

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. 14

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 ungente 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, 116
 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. 124

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

Coystil 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,

That even her art sisters the natural roses;
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry; 8
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again, 12
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost,
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
Here where his daughter dwells: and on this
coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd 16
God Neptune's annual feast to keep; from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies. 20
In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:
Where what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit and hark.

[Exit.

SCENE I.—On board PERICLES' Ship, off Mitylene. A Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; PERICLES within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. [To the Sailor of Mitylene.] Where's the Lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.
O! here he is.—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene, And in it is Lysimachus, the governor, 4
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?
Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

First Gent. Doth your lordship call? 8
Hel. Gentlemen, there's some of worth would come aboard;

I pray ye, greet them fairly.
[Gentlemen and Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.]

Enter from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; the Gentlemen and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you. 13

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!
Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well. 16
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place? 20
Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;

A man who for this three months hath not
spoken 24

To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemper-
ture?

Hel. 'Twould be too tedious to repeat; 28
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?
Hel. You may; 32

But bootless is your sight: he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.
Hel. Behold him. [PERICLES discovered.] This 36

was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,

Drove him to this.
Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you! 40

Hail, royal sir!
Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

First Lord. Sir,
We have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought. 44
She questionless with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,

And make a battery through his deafen'd ports
Which now are midway stopp'd: 48

She is all happy as the fair'st of all,
And with her fellow maids is now upon

The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side. 52

[Whispers first Lord, who puts off in
the barge of LYSIMACHUS.

Hel. Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll
omit,

That bears recovery's name. But, since your
kindness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you,
That for our gold we may provision have, 56

Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O! sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just gods

For every graff would send a caterpillar, 60
And so afflict our province. Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause

Of your king's sorrow.
Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you; 64

But see, I am prevented.

Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with MARINA,
and a young Lady.

Lys. O! here is 64
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel. She's a gallant lady.
Lys. She's such a one, that were I well assur'd 68

Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely

wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty

Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat 72

Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,

Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use 76
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided

That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her; 80
And the gods make her prosperous!

[MARINA sings.

Lys. Mark'd he your music?
Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.
Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum! ha! 84
Mar. I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on like a comet; she speaks,

My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief 88
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.

Though wayward Fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors

Who stood equivalent with mighty kings; 92
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties

Bound me in servitude.—[Aside.] I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,

And whispers in mine ear, 'Go not till he speak.'
Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parent- 96

age—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my 100
parentage,

You would not do me violence.
Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes 104

upon me.
You are like something that—What country- 108

woman?
Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores; 104
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am

No other than I appear.
Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver 112

weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a 116

one
My daughter might have been: my queen's 120

square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;

As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly; in pace another Juno; 124

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them
hungry,

The more she gives them speech. Where do you 128
live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger; from the 132
deck

You may discern the place.
Per. Where were you bred? 136

And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

Mar. Should I tell my history, it would seem 140
Like lies, disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee, speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou 144

look'st

Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in. I believe thee, 125

And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou lookest

Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say when I did push thee back,—

Which was when I perceiv'd thee,—that thou
cam'st 129

From good descending?
Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou
saidst

Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,

If both were open'd. Some such thing
Mar. I said, and said no more but what my thoughts 136

Did warrant me was likely.
Per. Tell thy story; 140

If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I

Have suffer'd like a girl; yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and

smiling 140
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?

How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind
virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by me.
Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O! I am mock'd, 144
And thou by some incensed god sent hither

To make the world to laugh at me.
Mar. Patience, good sir,

Or here I'll cease. Nay, I'll be patient.
Per. Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,

To call thyself Marina.
Mar. The name 149

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

Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace, 153

I will end here.
Per. But are you flesh and blood?

Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion!—Well; speak on. Where were you 156

born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea! what mother?
Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king; 160

Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft

Deliver'd weeping.
Per. O! stop there a little.

This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal; this cannot be. 164

My daughter's buried. Well; where were you
bred?

I'll hear you more to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scorn to believe me; 'twere best
I did give o'er. 168

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:
How came you in these parts? where were you
bred?

Mar. The king my father did in Tarsus leave
me, 172
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me; and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescu'd me; 176
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?
It may be

You think me an impostor; no, good faith;
I am the daughter to King Pericles, 180
If good King Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general; tell me, if thou canst, 185
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene, 188
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus! strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain, 193
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O! come
hither, 196
Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again. O Helicanus!
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as
loud 200

As thunder threatens us; this is Marina.
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray, 204
What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said
Thou hast been god-like perfect; 208
Thou'rt heir of kingdoms, and another life
To Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa? 212
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art
my child,
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus;
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have
been, 217

By savage Cleon; she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in know-
ledge

She is thy very princess. Who is this? 220

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you.
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens! bless my girl. But, hark! what
music? 225

Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter. But, what
music? 228

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None!

The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.
Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him
way. 232

Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

Lys. My lord, I hear. [Music.]

Per. Most heavenly music:
It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes; let me rest. [Sleeps.] 237

Lys. A pillow for his head.
So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you. 240

[Exeunt all but PERICLES.]

DIANA appears to PERICLES as in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee
thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all, 244
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife;
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call
And give them repetition to the life.

Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe; 248
Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!
Awake, and tell thy dream! [Disappears.]

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee! Helicanus!

Enter HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, and MARINA.

Hel. Sir? 252

Per. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to
strike

The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee
why. 256

[To LYSIMACHUS.] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon
your shore,

And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. Sir, 260

With all my heart; and when you come ashore,
I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arm. 264

Per. Come, my Marina. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Before the Temple of DIANA at
Ephesus.

Enter GOWER.

Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.

This, my last boon, give me,
For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylen
To greet the king. So he thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful doom. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus;
THAISA standing near the altar, as high
priestess; a number of Virgins on each side;
CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus
attending.

Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHUS,
HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just com-
mand,

I here confess myself the King of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa. 4

At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess!
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon, whom at fourteen
years 8

He sought to murder; but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene, 'gainst whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard
us, 12

Where, by her own most clear remembrance,
she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!—

[She faints.]

Per. What means the nun? she dies! help,
gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir, 16
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady. O! she's but o'er-
joy'd. 21

Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and
plac'd her 24

Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to
my house,

Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is

4 Recovered. 28
Thai. O! let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,

8 But curb it, spite of seeing. O! my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak, 32
Like him you are. Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

12 *Per.* The voice of dead Thaisa!
Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead 36
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring.

[Shows a ring.]

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your
present kindness 40

Makes my past miseries sport: you shall do
well,

That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt and no more be seen. O! come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart 44
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[Kneels to THAISA.]

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy
flesh, Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd, and mine own! 48
Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly
from Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute;
Can you remember what I call'd the man? 52
I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation!
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found, 56
How possibly preserv'd, and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their
power; that can 60

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,

The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord. 64
Beseech you, first go with me to my house.
Where shall be shown you all was found with
her;

How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted. 68

Per. Pure Dian! bless thee for thy vision; I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,

This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now 72
This ornament

Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd

