

***Pericles, Prince of Tyre***

By William Shakespeare

**Characters in the Play**

GOWER, fourteenth-century poet and Chorus of the play

PERICLES, prince of Tyre

THAISA, princess of Pentapolis and wife to Pericles

MARINA, daughter of Pericles and Thaisa

Lords of Tyre:

HELICANUS

ESCANES

Other LORDS of Tyre

THALIARD, nobleman of Antioch

CLEON, governor of Tarsus

DIONYZA, wife to Cleon

LEONINE, servant to Dionyza

A LORD of Tarsus

SIMONIDES, king of Pentapolis

Three FISHERMEN

Three KNIGHTS, suitors for the hand of Thaisa

LYCHORIDA, attendant to Thaisa and, later, to Marina

SAILOR, mariner onboard ship from Pentapolis

LORD CERIMON, a wiseman/physician in Ephesus

PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon

SERVANT

DIANA, goddess of chastity

LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mytilene

PANDER, owner of brothel

BAWD, mistress of brothel and wife to Pander

BOLT, servant to Pander and Bawd

Tyrian SAILOR

SAILOR from Mytilene

*Here's an attempt in writing for proposed pronunciations. Feel free to ask for clarifications! 😊*

*Gower - GOW-er  
 Pericles - PARE-uh-kleez  
 Thaisa - Tie-EE-suh  
 Marina - Muh-REE-nuh  
 Helicanus - Hel-i-KAY-nus (Helicane - HEL-i-kayne)  
 Escanes - ESS-kuh-neeZ  
 Thaliard - THAL-ee-yard  
 Cleon - KLEE-on  
 Dionyza - Die-uh-NYE-zuh  
 Leonine - LEE-uh-neeN  
 Simonides - Sigh-MON-uh-deez  
 Lychorida - Lie-KOR-i-duh  
 Cerimon - SARE-uh-mon  
 Philemon - Fie-LEE-mun  
 Lysimachus - Lie-SI-mi-kus*

*Antioch - AN-tee-ok  
 Antiochus - an-TIE-uh-kiss  
 Tyre - TIRE (Tyrus - TIE-rus) (Tyrian - TIER-ee-an)  
 Tarsus - TAR-sus  
 Pentapolis - Pen-TA-puh-lis  
 Macedon - MA-si-don  
 Lucina - Loo-SIGH-nuh  
 Nicander - Nigh-KAN-der  
 Ephesus - EH-fuh-sis  
 Aesculapius - Es-kuh-LAY-pee-us  
 Philoten - FIE-luh-tin  
 Paphos - PAY-fohs  
 Mytilene - Mit-uh-LEEN*

*ACT 1*

1 Chorus

*Enter Gower.*

GOWER

To sing a song that old was sung,  
 From ashes ancient Gower is come,  
 Assuming man's infirmities  
 To glad your ear and please your eyes.  
 It hath been sung at festivals,  
 On ember eves and holy days,  
 And lords and ladies in their lives  
 Have read it for restoratives.  
 If you, born in these latter times  
 When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,  
 And that to hear an old man sing  
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,  
 I life would wish, and that I might  
 Waste it for you like taper light.  
 This Antioch, then: Antiochus the Great  
 Built up this city for his chiefest seat,  
 The fairest in all Syria.  
 I tell you what mine authors say.  
 This king unto him took a peer,  
 Who died and left a female heir  
 So buxom, blithe, and full of face  
 As heaven had lent her all his grace;  
 The beauty of this sinful dame  
 Made many princes thither frame  
 To seek her as a bedfellow,  
 In marriage pleasures playfellow;

Which to prevent he made a law  
 To keep her still, and men in awe,  
 That whoso asked her for his wife,  
 With swiftest parting, lost his life.  
 Young Pericles her woo did try  
 And now must flee or else to die  
 What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye  
 I give my cause, who best can justify.

*Enter Pericles. Exit Gower.*

PERICLES

Why should this change of thoughts,  
 The sad companion dull-eyed Melancholy,  
 Be my so used a guest as not an hour  
 In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night,  
 The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me  
 quiet?  
 Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun  
 them;  
 And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,  
 Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here.  
 Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,  
 Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.  
 Then it is thus: the passions of the mind  
 That have their first conception by misread  
 Have after-nourishment and life by care;  
 And what was first but fear what might be done  
 Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.  
 And so with me. The great Antiochus,  
 'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
 Since he's so great can make his will his act,  
 Will think me speaking though I swear to silence;

With hostile forces he'll o'er-spread the land,  
 And with th' ostent of war will look so huge  
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state,  
 Our men be vanquished ere they do resist,  
 And subjects punished that ne'er thought offense;  
 Which care of them, not pity of myself,  
 Who am no more but as the tops of trees  
 Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them,  
 Makes both my body pine and soul to languish  
 And punish that before that he would punish.

*Enter Helicanus*

HELICANUS

They do abuse the King that flatter her,  
 For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;  
 The thing the which is flattered, but a spark  
 To which that wind gives heat and stronger glowing;  
 Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,  
 Fits kings as they do live, for they may err.  
 When Signior Sooth here does proclaim peace,  
 He flatters you, makes war upon your life.

PERICLES Helicanus,

Thou hast moved us. What seest thou in our looks?

HELICANUS An angry brow, dread lord.

PERICLES

If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,  
 How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

HELICANUS

How dares the plants look up to heaven,  
 From whence they have their nourishment?

PERICLES

Thou knowest I have power to take thy life from thee.

HELICANUS I have ground the ax myself;

Do but you strike the blow.

PERICLES

Thou art no flatterer.

I thank thee for 't; and heaven forbid  
 That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid.  
 Fit counselor and servant for a prince,  
 Who by thy wisdom makes a prince thy servant,  
 What wouldst thou have me do?

HELICANUS To bear with patience such griefs  
 As you yourself do lay upon yourself.

PERICLES

Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,  
 That ministers a potion unto me  
 That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.  
 Attend me, then: I went to Antioch,  
 Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death  
 I sought the marriage of a glorious beauty  
 From whence an issue I might propagate.  
 But e're I could pronounce my noble aim,  
 The sinful father in his wrath did turn me out.  
 'Tis time to fear when tyrants seems to kiss;  
 Which fear so grew in me I hither fled  
 Under the covering of a careful night,  
 Who seemed my good protector; and, being here,  
 Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.  
 I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants' fears  
 Decrease not but grow faster than the years;

HELICANUS Alas, sir!

PERICLES

Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,  
 Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts  
 How I might stop this tempest ere it came;  
 And finding little comfort to relieve them,

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

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

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

PERICLES  
 Tyre, I now look from thee, then, and to Tarsus  
 Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee,  
 And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.  
 The care I had and have of subjects' good  
 On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.  
 I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath.  
 Who shuns not to break one will crack both.  
 But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe  
 That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince.  
 Thou showed'st a subject's shine, I a true prince.

Scene 3  
*Enter Thaliard alone.*

THALIARD So this is Tyre, and this the court. Here  
 must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am  
 sure to be hanged at home. 'Tis dangerous. Well, I  
 perceive she was a wise woman and had good discretion  
 that, being bid to ask what she would of the  
 king, desired she might know none of his secrets.  
 Now do I see he had some reason for 't, for if a  
 king bid a man be a villain, he's bound by the  
 indenture of his oath to be one. Husht! Here  
 comes the lords of Tyre. *He steps aside.*

*Enter Helicanus and Escaness.*

HELICANUS  
 You shall not need, my fellow peer of Tyre,  
 Further to question me of your king's departure.  
 Her sealed commission left in trust with me  
 Does speak sufficiently she's gone to travel.  
 THALIARD, *aside* How? The King gone?

HELICANUS  
 If further yet you will be satisfied  
 Why, as it were, unlicensed of your loves  
 She would depart, I'll give some light unto you.  
 Being at Antioch—

THALIARD, *aside* What from Antioch?

HELICANUS  
 Royal Antiochus, on what cause I know not,  
*They exit.* Took some displeasure at her—at least he judged so;  
 And doubting lest she had erred or sinned,  
 To show her sorrow, he'd correct herself;  
 So puts herself unto the shipman's toil,  
 With whom each minute threatens life or death.

THALIARD, *aside* Well, I perceive I shall not be hanged now, although I would; but since she's gone, the King's ears it must please. She 'scaped the land to perish at the sea. I'll present myself.—Peace to the lords of Tyre!

ESCALUS

Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

THALIARD From him I come with message unto princely Pericles, but since my landing I have understood your lord has betook herself to unknown travels. Now message must return from whence it came.

