

PR
2753
A184
1888
v. 14

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

ENGLISH COLLECTION



**THE GIFT OF
JAMES MORGAN HART
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH**

A.109409

20/12/97

Cornell University Library

PR 2753.M84 1888

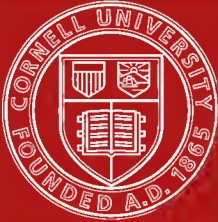
v.14

The comedies, histories, and tragedies o



3 1924 014 138 766

alin



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

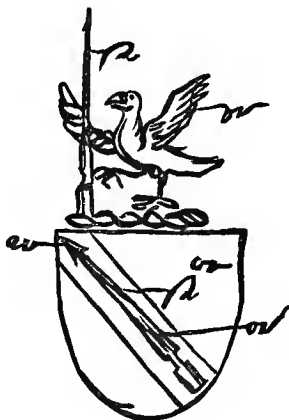
THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES,
AND TRAGEDIES OF MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE

As presented at the Globe and Blackfriars
Theatres, *circa* 1591–1623

*Being the text furnished the Players, in parallel
pages with the first revised folio text,
with Critical Introductions*

The Bankside Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN



NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
BRENTANOS
PARIS.....NEW YORK.....CHICAGO
TRÜBNER & CO., LONDON

R

The Riverside Press, Cambridge :
Printed by H. O. Houghton and Company

The Bankside Shakespeare

XIV.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE



*(The Players' Text of 1609, with
the Third Folio Text
of 1663-4)*

With an Introduction touching the
question of the genuineness of
the Play

BY

APPLETON MORGAN, A. M., LL. B. (COLUMBIA)

*President of the New York Shakespeare Society; author of
"Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism," "Venus
and Adonis, a Study in Warwickshire Dia-
lect," "The Shakespearean Myth,"
"Digesta Shakespeareana,"
etc.*

NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

1891

A.109409



INTRODUCTION

I.

PERHAPS the most difficult thing a Shakespearean student can be called upon to do is to accept Shakespeare at anything less than his summit and his best. It is so much easier to be led by the splendor of Shakespeare's topmost performance to deny to him anything which falls short of that summit, than to admit that he might at first, or in his journey days, have done lesser work, such, for instance, as the *Titus Andronicus*, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, or the *Pericles*.

We have seen that although the *Titus Andronicus* is de-Shakespeareanized because, first, of its "blood and horrors," and secondly, because of the immorality of some of its incidents,¹ there is yet a mass of circumstantial and probative evidence to its Shakespearean authorship. Since the *Pericles* is also taken from Shakespeare by the same class of critics and for much the same reasons (adding, however, I believe, certain other and arithmetical ones, such as can be better expressed in Arabic numerals than in verbal statement), I now propose to state my reasons in the case of this Play, as in the case of the other, for believing that Shakespeare did write the *Pericles* and the whole of it, and that he was in no way ashamed of it.

To begin with, in exact contrast with the *Titus Andronicus*, which calls for a superabundance of action and stage situation, the *Pericles* is almost entirely

¹ Introduction to volume vii. pp. 9-40.

lacking in either, or in anything which can — in any sense — be called dramatic. Its narrative — or rather succession of brief narratives — is spread over a wide territory and ambles shiftlessly along through the better part of two generations. And this narrative is almost wholly intrusted to the colorless statements of a feeble set of personages, who come on, speak their part of it, and then go off to be seen no more. This general imbecility is relieved, nevertheless, by three extremely powerful scenes — which, however unfitted for reading aloud in the family circle (they occur in a brothel, and are therefore designated as “the Brothel Scenes”), are so strong, dramatic, and sparkling, as to command instant admiration. In them a helpless and innocent girl, by sheer fence of words and quick parry of wit, successfully defends her chastity against a procuress, a ruffian, and a couple of polished libertines in turn, disarming them all, out of their own mouths, in a shape truly Shakespearean, and which I for one am entirely unable to assign to any hand except the hand that made Isabella in the *Measure for Measure*, and the Countess of Salisbury in the *Edward the Third*, come triumphantly out of like assaults upon their virtue.

Other Shakespearean similarities are the terse speeches of the scene on shipboard (Q. 1152–1158 F.) which remind of the opening lines of *The Tempest*, “the Gower Speech” (Q. 1045–1050), and Oberon’s lines in *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* (Q. 2097–2180 F.), and such passages as the following, which smack of Shakespeare and of nobody else.

Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges, etc.

.

In pace another Juno

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry
The more she gives them speech.

.

The blind mole casts
 Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is thronged
 By man's oppression, and the poor worm dies for it.

.
 Yet thou dost look
 Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
 Extremity out of act.

(The "Patience on a monument smiling at grief"
 of Viola's famous speech, perhaps, in its first form.)

And a few others. As to these I can only repeat what I said of similar recurrences in the *Titus Andronicus*, that it is entirely inconceivable that Shakespeare, upon his first arrival in London, an unknown youth, would have been invited to "touch up" plays for the Dramatists whom he found in complete possession of English Dramatic Literature; viz.: "It is rather impossible to suppose that young Shakespeare was employed in his earliest stage days to impart to the works of his predecessors those acting qualities of which he was as yet himself ignorant, and it is quite equally impossible to suppose that, after experience had made him a master of stage effect, he would "touch up" somebody else's play merely as to its rhetoric, and leave it lacking in that very stage effect which it wanted for acting purposes, and to supply which it must have been brought to him, had it been brought to him at all!"

But apart from considerations which convince, perhaps, me alone, the favorite reason why *Pericles* is not a Shakespearean play according to the destructive commentators is the alleged fact that the play is actually in two, some say three, distinct styles, and therefore is written by three, or at least two, different hands. It is because while quite as distinctly perceiving these distinct styles and admitting the presence of the different hands, I am as yet unable to see why these two or three hands may not all of

them have been Shakespeare's hands ; because I have yet to discover anything which Shakespeare could not have done ; and because I cannot believe that a man so absolutely successful in concealing himself, his own opinions and predilections, could not have also varied his own rhetorical style had he seen fit, — it is because, in short, that in Shakespeare the greater always seems to me to include the less, — that I propose at present to discuss some circumstantial reasons which appear to me to give the *Pericles* back to William Shakespeare, to whom the Third Folio editors assigned it, but from whom the modern London Shakespearians have taken it away.

I am not color blind or style blind to the difference to the ear, — the differences in the rhyme and metre of the different parts of the play. Mr. Walker goes so far, I believe, as to find not two but three different writers, Shakespeare, Rowley, and Wilkins, for the text. But the Gower parts seem to me not so very different in gait and tone from the Prologue's parts in the *Henry V.*, and, I submit, it does not seem entirely inappropriate that the brothel scenes should be written in different cadences from the rest of the scenes. Panders and bawds do not, upon the stage at least, tread to the same measures as princes and courtiers and fine ladies. But it is not on any of these accounts that I am forced to call *Pericles* throughout a Shakespeare play.

Because a very large number of passages in this play are written (most appropriately it would seem to a commentator not belonging to the above-mentioned school) not in mighty lines with stately rhythms, — and especially because portions of its action take place in a brothel, — our purists divide the Quarto title of the play into two parts. Shakespeare, they tell us, did not write "The Late, and much Admired Play, Called, *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*,

With the true Relation of the whole Historie, adventures and fortunes of the said Prince," but only certain other portions of it which they themselves select, and nominate "the Pure and Charming story of Marina." The facts happen to be that the Quarto title-page, contemporary with Shakespeare himself, does not call this other half of the play "the Pure and Charming story of Marina," but "*The no less strange, and worthy accidents, in the Birth and Life, of Mariana,*" and that the brothel scenes (to which I am sure it is highly creditable to object) actually do occur—are accidents occurring—in this very "Pure and Charming Story of Marina" herself, and not in the story of any other principal in the play. But then, of course, so much the worse for the facts! Some editors (among them my good friend Dr. Rolfe) are charitable enough to accept this theory of the parti-Shakespearean authorship of the *Pericles*, and to give it full rope, by printing these parts in two sizes of type (thus giving the first two acts and certain lines of the fourth act to strangers), with the result, in my own case, of convincing me, had I needed convincing, that the play is the work of a single dramatist, whose warp and woof cannot be chopped in two by chop-logic, or by the hatchet of a stylist-critic, without destroying its whole fabric. If I needed further testimony, I find it in an interesting notice of an occasion (the only one of which there appears to be a record) of a test production of the play on the modern stage. In 1854 Mr. Phelps, then manager of the Sadler's Wells Theatre, in London, brought out *Pericles* with considerable care and lavishness of scenic effect. In Mr. Rounds' Introduction to *Pericles* in *The Henry Irving Edition* (vol. viii.) is preserved the very interesting play-bill of the piece as then mounted and distributed, besides extracts from the current criticisms upon the

performance. In one of the latter, Mr. John Oxenford (the then dramatic critic of *The Times* newspaper) says of the actress who played Marina: "She sustained the part in an artistic manner . . . though the part has lost much of its significance by the necessary omission of the bestiality of the fourth act." In other words, the dramatic critic saw, even more clearly than the casual reader may see, that the part of Marina is a dramatic whole, and her career in the play, whether pleasant or unpleasant to nineteenth century ears and tastes, is still an integral part of that whole. If then, we admit that Shakespeare's only part in the *Pericles* is "the Pure and Charming story of Marina," are we not forced to assume one of two things?—either that Shakespeare had a collaborateur who, without consulting Shakespeare, could co-create with him a perfect creation (or co-conceive with him a perfect conception), or else that this collaborateur deliberately disregarded Shakespeare's instructions, and made what Shakespeare had intended to be a "pure and charming story" over into one exceedingly *risqué*, and that Shakespeare not only accepted his work, but allowed two, three, or several editions of it, in that shape, to be sold during his lifetime! Either of these propositions would seem to me absurd. But, admitting the first, it comes pretty dangerously near the composite, or at least the Baconian, theory of the Shakespeare authorship; and, admitting the second, it does not appear that Shakespeare was any "purer" than he should be. To write a *risqué* story, or to accept and guarantee another man's *risqué* story, appear to me, so far as motive is concerned, to be pretty much one and the same thing! Do not playwrights, one is tempted to ask, hold themselves responsible for the clowns and oafs and villains in their pieces, as well as for the heroes, the leading ladies, and the *ingénues*?

The circumstantial reasons for restoring *Pericles* to Shakespeare appear to be most easily considered in the form of three questions, namely:—

1. Where the tabooed scenes in *Pericles* came from.

2. Why *Pericles* did not get into the First Folio.

3. The causes, other than authorial or editorial, that is to say, chirographical or typographical, for divers readings and “Cruces.” And I attempt this restoration with the more confidence, because it happens (as will be seen farther on in this Introduction, when we come to follow the legal title to the ownership of *Pericles*) that this very play, which these gentlemen are reading out of the Shakespearean list, actually passed from one owner to another under and by virtue of a legal conveyance transferring “Shakespeare’s Plays,” some thirty years before the publication of the Third Folio.

II.

When we consider that Shakespeare, in his drama, perfectly reports his environment; that whatever is coarse to modern ears in his panorama is there, in its place, to accommodate itself to and not to dwarf the rest, and that it is not the coarseness any more than (to speak mildly) any other single feature of his drama which makes Shakespeare’s immortality; that Shakespeare did not minimize for ears polite, nor distort into prominence for the prurient, but simply embalmed life-size, as it was, and where it belonged, the *comédie humaine* he beheld around about him; from courtier to courtesan, from commander to camp-follower, the sovereign, the soldier, the statesman, the yeoman, the yokel, the clown, — how they all talked and walked and lived and died. (Even a sort of tendency for the conversation, where men

body, and, buying a guitar and jingle-bells, and arraying herself in the gay dress of a "truhanilla" or singing girl, she contrived to gain by "virtuous abilities" more than her daily hire, "for she had a sweet voice, was most dexterous in music, and to all the people was very acceptable and pleasant." As she herself sings her tale to the King Apolonio, —

Después en Efeso puesta,
 Y por esclava vendida,
 Y de Lenio el mesonero
 Fuf comprada y poseida,
 Y aqueste es, señor, mi amo,
 Al cual estoy ofrecida,
 Dalle¹ cierta cantidad
 Cada día, y si cumplida
 No se le doy, ha de ser
 Mi virginidad perdida,
 Y puesto mi cuerpo en venta
 Con otros de mala vida.

It is curious to note that, at the time Thasia was sold to the brothel-keeper of Mytilene, she was, according to Gower, only fourteen years old. When "Theophile the vilaine" returns and lyingly reports to Dionysia that he has slain Thaise and that she "is begrave in prive place," Dionysia and her husband put on black clothes, and build "A tombe of laton noble and riche," with this inscription: —

O ye, that this beholde,
 Lo, here lieth she, the which was holde
 The fairest and the floure of alle,
 Whose name Thaisis men calle.
 The king of Tire Appollinus
 Her fader was, now lieth she thus.
 Fourtene yere she was of age,
 Whan deth her toke to his viage.

Confessio Amantis (Hazlitt), p. 215.

That is to say, Shakespeare, in *Pericles*, just as in *Titus Andronicus*,² catered to the appetites of his

¹ Archaic for *Darle*. Mr. A. A. Adee furnished me these notes.

² See Introduction to vol. vii. p. 9.

audiences, lewd and coarse as they undoubtedly may have been. He drew, in doing so, upon sources ready at his hand, and by citing Gower as chorus, he in this case, at least, acknowledged and gave credit to his nearest authority. This, in my opinion, is all there is of the cry that Shakespeare was too holy a person to have brought a blush to the cheek of the nineteenth century *pueris virginibusque*.

It seems to me, that in view of all the circumstances and contingencies, it would be safest to adhere in these matters to a canon framed somewhat like this, viz.: *A play assigned to Shakespeare during the period when the London publishers were struggling among themselves to secure the opportunity of bringing out a Shakespeare play, and which shows internal evidence of Shakespeare's own hand, must be his.*

The *Pericles* comes particularly within the above canon, or a canon like the above. For it was one of the uneven pieces which came to the press (and, so we are at liberty to suppose, to the stage) within that period, 1600-1610, when the London publishers began to compete with each other in placing Shakespeare upon the market, and when the plays, the best along with the worst not only, but some which we are very reluctant to consider as even "pseudo-Shakespearean," crowded from the London presses, in their first commercial importance, and to catch their first sales; such unequal work as the *Merchant of Venice*, the *Titus Andronicus*, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, preceded, as Meres assures us, by those splendid Poems! Taken alone, how improbable (how much more improbable than that Shakespeare should have written the brothel scenes in *Pericles*, and written them in prose instead of in blank verse!) is such an array of contrasts as this! But simply apply an ordinary rule, a rule we have

seen at work ever since, and it is all accounted for.¹ Neither gods, men, nor columns would touch Shakespeare until he was a success, and then they could not get enough of him!

III.

But why, if it were Shakespeare's own work, was the *Pericles* not included in the First Folio? It was the dramatization of one of the most popular stories which ever took possession of the popular mediæval mind.

If the Play could not have been omitted from the First Folio because the story was an unpopular one, was it because Shakespeare did not write it? The

¹ My friend, Mr. Irving Browne, who is a better lawyer than I am, will not, however, accept this proposition, and argues, very acutely, as I understand him, that, a play not of even performance with all those in the canonical list must be assigned to willful or accidental interpolations. But I still fail to perceive why Shakespeare should not have catered to the varying tastes of his audiences. Indeed, I cannot see either how he could have made both ends meet, let alone operated his theatres at a profit, if he had not kept abreast of these tastes as they arrived; nor wherein the rule, inflexible everywhere else, that an author's first success and market creates a demand and a market for his prior and unsuccessful work, should not have applied in Shakespeare's day and as to him. I have covered my ideas as to this rather fully in my Introduction to vol. vii., the *Titus Andronicus*, in reviewing which Mr. Browne states his proposition acutely as follows: "Mr. Morgan's theory is that it was the dramatist's first attempt, and that it naturally effervesces with boyish friskiness and wantonness and childish love of unadulterated horrors. But if this were so, we should expect to find a gradual change in the later dramas, and not a sudden and long leap from this monstrous work to the comparative perfection and absolute genius of the others, even the weakest of them. How could the same hand within a few years have produced this, and *The Tempest* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and shown no intermediate amelioration?" The answer, from my standpoint, appears to be that the tastes of the audiences for which Shakespeare wrote dictated the theme of his plays, and that the "intermediate amelioration" is to be looked for in such medium work as perhaps *The Two Gentlemen*, *The Comedy of Errors*, or the *All's Well that Ends Well*.

Sche was faireft of alle,
 The kyng
 And on hys knees byfore hire falle ;

 He offryde and alle that wit him were,
 And afterw
 drery chere ;
 Of Tire I Ar
 myfelf there king,
 Appolyn the
 wit myn ofrying ;
 As fone as
 upon my letterure,
 The . . . ing hedde
 was ful fuyre ;
 I fcholde him
 thulke cure,
 Therefore he did
 he 3af gret huyre ;
 To Tarfe y-fledde that deth to
 For hunger the cité was al nou3t,
 An hundred milianys they hadde of me
 Bufchelles of whete, as y am by-thou3t.
 Tho made they an ymage of bras,
 A fcheef of whete he helde an honde
 That to my licknes maad was ;
 Upon a bufchel they dyde hym ftonde,
 And wryte about the fto3ye,
 To Appolyn this hys y-do,
 To have hym ever in memorye,
 For he delyverede us fro woo.
 Tho wente y unto Cirenen ;
 The kings dou3ter he me 3af,
 I ledde here fro here kyn ;
 A3eyn ne brou3te hire nou3t faf,
 Ffor fche dey3de amydde the fee,
 And ther fche bare this maide child,
 That here ftant byfore the ;
 Goude goddeffe, be to hire myld !
 Tho tok y the dou3ter in Tarfe to kepe,
 To Strangulion and dame Denyfe,
 Y couthe no . . . reed but ever wepe,
 Sorwe me tok in ech wyfe ;
 I held me in the fee ten and four 3eer
 Wit forwe, care, and wo ;

I cam aȝe and fond hire nouȝt ther,
 Tho nyft y what was beft to do.
 But, grete goddeffe, y thanke the
 That ever ſche deth ſo aſterte,
 That ever y myȝhte that day y-ſea,
 To have this confort at my herte !
 The whiles he expounede thus his lyf
 Wit forwe and ſtedfaſt thouȝt,
 He told hit to hys owene wyf ;
 Sche knew him wel, and he hire nouȝt.
 Heo cauȝt him in hire armes two,
 For joye ſche ne myȝte ſpek a word ;
 The kyng was wroth, and pute hire fro,
 Heo cryede loude, ȝe beth my lord !
 I am ȝoure wyf, ȝoure leof y-core,
 Archiftrate ȝe lovede ſo !
 The kynges douȝter y was bore,
 Archiftrates he ne hadde na mo.
 Heo clipte hym, and after gan to kyffe,
 And tolde that was byfalle ;
 Sche clipte and keuſte withouten lyffe,
 And ſaide thus byfore hem alle, —
 “ȝe ſceth Appolyn, the kyng,
 My maifter that tauȝte me al my goud,

 me out of my grace
 Archiftra

 wham the other forfok,
 And to my lord ȝou ches ;
 My lord that leide me on cheſte,
 Or y were caſt into the ſee,
 My lord that ofte me keuſte,
 And never wende me more y-ſee,
 My lord that y have founde,
 Y thanke God in Trinyté !”
 Ure douȝter on thys grounde,
 ȝe, dame, par fay, this hys ſche !

 te he hire, me ſcholde nouȝt knowe,
 Ho was gladdeſt of the threo ;

 they wepte alle arowe,
 That ech of other hadde pité ;

 Ephefe hit was couth,
 The goddeffe had hire lord knowe,
 b

. an may no man telle wit mouth
 The grete mirthe that was mad, y trowe;
 an fong and made gleo
 In gret confort of here goddesse,
 thes y-frejt over al that cité,
 An keverede for gret gladnesse :
 They made a feste of gret plenté,
 And fedde the citefaynes alle at ones,
 They made of him gret denté,
 The feste was gret for the nones.
 They made hym prest of the lawe,
 Here norry that sche loved mest,
 the maner by har dawe,
 Wymmen dide that offys of prest.
 the joye of that londe,
 Sche dijte hire wit here lord to fare,
 e cité broujte hem at fronde,
 For deel of blisse wexeth al bare.
 nte hy to Antioche,
 3utt was him kept that kyndom,
 3t fro thennes hys passage
 To his lond Tire he nom;
 Made Anategora kyng,
 Hys dou3ter quene that was his heir,
 ne hit was at her likynge,
 To schip hy wente alle y-fere.
 To Tarfe they wente wit gret navye,
 Wederynge fel at wille,
 And alle the citefaynes gonne crye,
 Welcome, lord, us tille :
 y3te anon Strangulion take,
 And hys wyf, Denyfe, also,
 ed hem alle for here sake
 Wit hym to hare mothalle goo.
 bet 3if he hath trespafed ou3t,
 Other eny offense ageyn hem do,
 yde alle nay lord ry3t nou3t,
 3e beth oure lord for ever mo.
 ge have to lord y-core,
 For evere love 3ou we mote,
 hadde 3e be we hadde before,
 Of alle bales 3e were bote ;
 An image of brassewitnesse hys
 That we schulle 3ow nevere difceyve,

folk come azenyes him fo blyve,
 As eny myȝte by other thryng;
 They ſonge, daunfede, and were blythe,
 That evere hy myȝte that day y-ſeo,
 And thankede God a thoufand fythe;
 The kyng was gladdeſt, fuyr be ȝe:
 Tho he ſaw hem alle byfore,
 His douȝter and hys ſone in lawe,
 And hys douȝter ſo fair y-core,
 A kinges wyf, he was wel fawe:
 And her child ther alfo,
 Al clene of kings blod;
 He kuſte them, he was glad tho;
 But the olde king fo goud,
 He made hem dwelle al that ȝer,
 And deyde in hys douȝter arm,—
 Wit gret gladneſſe he deyde ther,
 If God nolde hit was harm.
 Tho nolde Appolyn nevere fyne
 Ar he hadde the ffiſchere ſouȝt,
 That ȝaf him half hys ſclaveyne,
 Tho he was firſte to londe y-brouȝt;
 Knyȝtes him fette of gret honour,
 He was aferde to be flawe,
 He ȝaf him londes and gret tresour,
 And made him erl by al hys ſawe:
 Olde man, ne dred the nouȝt,
 For I am Appolyn of Tire,
 That ones help of the byſouȝt,
 Tho I lay byfore the in the myre;
 Thou gave me half thy ſclaveyne,
 And bed me y ſchulde thenke on the;

.

Brouȝte hym dyeinge.

Antiochus his deth hadde fwore,
 He was marchaunt of many thynges;
 . . the kyng to grete,
 He tok him up and gan him to kuſſe;
 . de he wolde him nevere lete,
 He ſcholde be on of hem to wyſſe;
 . . im bothe lovde and lede,
 And made him erl a lite ther byſide;

. ful of wilde brede,
 Casteles and tourys that were wyde,
 He made him chef of hys confail,
 For he fonde him ferst so . . . t fewe :
 as evere wit-oute fail,
 He ne leet for no newe ;
 the kyng goud lyf and clene
 Wit hys wyf in gret folas,
 and fourtene
 He lyvede after thys do was ;
 twey fones by junge age,
 That wax wel farynge men ;
 the kyndom of Antioche,
 Of Tire and of Cirenen,
 Were nevere verre on hys lond,
 Ne hunger ne no mefayfa,
 hit 3ede wel and hond,
 He lyvede wel at ayfe :
 tweye bokys of hys lyf
 That onto his owene bible he fette,
 at byddyng of hys wyf
 He lefte at Aphese fo he hire fette ;
 hys lond in goud manere
 Tho he drow to age,
 ora he made king of Tire,
 That was his owene heritage ;
 The eldest sone of that empire
 He made king of Antiage,
 that he lowede dure,
 Of Cirenen that was
 When he hadde al thys y-dy3t
 Cam deth and axede hys fee,
 hys foule to God Almy3t,
 So wel God that hit bee ;
 de ech houfbonde grace
 For to love so hys wyf,
 y-fed hem witoute trespace,
 As sche dyde hym al here lyf ;
 ne on alle lyves fpace
 Heere to amende oure myfdede,
 of hevене to have a place,
 Amen 3e syng here, y rede.
 ony thys was tranlatyd
 Almost at Engelondes ende,
 to the makers stat,

Tak sich an . . . kynde ;
 . . . have y-take hys bedys on hond,
 And sayd hys Pater Noster and Crede,
 . . . was vicary, y underfonde,
 At Wymborne mynftre in that stede ;
 . . . y thouzte 3ou have wryte,
 Hit is nouzt worth to be knowe,
 . . . that wole the sothe y-wyte,
 Go thider and me wol ye schewe :
 . . . Fader, and Sone, and Holy Gost,
 To wham y clepide at my begynnynge,
 . . . de he hys of myztes most,
 Brynge us alle to a goud endyng :
 Graunte us voide the payne of helle,
 O God, Lorde, and perfones three,
 And in the blyffe of hevene dwelle !
 Amen, pour charité !

Explicit Appolonius Tyrus rex nobilis et vertuosus, &c.

The story appeared in print in old German language in 1471, in Swedish in the same year, in Dutch in 1493 ;¹ and, down to the year 1617 at The Hague and to 1662² at Amsterdam, the presses every now and then issued versions both narrative and dramatic of this strangely popular story. Those curious in these matters have noted that an examination of a second or third version in one language will show traces of having been taken from some version in another and remote language instead of from its home predecessor, thus proving the wide circulation these rescripts of the story must have received. At Seville, the Spanish *Historia del rey Canamor y del infante Turian su hijo* published in 1558 is this same story with native variations. At Geneva in 1482 one Louys Garbin printed a French version, *La Cronicque et hystorie d'Appolin roy de thir*, and this, translated into English prose, was

¹ Two dramatic versions, *Apollonius Prince van Tyro*, and *Appolonius en zijne dochter Tarsia*, by Pieter Bor. The Hague, 1617.

² *Appolonius, Koningh van Tyrus*, tragoedie bei D. Lengelbach. Amsterdam, 1662.

printed in 1510 with the colophon: "Thvs endeth the moost Pytefull hystorye of the Noble Appolyn, sometyme Kyng of Thyre, newly tranflated out of Frensishe into Englysshe, and emprynted in the famous citey of London, in the Flete-strete at the signe of ye Sonne by Wynkyn de Worde in the yeare of our Lord M. d. and x. the xx. viii daye of the Moneth of February the fyrst yere of the regne of the moost excellent and noble prynce our ryghte naturall and redoubted Soueraigne lorde Kyng Henry the viii."

The story, thus adopted, continued to be a favorite in about every European language, not as a classic, but as equivalent to folk-lore, to be repeated by those to whom Tyre and Apollonius were but names, but who treasured the narrative for its incidents only. A few years later, the "Tyre" was dropped as meaningless, as appears by the next prose version which was the subject of the following entry in the books of the Stationers' Company:—

1576. WILLIAM HOWE. Receyved of him for his lifence to print a boke intituled the most excellent pleasant and variable historie of the strange aduentures of Prince Apollonius Lucina his wife and Tharfa his daughter. This booke is fett fourth in print with this title, The patterne of peynfull aduentures.

The title thus transposed stands on the title-page of the printed book thus:—

The Patterne of painefull Aduentures: Containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange accidents that befel unto Prince Apollonius, the Lady Lucina his wife, and Tharfia his daughter. Wherein the vncertaintie of this world and the fickle state of mans life are liuely described. Gathered into English by Lavrence Tvvine Gentleman. Imprinted at London by Valentine Simmes for the Widow Newman.

To the imprint of the above title-page no date is attached, but another and later impression is dated

1607. Traces of the influence of the story, and of the use of the incidents thereof in differently named romances throughout Europe, are numerous enough to make an interesting exhibit of themselves. (Of these are the *Fourdain de Blaives* in France of 1603, the *Alexander* (of Theodore Rodenburgh) in the Netherlands.) But these need not detain us further here.

Therefore it was not strange that, in his selection of plots for dramatization, Shakespeare very early in his stage career, helped himself to this ever popular and ever current story of Apollonius, the shipwreck, and the rescue. He could have had either of two versions conveniently at hand to follow, Gower's or Laurence Twine's. That he followed Gower's is apparent enough from the fact that he, in this case at least, announces and gives credit to his authority by making old Gower himself his Prologue. Were it not that Shakespeare, in this case, comes to the assistance of the commentators, they might still be disputing as to the exact sources of the plot in the Shakespeare play. And the list of possible sources would not have been closed by Gower and Twine; for, in 1608, the year before the appearance of the First Quarto here reproduced, one George Wilkins printed a romance in verse, which he entitled, following Twine's, "The Painful Aduentures of *Pericles* Prince of Tyre," and, rather circumstantially, its order and plan. This, chronologically, is prior to Shakespeare's Quarto, though many commentators not only claim it to be actually later, but insist that George Wilkins himself was the collaborateur of Shakespeare in writing those parts of *Pericles* which they do not admit as canonical, or do not read aloud in the family circle. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, while agreeing with these latter in thinking the Shakespeare *Pericles* earlier than the Wilkins *Pericles*,

does not detect any partnership in the composition of the former. He thinks Wilkins made up his novel from Twine and a shorthand version of Shakespeare's play, and that he attempted to bring his production into line with Shakespeare's by mentioning Gower also and the performance of Shakespeare's play, as at the end of his "Argument" he entreats "the Reader to receive this Historie in the same manner as it was vnder the hand of ancient Gower the famous English Poet, by the Kings Maiesties Players excellently presented."¹

In Ben Jonson's *Ode to Himself*, — written in bitterness on the utter failure in 1629 of his last play, *The New Inn*, closing a career of failure and poverty, — which commences "Go leave the loathed stage" and contains the verses,

No doubt some mouldy tale
 Like Pericles, and stale
 As the shrieve's crusts, and nasty as his fish —
 Scraps out of every dish
 Thrown forth, and raked into the common tub
 May keep up the Play-club,

we recognize extreme testimony to the very great popularity of Shakespeare's *Pericles*. The mood of the poem was not such as to lead Jonson to select a mediocre or moderately successful play for mention by name. Ben's argument plainly was: Farewell to such a stage, where your most popular play is nothing but an ancient mouldy tale: as indeed we have seen the Apollonius story was long before Shakespeare touched it.

There seems to be an authentic record of the performance of *Pericles* on one occasion at the Globe

¹ The popularity of the Apollonius story appears to still remain. In a remote settlement in the heart of the Pennsylvania Alleghanies I once happened upon a colony of "Spiritualists" whose favorite spirit, wearing (I remember) a tremendous beard of white cotton batting, was announced as "Apollonius Tyrnus."

Theatre in June, 1631, when the receipts were three pounds, ten shillings. At least to this effect is the following entry in Sir Henry Herbert's MS. Diary: "Received of Mr Benfielde in the name of the Kings company for a gratuity for ther liberty gaued unto them of playinge upon the cessation of the plague—this 10 of June, 1631 — £3. 10s. od.—This was taken upon *Pericles* at the Globe."

Pericles, again, was one of the six Shakespearean plays brought out by Sir William D'Avenant at The Duke's Theatre between 1660 and 1671. And he probably found that it needed much less revising than any of the others to suit the not overcommendable appetite of that era. And in 1738, on the evening of August 1st at Covent Garden, the play,—called *Marina*,—adapted to three acts and very largely rewritten, was brought out by George Lillo. In this adaptation he subjected Shakespeare to heroic treatment. He discarded the first three acts, and made the play deal entirely with the career of Marina. But he did not, as the gentlemen we have been considering are fain to do, attempt a "pure and charming" drama by omitting the brothel business. This was modified but scarcely improved; the modifications being rather silly and fustian than tending to purification.¹

As to whether the play, as performed, was equally as popular as the old story upon which it was founded had been, there would appear to be conflicting testimony. Whether speaking with Ben Jonson's motive or not, some of this testimony is discouraging.

In 1609 an anonymous Broadside, *Pimlyco or*

¹ The best part of the performance was the Prologue (see Lillo's works, London, 1775, p. 61), of which two lines run:—

Where Avon's bard . . .
Blest parent of our scene ! whose matchless wit,
Tho' yearly reap'd, is our best harvest yet.

Runne Red Cap. *Tis a mad world at Hogsdon*, has the lines : —

Amazde I flood to see a Crowd
Of *Ciuill Throats* stretched out fo lowd ;
(*As at a New-play*) all the Roomes
Did swarm with *Gentiles* mix'd with *Groomes*
So that I truly thought all These
Came to see *Shore* or *Pericles*.

In *The Hog hath Lost his Pearl*, played in London in 1613, the Prologue says : —

We may be pelted off, for aught we know,
With apples, eggs, or stones, from thence below ;
In which we 'll crave your friendship, if we may,
And you shall have a dance worth all the Play:
And if it prove so happy as to please,
We 'll say tis fortunate like *Pericles*.

In 1646, in a work, *The Times Displayed in Six Sestiyads*, by one S. Shepard, appear the lines : —

See him whose Tragic Sceans EURIPIDES
Doth equal, and with SOPHOCLES we may
Compare great SHAKESPEAR. ARISTOPHANES
Never like him, his fancy could display,
Witness the Prince of *Tyre*, his *Pericles*.

To the contrary, Tatham six years later (1652), in some verses prefixed to Brome's *Fovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars*, has the lines : —

But *Shakespeare*, the Plebean Driller, was
Founder'd in's *Pericles*, and must not pass.

In the scramble of 1600–1609, a publisher named Edward Blount (afterwards a very well-known name in Shakespeare circles) obtained the *Pericles* and thus entered it : —

20 maij [1608].

Edward Blount. Entred for his copie vnder thandes of Sir George Buck knight and Mafter Warden Seton A booke called *The booke of Pericles prince of Tyre*. vjd

But, instead of himself printing it, a better offer

tempted him, and he sold the property to Henry Gosson, a fellow publisher.

Mr. Gosson, in the next year, 1609, brought out the First Quarto, here reprinted. And later in the same year he printed the second. This Second Quarto was for a long time supposed to be merely a second use of sheets printed at the first instance, but it is now established to have been an entirely new impression. And since it is important to us now in ascertaining not only the popularity of the play, but its printed history: and especially since we propose later on in this Introduction to argue (as to other matters, from the inadequacies of the printer's art at the date): it seems proper to pause just here and trace the reasons for a belief in the resetting of the piece in 1609.

The modern editor finds a copy of a *Pericles* Quarto in which he reads these verses (Q. F. 278):—

How dares the *planets* looke vp to heauen,
From whence they haue their nourishment?

and another, also dated 1609, in which these verses read:—

How dares the *plants* looke vp to heauen,
From whence they haue their nourishment?

Now, there is nothing, in the aspect of impressions themselves, to indicate that these are copies of two separate editions. The student sees, of course, that the first is pure nonsense; *planets*, being in the heavens, cannot "look up to heaven," and they do not, in any sense, "receive their nourishment" from the heavens. Whereas, the second version, given above, is perfectly correct; plants *do* "look up to the heavens," and do "receive their nourishment" from the rain which falls upon them from the heavens. The ordinary reader might, perhaps, explain this by saying that, on looking at a proof, the proof-reader

saw at once that the word *plants* had been set up *planets*, and stopped the press to correct it to the proper word. But the exact student, knowing that there was no proof-reader, infers the following state of affairs, viz.: the version in which the word *plants* occurs was the First Edition. In setting up this edition, the printer setting up from manuscript read slowly and got it all right. The second printer setting up from print ran his eye more rapidly along, or the boy reading to him blundered, and the word "heaven" helped his hand to setting up the word *plants* as *planets*: the chances that a careless printer was careless, in those days, were, in fact, just about ten thousand to one greater than the chance that, having the word *planets* before him he was careful enough or intellectual enough to read the sentence critically and discover the error and proceed to correct it. In other words, carelessness was the rule, while carefulness was the rarest sort of an exception; so rare, indeed, as to be hardly worth computing, certainly not expecting. This, were it the only instance, might, perhaps, have been overlooked when there was no typographical indication of a difference in editions. But others occur, for instance; *caste* is printed *cast*; *for't* is printed *fort*; *rest* (*harke in thine eare*) is printed *rest harke in thine eare*; *Exeunt* is printed *Exit*; *to* is printed *doe*; *bring'st* is printed *bringst*; *Chivalry* is printed *Chivally*; *paper* is printed *Taper*; *ripe* is printed *right*; *on* is printed *one*; *Flies* is printed *Fliies'*: *sight, hee, will* is printed *sight see, will*. And so in between thirty and forty cases: such as *grisled* for *grislee*; *heauē* for *haue*; *hatest* for *hastes*, and the like. The first printer was right, and the second printer wrong. To suppose the contrary is to suppose that the errors were detected by careful reading, and corrected (something entirely unheard-of in that day); whereas, to suppose that

there were two separate editions of the *Pericles* in 1609 is to merely recognize the absence of a proof-reader, and to assume the ordinary errors of the press.

Having ascertained, then, that there were two editions of *Pericles* in the first year in which the play appeared on the London market, let us return to its commercial history: There was a certain tradesman, a draper, named Simon Stafford, who had been attracted from his own calling, it would seem, to embark, instead, in the comparatively new industry of play-printing. This Stafford procured himself, May 7, 1599, to be "orderly putt over from the Companye of Drapers, and sworne in as a Stationer." He again issued the *Pericles* as a quarto, in 1611. "Printed at London for S. S." Mr. Simon Stafford, however, either was dissatisfied with the returns, or received a good offer for the piece, for he subsequently sold out to another publisher, Mr. Thomas Pavier. The latter supposition is the more probable, since Pavier had already handled Shakespeare matter, and presumably knew its value. (He had brought out the *Chronicle History of Henry the Fifth* in 1608.) Moreover, he had obtained the existing rights in *The Contention of York and Lancaster* and *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of Yorke*, in their then named form of *The Whole Contention*; and of this matter he proposed, with the *Pericles*, making a single volume. But, after printing *The Whole Contention* and the *Pericles* together (as we know from the signatures), he changed his mind and issued the *Pericles*, separately as before, his being the Fourth Quarto in this interesting history of the published play in 1619 (printing *The Whole Contention* in Quarto by itself in the same year). Thus *Pericles*, three years after its author's death, and eleven years after its first publication, was still selling in London. And

that it held the stage, as well, would appear from the contemporary allusions, already quoted, by Tatham, Shepherd, and Ben Jonson who was stimulated to his bitterness no doubt by the run of *Pericles* next door while his own failure to light a sea-coal fire was rankling within him. Against all this I know not where to look for impeaching testimony. When, therefore, William and Isaac Jaggard, Edward Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley joined together to issue a collected edition of Shakespeare in folio, in and about 1623, the Stationers' Register and the circumstances afford evidence enough of their inability to get control of the right to print the *Pericles*. Mr. Pavier declined to part with his right of copy, and so Blount, Jaggard, Aspley, and Smithweeke did the next best thing which publishers can do, viz.: instructed their editors to ignore altogether the part they were unable to procure, while still claiming an absolute completeness for their collection. But early in the year 1626 Pavier died, and on August 4th of that year his widow made over to Edward Brewster and Robert Birde, "Master Pavier's right in Shakespeare's Plaies, or any of them." A new edition was at once put in hand and appeared in the Fifth Quarto, "printed by I. N(orton) for R(obert) B(irde) and are to be sold at his shop in Cheapside at the signe of the Bible, 1630." Three months later one Richard Cotes bought out Brewster and Birde, and took an assignment, which is entered on the Stationers' books as of November 8, 1632, and conveys "*Pericles* and other Shakespearean plays." This is an interesting transaction in the history of the *Pericles*, and, as I look at it, bears somewhat upon the point as to its authenticity as a work of Shakespeare's. For, as far as traced, there has been an evident struggle and competition for the book of this play, which has had already five or six different

and by no means friendly owners. Why did Norton and Birde hasten to buy out the rights of the Pavier estate in Shakespeare matter from the widow, who took the personalty? (a transaction which, if it went no further, was evidence—and is to-day evidence, and good legal evidence, which scansions may not always be—that *Pericles* was one of “Shakespeare’s Plaies.”) And why does Richard Cotes appear on the scene? Was he the brother of Thomas Cotes, the printer and publisher? If so, there seems to have been a sort of rivalry, or want of harmony, between the two brothers. At any rate, Richard Cotes held on to his rights in *Pericles*, and, like the dog in the manger, neither printed the play himself nor allowed others to print it.

