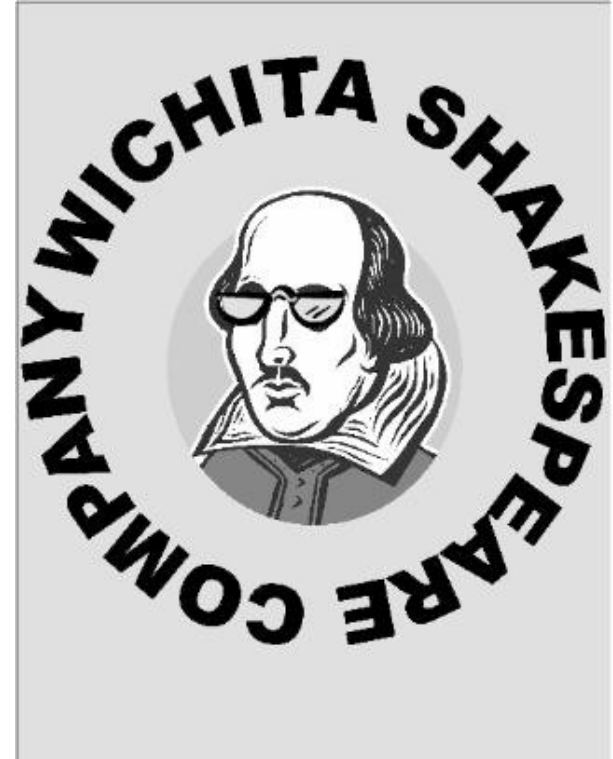


Pericles

ABRIDGED



William Shakespeare
(1564-1616)

By
William Shakespeare



William Shakespeare's

Pericles

The Wichita Shakespeare Co.

PERICLES

Dramatis Personae

Pericles....Prince of Tyre
Marina....his daughter

In Antioch

Antiochus....King of Antioch
Daughter....of Antiochus
Thaliard....servant to Antiochus
Headsmen
Soldier
3 Women

In Tyre

Helicanus....trusted friend of Pericles
Escanes.... a lord of Tyre
2 Lords
3 Sailors

In Tarsus

Cleon....the governor
Dionyza....his wife
Philoten....their daughter
Leonine....a hired murderer
3 Pirates
Suitor to Marina

In Pentapolis

Simonides....king of Pentapolis
Thaisa....his daughter; wife to Pericles
3 Fishermen
3 Knights
3 Ladies

At Sea

Lychorida....nurse maid to Marina
2 Sailors

In Ephesus

Cerimon....votress in the temple of Diana
Philemon....her attendant
2 Gentleman
Nun

In Mytilene

Pandar....keeper of the brothel
Bawd....his wife
Boult....their servant
Lysimachus....the governor
Lord

PERICLES

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

Cerimon, my mistress; this woman,
Through whom the gods have shown their power; that can
From first to last resolve you.

PERICLES

Madam,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a goddess than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?
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.
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 Tyre reign.
Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold: madam, lead's the way.

Exeunt

CHORUS

In Antiochus 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,
To rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn;
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

Exit

PERICLES

Madam, no;

I threw her overboard with these very arms.

CERIMON

Upon this coast, I warrant you.

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.

Look, Thaisa is recovered.

THAISA

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

Thaisa!

THAISA

That Thaisa am I, supposed dead

And drown'd.

PERICLES

No more, you gods! your present kindness

Makes my past miseries sports:

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

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ACT I

SCENE II

CHORUS

Now our sands are almost run;
 More a little, and then dumb.
 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.
 At Ephesus, the temple see,
 Our king and all his company.

Exit

SCENE III. The temple of Diana at Ephesus

Enter PERICLES, LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA

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

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.

LYSIMACHUS

A pillow for his head:

So, leave him.

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.

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

PROLOGUE**CHORUS**

To sing a song that old was sung,

From ashes ancient our tale is come;

It hath been sung at festivals,

On ember-eves and holy-ales;

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 our rhymes.