ESCALUS 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.

Scene 4

*Enter Cleon the Governor of Tarsus, with his wife Dionyza and others.*

CLEON

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

DIONYZA

That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;  
For who digs hills because they do aspire

CLEON O Dionyza,

Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,  
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?  
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,  
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

DIONYZA I'll do my best, sir.

CLEON

This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,  
A city on whom Plenty held full hand,  
For Riches strewed herself even in her streets;  
Whose towers bore heads so high they kissed the  
clouds,  
And strangers ne'er beheld but wondered at;  
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorned,  
Like one another's glass to trim them by;  
Their tables were stored full to glad the sight,  
And not so much to feed on as delight;  
All poverty was scorned, and pride so great,  
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

DIONYZA O, 'tis too true.

*They exit.* CLEON

But see what heaven can do by this our change:  
These mouths who but of late earth, sea, and air  
Were all too little to content and please,  
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,  
As houses are defiled for want of use,  
They are now starved for want of exercise.  
Those palates who not yet two savors younger  
Must have inventions to delight the taste,  
Would now be glad of bread and beg for it.  
So sharp are hunger's teeth that man and wife  
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life.  
Here stands a lord and there a lady weeping;  
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall  
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.  
Is not this true?

DIONYZA

Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

CLEON

O, let those cities that of Plenty's cup  
And her prosperities so largely taste,  
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears.  
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

*Enter a Lord.*

LORD Where's the good Governor?

CLEON Here.

Speak out thy sorrows, which thee bring'st in haste,  
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

LORD

We have descried upon our neighboring shore  
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

CLEON I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir  
That may succeed as his inheritor;  
And so in ours. Some neighboring nation,  
Taking advantage of our misery,  
Hath stuffed the hollow vessels with their power  
To beat us down, the which are down already,  
And make a conquest of unhappy men,  
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

LORD

That's the least fear, for, by the semblance  
Of their white flags displayed, they bring us peace  
And come to us as favorers, not as foes.

CLEON

Thou speak'st like him's untutored to repeat  
"Who makes the fairest show means most deceit."  
But bring they what they will and what they can,  
What need we fear?

The ground's the lowest, and we are halfway there.  
Go tell their general we attend them here,  
To know for what they come and whence they come  
And what they crave.

LORD I go, my lord.

*He exits.*

CLEON

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

*Enter Pericles.*

PERICLES

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

CLEON

The gods of Greece protect you, and we'll pray for  
you.

PERICLES Arise, I pray you, rise.

We do not look for reverence, but for love,  
And harborage for ourself, our ships, and men.

CLEON, *rising, with the others*

The which when any shall not gratify  
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,

Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,  
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!  
Till when—the which I hope shall ne'er be seen—  
Your Grace is welcome to our town and us.

PERICLES

Which welcome we'll accept, feast here awhile,  
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.

*They exit.*

*ACT 2*

2 Chorus  
*Enter Gower.*

GOWER

Good Helicane, that stayed at home—  
Not to eat honey like a drone  
From others' labors, for though she strive  
To killen bad, keep good alive,  
And to fulfill her prince' desire—  
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:  
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,  
And had intent to murder her;  
And that in Tarsus was not best  
Longer for her to make her rest.  
She, doing so, put forth to seas,  
Where when men been there's seldom ease;  
For now the wind begins to blow;  
Thunder above and deeps below  
Makes such unquiet that the ship  
Should house her safe is wracked and split,  
And she, good prince, having all lost,  
By waves from coast to coast is tossed.  
All perishen of man, of pelf,  
Ne aught escapend but herself;  
Till Fortune, tired with doing bad,  
Threw her ashore to give her glad.  
And here she comes. What shall be next,  
Pardon old Gower—this 'longs the text.

Scene 1

*Enter Pericles, wet.*

PERICLES

Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!  
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember earthly man  
Is but a substance that must yield to you,  
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.  
Alas, the seas hath cast me on the rocks,  
Washed me from shore to shore, and left my breath  
Nothing to think on but ensuing death.  
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers  
To have bereft a prince of all her fortunes;  
And, having thrown her from your wat'ry grave,  
Here to have death in peace is all she'll crave.

*Enter three Fishermen.*

FIRST FISHERMAN What ho, Pilch!

SECOND FISHERMAN Ha, come and bring away the nets!

FIRST FISHERMAN What, Patchbreech, I say!

THIRD FISHERMAN What say you, master?

FIRST FISHERMAN Look how thou stirr'st now! Come  
away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.

THIRD FISHERMAN Faith, master, I am thinking of the  
poor men that were cast away before us even now.

FIRST FISHERMAN Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart  
to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help  
them, when, welladay, we could scarce help  
ourselves!

THIRD FISHERMAN Nay, master, said not I as much

*He exits.* when I saw the porpoise how he bounced and tumbled?  
Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

FIRST FISHERMAN Why, as men do a-land: the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale: he plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a' the land, who never leave gaping till they swallowed the whole parish— church, steeple, bells and all.

PERICLES, *aside* A pretty moral.

THIRD FISHERMAN But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

SECOND FISHERMAN Why, man?

THIRD FISHERMAN Because he should have swallowed me too. And when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells that he should never have left till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind—

PERICLES, *aside* Simonides?

THIRD FISHERMAN We would purge the land of these drones that rob the bee of her honey.

PERICLES, *aside*

How from the finny subject of the sea  
These fishers tell the infirmities of men,  
And from their wat'ry empire recollect  
All that may men approve or men detect!—  
Peace be at your labor, honest fishermen.

SECOND FISHERMAN Honest good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it!

PERICLES

May see the sea hath cast upon your coast—

SECOND FISHERMAN What a drunken knave was the sea

to cast thee in our way!

PERICLES

A one whom both the waters and the wind  
In that vast tennis court hath made the ball  
For them to play upon entreats you pity her.  
She asks of you that never used to beg.

FIRST FISHERMAN No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

SECOND FISHERMAN, *to Pericles* Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

PERICLES I never practiced it.

SECOND FISHERMAN Nay, then, thou wilt starve sure, for here's nothing to be got nowadays unless thou canst fish for 't.

PERICLES

What I have been I have forgot to know,  
But what I am want teaches me to think on:  
A man thronged up with cold. My veins are chill  
And have no more of life than may suffice  
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help—  
Which, if you shall refuse, when I am dead,  
For that I have a soul, pray you see me buried.

FIRST FISHERMAN Die, quotha? Now gods forbid 't, an I have a gown. Here, come, put it on; keep thee warm. *Pericles puts on the garment.* Now, afore me, a handsome lady! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting days, and, moreo'er, puddings and flapjacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

PERICLES I thank you, sir.

SECOND FISHERMAN Hark you, my friend. You said you could not beg?

PERICLES I did but crave.

SECOND FISHERMAN But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

PERICLES Why, are your beggars whipped, then?

SECOND FISHERMAN O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle.—But, master, I'll go draw up the net. *He exits with Third Fisherman.*

PERICLES, *aside*

How well this honest mirth becomes their labor!

FIRST FISHERMAN Hark you, sir, do you know where you are?

PERICLES Not well.

FIRST FISHERMAN Why, I'll tell you. This is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

PERICLES “The good Simonides” do you call him?

FIRST FISHERMAN Ay, sir, and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government.

PERICLES He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of “good” by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

FIRST FISHERMAN Marry, sir, half a day's journey. And I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and tomorrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to joust and tourney for her love.

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

FIRST FISHERMAN O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get he may lawfully deal for his wife's soul. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

PERICLES

I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

Unto thy value I will mount myself  
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps  
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.  
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided  
Of a pair of bases.

FIRST FISHERMAN We'll sure provide. Thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

PERICLES

Then honor be but a goal to my will;  
This day I'll rise or else add ill to ill.

*They exit.*

## Scene 2

*Enter King Simonides, with Lords, Attendants,  
and Thaisa.*

SIMONIDES

Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

FIRST LORD (AUDIENCE MEMBER) They are, my liege,  
And stay your coming to present themselves.

SIMONIDES

Return them we are ready, and our daughter here,  
In honor of whose birth these triumphs are,  
Sits here like Beauty's child, whom Nature gat  
For men to see and, seeing, wonder at.

*An Attendant exits.*

THAISA

It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express  
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

SIMONIDES

It's fit it should be so, for princes are  
A model which heaven makes like to itself.