In or prior to 1632, the firm of Jaggard, Blount, Aspley, and John Smithweeke, who published the First Folio in 1623, is substantially changed as to its members by the retirement of Blount and the Jaggards. The firm now consists of Thomas Cotes, Robert Allot, John Smithweeke, William Aspley, Richard Hawkins, and Richard Meighen. By some arrangement between these copartners which we are not able to understand, but which was probably adjusted by some differences in, as we would now say, manufacturing, jobbing, and retailing the book, these names appear, some in the imprint, and some in the colophons (when there are any) of the Folios. As none of the above enumerated gentlemen are owners of the copyright of the coveted *Pericles*, they are obliged to repeat the tactics of their predecessors, and again omit any allusion to the fact that their Second Folio, like the First, is not a complete collection of Shakespeare’s plays.

But in three years more the situation is again changed. Thomas Cotes has succeeded in acquiring the ownership of *Pericles*. He does not, how-

ever, issue a third Folio, which shall contain it. Why, it is barren to speculate,—perhaps the partnership of Cotes, Allot, Smithweeke, Aspley, Hawkins, and Meighen had been already dissolved; perhaps any other of an hundred possible contingencies,—but in 1635 we know that Mr. Thomas Cotes has become proprietor of the *Pericles*, for in that year he is at last able to publish it, issuing it in what we now know as the sixth and last Quarto. There could not have been much demand for the play; just then England's troublous times were beginning. The long struggle between King and Commons, Cavalier and Puritan, was brewing and about to burst: Charles I. was ruling, or trying to rule, without a Parliament, and John Milton, who was to be the pamphleteer of his party through the reign of terror now hastening its approach, was preparing himself for his twenty years of broil and battle, during which his pen should send out that tremendous list of diatribe and exhortation which it requires a bibliographer to record or recall.¹ There are at least no more traces of a struggle among the London booksellers to bring out "Stage-Plays." It was not until thirty years later, after the Restoration, that the English people had much use for the theatre again, and then, in 1663-4, appeared a third collection of Shakespeare, our present Third Folio. Its publication was no doubt stimulated by Sir William D'Avenant, who was in favor with Charles II. and the associate of Dryden, being in himself the connecting link between his great ancestor, or at least godfather, and the beginning of modern English literature. Doubtless D'Avenant saw the Third Folio through the press. It is hard

¹ That Milton should have written his splendid *Epitaph on Shakespeare*, and that it should have been prefixed to the Second Folio, are extraordinary circumstances, when we think of the Puritan hatred of plays and playwrights. I hope some scholar will yet investigate and report upon them.

to believe that he did not, being on the ground: high in literary and dramatic circles, and claiming the heritage of Shakespeare's own memory and fame. This Third Folio is in two impressions. The first impression, dated 1663, followed exactly the list of the two former Folios; the second did the same, but added to these, in order, the *Pericles*, and six other plays, which had previously been printed in Quarto, as follows: 1. *The London Prodigal*, printed in Quarto by T. C. for Nathaniel Butter (as acted by the King's servants) in 1605, but not apparently ever entered in the books of the Stationers' Company. 2. *Thomas, Lord Cromwell*, printed in Quarto by William Jones (as acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants) in 1602, and (as acted by the King's servants) by Thomas Snodham in 1613. [The first of the above editions is entered on the Stationers' books as the property of William Cotton, August 11, 1602. The second was entered by John Browne, December 16, 1611, and subsequently, February 16, 1617, "by order of a full court," was passed to the "ownership of Master Barrett," as was also Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*.] 3. *Sir Jolin Oidcasile*. First published in Quarto by Thomas Pavier in 1600, as by William Shakespeare, but written, according to Henslowe's Diary (pages 158, 162, 166, 236), by Munday, Drayton, Wilson, and Hathaway. 4. *The Puritan Widow*, printed in Quarto by George Eld in 1607 (as acted by the children of Paules). There is some doubt here. The entry reads, *The Puritan Widow*, but Eld's title-page reads only *The Puritan*. 5. *A Yorkshire Tragedy* (as acted by the King's servants), printed by Robert Bonian for Thomas Pavier in 1608, and again by Thomas Pavier in 1619, "having been played" at the Globe. "Written by W. Shakespeare." Pavier had entered the play in due form on the Stationers' books May 2, 1608, stating in

such entry that it was "written by William Shakespeare." 6. *Locrine* (entered by Thomas Crede July 20, 1594, and printed by him in Quarto in 1595). The resurrection of a demand for Shakespeare had stimulated D'Avenant, no doubt, to present his public with all the plays he remembered with which the name of his great namesake had been connected; though, as we know, he did not include many others, which internally had a still better claim to be there. This Third Folio, its imprint tells us (it has no colophon), was "Printed for P. C. (Philip Chetwinde) at London."

I do not see how any doubt can be placed on the Shakespeare authorship of *Pericles* by the fact of its having been admitted into an edition of Shakespeare's collected works in company with these entirely un-Shakespearean (though they are, perhaps, entitled to be called pseudo-Shakespearean) plays. The taste of the times entirely accounts, it seems to me, for the resurrection of these latter. They no more interfere with Shakespeare's title to his own work than the music and spectacle and rearrangement which D'Avenant, to meet that taste, introduced into *Hamlet*, or *Othello*, or *Macbeth*, ousted Shakespeare of ownership in those.¹ At any rate, we are steadily accumulating testimony, contemporary and modern, to the Shakespeare authorship of *Pericles*,

¹ I have urged elsewhere (*Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism*, p. 283), that the inclusion of these seven plays in the Third Folio indicated an interest, for the first time since 1600, in the question as to what plays Shakespeare did really write. The above is no reconsideration of that proposition. With no other guide than the ear alone, I think, most of us reject the six plays which follow *Pericles* in the Third Folio. But it is, in my opinion, grievous error to assert what one man's ear convinces him of as gospel to any other man. The question, in all fairness, must be left to every one to judge for himself. There is no diminution of Shakespeare's fame in considering him the author of as many pseudo-Shakespearean plays as any one chooses to select.

which we have nothing at hand to impeach. Dryden's assertion, that "Shakespeare's own muse his *Pericles* first bore," is not exactly direct evidence, but it is certainly *testimony*. For Dryden learned what he knew about Shakespeare (he tells us himself) from D'Avenant, and D'Avenant's word, as to what Shakespeare wrote, as a matter of fact is worth a great deal of "predilective" evidence from nineteenth century sources. That *Pericles* was Shakespeare's first play was Dryden's conjecture, founded upon that play's inferiority to the majority of his others,—Dryden's opinion being that one's earliest compositions were not apt to be one's best. The lines are:—

Shakespear's own Muse her *Pericles* first bore,
The Prince of *Tyre* was elder than the *Moore* :
'T is miracle to see a first good Play,
All Hawthorns do not bloom on *Christmas-day*.

As to chronology, Dryden was as competent, or as incompetent, as the cleverest end-counter of our own day, only he had the advantage of being nearer the fact.

The Fourth Folio was printed, following the Third Folio list, twenty-one years later. It has no colophon. Its imprint runs: "LONDON: Printed for H. Herringman, E. Brewster and R. Bentley, at the Anchor on the New Exchange the Crane in St. Paul's Church-Yard, and in Russel-Street, Covent Garden, 1685."

This Henry Herringman was not only a personal friend of Sir William D'Avenant, but was the bookseller who published Dryden's works from 1659 to 1678, and who repeatedly assisted the poet in his pecuniary stress, and he kept a sort of club for the wits of the day at his bookshop. It would be certainly the next thing to impossible to imagine Mr. Herringman bringing out an edition of Shakespeare as to which Dryden should not have been consulted. Something, therefore, in the nature of testimony as

to the authenticity of these plays, or as to Dryden's opinion in the matter, can fairly, it seems to me, be predicated from this. Dryden's opinion as expressed may be of no value whatever. But the fact that he should have taken the trouble to express any opinion at all upon the subject, at that time, — in or about the days when Sir William D'Avenant was living, and when the *Pericles* first found admittance to a collection of Shakespeare's plays, — seems to me a very significant factor in the discussion indeed.

IV.

Real *Cruces Shakespeareanæ* are few and far between. A sentence in the plays, the drift and point of which — however an obsolete word or archaic construction or typographical error therein may occasionally baffle us — is not perfectly intelligible from the context, is a curiosity therein. There is really no need of hunting through the plays, with a dog and a lantern, for passages to explain. As my good friend Mr. Adee well says, these "*Cruces Shakespeareanæ* are in general limited only by the fertility of the critic's invention, or the itch for conjectural change from what reads fair enough as it stands." Shakespeare wrote for a daily performance, and in close competition with a dozen other playwrights. He could not afford to be obscure. The exceeding popularity of his plays (such as in the instance of the play before us we have just traced) procured their publication through the printing press, and so secured them to this century. Had Shakespeare been an unintelligible writer, he would have died then, and we never would have heard of him or of his thirty-seven plays. For his was not an age when Societies were formed for illuminating the opaque and yearning after the Infinite, and for discovering

“Epoch-making poets” in whatever the general verdict had discarded as unprofitable and as tending to weariness of the flesh rather than to edification. And his opportunity, once lost, would never have been repeated.

If necessary to account for imperfections in a text three hundred years old, may we not, perhaps, make an effort to consider them practically, as well as conjecturally? Shakespeare wrote an exceedingly bad hand; and the applied science of printing was still a new and clumsy process. The fac-simile of Shakespeare’s Will, here inserted, makes this first proposition very plain. Whether the entire document is in Shakespeare’s handwriting or not, he certainly must have signed, once and finally, the document; otherwise it could not have been his Will at all. Now, the first two sheets of Shakespeare’s Will bear each the name, “WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE;” but the writing (and the orthography, for that matter) of each is as unlike the other as both are unlike the “autograph” in the *Florio*, or in the title-deed. But, on the last sheet, there are the words, “BY ME, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE” (and that he wrote them thus with his own hand, and not by another’s, is only to say that, by the document so signed his worldly chattels were disposed, and his realty devised): and by reference to these words we are at once enabled to ascertain how Shakespeare wrote thirteen, or exactly half, of the letters of the alphabet, viz.: *a, b, e, h, i, k, l, m, p, r, s, w, y*. Of these the *i, r,* and *e* are undistinctive in form, the *k* or small *b* being each of them a much better *l*. And while the capital *B* is a very good capital *H*, the small *h* might be easily mistaken for almost any two small letters. With such “copy” before him, what might, or rather, what might not, be expected? We have already data enough to assume, for example, that

June 9th 1861
referred to the
city council
Committee
22 June 1861/14 Byrd

Mr. Shackford
Bills 16

Mr. Shackford
Bills 16

William Shakespeare's *g* or *q* was something like his *y*; or his *c*, and his *o* something like his *i* or his *e*; or his *u* and his *n* and his *v* not so very different from his *m*, save in a stroke the less; or his *d* like his *q* or his *g* reversed, or his *t* more or less like his *l*. If we might go as far as this, we would then have substantially the alphabet that an English writer uses; for we have only left the *j*, *f*, *x*, and *z*, four of the least used of letters, and the *j*, after all, was indifferent with the — was only in fact an initial — small *i*; and *u* and *v* were mainly written as one, the *v* being the initial *u*. Now how many blunders, upon this showing, cease to be the fault of the printer, or of the Art Preservative, even in its crude Elizabethan state, and should be charged up against Shakespeare's own wretched penmanship? Suppose Shakespeare, for example, in the present play wrote (Q. F. 396) and sent to the printer the following:—

O, my distressed Lord, euen such our griefes are,
 Heere they are but felt, and feene with mischiefs eyes,
 But like to Groues, being topt, they higher rife.

It is apparent enough to anybody who can read Shakespeare at all, and who will read the whole context, that Cleon is suggesting to Dyoniza that, by reflecting upon the woes of other people, her own might be easier to endure, but that Dyoniza doubts it, and suggests that it might make her own woes seem taller by comparison — just as trees in a grove would grow higher by being docked. Therefore, "*mischiefs eyes*" is probably a misprint for "*weaknesses eyes*," as it makes no sense as it stands. It is a rather unusual printer's error, as we shall see later on, since the compositor's fingers would hardly be apt to find so many types abnormally misplaced as the changing of "*weaknesses*" to "*mischiefs*" would require. But, if the manuscript before him read at this point, like either of the following, —

the compositor might have set up, or the assistant who read the copy have drawled out either “*weakness*’” or “*mischief*’s.” Or let us take another instance.

Quarto line 604 reads :—

Peri. May fee the Sea hath caft vpon your coaft,

while the line corresponding to it in the Third Folio (605) is

Per. Y’may fee the fea hath caft me vpon your coaft,

and the Third Folio reading is probably right, for Pericles has just been cast ashore, and, walking along the beach, enters into conversation with some fishermen. The *Y* might in script have been mistaken for an initial flourish to the capital *M*,—that is, if Shakespeare wrote that capital letter with the preliminary stroke we see in the *W* of his veritable signature at the bottom of his last Will and Testament.

Again, the errors might have occurred from ordinary accidents, not blunders, in the composing room. I insert here, by permission of the late William Blades, a cut of the font used in composing rooms of Elizabeth’s date. Commenting upon it Mr. Blades says, “The chances were, by reason of the greater angle of inclination of the Elizabethan font, that, in distributing, types would be more apt to drop into the wrong boxes, even in the best regulated printing offices, than at present. . . . We can predicate that the letter *o*, when away from its own, will be more frequently found in the box appropriated to letter *a* than any other—that *b* has a general tendency to visit the *l*, and the *l* the *v* box, and that *d*, if away

from home, will be almost certainly found among the *n*'s;" and he has given several curious and most reasonable readings of the old folios of the plays, which, senseless as they stand, at once become clear by so inferring. As for example: where, in *All's Well That Ends Well*, so senseless a passage as

We must away

Our wagon is prepared, and time *revives* us,

can be straightened out by imagining that a *v* had strayed into the *l* box and so gotten itself into the word italicised in the line above. And Mr. Blades also points out how apt the use of the logotypes, *ē*, *ff*, *fī*, *ffī*, *ffl*, *flh*, *fī*, *ff*, *ffī*, and *ffl*, then in use; and, above all, the constant employment of the long *f* (which printing houses so reluctantly parted with about the beginning of the present century only), was to perpetuate errors. Instead of the proof-reader, there was only the manuscript reader, most often a boy, who stood at the compositor's side and drawled out from the manuscript, so that it is not strange that, in the early quartos, poetry was printed as prose and prose as poetry, and the "justification" often of the most startling description. No wonder that they invented a font of letters, both vowels and consonants, with short dashes superimposed, which they found very frequently convenient instead of any "justification" at all! Thus, if they set up the word *them*, and there was not room for the final *m* of that word, instead of going back to revise their spacing to admit it, they set it up "thē" (even in a proper name not scrupling to set up "Hēy" for *Henry*, thus covering the lack of not one but of two letters!). And not only this, but, if the word were *them* or *then* or *thee*, they still used the "thē" with airy insouciance, and this while, at the same time, using the - indifferently as a dash, or as a hyphen to connect a broken word. Nay, more, these printers (es-

pecially the Quarto printers) even used a long dash (——) to fill up a line where the text ran short, with the most ineffable indifference¹ to the sense of what they were setting up. Nor did they take care to always break the word at the end of a line: they broke it in the middle of a line quite as imperiously if they saw fit. The superimposed dash was used over consonants as well as vowels, the printer 'breaking the word just as he found convenient, spelling *some* "sōm," or *fare* "fār," and he even went so far as to omit a consonant after a vowel, without any superimposition at all, in the middle of a word, as "moe" for *more*,² if he so fancied.

Of course here alone was a fruitful chance of error. For the superimposed dash gave no clue to the dropped consonant. As, for example, in the Quarto line 223:—

Let none disturb vs, why fhold this chāge of thoughts

We are at perfect liberty, so far as the typography is concerned, to supply either an *u* or an *r*, and to read either "*change* of thoughts," or "*charge* of thoughts." The Folio editor put in an *n* (F. 224), and read "change of thoughts," though some of his successors, we believe, decline to follow him.

These and like considerations³ of the practical resources and conveyances, from, by, and through which these plays have reached us—and particularly of the manifold inadequacies and incompetencies of those conveyances—appear to me to account perfectly for and answer all the questions it

¹ See Mr. Adee's Introduction to vol. x. p. xiv. Mr. Adee believes that the employment of Dutch printers in London at about this date is accountable for the great plethora of capital letters in the plays.

² It is now claimed that *moe* is a good Shakespeare word, but used with a collective plural only. Very likely, but this is probably how it originated.

³ These considerations become simply enormous when we multiply them by the number of printing and publishing houses which were

is necessary to ask as to the text and order of the plays, and to dispense with the necessity, if not with concerned, in one way or another, with the publication of the plays separately. The list is as follows:—

Publisher.	Play.	Edition.	Date.
Augustine Matthews . . .	Othello	2 Q.	1630
Aspley, William	Much Ado About Nothing	1 Q.	1600
	The Sonnets	1 Q.	1609
Barrett, William	Venus and Adonis	9 Q.	1617
Benson, John	Henry IV., Part II.		1600
	The Sonnets	2 Q.	1640
Birde, R.	Pericles	5 Q.	1630
Bonian, Richard	Troilus and Cressida	1 Q.	1609
Burby, Cuthbert	Taming of a Shrew	1 Q.	1594
	Love's Labour's Lost	1 Q.	1598
	Romeo and Juliet	2 Q.	1599
Busby, John	The Chronicle History of Henry V.	2 Q.	1600
Butter, Nathaniel	King Lear	1 Q.	1608
		2 Q.	1608
Clarke, Sampson	The Troublesome Raine	1 Q. (two parts)	1591
Cotes, Tho.	The Poems, (including the Sonnets)	"2 Q. Sonnets"	1640
	Pericles	6 Q.	1635
Creede, Thomas	First Part of Contention	1 Q.	1594
	The Famous Victories	1 Q.	1598
	Romeo and Juliet	2 Q.	1599
	Henry V.	1 Q.	1600
	Merry Wives of Windsor	1 Q.	1602
	Richard III.	1 Q.	1602
Cules (or Coules), Francis.	Venus and Adonis	13 Q.	1636
Danter, John	Romeo and Juliet	1 Q.	1597
Dewe, Thomas	The Troublesome Raine	3 Q.	1622
Eld, G.	Troilus and Cressida	1 Q.	1609
	The Sonnets	1 Q.	1609
Field, Richard	Venus and Adonis	1 Q.	1593
		2 Q.	1594
	Lucrece	1 Q.	1594
Fisher, Thomas	Midsummer Night's Dream	1 Q. or "Fisher" Q.	1600
Gosson, Henry	Pericles	1 Q.	1609
		2 Q.	1609
Harrison, John	Lucrece	1 Q.	1594
	Venus and Adonis	3 Q.	1596
	Venus and Adonis	5 Q.	1600
Hawkins, Richard	Othello	2 Q.	1630
Helme, John	The Troublesome Raine	2 Q.	1611
Heyes, Thomas	Merchant of Venice	2 Q., or "Heyes" Q.	1600
	Merry Wives of Windsor	3 Q.	1630
Jackson, Roger	Lucrece	5 Q.	1616
		6 Q.	1624
Jaggard, W.	Passionate Pilgrim	1 Q.	1599
		2 Q.	1612
Johnson, Arthur	Merry Wives of Windsor	1 Q.	1602
		2 Q.	1619
Leake, W.	Passionate Pilgrim	1 Q.	1597
Leake, W.	Venus and Adonis	4 Q.	1599
Ling, N.	Hamlet	1 Q.	1603
Low, Matthew	Richard III	3 Q.	1608
Meighen, R.	Merry Wives of Windsor	3 Q.	1630
		3 Q.	1630

the opportunity, for the attenuated and esoteric criticism which, as these words are written, appears to

Publisher.	Play.	Edition.	Date.
Millington, Thomas	First Part of Contention	1 Q.	1594
	True Tragedie	1 Q.	1595
	The Chronicle History of Henry V.	1 Q.	1600
Norton, John	Richard II.	5 Q.	1634
	Pericles	5 Q.	1630
Okes, Nicholas	Othello	1 Q.	1622
Pavier, Thomas	Parts I. and II. of the Whole Contention	1 Q.	1619
	Chronicle History of Henry V.	3 Q.	1608
	Pericles	4 Q.	1619
Purfoot, Thomas	Richard III.	6 Q.	1622
Roberts, James	Merchaot of Venice	2 Q., or "Roberts" Q.	1600
	Midsummer Night's Dream	1 Q., or "Heyes" Q.	1600
Short, Peter	Titus Andronicus	2 Q., or "Roberts" Q.	1600
	Hamlet	1 Q.	1604
	The Taming of a Shrew	2 Q.	1594
	The True Tragedie	1 Q.	1595
	The Taming of a Shrew	2 Q.	1596
	Lucrece	2 Q.	1598
		3 Q.	1600
		4 Q.	1607
		1 Q.	1598
		1 Q.	1616
Snodham, Thomas	Lucrece	3 Q.	1616
Stafford, Simon	1 Henry IV.	2 Q.	1599
	Pericles	3 Q.	1611
Simms, Valentine	Richard II.	1 Q.	1597
	Richard II.	2 Q.	1598
	Richard III.	1 Q.	1597
	The Contention	1 Q.	1600
	Henry IV., Part I.	1 Q.	1597
	Henry V., Part II.	1 Q.	1600
	Much Ado About Nothing	1 Q.	1600
Smithweeke, John	Romeo and Juliet	3 Q. Undated Q.	1609†
	Hamlet	3 Q. Undated Q.	1611†
		6 Q.	1624
Thorpe, Thomas	The Sonnets	1 Q.	1609
Trundell, John	Hamlet	1 Q.	1603
Wakely, Thomas	Othello	1 Q.	1622
Walley, G.	Troilus and Cressida	1 Q.	1609
White, Edward	Titus Andronicus	1 Q.	1600
	Titus Andronicus	2 Q.	1611
White, William	Love's Labour's Lost	1 Q.	1598
	The True Tragedie	2 Q.	1600
	Richard II.	3 Q.	1608
	1 Henry IV.	5 Q.	1613
Wise, Andrew	Richard II.	1 Q.	1597
	Richard III.	1 Q.	1597
	Love's Labour's Lost	1 Q.	1598
	Henry IV., Part I.	1 Q.	1598
	Much Ado About Nothing	1 Q.	1600
Wright, John	Henry IV., Part II.	1 Q.	1600
	Richard III.	3 Q.	1602
	The Sonnets	1 Q.	1609
Young, R.	Romeo and Juliet	5 Q.	1637

Venus and Adonis ran through so many editions that it would unduly swell this

prevail among the critics of Shakespeare who dwell in the city where he lived and worked.

Of course Shakespeare was responsible for his bad handwriting, but not for the bad printing. Even at the present day, in our own enlightened United States, an author is not allowed to spell as he pleases: his words are set up for him according to the dictionary used in the particular composing room — (which is usually Webster). But in those days (or in any days prior to Dr. Johnson's dictionary, for that matter), when there was no correct or incorrect orthography, but everybody spelled as he pleased, it would be the height of injustice to call Shakespeare an "obscure" writer because a printer whom he never saw set up a word either according to a spelling of his own, or to the best of his reading of an illegible point in the MS. Shakespeare was — like most men of genius — a bad penman. But he was not obscure. He could not have been a dramatist at all, — least of all, "the applause, delight, and wonder of the Stage," — if he had been *that!*

In view of the fact that Shakespeare was only sought for by publishers, when, by hard work, he had become successful, it might have been expected that some exceptional appeal may have been made to procure the reading of his first manuscript. And such indeed appears to have been the fact.

In 1592 there died, in Stratford-upon-Avon, one Henry Field, a tanner, leaving a will and inventory of personal property, but whose estate, for some reason, required the services of an appraiser to settle.

table to enter them all. Those entered, however, preserve the names of the publishers of all the editions. According to Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps Harrison had assigned the copyright to Leake in 1595, and so could not have printed the 1596 edition. The title-page of this fifth edition (of which but one copy is known to be in existence, in the Bodleian Library) is in MS., so the error, if any, cannot be detected.

Harrison printed a second edition in 1598, a third in 1600, and a fourth in 1607 in octavo.

The Court of Probate (or Consistory Court, as it was then called) appointed John Shakespeare such appraiser, and he qualified, discharged his duties, and duly filed his report in August, 1592. Now, this Henry Field had a son, named Richard, who, like young Shakespeare, had found his way to London, in search of employment, in or about 1579. Just about this time it happened that a journeyman printer, named Thomas Vautroillier, came from France and settled in his trade in London. He did better and neater work than the London printers, or the Dutch printers who had domiciled there, and so found plenty of employment, as the development of the love of literature correspondingly developed a taste for better and cleaner typography. In 1564 Vautroillier was admitted to the exclusive and aristocratic Stationers' Company, and selected Blackfriars as his place of business, his patent reading, *Typographus Londoniensis in claustro vulgo Blackfriars commorans*, while, as was the custom, certain books were made over by the company to him as his exclusive privilege to print. As it happened, this young Richard Field found employment in Vautroillier's establishment, but did not remain there long, finding more favorable employment with another printer named George Bishop, to whom, at Michaelmas, 1579, he (Field) was apprenticed for seven years. No sooner, however, was he out of his time than, in 1588, he returned to Vautroillier's office. On Vautroillier's death, in that year, Field married his daughter and succeeded to his business of stationer and printer. Here, then, we have a fellow-townsmen and neighbor of William Shakespeare's, a printer, stationer, and publisher, at his very elbow in London.

It seems to me that—the above being matters of easy verification—we may proceed to judge the drift of circumstances, then, as pretty much as it would

follow in course to-day. Given a young man with literary aspirations, a poet—what is the dearest object which would present itself to his heart? Clearly, the object of finding a publisher and getting into print. And we may, I think, be pretty confident that the lad had not been very long in London without haunting the publishers with his manuscripts under his arm. Probably young William Shakespeare went to the older and better known publishers first; those who had more capital and a larger establishment than his townsman Richard Field, and no doubt young Shakespeare went to one and all of them. Possibly he might for a long time have studiously avoided Field, knowing that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country or to his own countrymen. But an unknown poet has small chance, and manuscripts are not inviting objects to look at, nor are publishers over-willing to wade into thick piles of close chirography. So let us imagine that young Shakespeare, finally, in despair, was forced by sheer necessity to have recourse to his fellow-Stratfordian; prevailed upon him to put his verses into print, so that he could at last secure readers, and thereafter rise or fall on his merits as a poet and not on his success as a securer of publishers. Let us see how probable or improbable such a theory would now become, in the face of the records.

By consulting the Quartos, and the Stationers' Registers we find that, whereas no other printer ever touched a Shakespearean manuscript until 1597, Richard Field did in 1593 print a first edition of the *Venus and Adonis*, and again, only the year after, a second edition thereof, and a new poem, the *Lucrece* (pretty fair proof that he did not lose by the *Venus and Adonis*, however dubiously he might have touched it). The standard theory as to how Shakespeare first "got into print" is that he won the

innermost friendship of Lord Southampton, and that the two—peer and peasant—went thereafter arm in arm, a story which has no warrant in any record, and which, as I have elsewhere shown,¹ is of the highest improbability, resting, indeed, upon the simple fact of the two dedications, which, while not uncommon evidences of young Lord Southampton's desire to pose as a patron of literature by the gracious acceptance of the rôle of nominal patron to poets willing to print at their own—at any rate at somebody else's than Southampton's—expense, certainly prove nothing, by any known rule, but themselves. (The “thousand pounds” gift travels to oblivion along with the friendship story: “a thousand pounds” was in those days an enormous sum, fully equal to twenty-five thousand dollars to-day, and Southampton was not a rich man. It seems to me that, had the story of the gift been authentic, it would have been rather fuller in detail, and something of the sources where Southampton got the money, or of the uses to which Shakespeare put it, have been supplied. Shakespeare only paid William Underhill sixty pounds for New Place—the most princely residence then in Stratford-upon-Avon, with its out-houses, messuages, orchards, and great barns filled with corn, covering three quarters of an acre of ground—which was twenty pounds more than Underhill himself had paid for it a few years before; and we have a rather plentiful record of his other purchases of real estate. But all together they do not account for “a thousand pounds.”) If Southampton, and not Shakespeare, had procured the printing of these two earliest poems of Shakespeare's, it is a little queer that Southampton should have sent Shakespeare, out of all of the scores of publishers in London, to Shakespeare's own fellow-townsmen, and for those two poems only. Any publisher would

¹ Introduction to vol. vii. pp. 58, 59.

have been eager to have executed an order for Lord Southampton. And it is queer, again, that — if Southampton had selected Field,— Field, who made Shakespeare's reputation by first bringing him out, should never have been allowed to print any of Shakespeare's works when they became lucrative and every bookseller in London was struggling for them. By consulting the list, we find that the *Venus and Adonis* was so profitable that in 1636 it actually had reached a thirteenth edition, printed by Francis Coules. As early as 1596 the poem had passed to John Harrison, who turned it over for its fourth edition to William Leake (though, of course, this might be accounted for by supposing that Field had sold the poem at a profit, or that he had died meanwhile, for we know nothing of Field's career except the items above stated). But the great difficulty is that, if Southampton's own publisher, or selection of a publisher, had first taken up Shakespeare, that publisher, protected by the name of a powerful lord, would have remained in possession of the monopoly, and the reign of Elizabeth was a reign of monopolies such as has never been seen before or since. Indeed, I doubt if another instance than that of the Shakespeare plays can be mentioned, in which literary matter of the date was not assigned, by the Stationers' Company, to some single member of their body to be a perpetual right and property in himself and his successors. I do not think much ought to be predicated from the gratitude for favors received expressed by Shakespeare in his second Dedication (that of the *Lucrece*) to Southampton: commoners, especially when they were poor poets, were apt to speak extravagantly of favors, however small, conferred upon them by peers, and the young and unknown Shakespeare possibly considered that the permission to dedicate poems to a noble lord was in itself a kindness to be grateful

for. It was still a long way, in the punctilious Tudor days, from peasant to peer.

At any rate—to an age which cares nothing about Southampton and a great deal about Shakespeare—it ought to be, it seems to me, a pleasant reflection that William Shakespeare owed his first appearance in the custody of “the art preservative,”—not to the nods of a gilded youth who was amusing himself, but to a fellow-townsmen, perhaps a playmate; and that the tranquil little town on the silvery Avon may claim to be, not only the birth-place of the poet, but of the man who launched him on his high-road to immortality.

If called upon to state the net results of almost twenty years of Shakespeare study, I think now that I should put it thus: Shakespeare was a practical playwright. He was much more—but he was that, first, last, and all the time. And he was not ashamed of it! Being a Playwright, he could not afford to be obscure. He earned friends and fortune, not by posing for the grammarian, the purist, the cryptographer, or the conjectural reader, but by packing his theatres. He flashed his meanings and made his points from the mouths of his actors to the understandings of his audience. Has Immortality come to him because he was the “soul of his age—the applause, delight, and wonder of his Stage,” or in spite of it? Would he have been more widely studied, worshipped, and loved to-day if he had been unintelligible to his own neighbors? Would he have been the Soul of any other age, had he not first been the Soul of his own? For myself I should not care to waste a moment in arguing these questions.

APPLETON MORGAN.

[ERRATUM. — In the Introduction to the First Part of King Henry the Fourth of this edition, where the eight Quarto editions of that play are enumerated, — by an oversight the date of the second Quarto, 1599, was omitted in the statement. The sentence (vol. xii. p. 3, line 18) should read: “No less than eight Quarto editions of the First Part were issued. Six were published previous to the Folio, viz., 1598 (the Quarto here reproduced), 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613, 1622. Two were subsequent to the Folio, viz., 1632, 1639.” — WM. H. FLEMING.]



WE, the undersigned, a Committee appointed by *The Shakespeare Society of New York* to confer and report upon a Notation for *The Bankside Edition* of the plays of William Shakespeare, hereby certify that the *Notation* of the present volume: of which five hundred copies only are printed, of which this copy is No. 87: is that resolved upon by us, and reported by us to, and adopted by, *The Shakespeare Society of New York*.

COMMITTEE

{ ALVEY A. ADEE, *Chairman*.
THOMAS R. PRICE.
WM. H. FLEMING.
APPLETON MORGAN.




THE LATE,
And much admired Play,
Called
Pericles, Prince
of Tyre

With the true Relation of the whole Historie,
aduentures, and fortunes of the said Prince :

As also,
The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents,
in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter
M A R I A N A.

As it hath been diuers and fundry times acted by
his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on
the Banck-side.

By William  Shakespeare.



Imprinted at London for *Henry Goffson*, and are
to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in
Pater-noster row, &c.

1 6 0 9.



PERICLES PRINCE OF TYRE





The Play of Pericles

Prince of Tyre. &c.

1

Enter Gower.

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12



O sing a Song that old was fung,
 From ashes, auntient *Gower* is come,
 Affuming mans infirmities,
 To glad your eare, and please your eyes :
 It hath been fung at Feastivals,
 On Ember eues, and Holy dayes :
 And Lords and Ladyes in their liues,
 Haue red it for restoratiues :
 The purchase is to make men glorious,
Et bonum quo Antiquius eo melius :
 If you, borne in those latter times,



The much admired *Play*,

CALLLED,

PERICLES, PRINCE of TYRE.

*With the true Relation of the whole History, Adventures,
and Fortunes of the said Prince.*

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE,
and published in his life time.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gower.

1



P O sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming mans infirmities,
To glad your ear and please your eyes;
It hath been sung at Festivals,
On Ember eves, and holy-dayes,
And Lords and Ladies in their lives,
Have read it for restoratives.
The purchase is to make men glorious.
Et bonum quo Anti quius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter time,

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13 When Witts more ripe, accept my rimes;
 14 And that to heare an old man sing,
 15 May to your Wisshes pleafure bring :
 16 I life would wish, and that I might
 17 Waffe it for you, like Taper light.
 18 This *Antioch*, then *Antiochus* the great,
 19 Buylt vp this Citie, for his chiefeft Seat;
 20 The fayrest in all *Syria*.
 21 I tell you what mine Authors faye:
 22 This King vnto him tooke a Peere.
 23 Who dyed, and left a female heyre,
 24 24 So buckfome, blith, and full of face
 25 As heauen had lent her all his grace :
 26 With whom the Father liking tooke,
 27 And her to Incest did prouoke :
 28 Bad child, worfe father, to intice his owne
 29 To euill, should be done by none :
 30 But custome what they did begin,
 31 Was with long vse, account'd no sinne ;
 32 The beautie of this finfull Dame,
 33 Made many Princes thither frame,
 34 34 To seeke her as a bedfellow,
 35 In maryage pleafures, playfellow :
 36 Which to preuent, he made a Law,
 37 To keepe her still, and men in awe :
 38 That who so askt her for his wife,
 39 His Riddle tould, not lost his life :
 40 So for her many of wight did die,
 41 As yon grimme lookes do testifie.
 42 What now enfues, to the iudgement of your eye,
 43 I giue my cause, who best can iustifie. *Exit.*

44 44 *Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.*

45 *Anti.* Young Prince of *Tyre*, you haue at large receiued
 46 The danger of the taske you vndertake.

When wits more ripe, accept my Rimes ; 13
And that to hear an old man sing, 14
May to your wishes pleasure bring : 15
I life would wish, and that I might 16
Waste it for you like Taper-light. 17
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the great, 18
Built up this City for his chiefeft se at ; 19
The fairest in all Syria. 20
I tell you what mine Authers say : 21
This King unto him took a Peer, 22
Who died, and left a female heir, 23
So bucksome, blithe, and full of face, 24
As heaven had lent her all his grace : 25
With whom the Father liking took, 26
And her to incest did provoke. 27
Bad childe, worse father, to entice his own. 28
To evil should be done by none : 29
But custome, what they did beg in, 30
Was with long use, counted no sin. 31
The beauty of this sinfull Dame, 32
Made many Princes thither frame, 33
To seek her as a bed-fellow, 34
In marriage pleasures, play-fellow : 35
Which to prevent, he made a Law, 36
To keep her still, and men in awe, 37
That who so askt her for his wife, 38
His Riddle told not, lost his life : 39
So for her many a wight did die, 40
As yon grim looks do testifie. 41
What ensues to the judgement of your eye, 42
I give my cause, who best can testifie. *Exit.* 43

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers. 44

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd 45
 The danger of the task you undertake. 46

47 *Peri.* I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a foule emboldned
 48 With the glory of her prayfe, thinke death no hazard,
 49 In this enterprife.

50 *Ant.* Muficke bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
 51 For embracements euen of *Ioue* himfelfe ;
 52 At whofe conception, till *Lucina* rained,
 53 Nature this dowry gaue ; to glad her prefence,
 54 The Seanate houfe of Planets all did fit,
 55 To knit in her, their beft perfections.

56 *Enter Antiochus daughter.*

57 57 *Per.* See where fhe comes, appareled like the Spring,
 58 Graces her fubiects, and her thoughts the King,
 59 Of euery Vertue giues renowne to men :

60 Her face the booke of prayfes, where is read,
 61 Nothing but curious pleafures as from thence,
 62 Sorrow were euer raete, and teafie wrath
 63 Could neuer be her milde companion.