This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great

Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat:

The fairest in all Syria,

This king unto him took a wife,

Who died and left a female heir,

So buxom, blithe, and full of face,

As heaven had lent her all his grace;

With whom the father liking took,

And her to incest did provoke:

to entice his own

To evil should be done by none:

The beauty of this dame

Made many princes thither frame,

To seek her as a bed-fellow,

In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:

Which to prevent he made a law,

To keep her still, and men in awe,

That whoso ask'd her for his wife,

His riddle told not, lost his life:

So for her many a wight did die,

As yon grim looks do testify.

Exit

SCENE I. Antioch. A room in the palace.

Enter ANTIOCHUS, Prince PERICLES, a headsmen, and a soldier

ANTIOCHUS

Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received

The danger of the task you undertake.

PERICLES

I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul

Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,

Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

ANTIOCHUS

Bring in our daughter!

Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS with three women attending

PERICLES

See where she comes,

You gods that made me man, and sway in love,

That have inflamed desire in my breast

To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,

Or die in the adventure, be my helps,

As I am son and servant to your will,

To compass such a boundless happiness!

ANTIOCHUS

Prince Pericles,--

PERICLES

That would be son to great Antiochus.

ANTIOCHUS

Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,

Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,

Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,

That here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;

And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist

For going on death's net, whom none resist.

PERICLES

Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught

My frail mortality to know itself,

And by those fearful objects to prepare

This body, like to them, to what I must;

But my unspotted fire of love to you.

To the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS

Thus ready for the way of life or death,

I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus.

ANTIOCHUS

Scorning advice, read the conclusion then:

Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,

As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daughter

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

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

PERICLES

Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,

Nor ask advice of any other thought

But faithfulness and courage.

Daughter

Speaking the riddle

I am no viper, yet I feed

On mother's flesh which did me breed.

I sought a husband, in which labour

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! thou art my child.

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.

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.

PERICLES

Most heavenly music!

It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber

Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest.

Sleeps

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,
 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?

I found that kindness in a father:
 He's father, son, and husband mild;
 I mother, wife, and yet his child.
 How they may be, and yet in two,
 As you will live, resolve it you.

PERICLES

Sharp physic is the last:

If this be true, which makes me pale to hear it?
 Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
 Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:
 But being play'd upon before your time,
 Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.

Good sooth, I care not for you.

ANTIOCHUS

Prince Pericles, your time's expired:

Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

PERICLES

Great king,

Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
 'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.

ANTIOCHUS

[Aside] Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found
 the meaning:

But I will gloze with him.--Young prince of Tyre,
 Though by the tenor of our strict edict,

Your exposition misinterpreting,

We might proceed to cancel of your days;

Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree

As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:

Forty days longer we do respite you;

If by which time our secret be undone,

This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:

And until then your entertain shall be

As doth befit our honour and your worth.

Exeunt PERICLES with Daughter and others; ANTIOCHUS left alone

ANTIOCHUS

He hath found the meaning, for which we mean
 To have his head.

He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,

Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin

In such a loathed manner;

And therefore instantly this prince must die:

For by his fall my honour must keep high.

Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD

THALIARD

Doth your highness call?

ANTIOCHUS

Thaliard,
 You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes
 Her private actions to your secrecy;
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
 Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:
 It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

THALIARD

My lord, tis done.

ANTIOCHUS

Enough.

Enter Daughter

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Daughter

My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

ANTIOCHUS

As thou

Wilt live, fly after: and like an arrow shot
 From a well-experienced archer hits the mark
 His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
 Unless thou say 'Prince Pericles is dead.'

THALIARD

My lord,

If I can get him within my pistol's length,
 I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your highness.

ANTIOCHUS

Thaliard, adieu!

Exit THALIARD

Till Pericles be dead,

My heart can lend no succor to my head.

Exit ANTIOCHUS and Daughter

SCENE II. Tyre. A room in the palace.

