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The Works Of Mr. George Lillo; With Some Account Of His Life

Containing, The Fatal Curiosity. A Tragedy. Marina. A Tragedy. Elmerick.
A Tragedy. Britannia And Batavia. A Masque. And Arden Of Feversham. A
Tragedy

Lillo, George

London, 1775

Marina.

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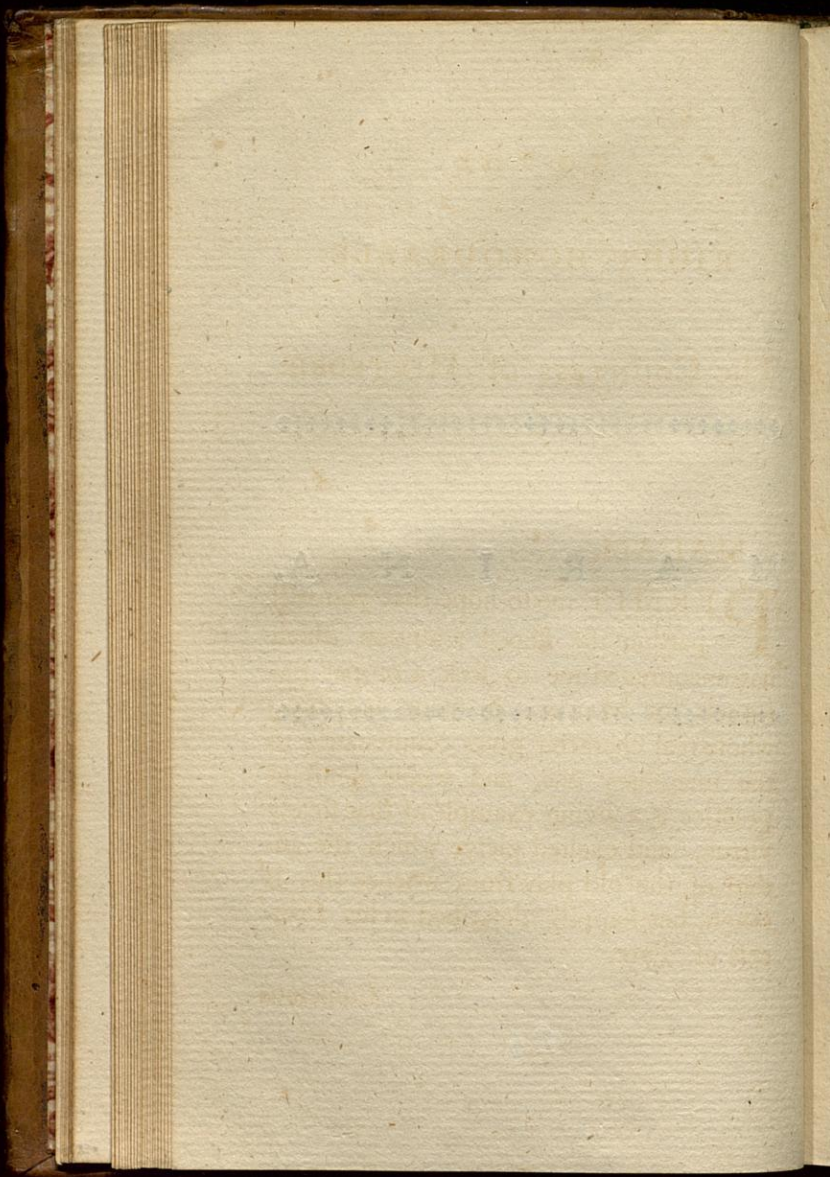


M A R I N A.



E 4





T O T H E

R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E

The C O U N T E S S of H E R T F O R D .

M A D A M ,

P E R M I T me to hope that you will pardon the honest ambition which has encouraged me to seek a proper patroness for *MARINA* in your ladyship; whose real character gives countenance to the imaginary one, and whose constant practice is a living example of that steady virtue, and exalted piety, which the author of the old play from whence this is taken, has happily described in his *Princes of Tyre*.

Conscious



DEDICATION.

