold.
He may my Proffer take for an Offence,
Since Men take Womens Gifts for Impudence.

King. How! do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

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

King. And furthermore tell him,
We deſire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his Name and Parentage.

Thai. The King my Father, Sir, hath drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it ſo much Blood unto your Life.

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

Thai. And further he deſires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your Name and Parentage.

Per. A Gentleman of *Tyre*, my Name *Pericles*,
My Education 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, driv'n upon this Shore.

Thai. 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 the Shore.

King. 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.
Ev'n in your Armors, as you are addreſt,
Will very well become a Soldier's Dance:
I will not have excuſe, with ſaying that
Loud Muſick is too harſh for Ladies Heads,
Since they love Men in Arms, as well as Beds. [*They dance.*]
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas well perform'd,
Come, Sir, 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.

Per. In thoſe that praſtiſe them, they are, my Lord.

King. O that's as much, as you would be deny'd
Of your fair Courteſie, unclasp, unclasp. [*They dance.*]

28 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

Thanks Gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best. Pages and Lights, to conduct
These Knights unto their several Lodgings,
Yours, Sir, we have giv'n order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your Grace's Pleasure.

King. 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,
To Morrow, all for speeding do their best.

Enter Hellicanus and Escanes.

Hell. No, *Escanes*, know this of me,
Antiochus from Incest liv'd not free;
For which, the most high Gods not minding
Longer to with-hold the Vengeance that
They had in store, due to his heinous
Capital Offence; even in the height and Pride
Of all his Glory, when he was seated in
A Chariot of an inestimable Value, and his Daughter
With him; a Fire from Heav'n came and shrivel'd
Up those Bodies, even to loathing, for they so stunk
That all those Eyes ador'd them, ere they fall,
Scorn now their Hand should give them Burial.

Esca. It was very strange.

Hell. And yet but Justice;
For though this King were great,
His Greatness was no guard to bar Heav'n's shaft,
But Sin had his Reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1 *Lord.* See, not a Man in private Conference,
Or Counsel, hath respect with him but he.

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

3 *Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it.

1 *Lord.* Follow me then; Lord *Hellican* a word.

Hell. With me? and welcome, happy Day my Lords.

1 *Lord.* Know that our Grievs are risen to the top,
And now at length they over flow their Banks.

Hell. Your Grievs, for what? wrong not your Prince
you love.

1 *Lord.* Wrong not your self then, noble *Hellican*,

But

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 the Grave he rest, we'll find him there,
 And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us:
 Or dead, gives Cause to mourn his Funeral,
 And leaves us to our free Election.

2 Lord. Whose death 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 knows how to rule, and how to reign,
 We thus submit unto our Sovereign.

Omn. Live, noble *Hellican*.

Hell. Try Honours 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 Minutes ease,)
 A twelve Month longer, let me entreat you
 To forbear the absence of your King:
 If in which time expir'd, he not return,
 I shall with aged Patience bear your Yoke.
 But if I cannot win you to this Love,
 Go search like 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.

1 Lord. To Wisdom, he's a Fool that would not yield,
 And since Lord *Hellican* enjoineth us,
 We with our Travels will endeavour.

Hell. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp Hands,
 When Peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter the King reading of a Letter at one Door, and the
 Knights meet him.*

1 Knight. Good morrow to the good *Symonides*.

King. Knights, from my Daughter this I let you know,
 That for this twelve Month, she'll not undertake
 A married Life: Her Reason to her self is only known,
 Which yet from her by no means can I get.

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

30 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

King. Faith, by no means: she hath so strictly Ty'd 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 vow'd, And on her Virgin Honour will not break.

3 Knight. Loth to bid farewell, we take our Leaves. [*Exe.*

King. So, they are well dispatch'd.

Now to my Daughter's Letter; she tells me here, She'll wed the stranger Knight,

Or never more to view nor Day nor Light.

'Tis well, Mistrefs, 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 delay'd: Soft, here he comes, I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All Fortune to the good *Symonides*.

King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you, For your sweet Musick this last Night: I do protest, my Ears were never fed With such delightful pleasing Harmony.

Per. It is your Graces Pleasure to commend, Not my Desert.

King. Sir, you are Musick's Master.

Per. The worst of all her Scholars, my good Lord.

King. Let me ask you one thing.

What do you think of my Daughter, Sir?

Per. A most virtuous Princess.

King. And she's fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair Day in Summer: wondrous Fair.

King. Sir, my Daughter thinks very well of you, I so well, that you must be her Master, And she will be your Scholar; therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy to be her School-master.

King. She thinks not so, peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here a Letter,

That she loves the Knight of Tyre?

'Tis the King's Subtily to have my Life;

Oh seek not to intrap me, gracious Lord,

A Stranger

A Stranger and distressed Gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your Daughter,
But bent all Offices to honour her.

King. Thou hast bewitch'd my Daughter,
And thou art a Villain.

Per. By the Gods I have not;
Never did Thought of mine levy Offence;
Nor never did my Actions yet commence
A Deed might gain her Love, or your Displeasure.

King. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

King. Ay, Traytor.

Per. Even in his Throat, unless it be a King,
That calls me Traitor, I return the Lie.

King. Now by the Gods I do applaud his Courage.

Per. My Actions are as noble as my Thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base Descent:

I came unto the Court for Honour's Cause,
And not to be a Rebel to her State:

And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This Sword shall prove, he's Honour's Enemy.

King. No? here comes my Daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then as you are as Virtuous, as Fair,
Resolve your angry Father, if my Tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my Hand subscribe
To any Syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why Sir, if you had, who takes offence
At that would make me glad?

King. Yea, Mistress, are you so peremptory?
I am glad of it 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?—who, for ought I know, *[Aside.]*

May be, nor can I think the contrary,

As great in Blood as I my self:—

Therefore hear you, Mistress, either frame

Your Will to mine; and you, Sir, hear you,

Either be rul'd by me, or I'll make you—

32 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

Man and Wife; nay, come, your Hands
And Lips must seal it too: And being join'd,
I'll thus your Hopes destroy, and for further Grief,
God give you Joy; what, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, Sir.

Per. Ev'n as my Life, or Blood that fosters it.

King. What, are you both agreed?

Amb. Yes, if it please your Majesty.

King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can, get you to Bed.

Enter Gower.

*Now sleep staked hath the rout,
No din but snoring about the House,
And louder by the o'er-see Beast,
Of this most pompous Marriage Feast:
The Cat with eye of burring Coal,
Now couches from the Mouses hole:
And Crickets sing at th' Owens Mouth,
Are the blither for their Drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to Bed,
Where by the Loss of Maidenhead,
A Babe is moulded, by attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine Fancies quaintly each,
What's dumb in shew, I'll plain with Speech.*

Enter Pericles and Symonides at one Door with Attendants,
a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives *Pericles* a
Letter, *Pericles* shews it *Symonides*, the Lords kneel to
him; Then enter *Thaisa* with Child, with *Lychorida* a
Nurse, the King shews her the Letter, she rejoices:
She and *Pericles* take leave of her Father, and depart.