Enter PERICLES and HELICANUS

PERICLES

Let none disturb us;

The great Antiochus,

'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,

Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;

Nor boots it me to say I honour him.

If he suspect I may dishonour him:

And what may make him blush in being known,

He'll stop the course by which it might be known;

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?

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.

Yet, give me leave:

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

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.

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 silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like
And cased as richly;
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; I will
Believe thee,
For thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say,
That thou camest
From good descending?

MARINA

So indeed I did.

PERICLES

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.
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.

With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
Helicanus, fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?

HELICANUS

Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak.
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think,
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.

Exeunt

SCENE III. Tyre. An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter THALIARD

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
he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that,
being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired
he might know none of his secrets:
Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS and 1st Lord of Tyre

HELICANUS

You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure:
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

THALIARD

[Aside] How! the king gone!

HELICANUS

If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why he would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch--
Royal Antiochus--on what cause I know not--
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

THALIARD

[Aside] Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now;
Since he's gone, the king's seas must please:
He 'scaped the land, to perish at the sea.
I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

HELICANUS

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 himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

HELICANUS

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.

Exeunt

SCENE IV. Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter CLEON, the governor of Tarsus, with DIONYZA

CLEON

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

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

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.

Approaches PERICLES

I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gazed on like a comet: I speak,
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.

MARINA sings

LYSIMACHUS

Mark'd he your music?

MARINA

No, nor look'd on me.

PERICLES

Hum, ha!

MARINA

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.

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

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.
Behold him.

PERICLES is 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.

Lord of Mytilene

Sir,

We have a maid aboard our vessel, 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.

Whispers to Lord, who goes off in the barge of LYSIMACHUS

HELICANUS

Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name.

Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with MARINA

DIONYZA

That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;

CLEON

This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
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 scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

DIONYZA

O, 'tis too true.

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,
They are now starved for want of exercise:
Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers who, to nuzzle up their babes,
are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
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,
hear these tears!
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

Enter LEONINE

LEONINE

Where's the lord governor?

CLEON

Here.

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

LEONINE

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

CLEON

I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

LEONINE

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

CLEON

Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

LEONINE

I go, my lord.

Exit LEONINE

CLEON

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

Enter PERICLES

PERICLES

Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon fired to 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,
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.

DIONYZA

The gods of Greece protect you!

PROLOGUE**CHORUS**

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;
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.

Exit

SCENE I. On board PERICLES' ship, off Mytilene.

Enter HELICANUS; enter 3rd Tyrian Sailor

Third Tyrian Sailor

Lord Helicanus?

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.

I pray ye, greet them fairly.

Exit 3rd Tyrian Sailor

Enter, from thence, 3rd Tyrian Sailor, LYSIMACHUS, and Lord of Mytilene

Third Tyrian Sailor

Sir,

This is the man that can
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.



ACT V

PERICLES

Arise, I pray you, rise:

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

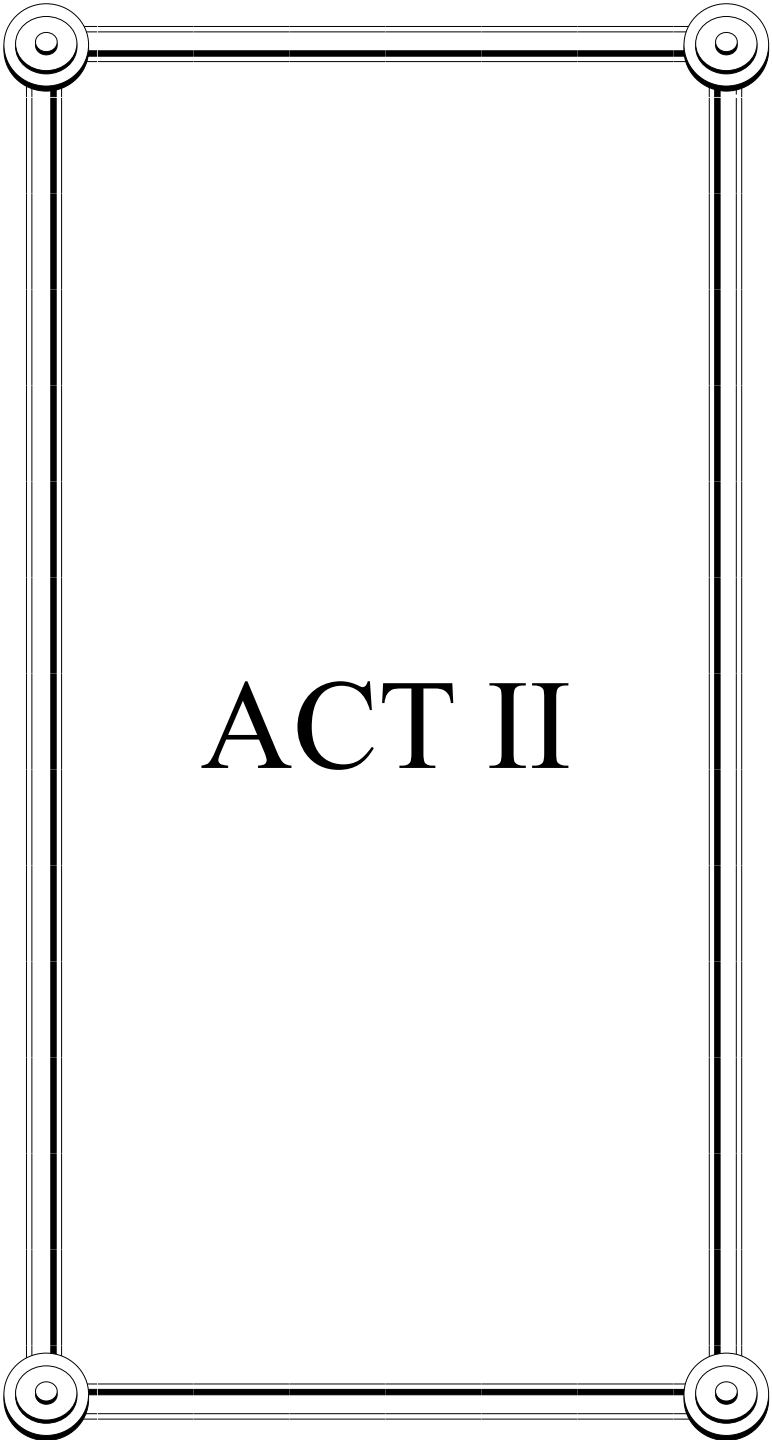
CLEON

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.

Exeunt



ACT II

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.

Exeunt

PROLOGUE**CHORUS**

Prince Pericles,
To whom we give our benison,
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Build his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes.
Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And had intent to murder him;
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above and deeps below
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost:
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad.

**SCENE I. Pentapolis. An open place by the sea
-side.**

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 sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd 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 his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three FISHERMEN

First Fisherman

What, ho, Pilch!

Second Fisherman

Ha, come and bring away the nets!

First Fisherman

What, Patch-breech, I say!

Third Fisherman

What say you, master?

First Fisherman

Look how thou stirrest 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, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

PERICLES

Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

A man whom both the waters and the wind,

In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball

For them to play upon, entreats you pity him:

He asks of you, that never used to beg.

First Fisherman

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

Second Fisherman

Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

PERICLES

I never practised it.

Second Fisherman

Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, 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 throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill,

And have no more of life than may suffice

To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;

Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,

For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

First Fisherman

Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow!

Bawd

She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! She's born to undo us.

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,

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;

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;

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.

LYSIMACHUS

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
shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like
a spaniel.
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

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

MARINA

Hark, hark, you gods!

PERICLES

I thank you, madam.