Conscious of no mean views, and secured by the universal acknowledgement of your merit from the imputation of flattery, I approach your ladyship, though a stranger, and without any previous application, with the less diffidence: If this Play should appear on perusal to be designed to promote something better than meer amusement, that will effectually recommend it to the favour of the Countess of Hertford.

To place merit in the gifts of fortune, and happiness in what an hour may, and a few years certainly will bring to an end, is the folly and misery of too many who are reputed wise and great. To be truly so is with your ladyship to regard the finest understanding, the most fruitful invention, the happiest elocution, talents far superior to wealth and dignity, but as they subserve the interest of truth and virtue, and render the possessors of them, in the midst of affluence, moderate even in the use of lawful pleasures, humble in the
most

DEDICATION.

most exalted stations, and capable of living above the world, even in the possession of all it can bestow. I am afraid and unwilling to offend. But as universal benevolence is the perfection of virtue, your ladyship must suffer your own to be spoken of, however painful it may be to you, that others may not want a pattern for their encouragement or reprehension, as they shall improve or neglect it. A truly great mind discovers itself by nothing more than by a benign and well placed condescension; of which your ladyship's known esteem for the late excellent Mrs. Rowe, is a noble instance, and an undoubted proof, amongst many others which you daily give, of the goodness of your heart and understanding, and cannot be mentioned but to your honour.

I can affirm, and I hope I shall be thought sincere, that what I have said doth not proceed from custom as a dedicat^r, but from a mind fully convinced of its truth in every circumstance, and a
heart



DEDICATION.

heart touched with a character so very amiable.

That you may long live an ornament and a support of those excellent principles which you profess and practice, and that your influence and example may do all the good that you yourself can wish, is the earnest desire of,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient

Humble servant,

GEORGE LILLO.



P R O L O G U E.

*HARD is the task, in this discerning age,
 To find new subjects that will bear the stage;
 And bold our bards, their low harsh strains to bring
 Where Avon's swan has long been heard to sing;
 Blest parent of our scene! whose matchless wit,
 Tho' yearly reap'd, is our best harvest yet.
 Well may that genius every heart command,
 Who drew all nature with her own strong hand;
 As various, as harmonious, fair and great,
 With the same vigour and immortal heat,
 As thro' each element and form she shines: [lines.
 We view heav'n's hand-maid in her Shakespeare's
 Though some mean scenes, injurious to his fame,
 Have long usurp'd the honour of his name;
 To glean and clear from chaff his least remains,
 Is just to him, and richly worth our pains.
 We dare not charge the whole unequal play
 Of Pericles on him; yet let us say,
 As gold though mix'd with baser matter shines,
 So do his bright inimitable lines.
 Throughout those rude wild scenes distinguish'd stand,
 And shew he touch'd them with no sparing hand.
 With humour mix'd in your fore-fathers way,
 We've to a single tale reduc'd our play.
 Charming Marina's wrongs begin the scene;
 Pericles finding her with his lost queen,
 Concludes the pleasing task. Shou'd as the soul,
 The fire of Shakespeare animate the whole,
 Shou'd heights, which none but he cou'd reach, appear,
 To little errors do not prove severe.
 If, when in pain for the event, surprize
 And sympathetic joy shou'd fill your eyes;
 Do not repine that so you crown an art,
 Which gives such sweet emotions to the heart:
 Whose pleasures, so exalted in their kind,
 Do, as they charm the sense, improve the mind.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

PERICLES, King of Tyre.	- Mr. <i>Stephens.</i>
LYSIMACHUS, governor of Ephesus.	} Mr. <i>Hallam.</i>
ESCANES, chief attendant on Pericles.	} Mr. <i>Shelton.</i>
LEONINE, a young lord of Tharfus.	} Mr. <i>Stewens.</i>
VALDES, captain of a crew of pirates.	} Mr. <i>Bowman.</i>
BOLT, a pandar.	} Mr. <i>Penkethman.</i>

W O M E N.