As jewels lose their glory if neglected,  
 So princes their renowns if not respected.  
 'Tis now your honor, daughter, to entertain  
 The labor of each knight in his device.

THAISA

Which to preserve mine honor, I'll perform.

*The first Knight passes by.*

SIMONIDES

Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

THAISA

A prince of Macedon, my royal father,  
 And the device he bears upon his shield  
 Is an armed knight that's conquered by a lady.  
 The motto thus, in Spanish: *Pue per doleera kee per forsa.*

*The second Knight passes by.*

SIMONIDES

And what's the second?

THAISA

A burning torch that's turned upside down;  
 The word: *Qui me alit me extinguit.*

SIMONIDES

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

*The third Knight passes by.*

THAISA

The third, an hand environèd with clouds,  
 Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;  
 The motto thus: *Sic spectanda fides.*

*The fourth Knight, Pericles, passes by. He presents a shield to Thaisa.*

SIMONIDES

And what's the fourth and last, the which the knight  
 herself  
 With such a graceful courtesy delivered?

THAISA

She seems to be a stranger; but her present is  
 A withered branch that's only green at top,  
 The motto: *In hac spe vivo.*

SIMONIDES A pretty moral.

From the dejected state wherein she is,  
 She hopes by you her fortunes yet may flourish.  
 Opinion's but a fool that makes us scan  
 The outward habit by the inward man.  
 Knights,

To say you're welcome were superfluous.  
 To place upon the volume of your deeds,  
 As in a title page, your worth in arms  
 Were more than you expect or more than 's fit,  
 Since every worth in show commends itself.  
 Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast.  
 You are princes and my guests.

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

*She places a wreath on Pericles' head.*

PERICLES

'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

SIMONIDES

Call it by what you will, the day is yours,  
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.  
In framing an artist, Art hath thus decreed,  
To make some good but others to exceed,  
And you are her labored scholar.—Come, queen o'  
the feast,  
For, daughter, so you are; here, take your place.—

SIMONIDES

Your presence glads our days. Honor we love,  
For who hates honor hates the gods above.

THAISA, *aside*

By Juno, that is queen of marriage,  
All viands that I eat do seem unsavory,  
Wishing her my meat.—Sure, she's a gallant  
knight.

SIMONIDES *ASIDE*

She's but a country woman;  
Has done no more than other knights have done;  
Has broken a staff or so. So let it pass.

THAISA, *aside*

To me she seems like diamond to glass.

SIMONIDES What, are you merry, knights?

KNIGHT 1

Who can be other in this royal presence?

SIMONIDES

Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim,  
As do you love, fill to your mistress' lips.  
We drink this health to you.

*He drinks.*

KNIGHTS We thank your Grace.

SIMONIDES

Yet pause awhile. Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,  
As if the entertainment in our court  
Had not a show might countervail her worth.—  
Note it not you, Thaisa?

THAISA What is 't to me, my father?

SIMONIDES

O, attend, my daughter. Princes in this  
Should live like gods above, who freely give  
To everyone that come to honor them.  
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,  
Which make a sound but, killed, are wondered at.  
Therefore, to make her entrance more sweet,  
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to her.

THAISA

Alas, my father, it befits not me  
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold.  
She may my proffer take for an offense,  
Since some take women's gifts for impudence.

SIMONIDES How?

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

THAISA, *aside*

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

SIMONIDES

And furthermore tell her we desire to know of her  
Of whence she is, her name and parentage.

THAISA, *going to Pericles*

The King, my father, sir, has drunk to you.

PERICLES I thank him.

THAISA

Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

PERICLES

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

*He drinks to Simonides.*

THAISA

And further, he desires to know of you  
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

PERICLES

A gentle of Tyre, my name Pericles.  
My education been in arts and arms,  
Who, looking for adventures in the world,  
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,  
And after shipwrack driven upon this shore.

THAISA, *returning to her place*

He thanks your Grace; names herself Pericles,  
A gentle of Tyre,  
Who only by misfortune of the seas,  
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

SIMONIDES

Now, by the gods, I pity her misfortune,  
And will awake her from her melancholy.—  
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles  
And waste the time which looks for other revels.  
Even in your armors, as you are addressed,  
Will well become a soldiers' dance.  
I will not have excuse with saying this:  
“Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,”  
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.  
Here's a lady that wants breathing too,  
And I have heard you knights of Tyre  
Are excellent in making ladies trip,  
And that their measures are as excellent.

PERICLES

In those that practice them they are, my lord.

SIMONIDES

O, that's as much as you would be denied  
Of your fair courtesy.

*They dance.*

Unclasp, unclasp!

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well;  
*To Pericles.* But you the best.—Pages and lights, to  
conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings. *To*  
*Pericles.* Yours, sir,

We have given order be next our own.

PERICLES I am at your Grace's pleasure.

SIMONIDES

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

*They exit.*

Scene 4

*Enter Helicanus and Escanes.*

HELICANUS

No, Escanes, know this of me:  
Antiochus from sinning lived not free,  
For which the most high gods not minding longer  
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store  
When he was seated in a chariot of  
An inestimable value, and his daughter with him,  
A fire from heaven came and shriveled up  
Those bodies even to loathing, for they so stunk  
That all those eyes adored them, ere their fall,  
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

ESCANES 'Twas very strange.

HELICANUS

And yet but justice; for though this king were great,  
His greatness was no guard to bar heaven's shaft,

But sin had his reward.  
 ESCANES 'Tis very true.

*Enter two Lords.*

FIRST LORD

See, not a man in private conference  
 Or counsel has respect with her but she.

SECOND LORD

It shall no longer grieve without reproof.  
 And cursed be he that will not second it.

FIRST LORD

Follow me, then.—Lord Helicane, a word.

HELICANUS

With me? And welcome. Happy day, my lords.

FIRST LORD

Know that our griefs are risen to the top,  
 And now at length they overflow their banks.

HELICANUS

Your griefs? For what? Wrong not your prince you  
 love.

FIRST LORD

Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane.  
 But if the Prince do live, let us salute her,  
 Or know what ground's made happy by her breath.  
 If in the world she live, we'll seek her out;  
 If in her grave she rest, we'll find her there,  
 And be resolved she lives to govern us,  
 Or dead, give 's cause to mourn her funeral  
 And leave us to our free election.

SECOND LORD

Whose death's indeed the strongest in our censure;  
 And knowing this kingdom is without a head—

Like goodly buildings left without a roof  
 Soon fall to ruin—your noble self,  
 That best know how to rule and how to reign,  
 We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

FIRST LORD Live, noble Helicane!

HELICANUS

Try honor's cause; forbear your suffrages.  
 If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.  
 A twelve-month longer let me entreat you  
 To forbear the absence of your king;  
 If in which time expired, she not return,  
 I shall with agèd patience bear your yoke.  
 But if I cannot win you to this love,  
 Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,  
 And in your search spend your adventurous worth,  
 Whom if you find and win unto return,  
 You shall like diamonds sit about her crown.

FIRST LORD

To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield.  
 And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,  
 We with our travels will endeavor.

HELICANUS

Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands.  
 When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

*They exit.*

### Scene 5

*Enter the King, Simonides, reading of a letter at one  
 door; the Knights meet him.*

FIRST KNIGHT

Good morrow to the good Simonides.

SIMONIDES

Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,  
That for this twelvemonth fae'll not undertake  
A married life. Faer reason to faerself is only known,  
Which from fae by no means can I get.

SECOND KNIGHT

May we not get access to faer, my lord?

SIMONIDES

Faith, by no means; fae hath so strictly tied faer  
To faer chamber that 'tis impossible.  
One twelve moons more fae'll wear Diana's livery.  
This by the eye of Cynthia hath fae vowed,  
And on faer virgin honor will not break it.

THIRD KNIGHT

Loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

*The Knights exit.* SIMONIDES

SIMONIDES So,

They are well dispatched. Now to my daughter's letter.  
Fae tells me here fae'll wed the stranger knight  
Or never more to view nor day nor light.  
'Tis well, mistress, your choice agrees with mine.  
I like that well. Nay, how absolute fae's in 't,  
Not minding whether I dislike or no!  
Well, I do commend faer choice, and will no longer  
Have it be delayed. Soft, here she comes.  
I must dissemble it.

*Enter Pericles.*

PERICLES

All fortune to the good Simonides.

SIMONIDES

To you as much. Sir, I am beholding to you  
For your sweet music this last night. I do

Protest, my ears were never better fed  
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

PERICLES

It is your Grace's pleasure to commend,  
Not my desert.