First Fisherman

Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are?

PERICLES

Not well.

First Fisherman

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

PERICLES

The good King 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 to-morrow is her
birth-day; and there are princes and knights come
from all parts of the world to tourney for her love.

PERICLES

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

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

Second Fisherman

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

PERICLES

An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.
Thanks, fortune, yet, that, after all my crosses,
Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself;

First Fisherman

What mean you, sir?

PERICLES

To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;

First Fisherman

Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

PERICLES

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

First Fisherman

Why, do 'e take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

Second Fisherman

Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

PERICLES

Believe 't, I will.

Exeunt

SCENE II. The same. The court of Simonides

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, PERICLES, 3 Knights, and 3 Ladies in Waiting

SIMONIDES

Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

Knights

We are, my liege.

SIMONIDES

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

THAISA

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

SIMONIDES

It's fit it should be so;
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renowns if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight in his device.

THAISA

Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

SIMONIDES

Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

THAISA

A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears
Is a black Ethiopie reaching at the sun.

SIMONIDES

He loves you well that holds his life of you.
Who is the second that presents himself?

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;
O, that the gods

Would set me free from this unhallow'd place.

O, my good Lord, kill me, but not deflower me.

Punish me how you please, so you spare my chastity.

And since it is all the dowry that the Gods have given,

Do not you take it from me.

Make me your servant, I will willingly obey you.

Make me your bondswoman, I will accompt it freedom.

Let me be the worst that is called vile,

So I may still lie honest, I am content.

Or if you think it is too blessed a happiness to have me so,

Let me even now, now in this minute die,

And I'll accompt my death more happy than my birth.

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

'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?

THAISA

A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears
Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady.

SIMONIDES

And what's the third?

THAISA

The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry.

SIMONIDES

And what's
The fourth and last?

THAISA

He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top.

SIMONIDES

From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

First Lady in Waiting

He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For by his rusty outside he appears
To have practised more the whipstock than the lance.

Second Lady in Waiting

He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

SIMONIDES

Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are ready.
The Knights tourney for THAISA; PERICLES wins
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,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.

THAISA

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

PERICLES

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

SIMONIDES

Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.

Come, queen o'
the feast,--

For, daughter, so you are,--here take your place.

THAISA

Sir, yonder is your place.

PERICLES

Some other is more fit.

First Knight

Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great nor do the low despise.

PERICLES

You are right courteous knights.

Third Lady in Waiting

Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.

THAISA

To me he seems like diamond to glass.

SIMONIDES

What, are you merry, knights?

Second Knight

Who can be other in this royal presence?

SIMONIDES

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

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 his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

THAISA

What is it

To me, my father?

SIMONIDES

Make his entrance more sweet,
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

THAISA

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

SCENE V. Mytilene. A street before the brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, Pandar, Bawd, & 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.

BOULT

'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfigure 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.

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

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.

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?

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**CHORUS**

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.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tarsus.

See how belief may suffer by foul show!

The epitaph is for Marina writ

By wicked Dionyza.

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 Tyre 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'

CHORUS

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.

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

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 him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

THAISA

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.

THAISA

And further he desires to know of you,

Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

PERICLES

A gentleman 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 shipwreck driven upon this shore.

THAISA

He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,

A gentleman 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 his misfortune,

And will awake him from his melancholy.

Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,

And waste the time, which looks for other revels.

The Knights and Ladies dance

Come, sir;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too:

And I have heard, you knights of Tyre

Are excellent in making ladies trip.

PERICLES

In those that practise them they are, my lord.

SIMONIDES

PERICLES and THAISA join the dance

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well.

To PERICLES

But you the best.

PERICLES

I am at your grace's pleasure.

SIMONIDES

It is too late to talk of love;

And that's the mark I know you level at:

Therefore each one betake him to his rest;

To-morrow all for speeding do their best.