64 You Gods that made me man, and fway in loue;
 65 That haue enflamde defire in my breaft,
 66 To tafte the fruite of yon ceftiall tree,
 67 (Or die in th'adventure) be my helpes,
 68 As I am fonne and feruant to your will,
 69 To compaffe fuch a bondleffe happineffe. *Anti.* Prince

71 70 *Peri.* That would be fonne to great *Antiochus*. [*Pericles.*

71 *Ant.* Before thee ftandes this faire *Hesperides*,
 72 With golden fruite, but dangerous to be toucht :
 73 For Death like Dragons heere affright thee hard :
 74 Herface like Heauen, inticeth thee to view
 75 Her countleffe glory ; which defert muft gaine :
 76 And which without defert, becaufe thine eye
 77 Prefumes to reach, all the whole heape muft die :
 78 Yon fometimes famous Princes, like thy felfe,
 79 Drawne by report, aduentrous by defire,

Per. I have (*Antiochus*) and with a fowl emboldned 47
 With the glory of her praise, think death no hazard, 48
 In this enterprize. 49

Ant. Mufick bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride 50
 For embracements, even of *Jove* himself; 51
 At whose conception, till *Lucina* reign'd, 52
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her preface, 53
 The Senate house of *Planets* all did fit, 54
 To knit in her their best perfections. 55

Enter Antiochus Daughter. 56

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the Spring, 57
 Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the King, 58
 Of every vertue gives renown to men: 59
 Her face the book of praises, where is read. 60
 Nothing but curious pleasures as from thence, 61
 Sorrow were ever rackt, and testy wrath 62
 Could never be her mild companion. 63
 you gods that made me man, and sway in love, 64
 That have inflam'd desire with in my brest, 65
 To taste the fruite of yon celestiall tree, 66
 (Or die in the adventure) be my helpe, 67
 As I am sonne and servant to your will, 68
 To compasse such a bondlesse happinesse. 69

Anti. Prince *Pericles.* 70

Per. That would be sonne to great *Antiochus.* 71

Anti. Before thee stands this faire *Hesperides,* 72
 With golden fruite, but dangerous to be toucht: 73
 For death like Dragons here affright thee hard? 74
 Her face like heaven enticeth thee to view 75
 Her countlesse glory, which desert must gaine: 76
 And which without desert, because thine eye 77
 Presumes to reach, all the whole heape must dye, 78
 Yon sometimes famous Princes like thy selfe 79
 Drawn by report, adventurous by desire, 80

- 80 Tell thee with speechleffe tongues, and semblance pale,
 81 That without couering, faue yon field of Starres,
 82 Heere they stand Martyrs slaine in *Cupids* Warres:
 83 And with dead cheekes, aduise thee to desist,
 84 For going on deaths net, whom none resist.
- 86 85 *Per. Antiochus*, I thanke thee, who hath taught,
 86 My frayle mortalitie to know it selfe;
 87 And by those fearefull obiectes, to prepare
 88 This body, like to them, to what I must :
 89 For Death remembered should be like a myrrour,
 90 Who tels vs, life's but breath, to trust it errour :
 91 Ile make my Will then, and as sickemen doe,
 92 Who know the World, see Heauen, but feeling woe,
 93 Gripe not at earthly ioyes as earst they did ;
 94 So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
 95 And all good men, as euery Prince should doe;
 96 My ritches to the earth, from whence they came;
 97 But my vnspotted fire of Loue, to you :
 98 Thus ready for the way of life or death,
- 100 99 I wayte the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)
 100 Scorning aduice; read the conclusion then:
 101 Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
 102 As these before thee, thou thy selfe shalt bleed.
- 103 *Daugh.* Of all sayd yet, mayst thou prooue prosperous,
 104 Of all fayd yet, I wish thee happinesse.
- 105 *Peri.* Like a bold Champion I assume the Lifes,
 106 Nor aske aduise of any other thought,
 107 But faythfulnesse and courage.

- 109 108 *The Riddle.*
 109 *I am no Viper, yet I feed*
 110 *On mothers flesh which did me breed :*
 111 *I fought a Husband, in which labour,*
 112 *I found that kindnesse in a Father ;*
 113 *Hee's Father, Sonne, and Husband milde :*
 114 *I, Mother, Wife ; and yet his child :*

Tell thee with speechleffe tongues, and femblance pale, 81
 That without covering save yon field of starres, 82
 Here they stand martyrs flaine in *Cupids* warres : 83
 And with dead cheeks advise the to desist, 84
 For going on deaths net, whome none refist. 85

Per. Antiochus I thank thee, who hath taught 86
 My frail mortality to know it selfe, 87
 And by thofe fearefull obiects to prepare 88
 This body, like to them, to what I must : 89
 For death remembred, should be like a Myrroure, 90
 Who tels us, life's but breath, to trust in error : 91
 Ile make my will then, and as sicke men do, 92
 Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe, 93
 Gripe not at earthly ioyes, as erst they did. 94

So I bequeath a happy peace to you 95
 And all good men, as every prince should do, 96
 My riches to the earth from whence they came: 97
 But my vnspotted fire of Love to you, 98
 Thus ready for the way of life or death, 99
 I waite the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*) 100
 Scorning advice. Reade the conclusion then, 101

Ant. Which read and not expounded, tis decreed 102
 As these before thou thy selfe shalt bleed. 103

Daugh. Of all said yet, thou prove prosperous, 104
 Of all said yet, I wish Thee happi nesse. 105

Per. Like a bold champion I assume the listes, 106
 Nor aske advice of any other thought, 107
 But faithfullnesse and courage. 108

The Riddle. 109

I am no Viper, yet I feed 110

On mothers flesh which did me breed : 111

I fought a husband, in which labour, 112

I found that kindnesse in a father. 113

Hee's father, sonne, and husband milde, 114

I Mother, Wife, and yet his child. 115

115 *How they may be, and yet in two,*
 116 *As you will liue resolue it you.*

117 Sharpe Phificke is the laft : But ô you powers !
 118 That giues heauen countleffe eyes to view mens actes,
 119 Why cloude they not their fights perpetually,
 120 If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
 121 Faire Glaffe of light, I lou'd you, and could still,
 122 Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with ill :
 123 But I muft tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,
 124 For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
 126 125 That knowing finne within, will touch the gate.
 126 You are a faire Violl, and your fenfe, the fringes;
 127 Who finger'd to make man his lawfull muficke,
 128 Would draw Heauen downe, and all the Gods to harken:
 129 But being playd vpon before your time,
 130 Hell onely daunceth at fo harfh a chime :
 131 Good footh, I care not for you.
 132 *Ant.* Prince *Pericles*, touch not, vpon thy life;
 133 For that's an Article within our Law,
 134 As dangerous as the reft : your time's expir'd,
 136 135 Either expound now, or receiue your fentence.
 136 *Peri.* Great King,
 137 Few loue to heare the finnes they loue to act,
 138 T'would brayde your felfe too neare for me to tell it :
 139 Who has a booke of all that Monarches doe,
 140 Hee's more secure to keepe it fhut, then showne.
 141 For Vice repeated, is like the wandring Wind,
 142 Blowes duft in others eyes to spread it felfe ;
 143 And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
 144 The breath is gone, and the fore eyes fee cleare :
 146 145 To ftop the Ayre would hurt them, the blind Mole caftes
 146 Copt hilles towards heauen, to tell the earth is throng'd
 147 By mans oppreffion, and the poore Worme doth die for't:
 148 Kinges are earths Gods ; in vice, their law's their will :
 149 And if *Ioue* fray, who dares fay, *Ioue* doth ill :

How they may be, and yet in two, 118
As you will live, resolve it you. 117

Sharp phyfick is the laft ? but O you Powers ! 118
 That gives heaven countleffe eyes to view mens aâtes 119
 Why could they not their fights perpetually ? 120
 If this be true, which makes me pale to read it, 121
 Faire glaffe of light, I loved you, and could ftill, 122
 Were not this glorious Casket ftor'd with ill : 123
 But I muft tell you, now my thoughts revolt, 124
 for he's no man on whom perfeâions wait ; 125
 That knowing finne within, will touch the gate: 126
 You are a fair Vyol, and your fence the strings, 127
 Who finger'd to make man his lawfull muſick, 128
 Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken, 129
 But being plaid upon before your time, 130
 Hell only danceth at fo harſh a chime : 131
 Good footh I care not for you. 132
Anti. Prince *Pericles*, touch not upon thy life, 133
 For that's an Article within our Law, 134
 As dangerous as the reſt : your times expir'd, 135
 Either expound now, or receive your ſentence. 136
Peri. Great King, 137
 Few love to hear the fins they love to aâ, 138
 'Twould braid your ſelf too near for me to tell it : 139
 Who hath a book of all that Monarchs do, 140
 He's more ſecure to keep it ſhut, then ſhewn : 141
 For vice repeated, is like the wandring wind, 142
 Blows duſt in others eyes, to ſpread it ſelf ; 143
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear, 144
 The breath is gone, and the fore eyes ſee clear. 145
 To ſtop the aire would hurt them, the blind Mole caſt 146
 Copt hills toward heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd 147
 By mans oppreſſion, and the poor worme doth die for't. 148
 Kings are earths Gods : in vice their law's their will, 149
 And if *Fove* ſtray, who dares ſay, *Fove* doth ill. 150

- 150 It is enough you know, and it is fit;
 151 What being more knowne, growes worfe, to smother it.
 152 All loue the Wombe that their first beeing bred,
 153 Then giue my tongue like leaue, to loue my head. (ning :
 154 *Ant.* Heauen, that I had thy head; he ha's found the mea-
 155 But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,
 156 Though by the tenour of your strict edict,
 157 Your exposition misinterpreting,
 159 158 We might proceed to counsell of your dayes;
 159 Yet hope, succeeding from so faire a tree
 160 As your faire selfe, doth tune vs otherwise ;
 161 Fourtie dayes longer we doe respite you,
 162 If by which time, our secret be vndone,
 163 This mercy shewes, wee'le ioy in such a Sonne:
 164 And vntill then, your entertaine shall bee
 165 As doth besit our honour and your worth.
 166 *Manet Pericles solus.*
 167 *Peri.* How courtesie would seeme to couer sinne,
 168 When what is done, is like an hipocrite,
 169 The which is good in nothing but in fight.
 170 If it be true that I interpret false,
 171 Then were it certaine you were not so bad,
 173 172 As with foule Incest to abuse your foule :
 173 Where now you both a Father and a Sonne,
 174 By your vntimely clasplings with your Child,
 175 (Which pleasures fittes a husband, not a father)
 176 And shee an eater of her Mothers flesh,
 177 By the defiling of her Parents bed,
 178 And both like Serpents are ; who though they feed
 179 On sweetest Flowers, yet they Poyson breed.
 180 *Antioch* farewell, for Wifedome fees those men,
 181 Blush not in actions blacker then the night,
 182 Will shew no course to keepe them from the light :
 184 183 One sinne(I know)another doth prouoke ;
 184 Murther's as neere to Lust, as Flame to Smoake :
 185 Poyson and Treason are the hands of Sinne,

It is enough you know it, and 'tis fit ;	151
What being more known, grows worſe to ſmother it.	152
All love the womb that their Being bred,	153
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.	154
<i>Ant.</i> Heaven that I had it ; he has found the meaning,	155
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of <i>Tyre</i> ,	156
Though by the tenour of our ſtrict edict,	157
Your expoſition miſ-interpreting,	158
We might proceed to cancel off your daies ;	159
Yet hope, ſucceeding from ſo fair a tree,	160
As your fair ſelf, doth tune us otherwiſe :	161
Forty daies longer we do reſpite you,	162
If by which time our ſecret be undone,	163
This mercy ſhews, we'll joy in ſuch a ſon :	164
And untill then, your entertain ſhall be	165
As doth befit our honour, and your worth. <i>Exit.</i>	166
<i>Manet Pericles ſolus.</i>	167
<i>Per.</i> How curteſie would ſeem to cover ſin,	168
When what is done is like an hypocrite,	169
The which is good in nothing but in fight,	170
If it be true that I interpret falſe,	171
Then were it certain you were not ſo bad,	172
As with the ſoul Inceſt to abuſe your ſoul :	173
Where now you'r both a father and a ſon,	174
By your untimely claſpings with your child,	175
(Which pleaſures fits an huſband, not a father)	176
And ſhe an eater of her mothers fleſh,	177
By the defiling of her parents bed,	178
And both like ſerpents are, who though they feed	179
On ſweeteſt flowers, yet they poiſon breed.	180
<i>Antioch</i> farewell, for wiſdome fees, thoſe men	181
Bluſh not in actions blacker then the night,	182
Will ſhew no courſe to keep them from the light :	183
One ſin (I know) another doth provoke ;	184
Murder's as near to luſt, as flame to ſmoak.	185
Poyſon and treaſon are the hands of ſin,	186

186 I, and the targets to put off the flame,
 187 Then leaft my life be cropt, to keepe you cleare,
 188 By flight, Ile fhun the danger which I feare.

Exit

189 *Enter Antiochus.*

190 *Anti.* He hath found the meaning.
 191 For which we meane to haue his head :
 192 He muft not liue to trumpet foorth my infamie,
 193 Nor tell the world *Antiochus* doth finne
 194 In fuch a loathed manner :
 195 And therefore instantly this Prince muft die,
 196 For by his fall, my honour muft keepe hie.

198 197 Who attends vs there ?

198 *Enter Thaliard.*

199 *Thali.* Doth your highnes call ?
 200 *Antio.* *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber, *Thaliard*,
 201 And our minde pertakes her priuat aétions,
 202 To your fecrecie ; and for your faythfulnes,
 203 We will aduaunce you, *Thaliard* :
 204 Behold, heere's Poyfon, and heere's Gold :
 205 Wee hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou muft kill him ;
 206 It fittes thee not to aske the reafon why ?
 207 Befcaufe we bid it : fay, is it done ?

209 208 *Thali.* My Lord, tis done.

209 *Enter a Mefenger.*

210 *Anti.* Enough. Let your breath coole your felfe, telling
 211 your hafte.

212 *Meff.* My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

213 *Antio.* As thou wilt liue flie after, and like an arrow shot
 214 from a well experienft Archer hits the marke his eye doth
 215 leuell at : fo thou neuer returne vnleffe thou fay Prince *Pe-*
 216 *ricles* is dead.

218 217 *Thal.* My Lord, if I can get him within my Piftols

I, and the Targets to put off the flame ; 187
 Then leaft my life be cropt to keep you clear, 188
 By flight I'll fhun the danger which I fear. *Exit.* 189

Enter Antiochus. 190

Anti. He hath found the meaning, 191
 For which we mean to have his head, 192
 He muft not live to trumpet forth my infamy, 193
 Nor tell the world *Antiochus* doth finne 194
 In fuch a loathed manner. 195
 And therefore infantly this Prince muft die, 196
 For by his fall my honour muft keep high. 197
 Who attends us here ? 198

Enter Thaliard. 199

Thal. Doth your Highneffe call ? 200

Anti. *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber, 201
 And our mind pertakes her private aétions 202
 To your fecrefie ; and for your faithfulnefs 203
 We will advance you, *Thaliard.* 204
 Behold, here's poiſon and here's gold, 205
 We hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou muft kill him. 206
 It fits thee not to ask the reaſon why : 207
 Becauſe we bid it : ſay, is it done ? 208

Thal. My Lord, 'tis done. 209

Enter a Meſſenger. 210

Ant. Enough. Let your breath cool your ſelf, telling 211
 your haſte. 212

Meff. My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled. 213

Ant. As thou wilt live, flye after ; and as an arrow, 214
 ſhot from a well experient Archer, hits the mark his eye 215
 doth level at : ſo do thou never return, unleſs thou ſay, 216
 Prince *Pericles* is dead. 217

Tha My Lord, if I can get him within my piſtols length, 218

218 length, Ile make him fure enough, fo farewell to your
 219 highneffe.
 220 *Thaliard* adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,
 221 My heart can lend no succour to my head.

222 *Enter Pericles with his Lords.*

223 *Pe.* Let none difturb vs, why fhould this chãge of thoughts

224 The fad companion dull eyde melancholie,
 225 By me fo vſde a gueſt, as not an houre
 226 In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,
 227 The tombe where grieſe ſtould ſleepe can breed me quiet,
 228 Here pleaſures court mine eies, and mine eies ſhun them,
 229 And daunger which I fearde is at *Antioch*,
 230 Whoſe arme ſeemes farre too ſhort to hit me here,
 232 Yet neither pleaſures Art can ioy my ſpirits,
 232 Nor yet the others diſtance comfort me,
 233 Then it is thus, the paſſions of the mind,
 234 That haue their firſt conception by miſdread,
 235 Haue after nourishment and life, by care
 236 And what was firſt but feare, what might be done,
 237 Growes elder now, and cares it be not done,
 238 And ſo with me the great *Antiochus*,
 239 Gainſt whom I am too little to contend,
 240 Since hee's ſo great, can make his will his act,
 241 Will thinke me ſpeaking, though I ſweare to ſilence,
 242 Nor bootes it me to ſay, I honour,
 244 If he ſuſpect I may diſhonour him.
 244 And what may make him bluſh in being knowne,
 245 Heele ſtop the courſe by which it might be knowne,
 246 With hoſtile forces heele ore-ſpread the land,
 247 And with the ſtint of warre will looke ſo huge,
 248 Amazement ſhall driue courage from the ſtate,
 249 Our men be vanquiſht ere they doe reſiſt,
 250 And ſubiects puniſht that nere thought offence,

I'll make him sure enough : so farewell to your Highness. 219

Anti. Thaliard adieu, till *Pericles* be dead, 220
My heart can lend no succour to my head. *Exit.* 221

Enter Pericles, Hellicanus, with other Lords. 222

Per. Let none disturb us : 223
Why should this change of thoughts, 224
The sad companion dull-ey'd melancholly, 225
By me so us'd, a guest as not an hour, 226
In the dayes glorious walk or peacefull night, 227
The tombe where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet, 228
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them, 229
And danger which I fear'd, is at *Antioch*, 230
Whose arme seems far too short to hit me here, 231
Yet neither pleasures art can joy my spirits, 232
Nor yet the others distance comfort me : 233
Then it is thus, that passions of the mind, 234
That have their first conception by mis-dread, 235
Have after nourishment and life by care ; 236
And what was first but fear, what might be done, 237
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done. 238
And so 'tis with me, the great *Antiochus*, 239
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend, 240
Since he's so great, can make his will his act, 241
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence, 242
Nor boots it me to say I honour, 243
If he suspect I may dishonor him. 244
And what may make him blush in being known, 245
He'll stop the course by which it might be known, 246
With hostile forces he'll ore-spread the Land, 247
And with the flint of war will look so huge, 248
Amazement shall drive courage from the state : 249
Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist, 250
And subjects punish't, that never thought offence, 251

- 251 Which care of them, not pittie of my felfe,
 252 Who once no more but as the tops of trees,
 253 Which fence the rootes they grow by and defend them,
 254 Makes both my bodie pine, and foule to languish,
 256 And punish that before that he would punish.
- 256 *Enter all the Lords to Pericles.*
- 257 1. *Lord.* Ioy and all comfort in your sacred brest.
 258 2. *Lord.* And keepe your mind till you returne to vs
 259 peacefull and comfortable.
- 260 *Hel.* Peace, peace, and giue experience tongue,
 261 They doe abufe the King that flatter him,
 262 For flatterie is the bellows blowes vp sinne,
 263 The thing the which is flattered, but a sparke,
 264 To which that sparke giues heate, and stronger
 265 Glowing, whereas reproofe obedient and in order,
 266 Fits kings as they are men, for they may erre,
 267 When *signior* footh here does proclaime peace,
 268 He flatters you, makes warre vpon your life.
- 269 Prince paadon me, or strike me if you please,
 270 I cannot be much lower then my knees.
- 271 *Per.* All leaue vs else:but let your cares ore-looke,
 272 What shipping, and what ladings in our hauen,
 273 And then returne to vs, *Hellicans* thou hast
 274 Mooude vs, what feest thou in our looks?
- 275 *Hel.* An angrie brow, dread Lord.
- 276 *Per.* If there be such a dart in Princes frownes,
 277 How durst thy tongue moue anger to our face?
- 278 *Hel.* How dares the plants looke vp to heauen,
 279 From whence they haue their nourishment?
- 280 *Per.* Thou knowest I haue power to take thy life from
- 281 *Hel.* I haue ground the Axe my felfe, (thee.
 282 Doe but you strike the blowe.
- 283 *Per.* Rise, prethee rise, sit downe, thou art no flatterer,
 284 I thanke thee fort, and heaue forbid
 285 That kings should let their eares heare their faults hid.
 286 Fit Counsellor, and seruant for a Prince,

Which care of them, not pittie of my self, 252
 Who once no more but as the tops of trees, 253
 Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them, 254
 Make both my body pine, and foul to languish, 255
 And punish that before that he would punish. 256

1. *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast. 257

2. *Lord.* And keep your mind till ye return to us
 peacefull and comfortable. 259

Hell. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue : 260
 They do abuse the King that flatter him, 261
 For flattery is the bellows blows up sin, 262
 The thing the which is flattered, but a spark, 263
 To which that spark gives heart and stronger glowing ; 264
 Whereas reproof obedient and in order, 265
 Fits Kings as they are men, for they may erre, 266
 When Signior Sooth here doth proclaim peace, 267
 He flatters you, makes war upon your life. 268
 Prince, pardon me, or strike me if you please, 269
 I cannot be much lower then my knees. 270

Per. All leave us else : but let your cares ore-look 271
 What shipping, and what ladings in our Haven, 272
 And then return to us : *Hellicanus* thou hast 273
 Moov'd us : what see'st thou in our looks : 274

Hell. An angry brow, dread Lord. 275

Per. If there be such a dart in Princes frowns,
 How durst thy tongue move anger to our face ? 277

Hell. How dares the planets look up unto heaven,
 From whence they have their nourishment ? 279

Per. Thou know'st I have power to take thy life from 280

Hell. I have ground the axe my self, (thee 281
 Do you but strike the blow. 282

Per. Rise, prithee rise, sit down, thou art no flatterer, 283
 I thank thee for it, and heaven forbid, 284
 That Kings should let their ears hear their faults hid. 285
 Fit Councillor, and servant for a Prince, 286

- 287 Who by thy wifdome makes a Prince thy feruant,
 288 What wouldft thou haue me doe?
 289 *Hel.* To beare with patience fuch griefes as you your
 290 felfe doe lay vpon your felfe,
 291 *Per.* Thou fpeakft like a Phyfition *Hellicanus*,
 292 That minifters a potion vnto me:
 293 That thou wouldft tremble to receiue thy felfe,
 294 Attend me then, I went to *Antioch*,
 295 Whereas thou knowft againft the face of death,
 296 I fought the purchafe of a glorious beautie,
 297 From whence an iffue I might propogate,
 298 Are armes to Princes, and bring ioies to fubiefts,
 299 Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
 300 The reft harke in thine eare, as blacke as inceft,
 301 Which by my knowledge found, the finfulfather
 302 Seemde not to ftrike, but fsmooth, but thou knowft this,
 303 Tis time to feare when tyrants feemes to kiffe.
 304 Which feare fo grew in me I hither fled,
 305 *Vnder* the couering of a carefull night,
 306 Who feemd my good protector, and being here,
 307 Bethought what was paff, what might fucceed,
 308 I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants feare
 309 Decreafe not, but grow fafter then the yeares,
 310 And fould he doo't, as no doubt he doth,
 311 That I fould open to the liftning ayre,
 312 How many worthie Princes blouds were fhed,
 313 To keepe his bed of blackneffe vnlayde ope,
 314 To lop that doubt, hee'le fill this land with armes,
 315 And make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
 316 When all for mine, if I may call offence,
 317 Muft feel wars blow, who fpares not innocence,
 318 Which loue to all of which thy felfe art one,
 319 Who now reprov'dft me fort.
 320 *Hell.* Alas fir.
 321 *Per.* Drew fleep out of mine eies, blood frõ my cheekes,
 322 Mufings into my mind, with thoufand doubts
 323 How I might ftop this tempeft ere it came,

Who by thy wifdome makes a Prince thy fervant,	287
What would'ft thou have me do :	288
<i>Hell.</i> To bear with patience fuch griefs,	289
As you your felf do lay upon your felf.	290
<i>Per.</i> Thou fpeak'ft like a Phyfitian, <i>Hellicanus</i> ,	291
That minifter's a potion unto me,	292
That thou would'ft tremble to receive thy felf.	293
Attend me then ; I went to <i>Antioch</i> ,	294
Whereas thou know'ft (againft the face of death)	295
I fought the purchafe of a glorious beauty,	296
From whence an iffue I might propigate,	297
Are armes to Princes, and bring joyes to Subjects.	298
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,	299
The reft (hark in thine ear) as black as inceft,	300
Which by my knowledge found, the finfull father,	301
Seem'd not to ftrike, but fsmooth : But thou know'ft this,	302
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants feem to kifs.	303
Which fear fo grew in me, I hither fled,	304
Under the covering of a carefull night,	305
Who feem'd my good ProteCTOR : and being here,	306
Bethought what was paf, what might fucceed ;	307
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants fear	308
Decreafe not, but grow fafter then the years :	309
And fould he think, as no doubt he doth,	310
That I fould open to the liftening air,	311
How many worthy Princes bloud were fhed,	312
To keep his bed of blacknefs unlaid ope,	313
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this Land with armes,	314
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him,	315
When all for mine, if I may call offence,	316
Muft feel warrs blow, who fears not innocence :	317
Which love to all, of which thy felf art one,	318
Who now reproved'ft me for it.	319
<i>Hell.</i> Alas, fir.	320
<i>Per.</i> Drew fleep out of mine eyes, bloud from my cheeks,	321
Mufings into my mind, with a thoufand doubts	322
How I might ftop their tempeft ere it came,	323

324 And finding little comfort to relieue them,
 325 I thought it princely charity to griue for them.
 326 *Hell.* Well my Lord, since you haue giuen mee leaue to
 327 Freely will I speake, *Antiochus* you feare, (I speake,
 328 And iustly too, I thinke you feare the tyrant,
 329 Who either by publike warre, or priuat treason,
 330 Will take away your life : therefore my Lord, go trauell for
 331 a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the De-
 332 stinies doe cut his threed of life : your rule direct to anie,
 333 if to me, day ferues not light more faithfull then Ile be.

334 *Per.* I doe not doubt thy faith.

336 But should he wrong my liberties in my absence ?

336 *Hel.* Weele mingle our bloods together in the earth,
 337 From whence we had our being, and our birth.

338 *Per. Tyre* I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharsus*

339 Intend my trauaile, where Ile heare from thee,

340 And by whose Letters Ile dispose my selfe.

341 The care I had and haue of subiects good,

342 On thee I lay, whose wifdomes strength can beare it,

343 Ile take thy word, for faith not aske thine oath,

344 Who shuns not to breake one, will cracke both.

345 But in our orbs will liue so round, and safe,

347 That time of both this truth shall nere conuince,

347 Thou shewdst a subiects shine, I a true Prince. *Exit.*

348 *Enter Thaliard solus.*

349 So this is *Tyre*, and this the Court, heere must I kill
 350 King *Pericles*, and if I doe it not, I am sure to be hang'd at
 351 home : t'is daungerous.

352 Well, I perceiue he was a wise fellowe, and had good
 353 discretion, that beeing bid to aske what hee would of the
 354 King, desired he might knowe none of his secrets.

355 Now doe I see hee had some reason for't : for if a
 356 king bidde a man bee a villaine, hee's bound by the inden-
 357 ture of his oath to bee one.

359 358 Husht, heere comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

And finding little comfort to relieve them, 324
 I thought it princely charity to grieve for them. 325

Hell. Well, my Lord, since you have given me leave to 326
 Freely will I speak. *Antiochus* you fear, (I speak, 327
 And justly too I think you fear the tyrant, 328
 Who either by publick war or private treason, 329
 Will take away your life: therefore, my Lord, go travel 330
 for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot; or till 331
 the Destinies do cut the thred of his life: your Rule di- 332
 rect to any, if unto me, day serves not light more faith- 333
 full then I'll be. 334

Per. I do not doubt thy faith, 335
 But should he wrong my liberties in my absence? 336

Hell. We'll mingle our blouds together in the earth, 337
 From whence we had our being, and our birth. 338

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to *Tharsus* 339
 Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee; 340
 And by whose Letters I'll dispose my self, 341
 The care I had and have of Subjects good, 342
 On thee I lay, whose wisdoms strength can bear it, 343
 I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath, 344
 Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both: 345
 But in our orbes we live so round and safe, 346
 That time of both this truth shall nere convince, 347
 Thou shewest a subjects shine, I a true Prince. 348

Enter Thaliard solus. 349

Thal. So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, here must 350
 I kill King *Pericles*, and if I do it not, I am sure to be 351
 hang'd at home: it is dangerous. 352

Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good 353
 discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the 354
 King, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do 355
 I see he had some reason for it: for if a King bid a man 356
 be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be 357
 one. 358

Hush! here comes the Lords of *Tyre*. 359

359
360

*Enter Hellicanns, Eſcanes, with
other Lords.*

361 *Helli.* You ſhall not neede my fellow-Peers of *Tyre*,
362 further to queſtion mee of your kings departure : his fea-
363 led Commiſſion left in truſt with mee, does ſpeake ſuffici-
364 ently hee's gone to trauaile.

365 *Thaliard.* How? the King gone?

366 *Hell.* If further yet you will be ſatiſfied, (why as it
367 were vnlicenſed of your loues) he would depart? Ile giue
368 ſome light vnto you, beeing at *Antioch*.

369 *Thal.* What from *Antioch*?

371 370 *Hell.* Royall *Antiochus* on what cauſe I knowe not,
371 tooke ſome diſpleaſure at him, at leaſt hee iudg'de ſo : and
372 doubting left hee had err'de or ſinn'de, to ſhewe his forrow,
373 hee'de correct himſelfe ; ſo puts himſelfe vnto the Ship-
374 mans toyle, with whome eache minute threatens life or
375 death.

376 *Thaliard.* Well, I perceiue I ſhall not be hang'd now,
377 although I would, but ſince hec's gone, the Kings ſeas
378 muſt pleaſe : hee ſcap'te the Land to periſh at the Sea, I'le
379 preſent my ſelfe. Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

380 380 Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome,

381 *Thal.* From him I come with meſſage vnto princely
382 *Pericles*, but ſince my landing, I haue vnderſtood your Lord
383 has betake himſelfe to vnknowne trauailes, now meſſage
384 muſt returne from whence it came.

385 *Hell.* Wee haue no reaſon to deſire it, commended
386 to our maſter not to vs, yet ere you ſhall depart, this wee
387 deſire as friends to *Antioch* wee may feaſt in *Tyre*. *Exit.*

388 *Enter Cleon the Governour of Tharſus, with
389 his wife and others.*

390 390 *Cleon.* My *Dyoniza* ſhall wee reſt vs heere,
391 And by relating tales of others griefes,
392 See if t'will teach vs to forget our owne?

*Enter Hellicanus, Escanes, with other
Lords of Tyre.* 360
361

Hell. You shall not need my fellow-Peers of *Tyre*, 362
further to question me of your Kings departure. His feal- 363
ed Commiffion left in trust with me, doth fpeak fuffi- 364
ciently, he's gone to travel. 365

Thal. How the King gone? 366

Hell. If further yet you will be fatisfied, why (as it 367
were unlicenc'd of your loves) he would depart? I'll give 368
fome light unto you: Being at *Antioch*. 369

Thal. What from *Antioch*? 370

Hell. Royal *Antiochus* (on what caufe I know not) 371
took fome difpleafure at him, at leaft he judged fo: and 372
doubting that he had erred or finned, to fhew his forrow, 373
he would correct himfelf; fo puts himfelf unto the fhip- 374
mans toyl, with whom each minute threatens life or death. 375

Thal. Well, I perceive I fhall not be hanged now, 376
although I would; but fince he's gone, the Kings Seas 377
muft please: he fcapte the Land, to perifh at the Sea: I'll 378
prefent my felf, Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*. 379

Hell. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome. 380

Thal. From him I come with meffage unto Princely 381
Pericles; but fince my landing I have underftood, your 382
Lord hath betook himfelf to unknown travels, my meff- 383
age muft return from whence it came. 384

Hell. We have no reafon to defire it, commended to 385
our Mafter, not to us; yet ere you fhall depart, this we de- 386
fire as friends to *Antioch*, we may feaft in *Tyre*. *Exeunt.* 387

*Enter Cleon the Governor of Tharfus, with
his wife and others.* 388
389

Cleon. My *Dionifia*, fhall we reft us here, 390
And by relating tales of others griefs, 391
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own? 392

- 393 *Dion.* That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
 394 For who digs hills because they doe aspire?
 395 Throwes downe one mountaine to cast vp a higher:
 396 O my distressed Lord, euen such our griefes are,
 397 Heere they are but felt, and seene with mischiefs eyes,
 398 But like to Groues, being topt, they higher rise.
 399 *Cleon.* O *Dioniza.*
 400 Who wanteth food, and will not say hee wants it,
 401 Or can conceale his hunger till hee famish?
 402 Our tongs and forrowes to found deepe:
 403 403 Our woes into the aire, our eyes to weepe. ;
 404 Till tongs fetch breath that may proclaime
 405 Them louder, that if heauen slumber, while
 406 Their creatures want, they may awake
 407 Their helpers, to comfort them.
 408 Ile then discourse our woes felt feuerall yeares,
 409 And wanting breath to speake, helpe mee with teares.
 410 *Dyoniza.* Ile doe my best Syr. (ment,
 411 *Cleon.* This *Tharsus* ore which I haue the gouerne-
 412 A Cittie on whom plentie held full hand:
 413 For riches strew'de her selfe euen in her streetes,
 414 414 Whose towers bore heads so high they kist the cloudes,
 415 And strangers nere beheld, but wondred at,
 416 Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'de,
 417 Like one anothers glasse to trim them by,
 418 Their tables were stor'de full to glad the sight,
 419 And not so much to feede on as delight,
 420 All pouertie was scor'nde, and pride so great,
 421 The name of helpe grewe odious to repeat.
 422 *Dion.* O t'is too true.
 423 *Cle.* But see what heauen can doe by this our change,
 424 These mouthes who but of late, earth sea, and ayre,
 425 Were all too little to content and please,
 426 Although thy gaue their creatures in abundance,
 427 As houfes are defil'de for want of vse,
 428 They are now staru'de for want of exercife,

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it, 393
 For who digs hills because they do aspire, 394
 Throws down one Mountain to cast up a higher : 395
 O my distressed Lord, even such our griefs are, 396
 Here they are but felt, and seen with mischiefs eyes, 397
 But like to groves being topt, they higher rise. 398

Cleon. O *Dionisia*, 399
 Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it, 400
 Or can conceal his hunger till he famish ? 401
 Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep : 402
 Our woes into the air, our eyes to weep, 403
 Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim 404
 Them louder, that if heaven slumber, while 405
 Their creatures want, they may awake 406
 Their helpers, to comfort them. 407
 I'll then discourse our woes felt several years, 408
 And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears. 409

Dion. I'll do my best, sir. 410

Cle. This *Tharsus*, ore which I have the government, 411
 A City, on whom plenty held full hand, 412
 For riches strew'd her self even in the streets, 413
 Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss the clouds, 414
 And strangers nere beheld, but wonder'd at, 415
 Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd, 416
 Like one another's glass to trim them by : 417
 Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight, 418
 And not so much to feed on, as delight, 419
 All poverty was scorn'd and pride so great, 420
 The name of help grew odious to repeat. 421

Dion. Oh 'tis true. 422

Cleon. But see what heaven can do by this our change : 423
 These mouths, who but of late, earth, sea, and ayre, 424
 Were all too little to content and please, 425
 Although they gave their creatures in abundance : 426
 As houses are defil'd for want of use, 427
 They are now starv'd for want of exercise ; 428

- 429 Those pallats who not yet too fauers younger,
 430 Must haue inuentions to delight the taft,
 431 Would now be glad of bread and beg for it,
 432 Those mothers who to nouzell vp their babes,
 433 Thought nought too curious, are readie now
 434 To eat those little darlings whom they lou'de,
 435 So sharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
 436 Drawe lots who first shall die, to lengthen life.
 437 Heere stands a Lord, and there a Ladie weeping :
 438 Heere manie fincke, yet those which see them fall,
 439 Haue scarce strength left to giue them buryall.
 440 Is not this true ?
 441 *Dion.* Our cheekes and hollow eyes doe witnesse it.
 442 *Cle.* O let those Cities that of plenties cup,
 443 And her prosperities so largely taste,
 444 With their superfluous riots heare these teares,
 445 The miserie of *Tharsus* may be theirs.
 446 *Enter a Lord.*
 447 *Lord.* Wheres the Lord Gouvernour ?
 448 *Cle.* Here, speake out thy sorrowes, which thee bringst
 449 in hast, for comfort is too farre for vs to expect.
 450 *Lord.* Wee haue descryed vpon our neighbouring
 451 shore, a portlie faile of ships make hitherward.
 452 *Cleon.* I thought as much.
 453 One sorrowe neuer comes but brings an heire,
 454 That may succede as his inheritor :
 455 And so in ours, some neighbouring nation,
 456 Taking aduantage of our miserie,
 457 That stuff't the hollow vessels with their power,
 458 To beat vs downe, the which are downe alreadye,
 459 And make a conquest of vnhappie mee,
 460 Whereas no glories got to ouercome.
 461 *Lord.* That's the least feare,
 462 For by the semblance of their white flagges displayde, they
 463 bring vs peace, and come to vs as fauourers, not as foes.
 464 *Cleon.* Thou speake'st like himnes vntuterd to repeat

Those pallats, who, not yet to favers younger, 429
 Muſt have inventions to delight the taſte, 430
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it : 431
 Theſe mothers who to nouzle up their babes, 432
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now 433
 To eat thoſe little darlings whom they loved, 434
 So ſharp are hungers teeth, that man and wife, 435
 Draw lots who firſt ſhall die to lengthen life. 436
 Here ſtands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping, 437
 Here many ſink, yet thoſe which ſee them fall, 438
 Have ſcarce ſtrength left to give them burial. 439
 Is not this true ? 440

Dion. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witneſſe it. 441

Cleon. O let thoſe Cities that of plenties cup, 442
 And her proſperities ſo largely taſte, 443
 With their ſuperfluous ryots hear theſe tears, 444
 The miſery of *Tharſus* may be theirs. 445

Enter a Lord. 446

Lord. Where's the Lord Governor ? 447

Cleon. Here, ſpeak out thy ſorrows, which thou bring'ſt 448
 in haſte, for comfort is too far for us to expect. 449

Lord. We have deſcried upon our neighbouring ſhore, 450
 A portly fail of ſhips make hitherward. 451

Cleon. I thought as much. 452
 One ſorrow never comes but brings an heir, 453
 That may ſucceed as his inheritour : 454
 And ſo in ours ; ſome neighbouring Nation, 455
 Taking advantage of our miſery, 456
 That ſtuft the hollow veſſels with their power, 457
 To beat us down, the which are down already, 458
 And make a conqueſt of unhappy me, 459
 Whereas no glory is got to overcome. 460

Lord. That's the leaſt fear. 461
 For by the ſemblance of their flags diſplaid, they bring 462
 us peace, and come to us as favourers, not as foes. 463

Cleon. Thou ſpeak'ſt like hymnes untuter'd to repeat, 464

465 Who makes the fairest showe, meanes most deceit.
 466 But bring they what they will and what they can,
 467 What need wee leaue our grounds the lowest?
 468 And wee are halfe way there: Goe tell their Generall wee
 469 attend him heere, to know for what he comes, and whence
 470 he comes, and what he craues?

471 *Lord.* I goe my Lord.

472 *Cleon.* Welcome is peace, if he on peace confitt,
 473 If warres, wee are vnable to refitt.

474 *Enter Pericles with attendants.*

475 *Per.* Lord Gouvernour, for so wee heare you are,

476 Let not our Ships and number of our men,
 477 Be like a beacon fier'de, t'amaze your eyes,
 478 Wee haue heard your miseries as farre as *Tyre*,

479 And seene the defolation of your streets,
 480 Nor come we to adde sorrow to your teares,

481 But to relieue them of their heauy loades,
 482 And these our Ships you happily may thinke,

483 *Are like the Troian Horse, was stufte within*

484 *With bloody veines expecting ouerthrow,*
 485 *Are stor'd with Corne, to make your needie bread,*
 486 *And giue them life, whom hunger-staru'd halfe dead.*

487 *Omnes.* The Gods of *Greece* protect you,
 488 And wee'le pray for you.

489 *Per.* Arise I pray you, rise; we do not looke for reuerence,
 490 But for loue and harborage for our selfe, our ships, & men.

491 *Cleon.* The which when any shall not gratifie,

492 Or pay you with vnthankfulnesse in thought,

493 Be it our Wiues, our Children, or our felues,

494 The Curse of heauen and men succeed their euils:

495 Till when the which (I hope) shall neare be seene:

496 Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and vs.

