

Sec. Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd and bitumed ready. 72

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

Sec. Sail. We are near Tarsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner, 76
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

Sec. Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O! make for Tarsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe 80
Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
I'll bring the body presently. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Ephesus. A Room in CERIMON'S House.*

Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men; 'T has been a turbulent and stormy night. 4

Ser. I have been in many; but such a night as this

Till now I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return; There's nothing can be minister'd to nature 8
That can recover him. [To PHILEMON.] Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works.

[Exeunt all except CERIMON.]

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Good morrow, sir.

Sec. Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early? 12

First Gent. Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook as the earth did quake;

The very principals did seem to rend, 16

And all to topple. Pure surprise and fear

Made me to quit the house.

Sec. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early;

'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O! you say well. 20

First Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having

Rich tire about you, should at these early hours

Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

'Tis most strange, 24

Nature should be so conversant with pain,

Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I hold it ever,

Virtue and cunning were endowments greater

Than nobleness and riches; careless heirs 28

May the two latter darken and expend,

But immortality attends the former,

Making a man a god. 'Tis known I ever

Have studied physic, through which secret art,

By turning o'er authorities, I have— 33

Together with my practice—made familiar

To me and to my aid the blest infusions

That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones; 36

And can speak of the disturbances

That nature works, and of her cures; which

doth give me

A more content in course of true delight

Than to be thirsty after tottering honour, 40

Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,

To please the fool and death.

Sec. Gent. Your honour has through Ephe-

sus pour'd forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves 44

Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:

And not your knowledge, your personal pain,

but even

Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Ceri-

mon 47

Such strong renown as time shall ne'er decay.

Enter two Servants, with a chest.

First Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

First Serv. Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:

'Tis of some wrack.

Cer. Set it down; let's look upon't.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be, 52

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,

'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon

us.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed! 56

Did the sea cast it up?

First Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,

As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open.

Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense. 60

Sec. Gent. A delicate odour.

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

O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!

First Gent. Most strange! 64

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and

entreasur'd

With full bags of spices! A passport too!

Apollo, perfect me i' the characters!

Here I give to understand, 68

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; 72

She was the daughter of a king:

Besides this treasure for a fee,

The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart 76

That even cracks for woe! This chanc'd to-

night.

Sec. 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 fire within; 80

Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.

[Exit Second Servant.]

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpress'd spirits. I heard 84
Of an Egyptian, that had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliances recovered.

Re-enter Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.
Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.
The rough and woeful music that we have, 88
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The viol once more;—how thou stirr'st, thou

block!
The music there! I pray you, give her air.
Gentlemen, 92
This queen will live; nature awakes, a warmth
Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours. See! how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again.

First Gent. The heavens 96
Through you increase our wonder and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive! behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost, 100
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear, to make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair crea-

ture, 104

Rare as you seem to be! [She moves.]

Thai. O dear Diana!

Where am I? Where's my lord? What world

is this?

Sec. Gent. Is not this strange?

First Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours!

Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear

her. 108

Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;

And Æsculapius guide us!

[Exeunt, carrying THAISA away.]

SCENE III.—*Tarsus. A Room in CLEON'S House.*

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

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be

gone;

My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands

In a litigious peace. You and your lady

Take from my heart all thankfulness; the gods

Make up the rest upon you! 5

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt

you mortally,

Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!

That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought

her hither, 8

To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

Per. We cannot but obey

The powers above us. Could I rage and roar

As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end

Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina— 12

whom,

For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so—here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care, beseeching you 15
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think

Your Grace, that fed my country with your

corn—

For which the people's prayers still fall upon

you— 19

Must in your child be thought on. If neglection

Should therein make me vile, the common body,

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, 24

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,

By bright Diana, whom we honour, all 28

Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,

Though I show ill in't. So I take my leave.

Good madam, make me blessed in your care

In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself, 32

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 e'en to the edge

o' the shore;

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and 36

The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace

Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O! no tears,

Lychorida, no tears:

Look to your little mistress, on whose grace 40

You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*Ephesus. A Room in CERIMON'S House.*

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain

jewels,

Lay with you in your coffer; which are now

At your command. Know you the character? 4

Thai. It is my lord's.

That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,

Even on my eaning time; but whether there

Deliver'd, by the holy gods,

I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles, 8

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 you

speak, 12

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. 16

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;

Yet my good will is great, though the gift

small.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV

Enter GOWER.

Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
 Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
 His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
 Unto Diana there a votaress.
 Now to Marina bend your mind,
 Whom our fast-growing scene must find
 At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
 In music, letters; who hath gain'd
 Of education all the grace,
 Which makes her both the heart and place
 Of general wonder. But, alack!
 That monster envy, oft the wrack
 Of earned praise, Marina's life
 Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
 And in this kind hath our Cleon
 One daughter, and a wench full grown,
 Even ripe for marriage-rite; this maid
 Hight Philoten, and it is said
 For certain in our story, she
 Would ever with Marina be:
 Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk
 With fingers, long, small, white as milk,
 Or when she would with sharp need wound
 The cambric, which she made more sound
 By hurting it; when to the lute
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
 That still records with moan; or when
 She would with rich and constant pen
 Vail to her mistress Dian; still
 This Philoten contends in skill
 With absolute Marina: so
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow
 Vie feathers white. Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,
 And not as given. This so darks
 In Philoten all graceful marks,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good Marina, that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
 And cursed Dionyza hath
 The pregnant instrument of wrath
 Prest for this blow. The unborn event
 I do commend to your content:
 Only I carry winged time
 Post on the lame feet of my rime;
 Which never could I so convey,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.
 Dionyza doth appear,
 With Leonine, a murderer.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.—Tarsus. An open Place near the Sea-shore.