THAISA, queen of Tyre.	- Mrs. <i>Marshall.</i>
PHILOTEN, queen of Tharfus.	} Mrs. <i>Hamilton.</i>
MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.	} Mrs. <i>Vincent.</i>
MOTHER COUPLER, a bawd.	} Mr. <i>W. Hallam.</i>

Gentlemen, Two Priestesses, Ladies, Officers,
Guards, Pirates, and Attendants.

MARINA.

M A R I N A.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Grove, with a Prospect of a calm Sea, near the
City of Tharsus.*

PHILOTEN AND LEONINE.

QUEEN.

THY oath remember, thou hast sworn to do it.
'Tis but a blow which never shall be known,
Kind nature hath been bounteous to thy youth;
Thy graceful person, language and address,
Are almost peerless, and thy steril fortune
Our favour shall improve. But let not conscience,
Which none who hope to rise in courts regard,
Disarm your hand, nor her bewitching eyes
Inflame your amorous bosom.

LEONINE.

I have promis'd,
And will perform. Yet she's a goodly creature.

QUEEN.

The fitter for the gods.—I, while she lives,
Am not a queen. This poor, this friendless daughter
Of Pericles, the wretched prince of Tyre,
Whom my fond parents from compassion foster'd,
Is more belov'd, more reverenc'd in Tharsus
Than I their sov'reign. And when foreign princes,
Drawn by the fame of my high rank and beauty,
As suitors, throng my court; let her appear
(Such is the force of her detested charms)
And I am straight neglected; and their vows

And



And adorations all transferr'd to her.
 Here she comes, weeping for my mother's death:
 She had good cause to love her. Let not pity,
 Which women have cast off, defeat your purpose:
 There's nothing thou canst do, live e'er so long,
 Shall yield thee so much profit.

L E O N I N E.

I'm determin'd.

Enter MARINA with a Wreath of Flowers.

M A R I N A.

No: I will rob gay Tellus of her weed,
 To strew thy grave with flowers. The yellows, blues,
 The purple violets and marygolds
 Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy tomb,
 While summer days do last. Ah me, poor maid!
 Born in a tempest when my mother dy'd,
 And now I mourn a second mother's loss.
 This world, to me, is like a lasting storm,
 That swallows, piece by piece, the merchant's wealth,
 And in the end himself.

Q U E E N.

Why, sweet Marina,
 Will you consume your youth in fruitless grief,
 And choose to dwell 'midst tombs and dreary graves?
 You harm yourself, and profit not the dead.
 Give me that wreath, who have most cause to mourn,
 And let your heart take comfort. I will leave you
 To the sweet conversation of this lord,
 Who has the art of dissipating sadness.

M A R I N A.

Pray, let me not bereave you of his service:
 I choose to be alone.

Q U E E N.

Q U E E N.

You know I love you
 With more than foreign heart, and will not see
 The beauty marr'd that fame reports so perfect.
 Shou'd your good father come at length to seek you,
 And find his hopes, and all report so blasted,
 He may repent the breadth of his great voyage,
 And blame our want of care.

M A R I N A.

You may command,
 But I have no desire to tarry here.

Q U E E N.

Once more be chearful, and preserve that form
 That wins from all competitors the hearts
 Of young and old. 'Tis no new thing for me
 To walk alone, while you are well attended.

M A R I N A.

I hope you're not offended.

Q U E E N.

Nothing less.
 Farewell, sweet lady. Sir, you will remember---

L E O N I N E.

Fear not, she ne'er shall vex your quiet more.
 [Exit QUEEN.]

M A R I N A.

I know no cause, yet think the gentle queen
 Went hence in some displeasure. Is she well?
 What are your thoughts?

L E O N I N E.

That she's nor well nor gentle.

M A R I N A.

I'm sorry for't. Is the wind westerly?

VOL. II.

F

L E O N I N E.



LEONINE.

South-west.

MARINA.

When I was born the wind was north.

LEONINE.

The wind was north you say. I should not hear her,
 Left I relent. The queen's enamour'd of me.
 She prais'd my blooming youth, and good proportion:
 And shall I lose a crown for foolish pity?

MARINA.

My father, as Lychorida hath told me,
 (My nurse that's dead) did never fear; but then,
 Galling his kingly hands with haling ropes,
 And chearing the faint failors with his voice,
 Endur'd a sea, that almost burst the deck.