*By many a dearn and painful Pearl
Of Pericles, the careful Search,
By the four opposing Coignes,
Which the World together joynes.
Is made with all due diligence,
That Horse and Sail, and high Expence,*

Can steed the quest; at last from Tyre,
 Fame answering the most strange Enquire,
 To th' Court of King Symonides,
 Are Letters brought, the Tenour these.
 Antiochus and his Daughter's dead,
 The Men of Tyrus, on the Head
 Of Hellicanus would set on
 The Crown of Tyre, but he will none:
 The Mutiny he there hastes t'oppress,
 Says to them, 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,
 Irony shed the Regions round,
 And every one 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; then Vessel shakes
 On Neptune's Billow, half the Flood
 Half their Keel cut; but Fortune mov'd,
 Varies again. the grisly North
 Disgorges such a Tempest forth,
 That as a Duck for Life that dives,
 So up and down the poor Ship drives:
 The Lady shrieks, and well a-near,
 Doth fall in travel with her fear:
 And what ensues in this self Storm,
 Shall for it self, it self perform:
 I will relate, Action may
 Conveniently the rest convey;
 Which might not? what by me is told,
 In your imagination hold;
 This Stage, the Ship upon whose Deck
 The Sea-tost Pericles appears to speak.

34 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

Enter Pericles on Shipboard.

Per. Thou God of this great Vast, rebuke these Surges
Which wash both Heav'n and Hell; and thou that hast
Upon the Winds Command, bind them in Brass,
Having call'd them from the Deep; O still
Thy deafning dreadful Thunders; daily quench
Thy nimble sulphurous Flashes: O how, *Lychorida,*
How does my Queen? then storm venomously,
Wilt thou spit all thyself? the Seaman's Whistle
Is a Whisper in the Ears of Death,
Unheard *Lychorida?* *Lucina,* oh——
Divinest Patroness, and my Wife, gentle
To those that cry by Night, convey thy Deity
Aboard our dancing Boat, make swift the Pangs
Of my Queen's Travels. Now, *Lychorida.*

Enter Lychorida.

Lyc. 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.

Per. How? how, *Lychorida?*

Lyc. Patience, good Sir, do not assist the Storm,
Here's all that is left living of our Queen;
A little Daughter, for the sake of it
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you Gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly Gifts,
And snatch them straight away?
We here below, recal not what we give,
And we therein may use Honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good Sir, even for this Charge,

Per. Now mild may be thy Life,
For a more blustrous 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 that follows,
Thou hast as chiding a Nativity,
As Fire, Air, Water, Earth, and Heav'n can make
To harold thee from the Womb:
Ev'n at the first, thy Loss is more than can
Thy Portage quit, with all thou canst find here.

Now.

Now the good Gods thow their best Eyes upon it

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What Courage, Sir? God save you.

Per. Courage enough, I do not fear the Flaw,
It hath done to me the worst: Yet for the love
Of this poor Infant, this fresh new Sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the Bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt
thou blow and split thy self?

2 *Sail.* But Sea-room, and the brine and cloudy Bil-
low kifs the Moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your Queen must over-board,
The Sea works high, the Wind is loud,
And will not lie 'till the Ship be clear'd of the dead.

Per. That's your Superstition. [observ'd,

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, Sir, with us at Sea it still hath been.
And we are strong in Eastern, therefore briefly yield her.

Per. As you think meet, for she must o'er-board straight,
Most wretched Queen.

Lyc. Here she lies, Sir.

Per. A terrible Child-bed hast thou had, my Dear,
No Light, no Fire, the unfriendly Elements
Forgot thee utterly, nor have I time
To bring thee hallow'd to thy Grave, but straight
Must cast thee scarcely coffin'd, in oar,
Where for a Monument upon thy Bones,
The Air remaining Lamps, the belching Whale,
And humming Water must o'erwhelm thy Corps
Lying with simple Shells: Oh, *Lychorida*,
Bid *Nestor* bring me Spices, Ink and Paper,
My Casket and my Jewels, and bid *Nicanor*
Bring me the Sattin Coffin: Lay the Babe
Upon the Pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A Priestly farewell to her: Suddenly, Woman.

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a Chest beneath the Hatches,
Caulk'd and bitum'd ready.

Per. I thank thee: Mariners, say, what Coast is this?

2 *Sail.* We are near *Tharjuss*.

Per. Thither, gentle Mariner,
A ter thy Courte for *Tro*. when canst thou reach it?

36 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

2 Sail. By break of Day, if the Wind cease.

Per. O make for *Tharsus*,

There will I visit *Cleon*, for the Babe

Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there I'll leave it

At careful nursing: Go thy ways, good Mainer.

I'll bring the Body presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lord Cerymon with a Servant.

Cer. *Philemon*, oh!

Enter Philemon.

Phil. Doth my Lord call?

Cer. Get Fire and Meat for these poor Men,
It hath been a turbulent and stormy Night.

Ser. I have been in many; but such a Night as this,
'Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

Ger. Your Master will be dead ere you return.
There's nothing can be ministred to Nature,
That can recover him: Give this to th' Apothecary,
And tell me how it works.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Good morrow.

2 Gent. Good morrow to your Lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen, why do you stir so early?

1 Gent. Sir, our Lodging standing Bleak upon the Sea,
Shook as if the Earth did quake:

The very Principles did seem to rend and all to topple,
Pure Surprise and Fear made me to leave the House.

2 Gent. That is the Cause we trouble you so early,
'Tis not our Husbandry.

Cer. O you say well.

1 Gent. But I much marvel that your Lordship
Having rich Attire 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.

Cer. I hold it ever Virtue and Cunning
Were Endowments greater, than Nobleness and Riches;
Careless Hours may the two latter darken and expend;
But Immortality attends the former,
Making a Man a God:

'Tis known, I ever have studied Physick,

Through

Through which secret Art, by tuning o'er Authority,
 I hare together with my Practice, made familiar
 To me and to my Aid, the best Infusions that dwell
 In Vegetives, in Metals, Stones; and can speak of the
 Disturbances that Nature works, and of her Cures;
 Which doth give me more Content
 In course of true Delight
 Than to be thirsty after tottering Honour,
 Or tie my Pleasure up in silken Bags,
 To please the Fool and Death.

2 *Gent.* Your Honour hath through *Ephesus*
 Pour'd forth your Charity, and hundreds call themselves
 Your Creatures; who by you have been restor'd,
 And not your Knowledge, your personal Pain,
 But even your Pulse still open, hath built Lord *Cerymon*
 Such strong Renown, as never shall decay:

Enter two or three with a Chest.

Ser. So, lift there.

Cer. What's that?

Ser. Sir, even now did the Sea toss up upon our Shore
 This Chest; 'tis of some wrack.

Ser. Set it down, let us look upon it.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis like a Coffin, Sir.

Cer. What ere it be, 'tis wondrous heavy;
 Wrench it open straight:

If the Sea's Stomach be o'er-charg'd with Gold,
 'Tis a good Constraint of Fortune it belches upon us.

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

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bottom'd, did the Sea
 cast it up?

Ser. I never saw so huge a Billow, Sir, as toss it upon
 Shore.

Cer. Wrench it open; it smells most sweetly in my Sense.

2 *Gent.* A delicate Odour:

Cer. As ever hit my Nostril; so, up with it.

Oh you most potent Gods! what's here, a Coarse?

1 *Gent.* Most strange.

