

# PERICLES PRINCE OF TYRE

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.  
PERICLES, Prince of Tyre.  
HELICANUS, } two Lords of Tyre.  
ESCANES, }  
SIMONIDES, King of Pentapolis.  
CLEON, Governor of Tarsus.  
LYSIMACHUS, Governor of Mitylene.  
CERIMON, a Lord of Ephesus.  
THALIARD, a Lord of Antioch.  
PHILEMON, Servant to Cerimon.  
LEONINE, Servant to Dionyza.  
Marshal.

A Pandar.  
BOULT, his Servant.  
The Daughter of Antiochus.  
DIONYZA, Wife to Cleon.  
THAISA, Daughter to Simonides.  
MARINA, Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.  
LYCHORIDA, Nurse to Marina.  
A Bawd.

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

DIANA.  
GOWER, as Chorus.

SCENE.—Dispersedly in various Countries.

## ACT I

Before the Palace of Antioch.

Enter GOWER.

To sing a song that old was sung,  
From ashes ancient Gower is come,  
Assuming man's infirmities,  
To glad your ear, and please your eyes. 4  
It hath been sung at festivals,  
On ember-eyes, and holy-ales;  
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 rimes, 12  
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. 16  
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great  
Built up, this city, for his chieftest seat,  
The fairest in all Syria,  
I tell you what mine authors say:  
This king unto him took a fere,  
Who died and left a female heir,  
So buxom, blithe, and full of face  
As heaven had lent her all his grace; 24  
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. 28  
By custom what they did begin  
Was with long use account no sin.  
The beauty of this sinful dame  
Made many princes thither frame,  
To seek her as a bed-fellow,  
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:

Which to prevent, he made a law,  
To keep her still, and men in awe, 36  
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,  
His riddle told not, lost his life:  
So for her many a wight did die,  
As yon grim looks do testify. 40  
What now ensues, to the judgment of your  
eye  
I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.

SCENE I.—Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large  
receiv'd

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul  
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise, 4  
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a  
bride,

For the embracements even of Jove himself;  
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd, 8  
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,  
The senate-house of planets all did sit,  
To knit in her their best perfections. [Music.

Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See, where she comes apparell'd like the  
spring, 12

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king  
Of every virtue gives renown to men!

Her face the book of praises, where is read  
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence

Sorrow were ever raz'd, and testy wrath 17  
Could never be her mild companion.

You gods, that made me man, and sway in love,  
That hath inflam'd desire in my breast 20  
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree

## [ACT I SCENE I]

1049

## PERICLES

Or die in the adventure, be my helps,  
As I am son and servant to your will,  
To compass such a boundless happiness! 24

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,  
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;  
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:

Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view  
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;

And which, without desert, because thine eye 32  
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.

Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,  
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,

Tell thee with speechless tongues and semblance  
pale, 36

That without covering, save yon field of stars,  
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;

And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist  
For going on death's net, whom none resist. 40

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; 44  
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,

Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.  
I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,

Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling  
woe, 48

Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did:  
So I bequeath a happy peace to you

And all good men, as every prince should do;  
My riches to the earth from whence they came,

[To the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.  
But my unspotted fire of love to you. 53  
Thus ready for the way of life or death,

I wait the sharpest blow.  
Ant. Scorning advice, read the conclusion

then; 56  
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,  
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all say'd yet, mayst thou prove  
prosperous!

Of all say'd yet, I wish thee happiness! 60

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the  
lists,

Nor ask advice of any other thought  
But faithfulness and courage.

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, 68  
I mother, wife, and yet his child.

How they may be, and yet in two,  
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers! 72  
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's

acts,  
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,

If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?  
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill: 77  
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 men his lawful music,  
Would draw heaven down and all the gods to  
hearken;

But being play'd upon before your time, 84  
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, 88  
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; 92  
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.

Who has a book of all that monarchs do,  
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown;  
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind, 96  
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;

And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,  
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear  
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind  
mole casts 100  
Copp'd hills towards heaven, 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; and it is fit, 105  
What being more known grows worse, to  
smother it.