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn
 to do't:
 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
 Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not con-
 science,

Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
 Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
 Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
 A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly crea-
 ture.

4 Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have
 her. Here

She comes weeping for her only mistress' death.
 Thou art resolv'd?

8 Leon. I am resolv'd. 12

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
 To strew thy green with flowers; the yellows,

12 blues,
 The purple violets, and marigolds,

Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave, 16
 While summer days do last. Ay me! poor maid,

16 Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
 This world to me is like a lasting storm,

Whirling me from my friends. 20

20 Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep
 alone?

How chance my daughter is not with you? Do
 not

Consume your blood with sorrowing; you have
 A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's

24 chang'd
 With this unprofitable woe. Come,

28 Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
 Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,

And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.
 Come,

32 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;

36 I love the king your father, and yourself,
 With more than foreign heart. We every day

Expect him here; when he shall come and find
 Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,

40 He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
 Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken

No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you;
 Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve

44 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;

48 But yet I have no desire to it.
 Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.

Walk half an hour, Leonine, at least.
 Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.
 Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a

while; 47
 Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood:

What! I must have care of you.
 Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.

[Exit DIONYZA.]
 Is this 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 said, did never fear,

But cried 'Good seamen!' to the sailors, galling
 His kingly hands haling ropes;
 And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
 That almost burst the deck. 56

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:

Never were waves nor wind more violent;
 And from the ladder-tackle washes off 60
 A canvas-climber. 'Ha!' says one, 'wilt out?'
 And with a dropping industry they skip
 From stem to stern; the boatswain whistles, and
 The master calls, and trebles their confusion. 64

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, 68
 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? 72

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
 I never did her hurt in all my life.

I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
 To any living creature; believe me, la, 76

I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly;
 I trod upon a worm against my will,

But I wept for it. How have I offended,
 Wherein my death might yield her any profit,

Or my life imply her any danger? 81

Leon. My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do't.
 Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I

hope. 84

You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
 You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,

When you caught hurt in parting two that
 fought;

Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now;
 Your lady seeks my life; come you between, 89

And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,

And will dispatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.

First Pirate. Hold, villain! 92

[LEONINE runs away.]

Sec. Pirate. A prize! a prize!

Third Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part.

Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.
 [Exeunt Pirates with MARINA.]

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great
 pirate Valdes; 96

And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go;
 There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's

dead,
 And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further;

Perhaps they will but please themselves upon
 her, 100

Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
 Whom they have ravish'd must by me be

slain.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Boul't.
 Boul't. Sir?

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene
 is full of gallants; we lost too much money this
 mart by being too wenchless. 5

Bawd. We were never so much out of crea-
 tures. 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. 9

Pand. Therefore, let's have fresh ones, what-
 e'er we pay for them. If there be not a con-
 science to be used in every trade, we shall never

prosper. 13

Bawd. Thou sayst true; 'tis not the bringing
 up of poor bastards, as, I think, I have brought

up some eleven— 16

Boul't. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down
 again. But shall I search the market?

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

so pitifully sodden. 21

Pand. Thou sayst true; they're too unwhole-
 some, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is

dead, that lay with the little baggage. 24

Boul't. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made
 him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search

the market. [Exit.]

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

give over. 32

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

Pand. O! our credit comes not in like the
 commodity, nor the commodity wages not with

the danger; therefore, if in our youths we could
 pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to

keep our door hatch'd. Besides, the sore terms
 we stand upon with the gods will be strong with

us for giving over. 39

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 Boul't.

Re-enter BOULT, with the Pirates and MARINA.

Boul't. Come your ways. My masters, you
 say she's a virgin? 45

First Pirate. O! sir, we doubt it not.

Boul't. Master, I have gone through for this
 piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have

lost my earnest. 49

Bawd. Boul't, has she any qualities?

Boul't. She has a good face, speaks well, and
 has excellent good clothes; there's no further

necessity of qualities can make her be refused.
 Bawd. What's her price, Boul't?

Boul't. I cannot be bated one doit of a thou-
 sand pieces. 56

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. 60

[Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.]

Bawd. Boul't, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; 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.

Boul't. 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 not o'erboard thrown me

For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament 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 lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more 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! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an 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, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

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

Re-enter BOULT.

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

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

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

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

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boul't. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Boul't. 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 does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

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

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

Mar. I understand you not.

Boul't. O! take her home, mistress, take her home; these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

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

Boul't. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

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

Boul't. I may so?