497 *Peri.* Which welcome wee'le accept, feast here awhile,

498 Vntill our Starres that frowne, lend vs a smile. *Exeunt.*

Who makes the fairest shew, means most deceit. 465
 But bring they what they will, and what they can, 466
 What need we fear, the ground's the lowest, 467
 And we are half way there: Go tell their General we at- 468
 tend him here, to know for what he comes, and whence 469
 he comes, and what he craves. 470
Lord. I go, my Lord. 471
Cleon. Welcome is peace, if he on peace confist; 472
 If warrs, we are unable to refist. 473

Enter Pericles with attendants. 474

Per. Lord Governor, for so we hear you are, 475
 Let not our ships and number of our men, 476
 Be like a Beacon fired, to amaze your eyes, 477
 We have heard your miseries as far as *Tyre*, 478
 And seen the defolation of your streets; 479
 Nor come we to adde sorrow to your tears, 480
 But to release them of their heavy load, 481
 And these our ships, you happily may think 482
 Are like the *Trojan* horse, was stufte within 483
 With bloody veins expecting overthrow, 484
 Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread, 485
 And give them life, whom hunger starv'd half dead. 486
Omnes. The gods of *Greece* protect you, 487
 And we'll pray for you. 488
Per. Arise, I pray you, arise; we do not look for reve- 489
 rence, but for love, and harbourage for our self, our ships, 490
 and men. 491

Cleon. The which when any shall not gratifie, 492
 Or pay you with unthankfulnesse in thought, 493
 Be it our wives, our children or our selves, 494
 The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils: 495
 Till when, the which (I hope) shall ne're be seen, 496
 Your Grace is welcome to our Town and us. 497

Per. Which welcome we'll accept, feast here a while, 498
 Untill our stars that frown, lend us a smile. *Exeunt.* 499

499

Enter Gower.

500 Heere haue you feene a mightie King,
 501 His child I'wis to incest bring :
 502 A better Prince, and benigne Lord,
 503 That Will proue awfull both in deed and word :
 504 Be quiet then as men should bee,
 506 505 Till he hath past necessitie:
 506 I'le shew you those in troubles raigne;
 507 Loofing a Mite, a Mountaine gaine :
 508 The good in conuerfation,
 509 To whom I giue my benizon:
 510 Is still at *Tharstill*, where each man,
 511 Thinkes all is writ, he spoken can :
 512 And to remember what he does,
 513 Build his Statue to make him glorious :
 514 But tidinges to the contrarie,
 515 Are brought your eyes, what need speake I.

517 516

Dombe shew.

517 *Enter at one dore Pericles talking with Cleon, all the traine*
 518 *with them: Enter at an other dore, a Gentleman with a*
 519 *Letter to Pericles, Pericles shewes the Letter to Cleon;*
 520 *Pericles giues the Messenger a reward, and Knights him:*
 521 *Exit Pericles at one dore, and Cleon at an other.*
 522 Good *Helicon* that stayde at home,
 523 Not to eate Hony like a Drone,
 524 From others labours ; for though he friue
 525 To killen bad, keepe good aliue :
 526 And to fulfill his prince desire,
 527 Sau'd one of all, that haps in *Tyre* :
 528 How *Thaliart* came full bent with finne,
 530 529 And had intent to murder him ;

Actus Secundus.

Enter Gower. 500

Gower. *Here have you seen a mighty King* 501
His child, I wis, to incest bring : 502
A better Prince and benigne Lord, 503
That will prove awfull both in deed and word. 504
Be quiet then, as men should be, 505
Till he hath past necessity : 506
I'le shew you those in troubles reigne, 507
Loofing a myte, a Mountain gain : 508
The good in conversation, 509
To whom I give my benizon. 510
Is still at Tharfus, where each man 511
Thinks all is writ he spoken can : 512
And to remember what he does, 513
Build his Statue to make him glorious : 514
But tydings to the contrary, 515
Are brought t'your eyes, what need speak I. 516
Dumb show. 517

Enter at one dooor *Pericles* talking with *Cleon*, all the
 Train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman with
 a letter to *Pericles*; *Pericles* shews the letter to *Cleon*, *Pe-*
ricles gives the Messenger a reward, and Knights him. 521

Exit Pericles at one door, and Cleon at another. 522
Good Hellican that staid at home, 523
Not to eat hony like a Drone, 524
From others labours ; for though he strive 525
To killen bad, keep good alive : 526
And to fulfill his Princes desire, 527
Sav'd one of all that haps in Tyre : 528
How Thaliard came full bent with sin, 529
And had intent to murder him ; 530

530 And that in *Tharfis* was not best,
 531 Longer for him to make his rest :
 532 He doing so, put forth to Seas;
 533 Where when men been, there's feldome ease,
 534 For now the Wind begins to blow,
 535 Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
 536 Makes such vnquiet, that the Shippe,
 537 Should house him safe; is wrackt and split,
 538 And he (good Prince) hauing all lost,
 540 By Waues, from coast to coast is tost :
 540 All perishe of man, of pelfe,
 541 Ne ought escapend but himselfe;
 542 Till Fortune tir'd with doing bad,
 543 Threw him a shore, to giue him glad:
 544 And heere he comes : what shall be next,
 545 Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the text.

546 *Enter Pericles wette.*

547 *Peri.* Yet cease your ire you angry Starres of heauen,
 548 Wind, Raine, and Thunder, remember earthly man
 549 Is but a substance that must yeeld to you :
 550 And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.
 552 Alasse, the Seas hath cast me on the Rocks,
 552 Washt me from shore to shore, and left my breath
 553 Nothing to thinke on, but ensuing death :
 554 Let it suffice the greatnesse of your powers,
 555 To haue bereft a Prince of all his fortunes ;
 556 And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,
 557 Heere to haue death in peace, is all hee'le craue.

558 *Enter three Fisher-men.*

559 1. What, to pelch?
 560 2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
 561 1. What Patch-breech, I say.
 562 3. What say you Maister?
 563 1. Looke how thou stirr'ft now :
 565 564 Come away, or Ile fetch'th with a wanion.

And that in Tharfus was not best, 531
Longer for him to make his rest : 532
He doing so, put forth to Seas, 533
Where when men bin, there's seldome ease, 534
For now the wind begins to blow, 535
Thunder above, and deeps below, 536
Makes such unquiet, that the ship 537
Should house him safe, is wrackt and split, 538
And he (good Prince) having all lost, 539
By waves, from coast to coastis tost : 540
All perishen of man, of pelf, 541
Ne ought escapen'd but himself ; 542
Till fortune tired with doing bad, 543
Threw him ashore to give him glad : 544
And here he comes ; what shall be next, 545
Pardon old Gower, thus long's the Text. 546

Enter Pericles wet. 547

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry Stars of heaven, 548
 Wind, Rain, and Thunder : Remember earthly man 549
 Is but a substance that must yield to you : 550
 And I (as fits my nature) do obey you. 551
 Alas, the Seas hath cast me on the Rocks, 552
 Washt me from shore to shore, and left my breath 553
 Nothing to think on, but ensuing death : 554
 Let it suffice the greatnesse of your powers, 555
 To have bereft a Prince of all his fortunes, 556
 And having thrown him from your watry grave, 557
 Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave. 558

Enter three Fishermen. 559

1. What, to pelch ? 560
 2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets. 561
 1. What patch-breech, I say. 562
 3. What say you, Master ? 563
 1. Look how thou stirrest now. 564
 Come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion. 565

- 565 3. Fayth Maister, I am thinking of the poore men,
 566 That were cast away before vs euen now.
- 567 1. Alasse poore foules, it grieued my heart to heare,
 568 What pittifull cryes they made to vs, to helpe them,
 569 When(welladay) we could scarce helpe our felues.
- 570 3. Nay Maister, sayd not I as much,
 571 When I saw the Porpas how he bounst and tumbled?
 572 They say they're halfe fish, halfe flesh :
 573 A plague on them, they nere come but I looke to be washt.
 574 Maister, I maruell how the Fishes liue in the Sea ?
- 575 1. Why, as Men doe a-land ;
- 577 576 The great ones eate vp the little ones :
 577 I can compare our rich Misers to nothing so fitly,
 578 As to a Whale ; a playes and tumbles,
 579 Dryuing the poore Fry before him,
 580 And at last, deuowre them all at a mouthfull :
 581 Such Whales haue I heard on, a'th land,
 582 Who neuer leaue gaping, till they swallow'd
 583 The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Belles and all.
 584 *Peri.* A prettie morall.
- 585 3. But Maister, if I had been the Sexton,
 586 I would haue been that day in the belfrie.
- 587 2. Why, Man?
- 589 588 1. Because he should haue swallowed mee too,
 589 And when I had been in his belly,
 590 I would haue kept such a iangling of the Belles,
 591 That he should neuer haue left,
 592 Till he cast Belles, Steeple, Church and Parish vp againe:
 593 But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde.
 594 *Per.* *Simonides* ?
- 595 3. We would purge the land of these Drones,
 596 That robbe the Bee of her Hony.
- 597 *Per.* How from the fenny subiect of the Sea,
 598 These Fishers tell the infirmities of men,
 599 And from their watry empire recollect,

3. Faith Master, I am thinking of the poor men That were cast away before us, even now.	566 567
1. Alas poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear What pittifull cries they made to us, to help them, When (welladay) we could scarcely help our selves.	568 569 570
3. Nay Master, said not I as much, When I saw the Porpas how he bounst and tumbled ? They say, they are half fish, half flesh : A plague on them, they ne're come but I look to be washt. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the Sea ?	571 572 573 574 575
1. Why as men do a Land, The great ones eat up the little ones : I can compare our rich Misers, to nothing so fitly As to a Whale ; he plaies and tumbles, Driving the poor Fry before him, And at last devour them all at a mouthfull. Such Whales have I heard on a'th land, Who never leave gaping, till they swallowed The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Bells and all.	576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584
<i>Per.</i> A pretty Moral.	585
3. But Master, if I had been the Sexton, I would have been that day in the Belfrey.	586 587
2. Why man ?	588
3. Because he should have swallowed me too, And when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, That he should never have left, Till he cast Bells, Steeple, Church and Parish up again : But if the good King <i>Simonides</i> were of my mind,	589 590 591 592 593 594
<i>Per.</i> <i>Simonides</i> ?	595
3. We would purge the Land of these Drones, That rob the Bee of her honny.	596 597
<i>Per.</i> How from the fenny subject of the sea These fishers tell the infirmities of men, And from their watry Empire recollect,	598 599 600

- 600 All that may men approue, or men detect.
- 602 601 Peace be at your labour, honest Fisher-men.
- 602 2. Honest good fellow what's that, if it be a day fits you
- 603 Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after it?
- 604 *Peri.* May fee the Sea hath cast vpon your coaft.
- 605 2. What a drunken Knaue was the Sea,
- 606 To cast thee in our way?
- 607 *Per.* A man whom both the Waters and the Winde,
- 608 In that vast Tennis-court, hath made the Ball
- 609 For them to play vpon, intreates you pittie him :
- 610 Hee askes of you, that neuer v'd to begge.
- 611 1. No friend, cannot you begge?
- 612 Heer's them in our countrey of *Greece*,
- 613 Gets more with begging, then we can doe with working.
- 615 614 2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then ?
- 615 *Peri.* I neuer practizde it.
- 616 2. Nay then thou wilt starue fure : for heer's nothing to
- 617 be got now-adayes, vnlesse thou canst fish for't.
- 618 *Per.* What I haue been, I haue forgot to know;
- 619 But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on :
- 620 A man throng'd vp with cold, my Veines are chill,
- 621 And haue no more of life then may suffize,
- 622 To giue my tongue that heat to aske your helpe :
- 623 Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
- 624 For that I am a man, pray you fee me buried.
- 626 625 1. Die, ke-tha ; now Gods forbid't, and I haue a Gowne
- 626 heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme : now afore mee a
- 627 handsome fellow : Come, thou shalt goe home, and wee'le
- 628 haue Flesh for all day, Fish for fasting-dayes and more ; or
- 629 Puddinges and Flap-iackes, and thou shalt be welcome.
- 630 *Per.* I thanke you sir.
- 631 2. Harke you my friend : You sayd you could not beg?
- 632 *Per.* I did but craue.
- 633 2. But craue?
- 634 Then Ile turne Crauer too, and so I shall scape whipping.
- 635 *Per.* Why, are you Beggers whipt then?

- All that may men approve, or men detect. 601
 Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen. 602
 2. Honest, good fellow, what's that, if it be a day fits you, 603
 Search out of the Kalender, and no body look after it? 604
Per. Y'may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast. 605
 2. What a drunken knave was the sea, 606
 To cast thee in our way. 607
Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind, 608
 In that vast Tennis-Court, hath made the Ball 609
 For them to play upon, intreats you pittie him : 610
 He asks of you, that never us'd to beg. 611
 1. No friend, cannot you beg? 612
 Here's them in our Country of *Greece*, 613
 Gets more with begging, then we can do with working. 614
 2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then? 615
Per. I never practis'd it. 616
 2. Nay then thou wilt starve sure ; for here's nothing 617
 to be got now-a-daies, unlesse thou canst fish for't. 618
Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know ; 619
 But what I am, want teaches me to think on : 620
 A man throng'd up with cold, my veins are chill, 621
 And have no more of life, then may suffice 622
 To give my tongue that heat to ask your help : 623
 Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, 624
 For that I am a man, pray see me buried. 625
 1. Die ke-tha, now gods forbid, I have a gown here, 626
 come put it on, keep thee warme: now afore me a hand- 627
 some fellow : Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have 628
 flesh for all day, fish for fasting dayes and more ; or Pud- 629
 dings and Flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome. 630
Per. I thank you, sir. 631
 2. Hark you, my friend, You said you could not beg. 632
Per. I did but crave. 633
 2. But crave? then I'll turn craver too, 634
 And so I shall scape whipping. 635
Per. Why, are all your beggers whipt then? 636

- 636 2. Oh not all, my friend, not all : for if all your Beggars
 637 were whipt, I would wish no better office, then to be Beadle:
 638 But Maister, Ile goe draw vp the Net.
 639 *Per.* How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?
 641 640 1. Harke you fir ; doe you know vvhere yee are?
 641 *Per.* Not well.
 642 1. Why Ile tell you, this I cald *Pantapoles*,
 643 And our King, the good *Symonides*.
 644 *Per.* The good *Symonides*, doe you call him?
 645 1. I fir, and he deserues so to be cal'd,
 646 For his peaceable raigne, and good gouernement.
 647 *Per.* He is a happy King, since he gaines from
 648 His subiects the name of good, by his gouernment.
 649 How farre is his Court distant from this shore?
 651 650 1. Mary fir, halfe a dayes iourney : And Ile tell you,
 651 He hath a faire Daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day,
 652 And there are Princes and Knights come from all partes of
 653 the World, to Iust and Turney for her loue.
 654 *Per.* Were my fortunes equal to my desires,
 655 I could wish to make one there.
 656 1. O fir, things must be as they may : and what a man can
 657 not get, he may lawfully deale for his Wiues foule.

658 *Enter the two Fisher-men, drawing vp a Net.*

- 659 2. Helpe Maister helpe; heere's a Fish hangs in the Net,
 660 Like a poore mans right in the law : t'will hardly come out.
 661 Ha bots on't, tis come at last ; & tis turnd to a rusty Armour.
 663 662 *Per.* An Armour friends ; I pray you let me see it?
 663 Thankes Fortune, yet that after all crosses,
 664 Thou giuest me somewhat to repaire my selfe :
 665 And though it was mine owne part of my heritage,
 666 Which my dead Father did bequeath to me,
 667 With this strict charge euen as he left his life,
 668 Keepe it my *Perycles*, it hath been a Shield
 669 Twixt me and death, and poynted to this brayfe,
 670 For that it faued me, keepe it in like neecessitie :

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all : for if all your beg- 637
gers were whipt. I would wish no better office, then to be 638
Beadle. But Master, I'll go draw the Net. 639

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour ? 640

1. Hark you, fir, do you know where ye are ? 641

Per. Not well. 642

1. I tell you, this is called *Pantapolis*, 643
And our King, the good *Symonides*. 644

Per. The good King *Symonides*, do you call him : 645

1. I fir, and he deserves so to be call'd, 646
For his peaceable reigne, and good government. 647

Per. He is a happy King, since he gains from 648
His Subjects, the name of good, by his government. 649

How far is his Court distant from this shore ? 650

1. Marry, fir, half a daies journey : and I'll tell you, he 651
hath a fair daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day, and 652
there are Princes and Knights come from all parts of the 653
world, to Just and Turney for her love. 654

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, 655
I could wish to make one there. 656

2. O fir, things must be as they may ; and what a man 657
Cannot get, he may lawfully deal for his wives foul. 658

Enter the two Fisher-men, drawing up a Net. 659

2. Help, Master, help, here's a fish hangs in the Net, like 660
a poor mans right in the law, 'twill hardly come out. Ha 661
bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty Armor. 662

Per. An Armor, friends, I pray you let me see it. 663
Thanks Fortune, yet that after all crosses, 664

Thou givest me somewhat to repair my self : 665

And though it was mine own part of mine heritage, 666

Which my dead father did bequeath to me, 667

With this strict charge, even as he left his life : 668

Keep it, my *Pericles*, it hath been a shield 669

'Twixt me and death ; and pointed to this Brayfe : 670

For that it saved me ; keep it in like necessity : 671

- 671 The which the Gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee:
 672 It kept where I kept, I so dearely lou'd it,
 673 Till the rough Seas, that spares not any man,
 674 Tooke it in rage, though calm'd, haue giuen't againe :
 675 I thanke thee for't, my shipwracke now's no ill,
 677 676 Since I haue heere my Father gaue in his Will
 677 1. What meane you fir?
 678 *Peri.* To begge of you(kind friends)this Coate of worth,
 679 For it was fometime Target to a King ;
 680 I know it by this marke : he loued me dearely,
 681 And for his sake, I with the hauing of it;
 682 And that you'd guide me to your Soueraignes Court,
 683 Where with it, I may appeare a Gentleman :
 684 And if that euer my low fortune's better,
 685 Ile pay your bounties ; till then, rest your debter.
 686 1. Why wilt thou turney for the Lady ?
 687 *Peri.* Ile shew the vertue I haue borne in Armes.
 688 1. Why do'e take it : and the Gods giue thee good an't.
 690 689 2. I but harke you my friend, t'was wee that made vp
 690 this Garment through the rough seames of the Waters :
 691 there are certaine Condolements, certaine Vailes : I hope
 692 fir; if you thriue, you'le remember from whence you had
 693 them.
 694 *Peri.* Beleeue't, I will :
 695 By your furtherance I am cloth'd in Steele,
 696 And spight of all the rupture of the Sea,
 697 This Iewell holdes his buylding on my arme :
 698 Vnto thy value I will mount my selfe
 699 699 Vpon a Courfer, whose delight steps,
 700 Shall make the gazer ioy to see him tread ;
 701 Onely(my friend) I yet am vnprouided of a paire of Bases.
 702 2. Wee'le fure prouide, thou shalt haue
 703 My best Gowne to make thee a paire;
 704 And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.
 705 *Peri.* Then Honour be but a Goale to my Will,
 706 This day Ile rise, or else adde ill to ill.

The which the gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee. 672
 It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it, 673
 Till the rough Seas (that spares not any man) 674
 Took it in rage, though calm'd hath given't again : 675
 I thank thee for't, my shipwrack now's no ill, 676
 Since I have here my fathers gift in's will. 677

1. What mean you, sir ? 678

Per. To beg of you (kind friends) this coat of worth, 679
 For it was fometime Target to a King, 680
 I know it by this mark : he loved me dearly, 681
 And for his sake, I wish the having of it : 682
 And that you'd guide me to your Sovereigns Court, 683
 Where with it I may appear a Gentleman : 684
 And if that ever my low fortune's better, 685
 I'll pay your bounties ; till then rest your debter. 686

1. Why, wilt thou turney for the Lady ? 687

Per. I'll shew the vertue I have born in Armes. 688

1. Why take it, and the gods give thee good an't. 689

2. But hark you, my friend, 'twas we that made up this 690
 garment through the rough feams of the waters : there are 691
 certain condolements, certain vails ; I hope, sir, if you 692
 thrive, you'll remember from whence you had them. 693

Per. Believe it I will : 694

By your furtherance I am cloathed in Steel, 695
 And spight of all the rupture of the sea, 696
 This Jewell holds his building on my arme : 697
 Unto thy value I will mount my self. 698
 Upon a Courser, whose delightfull steps, 699
 Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread ; 700
 Only(my friend)I yet am unprovided of a payre of Bafes. 701

2. We'll sure provide, thou shalt have 702

My best gown to make thee a pair ; 703
 And I'll bring thee to the Court my self. 704

Per. Then honour be but a Goal to my will, 705
 This day I'll rife, or else adde ill to ill. 706

707 *Enter Simonydes, with attendaunce, and Thaisa.*

708 *King.* Are the Knights ready to begin the Tryumph?

709 *I.Lord.* They are my Leidge, and stay your comming,
710 To present themfelues.

711 *King.* Returne them, We are ready, & our daughter heere,
712 In honour of whose Birth, these Triumphs are,
713 Sits heere like Beauties child, whom Nature gat,
714 For men to see; and seeing, woonder at.

715 *Thai.* It pleaseth you (my royall Father) to expresse
716 My Commendations great, whose merit's leffe.

717 *King.* It's fit it should be so, for Princes are
718 A modell which Heauen makes like to it selfe :
719 As Iewels loofe their glory, if neglected,
720 So Princes their Renownes, if not respected :
721 T'is now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine
722 The labour of each Knight, in his deuce.

723 *Thai.* Which to preferue mine honour, I'll performe.

724 *The first Knight passes by.*

725 *King.* Who is the first, that doth preferre himselfe?

726 *Thai.* A Knight of *Sparta* (my renowned father)

727 And the deuce he beares vpon his Shield,
728 Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne :
729 The word : *Lux tua vita mihi.*

730 *King.* He loues you well, that holdes his life of you.

731 *The second Knight.*

732 Who is the second, that presents himselfe?

733 *Tha.* A Prince of *Macedon* (my royall father)

734 And the deuce he beares vpon his Shield,

735 Is an Armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady :

736 The motto thus in Spanish. *Pue per doleera kee per forsa.*

737 *3. Knight. Kin.* And with the third?

738 *Thai.* The third, of *Antioch* ; and his deuce,

Enter Simonides with attendants, and Thaisa. 707

Are the Knights ready to begin the Triumph? 708

1. *Lord.* They are, my Liege, and stay your comming,
To present themselves. 709
710

King. Return them; we are ready, and our Daughter 711
In honour of whose birth. these triumphs are, (here, 712
Sits here like beauties child, whom Nature gat, 713
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. 714

Thai. It pleafeth you (my royall father) to expresse 715
My commendations great, whose merit's leffe. 716

King. It's fit it should be so; for Princes are 717
A modell which heaven makes like it self: 718
As Jewels lose their glory, if neglected, 719
So Princes their Renownes, if not respected. 720

'Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertain 721
The labour of each Knight, in his device. 722

Thai. Which to preserve mine honour, I'll perform. 723

The first Knight passes by. 724

King. Who is the first, that doth preferre himself? 725

Thai. A Knight of *Sparta* (my renowned Father) 726
And the device he beares upon his shield, 727
Is a black Æthiope reaching at the Sun; 728
The word; *Lux tua vita mihi.* 729

King. He loves you well, that holds his life of you. 730

The second Knight. 731

Who is the second, that presents himself? 732

Thai. A Prince of *Macedon* (my royall Father) 733
And the device he beares upon his Shield, 734
Is an armed Knight, that's conquer'd by a Lady. 735
The Motto thus in Spanish. *Pue Per doleera kee per forsa.* 736

The third Knight. 737

King. And what's the third? 738

Thai. The third of *Antioch*; and his device 739

739 A wreath of Chiually : the word : *Me Pompey prouexit apex.*

740 *4. Knight. Kin.* What is the fourth,

741 *Thai.* A burning Torch that's turned vpside downe;

742 The word : *Qui me alit me extinguit.*

743 *Kin.* Which shewes that Beautie hath his power & will,

746 744 Which can as well enflame, as it can kill.

745 *5. Knight. Thas.* The fift, an Hand enuironed with Clouds,

746 Holding out Gold, that's by the Touch-stone tride :

747 The motto thus : *Sic speēt anda fides.*

748 *6. Knight. Kin.* And what's the fixt, and laft; the which,

749 The knight himself with fuch a graceful courtesie deliuered?

750 *Thai.* Hee seemes to be a Stranger : but his Present is

751 A withered Branch, that's onely greene at top,

752 The motto : *In hac spe viuo.*

753 *Kin.* A pretty morrall frō the deiected state wherein he is,

754 He hopes by you, his fortunes yet may flourish.

755 *1. Lord.* He had need meane better, then his outward shew

761 756 Can any way speake in his iust commend :

757 For by his rustie outside he appeares,

758 To haue practis'd more the Whipstocke, then the Launce.

759 *2. Lord.* He well may be a Stranger, for he comes

760 To an honour'd tryumph, strangly furnisht.

761 *3. Lord.* And on set purpose let his Armour rust

762 Vntill this day, to scowre it in the dust.

763 *Kin.* Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs scan

764 The outward habit, by the inward man.

765 But stay, the Knights are comming,

766 We will with-draw into the Gallerie

772 767 *Great shoutes, and all cry, the meane Knight.*

768 *Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.*

769 *King.* Knights, to fay you're welcome, were superfluous.

- A wreath of Chivalry : the word, *Me Pompey provexit* 740
The fourth Knight. (apex. 741
King. What is the fourth ? 742
Thai. A burning Torch that's turn'd upside down ; 743
The word, *Qui me alit me extinguit.* 744
King. Which shewes that beauty hath his power and 745
Which can as well enflame, as it can kill. (will, 746
The fifth Knight. 747
Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds, 748
Holding out gold, that's by the touch-stone tri'd : 749
The Motto thus : *Sic spectanda fides.* 750
The sixth Knight. 751
King. And what's the sixth and last, the which the 752
Knight himself with such a gracefull courtesie deliverd ? 753
Thai. He seems to be a stranger : but his Present is 754
A withered Branch, that's onely green at top ; 755
The Motto, *In hac spe vivo.* 756
King. A pretty morall ; from the dejected state 757
wherein he is, he hopes by you his fortunes yet may 758
flourish. 759
1. *Lord.* He had need mean better then his outward 760
shew can any way speak in his just commend : For by 761
his rusty out-side, he appears to have practised more the 762
Whipstock, then the Lance. 763
2. *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes to 764
an honour'd triumph strangely furnisht. 765
3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust 766
Untill this day, to scowre it in the dust. 767
King. Opinion's but a foole, that make us scan 768
The outward habit by the inward man. 769
But stay, the Knights are comming, 770
We will withdraw into the Gallery. 771
Great shouts, and all cry, the mean Knight. 772

Enter the King and Knights from Tiling. 773
King. Knights, to say you're welcome, were superfluous. 774

- 770 I place vpon the volume of your deedes,
 771 As in a Title page, your worth in armes,
 772 Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
 773 Since euery worth in shew commends it felfe :
 774 Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a Feast.
 775 You are Princes, and my guesstes.
 776 *Thai.* But you my Knight and guesst,
 777 To whom this Wreath of victorie I giue,
 778 And crowne you King of this dayes happineffe.
 784 779 *Peri.* Tis more by Fortune(Lady)then my Merit.
 780 *King.* Call it by what you will, the day is your,
 781 And here (I hope) is none that enuies it :
 782 In framing an Artift, art hath thus decreed,
 783 To make some good, but others to exceed,
 784 And you are her labourd scholler : come Queene a th'feast,
 785 For (Daughter) fo you are ; heere take your place :
 786 Martiall the rest, as they deferue their grace.
 787 *Knights.* We are honour'd much by good *Symonides.*
 788 *King.* Your prefence glads our dayes, honour we loue,
 789 For who hates honour, hates the Gods aboue.
 790 *Marshal.* Sir, yonder is your place.
 791 *Peri.* Some other is more fit.
 797 792 *I.Knight.* Contend not fir, for we are Gentlemen,
 793 Haue neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
 794 Enuies the great, nor shall the low despise.
 795 *Peri.* You are right courtious Knights.
 796 *King.* Sit fir, fit.
 797 By *Ioue*(I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
 798 These Cates resist mee, hee not thought vpon.
 799 *Tha.* By *Iuno* (that is Queene of mariage)
 800 All Viands that I eate do seeme vnfaury,
 801 Wishing him my meat : fure hee's a gallant Gentleman.
 802 *Kin.* Hee's but a countrie Gentleman: ha's done no more
 803 Then other Knights haue done, ha's broken a Staffe,
 809 804 Or fo ; fo let it passe.
 805 *Tha.* To mee he seemes like Diamond, to Glaffe.

I place upon the volume of your deeds,	775
As in a Title page, your worth in armes,	776
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,	777
Since every worth in shew commends it self :	778
Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feast.	779
You are Princes, and my guests.	780
<i>Thai.</i> But you, my Knight and guest,	781
To whom this wreathe of victory I give,	782
And Crown you King of this dayes happinesse.	783
<i>Per.</i> 'Tis more by fortune (Lady) then by merit.	784
<i>King.</i> Call it by what you will, the day is yours,	785
And here, I hope, is none that envies it :	786
In framing an Artift, Art hath thus decreed,	787
To make some good, but others to exceed,	788
And you her labour'd Schollar : come, Queen oth' Feast,	789
For (Daughter) so you are, here take your place :	790
Martiall the rest, as they deserve their grace.	791
<i>Knights.</i> We are honoured much by good <i>Symoni des.</i>	792
<i>King.</i> Your preference glads our dayes, honour we love,	793
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.	794
<i>Marsh.</i> Sir, yonder is your place.	795
<i>Per.</i> Some other is more fit.	796
1. <i>Knight.</i> Contend not, fir, for we are Gentlemen,	797
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,	798
Envy the great, nor doe the low despise.	799
<i>Per.</i> You are right courteous Knights.	800
<i>King.</i> Sit, fit, fit.	801
By <i>Fove</i> (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,	802
These Cates resist me, he not thought upon.	803
<i>Thai.</i> By <i>Funo</i> (that is Queen of Marriage)	804
All Viands that I eat doe seem unfavoury,	805
Wishing him my meat : fure he's a gallant Gentleman.	806
<i>King.</i> He's but a country gentleman : has done no more	807
Then other Knights have done, has broken a staffe,	808
Or so ; let it passe.	809
<i>Thai.</i> To me he seems a Diamond to Glasse.	810

- 806 *Peri.* You Kings to mee, like to my fathers picture,
 807 Which tels in that glory once he was,
 808 Had Princes fit like Starres about his Throane,
 809 And hee the Sunne for them to reuerence;
 810 None that beheld him, but like leffer lights,
 811 Did vaile their Crownes to his supremacie;
 812 Where now his sonne like a Gloworme in the night,
 813 The which hath Fire in darkneffe, none in light:
 814 Whereby I fee that Time's the King of men,
 815 Hee's both their Parent, and he is their Graue,
 816 And giues them what he will, not what they craue.
- 822 817 *King.* What, are you merry, Knights?
 818 *Knights.* Who can be other, in this royall prefence.
 819 *King.* Heere, with a Cup that's stur'd vnto the brim,
 820 As do you loue, fill to your Miftris lippes,
 821 Wee drinke this health to you.
 822 *Knights.* We thanke your Grace.
 823 *King.* Yet pause awhile, yon Knight doth fit too melan-
 824 As if the entertainement in our Court, (choly,
 825 Had not a shew might counteruaile his worth :
 826 Note it not you, *Thaisa.*
 827 *Tha.* What is't to me, my father ?
- 833 828 *king.* O attend my Daughter,
 829 Princes in this, should liue like Gods aboue,
 830 Who freely giue to euery one that come to honour them :
 831 And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,
 832 Which make a found, but kild, are wondred at:
 833 Therefore to make his entraunce more sweet,
 834 Heere, say wee drinke this standing boule of wine to him.
 835 *Tha.* Alas my Father, it befits not mee,
 836 Vnto a stranger Knight to be so bold,
 837 He may my profer take for an offence,
 838 Since men take womens giftes for impudence.
 839 *king.* How? doe as I bid you, or you'll moue me else.
 840 *Tha.* Now by the Gods, he could not please me better.
- 846 841 *king.* And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him
 842 Of whence he is, his name, and Parentage?

- Per.* Yon King's to me, like to my Father's picture, 811
 Which tells me in that glory once he was, 812
 And Princes fat like starres about his Throne, 813
 And he the Sun, for them to reverence ; 814
 None that beheld him, but like leffer lights, 815
 Did vaile their Crowns to his supreamacy ; 816
 Where now his Son, like a Glo-worm in the night, 817
 The which hath fire in darknesse none in light : 818
 Whereby I see that Time's the King of men, 819
 For he's their Parents, and he is their grave, 820
 And gives them what he will, not what they crave. 821
- King.* What, are you merry, Knights ? 822
- Knights.* Who can be other in this royall prefence ? 823
- King.* Here, with a cup that's stirr'd unto the brimme, 824
 As you doe love, fill to your Mistresse lips, 825
 We drink this health to you. 826
- Knights.* We thank your Grace. 827
- King.* Yet pawse a while ; yon Knight doth fit too me- 828
 As if the entertainment in our Court, (lancholly, 829
 Had not a shew might countervaille his worth : 830
 Note it not you, *Thaisa* ; 831
- Thai.* What is't to me, my Father ? 832
- King.* O, attend, my Daughter, 833
 Princes in this, should live like gods above, 834
 Who freely give to every one that come to honour them : 835
 And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats, 836
 Which make a sound, but kill'd, are wondred at : 837
 Therefore to make his entrance now more sweet, 838
 Here, say we drink this standing bowle of wine to him. 839
- Thai.* Alasse, my Father, it befits not me, 840
 Unto a stranger Knight to be so bold, 841
 He may my proffer take for an offence, 842
 Since men take womens gifts for impudence. 843
- King.* How ? doe as I bid you, or you'll move me else. 844
- Thai.* Now by the gods, he could not please me better. 845
- King.* And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of 846
 Of whence he is, his name and Parentage. (him, 847

843 *Tha.* The King my father (fir) has drunke to you.

844 *Peri.* I thanke him.

845 *Tha.* Wifhing it fo much blood vnto your life.

846 *Peri.* I thanke both him and you, and pledge him freely.

847 *Tha.* And further, he defires to know of you,

848 Of whence you are, your name and parentage ?

849 *Peri.* A Gentleman of *Tyre*, my name *Pericles*,

850 My education beene in Artes and Armes :

851 Who looking for aduentures in the world,

852 Was by the rough Seas reft of Ships and men,

853 and after shipwracke, driuen vpon this shore.

859 854 *Tha.* He thankes your Grace; names himfelfe *Pericles*,

855 A Gentleman of *Tyre* : who onely by misfortune of the feas,

856 Bereft of Shippes and Men, caft on this shore.

857 *king.* Now by the Gods, I pittie his misfortune,

858 And will awake him from his melancholy,

859 Come Gentlemen, we fit too long on trifles,

860 And wafte the time which looks for other reuels;

861 Euen in your Armour as you are addrest,

862 Will well become a Souldiers daunce :

863 I will not haue excufe with faying this,

864 Lowd Muficke is too harfh for Ladyes heads,

865 Since they loue men in armes, as well as beds.

871 866 *They daunce.*

867 So, this was well askt, t'was fo well perform'd.

868 Come fir, heer's a Lady that wants breathing too,

869 And I haue heard, you Knights of *Tyre*,

870 Are excellent in making Ladyes trippe;

871 And that their Meafures are as excellent.

872 *Peri.* In thofe that praëtize them, they are (my Lord.)

873 *king.* Oh that's as much, as you would be denyed

874 Of your faire courtesie : vnclafpe, vnclafpe.

875 *They daunce.*

876 Thankes Gentlemen to all, all haue done well;

877 But you the beft : Pages and lights, to conduct

883 878 Thefe Knights vnto their feuerall Lodgings :

879 Yours fir, we haue giuen order be next our owne.

<i>Thai.</i> The King my Father (fir) hath drunk to you.	848
<i>Per.</i> I thank him.	849
<i>Thai.</i> Wishing it fo much blood unto your life.	850
<i>Per.</i> I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.	851
<i>Thai.</i> And further, he defires to know of you,	852
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.	853
<i>Per.</i> A Gentleman of <i>Tyre</i> , my name <i>Pericles</i> ,	854
My education been in Arts and Armes.	855
Who looking for adventures in the world,	856
Was by the rough Seas reft of fhips and men,	857
And after fhip-wrack, driven upon this fhore.	858
<i>Thai.</i> He thanks your Grace ; names himfelf <i>Pericles</i> ,	859
A Gentleman of <i>Tyre</i> , who only by misfortune of the feas,	860
Bereft of fhips and men, caft on the fhore.	861
<i>King.</i> Now by the gods, I pittty his misfortune,	862
And will awake him from his melancholly.	863
Come, Gentlemen, we fit too long on trifles,	864
And wafte the time, which looks for other revels.	865
Even in your armours as you are addrefst,	866
Will very well become a Souldiers dance :	867
I will not ha ve excufe, with faying that	868
Loud Mufick is too harfh for Ladies heads,	869
Since they love men in Armes, as well as beds.	870
<i>They Dance.</i>	871
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas well perform'd,	872
Come, fir, here's a Lady that wants breathing too :	873
And I have heard, you Knights of <i>Tyre</i> ,	874
Are excellent in making Ladies trip,	875
And that their meafures are as excellent.	876
<i>Per.</i> In thofe that praçtife them, they are (my Lord.)	877
<i>King.</i> Oh that's as much, as you would be deny'd	878
Of your fair courtesie : unclafpe, unclafpe.	879
<i>They Dance.</i>	880
Thanks, Gentlemen, to all ; all have done well,	881
But you the beft : Pages and lights, to conduct	882
Thefe Knights unto their feverall Lodgings :	883
Yours, fir, we have given order to be next our own.	884

880 *Peri.* I am at your Graces pleasure.
 881 Princes, it is too late to talke of Loue,
 882 And that's the marke I know, you leuell at:
 883 Therefore each one betake him to his rest,
 884 To morrow all for speeding do their best.

890 885 *Enter Hellicanus and Escanes.*

886 *Hell.* No *Escanes*, know this of mee,
 887 *Antiochus* from incest liued not free:
 888 For which the most high Gods not minding,
 889 Longer to with-hold the vengeance that
 890 They had in store, due to this heynous
 891 Capitall offence, euen in the height and pride
 892 Of all his glory, when he was feated in
 893 A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter
 894 With him; a fire from heauen came and shriued
 895 Vp those bodyes euen to lothing, for they so stounke,
 896 That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
 902 897 Scorene now their hand should giue them buriall.

898 *Escanes.* T'was very strange.

899 *Hell.* And yet but iustice; for though this King were great,
 900 His greatnesse was no gard to barre heauens shaft,
 901 But sinne had his reward.

902 *Escan.* Tis very true.

903 *Enter two or three Lords.*

909 904 *1. Lord.* See, not a man in priuate conference,
 905 Or counsaile, ha's respect with him but hee.

906 *2. Lord.* It shall no longer grieue, without reprove.

907 *3. Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it.

908 *1. Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellicane*, a word.

909 *Hell.* With mee? and welcome happy day, my Lords.

910 *1. Lord.* Know, that our griefes are risen to the top,

911 And now at length they ouer-flow their bankes.

912 *Hell.* Your griefes, for what?

918 913 Wrong not your Prince, you loue.