Exeunt

SCENE IV. Tyre. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES

HELICANUS

No, Escanes, know this of me,

Antiochus from incest lived not free:

For which, the most high gods not minding longer

To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,

Due to this heinous capital offence,

When he was seated in a chariot

Of an inestimable value,

A fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up
his body.

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 Second Lord of Tyre

Second Lord of Tyre

Lord Helicane, a word.

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.

Second Lord of Tyre

Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,

Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;

If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;

And be resolved he lives to govern us,

Or dead, give's cause to mourn his funeral,

And leave us to our free election.

CLEON

Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,

I'd give it to undo the deed.

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.

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.

Re-enter PHILOTEN listening

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.

Exit PHILOTEN crying

BOULT

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

Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a
sojourner we have; 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 PHILOTEN; DIONYZA enter; exit PHILOTEN

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.

ESCANES

Whose death indeed's 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.

Both

Live, noble Helicane!

HELICANUS

For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you to
Forbear the absence of your king:
If in which time expired, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.

Exeunt

SCENE V. Pentapolis. A room in the palace.

Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter

SIMONIDES

Now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she'd wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;
Soft! here he comes.

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 she is fair too, is she not?

PERICLES

As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.

SIMONIDES

Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;

Ay, so well, that you must be her master,

And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.

PERICLES

I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

SIMONIDES

She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

PERICLES

[Aside] What's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!

SIMONIDES

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA

Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?

Will you, having my consent,

Bestow your love and your affections

Upon this stranger knight?

THAISA

Yes, if you love me, sir.

PERICLES

Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.

SIMONIDES

What, are you both agreed?

Both

Yes, if it 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.

Exeunt

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. Boul't'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.

Bawd

[To MARINA] Pray you, come hither awhile. You

have fortunes coming upon you.

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.

Bawd

What's her price, Boul't?

BOULT

I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pandar

Well, follow me, 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 1st Pirate***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?



ACT III

SCENE II. Mytilene. A room in a brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and BOULT

Pandar

Boult!

BOULT

Sir?

Pandar

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

Exit BOULT

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.

Bawd

Thou sayest true;
The stuff we have, a strong wind
will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pandar

They're too unwholesome, o'
conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that
lay with the little baggage.

Bawd

Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat
for worms.

Pandar

Here comes Boult.

Re-enter BOULT, with 1st Pirate 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

Boult, 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.

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,
 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

PROLOGUE**CHORUS**

Now sleep y-slacked hath the rout;
 No din but snores the house about,
 Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
 Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed.
 Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
 A babe is moulded. Be attent,
 And time that is so briefly spent
 With your fine fancies quaintly eche:
 What's dumb in show we'll plain with speech.
 At last from Tyre,
 To the court of King Simonides
 Are letters brought, the tenor these:
 Antiochus dead;
 The men of Tyre on the head
 Of Helicanus would set on
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
 The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
 Says to 'em, if King Pericles
 Come not home in twice six moons,
 He, obedient to their dooms,
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
 His queen with child makes her desire--
 along to go:
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
 On Neptune's billow;
 the grisly north
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,
 That, as a duck for life that dives,
 So up and down the poor ship drives:
 The lady shrieks, and well-a-near
 Does fall in travail with her fear:
 And what ensues in this fell storm
 Shall for itself itself perform.

Exit

SCENE I

Enter PERICLES, on shipboard

PERICLES

Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O, how, Lychorida,
How does my queen? Thou stormest venomously;
Wilt thou spit all thyself?

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!

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant

Now, Lychorida!

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 manly, and take comfort.

PERICLES

O you gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away?

LYCHORIDA

Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

PERICLES

Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blustrous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world
That ever was prince's child.

Enter two Sailors of Pentapolis

First Sailor of Pentapolis

What courage, sir? God save you!

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

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.

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
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 nurse Lychorida's 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.
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.

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 sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

First Sailor of Pentapolis

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.

First Sailor of Pentapolis

Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still
observed: and we are strong in custom. Therefore
briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.

