



That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer.

[Exit]

Act IV

=====

Scene I

Tarsus. An open place near the sea-shore.

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

LEONINE I will do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

DIONYZA The fitter, then, the gods should have her. Here
she comes weeping for her only mistress' death.
Thou art resolved?

LEONINE I am resolved.

[Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers]

MARINA No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last. Ay me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

DIONYZA How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's changed

With this unprofitable woe!
Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

MARINA No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

DIONYZA Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
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 a care of you.

MARINA My thanks, sweet madam.

[Exit DIONYZA]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

LEONINE South-west.

MARINA When I was born, the wind was north.

LEONINE Was't so?

MARINA My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried 'Good seaman!' 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, 'wilt out?'
And with a dropping industry they skip

From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

LEONINE Come, say your prayers.

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 kill'd?
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 kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?

LEONINE My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

MARINA You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

LEONINE I am sworn,
And will dispatch.

[He seizes her]

[Enter Pirates]

First Pirate Hold, villain!

[LEONINE runs away]

Second Pirate A prize! a prize!

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

[Exeunt Pirates with MARINA]

[Re-enter LEONINE]

LEONINE These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seized Marina. Let her go:

There's no hope she will return. I'll swear
she's dead,
And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further:
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.

[Exit]

Scene II

Mytilene. A room in a brothel.

[Enter Pandar, Bawd, and BOULT]

Pandar Boul't!

BOULT Sir?

Pandar Search the market narrowly; Mytilene is full of
gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being
too wenchless.

Bawd We were never so much out of creatures. We have but
poor three, and they can do no more than they can
do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

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

Bawd Thou sayest true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor
bastards,--as, I think, I have brought up some eleven--

BOULT Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But
shall I search the market?

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

Pandar Thou sayest true; they're too unwholesome, o'
conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that
lay with the little baggage.

BOULT Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat
for worms. But I'll go search the market.

[Exit]

Pandar 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?

Pandar 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 over.

Bawd Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pandar As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse.
Neither is our profession any trade; it's no
calling. But here comes Boul't.

[Re-enter BOULT, with the Pirates and MARINA]

BOULT [To MARINA] Come your ways. My masters, you say
she's a virgin?

First Pirate O, sir, we doubt it not.

BOULT Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see:
if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd Boul't, has she any qualities?

BOULT She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent
good clothes: there's no further necessity of
qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd What's her price, Boul't?

BOULT I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pandar Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your
money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her
what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her
entertainment.

[Exeunt Pandar and Pirates]

Bawd Boul't, take you the marks of her, the colour of her
hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her
virginity; and cry 'He that will give most shall
have her first.' Such a maidenhead were no cheap
thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done
as I command you.

BOULT Performance shall follow.

[Exit]

MARINA Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,
Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me
For to seek my mother!

Bawd Why lament you, pretty one?

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 like 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; you shall have the
difference of all complexions. 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 Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have
something to do with you. Come, you're a young
foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have
you.

MARINA The gods defend me!

Bawd If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men
must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir
you up. Boult's returned.

[Re-enter BOULT]

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

BOULT I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs;
I have drawn her picture with my voice.

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

BOULT 'Faith, they listened to me as they would have
hearkened to their father's testament. There was a
Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to
her very description.

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

BOULT To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the
French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd Who, Monsieur Veroles?

BOULT Ay, he: he offered to cut a caper at the
proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore
he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease
hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will
come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the
sun.

BOULT Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

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

MARINA I understand you not.

BOULT O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practise.

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

BOULT 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,--

Bawd Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

BOULT I may so.

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

BOULT Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd Boulton, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature flamed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

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

Bawd Come your ways; follow me.

MARINA If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

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

[Exeunt]

Scene III

Tarsus. A room in CLEON's house.

[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 look'd 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. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too:
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

DIONYZA That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute cry out
'She died by foul play.'

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 think
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
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources.

DIONYZA Be it so, then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did disdain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at and held a malkin
Not worth the time of day. It 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
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

CLEON Heavens forgive it!

DIONYZA And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

CLEON Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

DIONYZA You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:
But yet I know you'll do as I advise.

[Exeunt]

Scene IV

[Enter GOWER, before the monument of MARINA at Tarsus]

GOWER Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for't;
Making, to take your imagination,
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you,
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight.
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tarsus,--think his pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,--
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

DUMB SHOW.

[Enter PERICLES, at one door, with all his train;
CLEON and DIONYZA, at the other. CLEON shows
PERICLES the tomb; whereat PERICLES makes
lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty
passion departs. Then exeunt CLEON and DIONYZA]

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears
o'ershower'd,
Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit.
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[Reads the inscription on MARINA's monument]

'The fairest, sweet'st, and best lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never stint,
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.'

No visor does become black villany
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
In her unholy service. Patience, then,
And think you now are all in Mytilene.

[Exit]

Scene V

Mytilene. A street before the brothel.

[Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen]

First Gentleman Did you ever hear the like?

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

First Gentleman But to have divinity preached there! did you ever
dream of such a thing?

Second Gentleman No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses:
shall's go hear the vestals sing?

First Gentleman 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]

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

Bawd Fie, fie upon her! she's 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 disfurnish us
of all our cavaliers, and make our swearers priests.

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

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

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

[Enter LYSIMACHUS]

LYSIMACHUS 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.

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?

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

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

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

LYSIMACHUS Well, call forth, call forth.

BOULT For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall
see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but--

LYSIMACHUS What, prithee?

BOULT O, sir, I can be modest.

LYSIMACHUS 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?