Per. I am at your Graces pleasure. 885
King. Princes, it is too late to talk of love, 886
 And that's the marke I know you levell at : 887
 Therefore each one betake him to his rest, 888
 To morrow, all for speedeing doe their best. 889

Enter Hellicanus, and Escanes. 890

Hell. No, *Escanes*, know this of me, 891
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free : 892
 For which, the most high gods not minding 893
 Longer to with-hold the vengeance that 894
 They had in store, due to his hainous 895
 Capitall offence ; even in the height and pride 896
 Of all his glory, when he was seated in 897
 A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his Daughter 898
 With him ; a fire from heaven came and shrivel'd 899
 Up those bodies, even to loathing, for they so stunk, 900
 That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall, 901
 Scorn now their hand should give them buriall. 902

Escanes. It was very strange. (great, 903

Hell. And yet but justice ; for though this King were 904
 His greatnesse was no guard to barre heavens shaft. 905
 By sin had his reward. 906

Escan. 'Tis very true. 907

Enter two or three Lords. 908

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference, 909
 Or counsell, hath respect with him but he. 910

2. *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof. 911

3. *Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it. 912

1. *Lord.* Follow me then : Lord *Hellicane*, a word. 913

Hell. With me ? and welcome, happy day, my Lords. 914

1. *Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen to the top, 915
 And now at length they over-flow their banks. 916

Hell. Your griefs, for what ? 917

Wrong not your Prince you love. 918

- 914 1.*Lord.* Wrong not your selfe then, noble *Hellican*,
 915 But if the Prince do liue, let vs salute him,
 916 Or know what ground's made happy by his breath :
 917 If in the world he liue, wee'le seeke him out :
 918 If in his Graue he rest, wee'le find him there.
 919 And be resolued he liues to gouerne vs:
 920 Or dead, giue's caufe to mourne his funerall,
 921 And leaue vs to our free election.
- 927 2.*Lord.* Whose death in deed, the strongest in our fenfure,
 923 And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
 924 Like goodly Buyldings left without a Roofe,
 925 Soone fall to ruine : your noble selfe,
 926 That best know how to rule, and how to raigne,
 927 Wee thus submit vnto our Soueraigne.
- 928 *Omnes.* Liue noble *Hellicane*.
- 929 *Hell.* Try honours caufe ; forbear your suffrages :
 930 If that you loue Prince *Pericles*, forbear,
 931 (Take I your wish, I leape into the seas,
 932 Where's howerly trouble, for a minuts ease)
 933 A twelue-month longer, let me intreat you
 934 To forbear the absence of your King ;
 935 If in which time expir'd, he not returne,
 936 I shall with aged patience beare your yoake :
- 942 937 But if I cannot winne you to this loue,
 938 Goe search like nobles, like noble subiects,
 939 And in your search, spend your aduenturous worth,
 940 Whom if you find, and winne vnto returne,
 941 You shall like Diamonds fit about his Crowne.
- 942 1.*Lord.* To wifedome, hee's a foole, that will not yeeld :
 943 And since Lord *Hellicane* enioyneth vs,
 944 We with our trauels will endeaour.
- 945 *Hell.* Then you loue vs, we you, & wee'le claspe hands:
 946 When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome euer stands.
- 947 *Enter the King reading of a letter at one doore,*
 948 *the Knightes meete him.*
- 954 949 1.*Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Simonides*.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not your self then, noble *Hellican*, 919
 But if the Prince doe live, let us salute him, 920
 Or know what ground's made happy by his breath : 921
 If in the world he live, we'll seek him out : 922
 If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there, 923
 And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us : 924
 Or dead, give's cause to mourn his Funerall, 925
 And leave us to our free Election. 926

2. *Lor.* Whose death indeed, the strongest in our censure, 927
 And knowing this Kingdome is without a head, 928
 Like goodly buildings left without a Roof, 929
 Soon fall to ruine : your noble self, 930
 That best knowes how to rule, and how to reign. 931
 We thus submit unto our Sovereign. 932

Omnes. Live, noble *Hellican*. 933

Hell. Try honours cause ; forbear your suffrages : 934
 If that you love Prince *Pericles*, forbear, 935
 (Take I your wish, I leap into the Seas, 936
 Where's hourly trouble, for a minutes ease) 937
 A twelve-moneth longer, let me entreat you 938
 To forbear the absence of your King ; 939
 If in which time expir'd, he not return, 940
 I shall with aged patience bear your yoke. 941
 But if I cannot win you to this love, 942
 Go search like Nobles, like noble Subjects, 943
 And in your search, spend your adventurous worth, 944
 Whom if you finde, and winne unto return, 945
 You shall like Diamonds fit about his Crown. 946

1. *Lord.* To wifedome, he's a foole that will not yield, 947
 And since Lord *Hellican* enjoyneth us, 948
 We with our travels will endeavour. 949

Hell. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands, 950
 When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome ever stands. *Exit.* 951

Enter the King reading of a Letter, at one door, 952
and the Knights meet him. 953

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Simonides*. 954

- 950 *King.* Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
 951 That for this twelue-month, shee'le not vndertake
 952 A married life : her reason to her selfe is onely knowne,
 953 Which from her, by no meanes can I get.
 954 2. *Knight.* May we not get acceffe to her(my Lord?)
 955 *king.* Fayth, by no meanes, she hath so strictly
 956 Tyed her to her Chamber, that t'is imposible :
 957 One twclue Moones more shee'le weare *Dianas* liuerie:
 958 This by the eye of *Cinthya* hath she vowed,
 959 And on her Virgin honour, will not breake it.
- 965 3. *knight.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaues.
 961 *king.* So, they are well difpatcht :
 962 Now to my daughters Letter ; she telles me heere,
 963 Shee'le wedde the stranger Knight,
 964 Or neuer more to view nor day nor light.
 965 T'is well Miftris, your choyce agrees with mine :
 966 I like that well : nay how absolute she's in't,
 967 Not minding whether I dislike or no.
 968 Well, I do commend her choyce, and will no longer
 969 Haue it be delayed : Soft, heere he comes,
 975 970 I must difsemble it.

971 *Enter Pericles.*

- 972 *Peri.* All fortune to the good *Symonides*.
 973 *King.* To you as much : Sir, I am behoulding to you
 974 For your sweete Muficke this laft night :
 975 I do proteft, my eares were neuer better fedde
 976 With fuch delightfull pleasing harmonie.
 977 *Peri.* It is your Graces pleafure to commend,
 978 Not my defert.
 979 *king.* Sir, you are Mufickes maifter.
 980 *Peri.* The wort of all her fchollers (my good Lord.)
 981 *king.* Let me aske you one thing :
 987 982 What do you thinke of my Daughter, fir ?
 983 *Peri.* A moft vertuous Princeffe.
 984 *king.* And she is faire too, is she not?

King. Knights, from my Daughter this I let you know, 955
That for this twelve-moneth, she'll not undertake 956
A married life : her reason to her self is onely known, 957
Which yet from her by no meanes can I get. 958

2. *Knight.* May we not get accessse to her (my Lord) 959

King. Faith, by no meanes, she hath so strictly 960
Ti'd her to her Chamber, that 'tis impossible : 961
One twelve Moons more she'll wear *Dianaes* livery : 962
This by the eye of *Cynthia* hath she vowed, 963
And on her Virgin honour will not break. 964

3. *Knig.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves. *Exit.* 965

King. So, they are well dispatcht, 966
Now to my daughters Letter ; she tells me here, 967
She'll wed the stranger Knight, 968
Or never more to view nor day nor light. 969
'Tis well, Mistris, your choyce agrees with mine, 970
I like that well : nay how absolute she's in't, 971
Not minding whether I dislike or no. 972
Well, I doe commend her choyce, and will no longer 973
Have it be delayed : soft, here he comes, 974
I must diffemble it. 975

Enter Pericles. 976

Per. All fortune to the good *Simonides.* 977

King. To you as much : Sir, I am beholding to you, 978
For your sweet musick this last night : 979
I doe protest, my eares were never better fed 980
With such delightfull pleasing harmony. 981

Per. It is your Graces pleasure to commend, 982
Not my desert. 983

King. Sir, you are Musicks master. 984

Per. The worst of all her Schollars(my good Lord) 985

King. Let me aske you one thing. 986
What doe you think of my Daughter, sir ? 987

Per. A most virtuous Princeffe. 988

King. And she's fair too, is she not ? 989

- 985 *Peri.* As a faire day in Sommer : woondrous faire.
 986 *king.* Sir, my Daughter thinkes very well of you,
 987 I fo well, that you must be her Maister,
 988 And she will be your Scholler ; therefore looke to it.
 989 *Peri.* I am vnworthy for her Scholemaister.
 990 *king.* She thinkes not so : peruse this writing elfe.
 991 *Per.* What's here, a letter that she loues the knight of Tyre?
 997 992 T'is the Kings subtiltie to haue my life :
 993 Oh seeke not to intrappe me, gracious Lord,
 994 A Stranger, and distressed Gentleman,
 995 That neuer aymed fo hie, to loue your Daughter,
 996 But bent all offices to honour her.
 997 *king.* Thou hast bewicht my daughter,
 998 And thou art a villaine.
 999 *Peri.* By the Gods I haue not ; neuer did thought
 1000 Of mine leuie offence ; nor neuer did my actions
 1001 Yet commence a deed might gaine her louc,
 1002 Or your displeasure.
 1008 1003 *king.* Traytor, thou lyeft.
 1004 *Peri.* Traytor?
 1005 *king.* I, traytor.
 1006 *Peri.* Euen in his throat, vnlesse it be the King,
 1007 That calls me Traytor, I returne the lye.
 1008 *king.* Now by the Gods, I do applaude his courage.
 1009 *Peri.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
 1010 That neuer relisht of a base difcent :
 1011 I came vnto your Court for Honours cause,
 1012 And not to be a Rebelle to her state :
 1013 And he that otherwife accountes of mee,
 1019 1014 This Sword shall prooue, hee's Honours enemie.
 1015 *king.* No?heere comes my Daughter, she can witnesse it.

 1016 *Enter Thaisa.*
 1017 *Peri.* Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,
 1018 Resolue your angry Father, if my tongue
 1019 Did ere folicite, or my hand subscribe
 1020 To any fillable that made loue to you?

<i>Per.</i> As a fair day in Summer : wondrous fair.	990
<i>King.</i> Sir, my Daughter thinks very well of you,	991
I, so well, that you must be her Master,	992
And she will be your Schollar ; therefore look to it.	993
<i>Per.</i> I am unworthy to be her Schoolmaster.	994
<i>King.</i> She thinks not so, peruse this writing else.	995
<i>Per.</i> What's here, a Letter, that she loves the Knight of	996
'Tis the King's subtilty to have my life : (Tyre?)	997
Oh feek not to intrap me, gracious Lord,	998
A stranger and distressed Gentleman,	999
That never aim'd so high to love your Daughter,	1000
But bent all offices to honour her.	1001
<i>King.</i> Thou hast bewicht my Daughter,	1002
And thou art a Villain.	1003
<i>Per.</i> By the gods I have not ; never did thought	1004
Of mine levy offence ; nor never did my actions	1005
Yet commence, a deed might gain her love,	1006
Or your displeasure.	1007
<i>King.</i> Traitor, thou lyest.	1008
<i>Per.</i> Traitor !	1009
<i>King.</i> I, Traitor.	1010
<i>Per.</i> Even in his throat, unlesse it be a King,	1011
That calls me Traitor, I return the lye.	1012
<i>King.</i> Now by the gods I doe applaud his courage.	1013
<i>Per.</i> My actions are as noble as my thoughts,	1014
That never rellisht of a base descent :	1015
I came unto the Court for honours cause,	1016
And not be a Rebel to her state :	1017
And he that otherwife accounts of me,	1018
This Sword shall prove, he's honours enemy.	1019
<i>King.</i> No? here comes my Daughter, she can witness it.	1020
<i>Enter Thaisa.</i>	
<i>Per.</i> Then as you are as virtuous, as fair,	1021
Resolve your angry Father, if my tongue	1022
Did e're folicite, or my hand subscribe	1023
To any syllable that made love to you ?	1024
	1025

- 1021 *Thai.* Why fir, fay if you had, who takes offence?
 1027 1022 At that, would make me glad?
 1023 *King.* Yea Miftris, are you fo peremptorie?
 1024 I am glad on't with all my heart,
 1025 Ile tame you; Ile bring you in fubiection. *Afide.*
 1026 Will you not, hauing my confent,
 1027 Bestow your loue and your affections,
 1028 Vpon a Stranger?who for ought I know,
 1029 May be (nor can I thinke the contrary) *Afide.*
 1030 As great in blood as I my felfe :
 1031 Therefore, heare you Miftris, either frame
 1037 1032 Your will to mine : and you fir, heare you;
 1033 Either be rul'd by mee, or Ile make you,
 1034 Man and wife : nay come, your hands,
 1035 And lippes muft feale it too : and being ioynd,
 1036 Ile thus your hopes deftroj, and for further grieffe :
 1037 God giue you ioy ; what are you both pleased ?
 1038 *Tha.* Yes, if you loue me fir?
 1039 *Peri.* Euen as my life, my blood that fosters it.
 1040 *King.* What are you both agreed?
 1041 *Ambo.* Yes if't please your Maieftie.
 1042 *King.* It pleafeth me fo well, that I will fee you wed,
 1048 1043 And then with what hafte you can, get you to bed. *Exeunt.*

1044

Enter Gower.

- 1045 Now fleepe yflacked hath the rout,
 1046 No din but fnores about the houfe,
 1047 Made louder by the orefed breaft,
 1048 Of this moft pompous maryage Feaft :
 1049 The Catte with eyne of burning cole,
 1050 Now couthes from the Moufes hole;
 1051 And Cricket fing at the Ouens mouth,
 1052 Are the blyther for their drouth :
 1053 *Hymen* hath brought the Bride to bed,

<i>Thai.</i> Why, fir, if you had, who takes offence,	1026
At that would make me glad ?	1027
<i>King.</i> Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory ?	1028
I am glad of it withall my heart,	<i>Afide.</i> 1029
I'll tame you, I'll bring you in subjection.	1030
Will you, not having my consent,	1031
Bestow your love and your affections,	1032
Upon a stranger ? who, for ought I know,	<i>Afide.</i> 1033
May be (nor can I think the contrary)	1034
As great in blood as I my self.	1035
Therefore hear you, Mistressse, either frame	1036
Your will to mine ; and you, fir, hear you,	1037
Either be rul'd by me, or I'll make you-----	1038
Man and Wife ; nay, come your hands	1039
And lips must seale it too : and being joyn'd,	1040
I'll thus your hopes destroy, and for further grief,	1041
God give you joy ; what, are you both pleased ?	1042
<i>Thai.</i> Yes, if you love me, fir.	1043
<i>Per.</i> Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.	1044
<i>King.</i> What, are you both agreed ?	1045
<i>Amb.</i> Yes, if it please your Majesty.	1046
<i>King.</i> It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,	1047
And then with what haste you can, get you to bed.	1048

Enter Gower. 1049

<i>Now ysleep slaked hath the rout,</i>	1050
<i>No din but snores about the house.</i>	1051
<i>Made louder by the ore-fee beast,</i>	1052
<i>Of this most pompous marriage feast :</i>	1053
<i>The Cat with eyne of burning coale,</i>	1054
<i>Now couches from the Mouses hole ;</i>	1055
<i>And Cricket sing at the Ovens mouth,</i>	1056
<i>Are the blither for their drouth :</i>	1057
<i>Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,</i>	1058

1054 Whereby the losse of maydenhead,
 1055 A Babe is moulded : be attent,
 1061 1056 And Time that is so briefly spent,
 1057 With your fine fancies quaintly each,
 1058 What's dumbe in shew, I'le plaine with speach.

1059 *Enter Pericles and Symonides at one dore with attendantes,*
 1060 *a Messenger meet es them, kneeles and giues Pericles a letter,*
 1061 *Pericles shewes it Symonides, the Lords kneele to him ;*
 1062 *then enter Thayfa with child, with Lichorida a nurse,*
 1063 *the King shewes her the letter, she reioyces : she and Pericles*
 1064 *take leaue of her father, and depart.*

1071 1065 By many a dearne and painefull pearch
 1066 Of *Perycles* the carefull search,
 1067 By the fower opposing Crignes,
 1068 Which the world together ioynes,
 1069 Is made with all due diligence,
 1070 That horfe and fayle and hie expence,
 1071 Can steed the quest at laft from *Tyre*:
 1072 Fame anfwering the most strange enquire,
 1073 To'th Court of King *Symonides*,
 1074 Are Letters brought, the tenour these :
 1075 *Antiochus* and his daughter dead,
 1076 The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
 1077 Of *Helycanus* would fet on
 1078 The Crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none :
 1085 1079 The mutanie, hee there haftes t'oppreffe.
 1080 Sayes to'em, if King *Pericles*
 1081 Come not home in twife fixe Moones,
 1082 He obedient to their doomes,
 1083 Will take the Crowne : the fumme of this,
 1084 Brought hither to *Penlapolis*,
 1085 Iranyshed the regions round,
 1086 And euery one with claps can found,

Where by the losse of Maiden-head, 1059
A Babe is moulded, by attent, 1060
And time that is so briefly spent, 1061
With your fine fancies quaintly each, 1062
What's dumbe in shew, I'le plain with speech. 1063

Enter *Pericles* and *Simonides* at one door with atten- 1064
 dants, a Messenger meets them, kneeles, and gives *Pe-* 1065
ricles a Letter, *Pericles* shewes it *Simonides*, the Lords 1066
 kneele to him ; then enter *Thaisa* with childe, with 1067
Lychorida a Nurse, the King shewes her the Letter, 1068
 she rejoyces : she and *Pericles* take leave of her Father, 1069
 and depart. 1070

By many a dearme and painfull pearch 1071
Of Pericles, the carefull search, 1072
By the four opposing Crignes, 1073
Which the world together joynes, 1074
Is made with all due diligence, 1075
That horse and saile, and high expence, 1076
Can steed the quest at last from Tyre, 1077
Fame answering the most strange enquire, 1078
To th' Court of King Simonides, 1079
Are Letters brought, the tenour these : 1080
Antiochus and his Daughter's dead, 1081
The men of Tyrus, on the head 1082
Of Hellicanus would set on 1083
The Crown of Tyre, but he will none : 1084
The mutiny, he there hastes t' oppresse, 1085
Sayes to them, if King Pericles 1086
Come not home in twice six Moones, 1087
He, obedient to their doomes, 1088
Will take the Crown : the summe of this 1089
Brought hither to Pentapolis, 1090
Irony shed the Regions round, 1091
And every one with claps can sound, 1092

1087 Our heyre apparant is a King :
 1088 Who dreamt? who thought of fuch a thing?
 1089 Briefe he muft hence depart to *Tyre*,
 1096 1090 His Queene with child, makes her desire,
 1091 Which who fhall croffe along to goe,
 1092 Omit we all their dole and woe :
 1093 *Lichorida* her Nurfe ſhe takes,
 1094 And fo to Sea; their veffell fhakes,
 1095 On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the flood,
 1096 Hath their Keele cut : but fortune mou'd,
 1097 Varies againe, the grifled North
 1104 1098 Difgorges fuch a tempeft forth,
 1099 That as a Ducke for life that diues,
 1100 So vp and downe the poore Ship driues.
 1101 The Lady fhreekes, and wel-a-neare,
 1102 Do's fall in trauayle with her feare :
 1103 And what enfues in this fell ſtorme,
 1104 Shall for it ſelfe, it ſelfe performe :
 1105 I will relate, action may
 1106 Conueniently the reſt conuay;
 1107 Which might not? what by me is told,
 1108 In your imagination hold :
 1109 This Stage, the Ship, vpon whoſe Decke
 1116 1110 The ſeas toft *Pericles* appears to ſpeake.

1111

Enter Pericles a Shipboard.

1112 *Peri.* The God of this great Vaſt, rebuke theſe furies,
 1113 Which waſh both heauen and hell, and thou that haſt
 1114 Vpon the Windes commaund, bind them in Braſſe;
 1115 Hauing call'd them from the deepe, ô ſtill
 1116 Thy deafning dreadfull thunders, gently quench
 1117 Thy nimble fulphirous flaſhes : ô How *Lychorida* !
 1118 How does my Queene? then ſtorme venomouſly,
 1119 Wilt thou ſpeat all thy ſelfe? the ſea-mans Whiſtle
 1120 Is as a whiſper in the eares of death,
 1121 Vnheard *Lychorida*? *Lucina*, oh !

<i>Our heir apparant is a King :</i>	1093
<i>Who dreamt ? who thought of such a thing ?</i>	1094
<i>Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre,</i>	1095
<i>His Queen with child, makes her desire,</i>	1096
<i>Which who shall crosse along to go,</i>	1097
<i>Omit we all their dole and woe :</i>	1098
<i>Lychorida her Nurse she takes,</i>	1099
<i>And so to Sea ; then vessell shakes,</i>	1100
<i>On Neptunes billow, half the flood,</i>	1101
<i>Hath their Keele cut : but fortune mov'd</i>	1102
<i>Varies again, the grisly North</i>	1103
<i>Disgorges such a tempest forth,</i>	1104
<i>That as a Duck for life that drives,</i>	1105
<i>So up and down the poor ship dives :</i>	1106
<i>The Lady shrieks, and well-a-near,</i>	1107
<i>Doth fall in travell with her fear :</i>	1108
<i>And what ensues in this self storme,</i>	1109
<i>Shall for it self, it self perform :</i>	1110
<i>I will relate, action may</i>	1111
<i>Conveniently the rest convey ;</i>	1112
<i>Which might not ? what by me is told,</i>	1113
<i>In your imagination hold :</i>	1114
<i>This Stage, the Ship, upon whose Deck,</i>	1115
<i>The Seas tost Pericles, appeares to speak.</i>	1116

Enter Pericles on Shipboard. 1117

<i>Per.</i> The God of this great vast, rebuke these furies	1118
Which wash both heaven and hell, and thou that haft	1119
Upon the windes command, bind them in Braffe,	1120
Having call'd them from the deep, O still	1121
Thy dearning dreadfull thunders ; daily quench	1122
Thy nimble fulpherous flashes : O how, <i>Lychorida ?</i>	1123
How does my Queen ? then storm venomously,	1124
Wilt thou spet all thy self ? the Seamans whistle	1125
Is a whiſper in the eares of death,	1126
Unheard <i>Lychorida ? Lucina, oh !</i>	1127

1122 Diuineſt patrioneffe, and my wife gentle
 1123 To thoſe that cry by night, conuey thy deitie
 1124 Aboard our dauncing Boat, make ſwift the pangues
 1125 Of my Queenes trauayles ? now *Lychorida*.

1132 1126 *Enter Lychorida.*

1127 *Lychor.* Heere is a thing too young for ſuch a place,
 1128 Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to doe :
 1129 Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.

1130 *Peri.* How? how *Lychorida* ?

1131. *Lycho.* Patience(good fir) do not aſſift the ſtorme,
 1132 Heer's all that is left liuing of your Queene ;
 1133 A litle Daughter : for the ſake of it,
 1134 Be manly, and take comfort.

1141 1135 *Per.* O you Gods !

1136 Why do you make vs loue your goodly gyfts,
 1137 And ſnatch them ſtraight away? we heere below,
 1138 Recall not what we giue, and therein may
 1139 Vſe honour with you.

1140 *Lycho.* Patience (good fir) euen for this charge.

1141 *Per.* Now mylde may be thy life,

1142 For a more blustering birth had neuer Babe:

1143 Quiet and gentle thy conditions; for

1144 Thou art the rudelyeſt welcome to this world,

1145 That euer was Princes Child : happy what followes,

1146 Thou haſt as chiding a natiuitie,

1147 As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heauen can make,

1148 To harould thee from the wombe :

1149 Euen at the firſt, thy loſſe is more then can

1150 Thy portage quit, with all thou canſt find heere:

1157 1151 Now the good Gods throw their beſt eyes vpon't.

1152 *Enter two Saylor.*

1153 *I.Sayl.* What courage fir? God ſaue you.

1154 *Per.* Courage enough, I do not feare the ſlaw,

1155 It hath done to me the worſt : yet for the loue

Divinest Patronesse, and my Wife, gentle 1128
 To those that cry by night, convey thy Deity 1129
 Aboard our dancing Boat, make swift the pangs 1130
 Of my Queens travels. Now, *Lychorida*. 1131

Enter Lychorida. 1132

Lychor. Here is a thing too young for such a place, 1133
 Who if it had conceit, would dye, as I am like to doe : 1134
 Take in your armes this piece of your dead Queen. 1135

Per. How? how, *Lychorida*? 1136

Lychor. Patience, good sir, doe not affist the storme, 1137
 Here's all that is left living of our Queen ; 1138
 A little Daughter, for the sake of it 1139
 Be manly, and take comfort. 1140

Per. Oh you gods ! 1141

Why doe you make us love your goodly gifts, 1142
 And snatch them straight away ? 1143
 We here below, recall not what we give, 1144
 And we therein may use honour with you. 1145

Lychor. Patience, good sir, even for this charge. 1146

Per. Now milde may be thy life, 1147
 For a more blufferous birth had never Babe : 1148
 Quiet and gentle thy conditions ; 1149
 For thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world, 1150
 That ever was Princes Childe : happy that followes, 1151
 Thou hast as chiding a Nativity, 1152
 As Fire, Aire, Water, Earth, and Heaven can make, 1153
 To harold thee from the wombe : 1154
 Even at the first, thy losse is more then can 1155
 Thy portage quite, with all thou canst finde here : 1156
 Now the good gods throw their best eyes upon it. 1157

Enter two Saylor. 1158

1. *Sayl.* What courage, sir? God save you. 1159

Per. Courage enough, I doe not fear the flaw, 1160
 It hath done to me the worst : yet for the love 1161

- 1156 Of this poore Infant, this fresh new sea-farer,
 1157 I would it would be quiet.
 1158 *I. Sayl.* Slacke the bolins there; thou wilt not wilt thou?
 1159 Blow and fplit thy selfe.
 1160 *2. Sayl.* But Sea-roome, and the brine and cloudy billow
 1167 1161 Kiffe the Moone, I care not.
 1162 *1.* Sir your Queene muft ouer board, the fea workes hie,
 1163 The Wind is lowd, and will not lie till the Ship
 1164 Be cleard of the dead.
 1165 *Per.* That's your superstition.
 1166 *1.* Pardon vs, fir; with vs at Sea it hath bin still obserued.
 1167 And we are strong in easterne, therefore briefly yeeld'er,
 1168 *Per.* As you thinke meet; for she muft ouer board straight;
 1169 Most wretched Queene.
 1170 *Lychor.* Heere she lyes fir.
 1177 1171 *Peri.* A terrible Child-bed hast thou had (my deare,
 1172 No light, no fire, th'vnfriendly elements,
 1173 Forgot thee vtterly, nor haue I time
 1174 To giue thee hallowd to thy graue, but straight,
 1175 Muft cast thee scarcly Coffind, in oare,
 1176 Where for a monument vpon thy bones,
 1177 The ayre remayning lampes, the belching Whale
 1178 And humming Water muft orewelme thy corpes,
 1179 Lying with simple shels : *δ Lychorida,*
 1180 Bid *Nestor* bring me Spices, Incke, and Taper,
 1181 My Casket, and my Iewels ; and bid *Nicander*
 1182 Bring me the Sattin Coffin ; lay the Babe
 1183 Vpon the Pillow ; hie thee whiles I fay
 1190 1184 A priestly farewell to her : sodainely, woman.
 1185 *2.* Sir, we haue a Chift beneath the hatches,
 1186 Caulkt and bittumed ready. .
 1187 *Peri.* Ithanke thee : Mariner fay, what Coaft is this?
 1188 *2.* Wee are neere *Tharfus*.
 1189 *Peri.* Thither gentle Mariner,
 1190 Alter thy courfe for *Tyre* : When canst thou reach it?
 1191 *2.* By breake of day, if the Wind cease.

- Of this poor Infant, this fresh new Sea-farer, 1162
 I would it would be quiet. 1163
1. *Sayl.* Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou? 1164
 Blow and fplit thy self. 1165
2. *Sayl.* But Sea-room, and the brine and cloudy bil- 1166
 low kiffe the Moon, I care not. 1167
1. *Sayl.* Sir, your Queen must over-board, 1168
 The Sea works high, the winde is loud, 1169
 And will not lie till the Ship be cleared of the dead. 1170
- Per.* That's your superstition. 1171
1. Pardon us, fir; with us at Sea it still hath bin observed, 1172
 And we are strong in Eastern, therefore briefly yield her. 1173
- Per.* As you think meet, for she must o're-board 1174
 Most wretched Queen. (straight, 1175
- Lychor.* Here she lies, fir. 1176
- Per.* A terrible Child-bed hast thou had (my Dear) 1177
 No light, no fire, the unfriendly Elements 1178
 Forgot thee utterly, nor have I time 1179
 To bring thee hallowed to thy grave, but straight 1180
 Must cast thee scarcely Coffind, in oare, 1181
 Where for a Monument upon thy bones. 1182
 The ayre remaining lamps, the belching Whale, 1183
 And humming water must o'rewhelme thy Corps, 1184
 Lying with simple shells: Oh *Lychorida*, 1185
 Bid *Nestor* bring me Spices, Ink and Paper, 1186
 My Casket and my Jewels, and bid *Nicander* 1187
 Bring me the Sattin Coffin; lay the Babe 1188
 Upon the Pillow; hie thee, whiles I say 1189
 A Priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman. 1190
2. *Sayl.* Sir, we have a Chest beneath the hatches, 1191
 Caulkt and bittumed ready. 1192
- Per.* I thank thee: Marriner say, what Coast is this? 1193
2. *Sayl.* We are near *Tharsus*. 1194
- Per.* Thither, gentle Marriner, 1195
 Alter thy course for *Tyre*: when canst thou reach it? 1196
2. *Sayl.* By break of day, if the winde cease. 1197

1192 *Peri.* O make for *Tharfus*,
 1193 There will I visit *Cleon*, for the Babe
 1194 Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leaue it
 1195 At carefull nurfing : goe thy wayes good Mariner,
 1196 Ile bring the body prefently.

Exit.

1203 1197 *Enter Lord Cerymon with a feruant.*

1198 *Cery.* *Phylemon*, hoe.

1199 *Enter Phylemon.*

1200 *Phyl.* Doth my Lord call?

1201 *Cery.* Get Fire and meat for thefe poore men,
 1202 T'as been a turbulent and stormie night.

1203 *Seru.* I haue been in many; but fuch a night as this,
 1204 Till now, I neare endured.

1205 *Cery.* Your Maifter will be dead ere you returne,
 1206 There's nothing can be miniftred to Nature,
 1207 That can recouer him : giue this to the Pothecary,

1214 1208 And tell me how it workes.

1209 *Enter two Gentlemen.*

1210 1. *Gent.* Good morrow.

1211 2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordfhip,

1212 *Cery.* Gentlemen, why doe you ftirre fo early?

1213 1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings ftanding bleake vpon the fea;
 1214 Shooke as the earth did quake :

1215 The very principals did feeme to rend and all to topple :
 1216 Pure furprize and feare, made me to quite the houfe.

1217 2. *Gent.* That is the caufe we trouble you fo early,
 1218 T'is not our husbandry.

1225 1219 *Cery.* O you fay well.

1220 1. *Gent.* But I much maruaile that your Lordfhip,
 1221 Hauing rich tire about you, fhould at thefe early howers,
 1222 Shake off the golden flumber of repofe; tis moft ftrange
 1223 Nature fhould be fo conuerfant with Paine,
 1224 Being thereto not compelled.

1225 *Cery.* I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning,
 1226 Were endowments greater, then Nobleneffe & Riches ;

<i>Per.</i> O make for <i>Tharsus</i> ,	1198
There will I visit <i>Cleon</i> , for the Babe	1199
Cannot hold out to <i>Tyrus</i> ; there I'll leave it	1200
At carefull nursing : go thy wayes, good Marriner,	1201
I'll bring the body presently.	<i>Exit.</i> 1202
<i>Enter Lord Cerymon with a Servant.</i>	
<i>Cer.</i> <i>Phylemon</i> , hoa.	1204
<i>Enter Philemon.</i>	
<i>Phil.</i> Doth my Lord call ?	1206
<i>Cer.</i> Get fire and meat for these poor men,	1207
It hath been a turbulent and stormy night.	1208
<i>Ser.</i> I have been in many : but such a night as this,	1209
Till now, I ne're endured.	1210
<i>Cer.</i> Your Master will be dead ere you return,	1211
There's nothing can be ministred to nature,	1212
That can recover him : give this to the Apothecary,	1213
And tell me how it works.	1214
<i>Enter two Gentlemen.</i>	
1. <i>Gent.</i> Good morrow.	1216
2. <i>Gent.</i> Good morrow to your Lordship.	1217
<i>Cer.</i> Gentlemen, why doe you stirre so early ?	1218
1. <i>Gent.</i> Sir, our lodgings standing bleak upon the Sea,	1219
Shook as if the earth did quake :	1220
The very principles did seem to rend and all to topple,	1221
Pure surprize and fear made me to leave the house.	1222
2. <i>Gent.</i> That is the cause we trouble you so early,	1223
'Tis not our husbandry.	1224
<i>Cer.</i> O you fay well.	1225
1. <i>Gent.</i> But I much marvell that your Lordship	1226
Having rich attire about you, should at these early houres	1227
Shake off the golden slumber of repose ; 'tis most strange,	1228
Nature should be so conversant with pain,	1229
Being thereto not compelled.	1230
<i>Cer.</i> I hold it ever Virtue and Cunning.	1231
Were endowments greater, then Nobleness and Riches,	1232

- 1227 Carelesse Heyres, may the two latter darken and expend ;
 1228 But Immortalitie attendes the former,
 1229 Making a man a god :
 1230 T'is knowne, I euer haue studied Physicke :
 1237 1231 Through which secreet Art, by turning ore Authorities,
 1232 I haue together with my practize, made famyliar,
 1233 To me and to my ayde, the blest infusions that dwels
 1234 In Vegetiues, in Mettals, Stones : and can speake of the
 1235 Disturbances that Nature works, and of her cures ;
 1236 which doth giue me a more content in course of true delight
 1237 Then to be thirsty after tottering honour, or
 1238 Tie my pleafure vp in filken Bagges,
 1239 To please the Foole and Death.
 1246 1240 *2.Gent.* Your honour has through *Ephesus*,
 1241 Poured forth your charitie, and hundreds call themfelues,
 1242 Your Creatures; who by you, haue been restored ;
 1243 And not your knowledge, your personall payne,
 1244 But euen your Purfe still open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*,
 1245 Such strong renowne, as time shall neuer.

 1246 *Enter two or three with a Chift.*
 1247 *Seru.* So, lift there.
 1248 *Cer.* What's that ?
 1249 *Ser.* Sir, euen now did the sea tosse vp vpon our shore
 1250 This Chift ; tis of some wracke.
 1251 *Cer.* Set't downe, let's looke vpon't.
 1252 *2.Gent.* T'is like a Coffin, fir.
 1259 1253 *Cer.* What ere it be, t'is woondrous heaueie;
 1254 Wrench it open straight :
 1255 If the Seas stomacke be orecharg'd with Gold,
 1256 T'is a good constraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.
 1257 *2.Gent.* T'is so, my Lord.
 1258 *Cer.* How close tis caulkt & bottomed, did the sea cast it vp?
 1259 *Ser.* I neuer saw so huge a billow fir, as toft it vpon shore.

 1260 *Cer.* Wrench it open soft; it smels most sweetly in my sense.
 1261 *2.Gent.* A delicate Odour.

Careless heirs may the two latter darken and expend ;	1233
But immortality attends the former,	1234
Making a Man a God :	1235
'Tis known, I ever have studied Physick,	1236
Through which secret Art, by turning o're Authority,	1237
I have together with my practise, made familiar	1238
To me and to my aide, the best infusions that dwells	1239
In vegetives, in Mettals, Stones : and can speak of the	1240
Disturbances that Nature works, and of her cures ;	1241
Which doth give me a more content in course of true de-	1242
Then to be thirsty after tottering Honour, (light	1243
Or tie my pleasure up in filken Bags,	1244
To please the Fool and Death.	1245
2. <i>Gent.</i> Your honour hath through <i>Ephesus</i> ,	1246
Poured forth your charity, and hundred call themselves	1247
Your Creatures ; who by you have been restored,	1248
And not your knowledge, your personall pain,	1249
But even your purse still open, hath built Lord <i>Cerimon</i>	1250
Such strong renown, as never shall decay.	1251
<i>Enter two or three with a Chest.</i>	
<i>Ser.</i> So, lift there.	1253
<i>Cer.</i> What's that ?	1254
<i>Ser.</i> Sir, even now did the Sea, toss'd up upon our shore	1255
This Chest ; 'tis of some wrack.	1256
<i>Cer.</i> Set it down, let us look upon it.	1257
2. <i>Gent.</i> 'Tis like a Coffin, sir.	1258
<i>Cer.</i> What e're it be, 'tis wondrous heavy ;	1259
Wrench it open straight :	1260
If the Seas stomach be o're-charg'd with gold,	1261
'Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches upon us.	1262
2. <i>Gent.</i> 'Tis so, my Lord. (it up ?	1263
<i>Cer.</i> How close 'tis caulkt and bottom'd, did the sea cast	1264
<i>Ser.</i> I never saw so huge a billow, sir, as tost it upon	1265
shore.	1266
<i>Cer.</i> Wrench it open ; it smells most sweetly in my	1267
2. <i>Gent.</i> A delicate Odour. (fence.	1268

- 1262 *Cer.* As euer hit my nostrill : fo, vp with it.
 1263 Oh you most potent Gods ! what's here, a Corfe?
 1264 *2.Gent.* Most strange.
 1265 *Cer.* Shrowded in Cloth of state, balmed and entreaured
 1266 with full bagges of Spices, a Pasport to *Apollo*, perfect mee
 1267 in the Characters :
- 1275 1268 *Heere I giue to vnderstand,*
 1269 *If ere this Coffin drives aland ;*
 1270 *I King Pericles haue lost*
 1271 *This Queene, worth all our mundaine cost :*
 1272 *Who finds her, giue her burying,*
 1273 *She was the Daughter of a King :*
 1274 *Besides, this Treasure for a fee,*
 1275 *The Gods requit his charitie.*
- 1276 If thou liuest *Pericles*, thou hast a heart,
 1277 That euer cracks for woe, this chaunc'd to night.
 1278 *2.Gent.* Most likely fir.
- 1286 1279 *Cer.* Nay certainly to night, for looke how fresh she looks.
 1280 They were too rough, that threw her in the sea.
 1281 Make a Fire within; fetch hither all my Boxes in my Closet,
 1282 Death may vsurpe on Nature many howers, and yet
 1283 The fire of life kindle againe the ore-prest spirits :
 1284 I heard of an *Egyptian* that had 9.howers lien dead,
 1285 Who was by good applyaunce recouered.
 1286 *Enter one with Napkins and Fire.*
 1287 Well sayd, well sayd ; the fire and clothes : the rough and
 1288 Wofull Musick that we haue, cause it to found beseech you:
- 1297 1289 The Violl once more ; how thou stirr'ft thou blocke?
 1290 The Musicke there : I pray you giue her ayre :
 1291 Gentlemen, this Queene will liue,
 1292 Nature awakes a warmth breath out of her;
 1293 She hath not been entranc'ft aboue fise howers :
 1294 See how she ginnes to blow into lifes flower againe.