Cer. Shrowded in Cloath of State, balm'd and entreaured
 With full Bags of Spices, a Passport to *Apollo*.
 Perfect me in the Characters.

Here

38 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

*Here I give to understand,
If e'er this Coffin drive a-land;
I King Pericles have lost
This Queen, worth all our mundane Cost:
Who finds her, give her Burying,
She was the Daughter of a King.
Besides this Treasure for a Fee,
The Gods requite his Charity.*

If thou livest *Pericles*, thou hast a Heart
That even cracks for wo; this chanc'd to Night.

2 *Gent.* Most likely, Sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to Night.

For look how fresh she looks!

They were too rough, that threw her in the Sea.
Make a Fire within, fetch hither all my Boxes in my Closet,
Death may usurp on Nature many Hours,
And yet the Fire of Life kindle again the o'er-press'd Spirits.
I heard of an *Ægyptian* that had nine Hours been dead,
Who was by good Appliance recovered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well said, well said, the Fire and Cloaths,
The rough and woful Musick that we have,
Cause it to sound I beseech you:
The Vial once more; how thou stirrest, thou Block?
The Musick there; I pray you give her Air;
Gentlemen, this Queen will live,
Nature awakes a warm Breath out of her;
She hath not been entranc'd above five Hours.
See how she 'gins to blow into Life's Flower again.

1 *Gent.* The Heav'ns, thro' you, encicase our Wonder,
And sets up your Fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive, behold her Eye-lids,
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.*]

Thai. O dear *Diana*, where am I? where's my Lord?
What World is this?

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange?

1 *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush, my gentle Neighbours, lend me your Hands,
To the next Chamber bear her, get Linnen;
Now this matter must be look'd to, for the Relapse
Is mortal: Come, come, and, *Esculapius*, guide us.

[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Pericles at Tharfus, with Cleon and Dionysia.

Per. MOST honour'd *Cleon*, I must needs be gone,
My twelve Months are expir'd, and *Tyre* stands
In a Peace; you and your Lady take from my Heart
All Thankfulness. The Gods make up the rest upon you.

Cle. Your shakes of Fortune, though they hate you
Mortally, yet glance full wondrously on us.

Dion. O your sweet Queen!

That the strict Fates had pleas'd you'd brought her hither,
To have blest mine Eyes with her.

Per. We cannot but obey the Pow'rs 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 nam'd 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 manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my Lady, but think your Grace,
That fed my County with your Corn, for which
The Peoples Prayers daily fall upon you, must in your Child
Be thought on; if neglect should therein make me vile,
The common Body that's by you reliev'd,
Would force me to my Duty; but if to that
My Nature need a Spur, the Gods revenge it
Upon me and mine, to the end of Generation.

Per. I believe you, your Honour and your Goodness
Teach me to't without your Vows, 'till she be married,
Madam,

40 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

Madam, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All unfister'd shall this Heir of mine remain,
Though I shew will in't; so I take my leave:
Good Madam, make me blessed, in your Care
In bringing up my Child.

Dion. I've one myself, who shall not be more dear
To my respect than yours, my Lord.

Per. Madam, my Thanks and Prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your Grace to the Edge of the Shore,
then give you up to the masked *Neptune*, and the gentlest
Winds of Heaven.

Per. I will embrace your offer. Come, dearest Madam:
O, no Tears, *Lychorida*, no Tears; look to your little Mi-
strefs, on whose Grace you may depend hereafter:
Come, my Lord. [Exeunt.

Enter Cerymon and Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and some certain Jewels,
Lay with you in your Coffers.
Which are at your Command: Know you the Character?

Thai. It is my Lords; that I was ship'd at Sea,
I well remember, ev'n on my eaning time;
But whether there delivered, by the holy Gods,
I cannot rightly say; but since King *Pericles*,
My wedded Lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal-Livery will I take me to,
And never more have Joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's Temple is not distant far.
Where you may abide 'till your Date expire;
Moreover if you please, a Niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My Recompence is thanks, that's all,
Yet my good Will is great, though the Gift small.

[Exeunt.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine *Pericles* arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own Desire;
His woful Queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto *Diana*, there's a Vataress.

Now to Marina bend your Mind,
 Whom our fast growing Scene must find
 At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
 In Musick, Letters, who hath gain'd
 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 earned 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 sight: This Maid
 Hight Philoten: And it is said
 For certain in our Story, she
 Would ever with Marina be,
 Be't when they weav'd the sledded Silk,
 With Fingers long, small, white as Milk,
 Or when she would with sharp Needle wound
 The Cambrick, which she made more sound
 By hurting it; or when to the Lute
 She Sung, and made the Night Bed mute
 That still records within one, or when
 She would with rich and constant Pen,
 Vail to her Mistress Dion still,
 This Philoten contends in skill
 With absolute Marina: So
 The Dove of Paphos might with 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 Murd'rer does prepare
 For good Marina that her Daughter
 Might stand Peerless by this Slaughter.
 The sooner her vile Thoughts to stead,
 Lychorida our Nurse is dead,
 And cursed Dionysia hath
 The pregnant Instrument of Wrath

42 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

*Prest for this blow, the unborn Event
I do commend to your Content,
Only I carried winged Time
Post, on the lame Feet of my Rhime,
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your Thoughts went on my Way.
Dionysia doth appear,
With Leonine a Murderer.*

[Exit.

Enter Dionysia, and Leonine.

Dion. Thy Oath remember, thou hast sworn to do it,
'Tis but a Blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing in the World so soon,
To yield thee so much Profit; let not Conscience
Which is but cold, enflaming thy love Bosom,
Enflame too nicely; nor let Pity, which
Even Women have cast off, melt thee,
But be a Soldier to thy Purpose.

Leon. I will do't, but yet she is a goodly Creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods should have her.
Here she comes weeping for her only Mistress Death:
'Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter Marina with a Basket of Flowers.

Mar. No: I will rob gay *Tellus* of her Weed,
To strew thy Grave with Flowers: The yellows, blues,
The purple, Violets and Marigolds,
Shall as the Carpet hang upon thy Grave,
While Summer Days do last. Ay me, poor Maid,
Born in a Tempest, when my Mother dy'd:
This World to me is like a lasting Storm,
Hurrying me from my Friends.

Dion. How now, *Marina*? why de'ye weep alone?
How chance my Daughter is not with you?
Do not consume your Blood with sorrowing.
You have a Nurse of me. Lord! your Favour's
Chang'd, with this unprofitable Woe:
Come give me your Flowers, e'er the Sea mar it,
Walk with *Leonine*, the Air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the Stomach:

Come,

Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.* 43.

Come, *Leonine*, take her by the Arm, walk with her.

Mar. No I pray you,
I'll not bereave you of your Servant.

Dion. Come, come ;
I love the King your Father, and your self,
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 chearful once again ; reserve
That excellent Complexion, which did steal
The Eyes of Young and Old. Care not for me,
I can go home alone.

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

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

Leon. I warrant you, Madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet Lady, for a while ;
Pray walk softly, do not heat your Blood :

What, I must have a Care of you. [Exit.

Mar. My Thanks, sweet Madam. Is the Wind Westerly
that blows ?

Leon. South-West.

Mar. When I was born, the Wind was North.

Leon. Was't so ?