All love the womb that their first being bred,  
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.  
Ant. [Aside.] Heaven! that I had thy head;  
he has found the meaning; 109  
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of  
Tyre,

Though by the tenour of our strict edict,  
Your exposition misinterpreting, 112  
We might proceed to cancel of your days;  
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree  
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:  
Forty days longer we do respite you; 116  
If by which time our secret be undone,  
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:  
And until then your entertain shall be  
As doth befit our honour and your worth. 120  
[Exeunt all but PERICLES.

Per. How courtesy 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, 124  
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 clasplings with your child,—  
Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;—  
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,  
By the defiling of her parent's bed;  
And both like serpents are, who though they  
feed 132  
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed. 134

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Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men  
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,  
Will shun no course to keep them from the  
light. 136  
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;  
Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke.  
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,  
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame: 140  
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,  
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.

[Exit.]

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for which  
we mean  
To take his head. 144  
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, 148  
For by his fall my honour must keep high.  
Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call?  
Ant. Thaliard,  
You're of our chamber, and our mind partakes  
Her private actions to your secrecy; 153  
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: 156  
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,  
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?  
Thal. My lord, 'tis done.  
Ant. Enough. 160

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.  
Mess. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled. [Exit.]  
Ant. [To THALIARD.] As thou  
Wilt live, fly after; and, as an arrow shot  
From a well-experienc'd archer hits the mark  
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return 165  
Unless thou say 'Prince Pericles is dead.'  
Thal. My lord,  
If I can get him within my pistol's length, 168  
I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your  
highness.  
Ant. Thaliard, adieu! [Exit THALIARD.]  
Till Pericles be dead,  
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Tyre. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. [To those without.] Let none disturb us.—  
Why should this change of thoughts,  
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,  
Be my so us'd a guest, as not an hour  
In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night— 4  
The tomb where grief should sleep—can breed  
me quiet?  
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes  
shun them,  
And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,

Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here;  
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits, 9  
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.  
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,  
That have their first conception by mis-dread, 12  
Have after-nourishment and life by care;  
And what was first but fear what might be done,  
Grows elder now and cares it be not done,  
And so with me: the great Antiochus,— 16  
'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, 20  
If he suspect I may dishonour him;  
And what may make him blush in being known,  
He'll stop the course by which it might be  
known.  
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land, 24  
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,  
Amazement shall drive courage from the state,  
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,  
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought  
offence: 28  
Which care of them, not pity of myself,—  
Who am no more but as the tops of trees,  
Which fence the roots they grow by and defend  
them,— 31  
Make both my body pine and soul to languish,  
And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter HELICANUS and other Lords.

First Lord. Joy and all comfort in your  
sacred breast!  
Sec. Lord. And keep your mind, till you re-  
turn to us,  
Peaceful and comfortable. 36  
Hel. Peace, peace! and give experience  
tongue.  
They do abuse the king that flatter him;  
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;  
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark, 40  
To which that blast gives heat and stronger  
glowing;  
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,  
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err:  
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,  
He flatters you, makes war upon your life. 45  
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 48  
What shipping and what lading's in our haven,  
And then return to us. [Exeunt Lords.]  
Helicanus, thou  
Hast mov'd us; what seest thou in our looks?  
Hel. An angry brow, dread lord. 52  
Per. If there be such a dart in prince's frowns,  
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?  
Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven,  
from whence  
They have their nourishment?  
Per. Thou know'st I have power 56  
To take thy life from thee.  
Hel. [Kneeling.] I have ground the axe my-  
self;

Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee, rise;  
Sit down; thou art no flatterer: 60  
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid  
That kings should let their ears hear their faults  
hid!  
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,  
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy ser-  
vant, 64  
What wouldst thou have me do?  
Hel. To bear with patience  
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon your-  
self.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Heli-  
canus,  
That minister'st a potion unto me 68  
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.  
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,  
Where as thou know'st, against the face of  
death

I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty, 72  
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, 80  
Under the covering of a careful night,  
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being  
here,  
Bethought me what was past, what might suc-  
ceed.