<i>Cer.</i> As ever hit my nostrill : so, up with it.	1269
Oh you most potent gods! what's here, a Coarse?	1270
1. <i>Gent.</i> Most strange.	1271
<i>Cer.</i> Shrowded in cloth of state, balm'd and entreaured	1272
With full bags of Spices, a Passport to <i>Apollo</i> ,	1273
Perfect me in the Characters.	1274
<i>Here I give to understand,</i>	1275
<i>If e're this Coffin drive a land;</i>	1276
<i>I King Pericles have lost</i>	1277
<i>This Queen, worth all our mundane cost:</i>	1278
<i>Who finds her, give her burying,</i>	1279
<i>She was the Daughter of a King.</i>	1280
<i>Besides this treasure for a fee,</i>	1281
<i>The gods requite his charity.</i>	1282
If thou livest <i>Pericles</i> , thou hast a heart	1283
That even cracks for woe: this chanc'd to night.	1284
2. <i>Gent.</i> Most likely, sir.	1285
<i>Cer.</i> Nay certainly to night, for look how fresh she	1286
They were too rough, that threw her in the sea. (looks,	1287
Make a fire within, fetch hither all my boxes in my Closet,	1288
Death may usurpe on Nature many houres,	1289
And yet the fire of life kindle again the o're-prest spirits.	1290
I heard of an <i>Aegyptian</i> that had nine houres been dead,	1291
Who was by good appliance recovered.	1292
<i>Enter one with Napkins and Fire.</i>	1293
Well said, well said, the fire and cloathes,	1294
The rough and wofull musick that we have,	1295
Cause it to sound I beseech you :	1296
The Viall once more ; how thou stirrest, thou block?	1297
The Musick there : I pray you give her aire ;	1298
Gentlemen, this Queen will live,	1299
Nature awakes a warme breath out of her ;	1300
She hath not been entrans't above five houres,	1301
See how she gins to blow into lifes flower again.	1302

- 1303 1295 *I. Gent.* The Heauens, through you, encrease our wonder,
 1296 And sets vp your fame for euer.
 1297 *Cer.* She is aliue, behold her ey-lids
 1298 Cafes to thofe heauenly iewels which *Pericles* hath loft,
 1299 Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
 1300 The Diamonds of a moft prayfed water doth appeare,
 1301 To make the world twife rich, liue, and make vs weepe.
 1302 To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you feeme to bee.
 1303 *Shee moues.*
 1304 *Thai.* O deare *Diana*, where am I? wher'es my Lord?
 1305 What world is this?
 1306 *2. Gent.* Is not this ftrange? *I. Gent.* Moft rare.
- 1307 *Ceri.* Hufh (my gentle neighbours) lend me your hands,
 1308 To the next Chamber beare her : get linnen :
 1309 Now this matter muft be lookt to for her relapfe
 1310 Is mortall : come, come ; and *Efcelapius* guide vs.
 1320 1311 *They carry her away. Exeunt omnes.*

- 1321 1312 *Enter Pericles, Atharfus, with Cleon and Dionifa.*
 1313 *Per.* Moft honor'd *Cleon*, I muft needs be gone, my twelue
 1314 months are expir'd, and *Tyrus* ftandes in a litigious peace:
 1315 You and your Lady take from my heart all thankfulneffe,
 1316 The Gods make vp the reft vpon you.
 1317 *Cle.* Your flakes of fortune, though they hant you mor-
 1318 Yet glaunce full wondrously on vs. (tally
 1319 *Di.* O your fweet Queene ! that the ftrict fates had pleaf'd,
 1320 you had brought her hither to haue bleft mine eies with her.
 1330 1321 *Per.* We cannot but obey the powers aboue vs ;
 1322 Could I rage and rore as doth the fea fhe lies in,
 1323 Yet the end muft be as tis : my gentle babe *Marina*
 1324 Whom, for fhe was borne at fea, I haue named fo,

1. <i>Gen.</i> The heavens through you, encrease our wonder,	1303
And sets up your fame for ever.	1304
<i>Cer.</i> She is alive, behold her eye-lids,	1305
Cafes to those heavenly jewels which <i>Pericles</i> hath loft,	1306
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold	1307
The Diamonds of a most praised water doth appear,	1308
To make the world twice rich, live, and make us weep,	1309
To hear your fate, fair creature, rare as you seem to be.	1310
<i>She moves.</i>	1311
<i>Thai.</i> O dear <i>Diana</i> , where am I? where's my Lord?	1312
What world is this?	1313
2. <i>Gent.</i> Is not this strange?	1314
1. <i>Gent.</i> Most rare.	1315
<i>Cer.</i> Hush (my gentle neighbour) lend me your hands,	1316
To the next chamber bear her, get linnen;	1317
Now this matter must be lookt too, for the relapse	1318
Is mortall: come, come, and, <i>Esculapius</i> , guide us.	1319
<i>They carry her away.</i> <i>Exeunt omnes.</i>	1320

Actus Tertius.

<i>Enter Pericles at Tharsus, with Cleon and Dionis ia.</i>	1321
<i>Per.</i> Most honoured <i>Cleon</i> , I must needs be gone,	1322
My twelve moneths are expir'd, and <i>Tyre</i> stands	1323
In a peace: you and your Lady take from my heart	1324
All thankfulness. The gods make up the rest upon you.	1325
<i>Cleon.</i> Your shakes of fortune, though they hate you	1326
Mortally, yet glance full wondrously on us. (pleas'd)	1327
<i>Dion.</i> O your sweet Queen! that the strict fates had	1328
You had brought her hither to have blest mine eyes with	1329
<i>Per.</i> We cannot but obey the powers above us; (her.	1330
Could I rage and rore as doth the Sea she lies in,	1331
Yet the end must be as 'tis: my gentle babe <i>Marina</i> ,	1332
Whom (for she was born at Sea) I have named so,	1333

1325 Here I charge your charitie withall; leauing her
 1326 The infant of your care, befeeching you to giue her
 1327 Princely training, that ſhe may be manere'd as ſhe is borne.

1328 *Cle.* Feare not(my Lord)but thinke your Grace,
 1329 That fed my Countrie with your Corne; for which,
 1330 The peoples prayers ſtill fall vpon you, muſt in your child

1331 Be thought on, if neglection ſhould therein make me vile,
 1332 The common body by you relieu'd,
 1333 Would force me to my duety : but if to that,
 1345 1334 My nature neede a ſpurre, the Gods reuenge it
 1335 Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation.

1336 *Per.* I beleuee you, your honour and your goodnes,
 1337 Teach me too't without your vowes, till ſhe be maried,
 1338 Madame by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
 1339 All vnſifterd ſhall this heyre of mine remayne,
 1340 Though I ſhew will in't ; fo I take my leau :
 1341 Good Madame, make me bleſſed in your care
 1342 In bringing vp my Child.

1354 1343 *Dion.* I haue one my ſelfe, who ſhall not be more deere
 1344 to my reſpect then yours, my Lord.

1345 *Peri.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.

1346 *Cler.* Weel bring your Grace ene to the edge ath ſhore,
 1347 then giue you vp to the mask'd *Neptune*, and the gentleſt
 1348 winds of heauen.

1349 *Peri.* I will imbrace your offer, come deereſt Madame,
 1350 O no teares *Licherida*, no teares, looke to your litle Miſtris,
 1351 on whoſe grace you may depend hereafter : come my
 1352 Lord.

1353

Enter Cerimon, and Tharſa.

1365 1354 *Cer.* Madam, this Letter, and ſome certaine Iewels,
 1355 Lay with you in your Coffe, which are at your command :
 1356 Know you the Charecter?

Here, I charge your charity withall ; leaving her 1334
 The infant of your care, befeeching you to give her 1335
 Princely training, that ſhe may be manner'd as ſhe is 1336
 born. 1337

Cleon. Fear not (my Lord) but think your Grace, 1338
 That fed my Countrey with your Corn ; for which, 1339
 The peoples prayers daily fall upon you, muſt in your 1340
 Childe 1341

Be thought on, if neglect ſhould therein make me vile, 1342
 The common body that's by you reliev'd, 1343
 Would force me to my duty ; but if to that, 1344
 My nature need a ſpurre, the gods revenge it 1345
 Upon me and mine, to the end of generation. 1346

Per. I believe you, your honour and your goodneſſe, 1347
 Teach me toot without your vowes, till ſhe be married, 1348
 Madam, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour, 1349
 All unfiſter'd ſhall this heir of mine remain, 1350
 Though I ſhew will in't : ſo I take my leave : 1351
 Good Madam, make me bleſſed, in your care 1352
 In bringing up my Childe. 1353

Dion. I have one my ſelf, who ſhall not be more dear 1354
 to my reſpect than yours, my Lord. 1355

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers. 1356

Cleon. We'll bring your Grace to the edge of the 1357
 ſhore, then give you up to the masked *Neptune*, and the 1358
 gentleſt windes of heaven. 1359

Per. I will embrace your offer, come, deareſt Madam : 1360
 O no teares, *Lychorida*, no teares ; look to your little 1361
 Miſtris, on whoſe grace you may depend hereafter : 1362
 come, my Lord. 1363

Enter Cerymon, and Thaiſa. 1364

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and ſome certain Jewels, 1365
 Lay with you in your Coffe, which are at your com- 1366
 Know you the Character ? (mand : 1367

1357 *Thar.* It is my Lords, that I was shipt at sea I well remem-
 1358 ber, euen on my learning time, but whether there deliue-
 1359 red, by the holie gods I cannot rightly fay : but since King
 1360 *Pericles* my wedded Lord, I nere shall see againe, a vastfall
 1361 liuerie will I take me to, and neuer more haue ioy.

1362 *Cler.* Madam, if this you purpose as ye speake,
 1363 *Dianaes* Temple is not distant farre,
 1364 Where you may abide till your date expire,
 1365 Moreouer if you please a Neece of mine,
 1366 Shall there attend you.

1367 *Thin.* My recompence is thanks, thats all,
 1368 Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. *Exit.*

1381 1369

Enter Gower.

1370 Imagine *Pericles* arriude at *Tyre*,
 1371 Welcomd and setled to his owne desire:
 1372 His wofull Queene we leaue at *Ephesus*,
 1373 Vnto *Diana* ther's a Votariffe.
 1374 Now to *Marina* bend your mind,
 1375 Whom our fast growing scene must finde
 1376 At *Tharsus*, and by *Cleon* traind
 1377 In Musicks letters, who hath gaind
 1378 Of education all the grace,
 1379 Which makes hie both the art and place
 1380 Of generall wonder : but alacke
 1381 That monfter Enuie oft the wracke
 1382 Of earned praise, *Marinas* life
 1383 Seeke to take off by treafons knife,
 1384 And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
 1385 One daughter and a full growne wench,
 1386 Euen right for marriage fight : this Maid
 1387 Hight *Philoten* : and it is said
 1388 For certaine in our storie, shee
 1389 Would euer with *Marina* bee.

Thai. It is, my Lords, that I was shipt at Sea, I well
remember, even on my eaning time : but whether there
delivered, by the holy gods, I cannot rightly say : but
since King *Pericles*, my wedded Lord, I ne're shall see
again, a vestfall livery will I take me to, and never more
have joy.

Cler. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Dianaes Temple is not distant farre,
Where you may abide till your date expire,
Moreover if you please, a Niece of mine,
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompence is thanks, that's all,
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. *Exit.*

Enter Gower. 1381

Gower. *Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,* 1382
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire ; 1383
His wofull Queen we leave at Ephesus, 1384
Unto Diana, there's a Votaresse. 1385
Now to Marina bend your minde, 1386
Whom our fast growing scene must finde 1387
At Tharlus, and by Cleon train'd 1388
In Musicks letters, who hath gain'd 1389
Of education all the grace, 1390
Which makes high both the art and place 1391
Of generall wonder : but alack 1392
That monster Envy oft the wrack 1393
Of earned praise, Marina's life 1394
Seek to take off by treason's knife, 1395
And in this kinde, our Cleon hath 1396
One Daughter and a full grown wench, 1397
Even ripe for Marriage fight : this Maid 1398
Hight Philoten : and it is said 1399
For certain in our story, she 1400
Would ever with Marina be, 1401

1390 Beet when they weaude the fleded filke,
 1391 With fingers long, fmall, white as milke,
 1392 Or when ſhe would with ſharpe needle wound,
 1405 1393 The Cambricke which ſhe made more found
 1394 By hurting it or when too'th Lute
 1395 She fung, and made the night bed mute,
 1396 That ſtill records with mone, or when
 1397 She would with rich and conſtant pen,
 1398 Vaile to her Miſtreſſe *Dian* ſtill,
 1399 This *Phyloten* contends in ſkill
 1400 With abſolute *Marina* : ſo
 1401 The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
 1402 Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
 1403 All prayſes, which are paid as debts,
 1404 And not as giuen, this ſo darkes
 1417 1405 In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,
 1406 That *Cleons* wife with Enuie rare,
 1407 A preſent murderer does prepare
 1408 For good *Marina*, that her daughter
 1409 Might ſtand peerleſſe by this ſlaughter.
 1410 The ſooner her vile thoughts to ſtead,
 1411 *Lichorida* our nurſe is dead,
 1412 And curſed *Dioniza* hath
 1413 The pregnant inſtrument of wrath.
 1414 Preſt for this blow, the vnborne euent,
 1427 1415 I doe commend to your content,
 1416 Onely I carried winged Time,
 1417 Poſt one the lame feete of my rime,
 1418 Which neuer could I ſo conuey,
 1419 Vnleſſe your thoughts went on my way,
 1420 *Dioniza* does appeare,
 1421 With *Leonine* a murtherer. *Exit.*

1422 *Enter Dioniza, with Leonine.*

1423 *Dion.* Thy oath remember, thou haſt ſworne to doo't,
 1424 tis but a blowe which neuer ſhall bee knowne, thou

<i>Be't when they weav'd the fleded filk,</i>	1402
<i>With fingers long, small, white as milk,</i>	1403
<i>Or when she would with sharp needle wound</i>	1404
<i>The Cambrick, which she made more found</i>	1405
<i>By hurting it, or when to th' Lute</i>	1406
<i>She sung, and made t he night bed mute,</i>	1407
<i>That sti ll records within one, or when</i>	1408
<i>She would with rich and const ant pen,</i>	1409
<i>Vaile to her Mistresse Dion still,</i>	1410
<i>This Phyloten contends in skill</i>	1411
<i>With absolute Marina: so</i>	1412
<i>The Dove of Paphos might wit h t he Crow</i>	1413
<i>Vie feat hers white. Marina gets</i>	1414
<i>All praises, which are paid as debts,</i>	1415
<i>And not as given, t his so darks</i>	1416
<i>In Phyloten all gracefull markes,</i>	1417
<i>That Cleon's Wife wit h envy rare,</i>	1418
<i>A present Murderer do's prepare</i>	1419
<i>For good Marina, that her Daughter</i>	1420
<i>Might stand peerlesse by this slaughter.</i>	1421
<i>The sooner her vile thoughts to st ead,</i>	1422
<i>Lychorida our Nurse is dead,</i>	1423
<i>And cursed Dionizia hath</i>	1424
<i>The pregnant instrument of wrath</i>	1425
<i>Prest for this blow, the unborn event,</i>	1426
<i>I doe commend to your content,</i>	1427
<i>Onely I carried winged Time,</i>	1428
<i>Poste on the lame feet of my rime,</i>	1429
<i>Which never could I so convey,</i>	1430
<i>Unlesse your thoughts went on my way.</i>	1431
<i>Dionizia doth appear,</i>	1432
<i>With Leonine a Murderer.</i>	Exit. 1433

Ent er Dionizia, and Leonine. 1434

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou hast sworn to do it, 1435
'tis but a blow, which never shall be known, thou canst 1436

1425 canst not doe a thing in the worlde so foone to yeele
 1426 thee so much profite : let not conscience which is but
 1427 cold, in flaming, thy loue bofome, enflame too nicelie,
 1428 nor let pittie which euen women haue cast off, melt thee.
 1429 but be a fouldier to thy purpose.

1442 1430 *Leon.* I will doo'r, but yet she is a goodly creature.

1431 *Dion.* The fitter then the Gods should haue her,

1432 Here she comes weeping for her onely Mistresse death.

1433 Thou art resolute.

1434 *Leon.* I am resolute.

1435 *Enter Marina with a Basket of flowers.*

1436 *Mari.* No : I will rob *Tellus* of her weede to frowe
 1437 thy Greene with Flowers, the yellowes, blewes, the purple
 1438 Violets, and Marigolds, shall as a Carpet hang vpon thy
 1451 1439 graue, while Sommer dayes doth last: Aye me poore maid,
 1440 borne in a tempest, when my mother dide, this world to me
 1441 is a lasting storme, whirring me from my friends,

1442 *Dion.* How now *Marina*, why doe yow keep alone?

1443 How chauce my daughter is not with you?

1444 Doe not confume your bloud with sorrowing,

1445 Haue you a nurse of me? Lord how your fauours

1446 Changd with this vnprofitable woe:

1447 Come giue me your flowers, ere the sea marre it,

1448 Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there,

1449 And it perces and sharpens the stomacke,

1450 Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

1464 1451 *Mari.* No I pray you, Ile not bereaue you of your seruãt.

1452 *Dion.* Come, come, I loue the king your father, and your
 1453 selfe, with more then forraine heart, wee euery day expect
 1454 him here, when he shall come and find our Paragon to all
 1455 reports thus blasted,

1456 He will repent the breadth of his great voyage, blame both

not doe a thing in the world fo soon, to yield thee fo 1437
 much profit, let not confcience which is but cold, infla- 1438
 ming thy love bofome, enflame too nicely; nor let pittie, 1439
 which even women have caft off, melt thee, but be a foul- 1440
 dier to thy purpose. 1441

Leon. I will do't, but yet fhe is a goodly Creature. 1442

Dion. The fitter then the gods fould have her. 1443

Here fhe comes weeping for her onely Miftrefse death : 1444

Thou art refoolv'd ? 1445

Leon. I am refoolv'd. 1446

Enter Marina with a Basket of Flowers. 1447

Mar. No : I will rob *Tellus* of her weed, to ftrew thy 1448
 Grave with Flowers: the yellowes, blewes, the purple 1449
 Violets and Marigolds, fhall as a Carpet hang upon thy 1450
 Grave, while Summer dayes doth laft. Aye me, poor 1451
 Maid, born in a tempeft, when my Mother di'd: this 1452
 world to me is like a lafting ftorme, hurrying me from 1453
 my friends. 1454

Dion. How now, *Marina*? why de'ye weep alone? 1455

How chance my Daughter is not with you? 1456

Doe not confume your blood with forrowing, 1457

You have a Nurfe of me. Lord? how your favour's 1458

Chang'd, with this unprofitable woe: 1459

Come give me your Flowers, ere the Sea marre it, 1460

Walk with *Leonine*, the aire is quick there, 1461

And it pierces and fharpens the ftomack; 1462

Come, *Leonine*, take her by the arme, walk with her. 1463

Mar. No I pray you, I'le not bereave you of your 1464

Servant. 1465

Dion. Come, come, I love the King your Father, and 1466

your felf, with more then forreign heart; we every day 1467

expect him here, when he fhall come and finde our Para- 1468

gon, to all reports thus blafted. He will repent the breadth 1469

of his great voyage, blame both my Lord and me, that we 1470

1457 my Lord and me, that we haue taken no care to your best
 1458 courfes, go I pray you, walke and be chearfull once againe,
 1459 referue that excellent complexion, which did steale the
 1460 eyes of yong and old. Care not for me, I can goe home a-
 1461 lone.

1475 1462 *Mari.* Well, I will goe, but yet I haue no defire too it,

1463 *Dion.* Come, come, I know tis good for you, walke halfe
 1464 an houre *Leonine*, at the leaft, remember what I haue fed.

1465 *Leon.* I warrant you Madam.

1466 *Dion.* Ile leaue you my fweete Ladie, for a while, pray
 1467 walke softly, doe not heate your bloud, what, I muft haue
 1468 care of you.

1469 *Mari.* My thanks fweete Madame, Is this wind Westerlie
 1470 that blowes?

1471 *Leon.* Southweft,

1472 *Mari.* When I was borne the wind was North,

1473 *Leon* Wait fo?

1474 *Mari.* My father, as nurfe fes, did neuer feare, but cryed
 1489 1475 good fea-men to the Saylers, galling his kingly hands ha-
 1476 ling ropes, and clafping to the Maft, endured a fea that al-
 1477 moft burft the decke.

1478 *Leon.* When was this?

1479 *Mari.* When I was borne, neuer was waues nor winde
 1480 more violent, and from the ladder tackle, wafhes off a can-
 1481 uas clymer, ha fes one, wolt out? and with a dropping in-
 1482 duftrie they skip from fterne to fterne, the Boatfwaine
 1483 whistles, and the Maifter calles and trebles their confufion.

1484 *Leon.* Come fay your prayers,

1485 *Mari.* What meane you?

1486 *Leon.* If you require a little fpace for praier, I graunt it,
 1487 pray, but bee not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of eare,
 1488 and I am fworne to do my worke with hafte,

1503 1489 *Mari.* Why will you kill me?

1490 *Leon.* To fatisfie my Ladie.

1491 *Mari.* Why would fhee haue mee kild now? as I can re-

have taken no care to your best courses. Go I pray you, 1471
 walk and be cheerfull once again ; reserve that excellent 1472
 complexion, which did steale the eyes of young and old. 1473
 Care not for me, I can go home alone. 1474

Mar. Well, I will go, but yet I have no desire to it. 1475

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you : 1476

Walk half an houre, *Leonine*, at the least. 1477

Remember what I have said. 1478

Leon. I warrant you, Madam. 1479

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet Lady, for a while : pray 1480
 walk softly, doe not heat your blood : What, I must have 1481
 a care of you. 1482

Mar. My thanks, sweet Madam. Is the winde Wester- 1483
 ly that blowes ? 1484

Leon. South-west. 1485

Mar. When I was born, the winde was North. 1486

Leon. Was't so ? 1487

Mar. My Father, as Nurse saith, did never fear, but 1488
 cryed good Sea-men to the Sailors, galling his Kingly 1489
 hands, hailing ropes, and clasping to the Mast, endured a 1490
 Sea that almost burst the deck. 1491

Leon. When was this ? 1492

Mar. When I was born, never was waves nor winde 1493
 more violent, and from the ladder tackle, washes off a 1494
 Canvas clymer, ha, faith one, wilt out ? and with a drop- 1495
 ping industry they skip from stern to stern:the Boat-swain 1496
 whistles, and the Master calls and trebles their confusion. 1497

Leon. Come, say your prayers. 1498

Mar. What mean you ? 1499

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer, I grant 1500
 it, pray, but be not tedious, for the gods are quick of ear, 1501
 and I am sworn to doe my work with haste. 1502

Mar. Why, will you kill me ? 1503

Leon. To fatisfie my Lady. 1504

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd now ? as I can 1505

1492 member by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I
 1493 neuer fpake bad worde, nor did ill turne to anie liuing crea-
 1494 ture : Beleeue me law, I neuer killd a Moufe, nor hurt a Fly:
 1495 I trode vpon a worme againft my will, but I wept fort. How
 1496 haue I offended, wherein my death might yeeld her anie
 1497 profit, or my life imply her any danger?

1513 1498 *Leon.* My Commiffion is not to reafon of the deed, but
 1499 doo't.

1500 *Mari.* You will not doo't for all the world I hope: you
 1501 are well fauoured, and your lookes forefhew you haue a
 1502 gentle heart, I faw you latelie when you caught hurt in par-
 1503 ting two that fought: good footh it fhewde well in you, do
 1504 fo now, your Ladie feeke my life Come, you betweene, and
 1505 faue poore mee the weaker.

1506 *Leon.* I am fworne and will difpatch. *Enter Pirats.*

1507 *Pirat. 1,* Hold villaine.

1508 *Pirat 2.* A prize, a prize.

1525 1509 *Pirat. 3.* Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets haue
 1510 her aboard fodainly.

1511

Exit.

1512 *Enter Leonine.*

1513 *Leon.* Thefe rogueing theeues ferue the great Pyrato
 1514 *Valdes,* and they haue feizd *Marina,* let her goe, ther's no
 1515 hope fhee will returne, Ile fweare fhees dead, and throwne
 1516 into the Sea, but ile fee further: perhappes they will but
 1517 please themfelues vpon her, not carrie her aboard, if fhee
 1518 remaine

1534 1519 Whome they haue rauifht, muft by mee be flaine.

1520

Exit.

remember by my troth, I never did hurt her in all my 1506
 life, I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn to any li- 1507
 ving creature : believe me now, I never kill'd a Moufe, 1508
 nor hurt a Flye. I trod upon a worme once against my 1509
 will, but I wept for it. How have I offended, wherein 1510
 my death might yield her any profit, or my life imply 1511
 her any danger ? 1512

Leon. My Commiffion is not to reafon of the deed, 1513
 but do't. 1514

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope : 1515
 you are well favoured, and your looks fore-shew you have 1516
 a very gentle heart, I faw you lately when you caught 1517
 hurt in parting two that fought : good-sooth it shewed 1518
 well in you, do fo now, your Lady feeks my life, come you 1519
 between, and fave poor me the weaker. 1520

Leon. I am fworn, and will difpatch. 1521

Enter Pirates. 1522

Pirat. 1. Hold villain. 1523

Pirat. 2. A prize, a prize. 1524

Pirat. 3. Half part mates, half part. Come lets have 1525
 her aboard fodainly. *Exeunt.* 1526

Enter Leonine. 1527

Leon. Thefe roguing thieves ferve the great Pirate *Val-* 1528
des, and they have feized *Marina*, let her go, there's no 1529
 hope fhe will return : I'le fwear fhe's dead, and thrown 1530
 into the Sea, but I'le fee further, perhaps they will but 1531
 please themfelves upon her, not carry her aboard, if fhe 1532
 remain, 1533
 Whom they have ravifht, muft by me be flain. 1534

1521

Enter the shree Bawdes.

1522

Pander. Boul.

1523

Boul. Sir.

1538 1524

Pander. Searche the market narrowely, *Mettelyne* is full of gallants, wee loft too much much money this mart by beeing too wenchleffe.

1527

Bawd. Wee were neuer so much out of Creatures, we haue but poore three, and they can doe no more then they can doe, and they with continuall action, are euen as good as rotten.

1531

Pander. Therefore lets haue fresh ones what ere wee pay for them, if there bee not a conscience to be vſde in euerie trade, wee shall neuer prosper.

1534

Bawd. Thou sayst true, tis not our bringing vp of poore bastards, as I thinke, I haue brought vp some eleuen.

1550 1536

Boul. I to eleuen, and brought them downe againe, but shall I searche the market?

1538

Bawde. What else man? the stufte we haue, a strong winde will blowe it to peeces, they are so pittifully foddren.

1540

Pandor. Thou sayest true, ther's two vnwholesome a conscience, the poore *Transiluanian* is dead that laye with the little baggadge.

1543

Boul. I, shee quickly poupt him, she made him roast-meate for wormes, but Ile goe searche the market.

1545

Exit.

1559 1546

Pand. Three or foure thousande Checkins were as prettie a proportion to liue quietly, and so giue ouer.

1548

Bawd. Why, to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a shame to get when wee are olde?

1550

Pand. Oh our credite comes not in like the commo- ditie, nor the commoditie wages not with the daunger: therefore if in our youthes we could picke vp some prettie estate, t'were not amisse to keepe our doore hatch't, besides the fore tearmes we stand vpon with the gods, wilbe strong with vs for giuing ore.

Enter Pander, Boulton and Bawd.

1535

Pander. Boulton.

1536

Boulton. Sir.

1537

Pander. Search the market narrowly, *Metaline* is full
of gallants, we lost too much money this Mart, by being
too Wenchleffe.

1538

1539

1540

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 continually action, are even as
good as rotten.

1541

1542

1543

1544

Pander. Therefore let's have fresh ones what e're we
pay for them, if there be not a conscience to be us'd in
every trade, we shall never prosper.

1545

1546

1547

Bawd. Thou say'st true, 'tis not our bringing up of
poor bastards, as I think, I have brought some eleven.

1548

1549

Boulton. I too eleven, and brought them down again,
But shall I search the market ?

1550

1551

Bawd. What else, man ? the stuffe we have, a strong
winde will blow it to pieces, they are so pittifully foddren.

1552

1553

Pander. Thou say'st true, there's two unwholesome in
conscience, the poor *Transilvanian* is dead that lay with
the little baggage.

1554

1555

1556

Boulton. I, she quickly poynt him, she made him roast-
meat for wormes, but I'll go search the market. *Exit.*

1557

1558

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

1559

1560

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

1561

1562

Pand. Oh our credit comes not in like the commodity,
nor the commodity wages not with the danger : there-
fore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate,
'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd ; besides the
fore termes we stand upon with the gods, will be strong
with us for giving o're.

1563

1564

1565

1566

1567

1568

1556 *Bawd.* Come other forts offend as well as wee.
 1557 *Pand.* As well as wee, I, and better too, wee offende
 1558 worfe, neither is our profeffion any trade, It's no calling,
 1559 but heere comes *Boult*,

1573 1560 *Enter Boult with the Pirates and Marina,*

1561 *Boult.* Come your wayes my maifters, you fay fhee's a
 1562 virgin.

1563 *Sayler.* O Sir, wee doubt it not.

1564 *Boult.* Mafter, I haue gone through for this peece you
 1565 fee, if you like her fo, if not I haue loft my earneft.

1566 *Bawd.* *Boult* has fhee anie qualities?

1567 *Boult.* Shee has a good face, fpeakes well, and has ex-
 1568 cellent good cloathes: theres no farther neceffitie of qua-
 1569 lities can make her be refuz'd

1570 *Bawd.* What's her price *Boult*?

1583 1571 *Boult.* I cannot be bated one doit of a thoufand peeces.

1572 *Pand.* Well, follow me my maifters, you fhall haue your
 1573 money prefenly, wife take her in, instruct her what fhe has
 1574 to doe, that fhe may not be rawe in her entertainment.

1575 *Bawd.* *Boult*, take you the markes of her, the colour of
 1576 her haire, complexion, height, her age, with warrantof her
 1577 virginities, and crie; He that wil giue moft fhall haue her firft,
 1578 fuch a maydenhead were no cheape thing, if men were as
 1579 they haue beene: get this done as I command you.

1593 1580 *Boult.* Performance fhall follow. *Exit,*

1581 *Mar.* Alacke that *Leonine* was fo flacke, fo flow, he fhould
 1582 haue ftooke, not fpoke, or that thefe Pirates, not enough
 1583 barbarous, had not oreboord throwne me, for to feeke my
 1584 mother.

1585 *Bawd.* Why lament you prettie one?

1586 *Mar.* That I am prettie.

1587 *Bawd.* Come, the Gods haue done their part in you.

Bawd. Come, other forts offend as well as we. 1569
Pand. As well as we, I, and better too, we offend worfe, 1570
 neither is our profeffion any Trade, it's no calling : but 1571
 here comes *Boult.* 1572

Enter Boult with Pirates, and Mirana. 1573

Boult. Come your wayes, my mafters, you fay fhe's a 1574

Sayl. O fir, we doubt it not. (virgin ? 1575

Boult. Mafter, I have gone through for this piece you 1576
 If you like her, fo ; if not, I have loft my earneft. (fee, 1577

Bawd. *Boult*, has fhe any qualities? 1578

Boult. She has a good face, fpeaks well, and has ex- 1579
 cellent good cloathes : there's no farther neceffity of qua- 1580
 lities can make her be refufed. 1581

Bawd. What's her price, *Boult*? 1582

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thoufand pieces. 1583

Pand. Well, follow me, my Mafters, you fhall have 1584
 your money prefently : wife, take her in, inſtruct her 1585
 what fhe has to doe, that fhe may not be raw in her en- 1586
 tertainment. 1587

Bawd. *Boult*, take you the markes of her, the colour 1588
 of her haire, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her 1589
 virginity, and cry ; He that will give moſt, fhall have her 1590
 firſt. Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men 1591
 were as they have been : Get this done as I command you. 1592

Boult. Performance fhall follow. 1593

Mar. Alack that *Leonine* was fo flack, fo flow : 1594
 He ſhould have ſtruck, not fpoke ; 1595

Or that theſe Pirates, not enough barbarous, 1596

Had not o're-board thrown me, for to ſeek my Mother. 1597

Bawd. Why weep you, pretty one? 1598

Mar. That I am pretty. 1599

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you. 1600

- 1588 *Mar.* I accuse them not.
- 1589 *Bawd.* You are light into my hands, where you are like
1590 to liue.
- 1604 1591 *Mar.* The more my fault, to scape his handes, where I
1592 was to die.
- 1593 *Bawd.* I, and you shall liue in peafure.
- 1594 *Mar.* No.
- 1595 *Bawd.* Yes indeed shall you, and taste Gentlemen of all
1596 fashions, you shall fare well, you shall haue the difference of
1597 all complexions, what doe you stop your eares ?
- 1598 *Mar.* Are you a woman ?
- 1599 *Bawd.* What would you haue mee be, and I bee not a
1600 woman ?
- 1614 1601 *Mar.* An honest woman, or not a woman.
- 1602 *Bawd.* Marie whip the Goffeling, I thinke I shall haue
1603 something to doe with you, come you'r a young foolish
1604 sapling, and must be bowed as I would haue you.
- 1605 *Mar.* The Gods defend me.
- 1606 *Bawd.* If it please the Gods to defend you by men, then
1607 men must comfort you, men must feed you, men stir you
1608 vp : *Boults* returnd. Now fir, haft thou cride her through

1609 the Market?
- 1624 1610 *Boult.* I haue cryde her almost to the number of her
1611 haires, I haue drawne her picture with my voice.
- 1612 *Baud.* And I prethee tell me, how dost thou find the in-
1613 clination of the people, especially of the yonger fort?
- 1614 *Boult.* Faith they listened to mee, as they would haue
1615 harkened to their fathers testament, there was a Spaniards
1616 mouth watred, and he went to bed to her verie defcription.
- 1617 *Baud.* We shall haue him here to morrow with his best
1618 ruffe on.
- 1619 *Boult.* To night, to night, but Mistresse doe you knowe
1620 the French knight, that cowres ethe hams ?
- 1636 1621 *Baud.* Who, *Mounfieur Verollus* ?

- Mar.* I accuse them not. 1601
- Bawd.* You are light into my hands, 1602
Where you are like to live. 1603
- Mar.* The more's my fault, to scape his hands, 1604
Where I was like to dye. 1605
- Bawd.* I, and you shall live in pleasure. 1606
- Mar.* No. 1607
- Bawd.* Yes indeed shall you, and taste Gentlemen of 1608
all fashions. You shall fare well ; you shall have the dif- 1609
ference of all complexions : what de'ye stop your eares ? 1610
- Mar.* Are you a woman ? 1611
- Bawd.* What would you have me to be, if I be not a 1612
woman ? 1613
- Mar.* An honest woman, or not a woman. 1614
- Bawd.* Marry whip thee, Gosling: I think I shall have 1615
something to doe with you. Come, y'are a young foolish 1616
sapling, and must be bowed as I would have ye. 1617
- Mar.* The gods defend me. 1618
- Bawd.* If it please the gods to defend you by men, 1619
then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must 1620
firre you up : *Boult's* return'd. 1621
- Enter Boult.* 1622
- Now, fir, hast thou cry'd her through the Market ? 1623
- Boult.* I have cri'd her almost to the number of her hairs, 1624
I have drawn her picture with my voice. 1625
- Bawd.* And prithee tell me, how do'st thou find the in- 1626
clination of the people, especially of the younger sort ? 1627
- Boult.* Faith they listened to me, as they would have 1628
hearkned to thir fathers Testament. There was a Spaniards 1629
mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very descri- 1630
ption. 1631
- Bawd.* We shall have him here to morrow with his 1632
best ruffe on. 1633
- Boult.* To night, to night, but Mistris, do you know 1634
the French Knight that cowres i'th hams ? 1635
- Band.* Who, *Mounseieur Verollus* ? 1636

1622 *Boult.* I, he, he offered to cut a caper at the proclama-
 1623 tion, but he made a groane at it, and fwoore he would see her
 1624 to morrow.

1625 *Baud.* Well, well, as for him, hee brought his difeafe hi-
 1626 ther, here he does but repaire it, I knowe hee will come in
 1627 our shadow, to fcatter his crownes in the Sunne.

1628 *Boult.* Well, if we had of euerie Nation a traoueller, wee
 1629 fhould lodge them with this figne.

1630 *Baud.* Pray you come hither a while, you haue
 1631 Fortunes comming vppon you, marke mee, you muft
 1632 feeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willing-
 1633 ly, defpife profite, where you haue moft gaine, to weepe
 1634 that you liue as yee doe, makes pittie in your Louers fel-
 1635 dome, but that pittie begets you a good opinion, and that
 1636 opinion a meere profite.

1652 1637 *Mari.* I vnderftand you not.

1638 *Boult.* O take her home Miftrefse, take her home, thefe
 1639 blufhes of hers muft bee quencht with fome present
 1640 praftife.

1641 *Mari.* Thou fayeft true yfaith, fo they muft, for your
 1642 Bride goes to that with fhame, which is her way to goe with
 1643 warrant.

1644 *Boult.* Faith fome doe, and fome doe not, but Miftrefse
 1645 if I haue bargaind for the ioynt.

1660 1646 *Baud.* Thou maift cut a morfell off the fpit.

1647 *Boult.* I may fo.

1648 *Baud.* Who fhould denie it?

1649 Come young one, I like the manner of your garments
 1650 well.

1651 *Boult.* I by my faith, they fhall not be changd yet.

1652 *Baud.* *Boult,* fpend thou that in the towne: report what
 1653 a fojourner we haue, youle loofe nothing by custome.
 1654 When Nature framde this peece, fhee meant thee a good
 1655 turne, therefore fay what a parragon fhe is, and thou haft
 1656 the harueft out of thine owne report.

1670 1657 *Boult.* I warrant you Miftrefse, thunder fhall not fo a-

Boult. I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, 1637
but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to 1638
morrow. 1639

Baud. Well, well, as for him he brought his disease 1640
hither, here he doth but repair it, I know he will come 1641
in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun. 1642

Boult. Well, if we had of every Nation a traveller, 1643
we should lodge them with this signe. 1644

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you have For- 1645
tunes comming upon you, mark me, you must seem to do 1646
that fearfully, which you commit willingly, despite pro- 1647
fit, where you have most gain, to weep that you live as 1648
you do, makes pitty in your lovers seldom, but that pit- 1649
ty begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meer 1650
profit. 1651

Mar. I understand you not. 1652

Boult. O take her home, mistress, take her home, these 1653
blushes of hers must be quencht with some present practise. 1654

Baud. Thou sayest true ifaith, so they must, for your 1655
Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go 1656
with warrant. 1657

Boult. Faith some do, and some do not, but Mistress, 1658
if I have bargain'd for the joynt. 1659

Baud. Thou maist cut a morsel off the spit. 1660

Boult. I may so. 1661

Baud. Who should deny it? 1662
Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well. 1663

Boult. I by my faith, they shall not be changed yet. 1664

Baud. *Boult,* spend thou that in the Town, report 1665
what a sojourner we have, you'll lose nothing by custome. 1666
When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good 1667
turn, therefore say what a parragon she is, and thou hast 1668
the harvest out of thine own report. 1669

Boult. I warrant you mistress, thunder shall not so 1670

1658 wake the beds of Eeles, as my giuing out her beautie firs
 1659 vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home some to night.
 1660 *Baud.* Come your wayes, follow me.
 1661 *Mari.* If fires be hote, kniues sharpe, or waters deepe,
 1662 Vntide I ftill my virgin knot will keepe.
 1663 *Diana* ayde my purpofe.
 1664 *Baud.* What haue we to doe with *Diana*, pray you will
 1665 you goe with vs?