Mar. My Father, as Nurse saith, did never fear,
But cryed good Seamen, to the Sailors, galling
His Kingly Hand's,
Haling the Ropes, and clasping to the Mast,
Endur'd a Sea that almost burst the Deck.

Leon. When was this ?

Mar. When I was born :
Never were Waves nor Wind more violent,
And from the Ladder-Tackle, wassles off
A Canvas Climber : Ha, with one, wilt out !
And with a dropping Industry they skip

From

44 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

From Stern to Stern:

The Boatswain whistles, and the Master calls
And tumbles their Confusion.

Leon. Come say your Prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little Space for Prayer,
I grant it; pray, but be not tedious,
For the Gods are quick of Ear,
And I am sworn to do my Work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my Lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd now? as I can
Remember by my Troth, I never did hurt her
In all my Life, I never spake bad Word,
Nor did ill Turn to any living Creature;
Believe me now, I never kill'd a Mouse,
Nor hurt a Fly. I trod upon a Worm once
Against my Will, but I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my Death might yield her any Profit,
Or my Life imply her any Danger?

Leon. My Commission

Is not to reason of the Deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the World, I hope:
You are well-favour'd, and your Looks fore-shew
You have a very gentle Heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught Hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it shewed well in you, do so now,
Your Lady seeks my Life, come you between,
And save poor Me the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn, and will dispatch.

Enter Pirates.

1 *Pirat.* Held, Villain.

2 *Pirat.* A prize! a prize!

3 *Pirat.* Half part, Mates, half part. Come let's have
her aboard sudden'y. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leonine.

Leon. These roguing Thieves seize 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 farther,

Perhaps

Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard; if she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain. [Exit.

Enter Pander, Boulton and Bawd.

Pand. Boulton.

Boulton. Sir.

Pand. Search the Market narrowly, *Meteline* 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.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones what e'er we pay for them, if there be not a Conscience to be us'd in every Trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, 'tis not our bringing up of poor Bastards, as I think, I brought some eleven.

Boulton. I too eleven, and brought them down again, But shall I search the Market?

Bawd. What else, Man? The Stuff we have, a strong Wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true, there's two unwholesome in Conscience, the poor *Transylvanian* is dead that lay with the little Baggage.

Boulton. Ay, she quickly pou'd him, she made him Roast Meat for Worms, but I'll go search the Market. [Exit.

Pand. Three or four thousand Chickens 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?

Pand. Oh 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 hatch'd; 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.

Pand. As well as we, ay, and better too, we offend worse, neither is our Profession any Trade, it's no Calling: But here comes Boulton.

Enter

46 *Pericles, Prince of Tyre.*

Enter Boulton with Pirates, and Marina.

Boulton. Come your Ways, my Masters, you say she's a Virgin?

Pirat. O Sir, we doubt it not.

Boulton. Master, I have gone through for this Piece you see, if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my Earnest.

Bawd. *Boulton.* has she any Qualities?

Boulton. She has a good Face, speaks well, and hath excellent good Cloaths: There's no farther necessity of Quality can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her Price, *Boulton*?

Boulton. I cannot be baited one doit of a thousand Pieces.

Pand. 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.

Bawd. *Boulton,* take you the Marks of her, the Colour of her Hair, Complexion, Height, Age, with warrant of her Virginitie, and Cry, He that will give most shall have her first. Such a Maiden-head were no cheap thing; if Men were as they have been: Get this done as I command you.

Boulton. Performance shall follow. [Exit.]

Mar. Alack, that *Leonine,* was so slack, so slow:
He should have struck, not spoke;
Or that these Pirates, not enough barbarous,
Had o'er-board thrown me, for to seek my Mother,

Bawd. Why weep you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the Gods have done their Part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

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

Mar. The more's my Fault to 'scape his Hands,
Where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in Pleasure.

Mar. 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, d'ye stop your Ears?

Mar. Are you a Woman?

Bawd.

Bawd. What would you have me to be, if I be not a Woman?

Mar. An honest Woman, or not a Woman.

Bawd. Marry whip thee, Gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, y'are a young foolish Sapling, and must be bowed as I would have ye.

Mar. The Gods defend me.

Bawd. If it please the Gods defend you by Men, then Men must comfort you, Men must feed you, Men must stir you up: *Boult's* return'd.

Enter Boult.

Now, Sir, hast thou cry'd her through the Market?

Boult. I have cry'd her almost to the number of her Hairs. I have drawn her Picture with my Voice.

Bawd. And prithee tell me, how dost thou find the Inclination of the People, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith they list'ned to me, as they would have hearken'd to their Father's Testament. There was a *Spaniard's* Mouth so watered, that he went to Bed to her very Description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to Morrow with his best Ruff on.

Boult. To Night, to Night. But, Mistress, do you know the *French* Knight that coveas i'th' Hams?

Bawd. Who, Monsieur *Verollus*?

Boult. Ay, he offered to cut a Caper at the Proclamation, but he made a Groan at it, and swore he would see her to Morrow.

Bawd. Well, well, as for him, he brought his Disease hither, here he doth but repair it. I know he will come in our Shadow, to scatter his Crowns in the Sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every Nation a Traveller, we should lodge them with this Sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither a while, 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.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult.

48 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

Boult. O take her home, Mistrefs, take her home, thefe Blufhes of hers muft be quencht with fome prefent Practice.

Bawd. Thou fayeft true i' faith, fo they muft, for your Bride goes to that with ftame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith fome do, and fome do not; but Mistrefs, if I have bargain'd for the Joynt.

Bawd. Thou may'ft cut a Morfel off the Spit.

Boult. I may fo.

Bawd. Who fhould deny it?

Come young one, I like the manner of your Garmens well.

Boult. Ay by my Faith, they fhall not be changed yet.

Bawd. *Boult*, fpend thou that in the Town report what a Sojourner we have, you'll lofe nothing by Cuftom. When Nature fram'd this Piece, ſhe meant thee a good Turn, therefore fay what a Paragon ſhe is, and thou haft the Harveft out of thine own Report.

Boult. I warrant you Mistrefs, Thunder fhall not fo awake the Beds of Eels, as my giving out of her Beauty ftirs up the Lewdly inclined. I'll bring home fome to Night.

Bawd. Come your ways, follow me.

Mar. If Fires be hot, Knives ſharp, or Waters deep, Unty'd I ftill my Virgin-knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpoſe.

Bawd. What have we to do with *Diana*? pray you go with us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleon and Dionyfia.

Dion. Why are you fooliſh, can it be undone?

Cle. O *Dionyfia*, ſuch a piece of Slaughter, The Sun and Moon ne'er lock'd upon.

Dion. I think you'll turn a Child again.

Cle. Were I chief Lord of all this fpacious World, I'd give it to undo the deed. O Lady, much lefs in Blood than Vittue, yet a Princefs to equal any ſingle Crown of the Earth, in the Juſtice of Compare: O Villain *Leonine* whom thou haft poisoned too if thou had'ft drunk to him, it had been a Kindnefs becoming well thy Face; what can'ſt thou ſay, when noble *Pericles* ſhall demand his Child?

Dion. That ſhe is dead. Nurſes are not the Fates to fofter it, nor ever to preſerve; ſhe dy'd at Night, I'll ſay ſo,

so, who can cross it, unless you play the innocent? and for an honest Attribute, cry out, she dy'd by foul play.