I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears 84  
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years.  
And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,  
That I should open to the listening air  
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed, 88  
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't, offence, 92  
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:  
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,  
Who now reprov'st me for it,—

Hel. Alas! sir.  
Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from  
my cheeks, 96  
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts  
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;  
And finding little comfort to relieve them,  
I thought it princely charity to grieve them. 100

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me  
leave to speak,  
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,  
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,  
Who either by public war or private treason 104  
Will take away your life.  
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,  
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,  
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life. 108  
Your rule direct to any; if to me,  
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;  
But should he wrong my liberties in my ab-  
sence? 112  
Hel. 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  
Tarsus  
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee, 116  
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.  
The care I had and have of subjects' good  
On thee I'll 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. 121  
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,  
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,  
Thou show'st a subject's shine, I a true prince.  
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Same. An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So this is Tyre, and this the court.  
Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do not, I  
am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous.  
Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had  
good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he  
would of the king, desired he might know none  
of his secrets: now do I see he had some reason  
for it; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is  
bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.  
Hush! here come the lords of Tyre. 10

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of  
Tyre,  
Further to question me of your king's depar-  
ture:  
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me, 13  
Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.  
Thal. [Aside.] How! the king gone!  
Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied, 16  
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,  
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.  
Being at Antioch—

Thal. [Aside.] What from Antioch?  
Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I  
know not— 20  
Took some displeasure at him, at least he judg'd  
so;

And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,  
To show his sorrow he'd correct himself;  
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil, 24  
With whom each minute threatens life or death.  
Thal. [Aside.] Well, I perceive  
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;  
But since he's gone, the king it sure must  
please: 28  
He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.  
I'll present myself. [Aloud.] Peace to the lords  
of Tyre.  
Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is wel-  
come.



*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.  
*Hel.* 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. 40

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE IV.—Tarsus. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

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

*Dio.* That were to blow at fire in hope to  
quench it; 4

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, 8  
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher  
rise.

*Cle.* O Dionyza,  
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,  
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish? 12  
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep  
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep  
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim  
them louder;

That if heaven slumber while their creatures  
want, 16

They may awake their helps to comfort them.  
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,  
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.

*Dio.* I'll do my best, sir. 20

*Cle.* This Tarsus, o'er which I have the  
government,

A city on whom plenty held full hand,  
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;  
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd  
the clouds, 24

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

Their tables were stor'd full to glad the sight, 28  
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.* O! 'tis too true. 32

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

These mouths, whom but of late earth, sea, and  
air

Were all too little to content and please,  
Although they gave their creatures in abun-  
dance, 36

As houses are defil'd for want of use,  
They are now starv'd for want of exercise;

Those palates who, not yet two summers  
younger,

Must have inventions to delight the taste, 40  
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;  
Those mothers who, to nouse up their babes,  
Thought nought too curious, are ready now  
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd. 44  
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. 49  
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, 53  
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears:  
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

*Lord.* Where's the lord governor? 56  
*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 neigh-  
bouring shore, 60

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.  
*Cle.* I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir  
That may succeed as his inheritor; 64  
And so in ours. Some neighbouring nation,  
Taking advantage of our misery,

Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their  
power,

To beat us down, the which are down already;  
And make a conquest of unhappy me, 69  
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

*Lord.* That's the least fear; for by the sem-  
blance

Of their white flags display'd, they bring us  
peace, 72

And come to us as favourers, not as foes.  
*Cle.* Thou speak'st like him 's untutor'd to  
repeat:

Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.  
But bring they what they will and what they  
can, 76

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, 80

And what he craves.  
*Lord.* I go, my lord. [Exit.]

*Cle.* Welcome is peace if he on peace consist;  
If wars we are unable to resist. 84

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

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

We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre, 88  
And seen the desolation of your streets:  
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,  
But to relieve them of their heavy load;

## SCENE IV]

And these our ships, you happily may think 92  
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd 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. 96

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

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

*Cle.* The which when any shall not gratify,  
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,  
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,  
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!