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

Boul't. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boul't, spend thou that in the town; report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boul't. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. Diana, aid my purpose!

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

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—Tarsus. A Room in CLEON'S House.

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

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

Cle. O Dionyza! such a piece of slaughter The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon.

Dion. I think

You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,

I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady! Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess

To equal any single crown o' the earth

I' the justice of compare. O villain Leonine!

Whom thou hast poison'd too; If thou hadst drunk to him 't had been a kindness

Becoming well thy fact; what canst thou say? When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,

To foster it, nor ever to preserve. She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?

Unless you play the pious innocent, And for an honest attribute cry out

'She died by foul play'.

Cle. O! go to. Well, well, Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods

Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think The pretty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence,

And open this to Pericles. I do shame To think of what a noble strain you are,

And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding Who ever but his approbation added,

Though not his prime consent, he did not flow From honourable sources.

Dion. Be it so, then; Yet none does 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 blurted at and held a malkin Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me

thorough;

And though you call my course unnatural, You not your child well loving, yet I find

It greets me as an enterprise of kindness Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles, What should he say? We wept after her hearse,

And even yet we mourn; her monument Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs

In glittering golden characters express A general praise to her, and care in us

At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy, Which, to betray, dost with thine angel's face,

Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies;

But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [Exit.]

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;

Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for't; Making—to take your imagination—

From bourn to bourn, region to region. By you being pardon'd, 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 stand i' the gaps to teach you,

The stages of our story. Pericles Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,

Attended on by many a lord and knight,

To see his daughter, all his life's delight. Old Helicanus goes along. Behind

Is left to govern it, you bear in mind, Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late

Advanc'd in time to great and high estate. Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have

brought

This king to Tarsus, think his pilot thought, So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,

To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone. Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;

Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

DUMB SHOW.

Enter at one door PERICLES, with his Train; CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERICLES the tomb of MARINA; whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on sack-cloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Exeunt CLEON and DIONYZA.

See how belief may suffer by foul show! This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe; And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,

With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-shower'd,

Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;

He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,

And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit The epitaph is for Marina writ

By wicked Dionyza.

[Reads inscription on MARINA'S monument.

THE FAIREST, SWEET'ST, 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,

THETIS, BEING PROUD, SWALLOW'D SOME PART O' THE EARTH:

THEREFORE THE EARTH, FEARING TO BE O'ERFLOW'D,

HATH THETIS' BIRTH-CHILD ON THE HEAVENS BESTOW'D:

WHEREFORE SHE DOES, AND SWEARS SHE'LL NEVER STINT,

MAKE RAGING BATTERY UPON SHORES OF FLINT.

No visor does become black villany So well as soft and tender flattery.

Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead, And bear his courses to be ordered

By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day

In her unholy service. Patience then, And think you now are all in Mitylene. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

Sec. Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

First Gent. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing? 5
Sec. Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses. Shall's go hear the vestals sing?
First Gent. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*The Same. A Room in the Brothel.*

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and BOULT.

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 ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfigure us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests. 13

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. Faith, there's no way to be rid on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers. 21

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities? *Bawd.* Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health. 25

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now! wholesome iniquity, have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon? 29

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say. 33

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

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth. 36

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? 40

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. [Exit BOULT.]

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

Re-enter BOULT with MARINA.

Is she not a fair creature? 47

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. 52

Lys. I beseech you do.

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

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him. 56

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. 61

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold. 64

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

Lys. Ha' you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together. 71

Lys. Go thy ways. [Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and BOULT.] 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. 76

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

Lys. How long have you been of this profession? 80

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. 84

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't? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am? 92

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. 100

Mar. If you were born to honour, show 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. 104

Mar. For me, That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune Hath plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came, Diseases have been sold dearer than physic, 108

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' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think 112
 Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee;

Persever in that clear way thou goest, And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The good gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten That I came with no ill intent, for to me 120

The very doors and windows savour vilely. Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.

Hold, here's more gold for thee. 124

A curse upon him, die he like a thief, That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter BOULT.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me. 129

Lys. Avaunt! thou damned 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 cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me? 139

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

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter? 144

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O! abominable. 148

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure; crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable. 157

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods! 160

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! 165

[Exit.]

Boult. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear. 169

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first. *Boult.* Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be? 173

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

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command. 177

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend

Of hell would not in reputation change; Thou art the damned door-keeper to every 180

Costril that comes inquiring for his Tib, To the cholerick fisting of every rogue

Thy ear is liable, thy food is such As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs. 184

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? 189

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty

Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth; Serve by indenture to the common hangman: Any of these ways are yet better than this; 193

For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,

Would own a name too dear. O! that the gods Would safely deliver me from this place. 196

Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me, Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance, With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast; And I will undertake all these to teach. 201

I doubt not but this populous city will Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of? 204

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. 209

Mar. But, amongst honest women.

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst 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.]

ACT V

Enter GOWER.

Marina thus the brothel's escapes, and chances Into an honest house, our story says.

She sings like one immortal, and she dances As goddess-like to her admired lays;

Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her neeld composes

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,