Cle. O go to, well, well, of all the Faults beneath the Heav'ns, the Gods do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think the pretty Wrens of *Tharsus* 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.

Cle. To such proceeding, whoever but his Approbation added, though not his whole Consent, he did not flow from honourable Courses.

Dion. Be it so then, yet none doth know but you how she came dead, nor none can know, *Leonine* being gone. She did disdain 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 blurred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorrow, and though you call my Course unnatural, you not your Child well loving, yet I find it greets me as an enterprize of Kindness perform'd to your sole Daughter.

Cle. Heav'ns forgive it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say? We wept after her Hearse, and yet we mourn: Her Monument almost finished, and her Epitaph, In glittering golden Characters, express A general Praise to her, and Care in us, At whose Expence 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to be ray, dost with thy Angel's Face,
Seize with thine Eagles Talons.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to th' Gods, that Winter kills the Flies,
But yet I know, you'll do as I advise. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Gower.

THUS Time we waste, and longest 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 pard'ned, we commit no Crime,
 To use one Language, in each several Clime,
 Where our Scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
 To learn of me, who stands in 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 Hellicanus goes along, behind
 Is left to govern it: You bear in Mind
 Old Escanes, whom Hellicanus late
 Advanc'd in time to great and high Estate.
 Well sailing Ships, and bounteous Winds have brought
 This King to Tharsus, think this Pilate thought:
 So with his Steerage, shall your Thoughts grone
 To fetch his Daughter home, who first is gone;
 Like Motes and Shadows see them move a while,
 Your Ears unto your Eyes I'll reconcile.

Enter Pericles at one Door with all his Train, Cleon and
 Domytia at the other: Cleon shews Pericles the Tomb,
 whereat Pericles makes Lamentation, puts on Sackcloth,
 and in a mighty Passion departs.

Gower. See how Belief may suffer by foul show,
 This borrow'd Passion stands for true old Woe:
 And Pericles in Scrow all devour'd,
 With Sighs shot through, and biggest Tears o'er-shower'd,
 Leaves Tharsus, and again imbarks, he swears
 Never to wash his Face, nor cut his Hairs,
 He put on Sackcloth, and to Sea he bears,
 A Tempest which his mortal Vessel tears,

And

*And yet he rides it out. Now take we our way
To the Epitaph for Marina, writ by Dionysia.*

The fairest, sweetest, and best lies here,
Who wither'd in her Spring of Year:
She was of *Tyrus* the King's Daughter,
On whom foul Death hath made this Slaughter:
Marina was she call'd, and at her Birth,
That is, being proud, swallow'd some part of th' Earth:
Therefore the Earth fearing to be overflow'd,
Hath *Thetis* Birth-child on the Heav'ns bestow'd.
Wherefore she does and swears she'll never stint,
Make raging Batt'ry upon Shores of Flint.

*No Vizor does become black Villainy,
So well as soft and tender Flattery.
Let Pericles believe his Daughter's dead:
And bear his Courses to be ordered
By Lady Fortune, while our steer must Play
His Daughter woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy Service: Patience then,
And think you now are all in Metaline.*

[Exit.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a Place as this,
she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have Divinity preacht there, did you
ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no; come, I am for no more Bawdy-
houses, shall we go hear the Vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is Virtuous, but I
am out of the Road of Rutting for ever. [Exit.

Enter the three Bawds.

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

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her, she is able to freeze the God
Priapus, and undo a whole Generation, we must either get
her ravisht, or be rid of her; when she should do for
Clyents her fitment, and do me the kindness of our Profes-
sion, she has me her Quirks, her Reasons, her Master-reasons,

52 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

her Prayers, her Knees, that she would make a Puritan of the Devil, if he should cheapen a Kiss of her.

Boult. Faith I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our Cavaliers, and make all our Swearers Priests.

Bawd. Now the Pox upon her Green-sickness for me.

Bawd. Faith there's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the Pox. Here comes the Lord *Lyfimachus* disguis'd.

Boult. We should have both Lord and Lown, if the peevish Biggage would but give way to Customers.

Enter Lyfimachus.

Lys. How now, how a Dozen of Virginities?

Bawd. Now the Gods bless your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to see your Honour in good Health.

Lys. You may so, 'tis the better for you, that your Reformers stand upon sound Legs, how now? wholesome Impunity have you, that a Man may deal withal, and defy the Surgeon?

Bawd. We have one here, Sir, if she would——
But there never came her like in *Metaline*.

Lys. If she'd do the Deeds of Darknes, thou would'st say.

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

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For Flesh and Blood, Sir, white and red, you shall see a Rose, and she were a Rose indeed, if she had but——

Lys. What prithee?

Boult. O Sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the Renown of a Bawd, no less than it gives a good Report to a Number to be chaste.

Enter Marina.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the Stalk,
Never pluckt yet I can assure you.
Is she not a fair Creature?

Lys. Faith she would serve after a long Voyage at Sea.
Well, there's for you, leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your Honour give me leave a Word,
And I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable Man

Mar.

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

Bawd. Next, he's the Governor of this Country, and a Man whom I am bound to.

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

Bawd. Pray you without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your Apron with Gold.

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

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My Lord, she's not pac'd yet, you must take some Pains to work her to your manage; come, we will leave his Honour and her together. [Exit. *Bawd.*

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this Trade?

Mar. What Trade, Sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my Trade, please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this Profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to't so young, were you a Gamester at five or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, Sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why the House you dwell in, proclaims you to be a Creature of Sale.

Mar. Do you know this House to be a Place of such Resort, and will come into it? I hear say you are of honourable Parts, and the Governor of this Place.

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

Mar. Who is my Principal?

Lys. Why your Herb-woman, she that sets Seeds and Roots of Shame and Iniquity. O you have heard something of my Power, and so stand aloof for more serious Wooing; but I protest to thee, pretty one, my Authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee; come bring me to some private Place, come, come.

54 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

Mar. If you were born to Honour, shew it now,
If put upon you, make the Judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this? some more, be sage----

Mar. For me that am a Maid, though most ungentle
Fortune hath plac'd me in this Stie,
Where since I came, Diseases have been sold
Dearer than Phyfick; O that the Gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd Place,
Though they did change me to the meanest Bird
That flies i'th' purer Air.

Lys. I did not think
Thou could'st have spoke so well, I ne'er dream'd thou
could'st;
Had I brought hither a corrupted Mind
Thy Speech had alter'd it; hold, here's Gold for thee,
Persevere in that clear way thou goest,
And the Gods strengthen thee.

Mar. The good Gods preserve you.

Lys. For my part, I came with no ill Intent, for to me, -
The very Doors and Windows favour vilely.

Fare thee well,

Thou art a Piece of Virtue, and I doubt not
But thy training hath been noble;
Hold, here's more Gold for thee;

A Curse upon him, die he like a Thief
That robs thee of thy Goodness; if thou dost hear from me,
It shall be for thy good.

Boult. I beseech your Honour, one Piece for me

Lys. Avant thou damn'd Door-keeper,
Your House, but for this Virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink and overwhelm you. Away. [Exit.