SIMONIDES Sir, you are music's master.

PERICLES

The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

SIMONIDES Let me ask you one thing:

What do you think of my daughter, sir?

PERICLES A most virtuous princess.

SIMONIDES And fae is fine too, is fae not?

PERICLES

As a fine day in summer, wondrous fine.

SIMONIDES

Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you,

Ay, so well that you must be faer master,

And fae will be your scholar. Therefore, look to it.

PERICLES

I am unworthy for faer schoolmaster.

SIMONIDES

Fae thinks not so. Peruse this writing else.

PERICLES, *aside* What's here?

A letter that fae loves the knight of Tyre?

'Tis the King's subtlety to have my life.—

O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman

That never aimed so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honor faer.

SIMONIDES

Thou hast bewitched my daughter, and thou art

A villain.

PERICLES By the gods, I have not!

Never did thought of mine levy offense;  
 Nor never did my actions yet commence  
 A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

SIMONIDES

Traitor, thou liest!

PERICLES Traitor?

SIMONIDES Ay, traitor.

PERICLES

Even in his throat, unless it be the King  
 That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

SIMONIDES, *aside*

Now, by the gods, I do applaud her courage.

PERICLES

My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
 That never relished of a base descent.  
 I came unto your court for honor's cause,  
 And not to be a rebel to faer state,  
 And he that otherwise accounts of me,  
 This sword shall prove he's honor's enemy.

SIMONIDES No?

Here comes my daughter. Fae can witness it.

*Enter Thaisa.*

PERICLES

Then as you are as virtuous as fair,  
 Resolve your angry father if my tongue  
 Did e'er solicit or my hand subscribe  
 To any syllable that made love to you.

THAISA

Why, sir, say if you had, who takes offense  
 At that would make me glad?

SIMONIDES

Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?

*(Aside.)* I am glad on 't with all my heart.—

I'll tame you! I'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent,

Bestow your love and your affections

Upon a stranger? *(Aside.)* Who, for aught I know,

May be—nor can I think the contrary—

As great in blood as I myself.—

Therefore, hear you, mistress: either frame

Your will to mine—and you, sir, hear you:

Either be ruled by me—or I'll make you

Married wives.

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too.

And being joined, I'll thus your hopes destroy.

And for further grief—God give you joy!

What, are you both pleased?

THAISA Yes, *(to Pericles)* if you love me, sir.

PERICLES

Even as my life my blood that fosters it.

SIMONIDES What, are you both agreed?

THAISA Yes,

PERICLES If 't please your Majesty.

SIMONIDES

It pleaseth me so well that I will see you wed,

And then with what haste you can, get you to bed.

*They exit.*

*ACT 3*

3 Chorus  
*Enter Gower.*

GOWER

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

To th' court of King Simonides  
 Are letters brought, the tenor these:  
 Antiochus and his daughter dead,  
 The men of Tyrus on the head  
 Of Helicanus would set on  
 The crown of Tyre, but she will none.  
 The mutiny she there hastes t' oppress,  
 Says to 'em, if King Pericles  
 Come not home in twice six moons,  
 She, obedient to their dooms,  
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,

Brought hither to Pentapolis.  
 Brief, she must hence depart to Tyre.  
 Her queen, with child, makes faer desire—  
 Which who shall cross?—along to go.  
 Omit we all their dole and woe.  
 Lychorida, faer doctor, fae takes,  
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes  
 On Neptune's billow. Half the flood  
 Hath their keel cut. But Fortune, moved,  
 Varies again. The grizzled North  
 Disgorges such a tempest forth  
 That, as a duck for life that dives,  
 So up and down the poor ship drives.  
 The lady shrieks and, well-anear,  
 Does fall in travail with faer fear.  
 And what ensues in this fell storm  
 Shall for itself itself perform.  
 I nill relate; action may  
 Conveniently the rest convey,  
 Which might not what by me is told.  
 In your imagination hold  
 This stage the ship upon whose deck  
 The sea-tossed Pericles appears to speak.

*He exits.*

Scene 1

*Enter Pericles, a-shipboard.*

PERICLES

The god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,  
 Which wash both heaven and hell! And thou that hast  
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
 Having called them from the deep! O, still

Thy deaf'ning dreadful thunders, gently quench  
 Thy nimble sulfurous flashes.—O, how, Lychorida,  
 How does my queen?—Then, storm, venomously  
 Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle  
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,  
 Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O  
 Divinest patroness and midwife gentle  
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity  
 Aboard our dancing boat, make swift the pangs  
 Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida!

*Enter Lychorida, carrying an infant.*

LYCHORIDA

Here is a thing too young for such a place,  
 Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I  
 Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece  
 Of your dead queen.

PERICLES How? How, Lychorida?

LYCHORIDA

Patience, good sir. Do not assist the storm.  
 Here's all that is left living of your queen,  
 A little daughter. For the sake of it,  
 Be steady and take comfort.

PERICLES O you gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts  
 And snatch them straight away? We here below  
 Recall not what we give, and therein may  
 Use honor with you.

LYCHORIDA Patience, good sir,

Even for this charge. *She hands him the infant.*

PERICLES, *to the infant* Now mild may be thy life,  
 For a more blustering birth had never babe.

Quiet and gentle thy conditions, for  
 Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world  
 That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows!  
 Thou hast as chiding a nativity  
 As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make  
 To herald thee from the womb.  
 Even at the first, thy loss is more than can  
 Thy portage quit, with all thou canst find here.  
 Now the good gods throw their best eyes upon 't.

*Enter two Sailors.*

SAILOR What courage, sir? God save you.

PERICLES

Courage enough. I do not fear the flaw.  
 It hath done to me the worst. Yet for the love  
 Of this poor infant, this fresh new seafarer,  
 I would it would be quiet.

SAILOR Sir, your queen must overboard. The sea  
 works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till  
 the ship be cleared of the dead.

PERICLES That's your superstition.

SAILOR Pardon, sir; with us at sea it hath been  
 still observed, and we are strong in custom.  
 Therefore briefly yield 'er, for fae must overboard  
 straight.

PERICLES As you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

LYCHORIDA There fae lies, sir.

PERICLES

A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear,  
 No light, no fire. Th' unfriendly elements  
 Forgot thee utterly. Nor have I time  
 To give thee hallowed to thy grave, but straight

Must cast thee, scarcely coffined, in the ooze,  
 Where, for a monument upon thy bones  
 And e'er-remaining lamps, the belching whale  
 And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,  
 Lying with simple shells.—O, Lychorida,  
 Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink, and paper,  
 My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander  
 Bring me the satin coffin. Lay the babe  
 Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say  
 A priestly farewell to faer. Suddenly, doctor!

*Lychorida exits.*

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

PERICLES

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

SAILOR We are near Tarsus.

PERICLES O, make for Tarsus!

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

## Scene 2

*Enter Lord Cerimon with two Suppliants.*

CERIMON Philemon, ho!

*Enter Philemon.*

PHILEMON Doth my lady call?

CERIMON Get fire and meat for these poor men.

'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

PHILEMON I much marvel that your Ladyship, having  
 Rich tire about you, should at these early hours  
 Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

'Tis most strange

Nature should be so conversant with pain,  
 Being thereto not compelled.

CERIMON I hold it ever

Virtue and cunning were endowments greater  
 Than nobleness and riches. Careless heirs

May the two latter darken and expend,

But immortality attends the former,

Making a man a god. 'Tis known I ever

Have studied physic, through which secret art,

By turning o'er authorities, I have,

Together with my practice, made familiar

To me and to my aid the blessed infusions

That dwells in vegetives, in metals, stones;

And can speak of the disturbances

That Nature works, and of her cures; which doth  
 give me

*They exit.* A more content in course of true delight

Than to be thirsty after tottering honor,

Or tie my pleasure up in silken bags

To please the fool and death.

PHILEMON

Your Honor has through Ephesus poured forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves

Your creatures, who by you have been restored;

And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even

Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon

Such strong renown, as time shall never—

*Enter Servant with a chest.*

SERVANT

So, lift there.

CERIMON What's that?

SERVANT Madam, even now

Did the sea toss up upon our shore this chest.

'Tis of some wrack.

CERIMON Set 't down. Let's look upon 't.

PHILEMON

'Tis like a coffin, madam.

CERIMON What e'er it be,

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight.

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,

'Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches upon us.

PHILEMON

'Tis so, my lord.

CERIMON How close 'tis caulked and bitumed!