Till when—the which, I hope, shall ne'er be  
seen— 105

Your Grace is welcome to our town and us.  
*Per.* Which welcome we'll accept; feast here  
awhile,

Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. 108  
[Exeunt.]

## ACT II

Enter GOWER.

Here 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. 4

Be quiet, then, as men should be,  
Till he hath pass'd necessity.

I'll show you those in troubles reign,  
Losing a mite, a mountain gain. 8

The good in conversation,  
To whom I give my benison,

Is still at Tarsus, where each man  
Thinks all is writ he spoken can; 12

And, to remember what he does,  
Build his statue to make him glorious:

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

DUMB SHOW.

Enter, from one side, PERICLES, talking with  
CLEON; all their Train with them. Enter, at  
another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to

PERICLES; who shows the letter to CLEON; then  
gives the Messenger a reward, and knights  
him. Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c., severally.

Good Helicane hath stay'd at home,  
Not to eat honey like a drone

From others' labours; for though he strive  
To killen bad, keep good alive, 20

And to fulfil his prince's desire,  
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:

How Thaliard came full bent with sin  
And had intent to murder him; 24

And that in Tarsus was not best  
Longer for him to make his rest.

He, doing so, put forth to seas,  
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;

For now the wind begins to blow;  
Thunder above and deeps below 29

Make such unquiet, that the ship

Should house him safe is wrack'd and split; 32  
And he, good prince, having all lost,  
By waves from coast to coast is tost.

All perishen of man, of pelf;  
Ne aught escapen but himself: 36

Till Fortune, tir'd with doing bad,  
Threw him ashore, to give him glad;

And here he comes. What shall be next,  
Pardon old Gower, this longs the text. [Exit]

## SCENE I.—Pentapolis. An open Place by the Sea-side.

Enter PERICLES, wet.

*Per.* Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of  
heaven!

Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man  
Is but a substance that must yield to you;

And I, as fits my nature, do obey you. 4  
Alas! the sea hath cast me on the rocks,  
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me  
breath

Nothing to think on but ensuing death:  
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers 8  
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;

And having thrown him from your watery  
grave,

Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

*First Fish.* What, ho, Pilch! 12  
*Sec. Fish.* Ha! come and bring away the nets.

*First Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say!  
*Third Fish.* What say you, master?

*First Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now!  
come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion. 17

*Third Fish.* Faith, master, I am thinking of  
the poor men that were cast away before us  
even now. 20

*First Fish.* Alas! poor souls; it grieved my  
heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us  
to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce  
help ourselves. 24

*Third Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much  
when I saw the porpus how he bounced and  
tumbled? they say they're half fish half flesh;

a plague on them! they ne'er come but I look to  
be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live  
in the sea. 30

*First Fish.* Why, as men do a-land; the great  
ones eat up the little ones; I can compare our  
rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale;

a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before  
him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful.

Such whales have I heard on o' the land, who  
never leave gaping till they've swallowed the  
whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all. 38

*Per.* [Aside.] A pretty moral.

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

*Sec. Fish.* Why, man? 43  
*Third Fish.* Because he should have swal-  
lowed me too; and when I had been in his  
belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the  
bells, that he should never have left till he cast



bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—  
*Per.* [*Aside.*] Simonides!

*Third Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey. 52  
*Per.* [*Aside.*] How from the finny subject of the sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men;  
 And from their watery empire recollect  
 All that may men approve or men detect! 56  
 [*Aloud.*] Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

*Sec. Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it. 60

*Per.* Y' may see the sea hath cast me on your coast.

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

*Per.* A man whom both the waters and the wind, 64

In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball  
 For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;  
 He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

*First Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working. 70

*Sec. Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes then?  
*Per.* I never practised it.

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

*Per.* What I have been I have forgot to know, 76  
 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, 81  
 For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

*First Fish.* Die, quoth-a? Now, gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome. 89

*Per.* I thank you, sir.  
*First Fish.* Hark you, my friend; you said you could not beg. 92

*Per.* I did but crave.  
*Sec. Fish.* But crave! Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

*Per.* Why, are all your beggars whipped, then? 97

*Sec. Fish.* O! not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. 101

[*Exit with Third Fisherman.*]  
*Per.* How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

*First Fish.* Hark you, sir; do you know where ye are? 104

*Per.* Not well.