Boult. How's this? We must take another Course with
you, if your peevish Chastity, which is not worth a
Breakfast in the cheapest Country under the Coap, shall
undo a whole Household, let me be gelded like a Spaniel:
come your ways

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your Maidenhead taken off, or the
common Hangman shall execute it; come your way, we'll
have no more Gentlemen div'n away - come your ways, I
say.

Enter

Enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now, what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, Mistress, she hath here spoken holy Words to the Lord *Lysimachus*.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our Profession as it were to stink before the Face of the Gods.

Bawd. Marry hang her up for ever.

Boult. The Nobleman would have dealt with her like a Nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a Snow-ball; saying his Prayers too.

Bawd. *Boult* take her away, use her at thy Pleasure, crack the Glafs of her Virginitie, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. And if she were a thornier Piece of Ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you Gods!

Bawd. She conjures, away with her, would she had never come within my Doors, marry hang you, she's born to undo us, will you not go the way of Women-kind? Marry come up my Dish of Chastity, with Rosemary and Bays. [*Exit.*

Boult. Come, Mistress, come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

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

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing?

Mar. What can'st thou wish thine Enemy to be?

Boult. Why I could wish him to be my Master, or rather my Mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art; Since they do better thee in their Command; Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st Fiend In Hell would not in Reputation change: [*comes* Thou art the damn'd Door-keeper to every Cusherel that Enquiring for his Tib. To the cholerick Fisting of every Thy Ear is liable, thy Food is such [*Rogue* As hath been belch'd on by infectious Lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the Wars, would you, where a Man may serve seven Years for the loss of a Leg, and have not Money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar.

56 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

Mar. Do any thing 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 profeſteſt, a Baboon, could he ſpeak,
 Would own a Name too dear:
 Oh, that the Gods would ſafely deliver me from this Place;
 Here, here's Gold for thee, if that thy Maſter would gain by
 Proclaim that I can Sing, Weave, Sow and Dance, [me,
 With other Virtues, which I'll keep from boaſt,
 And I will undertake all theſe to teach. [Iars.

I doubt not but this populous City will yield many Scho-
Boult. But can you teach all this you ſpeak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
 And prostitute me to the baſeſt Groom
 That doth frequent your Houſe.

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

Mar. But amongſt honeſt Women.

Boult. Faith my Acquaintance lies little among them;
 but ſince my Maſter and Miſtreſs have bought you, there's
 no going but by their conſent: Therefore I will make them
 acquainted with your Purpoſe, and I doubt not but I ſhall
 find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what
 I can, come your ways. [Exeunt.

Enter Gower.

*Marina thus the Brothel 'ſcapes, and chances
 Into an honeſt Houſe, our Story ſays:
 She ſings like one immortal, and ſhe dances
 As Goddeſs-like to her admired Lovers:
 Deep Clerks ſhe durns and with her Needle compoſes
 Nature's own Shape, of Bud Bird, Branch or Berry,
 That even her Art ſiſters the natural Roſes,
 Her Inkle, Silk, Twine, with the ruddy Cherry,
 That Pupils lacks ſhe none of noble Race,
 Who pour their Bounty on her, and her Gain
 She gives the curſed Bawd. Leave we her place,
 And to her Father turn our Thoughts again,*

Where

Where we left him at Sea, tumbled and tost,
 And driv'n before the Wind, he is arriv'd
 Here where his Daughter dwells, and on this Coast
 Suppose him now at Anchor: The City striv'd
 God Neptune's annual Feast to keep, from whence
 Lyfimachus our Tyrian Ship espies,
 His Banners sable, trim'd with rich Expence,
 And to him in his Barge with fervour hies,
 In your supposing, once more put your sight
 Our heavy Pericles, think this his Bark.
 Where what is done in Action, more of might
 Shall be discover'd, please you sit and hark.

[Exit.]

Enter Hellicanus, to him two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* Where is the Lord *Hellicanus*? he can resolve you.
 O here he is. Sir, there is a Barge put off from *Metaline*,
 and in it is *Lyfimachus* the Governour, who craves to come
 aboard what is your Will?

Hell. That he have his——call up some Gentlemen.

2 *Sail.* Ho, Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

Hell. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come
 aboard, I pray ye greet them fairly.

Enter Lyfimachus.

1 *Sail.* Sir this is the Man that can, in ought you would
 resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend Sir, the Gods preserve you!

Hell. And you to out-live the Age I am, and die as I
 would do.

Lys. You wish me well;
 Being on Shore, honouring of Neptune's Triumphs,
 Seeing this goodly Vessel ride before us,
 I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. First, what is your Place?

Lys. I am the Governour of this Place you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our Vessel's of Tyre, in it the King,
 A Man, who for this three Months hath not spoken
 To any one, nor taken Sustainance,
 But to prolong his Grief

Lys.

Lys. Upon what ground is his Distemperance?

Hell. It would be too tedious to repeat, but the main Grief springs from the loss of a beloved Daughter, and a Wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hell. You may, but bootless is your sight, he will not speak to any.

Lys. Let me obtain my Wish.

Hell. Behold him; this was a godly Person, 'till the Disaster that at one mortal whit drove him to this

Lys. Sir King, all hail, the Gods preserve you, hail Royal Sir.

Hell. It is in vain, he will not speak to you

Lord. Sir, we have a Maid in *Metaline*, I durst wager would win some words from him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought, she questionless with her sweet Harmony, and other chosen Attractions, would allure and make a Battery through his defended Parts, which now are mid-way stopt; she is all happy, as the fairest of all, and her fellow Maids, now upon the levy shelter that buts against the Island side.

Hell. Sure all effectless, yet nothing we'll omit that bears recoveries Name. But since your Kindness we have reacht thus far, let us beseech you, that for our God we may have Provision, wherein we are not defective for want, but weary for the Staleness.

Lys. O, Sir a Courtesie, which if we should deny, the most just God for every Graff would send a Carrpillar, and so inflict our Province; yet once more let me intreat to know at large the Cause of your King's Sorrow.

Hell. Sir, Sir, I will recount it to you; but see, I am prevented.

Enter Marina.

Lys. O here's the Lady that I sent for.

Welcome, Fair One: Is't not a goodly present?

Hell. She's a gallant Lady.

Lys. She's such a one, that were I well assur'd,
Came of a gentle Kind, and noble Stock,
I'd wish no better Choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair, and all Goodness that consists in Beauty,

Expect

Expect even here, where is a kingly Patient,
If that thy prosperous and artificial Fate
Can draw him but to answer thee in ought,
Thy sacred Physick shall receive such Pay,
As thy Desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use my uttermost Skill in his Recovery, provided that none but I and my Companion Maid be suffered to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her, and the Gods make her prosperous. [*The Song.*

Lys. Mark'd he your Musick?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, Sir, my Lord, lend Ear.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a Maid, my Lord, that ne'er before invited Eyes, but have been 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 aukward Casualties bound me in servitude; I will desist, but there is something glows upon my Cheek, and whispers in mine Ear, *Go not 'till he speak.*

Per. My Fortunes, Parentage, good Parentage to equal mine: was it not thus! what say you?

Mar. I said my Lord, if you did know my Parentage, you would not do me Violence.

Per. I do think so, pray you turn your Eyes upon me, y'are like something that, what Countrey-women hear of these shews?