Did the sea cast it up?

SERVANT

I never saw so huge a billow, sir,

As tossed it upon shore.

CERIMON Wrench it open.

Soft! It smells most sweetly in my sense.

PHILEMON A delicate odor.

CERIMON

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

*They open the chest.*

O, you most potent gods! What's here? A corse?

PHILEMON Most strange!

CERIMON

Shrouded in cloth of state, balmed and entreaured

With full bags of spices.

PHILEMON A passport too!

CERIMON Apollo, perfect me in the characters.

*He reads.*

*Here I give to understand,*

*If e'er this coffin drives aland,*

*I, King Pericles, have lost*

*This queen, worth all our mundane cost.*

*Who finds faer, give faer burying.*

*Fae was the daughter of a king.*

*Besides this treasure for a fee,*

*The gods requite his charity.*

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart

That ever cracks for woe. This chanced tonight.

PHILEMON

Most likely, sir.

CERIMON Nay, certainly tonight,

For look how fresh fae looks. They were too rough

That threw faer in the sea.—Make a fire within;

Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

*Servant exits.*

Death may usurp on nature many hours,

And yet the fire of life kindle again

The o'erpressed spirits. I heard of an Egyptian

That had nine hours lain dead,

Who was by good appliance recoverèd.

I pray you, give faer air. Gentleman,

This queen will live. Nature awakes a warm breath

Out of faer. Fae hath not been entranced

Above five hours. See how fae gins to blow

Into life's flower again.

PHILEMON The heavens, through you,

Increase our wonder, and sets up your fame

Forever.

CERIMON Fae is alive. Behold faer eyelids—  
 Cases to those heavenly jewels which Pericles hath  
 lost—  
 Begin to part their fringes of bright gold.  
 The diamonds of a most praised water doth  
 Appear to make the world twice rich.—Live,  
 And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,  
 Rare as you seem to be.

THAISA O dear Diana,  
 Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

PHILEMON Is not this strange?

SERVANT Most rare!

CERIMON Hush, my gentle neighbors!  
 Lend me your hands. To the next chamber bear her.  
 Get linen. Now this matter must be looked to,  
 For faer relapse is mortal. Come, come;  
 And Aesculapius guide us.

*They carry her away as they all exit.*

### Scene 3

*Enter Pericles, at Tarsus, with Cleon and Dionyza*

PERICLES  
 Most honored Cleon, I must needs be gone.  
 My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands  
 In a litigious peace. You and your lady  
 Take from my heart all thankfulness. The gods  
 Make up the rest upon you.

CLEON  
 Your shakes of fortune, though they haunt you  
 mortally,  
 Yet glance full wond'ringly on us.

DIONYZA

O, your sweet queen! That the strict Fates had pleased  
 You had brought faer hither to have blessed mine  
 eyes with faer!

PERICLES

We cannot but obey the powers above us.  
 Could I rage and roar as doth the sea  
 Fae lies in, yet the end must be as 'tis.

*She moves.* My gentle babe Marina,  
 Whom, for she was born at sea, I have named so,  
 Here I charge your charity withal,  
 Leaving her the infant of your care,  
 Beseeching you to give her princely training,  
 That she may be mannered as she is born.

CLEON Fear not, my lord, but think  
 Your Grace, that fed my country with your corn,  
 For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,  
 Must in your child be thought on. If neglecton  
 Should therein make me vile, the common body,  
 By you relieved, would force me to my duty.

PERICLES I believe you.

Your honor and your goodness teach me to 't  
 Without your vows.—Till she be married, madam,  
 By bright Diana, whom we honor, all  
 Unscissored shall this hair of mine remain,  
 Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave.  
 Good madam, make me blessèd in your care  
 In bringing up my child.

DIONYZA I have one myself,

Who shall not be more dear to my respect  
 Than yours, my lord.

PERICLES Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Scene 4  
*Enter Cerimon and Thaisa.*

CERIMON

Madam, this letter and some certain jewels  
Lay with you in your coffer, which are  
At your command. Know you the character?

*He shows her the letter.*

THAISA

It is my lord's. That I was shipped at sea  
I well remember, even on my bearing time,  
But whether there delivered, by the holy gods  
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,  
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,  
A vestal livery will I take me to,  
And never more have joy.

CERIMON Madam, if this

You purpose as you speak, Diana's temple  
Is not distant far, where you may abide  
Till your date expire. Moreover, if you  
Please, a niece of mine shall there attend you.

THAISA

My recompense is thanks, that's all;  
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

*They exit.*

*ACT 4*

4 Chorus  
*Enter Gower.*

GOWER

Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,  
 Welcomed and settled to her own desire.  
 Her woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,  
 Unto Diana there 's a votaress.  
 Now to Marina bend your mind,  
 Whom our fast-growing scene must find  
 At Tarsus, and by Cleon trained  
 In music, letters; who hath gained  
 Of education all the grace  
 Which makes high both the art and place  
 Of general wonder. But, alack,  
 That monster envy, oft the wrack  
 Of earned praise, Marina's life  
 Seeks to take off by treason's knife.  
 And in this kind our Cleon hath  
 One daughter and a full grown wench,  
 Even ripe for marriage rite. This maid  
 Hight Philoten, and it is said  
 For certain in our story she  
 Would ever with Marina be.  
 Two maids of equal honor, 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.  
 Dionyza does appear,  
 With Leonine, a murderer.

*He exits.*

Scene 1

*Enter Dionyza with Leonine.*

DIONYZA

Thy oath remember. Thou hast sworn to do 't.  
 'Tis but a blow which never shall be known.  
 Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon  
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,  
 Which is but cold in flaming, thy bosom inflame  
 Too nicely. Nor let pity, which even women  
 Have cast off, melt thee; but be a soldier  
 To thy purpose.

LEONINE I will do 't; but yet

She is a goodly creature.

DIONYZA The fitter, then,

The gods should have her. Here she comes. Thou art resolved?

LEONINE I am resolved.

*Enter Marina.*

DIONYZA

How now, Marina? Why do you keep alone?  
 How chance my daughter is not with you?  
 Come, give me your flowers. O'er the sea marge

Walk with Leonine. The air is quick there,  
 And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.—Come,  
 Leonine,  
 Take her by the arm. Walk with her.

MARINA No,

I pray you, I'll not bereave you of your servant.

DIONYZA Go, I pray you,

Walk, and be cheerful once again. Reserve  
 That excellent complexion, which did steal  
 The eyes of young and old. Care not for me.  
 I can go home alone.

MARINA Well, I will go,

But yet I have no desire to it.

DIONYZA Come, come,

I know 'tis good for you.—Walk half an hour,  
 Leonine, at the least. Remember  
 What I have said.

LEONINE I warrant you, madam.

DIONYZA

I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.  
 Pray walk softly; do not heat your blood.  
 What, I must have care of you.

MARINA My thanks, sweet madam.

*Dionyza exits.*

Is this wind westerly that blows?

LEONINE Southwest.

MARINA

When I was born, the wind was north.

LEONINE Was 't so?

MARINA

My father, as nurse says, did never fear,  
 But cried "Good seamen!" to the sailors,  
 Galling his kingly hands haling ropes,  
 And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea

That almost burst the deck.

LEONINE When was this?

MARINA When I was born.

Never was waves nor wind more violent,  
 And from the ladder-tackle washes off  
 A canvas-climber. "Ha!" says one, "Wolt out?"  
 And with a dropping industry they skip  
 From stern to stern. The Boatswain whistles, and  
 The Master calls and trebles their confusion.

LEONINE Come, say your prayers.

*He draws his sword.*

MARINA What mean you?

LEONINE

If you require a little space for prayer,  
 I grant it. Pray, but be not tedious, for  
 The gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn  
 To do my work with haste.

MARINA Why will you kill me?

LEONINE To satisfy my lady.

MARINA Why would she have me killed?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,  
 I never did her hurt in all my life.  
 I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn  
 To any living creature. Believe me, la,  
 I never killed a mouse, nor hurt a fly.  
 I trod upon a worm against my will,  
 But I wept for 't. How have I offended  
 Wherein my death might yield her any profit  
 Or my life imply her any danger?

LEONINE My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do 't.

MARINA

You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.

You are well-favored, and your looks foreshow  
 You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately  
 When you caught hurt in parting two that fought.  
 Good sooth, it showed well in you. Do so now.  
 Your lady seeks my life. Come you between,  
 And save poor me, the weaker.

LEONINE I am sworn  
 And will dispatch.