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

*Per.* The good King Simonides do you call him? 109

*First Fish.* Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called for his peaceable reign and good government. 112

*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?

*First Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love. 120

*Per.* Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

*First Fish.* O! sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for his wife's soul,— 125

*Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.*

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

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

Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all my crosses  
 Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself; 132  
 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 136  
 'Twixt me and death;'—and pointed to this brace;

'For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity—  
 The which the gods protect thee from!—'t may defend thee.'

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it; 140  
 Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,  
 Took it in rage, though calm'd they have 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. 144

*First 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, 148

And for his sake I wish the having of it;  
 And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,

Where with it I may appear a gentleman;  
 And if that ever my low fortunes better, 152

I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

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

*Per.* I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms. 157

*First Fish.* Why, do'e take it; and the gods give thee good on't!

*Sec. Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the

rough seams of the water; there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

*Per.* Believe it, I will. 165  
 By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel;  
 And spite of all the rapture of the sea,  
 This jewel holds his bidding on my arm: 168  
 Unto thy value will I mount myself  
 Upon a courser, whose delightful steps  
 Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.  
 Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided 172  
 Of a pair of bases.

*Sec. Fish.* We'll sure provide; thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair, and I'll bring thee to the court myself. 176

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

SCENE II.—*The Same. A public Way. Platform leading to the Lists. A Pavilion near it, for the reception of the KING, Princess, Ladies, Lords, &c.*

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

*Sim.* Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

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

*Sim.* Return them, we are ready; and our daughter, 4

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,  
 Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat  
 For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord.*]  
*Thai.* It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express

My commendations great, whose merit's less.  
*Sim.* 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are  
 A model, which heaven makes like to itself: 12  
 As jewels lose their glory if neglected,  
 So princes their renowns if not respected.

'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain  
 The labour of each knight in his device.

*Thai.* Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform. 16

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

*Sim.* Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

*Thai.* A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;

And the device he bears upon his shield  
 Is a black Ethiop reaching at the sun; 20  
 The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

*Sim.* He loves you well that holds his life of you. [*The Second Knight passes over.*]

Who is the second that presents himself?

*Thai.* A prince of Macedon, my royal father;  
 And the device he bears upon his shield 25  
 Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady;  
 The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu por dulzura que por fuerza.*

[*The Third Knight passes over.*]

*Sim.* And what's the third?

*Thai.* The third of Antioch; 28

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

[*The Fourth Knight passes over.*]

*Sim.* What is the fourth?

*Thai.* A burning torch that's turned upside down; 32

The word, *Quod me alit me extinguit.*

*Sim.* Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,  
 Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

[*The Fifth Knight passes over.*]

*Thai.* The fifth, a hand environed with clouds, 36

Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;  
 The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The Sixth Knight, PERICLES, passes over.*]

*Sim.* And what's the sixth and last, the which the knight himself  
 With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd? 41

*Thai.* He seems to be a stranger; but his present is  
 A wither'd branch, that's only green at top; 44  
 The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

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

*First Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward show 48

Can any way speak in his just commend;  
 For, by his rusty outside he appears

To have practis'd more the whipstock than the lance.

*Sec. Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes 52

To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.  
*Third Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust

Until this day, to scour it in the dust.  
*Sim.* Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan 56

The outward habit by the inward man.  
 But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw

Into the gallery.

[*Exeunt. Great shouts, and all cry, 'The mean knight!'*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Hall of State. A Banquet prepared.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Marshal, Ladies, Lords, Knights from tilting, and Attendants.*

*Sim.* 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, 4

Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,  
 Since every worth in show commends itself.