Mar. No, nor of any shews, yet I was mortally brought forth, and am no other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping: My dearest Wife was like this Maid, and such a one my Daughter might have been: My Queen's square Brows, her Stature to an Inch, as wand-like straight, as Silver voic'd, her Eyes as Jewel like, and cast as richly, in place another

Funo.

60 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

Juno. Who starves the Ears, she feeds and makes them hungry, the more she gives them Speech; where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a Stranger, from the Deck you may discern the Place.

Per. Where were you bred? And how achiev'd you these Endowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my History, it would seem like Lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee speak; Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou lookest modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a *Pallas* for the crowned Truth to dwell in. I will believe thee, and make my Senses credit thy Relation to Points that seem impossible, for thou look'st like one I lov'd indeed; what were thy Friends? Didst thou not stay when I did push thee back: Which was when I perceiv'd thee that thou cam'st from good Descent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy Parentage; I think thou saidst thou hadst been toss'd from Wrong to Injury, and that thou thought'st thy Grievs might equal mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing I said, and said no more but what my Thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. 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 thy Name, my most kind Virgin? recount I do beseech thee, come sit by me.

Mar. My Name is *Marina*.

Per. Oh I am mock'd, and thou by some incensed God sent hither to make the World to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good Sir, or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay. I'll be patient, thou little know'st how thou dost startle me to call thy self *Marina*.

Mar. The Name was given me by one that had some Power, my Father and a King.

Per. How, a King's Daughter, and call'd *Marina*?

Mar. You said you would believe me, but not to be a Trouble of your Peace, I will end here.

Per. 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 call'd *Marina*?

Mar. Call'd *Marina*, for I was born at Sea.

Per. At Sea? who was thy Mother?

Mar. My Mother was the Daughter of a King, who died the Minute I was born, as my good Nurse *Lychorida* hath oft delivered weeping.

Per. O stop there a little, this is the rarest Dream

That ere 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.

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

Per. 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?

Mar. The King, my Father, did in *Tharsus* leave me,
'Till cruel *Cleon* with his wicked Wife,
Did seek to murder me: And having woed a Villain
To attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A Crew of Pyrates came and rescu'd me,
Brought me to *Metaline*

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.

Per. Ho, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Calls my Lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble Counsellor,
Most wise in general, tell me, if thou canst, what this Maid is,

Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weep?

Hell. I know not, but here's the Regent, Sir, of *Metaline*, speaks nobly of her.

62 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

Lys. She never would tell her Parentage.

Being demanded that, she would sit still and weep.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me, honoured Sir, give me a gash, put me to present Pain, lest this great Sea of Joys rushing upon me, o'er-bear 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 *Tharsus*, And found at Sea again: O *Hellicanus*, Down on thy Knees, thank the holy Gods, as loud As Thunder threatens us; this is *Marina*. What was thy Mother's Name? tell me but that, For Truth can never be confirm'd enough, Though Doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, Sir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*; but tell me now my Drown'd Queen's Name: as in the rest you said, Thou hast been God-like perfect, the Heir of Kingdoms, And another like to *Pericles* thy Father.

Mar. Is it not more to be your Daughter, than to say, my Mother's Name is *Thaisa*? *Thaisa* was my Mother, who did end the Minute I began.

Per. Now Blessing on thee, rise, thou art my Child. Give me fresh Garments, mine own *Hellicanus*, she is not dead at *Tharsus*, as she should have been by savage *Cleon*, she shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneel and justify in Knowledge, she is thy very Princess. Who is this?

Hell. Sir, 'tis the Governor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your Melancholy, did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, give me my Robes; I am wild in my beholding. Oh Heav'n bless my Girl. But hark, what Musick's this, *Hellicanus*? my *Marina*, Tell him o'er Point by Point, for yet he seems to doat, How sure you are my Daughter; but where's this Musick?

Hell. My Lord, I hear none.

Per. None? The Musick of the Sphere, list, my *Marina*.

Lys. It is not good to cross him, give him way.

Per. Rarest Sounds, do ye not hear?

Lys. Musick, my Lord, I hear.

Per.

Per. Most heav'nly Musick,
It nips me unto listning, and thick Slumber
Hangs upon my Eyes; let me rest.

Lis. A Pillow for his Head, so leave him all.
Well my Companion Friends, if this but answer to my just
belief, I'll well remember you.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Diana appearing to Pericles asleep.

Dia. **M**Y Temple stands in *Ephesus*, hie thee thither,
And do upon my Altar Sacrifice.
There, when my Maiden Priests are met together,
Before all the People reveals
How thou at Sea didst lose thy Wife
To mourn thy Crosses with thy Daughters call,
And give them Repetition to the like:
Or perform my Bidding, or thou livest in woe:
Do't, and happy by my Silver Bow,
Awake, and tell thy Dream.

Per. Celestial *Dian*, Goddess *Argentine*,
I will obey thee. *Hellicanus.*

Enter Lyfimachus.

Per. My Purpose was for *Tharsus*, there to strike
The inhospitable *Cleon*, but I am for other Service first,
Towards *Ephesus* turn our blown Sails,
Eftsoons I'll tell why. Shall we refresh us, Sir, upon your
Shore, and give you Gold for such Provision as our In-
tents will need?

Lys. SIR, with all my Heart, and when you come ashore,
I have another slight.

Per. You shall prevail, were it to woe my Daughter,
for it seems you have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your Arm.

Per. Come, my *Marina*.

[*Exeunt.*
Enter

64 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Enter Gower.

Now our Sands are almost run,
 More a little and then done.
 This my last boon give me,
 For such Kindness must relieve me:
 That you aptly will suppose,
 What Pageantry, what Feats, what Shows,
 What Minstrelsie, what pretty Din,
 The Regent made in Metalin,
 To greet the King; so he thirv'd
 That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
 To fair Marina, but in no wise,
 'Till he had done his Sacrifice.
 As Dian bad; whereto being bound,
 The interim pray you all confound.
 In feather'd Briefness Sails are fill'd,
 And wishes fall out as they are will'd.
 At Ephesus the Temple see
 Our King, and all his Company.
 That he can hither come so soon,
 Is by your Fancy's thankful doom.

[Exit.

Enter Pericles, Lyfimachus, Helicanus, Marina, Thaisa,
 Cerymon, and others.

Per. Hail Dian, to perform thy just Command,
 I here confess my self the King of Tyre,
 Who frighted from my County, did wed
 At Pentapolis, the fair Thaisa,
 At Sea in Child-bed died she, but brought forth
 A Maid Child called Marina; who, O Goddess,
 Wears yet thy Silver Livery. She at Tharsus
 Was nuist with Cleon, whom at fourteen Years
 He sought to murder, but her better Stars
 Brought her to Metaline, 'gainst whose Shore riding,
 Her Fortunes brought the Maid aboard to us,
 Where by her own most clear Remembrance, she
 Made known her self my Daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour! You are, you are, O Royal
 Pericles. [She faints away.

Per.

Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.* 65

Per. What means the Woman? she dies! help, Gentlemen.

Cer. Sir, if you have told *Diana's* Altar true,
This is your Wife.

Per. Reverend Appearer, no, I threw her over-board
with these very Arms.

Cer. Upon this Coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the Lady; O she's but overjoy'd.
Early in blustering morn, this Lady was thrown upon this
Shore: I open'd the Coffin, found these rich Jewels, re-
cover'd her, and placed her here in *Diana's* Temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great Sir, they shall be brought you to my House;
whither I invite you; look, *Thaisa* is recovered.