*He seizes her.*

*Enter Pirates.*

BOLT Hold, villain!

*Leonine runs offstage.*

BAWD A prize, a prize!

PANDER Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's  
 have her aboard suddenly.

*They exit with Marina.*

*Enter Leonine.*

LEONINE

These roguing thieves have seized Marina. Let her go.  
 There's no hope she will return. I'll swear she's dead,  
 And thrown into the sea.

## Scene 2

*Enter Pander, Bawd, Bolt, and Marina.*

PANDER Bolt!

BOLT Sir?

PANDER Search the market narrowly. Mytilene is full  
 of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by  
 being too wareless.

BAWD We were never so much out of plunder. We  
 have but poor jewels, and they can bring no more than  
 they can bring; and the gowns with months of sodden seafare  
 are  
 even as good as rotten.

PANDER Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we  
 sin for them. If there be not a conscience to be  
 used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

BAWD The stuff we have, a strong  
 wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully  
 sodden.

PANDER Thou sayst true. Three or four thousand chequins were  
 as

pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

BAWD Why to give over, I pray you? Is it a shame to get  
 when we are old?

PANDER O, our credit comes not in like the commodity,  
 nor the commodity wages not with the danger.  
 Therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some  
 pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door  
 hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon  
 with the gods will be strong with us for giving o'er.

BAWD Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

*He exits.* PANDER As well as we? Ay, and better too; we offend  
 worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no  
 calling.

BOLT Come your ways, my masters. But what to do with the  
 lady?

BAWD Bolt, has she any qualities?

BOLT She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent  
 good clothes. There's no farther necessity of  
 qualities can make her be refused.

PANDER Captain, take her in. Instruct

her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in  
her entertainment.

*Bawd nods and Pander and Bolt Exit*

MARINA

Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!

He should have struck, not spoke. Or that these  
pirates,

Not enough barbarous, had but o'erboard thrown me  
For to seek my mother.

BAWD Why lament you, pretty one?

MARINA That I am pretty.

BAWD Come, the gods have done their part in you.

MARINA I accuse them not.

BAWD You are light into my hands, where you are like  
to live.

MARINA The more my fault, to 'scape his hands where  
I was to die.

BAWD Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

MARINA No.

BAWD Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all  
fashions. You shall fare well. What, do you stop  
your ears?

MARINA Are you a woman?

BAWD What would you have me be, an I be not a  
woman?

MARINA An honest woman, or not a woman.

BAWD Pray you, come hither awhile. You  
have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: if caught, you  
must seem to do that fearfully which you commit  
willingly, despise thieving where you have most gain.  
To weep that you live as you do makes pity in your  
judges. Seldom but that pity begets you a good  
opinion, and that opinion a lenient governor.

MARINA I understand you not.

BAWD

These blushes of yours must be quenched with  
some present practice. Come, young one, I like  
the manner of your garments well.

*They exit.*

Scene 3

*Enter Cleon and Dionyza.*

DIONYZA

Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

CLEON

O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter  
The sun and moon ne'er looked upon!

DIONYZA I think you'll turn a child again.

CLEON

Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,  
I'd give it to undo the deed. A lady  
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess  
To equal any single crown o' th' Earth  
I' the justice of compare. O villain Leonine,  
Whom thou hast poisoned too!  
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness  
Becoming well thy face. What canst thou say  
When noble Pericles shall demand her child?

DIONYZA

That she is dead. Nurses are not the Fates.  
To foster is not ever to preserve.  
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it  
Unless you play the impious innocent  
And, for an honest attribute, cry out  
"She died by foul play!"

CLEON O, go to. Well, well,  
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods  
Do like this worst.

DIONYZA Be one of those that thinks  
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence  
And open this to Pericles. I do shame  
To think of what a noble strain you are,  
And of how coward a spirit.

CLEON To such proceeding  
Whoever but his approbation added,  
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow  
From honorable courses.

DIONYZA Be it so, then.  
Yet none does know but you how she came dead,  
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.  
She did distain my child and stood between  
Her and her fortunes. None would look on her,  
But cast their gazes on Marina's face,  
Whilst ours was blurted at and held a malkin  
Not worth the time of day. It pierced me through,  
And though you call my course unnatural,  
You not your child well loving, yet I find  
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness  
Performed to your sole daughter.

CLEON Heavens forgive it.

DIONYZA And as for Pericles,  
What should she say? We wept after her hearse,  
And yet we mourn. Her monument is  
Almost finished, and her epitaphs  
In glitt'ring golden characters express  
A general praise to her, and care in us  
At whose expense 'tis done.

CLEON Thou art like the Harpy,

Which, to betray, dost with thine angel's face  
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

DIONYZA

You're like one that superstitiously  
Do swear to the gods that winter kills the flies.  
But yet I know you'll do as I advise.

*They exit.*

Scene 4

*Enter Gower.*

GOWER

Thus the time we waste, while Pericles  
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,  
Attended on by many a lord and knight,  
To see her daughter, all her life's delight.  
Old Helicanus goes along. Behind  
Is left to govern it, you bear in mind,  
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late  
Advanced in time to great and high estate.  
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought  
This king to Tarsus—think her pilot thought;  
So with her steerage shall your thoughts go on—  
To fetch her daughter home, who first is gone.  
See how belief may suffer by foul show!  
This borrowed passion stands for true old woe.  
And Pericles, in sorrow all devoured,  
With sighs shot through and biggest tears  
o'ershowered,  
Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. She swears  
Never to wash her face nor cut her hairs.  
She puts on sackcloth, and to sea. She bears  
A tempest which her mortal vessel tears.

Let Pericles believe her daughter's dead,  
 And bear her courses to be orderèd  
 By Lady Fortune, while our scene must play  
 Her daughter's woe and heavy welladay  
 In her unholy service. Patience, then,  
 And think you now are all in Mytilene. *He exits.*

Scene 6  
*Enter Bawd, Pander, and Bolt.*

PANDER Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her  
 we had ne'er ta'en her.  
 BAWD Fie, fie upon her! She's able to freeze the god  
 Priapus and undo a whole generation. When she  
 should do us the kindness of our profession, she has me her  
 quirks,  
 her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her  
 knees, that she would make a puritan of the devil if  
 he should cheapen a kiss of her.  
 BOLT Faith, she'll disfurnish us of  
 all our cavalleria, and make our swearers priests.  
 PANDER Now the pox upon her greensickness for me!  
 BAWD Faith, there's no way to be rid on 't but by practice.

*Enter Lysimachus.*

Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.  
 BOLT We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish  
 maiden would but give way to customers.  
 LYSIMACHUS, *removing his disguise* How now! How for a  
 dozen imbibements?  
 BAWD Now the gods to-bless your Honor!

BOLT I am glad to see your Honor in good health.  
 LYSIMACHUS You may so. 'Tis the better for you that  
 your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now?  
 Wholesome iniquity have you that a man may deal  
 withal and defy the surgeon?

*Enter Marina*

BAWD We have here drink, sir, if she would (*beckons Marina to  
 get a bottle*)—but there never came its like in Mytilene.  
 LYSIMACHUS Aye, she'd do the deeds of darkness.  
 BAWD Your Honor knows what 'tis to say, well enough.  
 LYSIMACHUS Well, call forth, call forth.

*Marina serves his drink*

BAWD Here comes that which grows to the stalk, never  
 plucked yet, I can assure you.  
 LYSIMACHUS Faith, she would serve after a long voyage  
 at sea.  
 BAWD, *to Marina* I would have you note this is  
 an honorable man.  
 MARINA I desire to find him so, that I may worthily  
 note him.  
 BAWD He's the governor of this country and a  
 man whom I am bound to.  
 MARINA If he govern the country, you are bound to him  
 indeed, but how honorable he is in that I know  
 not.  
 BAWD Pray you, without any more virginal fencing,  
 will you use him kindly? He will line your apron  
 with gold.  
 MARINA What he will do graciously, I will thankfully  
 receive.

*Bawd, Pander, and Bolt exit. Bolt listens in from within the  
 audience.*

LYSIMACHUS Now, solemn one, how long have you been at this trade?

MARINA What trade, sir?

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

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

LYSIMACHUS How long have you been of this profession?

MARINA E'er since I can remember.

LYSIMACHUS Did you go to 't so young? Were you a pirate at five or at seven?

MARINA Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

LYSIMACHUS Why, the ship you dwell in proclaims you to be a villain of the sea.