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast;  
 You are princes and my guests. 8

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

*Per.* 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit. 12

*Sim.* Call it by what you will, the day is yours;



## PERICLES

1056

[ACT II]

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; 16  
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen  
o' the feast,—  
For, daughter, so you are,—here take your  
place;  
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.  
*Knights.* We are honour'd much by good  
Simonides. 20  
*Sim.* Your presence glads our days; honour  
we love,  
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.  
*Marshal.* Sir, yonder is your place.  
*Per.* Some other is more fit.  
*First Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are  
gentlemen 24  
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes  
Envy the great nor do the low despise.  
*Per.* You are right courteous knights.  
*Sim.* Sit, sir; sit.  
*Per.* By Jove, I wonder, that is king of  
thoughts, 28  
These cates resist me, she but thought upon.  
*Thai.* [*Aside.*] By Juno, that is queen of  
marriage,  
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,  
Wishing him my meat. Sure, he's a gallant  
gentleman. 32  
*Sim.* He's but a country gentleman;  
He has done no more than other knights have  
done;  
He has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.  
*Thai.* To me he seems like diamond to glass.  
*Per.* Yon king's to me like to my father's  
picture, 37  
Which tells me in that glory once he was;  
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,  
And he the sun for them to reverence. 40  
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights  
Did veil their crowns to his supremacy;  
Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the  
night,  
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:  
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men; 45  
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,  
And gives them what he will, not what they  
crave.  
*Sim.* What, are you merry, knights? 48  
*First Knight.* Who can be other in this royal  
presence?  
*Sim.* Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the  
brim,  
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,  
We drink this health to you.  
*Knights.* We thank your Grace.  
*Sim.* Yet pause awhile; 53  
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,  
As if the entertainment in our court  
Had not a show might countervail his worth. 56  
Note it not you, Thaisa?  
*Thai.* What is it  
To me, my father?  
*Sim.* O! attend, my daughter:  
Princes in this should live like gods above,  
Who freely give to every one that comes 60

To honour them;  
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,  
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd  
at.  
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet, 64  
Here say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to  
him.  
*Thai.* Alas! my father, it befits not me  
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;  
He may my proffer take for an offence, 68  
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.  
*Sim.* How!  
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.  
*Thai.* [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, he could not  
please me better. 72  
*Sim.* And further tell him, we desire to know  
of him,  
Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.  
*Thai.* The king, my father, sir, has drunk to  
you.  
*Per.* I thank him. 76  
*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, Peri-  
cles; 81  
My education been in arts and arms;  
Who, looking for adventures in the world,  
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men, 84  
And after shipwrack, driven upon this shore.  
*Thai.* He thanks your Grace; names himself  
Pericles,  
A gentleman of Tyre,  
Who only by misfortune of the seas 88  
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.  
*Sim.* Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,  
And will awake him from his melancholy.  
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles, 92  
And waste the time which looks for other revels.  
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,  
Will very well become a soldier's dance.  
I will not have excuse, with saying this 96  
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads  
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.  
[*The Knights dance.*]  
So this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd. 100  
Come, sir;  
Here is a lady that wants breathing too:  
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre  
Are excellent in making ladies trip,  
And that their measures are as excellent. 104  
*Per.* In those that practise them they are,  
my lord.  
*Sim.* O! that's as much as you would be  
denied  
Of your fair courtesy.  
[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*  
Unclasp, unclasp;  
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,  
[*To PERICLES.*] But you the best. Pages and 109  
lights, to conduct  
These knights unto their several lodgings!  
Yours, sir,

## SCENE III]

1057

## PERICLES

We have given order to be next our own.  
*Per.* I am at your Grace's pleasure. 112  
*Sim.* 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. 116  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.—Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

*Hel.* No, Escanes, know this of me,  
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;  
For which, the most high gods not minding  
longer  
To withhold the vengeance that they had in  
store, 4  
Due to this heinous capital offence,  
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,  
When he was seated in a chariot  
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with  
him, 8  
A fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up  
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,  
That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall  
Scorn now their hand should give them  
burial. 12  
*Esca.* 'Twas very strange.  
*Hel.* And yet but just; for though  
This king were great, his greatness was no guard  
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.  
*Esca.* 'Tis very true. 16

Enter two or three Lords.