Thai. O let me look; if he be none of mine,
My Sanctity will to my Sense bend no licentious Ear,
But curb it spight of seeing:

O my Lord, are you not *Pericles*?

Like him you speak, like him you are:

Did you not name a Tempest, a Birth, and Death?

Per. The Voice of dead *Thaisa*.

Thai. That *Thaisa* am I, supposed dead and drown'd.

Per. Immortal *Dian*!

Thai. Now I know you better.

When we with Tears parted *Pentapolis*,
The King my Father, gave you such a Ring.

Per. This, this, no more, you Gods,
Your present Kindness makes my past Miseries Sport.
You shall do well that on the touching of her Lips
I may melt, and no more be seen;

O come, be buried a second time within these Arms.

Mar. My Heart leaps to be gone into my Mother's Bo-
som.

Per. Look who kneels here, Flesh of thy Flesh, *Thaisa*,
Thy Burden at the Sea, and call'd *Marina*,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Blest, and mine own.

Hell. Hail, Madam, and my Queen

Thai.

66 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say when I did fly from *Tyre*,
I left behind an ancient Substitute;
Can you remember what I call'd the Man?
I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas *Hellicanus* then.

Per. Still Confirmation,
Embrace him, dear *Thaisa*, this is he;
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserved; and who to thank,
Besides the Gods, for this great Miracle.

Thai. Lord *Cerymon*, my Lord, this Man, through whom
The Gods have shewn their Power, that can from first
To last resolve you

Per. Reverend Sir,
The Gods can have no mortal Officer
More like a God than you,
Will you deliver how this dead Queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my Lord; beseech you first go with me
Unto my House, where shall be shewn you all
Was found with her;
How she came plac'd here in the Temple,
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure *Dian!* blest thee for thy Vision,
I will offer Night Oblations to thee.

Thaisa this Prince, the fair betroth'd of your Daughter,
Shall marry at *Pentapolis*.

And now this Ornament that makes me look dismal,
Will I clip to form,
And what this fourteen Years no Razor touch'd,
To grace thy Marriage Day, I'll beautifie.

Thai. Lord *Cerymon* hath Letters of good Credit,
Sir, my Father's dead.

Per. Heav'ns make a Star of him; yet here, my Queen,
We'll celebrate their Nuptials, and our selves
Will in that Kingdom spend our following Days;
Our Son and Daughter shall in *Tyrus* reign

Lord *Cerymon*, we do our longing stay,

To hear the rest untold, Sir, leads the way. [*Ex. omnes.*]

Enter

Enter Gower.

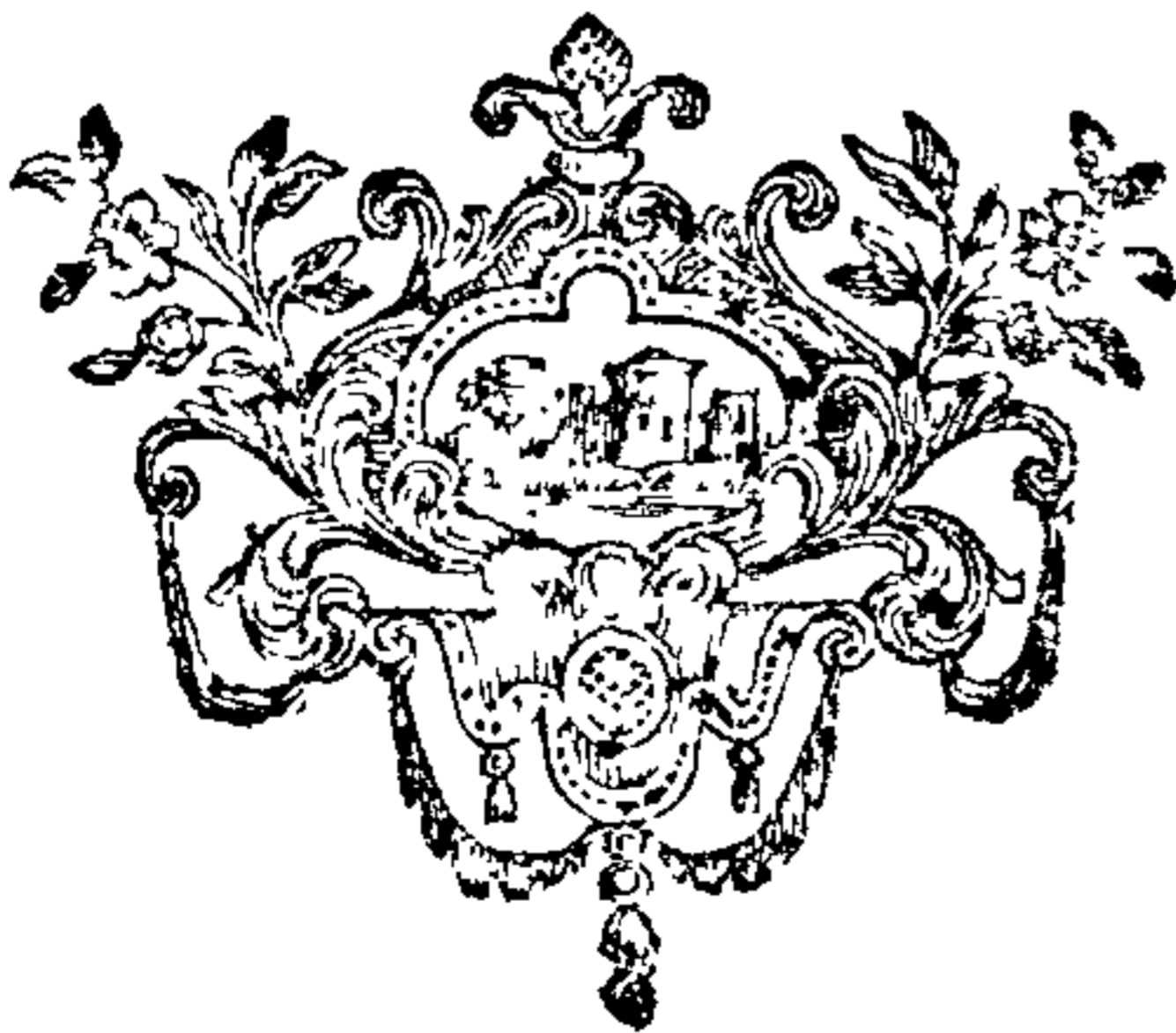
*In Antiochus and his Daughter, you have heard
Of monstrous Lust, the due and just Reward:
In Pericles, his Queen and Daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with Fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserv'd from fell Destruction's blast,
Led on by Heav'n, and crown'd with Joy at last.*

*In Hellicanus may you well descry,
A Figure of Truth, of Faith, of Loyalty:
In reverend Cerymon there well appears
The worth that learned Charity aye wears.*

*For wicked Cleon and his Wife, when Fame
Had spread their cursed Deed, and honour'd Name
Of Pericles, to rage the City turn,
That him and his, they in his Palace burn.*

*The Gods for Murder seem'd so content,
To punish all, although not done, but meant.*

*So on your Patiences ever more attending,
Now Joy wait on you, here our Play hath ending.*



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