1666

Exit.

1667

Enter Cleon, and Dioniza.

1680 1668 *Dion.* Why ere you foolish, can it be vndone?
 1669 *Cleon.* O *Dioniza*, fuch a peece of slaughter,
 1670 the Sunne and Moone nere lookt vpon.
 1671 *Dion.* I thinke youle turne a chidle agen.
 1672 *Cleon.* Were I chiefe Lord of all this fpacious world, Ide
 1673 giue it to vndo the deede. O Ladie much leffe in bloud then
 1674 vertue, yet a Princes to equall any fingle Crowne ath earth-
 1675 ith Iuftice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou haft
 1676 poiſned too, if thou hadft drunke to him tad beene a
 1677 kindneffe becomming well thy face, what canſt thou fay
 1678 when noble *Pericles* ſhall demaund his child?
 1691 1679 *Dion.* That ſhee is dead, Nurſes are not the fates to fo-
 1680 ſter it, not euer to preferue, ſhe dide at night, Ile fay ſo, who
 1681 can croſſe it vnleſſe you play the impious Innocent, and
 1682 for an honeſt attribute, crie out ſhee dyde by foule
 1683 play.
 1684 *Cle.* O goe too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the
 1685 heauens, the Gods doe like this worſt.
 1686 *Dion.* Be one of thoſe that thinks the pettie wrens of
 1687 *Tharfus* will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do ſhame
 1688 to thinke of what a noble ſtraine you are, and of how co-
 1689 ward a ſpirit.

awake the beds of Eels, as my giving out her beauty stirs 1671
 up the lewdly enclined, I'll bring home some to night. 1672
Baud. Come your wayes, follow me. 1673
Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, 1674
 Unti'd I fill my virgin knot will keep. 1675
Diana aid my purpose. 1676
Baud. What have we to do with *Diana*? pray you 1677
 go with us. *Exeunt.* 1678

Enter Cleon and Dionizia. 1679

Dion. Why are you foolish, can it be undone? 1680
Cleon. O *Dionizia*, such a piece of slaughter, 1681
 The Sun and Moon ne're look'd upon. 1682
Dion. I think you'll turn a child again. 1683
Cleon. Were I chief Lord of all this spacious world, 1684
 I'd give it to undo the deed. O Lady, much less in blood 1685
 then vertue, yet a Princess to equall any single Crown of 1686
 the earth, in the justice of compare, O villain, *Leonine*, 1687
 whom thou hast poisoned too, if thou had'st drunk to him, 1688
 it had been a kindness becoming well thy face, what canst 1689
 thou say, when Noble *Pericles* shall demand his child? 1690
Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates to 1691
 foster it, nor ever to preserve, she di'd at night, I'll say 1692
 so, who can crosse it, unlesse you play the Innocent, and 1693
 for an honest attribute, cry out she di'd by foul play. 1694

Cleon. O go too, well, well, of all the faults beneath 1695
 the heavens, the gods do like this worst. 1696
Dion. Be one of those that thinks the pretty wrens 1697
 of *Tharsus* will fly hence, and open this to *Pericles*; 1698
 I do shame to think of what a Noble strain you are, and 1699
 of how coward a spirit. 1700

1690 *Cle.* To such proceeding who euer but his approba-
 1691 tion added, though not his prince consent, he did not flow
 1692 from honourable courfes.

1704 1693 *Dion.* Be it so then, yet none does knowe but you
 1694 how shee came dead, nor none can knowe *Leonine* being
 1695 gone. Shee did disdaine my childe, and stood betweene
 1696 her and her fortunes : none woulde looke on her, but
 1697 cast their gazes on *Marianas* face, whilest ours was blur-
 1698 ted at, and helde a Mawkin not worth the time of day.
 1699 It pierst me thorow, and though you call my course vn-
 1700 naturall, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it
 1701 greets mee as an enterprize of kindnesse performd to your
 1702 sole daughter.

1703 *Cle.* Heauens forgiue it.

1704 *Dion.* And as for *Pericles*, what should hee say, we wept
 1705 after her hearfe, & yet we mourne, her monument is almost
 1706 finished, & her epitaphs in glittering gold characters expres
 1717 1707 a generall prayse to her, and care in vs at whose expence
 1708 tis done.

1709 *Cle.* Thou art like the Harpie,
 1710 Which to betray, doest with thine Angells face ceaze with
 1711 thine Eagles talents.

1712 *Dion.* Yere like one that superficioufly,
 1713 Doe sweare too'th Gods, that Winter kills
 1714 The Fliies, but yet I know, youle
 1715 doe as I aduise.

1716 *Gower.* Thus time we wafte, & long leagues make short,
 1727 1717 Saile seas in Cockles, haue and wifh but fort,
 1718 Making to take our imagination,
 1719 From bourne to bourne, region to region,

Cleon. To such proceeding, who ever but his approba- 1701
tion added, though not his whole consent, he did not flow 1702
from honorable courses. 1703

Dion. Be it so then, yet none doth know but you 1704
how she came dead, nor none can know, *Leonine* being 1705
gone. She did disdain my child, and stood between her 1706
and her fortunes : none would look on her, but cast their 1707
gazes on *Marina's* face, whilst ours was blurred at, and 1708
held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd 1709
me thorow, and though you call my course unnatural, 1710
you not your child well loving, yet I find it greets me as 1711
an enterprize of kindness perform'd to your sole daughter. 1712

Cleon. Heavens forgive it. 1713

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say? we 1714
wept after her hearse, and yet we mourn : her monument 1715
almost finished, and her Epitaph in glittering golden 1716
characters, expresse a general praise to her, and care in us, 1717
at whose expence 'tis done. 1718

Cleon. Thou art like the Harpie, 1719
Which to betray, dost with thy Angels face, 1720
Ceaze with thine Eagles talents. 1721

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously 1722
Doth swear to th'gods, that winter kills the flies, 1723
But yet I know, you'll do as I advise. *Exit,* 1724

Actus Quartus.

Enter Gower. 1725
Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short, 1726
Sail seas in Cockles, have and wish but for't : 1727
Making to take our imagination, 1728
From bourn to bourn, Region to Region. 1729

- 1720 By you being pardoned we commit no crime,
 1721 To vse one language, in each feuerall clime,
 1722 Where our sceanes feemes to liue,
 1723 I doe beseech you
 1724 To learne of me who stand with gappes
 1725 To teach you.
 1726 The stages of our storie *Pericles*
 1727 Is now againe thwarting thy wayward feas,
 1728 Attended on by many a Lord and Knight,
 1729 To see his daughter all his liues delight.
 1738 1730 Old *Helicanus* goes along behind,
 1731 Is left to gouerne it, you beare in mind.
 1732 Old *Escenes*, whom *Hellicanus* late
 1733 Aduancde in time to great and hie estate.
 1734 Well sayling ships, and bounteous winds
 1735 Haue brought
 1736 This king to *Tharfus*, thinke this Pilat thought
 1737 So with his sterage, shall your thoughts grone
 1738 To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone
 1739 Like moats and shadowes, see them
 1740 Moue a while,
 1741 Your eares vnto your eyes Ile reconcile.
- 1748 1742 *Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his trayne, Cleon and Dioniza at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles the tombe, whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sacke-cloth, and in a mighty passion departs.*
- 1746 *Gowr.* See how beleefe may suffer by fowle shoue,
 1747 This borrowed passion stands for true olde woe :
 1748 And *Pericles* in forrowe all deuour'd,
 1749 With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-flowr'd,
 1750 Leaues *Tharfus*, and againe imbarques, hee sweares
 1751 Neuer to wash his face, nor cut his hayres :
 1752 Hee put on sack-cloth, and to Sea he beares,
 1753 A Tempest which his mortall vessell teares.

<i>By you being Pard'ned, we commit no crime</i>	1730
<i>To use one Language, in each severall clime,</i>	1731
<i>Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you</i>	1732
<i>To learn of me, who stands in gaps to teach you.</i>	1733
<i>The stages of our story Pericles,</i>	1734
<i>Is now again thwarting the wayward seas ;</i>	1735
<i>(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)</i>	1736
<i>To see his daughter, all his lives delight.</i>	1737
<i>Old Hellicanus goes along behinde,</i>	1738
<i>Is left to govern it : you bear in minde</i>	1739
<i>Old Escanes, whom Hellicanus late</i>	1740
<i>Advanc'd in time to great and high estate.</i>	1741
<i>Well sailing ships, and bounteous wind s have brought</i>	1742
<i>This King to Tharfus, think this Pilate thought</i>	1743
<i>So with his steerage, shall your thoughts grone</i>	1744
<i>To fetch his Daughter home, who first is gone</i>	1745
<i>Like moats and shadows see them move a while,</i>	1746
<i>Your eares unto your eyes I'le reconcile.</i>	1747
Enter <i>Pericles</i> at one door with all his train. <i>Cleon</i> and	1748
<i>Dionizia</i> at the other. <i>Cleon</i> shewes <i>Pericles</i> the	1749
Tombe, whereat <i>Pericles</i> makes lamentation, puts on	1750
Sack-cloth, and in a mighty paffion departs.	1751
<i>Gower. See how belief may suffer by foule show,</i>	1752
<i>This borrowed passion stands for true ol d woe :</i>	1753
<i>And Pericles in sorrow all devour'd,</i>	1754
<i>With sighes shot through, and biggest teares o're-showr'd.</i>	1755
<i>Leaves Tharfus, and again imbarks, he sweares</i>	1756
<i>Never to wash his face, nor cut his haire,</i>	1757
<i>He put on Sack-cloth and to Sea he beares,</i>	1758
<i>A tempest which his mortall Vessell teares.</i>	1759

1754 And yet hee rydes it out, Nowe please you wit :
 1755 The Epitaph is for *Marina* writ, by wicked *Dioniza*.

1762 1756 *The fairest, sweetest, and best lyes heere,*
 1757 *Who withered in her spring of yeare :*
 1758 *She was of Tyrus the Kings daughter,*
 1759 *On whom fowle death hath made this slaughter.*
 1760 *Marina was shee call'd, and at her byrth,*
 1761 *Thetis being proud, swallowed some part at h'earth :*
 1762 *Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed,*
 1763 *Hath Thetis byrth-childe on the heauens bestowed.*
 1764 *Wherefore she does and sweares sheele neuer stint,*
 1765 *Make raging Battery vpon shores of flint.*

1766 No vizor does become blacke villanie,
 1767 So well as soft and tender flatterie :
 1768 Let *Pericles* belecue his daughter's dead,
 1775 1769 And beare his courtes to be ordered ;
 1770 By Lady *Fortune*, while our Steare must play,
 1771 His daughters woe and heauie welladay.
 1772 In her vnholie seruice : Patience then,
 1773 And thinke you now are all in *Mittelin*.

Exit.

1774 *Enter two Gentlemen.*

1775 1. *Gent.* Did you euer heare the like?

1776 2. *Gent.* No, nor neuer shall doe in such a place as this,
 1777 shee beeing once gone.

1778 1. But to haue diuinitie preach't there, did you euer
 1779 dreame of such a thing?

1780 2. No, no, come, I am for no more bawdie houfes, shall's
 1781 goe heare the Vestalls sing?

1782 1. Ile doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out
 1783 of the road of rutting for euer. *Exit.*

1790 1784 *Enter Bawdes 3.*

1785 *Pand.* Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her
 1786 shee had nere come heere.

And yet he rides it out. Now take we our way 1760
To the Epitaph for Marina, writ by Dionizia. 1761

The fairest, sweetest, and best lies here, 1762
 Who withered in her spring of year : 1763
 She was of *Tyrus* the King's Daughter, 1764
 On whom foule death hath made this slaughter : 1765
Marina was she call'd, and at her birth, 1766
 That is, being proud, swallow'd some part of th'earth : 1767
 Therefore the earth fearing to be o'reflow'd 1768
 Hath *Thetis* birth-childe on the heavens bestow'd. 1769
 Wherefore she does and sweares she'll never stint, 1770
 Make raging Battery upon shores of flint. 1771

No vizor does become black villany, 1772
So well as soft and tender flattery. 1773
Let Pericles believe his Dauhter's dead, 1774
And bear his courses to be ordered 1775
By Lady Fortune, while our steare must play 1776
His Daughter woe and heavy well-a-day. 1777
In her unholy service : Patience thou, 1778
And think you now are all in Metaline. 1779

Enter two Gentlemen. 1780

1. *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like ? 1781
 2. *Gent.* No, nor never shall doe in such a place as 1782
 this, she being once gone. 1783
 1. *Gent.* But to have Divinity preacht there, did you 1784
 ever dreame of such a thing ? 1785
 2. *Gent.* No, no, come, I am for no more Bawdy 1786
 Houses, shall we go hear the Vestalls sing ? 1787
 1. *Gent.* I'll doe any thing now that is virtuous, but 1788
 I am out of the road of rutting for ever. *Exeunt.* 1789

Enter the three Bawdes. 1790

Pand. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her 1791
 she had ne're come here. 1792

- 1787 *Bawd.* Fye, fye, vpon her, shee's able to freze the god
 1788 *Priapus*, and vndoe a whole generation, we must either get
 1789 her rauished, or be rid of her, when she should doe for Cly-
 1790 ents her fitment, and doe mee the kindenesse of our pro-
 1791 fession, shee has me her quirks, her reafons, her master rea-
 1792 sons, her prayers, her knees, that shee would make a *Puri-*
 1793 *taine* of the diuell, if hee should cheapen a kisse of her.
- 1794 *Boult.* Faith I must rauish her, or shee'le disfurnish vs
 1801 of all our Cauallereea, and make our sweaters priests.
- 1796 *Pand.* Now the poxe vpon her greene sicknes for mee.
- 1797 *Bawd.* Faith ther's no way to be ridde on't but by the
 1798 way to the pox. Here comes the Lord *Lyfsmachus* disguised.
- 1799 *Boult.* Wee should haue both Lorde and Lowne, if the
 1800 peeuish baggadge would but giue way to customers.
- 1801 *Enter Lyfsmachus.*
- 1802 *Lyfim.* How now, how a douzen of virginities?
- 1803 *Bawd.* Now the Gods to bleffe your Honour.
- 1804 *Boult.* I am glad to see your Honour in good health.
- 1805 *Li.* You may, so t'is the better for you that your re-
 1806 sorters stand vpon sound legges, how now? wholsome ini-
 1813 1807 quitie haue you, that a man may deale withall, and defie
 1808 the Surgion?
- 1809 *Bawd.* Wee haue heere one Sir, if shee would, but
 1810 there neuer came her like in *Meteline*. (say.)
- 1811 *Li.* If shee'd doe the deedes of darknes thou wouldst
- 1812 *Bawd.* Your Honor knows what t'is to say wel enough.
- 1813 *Li.* Well, call forth, call forth.
- 1814 *Boult.* For flesh and bloud Sir, white and red, you shall
 1815 see a rose, and she were a rose indeed, if shee had but.
- 1816 *Li.* What prithi?
- 1826 1817 *Boult.* O Sir, I can be modest.
- 1818 *Li.* That dignities the renowne of a Bawde, no lesse
 1819 then it giues a good report to a number to be chaste.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her, she is able to frieze the god 1793
Priapus, and undoe a whole generation, we must either 1794
 get her ravisht, or be rid of her, when she should doe for 1795
 clyents her fitment, and doe me the kindnesse of our pro- 1796
 fession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master- 1797
 reasons, her prayers, her knees, that she would make a 1798
 Puritane of the Devil, if he should cheapen a kisse of her. 1799

Boult. Faith I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us 1800
 of all our Cavaleers, and make all our Swearers Priests. 1801

Pand. Now the poxe upon her green sicknesse for me. 1802

Ba. Faith there's no way to be rid of it, but by the way 1803
 to the Pox. Here comes the Lord *Lyfismachus* disguised. 1804

Boul. We should have both Lord and Lown, if the 1805
 peevish Baggage would but give way to customers. 1806

Enter Lyfismachus. 1807

Lyf. How now, how a dozen of virginities? 1808

Bawd. Now the gods blesse your Honour. 1809

Boult. I am glad to see your Honour in good health. 1810

Lyf. You may so, 'tis the better for you, that your 1811
 reorters stand upon sound Legs, how now? wholsome 1812
 impunity have you, that a man may deale withall, and 1813
 defie the Surgeon? 1814

Bawd. We have one here, sir, if she would----- 1815
 But there never came her like in *Metaline*. 1816

Lyf. If she'd doe the deeds of darknesse, thou would'st 1817
 say. 1818

Bawd. Your honour knowes what 'tis to say well e- 1819
 nough. 1820

Lyf. Well, call forth, call forth. 1821

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you 1822
 shall see a Rose, and she were a Rose indeed, if she had 1823
 but----- 1824

Lyf. What prethee? 1825

Boult. O sir, I can be modest. 1826

Lyf. That dignifies the renown of a Bawd, no lesse 1827
 then it gives a good report to a number to be chaste. 1828

1820 *Bawd.* Heere comes that which growes to the stalke,
1821 Neuer pluckt yet I can assure you.

1822 Is shee not a faire creature?

1823 *Ly.* Faith shee would serue after a long voyage at Sea,
1824 Well theres for you, leaue vs.

1825 *Bawd.* I beseeche your Honor giue me leaue a word,
1826 And Ile haue done presently.

1837 1827 *Li.* I beseech you doe.

1828 *Bawd.* First, I would haue you note, this is an Hono-
1829 rable man. (note him.

1830 *Mar.* I desire to finde him so, that I may worthilie

1831 *Bawd.* Next hees the Gouvernor of this countrey, and
1832 a man whom I am bound too.

1833 *Ma.* If he gouerne the countrey you are bound to him
1834 indeed, but how honorable hee is in that, I knowe not.

1835 *Bawd.* Pray you without anie more virginall fencing,
1836 will you vse him kindly? he will lyne your apron with gold.

1837 *Ma.* What hee will doe gratioufly, I will thankfully
1838 receiue.

1851 1839 *Li.* Ha you done?

1840 *Bawd.* My Lord shees not pac'fte yet, you must take
1841 some paines to worke her to your mannage, come wee will
1842 leaue his Honor, and her together, goe thy wayes. (trade?

1843 *Li.* Now prittie one, how long haue you beene at this

1844 *Ma.* What trade Sir?

1845 *Li.* Why, I cannot name but I shall offend. (name it

1846 *Ma.* I cannot be offended with my trade, please you to

1847 *Li.* How long haue you bene of this profession?

1848 *Ma.* Ere since I can remember.

1849 *Li.* Did you goe too't so young, were you a gamester
1850 at fiue, or at seuen?

Enter Marina.

- Bawd.* Here comes that which growes to the stalke, 1830
 Never pluckt yet I can assure you. 1831
 Is she not a fair creature ? 1832
Lys. Faith she would serve after a long voyage at Sea, 1833
 Well, there's for you, leave us. 1834
Bawd. I beseech your honour give me leave a word, 1835
 And I'll have done presently. 1836
Lys. I beseech you doe. 1837
Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honou- 1838
 rable man. 1839
Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily 1840
 note him. 1841
Bawd. Next, he's the Governour of this Country, and 1842
 a man whom I am bound to. 1843
Mar. If he govern the Countrey, you are bound to 1844
 him indeed, but how honourable he is in that, I know not. 1845
Bawd. Pray you without any more virginall fencing, 1846
 will you use him kindly ? he will line your Apron with 1847
 Gold. 1848
Mar. What he will doe graciously, I will thankfully 1849
 receive. 1850
Lys. Have you done ? 1851
Bawd. My Lord, she's not pace't yet, you must take 1852
 some pains to work her to your mannage, come, we will 1853
 leave his Honour and her together. *Exit Bawde.* 1854
Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this 1855
 trade ? 1856
Mar. What trade, Sir ? 1857
Lys. Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend. 1858
Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, please you 1859
 to name it. 1860
Lys. How long have you been of this profession ? 1861
Mar. E're since I can remember. 1862
Lys. Did you go to't so young, were you a gamester 1863
 at five, or at seven ? 1864

- 1865 1851 *Ma.* Earlyer too Sir, if now I bee one.
- 1852 *Ly.* Why? the house you dwell in proclaimes you to
1853 be a Creature of fale.
- 1854 *Ma.* Doe you knowe this house to be a place of such
1855 refort, and will come intoo't? I heare say you're of honou-
1856 rable parts, and are the Gouvernour of this place.
- 1857 *Li.* Why, hath your principall made knowne vnto
1858 you who I am?
- 1859 *Ma.* Who is my principall?
- 1860 *Li.* Why, your hearbe-woman, she that sets seeds and
1861 rootes of shame and iniquitie.
- 1875 1862 O you haue heard something of my power, and so
1863 stand aloft for more serious wooing, but I protest to thee
1864 prettie one, my authoritie shall not see thee, or else looke
1865 friendly vpon thee, come bring me to some priuate place:
1866 Come, come.
- 1867 *Ma.* If you were borne to honour, shew it now, if put
1868 vpon you, make the iudgement good, that thought you
1869 worthie of it.
- 1870 *Li.* How's this? how's this? some more, be sage.
- 1871 *Mar.* For me that am a maide, though most vngentle
1872 Fortune haue plac't mee in this Stie, where since I came,
1873 diseases haue beene solde deerer then Phisicke, that the
1887 1874 gods would set me free from this vnhalowed place, though
1875 they did chaunge mee to the meanest byrd that flies i'th
1876 purer ayre.
- 1877 *Li.* I did not thinke thou couldst haue spoke so well,
1878 nere drempt thou could'st, had I brought hither a cor-
1879 rupted minde, thy speche had altered it, holde, heeres
1880 golde for thee, perfeuer in that cleare way thou goest and
1881 the gods strengthen thee.
- 1882 *Ma.* The good Gods preferue you.
- 1887 1883 *Li.* For me be you thoughten, that I came with no ill
1884 intent, for to me the very doores and windows fauor vilely
1885 fare thee well, thou art a peece of vertue, & I doubt not but
1886 thy training hath bene noble, hold, heeres more golde for

- Mar.* Earlier too, fir, if now I be one, 1865
- Lyf.* Why the houfe you dwell in, proclaimes you to 1866
be a creature of fale. 1867
- Mar.* Doe you know this houfe to be a place of fuch 1868
refort, and will come into it? I hear fay you are of ho- 1869
nourable parts, and the Governour of this place. 1870
- Lyf.* Why? hath your principall made known unto 1871
you, who I am? 1872
- Mar.* Who is my Principal? 1873
- Ly.* Why your hearb woman, fhe that fets feeds and 1874
- roots of fhame and iniquity. O you have heard fome 1875
thing of my power, and fo ftand aloft for more ferious 1876
woeing, but I proteft to thee, pretty one, my authority 1877
fhall not fee thee, or elfe look friendly upon thee; come 1878
bring me to fome private place, come, come. 1879
- Mar.* If you were born to honour, fhew it now, if put 1880
upon you, make the judgement good, that thought you 1881
worthy of it. 1882
- Lyf.* How's this? how's this? fome more, be fage. 1883
- Mar.* For me that am a maid, though moft ungentle 1884
Fortune have plac'd me in this Stie, where fince I came, 1885
difeafes have been fold dearer then Phyfick, O that the 1886
gods would fet me free from this unhallow'd place, 1887
though they did change me to the meaneft bird that flies 1888
i'th purer aire. 1889
- Lyf.* I did not think thou could'ft have fpoke fo well, 1890
I ne're dream'd thou could'ft; had I brought hither a 1891
corrupted mind, thy fpeech had altered it, hold, here's 1892
gold for thee, perfever in that clear way thou goeft, and 1893
the gods ftrengthen thee. 1894
- Mar.* The good gods preferve you. 1895
- Ly.* For my part, I came with no ill intent, for to me 1896
the very doors and windows favours vilely, fare thee well, 1897
thou art a piece of vertue, and I doubt not but thy train- 1898
ing hath been Noble, hold, here's more gold for thee, a 1899

- 1887 thee, a curfe vpon him, die he like a theefe that robs thee of
 1888 thy goodnes, if thou doeft heare from me it fhall be for thy
 1889 good.
- 1890 *Boult.* I befeeche your Honor one peece for me.
- 1891 *Li.* Auauant thou damned dore-keeper, your houfe but
 1892 for this virgin that doeth prop it, would fincke and ouer-
 1893 whelme you. Away.
- 1907 1894 *Boult.* How's this? wee muft take another courfe with
 1895 you? if your peeuiſh chaſtitie, which is not worth a breake-
 1896 faſt in the cheapeſt countrey vnder the coap, ſhall vndoe a
 1897 whole houſhold, let me be gelded like a ſpaniel, come your
- 1898 *Ma.* Whither would you haue mee? (wayes.)
- 1899 *Boult.* I muft haue your mayden-head taken off, or the
 1900 cōmon hāg-man ſhal execute it, come your way, wee le haue
 1901 no more Gentlemen driuen away, come your wayes I fay.
- 1902 *Enter Bawdes.*
- 1903 *Bawd.* How now, whats the matter?
- 1904 *Boult.* Worfe and worfe miſtris, ſhee has heere ſpoken
 1905 holie words to the Lord *Liſimachus*.
- 1921 1906 *Bawd.* O abhominable.
- 1907 *Boult.* He makes our profeſſion as it were to ſtincke a
 1908 fore the face of the gods.
- 1909 *Bawd.* *Marie* hang her vp for euer.
- 1910 *Boult.* The Noble man would haue dealt with her like
 1911 a Noble man, and ſhee ſent him away as colde as a Snowe-
 1912 ball, faying his prayers too.
- 1913 *Bawd.* *Boult* take her away, vſe her at thy pleaſure, crack
 1914 the glaſſe of her virginie, and make the reſt maliable.
- 1915 *Boult.* And if ſhee were a thornyer peece of ground
 1916 then ſhee is, ſhee ſhall be plowed.
- 1932 1917 *Ma.* Harke, harke you Gods.
- 1918 *Bawd.* She coniures, away with her, would ſhe had ne-
 1919 uer come within my doores, *Marie* hang you: ſhees borne

curfe upon him, die he like a thief that robs thee of thy 1900
goodnefs, if thou doft hear from me, it fhall be for thy 1901
good. 1902

Boult. I befeech your honour, one piece for me. 1903

Ly. Avant thou damned door-keeper, your houfe but 1904
for this virgin that doth prop it, would fink and over- 1905
whelm you. away. 1906

Boult. How's this? we muft take another courfe with 1907
you? if your peevifh chaftity, which is not worth a 1908
break-fast in the cheapeft Country under the coap, fhall 1909
undo a whole houfehold, let me be gelded like a fpaniel, 1910
come your wayes. 1911

Mar. Whither would you have me? 1912

Boult. I muft have your maidenhead taken off, or the 1913
common hangman fhall execute it, come your way, we'll 1914
have no more gentlemen driven away, come your wayes 1915
I fay. 1916

Enter Bawds. 1917

Bawd. How now, what's the matter? 1918

Boult. Worfe and worfe, Miftris, ſhe hath here ſpo- 1919
ken holy words to the Lord *Lyfimachus*. 1920

Bawd. O abominable. 1921

Boult. He makes our profeffion as it were to ftink be- 1922
fore the face of the gods. 1923

Bawd. Marry hang her up for ever. 1924

Boult. The Nobleman would have dealt with her like 1925
a Nobleman, and ſhe fent him away as cold as a Snow- 1926
ball, faying his prayers too. 1927

Bawd. Boult, take her away, ufe her at thy pleaſure, 1928
crack the glaſſe of her virginity, & make the reft maleable. 1929

Boult. And if ſhe were a thornier piece of ground 1930
then ſhe is, ſhe fhall be ploughed. 1931

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods. 1932

Bawd. She conjures, away with her, would ſhe had 1933
never come within my doors, Marry hang you, ſhe's born 1934

1920 to vndoe vs, will you not goe the way of wemen-kinde?
 1921 Marry come vp my difh of chaftitie with rofemary & baies.

1922 *Boult.* Come miftris, come your way with mee.

1923 *Ma.* Whither wilt thou haue mee?

1924 *Boult.* To take from you the Iewell you hold fo deere.

1925 *Ma.* Prithee tell mee one thing firft.

1926 *Boult.* Come now your one thing.

1927 *Ma.* What canft thou wifh thine enimie to be.

1928 *Boult.* Why, I could wifh him to bee my mafter, or ra-
 1929 ther my miftris.

1946 1930 *Ma.* Neither of thefe are fo bad as thou art, fince they
 1931 doe better thee in their command, thou hold'ft a place for
 1932 which the painedit feende of hell would not in reputation
 1933 change: Thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery cu-
 1934 fterell that comes enquiring for his Tib. To the cholerike
 1935 fifing of euery rogue, thy eare is lyable, thy foode is fuch
 1936 as hath beene belch't on by infected lungs.

1937 *Bo.* What wold you haue me do?go to the wars, wold you?
 1938 wher a man may ferue 7.years for the loffe of a leg, & haue
 1939 not money enough in the end to buy him a woodden one?

1958 1940 *Ma.* Doe any thing but this thou doeft, emptie olde re-
 1941 ceptacles, or common-fhores of filthe, ferue by indenture,
 1942 to the common hang-man, anie of thefe wayes are yet
 1943 better then this: for what thou profeffest, a Baboone could
 1944 he fpeak, would owne a name too deere, that the gods wold
 1945 fafely deliuer me from this place: here, heers gold for thee,
 1946 if that thy mafter would gaine by me, proclaime that I can
 1947 fing, weaue, fow, & dance, with other vertues, which Ile keep
 1948 from boaft, and will vndertake all thefe to teache. I doubt
 1949 not but this populous Cittie will yeelde manie fchollers.

1969 1950 *Boult.* But can you teache all this you fpeake of?

1951 *Ma.* Prooue that I cannot, take mee home againe,

to undo us, will you not go the way of women-kind? 1935
 Marry come up my dish of chastity, with rosemary and 1936
 bayle. *Exit.* 1927

Boult. Come mistress, come your wayes with me. 1938

Mar. Whither would you have me? 1939

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear. 1940

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing first. 1941

Boult. Come now, your one thing. 1942

Mar. What can't thou wish thine enemy to be? 1943

Boult. Why I could wish him to be my Master, or 1944
 rather my Mistress. 1945

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since 1946
 they do better thee in their command; thou hold'st 1947
 a place, for which the painedst iend in hell would 1948
 not in reputation change: thou art the damned door- 1949
 keeper to every cusherel that comes enquiring for his 1950
 Tib; to the cholericke fisting of every rogue, thy ear is 1951
 liable, thy food is such as hath been belcht on by infe- 1952
 ctious lungs. 1953

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the warrs, 1954
 would you, where a man may serve seven years for the 1955
 losse of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to 1956
 buy him a wooden one? 1957

Mar. Do any thing but this thou dost, empty old re- 1958
 ceptacles, or common-shores of filth; serve by Indenture 1959
 to the common hangman, any of these wayes are yet bet- 1960
 ter then this: for what thou professest, a Baboon, could he 1961
 speak, would own a name too dear: Oh, that the gods 1962
 would safely deliver me from this place: here, here's gold 1963
 for thee, if that thy Master would gain by me, proclaim 1964
 that I can sing, weave, fowe, and dance, with other ver- 1965
 tues, which I'll keep from boast, and will undertake all 1966
 these to teach. I doubt not but this populous City will 1967
 yield many schollars. 1968

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak off? 1969

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again, and 1970

1952 And prostitute mee to the basest groome that doeth fre-
1953 quent your house.

1954 *Boult.* Well I will see what I can doe for thee: if I can
1955 place thee I will.

1956 *Ma.* But amongst honest woman.

1957 *Boult.* Faith my acquaintance lies little amongst them,
1958 But since my master and mistress hath bought you, theres
1959 no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them
1960 acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall
1961 finde them tractable enough. Come, Ile doe for thee what
1962 I can, come your wayes. *Exeunt.*

1982 1963

Enter Gower.

1964 *Marina* thus the Brothell scapes, and chaunces
1965 Into an *Honest-house* our storie faves:
1966 Shee sings like one immortall, and shee daunces
1967 As Goddesse-like to her admired layes. (Ies,
1968 Deepe clearks shee dumb's, and with her neele compo-
1969 Natures owne shape, of budde, bird, branche, or berry.
1970 That euen her art sifters the naturall Roses
1971 Her Inckle, Silke Twine, with the rubied Cherrie,
1972 That puples lackes shee none of noble race,
1992 1973 Who powre their bountie on her: and her gaine
1974 Shee giues the curfed Bawd, here wee her place,
1975 And to hir Father turne our thoughts againe,
1976 Where wee left him on the Sea, wee there him left,
1977 Where driuen before the windes, hee is arriu'de
1978 Heere where his daughter dwels, and on this coast,
1979 Suppose him now at *Anchor*: the Citie striu'de
1980 God *Neptunes* Annually feast to keepe, from whence
1981 *Lysimachus* our *Tyrian* Shippe espies,
1982 His banners Sable, trim'd with rich expence,
2002 1983 And to him in his Barge with former hies,
1984 In your supposing once more put your fight,
1985 Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke:

prostitute me to the basest groom that doth frequent your
house. 1971
1972

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee : If I
can place thee I will. 1973
1974

Mar. But amongst honest women. 1975

Boult. Faith my acquaintance lies little among them;
but since my master and mistress hath 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. 1976
1977
1978
1979
1980
Exeunt. 1981

Enter Gower. 1982

Marina thus the Brot hel scapes, and chances 1983
Into an honest house, our story saies ; 1984
She sings like one immortal, and she dances 1985
As goddess-like to her admired laies : 1986
Deep Clearks she dumbs, and with her needle composes 1987
Natures own shape, of bud, bird, branch or berry, 1988
That even her art, sisters the natural Roses, 1989
Her Inkle, Silk, Twine, with the rubied Cherry, 1990
That pupils lacks she none of noble race, 1991
Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain 1992
She gives the curfed Barwd. Leave we her place, 1993
And to her Father turn our thoughts again, 1994
Where we left him at sea, tumbled and tost, 1995
And driven before the wind, he is arriv'd 1996
Here where his daughter dwels, and on this Coast, 1997
Suppose him now at Anchor : the City striv'd 1998
God Neptunes annual feast to keep, from whence 1999
Lyfimachus our Tyr ian ship espies, 2000
His banners sable, trim'd with rich expence, 2001
And to him in his Barge with fervour hyes. 2002
In your supposing, once more put your sight 2003
On heavy Pericles, think this his Bark, 2004

1986 Where what is done in action, more if might
1987 Shalbe discouerd, please you fit and harke. *Exit.*

1988 *Enter Helicanus, to him 2. Saylers.*

1989 1. *Say.* Where is Lord *Helicanus*? hee can refoleue you,
1990 O here he is Sir, there is a barge put off from *Metaline*, and
1991 in it is *Lyfimachus* the Gouvernour, who craues to come a-
1992 boord, what is your will?

2012 1993 *Helly.* That hee haue his, call vp some Gentlemen.

1994 2. *Say.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

1995 *Enter two or three Gentlemen.*

1996 1. *Gent.* Doeth your Lordship call?

1997 *Helli.* Gentlemen there is some of worth would come
1998 aboard, I pray greet him fairely.

1999 *Enter Lyfimachus.*

2000 *Hell.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would
2001 refoleue you.

2002 *Lyf.* Hayle reuerent Syr, the Gods preferue you.

2003 *Hell.* And you to out-lieue the age I am, and die as I
2004 would doe.

2023 2005 *Li.* You with mee well, beeing on shore, honoring of
2006 *Neptunes* triumphs, feeling this goodly vessell ride before
2007 vs, I made to it, to knowe of whence you are.

2008 *Hell.* Firft what is your place?

2009 *Ly.* I am the Gouvernour of this place you lie before.

2010 *Hell.* Syr our vessell is of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man,
2011 who for this three moneths hath not spoken to anie one,
2012 nor taken sustenance, but to prorogue his grieffe.

2013 *Li.* Vpon what ground is his distemperature?

2014 *Hell.* Twould be too tedious to repeat, but the mayne
2015 grieffe springs frõ the losse of a beloued daughter & a wife.

2016 *Li.* May wee not see him?

*Where what is done in action (more of might
Shall be discovered) please you sit and hark.* 2005
Exit. 2006

Enter Hellicanus, to him two Saylor. 2007

1. *Sayl.* Where is the Lord *Hellicanus* ? he can re- 2008
solve you. O here he is, fir, there is a Barge put off from 2009
Metaline, and in it is *Lysmachus* the Governor, who 2010
craves to come aboard, what is your will ? 2011

Hell. That he have his, call up some gentlemen. 2012

2. *Sayl.* Ho, Gentlemen, my Lord calls. 2013

Enter two or three Gentlemen. 2014

Hell. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come 2015
aboard, I pray thee greet them fairly. 2016

Enter Lysmachus. 2017

1. *Sayl.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you 2018
would, resolve you. 2019

Lysf. Hail, reverent fir, the gods preserve you. 2020

Hell. And you to out-live the age I am, and die as I 2021
would do. 2022

Lysf. You with me well ; being on shore, honoring 2023
of *Neptunes* triumphs, seeing this goodly vessel ride before 2024
us, I made to it, to know of whence you are. 2025

Hell. First, what is your place ? 2026

Lysf. I am the Governor of this place you lie before. 2027

Hell. Sir, our vessel's of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, 2028
who for this three months hath not spoken to any one, 2029
nor taken sustenance, but to prolong his grief. 2030

Lysf. Upon what ground is his distemperance ? 2031

Hell. It would be too tedious to repeat, but the main 2032
grief springs from the loss of a beloved daughter, and a 2033
wife. 2034

Lysf. May we not see him ? 2035

2036 2017 *Hell.* You may, but bootleffe. Is your fight see, will not
2018 speake to any, yet let me obtaine my with.

2019 *Lys.* Behold him, this was a goodly perfon.

2020 *Hell.* Till the difaster that one mortall wight droue him
2021 to this.

2022 *Lys.* Sir King all haile, the Gods preferue you, haile
2023 royall fir.

2024 *Hell.* It is in vaine, he will not speake to you.

2025 *Lord.* Sir we haue a maid in *Metiliue*, I durst wager would
2026 win fome words of him.

2027 *Lys.* Tis well bethought, she questionleffe with her sweet
2028 harmonie, and other chofen attractions, would allure and
2029 make a battrie through his defend parts, which now are
2030 midway ftopt, thee is all happie as the fairest of all, and her
2031 fellow maides, now vpon the leaue shelter that abutts a-
2032 gainst the Islands fide.

2052 2033 *Hell.* Sure all effectleffe, yet nothing weele omit that
2034 beares recoueries name. But since your kindneffe wee haue
2035 stretcht thus farre, let vs beseech you, that for our golde
2036 we may prouision haue, wherein we are not deftitute for
2037 want, but wearie for the staleneffe.

2038 *Lys.* O fir, a curtesie, which if we should denie, the most
2039 iust God for euery graffe would fend a Caterpillar, and so
2040 inflict our Prouince: yet once more let mee intreate to
2041 knowe at large the caufe of your kings sorrow.

2042 *Holl.* Sit fir, I will recount it to you, but see I am pre-
2043 uented.

2064 2044 *Lys.* O hee's the Ladie that I sent for,
2045 Welcome faire one, ist not a goodly present?

2046 *Hell.* Shee's a gallant Ladie.