*First Lord.* See, not a man in private con-  
ference  
Or council has respect with him but he.  
*Sec. Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without  
reproof.  
*Third Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not  
second it. 20  
*First Lord.* Follow me then. Lord Helicane,  
a word.  
*Hel.* With me? and welcome. Happy day,  
my lords.  
*First Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen  
to the top,  
And now at length they overflow their banks. 24  
*Hel.* Your griefs! for what? wrong not the  
prince you love.  
*First Lord.* Wrong not yourself then, noble  
Helicane;  
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,  
Or know what ground's made happy by his 28  
breath.  
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;  
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;  
And be resolv'd he lives to govern us,  
Or dead, give's cause to mourn his funeral, 32  
And leaves us to our free election.  
*Sec. Lord.* Whose death's indeed the strongest  
in our censure:  
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,  
Like goodly buildings left without a roof 36  
Soon fall to ruin, your noble self,

That best know'st how to rule and how to reign,  
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.  
*All.* Live, noble Helicane! 40  
*Hel.* For honour's cause forbear your suf-  
frages:  
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.  
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,  
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease. 44  
A twelvemonth 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. 48  
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, 52  
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.  
*First Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will  
not yield;  
And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,  
We with our travels will endeavour it. 56  
*Hel.* Then you love us, we you, and we'll  
clasp hands:  
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.—Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.

Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter; the Knights meet him.

*First Knight.* Good morrow to the good  
Simonides.  
*Sim.* Knights, from my daughter this I let  
you know,  
That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake  
A married life. 4  
Her reason to herself is only known,  
Which yet from her by no means can I get.  
*Sec. Knight.* May we not get access to her,  
my lord?  
*Sim.* Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly  
tied 8  
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 it. 12  
*Third Knight.* Though loath to bid farewell,  
we take our leaves. [*Exeunt Knights.*]  
*Sim.* So,  
They're 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. 17  
'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with  
mine;  
I like that well: how absolute she's in't,  
Not minding whether I dislike or no! 20  
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 Simonides! 24



*Sim.* To you as much sir! I am beholding to you  
For your sweet music this last night: I do  
Protest my ears were never better fed  
With such delightful pleasing harmony. 28  
*Per.* It is your Grace's pleasure to commend,  
Not my desert.  
*Sim.* Sir, you are music's master.  
*Per.* The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.  
*Sim.* Let me ask you one thing. 32  
What do you think of my daughter, sir?  
*Per.* A most virtuous princess.  
*Sim.* And she is fair too, is she not?  
*Per.* As a fair day in summer; wondrous fair.  
*Sim.* My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you; 37  
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,  
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.  
*Per.* I am unworthy for her schoolmaster. 40  
*Sim.* She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.  
*Per.* [Aside.] What's here?  
A letter that she loves the knight of Tyre!  
'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life. 44  
O! seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,  
A stranger and distressed gentleman,  
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,  
But bent all offices to honour her. 48  
*Sim.* 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; 52  
Nor never did my actions yet commence  
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.  
*Sim.* Traitor, thou liest.  
*Per.* Traitor!  
*Sim.* Ay, traitor.  
*Per.* Even in his throat, unless it be the king, 56  
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.  
*Sim.* [Aside.] 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. 60  
I came unto your court for honour's cause,  
And not to be a rebel to her state;  
And he that otherwise accounts of me,  
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy. 64  
*Sim.* No?  
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

*Per.* Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,  
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue 68  
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe  
To any syllable that made love to you.  
*Thai.* Why, sir, say if you had,  
Who takes offence at that would make me glad? 72  
*Sim.* Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?  
[Aside.] I am glad on't, with all my heart.  
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.  
Will you, not having my consent, 76

Bestow your love and your affections  
Upon a stranger? [Aside.] who, for aught I know,  
May be, nor can I think the contrary,  
As great in blood as I myself.— 80  
[Aloud.] Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame  
Your will to mine; and you, sir, hear you,  
Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—  
Man and wife: 84  
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too;  
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;  
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!  
What! are you both pleas'd?  
*Thai.* Yes, if you love me, sir. 88  
*Per.* Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.  
*Sim.* What! are you both agreed?  
*Thai.* Yes, if 't please your majesty.  
*Per.* Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed; 92  
Then with what haste you can get you to bed.  
[Exeunt.]