PERICLES

As you think meet.

LYCHORIDA

Here she lies, sir.

PERICLES

A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly: nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida,
Bring me spices,
My casket and my jewels;
Hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her.

Exit LYCHORIDA

Second Sailor of Pentapolis

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

PERICLES

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

Second Sailor of Pentapolis

We are near Tarsus.

PERICLES

Thither, gentle mariner.
When canst thou reach it?

Second Sailor of Pentapolis

By break of day, if the wind cease.

PERICLES

O, make for Tarsus!

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe

Cannot hold out to Tyre: there I'll leave it

At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner.

Exeunt

SCENE II. Ephesus. A room in CERIMON'S house.

Enter CERIMON, with PHILEMON and a Nun

CERIMON

'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

PHILEMON

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

Till now, I ne'er endured.

Enter two Gentlemen of Ephesus

First Gentleman of Ephesus

Good morrow.

Second Gentleman of Ephesus

Good morrow to your worship.

CERIMON

Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

First Gentleman of Ephesus

Madam, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:

'Tis of some wreck.

Second Gentleman of Ephesus

'Tis like a coffin, madam.

CERIMON

How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed!

Did the sea cast it up?

First Gentleman of Ephesus

I never saw so huge a billow, madam,

As toss'd it upon shore.

CERIMON

Wrench it open;

Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.

Second Gentleman of Ephesus

A delicate odour.

CERIMON

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

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

PROLOGUE

CHORUS

Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,

Welcomed and settled to his own desire.

His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,

Unto Diana there a votaress.

Now to Marina bend your mind,

Whom our fast-growing scene must find

At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd

In music, letters; who hath gain'd

Of education all the grace,

Which makes her both the heart and place

Of general wonder. But, alack,

That monster envy, oft the wrack

Of earned praise, Marina's life

Seeks to take off by treason's knife.

And in this kind hath our Cleon

One daughter,

Called Philoten: and it is said

For certain in our story, she

Would ever with Marina be:

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.

And cursed Dionyza hath

The pregnant instrument of wrath

Prest for this blow. The unborn event

I do commend to your content:

Dionyza does appear,

With Leonine, a murderer.

Exit



ACT IV

First Gentleman of Ephesus

Most strange!

CERIMON

Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreaured
With full bags of spices! A passport too!

Reads from a scroll

'Here I give to understand,
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying;
She 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 even cracks for woe! This chanced tonight.

Second Gentleman of Ephesus

Most likely.

CERIMON

Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within:
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

Exit Nun and PHILEMON

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Re-enter Nun and PHILEMON with boxes

The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.

I pray you, give her air.

Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her; see how she gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

She is alive; behold,
Her 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
Do appear, to make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be.

She moves

THAISA

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

Second Gentleman of Ephesus

Is not this strange?

First Gentleman of Ephesus

Most rare.

CERIMON

Hush, my gentle neighbours!

Lend me your hands.

Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,

Lay with you in your coffer: which are now

At your command. Know you the character?

THAISA

It is my lord's.

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

Even on my eaning time; but whether there

Deliver'd, by the holy gods,

I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,

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 ye speak,

Diana's temple is not distant far,

Where you may abide till your date expire.

THAISA

My recompense is thanks, that's all;

Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

Exeunt

SCENE III. Tarsus. A room in CLEON's house.

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

PERICLES

Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;

My twelve months are expired, and Tyre stands

In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,

Take from my heart all thankfulness!

DIONYZA

O your sweet queen!

That the strict fates had pleased you had brought her hither,

To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

PERICLES

We cannot but obey

The powers above us. Could I rage and roar

As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end

Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina, 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

Manner'd 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.

PERICLES

I believe you;

Your honour and your goodness teach me to't,

Good madam, make me blessed 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

My thanks and prayers.

Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,

Lychorida, no tears:

Look to your little mistress, on whose grace

You may depend hereafter. So I take me leave.

Exeunt