2047 *Lys.* Shee's such a one, that were I well affurde
2048 Came of a gentle kinde, and noble stocke, I do wish
2049 No better choise, and thinke me rarely to wed,
2050 Faire on all goodneffe that confists in beautie,

Hell. You may, but bootlefs is your fight, he will not
fpeak to any. 2036 2037

Lyf. Let me obtain my wifh. 2038

Hell. Behold him, this was a goodly perfon, till the
difafter that one mortal wight drove him to this. 2039 2040

Lyf. Sir King, all hail, the gods preferve you, hail,
Royal Sir. 2041 2042

Hell. It is in vain, he will not fpeak to you. 2043

Lord. Sir, we have a maid in *Metaline*, I durft wager
would win fome words from him. 2044 2045

Lyf. 'Tis well bethought, the queftionleffe with her
fwet harmony, and other chofen attractions, would al-
lure and make a battery through his defended parts, which
now are mid-way ftopt, fhe is all happy, as the faireft of
all, and her fellow maids, now upon the levie fhelter that
abutts againft the Ifland fide. 2046 2047 2048 2049 2050 2051

Hell. Sure all effectlefs, yet nothing wee'l omit that
bears recoveries name. But fince your kindnefs we have
ftracht thus farre, let us befcech you, that for our gold we
may have provifion, wherein we are not deftitute for want,
but weary for the ftalenefs. 2052 2053 2054 2055 2056

Lyf. O, fir, a courtefie, which if we fhould deny, the
moft juft God for every graffe would fend a Caterpillar,
and fo inflict our Province: yet once more let me entreat
to know at large the caufe of your Kings forrow. 2057 2058 2059 2060

Hell. Sit, fir, I will recount it to you; but fee, I am
prevented. 2061 2062

Enter Marina. 2063

Lyf. O here's the Lady that I fent for.
Welcome fair one: Is't not a goodly present? 2064 2065

Hell. She's a gallant Lady. 2066

Lyf. She's fuch a one, that were I well affur'd,
Came of a gentle kind and noble ftock,
I'd wifh no better choife, and think me rarely wed.
Fair and all goodneffe that confifts in beauty, 2067 2068 2069 2070

- 2051 Expect euen here, where is a kingly patient,
 2072 2052 If that thy prosperous and artificiall fate,
 2053 Can draw him but to answere thee in ought,
 2054 Thy sacred Phyficke shall receiue such pay,
 2055 As thy desires can wish.
 2056 *Mar.* Sir I will vse my vtmost skill in his recouerie, pro-
 2057 uided that none but I and my companion maid be suffered
 2058 to come neere him,
 2059 *Lys.* Come, let vs leaue her, and the Gods make her pro-
 2060 sperous. *The Song.*
 2061 *Lys.* Marke he your Musicke?
 2062 *Mar.* No nor lookt on vs.
 2063 *Lys.* See she will speake to him.
 2064 *Mar.* Haile fir, my Lord lend eare,
 2065 *Per.* Hum, ha.
 2086 2066 *Mar.* I am a maid, my Lorde, that nere before inuited
 2067 eyes, but haue beene gazed on like a Comet: She speaks
 2068 my Lord, that may be, hath endured a grieffe might equall
 2069 yours, if both were iustly wayde, though wayward fortune
 2070 did maligne my state, my deriuation was from ancestors,
 2071 who stood equiuolent with mightie Kings, but time hath
 2072 rooted out my parentage, and to the world, and augward
 2073 casualties, bound me in feruitude, I will desist, but there is
 2074 something glowes vpon my cheek, and whifpers in mine
 2075 eare, go not till he speake.
 2096 2076 *Per.* My fortunes, parentage, good parentage, to equall
 2077 mine, was it not thus, what say you?
 2078 *Mari.* I fed my Lord, if you did know my parentage,
 2079 you would not do me violence.
 2080 *Per.* I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes vpon me,
 2081 your like something that, what Countrey women heare of
 2082 these shewes?
 2083 *Mar.* No, nor of any shewes, yet I was mortally brought
 2084 forth, and am no other then I appeare.
 2085 *Per.* I am great with woe, and shall deliuer weeping:my
 2086 dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one my daugh-

Expect even here, where is a kingly patient, 2071
 If that thy prosperous and artificial fate, 2072
 Can draw him but to answer thee in ought, 2073
 Thy sacred Physick shall receive such pay, 2074
 As thy desires can wish. 2075

Mar. Sir, I will use my uttermost skill in his recovery, 2076
 provided that none but I and my companion maid, be 2077
 suffered to come near him. 2078

Lyf. Come, let us leave her, and the gods make her 2079
 prosperous. *The Song.* 2080

Lyf. Markt he your musick : 2081

Mar. No, nor lookt on us. 2082

Lyf. See, she will speak to him. 2083

Mar. Hail, fir, my Lord, lend ear. 2084

Per. Hum, ha. 2085

Mar. I am a maid, my Lord, that nere before invited 2086
 eyes, but have been gazed on like a Comet: she speaks, my 2087
 Lord, that may be, hath endured a grief might equall 2088
 yours, if both were justly weighed, though wayward for- 2089
 tune did maligne my state, my derivation was from an- 2090
 cestors who stood equivalent with mighty Kings, but time 2091
 hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world and auk- 2092
 ward casualties, bound me in fervitude, I will desist, but 2093
 there is something glows upon my cheek, and whispers in 2094
 mine ear, *Go not till he speak.* 2095

Per. My fortunes, parentage, good parentage to equal 2096
 mine; was it not thus, what say you? 2097

Mar. I said, my Lord, if you did know my parentage, 2098
 you would not do me violence. 2099

Per. I do think so, pray you turn your eyes upon me, 2100
 y'are like some-thing that, what Countrey-women hear of 2101
 these shews? 2102

Mar. No, nor of any shews, yet I was mortally 2103
 brought forth, and am no other then I appear. 2104

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping: 2105
 my dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one my 2106

2107 2087 ter might haue beene: My Queenes square browes, her
 2088 stature to an inch, as wandlike-straight, as filter voyft,
 2089 her eyes as Jewell-like, and caste as richly, in pace an o-
 2090 ther *Iuno*. Who ftarues the eares thee feedes, and makes
 2091 them hungrie, the more she giues them ſpeech, Where doe
 2092 you liue?

2093 *Mar.* Where I am but a ſtraunger from the decke, you
 2094 may diſcerne the place.

2095 *Per.* Where were you bred? and how atchieu'd you theſe
 2096 indowments which you make more rich to owe?

2097 *Mar.* If I ſhould tell my hystorie, it would ſeeme like
 2098 lies diſdained in the reporting.

2120 2099 *Per.* Prethee ſpeake, falſneſſe cannot come from thee,
 2100 for thou lookeſt modeſt as iuſtice, & thou ſeemeſt a *Pallas*
 2101 for the crownd truth to dwell in, I wil beleue thee & make
 2102 ſenſes credit thy relation, to points that ſeeme impoſſible,
 2103 for thou lookeſt like one I loued indeede: what were thy
 2104 friends? didſt thou not ſtay when I did puſh thee backe,
 2105 which was when I perceiu'd thee that thou camſt from
 2106 good diſcending. *Mar.* So indeed I did.

2107 *Per.* Report thy parentage, I think thou ſaidſt thou hadſt
 2108 beene toſt from wrong to iniurie, and that thou thoughts
 2109 thy griefs might equall mine, if both were opened.

2110 *Mar.* Some ſuch thing I ſed, and ſed no more, but what
 2111 my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

2135 2112 *Per.* Tell thy ſtorie, if thine conſidered proue the thou-
 2113 ſand part of my enduraunce, thou art a man, and I haue
 2114 ſuffered like a girle, yet thou doeſt looke like patience,
 2115 gazing on Kings graues, and ſmiling extremitie out of
 2116 act, what were thy friends? howe loſt thou thy name,
 2117 my moſt kinde Virgin? recount I doe beſeech thee, Come
 2118 ſit by mee.

2119 *Mar.* My name is *Marina*.

daughter might have been : my Queens square brows, her 2107
 stature to an inch, as wand-like straight, as silver voyc'ft, 2108
 her eyes as jewel-like, and cast as richly, in pace another 2109
Funo. Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them 2110
 hungry, the more she gives them speech ; where do you 2111
 live ? 2112

Mar. Where I am but a stranger, from the deck you 2113
 may discern the place. 2114

Per. Where were you bred ? and how atchiev'd 2115
 you these endowments which you make more rich 2116
 to owe ? 2117

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem like 2118
 lies disdain'd in the reporting. 2119

Per. Prithee speak, falsehood cannot come from 2120
 thee, for thou lookest modest as *Justice*, and thou seem'ft 2121
 a *Pallas* for the crowned truth to dwell in, I will believe 2122
 thee, and make my senses credite thy relation, to 2123
 points that seem impossible, for thou look'ft like one 2124
 I loved indeed ; what were thy friends ? Did'ft thou 2125
 not stay when I did push thee back ; which was when 2126
 I perceiv'd thee that thou cam'ft from good descent. 2127

Mar. So indeed I did. 2128

Per. Report thy parentage, I think thou said'ft thou 2129
 had'ft been tost from wrong to injury, and that thou 2130
 thought'ft thy griefs might equall mine, if both were o- 2131
 pened. 2132

Mar. Some such thing I said, and said no more, 2133
 but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely. 2134

Per. Tell thy story, if thine considered prove the 2135
 thousand part of my endurance, thou art a man, and I 2136
 have suffered like a girle, yet thou do'ft look like patience, 2137
 gazing on Kings graves, and smiling extremity out of 2138
 act, what were thy friends ? how lost thou thy name, 2139
 my most kind virgin ? recount I do beseech thee, Come 2140
 sit by me. 2141

Mar. My name is *Marina*. 2142

- 2120 *Per.* Oh I am mockt, and thou by some infenced God
 2121 sent hither to make the world to laugh at me.
- 2145 2122 *Mar.* Patience good sir: or here Ile cease,
 2123 *Per.* Nay Ile be patient : thou little knowst howe thou
 2124 doest startle me to call thy selfe *Marina*.
- 2125 *Mar.* The name was giuen mee by one that had some
 2126 power, my father, and a King.
- 2127 *Per.* How, a Kings daughter, and cald *Marina* ?
 2128 *Mar.* You sed you would beleue me, but not to bee a
 2129 troubler of your peace, I will end here.
- 2130 *Per.* But are you flesh and blood ?
 2131 Haue you a working pulse, and are no Fairie ?
 2132 Motion well, speake on, where were you borne ?
 2133 And wherefore cald *Marina* ?
- 2157 2134 *Mar.* Calld *Marina*, for I was borne at sea,
 2135 *Plr.* At sea, what mother ?
 2136 *Mar.* My mother was the daughter of a King, who died
 2137 the minute I was borne, as my good Nurse *Licherida* hath
 2138 oft deliuered weeping.
- 2139 *Per.* O stop there a little, this is the rarest dreame
 2140 That ere duld sleepe did mocke sad fooles withall,
 2141 This cannot be my daughter, buried, well, where were you
 2142 bred ? Ile heare you more too'th bottome of your storie,
 2143 and neuer interrupt you.
- 2167 2144 *Mar.* You scorne, beleue me twere best I 'did giue ore,
 2145 *Per.* I will beleue you by the syllable of what you shall
 2146 deliuer, yet giue me leaue, how came you in these parts ?
 2147 where were you bred ?
 2148 *Mar.* The King my father did in *Tharsus* leaue me,
 2149 Till cruel *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
 2150 Did seeke to murder me: and hauing wooed a villaine,
 2151 To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,
 2152 A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,
 2153 Brought me to *Metaline*,
 2154 But good sir whither wil you haue me? why doe you weep?
 2155 It may be you thinke mee an imposture, no good fayth: I
 2156 am the dsughter to King *Pericles*, if good king *Pericles* be.

- Per.* Oh I am mockt, and thou by some infenced god 2143
sent hither to make the world to laugh at me. 2144
- Mar.* Patience, good sir, or here I'll cease. 2145
- Per.* Nay I'll be patient, thou little know'st how thou 2146
doest startle me to call thy self *Marina*. 2147
- Mar.* The name was given me by one that had some 2148
power, my father and a King. 2149
- Per.* How, a Kings daughter, and call'd *Marina*? 2150
- Mar.* You said you would believe me, but not to be a 2151
trouble of your peace, I will end here. 2152
- Per.* But are you flesh and blood? 2153
Have you a working pulse, and are no Fairy? 2154
Motion? well speak on, where were you born? 2155
And wherefore call'd *Marina*? 2156
- Mar.* Call'd *Marina*, for I was born at sea. 2157
- Per.* At sea? who was thy mother? 2158
- Mar.* My mother was the Daughter of a King, who 2159
died the minute I was born, as my good Nurse *Lychori-* 2160
da hath oft delivered weeping. 2161
- Per.* O stop there a little, this is the rarest dream 2162
That ere dull sleep did mock sad fools withall, 2163
This cannot be my daughter; buried! well, where were 2164
you bred? I'll hear you more to the bottome of your story 2165
and never interrupt you. 2166
- Mar.* You scorn, believe me 'twere best I did give ore. 2167
- Per.* I will believe you by the syllable of what you 2168
shall deliver, yet give me leave, how came you in these 2169
parts? where were you bred? 2170
- Mar.* The King my Father did in *Tharsus* leave me, 2171
Till cruel *Cleon* with his wicked wife, 2172
Did seek to murder me: and having wooed a villain 2173
To attempt it, who having drawn to do't, 2174
A crew of Pyrats came and rescued me, 2175
Brought me to *Metaline*. 2176
But, good sir, whether will you have me? why do you weep? 2177
It may be you think me an imposture, no good faith. I am 2178
the daughter to King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be. 2179

- 2180 2157 *Hell.* Hoe, *Hellicanus*?
- 2158 *Hel.* Calls my Lord,
- 2159 *Per.* Thou art a graue and noble Counfeller,
- 2160 Most wife in generall, tell me if thou canst, what this mayde
- 2161 is, or what is like to bee, that thus hath made mee
- 2162 weepe.
- 2163 *Hel.*⁴ I know not, but heres the Regent fir of *Metaline*,
- 2164 speakes nobly of her.
- 2165 *Lyf.* She neuer would tell her parentage,
- 2166 Being demaunded, that she would fit still and weepe.
- 2190 2167 *Per.* Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me honored fir, giue mee a
- 2168 gash, put me to present paine, leaft this great sea of ioyes ru-
- 2169 shing vpon me, ore-bear the shores of my mortalitie, and
- 2170 drowne me with their sweetnesse: Oh come hither,
- 2171 thou that begetst him that did thee beget,
- 2172 Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,
- 2173 And found at sea agen, O *Hellicanus*,
- 2174 Downe on thy knees, thanke the hoiie Gods as loud
- 2175 As thunder threatens vs, this is *Marina*,
- 2176 What was thy mothers name? tell me, but that
- 2177 for truth can neuer be confirm'd inough,
- 2178 Though doubts did euer sleepe.
- 2203 2179 *Mar.* Frist fir, I pray what is your title?
- 2180 *Per.* I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*, but tell mee now my
- 2181 Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you sayd,
- 2182 Thou hast beene God-like perfit, the heir of kingdomes,
- 2183 And an other like to *Pericles* thy father.
- 2184 *Ma.* Is it no more to be your daughter, then to say, my
- 2185 mothers name was *Thaisa*, *Thaisa* was my mother, who did
- 2186 end the minute I began.
- 2187 *Pe.* Now blessing on thee, rise th'art my child.
- 2188 Giue me fresh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, shee is not
- 2189 dead at *Tharsus* as shee should haue beene by sauage *Cleon*,
- 2190 she shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneele, and iustifie in
- 2215 2191 knowledge, she is thy verie Princes, who is this?

<i>Per.</i> Hoe, <i>Hellicanus</i> ?	2180
<i>Hell.</i> Call's my Lord ?	2181
<i>Per.</i> Thou art a grave and noble Counfellow,	2182
Most wife in general, tell me if thou can'st, what this	2183
maid is,	2184
Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weep ?	2185
<i>Hell.</i> I know not, but here's the Regent, fir, of <i>Me-</i>	2186
<i>taline</i> , speaks nobly of her.	2187
<i>Lys.</i> She never would tell her parentage,	2188
Being demanded that, she would sit still and weep.	2189
<i>Per.</i> Oh <i>Hellicanus</i> , strike me, honored fir, give me	2190
a gasp, put me to present pain, least this great sea of	2191
joyes rushing upon me, ore-bear the shores of my mor-	2192
tality, and drown me with their sweetnesse: Oh come	2193
hither.	2194
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget,	2195
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at <i>Tharfus</i> ,	2196
And found at sea again: O <i>Hellicanus</i> ,	2197
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud	2198
As thunder threatens us; this is <i>Marina</i> .	2199
What was thy mothers name? tell me but that,	2200
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,	2201
Though doubts did ever sleep.	2202
<i>Mar.</i> First, fir, I pray what is your Title ?	2203
<i>Per.</i> I am <i>Pericles</i> of <i>Tyre</i> , but tell me now my	2204
Droun'd Queens name, as in the rest you said,	2205
Thou hast bin god-like perfect, the heir of Kingdomes,	2206
And another like to <i>Pericles</i> thy father.	2207
<i>Mar.</i> Is it not more to be your daughter, then to say,	2208
my Mothers name is <i>Thaisa</i> ? <i>Thaisa</i> was my mother,	2209
who did end the minute I began.	2210
<i>Per.</i> Now blessing on thee, rise, thou art my child.	2211
Give me fresh garments, mine own <i>Hellicanus</i> , she is not	2212
dead at <i>Tharfus</i> , as she should have been by savage	2213
<i>Cleon</i> , she shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneel, and	2214
justifie in knowledge, she is thy very Princes; who is	2215
this?	2216

- 2192 *Hel.* Sir, tis the gouernor of *Metaline*, who hearing of
 2193 your melancholie fstate, did come to see you.
 2194 *Per.* I embrace you, giue me my robes.
 2195 I am wilde in my beholding, O heauens bleffe my girle,
 2196 But harke what Muficke tell, *Hellicanus* my *Marina*,
 2197 Tell him ore point by point, for yet he feemes to doat.
 2198 How fure you are my daughter, but what muficke?
 2199 *Hel* My Lord I heare none.
 2200 *Per.* None, the Muficke of the *Spheres*, lift my *Marina*.
 2201 *Lys.* It is not good to crosse him, giue him way.
 2202 *Per.* Rareft founds, do ye not heare?
 2228 2203 *Lys.* Muficke my Lord? I heare.
 2204 *Per.* Moft heauenly Muficke.
 2205 It nips me vnto liftning, and thicke flumber
 2206 Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me rest.
 2207 *Lys.* A Pillow for his head, fo leaue him all,
 2208 Well my companion friends, if this but anfwere to my iuft
 2209 believe, Ile well remember you.

2210

Diana.

- 2211 *Dia.* My Temple ftands in *Ephesus*,
 2212 Hie thee thither, and doe vppon mine Altar facrifice,
 2213 There when my maiden priefts are met together before the
 2214 people all, reueale how thou at fea didft loofe thy wife, to
 2215 mourne thy croffes with thy daughters, call, & giue them
 2216 repetition to the like, or performe my bidding, or thou li-
 2217 ueft in woe:doo't, and happie, by my filuer bow, awake and
 2218 tell thy dreame.
 2244 2219 *Per.* Celeftiall *Dian*, Goddeffe *Argentine*,
 2220 I will obey thee *Hellicanus*. *Hell.* Sir.
 2221 *Per.* My purpofe was for *Tharfus*, there to ftrike,

<i>Hell.</i> Sir, 'tis thee Governor of <i>Metaline</i> , who hear-	2217
ing of your melancholly, did come to see you.	2218
<i>Per.</i> I embrace you; give me my robes;	2219
I am wild in my beholding. Oh heaven bleffe my girle.	2220
But hark, what Mufick's this <i>Hellicanus</i> ? my <i>Marina</i> ,	2221
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seems to doat,	2222
How fure you are my daughter; bnt where's this mufick?	2223
<i>Hell.</i> My Lord, I hear none.	2224
<i>Per.</i> None? the mufick of the fphears, lift my <i>Marina</i> .	2225
<i>Lyf.</i> It is not good to croffe him, give him way.	2226
<i>Per.</i> Rareft founds, do ye not hear?	2227
<i>Lyf.</i> Mufick, my Lord, I hear.	2228
<i>Per.</i> Moft heavenly mufick,	2229
It nips me unto liftning, and thick flumber	2230
Hangs upon mine eyes, let me reft,	2231
<i>Lyf.</i> A pillow for his head, fo leave him all.	2232
Well my companion friends, if this but anfwer to my	2233
juft belief, I'll well remember you.	2234

Actus Quintus.

<i>Diana.</i>	2235
<i>Diana.</i> My Temple ftands in <i>Ephesus</i> ,	2236
Hie thee thither, and do upon mine Altar facrifce. There	2237
when my maiden priests are met together, before all the	2238
people reveale how thou at fea did'ft lofe thy wfe, to	2239
mourn thy croffes with thy daughters call, and give	2240
them repitition to the like: or performe my bidding, or	2241
thou livest in woe: do't, and happy by my filver bow;	2242
awake and tell thy dream.	2243
<i>Per.</i> Celestial <i>Dian</i> , Goddeſs <i>Argent ine</i> ,	2244
I will obey thee: <i>Hellicanus</i> .	2245
<i>Per.</i> My purpoſe was for <i>Tharfus</i> , there to ftrike	2246

2222 The inhospitable *Cleon*, but I am for other seruice first,
 2223 Toward *Ephesus* turne our blowne fayles,
 2224 Eftfoones Ile tell thee why, shall we refresh vs fir vpon your
 2225 shore, and giue you golde for such prouision as our in-
 2226 tents will neede.
 2227 *Lys* Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a shore,
 2228 I haue another sleight.
 2229 *Per.* You shall preuaile were it to wooe my daughter, for
 2230 it seemes you haue beene noble towards her.
 2231 *Lys.* Sir, lend me your arme.
 2232 *Per.* Come my *Marina*.

2233 *Exeunt.*

2259 2234 *Gower.* Now our fands are almost run,
 2235 More a little, and then dum.
 2236 This my last boone giue mee,
 2237 For such kindnesse must relieue mee:
 2238 That you aptly will suppose,
 2239 What pageantry, what feats, what showes,
 2240 What minstrelsie, and prettie din,
 2241 The Regent made in *Metalin*.
 2242 To greet the King, so he thriued,
 2243 That he is promise to be wiued
 2244 To faire *Marina*, but in no wise,
 2245 Till he had done his sacrifice.
 2271 2246 As *Dian* bad whereto being bound,
 2247 The *Interim* pray, you all confound.
 2248 In fetherd briefenes fayles are fild,
 2249 And wishes fall out as they'r wild,
 2250 At *Ephesus* the Temple see,
 2251 Our King and all his companie.
 2252 That he can hither come so soone,
 2253 Is by your fancies thankfull doome.

The inhospitable *Cleon*, but I am for other service first, 2247
 Toward *Ephesus* turn our blown fayls, 2248
 Eftfoons I'll tell why, shall we refresh us, fir, upon your 2249
 shore, and give you gold for such provision as our intents 2250
 will need. 2251
Lys. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come ashore, 2252
 I have another sleight. 2253
Pericl. You shall prevaile, were it to wooe my 2254
 daughter, for it seems you have been noble towards her. 2255
Lys. Sir, lend me your arme. 2256
Per. Come, my *Marina*. *Exeunt.* 2257

Enter Gower. 2258

Now our sands are almost run, 2259
More a little, and then dum. 2260
This my last boon give me, 2261
For such kindnes must relieve me : 2262
That you apt ly will suppose, 2263
What pageantry, what feats, what shews, 2264
What Minstrelsie, what pretty din, 2265
The Regent made in Metalin, 2266
To greet the King; so he thrived, 2267
That he is promised to be wived 2268
To fair Marina, but in no wise, 2269
Till he had done his sacrifice, 2270
As Dian bad, wheret o being bound, 2271
The Interim pray, you all confound. 2272
In fet her'd briefnes fayls are fill'd, 2273
And wishes fall out as their will'd. 2274
At Ephesus the Temple see, 2275
Our King, and all his company. 2276
That he can hither come so soon, 2277
Is by your fancies thankfull doom. *Exit.* 2278

- 2254 *Per.* Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iust commaund,
 2255 I here confesse my selfe the King of *Tyre*,
 2256 Who frighted from my countrey did wed at *Pentapolis*, the
 2257 faire *Thaisa*, at Sea in childbed died she, but brought forth a
 2258 Mayd child calld *Marina*, whom O Goddesse wears yet thy
 2259 siluer liuerey, shee at *Tharsus* was nurst with *Cleon*, who at
 2287 2260 fourteene yeares he fought to murder, but her better stars
 2261 brought her to *Meteline*, gainst whose shore ryding, her
 2262 Fortunes brought the mayde aboard vs, where by her
 2263 owne most cleere remembrance, shee made knowne her
 2264 selfe my Daughter.
 2255 *Th.* Voyce and fauour, you are, you are, O royall
 2266 *Pericles*.
 2267 *Per.* What meanes the mum? shee die's, helpe Gen-
 2268 tlemen.
 2269 *Ceri.* Noble Sir, if you haue tolde *Dianaes* Altar
 2270 true, this is your wife?
 2271 *Per.* Reuerent appearer no, I threwe her ouer-boord
 2272 with these verie armes.
 2298 2273 *Ce.* Vpon this coast, I warrant you.
 2274 *Pe.* T'is most certaine.
 2275 *Cer.* Looke to the Ladie, O shee's but ouer-joyde,
 2276 Earlie in blustering morne this Ladie was throwne vpon
 2277 this shore.
 2278 I op't the coffin, found there rich Iewells, recou-
 2279 red her, and plac'te her heere in *Dianaes* temple.
 2280 *Per.* May we see them?
 2281 *Cer.* Great Sir, they shalbe brought you to my house,
 2282 whither I inuite you, looke *Thaisa* is recouered.
 2283 *Th.* O let me looke if hee be none of mine, my fan-
 2284 titie will to my sense bende no licentious eare, but curbe
 2285 it spight of seeing: O my Lord are you not *Pericles*? like
 2286 him you spake, like him you are, did you not name a tem-
 2287 pest, a birth, and death?

*Enter Pericles, Lyfimachus, Hellicanus,
Marina, and others.* 2279
2280

Per. Hail *Dian*, to performe thy juft command, 2281
I here confeſs my ſelf the King of *Tyre*. 2282
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*, 2283
the fair *Thaiſa*, at ſea in childbed died ſhe, but brought 2284
forth a Maid childe called *Marina*, whom, O goddeſſe, 2285
wears yet thy ſilver livery, ſhe at *Tharſus* was nurſt with 2286
Cleon, who at fourteen years he ſought to murder, but her 2287
better ſtars brought her to *Metaline*, 'gainſt whoſe ſhore 2288
riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard to us, where 2289
by her own moſt clear remembrance, ſhe made known 2290
her ſelf my daughter. 2291

Th. Voice and favour, you are, you are, O royal *Pericles*. 2292

Per. What means the woman? ſhe dies, help gentlemen. 2293

Cer. Sir, if you have told *Diana's* Altar true, this is 2294
your wife. 2295

Per. Reverend appearer, no, I threw her over-board 2296
with theſe very armes. 2297

Cer. Upon this Coaſt, I warrant you. 2298

Per. 'Tis moſt certain. 2299

Cer. Look to the Lady; O ſhe's but overjoy'd. 2300
Early in bluſt'ring morn, this Lady was thrown upon 2301
this ſhore. I opened the Coffin, found theſe rich jewels, 2302
recovered her, and placed her here in *Diana's* Temple. 2303

Per. May we ſee them? 2304

Cer. Great ſir, they ſhall be brought you to my houſe, 2305
whether I invite you, look, *Thaiſa* is recovered. 2306

Thai. O let me look if he none of mine, my fanctity 2307
will to my ſence bend no licentious ear, but curb it ſpight 2308
of ſeeing: O my Lord, are you not *Pericles*? like him 2309
you ſpeak, like him you are: did you not name a tem- 2310
peſt, a birth, and death? 2311

- 2312 2288 *Per.* The voyce of dead *Thaisa*.
 2289 *Th.* That *Thaisa* am I, supposed dead and drown'd.
 2290 *Per.* I mortall *Dian*.
 2291 *Th.* Now I knowe you better, when wee with teares
 2292 parted *Pentapolis*, the king my father gaue you such a ring.
 2293 *Per.* This, this, no more, you gods, your present kinde-
 2294 nes makes my past miseries sports, you shall doe well that
 2295 on the touching of her lips I may melt, and no more be
 2296 feene, O come, be buried a second time within these armes.
- 2322 2297 *Me.* My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers bo-
 2298 some,
 2299 *Per.* Looke who kneeles here, flesh of thy flesh *Thaisa*,
 2300 thy burden at the Sea, and call'd *Marina*, for she was yeel-
 2301 ded there.
 2302 *Th.* Bleft, and mine owne.
 2303 *Hell.* Hayle Madame, and my Queene.
 2304 *Th.* I knowe you not.
 2305 *Hell.* You haue heard mee say when I did flie from
 2306 *Tyre*, I left behind an ancient substitute, can you remem-
 2307 ber what I call'd the man, I haue nam'de him oft.
 2308 *Th.* T'was *Hellicanus* then.
- 2334 2309 *Per.* Still confirmation, imbrace him deere *Thaisa*, this
 2310 is hee, now doe I long to heare how you were found? how
 2311 possible preferued? and who to thanke (besides the gods)
 2312 for this great miracle?
 2313 *Th.* Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord, this man through whom
 2314 the Gods haue showne their power, that can from first to
 2315 last resolute you.
 2316 *Per.* Reuerent Syr, the gods can haue no mortall officer
 2317 more like a god then you, will you deliuer how this dead
 2318 Queene reliues?
 2319 *Cer.* I will my Lord, beseech you first, goe with mee
 2320 to my house, where shall be showne you all was found with
 2321 her. How shee came plac'te heere in the Temple, no
 2322 needfull thing omitted.

- Per.* The voice of dead *Thaisa*. 2312
- Thai.* That *Thaisa* am I, fuppofed dead and drown'd. 2313
- Per.* Immortal *Dian*! 2314
- Thai.* Now I know you better, when we with tears part- 2315
ed *Pentapolis*, the King my father ga ve you fuch a ring. 2316
- Per.* This, this, no more, you gods, your prefeu 2317
kindneffe makes my paf t miferies fport, you fhall do 2318
well, that on the touching of her lips I may melt, and 2319
no more be feen; O come, be buried a fecond time with- 2320
in thefe armes. 2321
- Mar.* My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers 2322
bofome. 2323
- Per.* Look who kneels here, flefh of thy flefh, *Thaisa*, 2324
thy burden at the fea, and call'd *Marina*, for ſhe was 2325
yielded there. 2326
- Thai.* Bleft, and mine own. 2327
- Hell.* Hail Madam, and my Queen. 2328
- Thai.* I know you not. 2329
- Per.* You have heard me fay when I did flye from 2330
Tyre, I left behind an ancient fubftitute; can you remem- 2331
ber what I call'd the man, I have nam'd him oft. 2332
- Thai.* 'Twas *Hellicanus* then. 2333
- Per.* Still confirmation, embrace him dear *Thaisa*, 2334
this is he, now do I long to hear how you were found? 2335
how poffibly preferved? and who to thank (befides the 2336
gods) for this great miracle? 2337
- Thai.* Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord, this man through 2338
whom the gods have fhewn their power, that can from 2339
firft to laft refolve you. 2340
- Per.* Reverend fir, the gods can have no mortal offi- 2341
cer more like a god then you, will you deliver how this 2342
dead Queen re-lives? 2343
- Cer.* I will, my Lord, befeech you firft go with me un- 2344
to my houfe, where fhall be fhewn you all was found with 2345
her; how ſhe came plac't here in the Temple, no need- 2346
full thing omitted. 2347

- 2348 2323 *Per.* Pure *Dian* bleffe thee for thy vifion, and will offer
 2324 night oblations to thee *Thaifa*, this Prince, the faire betro-
 2325 thed of your daughter, fhall marrie her at *Pentapolis*, and
 2326 now this ornament makes mee looke difmall, will I clip to
 2327 forme, and what this fourteene yeeres no razer touch't, to
 2328 grace thy marridge-day, Ile beautifie.
 2329 *Th.* Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit. Sir,
 2330 my father's dead.
- 2356 2331 *Per.* Heauens make a Starre of him, yet there my
 2332 Queene, wee'le celebrate their Nuptialls, and our felues
 2333 will in that kingdome fpend our following daies, our fonne
 2334 and daughter fhall in *Tyrus* raigne.
 2335 Lord *Cerimon* wee doe our longing ftay,
 2336 To heare the reft vntolde, Sir lead's the way.

F I N I S.

2337

Gower.

- 2364 2338 In *Antiochus* and his daughter you haue heard
 2339 Of monftrous luft, the due and iuft reward :
 2340 In *Pericles* his Queene and Daughter feene,
 2341 Although affayl'de with *Fortune* fierce and keene.
 2342 Vertue preferd from fell deftructions blaft,
 2343 Lead on by heauen, and crown'd with ioy at laft.
 2344 In *Helycanus* may you well defcrie,
 2345 A figure of trueth, of faith, of loyaltie :
 2346 In reuerend *Cerimon* there well appeares,
 2347 The worth that learned charitie aye weares.
 2348 For wicked *Cleon* and his wife, when Fame
 2349 Had fprede his curfed deede, the honor'd name
 2350 Of *Pericles*, to rage the Cittie turne,
 2351 That him and his they in his Pallace burne :
 2352 The gods for murder feemde fo content,

Per. Pure *Dian* bleſſe thee for thy viſion, I will offer 2348
 night oblations to thee ; *Thaiſa*, this Prince, the fair be- 2349
 trothed of your daughter, ſhall marry at *Pentapolis*, and 2350
 now this ornament that makes me look diſmal, will I clip 2351
 to forme, and what this fourteen years no razor toucht, 2352
 to grace thy marriage day, I'll beautifie. 2353

Thai. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit, Sir, 2354
 my father's dead. 2355

Per. Heavens make a Star of him, yet here, my Queen, 2356
 we'll celebrate their Nuptials, and our ſelves will in that 2357
 kingdom ſpend our following dayes ; our ſon and 2358
 daughter ſhall in *Tyrus* reign. 2359

Lord *Cerimon*, we do our longing ſtay, 2360

To hear the reſt untold, Sir, lead's the way. 2361

Exeunt omnes. 2362

Enter Gower. 2363

In Antiochus and his daughter, you have heard 2364

Of monſtrous luſt, the due and juſt reward : 2365

In Pericles his Queen and daughter ſeen, 2366

Although aſſayl'd with Fortune fierce and keen, 2367

Vertue preferred from fell deſtructions blaſt, 2368

Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at laſt. 2369

In Hellicanus may you well deſcry, 2370

A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty : 2371

In reverend Cerimon there well appears, 2372

The worth that learned charity aye wears. 2373

For wicked Cleon and his wife, when Fame 2374

Had ſpread their curſed deed, and honor'd name 2375

Of Pericles, to rage the City turn, 2376

That him and his, they in his Pallace burn : 2377

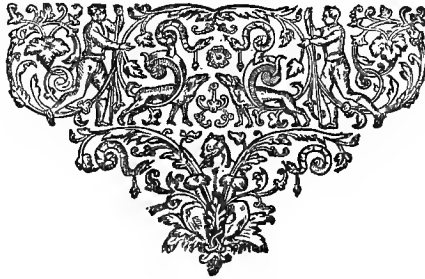
The gods for murder ſeemed ſo content, 2378

2353 To punish, although not done, but meant.
2354 So on your Patience euermore attending,
2381 2355 New ioy wayte on you, heere our play has ending.

F I N I S.



<i>To punish, although not done, but meant.</i>	2379
<i>So on your patiences ever more attending,</i>	2380
<i>New joy wait on you, here our play hath ending.</i>	2381



A C T O R S 2383

N A M E S. 2384

<i>Antiochus a Tyrant of Greece.</i>	2385
<i>Hesperides daughter to Antiochus.</i>	2386
<i>Pericles Prince of Tyre.</i>	2387
<i>Hellicanus.</i> } <i>two Lords of Tyre.</i>	2388
<i>Escanes.</i> }	2389
<i>Thaliard servant to Antiochus.</i>	2390
<i>Cleon Governor of Tharfus.</i>	2391
<i>Dionifia wife to Cleon.</i>	2392
<i>Symonides King of Pentapolis.</i>	2393
<i>Thaifsa daughter to Symonides.</i>	2394
<i>Marina daughter to Pericles and Thaifsa.</i>	2395
<i>Lychorida Nurse to Marina.</i>	2396
<i>Lyfimachus Governor of Metaline.</i>	2397
<i>Cerimon a Lord of Ephesus.</i>	2398
<i>Philoten daughter to Cleon,</i>	2399
<i>Leonine a Murtherer, servant to Dionifia.</i>	2400
<i>Diana, a goddefs appearing to Pericles.</i>	2401
<i>Gower.</i>	2402
<i>Lords &c.</i>	2403
<i>Knights tilting in Honor of Thaifsa.</i>	2404
<i>Saylors.</i>	2405
<i>Pyrates.</i>	2406
<i>Fifhermen.</i>	2407
<i>Meffengers.</i>	2408

 F I N I S .

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH
THE 1609 QUARTO AND THE THIRD FOLIO.

SIGNATURE.	THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE.	
	AT QUARTO LINE.	AT FOLIO LINE.
A 2	28	28
A 3	99	100
A 3 (v.) or blank.	172	173
B	244	243
B 2	313	313
B 3	379	379
B 3 (v.) or blank.	448	448
C	515	516
C 2	587	588
C 3	661	662
C 3 (v.) or blank.	732	732
D	803	809
D 2	877	882
D 3	949	954
D 3 (v.) or blank.	1021	1026
E	1090	1096
E 2	1161	1167
E 3	1231	1237
E 3 (v.) or blank.	1304	1312
F	1373	1385
F 2	1439	1451
F 3	1509	1525
F 3 (v.) or blank.	1570	1582
G	1640	1654
G 2	1706	1716
G 3	1775	1781
G 3 (v.) or blank.	1844	1856
H	1914	1929
H 2	1982	2001
H 3	2051	2071
H 3 (v.) or blank.	2121	2144
I	2191	2215
I 2	2260	2287
I 3	2330	2355

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH
THE THIRD FOLIO.

THIRD FOLIO COLUMN.		BANKSIDE LINE.	THIRD FOLIO COLUMN.		BANKSIDE LINE.
1st column, page	1 *	33	1st column, page	11	1265
2d " "	1	63	2d " "	11	1355
1st " "	2	127	1st " "	12	1421
2d " "	2	192	2d " "	12	1487
1st " "	3	254	1st " "	13	1553
2d " "	3	320	2d " "	13	1609
1st " "	4	383	1st " "	14	1685
2d " "	4	447	2d " "	14	1745
1st " "	5	509	1st " "	15	1806
2d " "	5	575	2d " "	15	1872
1st " "	6	641	1st " "	16	1937
2d " "	6	706	2d " "	16	2002
1st " "	7	772	1st " "	17	2064
2d " "	7	838	2d " "	17	2130
1st " "	8	904	1st " "	18	2196
2d " "	8	970	2d " "	18	2254
1st " "	9	1036	1st " "	19	2316
2d " "	9	1100	2d " "	19	2380
1st " "	10	1163	1st " "	20	2395
2d " "	10	1231	2d " "	20	2407

* The seven additional plays inserted in the Third Folio were independently paged in the Third Folio. In the Fourth Folio they were paged consecutively with the rest of the volume.