## ACT III

Enter GOWER.

Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;  
No din but snores the house about,  
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast  
Of this most pompous marriage-feast. 4  
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,  
Now couches fore the mouse's hole;  
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,  
E'er the blither for their drouth. 8  
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,  
A babe is moulded. Be attent;  
And time that is so briefly spent 12  
With your fine fancies quaintly eche;  
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

## DUMB SHOW.

Enter, from one side, PERICLES and SIMONIDES,  
with Attendants; a Messenger meets them,  
kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter: PERICLES  
shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to  
PERICLES. Then enter THAISA with child, and  
LYCHORIDA: SIMONIDES shows his daughter the  
letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave  
of her father, and all depart.  
By many a dorn and painful perch,  
Of Pericles the careful search 16  
By the four opposing coigns,  
Which the world together joins,  
Is made with all due diligence  
That horse and sail and high expense, 20  
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,—  
Fame answering the most strange inquire—  
To the court of King Simonides  
Are letters brought, the tenour these: 24  
Antiochus and his daughter dead;  
The men of Tyrus on the head  
Of Helicanus would set on

The crown of Tyre, but he will none:  
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;  
Says to 'em, if King Pericles  
Come not home in twice six moons,  
He, obedient to their dooms, 32  
Will take the crown. The sum of this,  
Brought hither to Pentapolis,  
Yraved the regions round,  
And every one with claps can sound,  
'Our heir-apparent is a king!  
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?'  
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:  
His queen, with child, makes her desire,— 40  
Which who shall cross?—along to go;  
Omit we all their dole and woe:  
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,  
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes  
On Neptune's billow; half the flood  
Hath their keel cut: but Fortune's mood  
Varies again; the grisled north  
Disgorges such a tempest forth,  
That, as a duck for life that dives,  
So up and down the poor ship drives.  
The lady shrieks, and well-a-neighbor  
Does fall in travail with her fear;  
And what ensues in this fell storm  
Shall for itself itself perform.  
I will relate, action may  
Conveniently the rest convey, 56  
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. 60  
[Exit.]

## SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on shipboard.

*Per.* Thou God of this great vast, rebuke  
these surges,  
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou,  
that hast  
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
Having call'd them from the deep. O! still 4  
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently  
quench  
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes. O! how Lychor-  
rida,  
How does my queen? Thou stormest venom-  
ously;  
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle  
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,  
Unheard. Lychorida! Lucina, O!  
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle  
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity 12  
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs  
Of my queen's travails!  
Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.  
Now, Lychorida!  
*Lyc.* Here is a thing too young for such a  
place,  
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I 16  
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece  
Of your dead queen.  
*Per.* How, how, Lychorida!

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.  
Here's all that is left living of your queen, 20  
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, 24  
Recall not what we give, and therein may  
Use honour with you.  
*Lyc.* Patience, good sir,  
Even for this charge,  
*Per.* Now, mild may be thy life!  
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe: 28  
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!  
For thou art the rudest welcome to this world  
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what fol-  
lows!  
Thou hast as chiding a nativity 32  
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,  
To herald thee from the womb; even at the first  
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,  
With all thou canst find here. Now, the good  
gods 36  
Throw their best eyes upon't!

Enter two Sailors.

*First 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, 41  
I would it would be quiet.  
*First Sail.* Slack the bolins there! thou wilt  
not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself. 44  
*Sec. Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and  
cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.  
*First Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard:  
the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will  
not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead. 49  
*Per.* That's your superstition.  
*First Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it  
hath been still observed, and we are strong in  
custom. Therefore briefly yield her, for she  
must overboard straight.  
*Per.* As you think meet. Most wretched  
queen!  
*Lyc.* Here she lies, sir. 56  
*Per.* A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my  
dear;  
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements  
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time  
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight  
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze; 61  
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale  
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy  
corpse, 64  
Lying with simple shells! O Lychorida!  
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,  
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander  
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe 68  
Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say  
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.  
[Exit LYCHORIDA.]