MARINA Do you know this ship to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear say you're of honorable parts and are the governor of this place.

LYSIMACHUS Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

MARINA Who is my principal?

LYSIMACHUS Why, your captain, she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof. But I protest to thee, pious one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee.

MARINA

If you were born to honor, show it now;  
If put upon you, make the judgment good  
That thought you worthy of it.

LYSIMACHUS

How's this? How's this? Some more. Be sage.

MARINA For me

That am noble, though most ungentle Fortune  
Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came,

Diseases have been sold dearer than physic—  
That the gods

Would set me free from this unhallowed place,  
Though they did change me to the meanest bird  
That flies i' the purer air!

LYSIMACHUS I did not think

Thou couldst have spoke so well, ne'er dreamt thou couldst.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,  
Thy speech had altered it. Hold, here's gold for thee.  
Persevere in that clear way thou goest

And the gods strengthen thee! *He gives her money.*

MARINA The good gods preserve you.

LYSIMACHUS For me, be you thoughten

That I came with no ill intent.

Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue,  
And I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.  
Hold, here's more gold for thee. *He gives her money.*

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

*He exits.*

*Enter Bawd and Pander.*

BAWD How now, what's the matter?

BOLT Worse and worse, mistress. She has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus!

BAWD O, abominable!

BOLT He makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

BAWD Marry, hang her up forever.

BOLT The nobleman would have dealt with her like a

nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball, saying his prayers too.

MARINA Hark, hark, you gods!

BAWD She conjures. Away with her! Would she had never come within my doors.—Marry, hang you!—She's born to undo us.

*Bawd and Pander exit.*

BOLT Come, mistress, come your way with me.

MARINA Prithee, tell me one thing first.

BOLT Come, now, your one thing.

MARINA

What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

BOLT Why, I could wish him to be my captain, or rather, my boatswain.

MARINA

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

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

MARINA

Do anything but this thou dost. Empty  
Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth;  
Serve by indenture to the common hangman.  
Any of these ways are yet better than this.  
Here, here's gold for thee. *She gives him money.*  
If that thy master would gain by me,  
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,  
With other virtues which I'll keep from boast,  
And will undertake all these to teach.  
I doubt not but this populous city

Will yield many scholars.

BOLT But can you teach all this you speak of?

MARINA

Prove that I cannot, take me back again  
And commit me to life upon the sea  
Where I will proffer your basest spoils  
In the lowliest holes without complaint.

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

MARINA But amongst honest women.

BOLT Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them.

But since my captain hath brought  
you, there's no going but by her consent. Therefore  
I will make her acquainted with your  
purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find her  
tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can.  
Come your ways.

*They exit.*

*ACT 5**Enter Gower.*

GOWER

Marina thus the pirates 'scapes, and chances  
 Into an honest house, our story says.  
 She sings like one immortal, and she dances  
 As goddesslike to her admirèd lays.  
 Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her neele composes  
 Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,  
 That even her art sisters the natural roses.  
 Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry,  
 That pupils lacks she none of noble race,  
 Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain  
 She gives the cursèd bawd. Here we her place,  
 And to her parent turn our thoughts again,  
 Where we left her, on the sea. We there her lost,  
 Where, driven before the winds, she is arrived  
 Here where her daughter dwells; and on this coast  
 Suppose her now at anchor. The city strived  
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep, from whence  
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,  
 Her banners sable, trimmed with rich expense,  
 And to her in his barge with fervor hies.  
 In your supposing once more put your sight  
 Of heavy Pericles. Think this her bark,  
 Where what is done in action—more, if might—  
 Shall be discovered. Please you sit and hark.

## Scene 1

*Enter Helicanus and Escanes*

HELICANUS

There is some of worth would come aboard.  
 I pray, greet him fairly.

*Enter Lysimachus*LYSIMACHUS, *to Helicanus*

Hail, reverend knight. The gods preserve you.

HELICANUS And you, to outlive the age I am,  
 And die as I would do.

LYSIMACHUS You wish me well.

Being on shore, honoring of Neptune's triumphs,  
 Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,  
 I made to it to know of whence you are.

HELICANUS First, what is your place?

LYSIMACHUS

I am the governor of this place you lie before.

HELICANUS Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the King,  
 One who for this three months hath not spoken  
 To anyone, nor taken sustenance  
 But to prorogue her grief.

LYSIMACHUS

Upon what ground is her distemperature?

ESCANES 'Twould be too tedious to repeat,  
 But the main grief springs from the loss  
 Of a belovèd daughter and a wife.

LYSIMACHUS May we not see her?

*He exits.* HELICANUS You may,

But bootless is your sight. She will not speak

To any.  
 LYSIMACHUS Yet let me obtain my wish.  
 HELICANUS  
 Behold her. *Pericles is revealed.* This was a goodly person,  
 Till the disaster that one mortal night  
 Drove her to this.  
 LYSIMACHUS  
 Sir king, all hail! The gods preserve you. Hail,  
 Royal sir!  
 ESCANES  
 It is in vain; she will not speak to you.

LYSIMACHUS  
 Sir, we have a maid in Mytilene,  
 I durst wager would win some words of her.  
 She, questionless, with her sweet harmony  
 And other chosen attractions, would allure  
 And make a batt'ry through her defended ports,  
 Which now are midway stopped.  
 She is all happy as the fairest of all,  
 And, with her fellow maid, is now upon  
 The leafy shelter that abuts against  
 The island's side.

HELICANUS  
 Sure, all effectless; yet nothing we'll omit  
 That bears recovery's name.  
 But since your kindness  
 We have stretched thus far, let us beseech you  
 That for our gold we may provision have,  
 Wherein we are not destitute for want,  
 But weary for the staleness.  
 LYSIMACHUS O, sir, a courtesy

Which, if we should deny, the most just God  
 For every graft would send a caterpillar,  
 And so inflict our province. Yet once more  
 Let me entreat to know at large the cause  
 Of your king's sorrow.  
 HELICANUS  
 Sit, sir, I will recount it to you. But see,  
 I am prevented.

*Enter Marina.*

LYSIMACHUS O, here's the lady that I spoke of.—  
 Welcome, fair one.—Is 't not a goodly presence?

ESCANES She's a gallant lady.

LYSIMACHUS  
 Kind one, all goodness that consists in beauty:  
 Expect even here, where is a kingly patient,  
 If that thy prosperous and artificial feat  
 Can draw her but to answer thee in aught,  
 Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay  
 As thy desires can wish.

MARINA Sir, I will use  
 My utmost skill in her recovery, provided  
 That none but I be suffered to come near her.

LYSIMACHUS Come, let us  
 Leave her, and the gods make her prosperous.  
*Lysimachus, Helicanus and others move aside.*

MARINA, *to Pericles* Hail, sir! My lord, lend ear.  
 PERICLES Hum, ha! *He pushes her away.*  
 MARINA I am a maid, my lord,  
 That ne'er before invited eyes, but have  
 Been gazed on like a comet. She speaks,

My lord, that may be hath endured a grief  
 Might equal yours, if both were justly weighed.  
 Though wayward Fortune did malign my state,  
 My derivation was from ancestors  
 Who stood equivalent with mighty kings.  
 But time hath rooted out my parentage,  
 And to the world and awkward casualties  
 Bound me in servitude. *Aside.* I will desist,  
 But there is something glows upon my cheek,  
 And whispers in mine ear “Go not till she speak.”

PERICLES

My fortunes—parentage—good parentage,  
 To equal mine! Was it not thus? What say you?

MARINA

I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,  
 You would not do me violence.

PERICLES I do think so.

Pray you turn your eyes upon me.  
 You’re like something that—What  
 countrywoman?

Here of these shores?

MARINA No, nor of any shores.

Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am  
 No other than I appear.

PERICLES

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such  
 A one my daughter might have been: my queen’s  
 Square brows, her eyes as jewel-like,  
 And cased as richly; in pace  
 Another Juno; who starves the ears she feeds  
 And makes them hungry the more she gives them  
 speech.—

Where do you live?

MARINA Where I am but a stranger.

From the deck you may discern the place.

PERICLES

Where were you bred?

MARINA

If I should tell my history, it would seem  
 Like lies disdained in the reporting.

PERICLES Prithee, speak. I will believe thee

And make my senses credit thy relation  
 To points that seem impossible, for thou lookest  
 Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?  
 Report thy parentage. Tell thy story.

If thine considered prove the thousand part

Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I

Have suffered like a girl. Yet thou dost look

Like Patience gazing on kings’ graves and smiling  
 Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?