LYSIMACHUS '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.

LYSIMACHUS I beseech you, do.

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

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

Bawd Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

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

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

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

LYSIMACHUS 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. Go thy ways.

[Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and BOULT]

LYSIMACHUS Now, pretty 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 gamester at five or at seven?

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

LYSIMACHUS Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

MARINA 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.

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

MARINA Who is my principal?

LYSIMACHUS 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.

MARINA If you were born to honour, 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 a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,
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!

LYSIMACHUS I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

MARINA The good gods preserve you!

LYSIMACHUS For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

[Re-enter BOULT]

BOULT I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

LYSIMACHUS 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.

MARINA Whither would you have me?

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?

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

Bawd O abominable!

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 Boulton, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

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

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. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!

[Exit]

BOULT Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

MARINA Whither wilt thou have me?

BOULT To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

MARINA Prithee, tell me one thing first.

BOULT Come now, your one thing.

MARINA What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

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

MARINA Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib;
To the choleric fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

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

MARINA Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
OLD receptacles, or common shores, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this;
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!
Here, here's gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain by thee,
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.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

BOULT But can you teach all this you speak of?

MARINA 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.

MARINA 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]

[Enter GOWER]

GOWER Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays;
Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her needle composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses;
Her inkle, silk, 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 cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
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 fervor hies.
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]

Act V

=====

Scene I

On board PERICLES' ship, off Mytilene. A close 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]

Tyrian Sailor [To the Sailor of Mytilene] Where is lord Helicanus?
he can resolve you.
O, here he is.
Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

HELICANUS That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyrian Sailor Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

[Enter two or three Gentlemen]

First Gentleman Doth your lordship call?

HELICANUS Gentlemen, there's some of worth would come aboard;
I pray ye, greet them fairly.

[The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge]

[Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; with the Gentlemen and the two Sailors]

Tyrian Sailor Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

LYSIMACHUS Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

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

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

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;
A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue his grief.

LYSIMACHUS Upon what ground is his distemperature?

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

LYSIMACHUS May we not see him?

HELICANUS You may;
But bootless is your sight: he will not speak To any.

LYSIMACHUS Yet let me obtain my wish.

HELICANUS Behold him.

[PERICLES discovered]

This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

LYSIMACHUS Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!

HELICANUS It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

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

LYSIMACHUS 'Tis well bethought.
She questionless with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And, with her fellow maids is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[Whispers a Lord, who goes off in the barge of
LYSIMACHUS]

HELICANUS 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,
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 gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so afflict 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.

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

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

HELICANUS She's a gallant lady.

LYSIMACHUS She's such a one, that, were I well assured
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
Can draw him 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 his recovery, Provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.

LYSIMACHUS Come, let us leave her;
And the gods make her prosperous!

[MARINA sings]

LYSIMACHUS Mark'd he your music?

MARINA No, nor look'd on us.

LYSIMACHUS See, she will speak to him.

MARINA Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

PERICLES Hum, ha!

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 weigh'd.
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 he 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 are like something that--What country-woman?
Here of these shores?

MARINA No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

PERICLES I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voiced; 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?
And how achieved you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

MARINA If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

PERICLES Prithee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will
believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back--
Which was when I perceived thee--that thou camest
From good descending?

MARINA So indeed I did.

PERICLES Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

MARINA Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

PERICLES Tell thy story;

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
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.

MARINA My name is Marina.

PERICLES O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed 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 call'd 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 call'd Marina?

MARINA Call'd 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,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

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

HELICANUS I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her.

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

PERICLES O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
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 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
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.

MARINA First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?

PERICLES I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect,
The heir of kingdoms and another like
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 art 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 I embrace you.
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But, hark, what music?
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?

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 ye not hear?

LYSIMACHUS My lord, I hear.

[Music]

PERICLES Most heavenly music!
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest.

[Sleeps]

LYSIMACHUS 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.

[Exeunt all but PERICLES]

[DIANA appears to PERICLES as in a vision]

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 it, and happy; by my silver bow!
Awake, and tell thy dream.

[Disappears]

PERICLES Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,

I will obey thee. Helicanus!

[Re-enter HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, and MARINA]

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.

[To LYSIMACHUS]

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; and, when you come ashore,
I have another suit.

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

LYSIMACHUS Sir, lend me your arm.

PERICLES Come, my Marina.

[Exeunt]

Scene II

[Enter GOWER, before the temple of DIANA at Ephesus]

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 Mytilene
To greet the king. So he thrived,
That he is promised to be wived
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]

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 she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, 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 favour!
You are, you are--O royal Pericles!

[Faints]

PERICLES What means the nun? she dies! help, gentlemen!

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

PERICLES Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her overboard with these very arms.

CERIMON Upon this coast, I warrant you.

PERICLES 'Tis most certain.

CERIMON Look to the lady; O, she's but o'erjoy'd.
Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed her
Here in Diana's temple.

PERICLES May we see them?

CERIMON Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is recovered.

THAISA O, let me look!
If he 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 him you spake,
Like him 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 drown'd.

PERICLES Immortal Dian!

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

[Shows 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.

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

[Kneels to THAISA]

PERICLES Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.

THAISA Blest, 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 call'd the man?
I have named him oft.

THAISA 'Twas Helicanus then.

PERICLES Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserved; and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

THAISA Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power; that can
From first to last resolve you.

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

CERIMON I will, my lord.
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.

PERICLES 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,
This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

THAISA Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father's dead.

PERICLES Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead's the way.

[Exeunt]

[Enter GOWER]

GOWER In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd 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 his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn;
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them; although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

[Exit]