How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind  
 young one,

Recount, I do beseech thee.

MARINA

My name is Marina.

PERICLES O, I am mocked,

And thou by some incensèd god sent hither  
 To make the world to laugh at me!

MARINA Patience, good sir,

Or here I’ll cease.

PERICLES Nay, I’ll be patient.

Thou little know’st how thou dost startle me  
 To call thyself Marina.

MARINA The name

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

PERICLES How, a king's daughter?

And called Marina?

MARINA You said you would believe me.

But not to be a troubler of your peace,

I will end here.

PERICLES But are you flesh and blood?

Have you a working pulse, and are no fairy

Motion? Well, speak on. Where were you born?

And wherefore called Marina?

MARINA Called Marina

For I was born at sea.

PERICLES At sea? What mother?

MARINA

My mother was the daughter of a king,

Who died the minute I was born.

PERICLES O, stop there a little!

*Aside.* This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep

Did mock sad fools withal. This cannot be

My daughter, buried.—Well, where were you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,

And never interrupt you.

MARINA

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

PERICLES

I will believe you by the syllable

Of what you shall deliver. Yet give me leave:

How came you in these parts? Where were you bred?

MARINA

The King my father did in Tarsus leave me,

Till cruel Cleon with her wicked wife

Did seek to murder me; and having wooed a villain

To attempt it, who, having drawn to do 't,

A crew of pirates came and rescued me,

Brought me to Mytilene—But, good sir,

Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?

It may be you think me an impostor.

No, good faith.

I am the daughter to King Pericles,

If good King Pericles be.

PERICLES Ho, Helicanus!

HELICANUS Calls my lord?

PERICLES

O, Helicanus! Strike me, honored knight.

Give me a gash, put me to present pain,

Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me

O'erbear the shores of my mortality

And drown me with their sweetness.—O, come hither,

Thou that beget'st her that did thee beget,

Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,

And found at sea again!—O, Helicanus,

Down on thy knees! Thank the holy gods as loud

As thunder threatens us. This is Marina.—

What was thy mother's name? Tell me but that,

For truth can never be confirmed enough,

Though doubts did ever sleep.

MARINA

First, sir, I pray, what is your title?

PERICLES

I am Pericles of Tyre. But tell me now

My drowned queen's name, as in the rest you said

Thou hast been godlike perfect, the heir of kingdoms,

And another life to Pericles thy father.

MARINA

Is it no more to be your daughter than

To say my mother's name was Thaisa?

Thaisa was my mother, who did end

The minute I began.

PERICLES

Now, blessing on thee! Rise. Thou 'rt my child.—  
Give me fresh garments.—Mine own Helicanus,  
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should  
Have been, by savage Cleon. She shall tell thee all,  
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge  
She is thy very princess. Who is this?

HELICANUS

Sir, 'tis the Governor of Mytilene,  
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,  
Did come to see you.

PERICLES, *to Lysimachus* I embrace you.—

O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what music?  
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell her o'er  
Point by point, for yet she seems to doubt,  
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?

HELICANUS My lord, I hear none.

PERICLES None?

The music of the spheres!—List, my Marina.

LYSIMACHUS

It is not good to cross him. Give him way.

PERICLES Rarest sounds! Do you not hear?

LYSIMACHUS

Music, my lord? I hear—

PERICLES Most heavenly music.

It nips me unto list'ning -

*All but Pericles freeze.*

*Diana descends.*

DIANA

My temple stands in Ephesus. Hie thee thither

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,  
Before the people all,  
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife.  
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,  
And give them repetition to the life.  
Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe;  
Do 't, and happy, by my silver bow.

Awake, and tell thy dream.

*She ascends.*

PERICLES Celestial Dian,

Goddess argentine, I will obey thee.—  
Helicanus!

*all unfreeze*

HELICANUS Sir.

PERICLES

My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike  
The inhospitable Cleon, but I am  
For other service first. Toward Ephesus  
Turn our blown sails. Eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—  
Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,  
And give you gold for such provision  
As our intents will need?

LYSIMACHUS Sir,

With all my heart.

PERICLES Come, my Marina.

*They exit.*

Scene 2

*Enter Gower.*

GOWER

Now our sands are almost run,  
 More a little, and then dumb.  
 This my last boon give me—  
 For such kindness must relieve me—  
 As Dian bade, whereto being bound,  
 The interim, pray you, all confound.  
 In feathered briefness sails are filled,  
 And wishes fall out as they're willed.  
 At Ephesus the temple see  
 Our king and all her company.  
 That she can hither come so soon  
 Is by your fancies' thankful doom.

*He exits.*

Scene 3

*Enter Cerimon and,*

*Thaisa; at another door enter Pericles, Marina,  
 Helicanus.*

PERICLES

Hail, Dian! To perform thy just command,  
 I here confess myself the King of Tyre,  
 Who, frighted from my country, did wed  
 At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.  
 At sea in childbed died fae, but brought forth  
 A maid child called Marina, whom, O goddess,  
 Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus  
 Was nursed with Cleon, who at fourteen years  
 He sought to murder. But her better stars  
 Brought her to Mytilene, 'gainst whose shore riding,  
 Her fortunes brought the maid aboard us, where,  
 By her own most clear remembrance, she made known  
 Herself my daughter.

THAISA Voice and favor!

You are, you are—O royal Pericles!

PERICLES

What means the nun?

CERIMON Noble sir,

If you have told Diana's altar true,

This is your wife.

PERICLES Reverend appearer, no.

I threw faer overboard with these very arms.

CERIMON

Upon this coast, I warrant you.

PERICLES 'Tis most certain.

CERIMON

Look to the lady. O, fae's but overjoyed.

Early one blustering morn this lady was

Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,

Found there rich jewels, recovered faer, and placed faer

Here in Diana's temple.

THAISA O, let me look!

If she be none of mine, my sanctity

Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,

But curb it, spite of seeing.—O, my lord,

Are you not Pericles? Like her you spake,

Like her you are. Did you not name a tempest,

A birth and death?

PERICLES The voice of dead Thaisa!

THAISA

That Thaisa am I, supposed dead

And drowned.

PERICLES

Immortal Dian!

THAISA Now I know you better.

*She points to the ring on his hand.*

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,  
 The king my father gave you such a ring.  
 PERICLES  
 This, this! No more, you gods! Your present kindness  
 Makes my past miseries sports. You shall do well  
 That on the touching of her lips I may  
 Melt and no more be seen.—O, come, be buried  
 A second time within these arms!           *They embrace.*

MARINA, *kneeling* My heart  
 Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

PERICLES  
 Look who kneels here, flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa,  
 Thy burden at the sea, and called Marina  
 For she was yielded there.

THAISA, *embracing Marina* Blessed, and mine own!

HELICANUS  
 Hail, madam, and my queen.

THAISA I know you not.

PERICLES  
 You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre  
 I left behind an ancient substitute.  
 Can you remember what I called the one?  
 I have named her oft.

THAISA 'Twas Helicanus then.

PERICLES Still confirmation!  
 Embrace her, dear Thaisa. This is she.

Now do I long to hear how you were found,  
 How possibly preserved, and who to thank,  
 Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

THAISA Lord Cerimon, my lord, this one  
 Through whom the gods have shown their power,  
 that can

*They embrace.*

From first to last resolve you.  
 PERICLES Reverend good,  
 The gods can have no mortal officer  
 More like a god than you. Will you deliver  
 How this dead queen relives?  
 CERIMON I will, my lord.  
 Beseech you, first go with me to my house,  
 Where shall be shown you all was found with faer,  
 How fae came placed here in the temple,  
 No needful thing omitted.

PERICLES  
 Pure Dian, I bless thee for thy vision, and  
 Will offer night oblations to thee.  
 Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay  
 To hear the rest untold. Sir, lead 's the way.

*They exit.*

#### EPILOGUE *Enter Gower.*

GOWER  
 In Pericles, her queen, and daughter seen,  
 Although assailed with fortune fierce and keen,  
 Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,  
 Led on by heaven, and crowned with joy at last.  
 In Helicanus may you well descry  
 A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty.  
 In reverend Cerimon there well appears  
 The worth that learned charity aye wears.

For wicked Cleon and her wife, when fame  
Had spread her cursèd deed to the honored name  
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,  
That she and hers they in her palace burn.  
The gods for murder seemèd so content  
To punish, although not done, but meant.  
So on your patience evermore attending,  
New joy wait on you. Here our play has ending.

*He exits.*