LEONINE.

And when was this?

MARINA.

I said when I was born.
 Never were waves nor winds more violent.
 This tempest, and my birth, kill'd my poor mother,
 I was preserv'd, and left an infant here.
 Now do you think I e'er shall see my father?

LEONINE.

Never. Come, say your prayers.

MARINA.

What do you mean?

LEONINE.

If you require a little space for pray'r,
 That I'll allow you; pray, be not tedious:
 The gods are quick of ear and I'm in haste.

M A R I N A.

Why will you kill me, fir ?

L E O N I N E.

T' obey the queen.

M A R I N A.

Why will she have me kill'd ? I never wrong'd her.
 In all my life I never spake bad word,
 Nor did ill turn to any living creature :
 By chance I once trod on a simple worm,
 But I wept for it. How have I offended ?

L E O N I N E.

I'm not to reason of the deed, but do it.

M A R I N A.

You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
 You are well favour'd, and your looks bespeak
 A very gentle heart. I saw you lately,
 When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
 Good footh, it shew'd well in you : do so now :
 If the queen seeks my life, come you between,
 And save poor me the weaker.

L E O N I N E.

I have sworn,

And will dispatch.

M A R I N A.

Yet hear me speak once more.

[Kneeling.]

O do not kill me, though I know no cause
 Why I should wish to live who ne'er knew joy,
 Or fear to die who ever fear'd the gods ;
 But 'tis, perhaps, the property of youth
 To doat on its new being, and depend,
 Howe'er deprest, on pleasures in reversion.
 You are but young yourself : then, as you hope

F 2

T o



To prove the fancy'd blifs of years to come,
Spare me, O spare me now.

LEONINE.

You plead in vain,
Commit your soul to heaven.

MARINA.

Can you speak thus!
O can you have compassion for my soul;
Yet, at the instant, by a cruel deed,
That heaven and earth must hate, destroy your own?

Enter PIRATE, and interposes.

FIRST PIRATE.

Hold, villain. Fear not, fair one, I'll defend thee.

LEONINE.

Slave! how doth her defence belong to you?
Who, and what are you?

FIRST PIRATE.

A man, fool. Alexander the great was no more.
You are a poltron, a coward, and a rascal, to draw
cold iron on a woman.

LEONINE.

I want not courage, base intruding villain,
To scourge thy infolence. [Fight

MARINA.

You gracious gods!
Must I behold, and be the cause of murder?

Enter second, and then third PIRATE.

SECOND PIRATE.

A prize! A prize!

THIRD PIRATE.

Half part, mate, half part.

FIRST

FIRST PIRATE.

What, are they quarrelling about my booty?
Hold, fir,

LEONINE.

With all my heart.

If you increafe so fast, 'tis time to fly.

I know them now for pirates. [Exit LEONINE.

FIRST PIRATE.

Hands off. I found her first.

SECOND PIRATE.

That's no claim amongst us.

THIRD PIRATE.

No, none at all. Every man is to have his share
of all the prizes we take.

FIRST PIRATE.

Nay, if you come to that, she belongs to the
whole ship's company.

SECOND PIRATE.

Who denies that? But I will not quit my part
in her to the captain himself: fink me if I do.

THIRD PIRATE.

Nor I, by Neptune.

FIRST PIRATE.

This is no place to dispute in. We shall have
the city rise upon us: therefore we must have her
aboard suddenly.

OMNES.

Ay; bear a hand, bear a hand.

FIRST PIRATE.

Come, sweet lady.



SECOND PIRATE.

None shall hurt you.

THIRD PIRATE.

We'll lose our lives before we'll see you wrong'd.

M A R I N A.

You sacred powers ! who rule the rudest hearts,
Protect me whilst among these lawless men
From loath'd pollution, violence and shame ;
And bold blasphemers, who shall hear the wonder,
Shall own you are, and just.

FIRST PIRATE.

A rare prize, if a man cou'd have her to himself.
A pox of all ill-fortune, say I. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter LEONINE.

LEONINE.

These pirates serve the daring ruffian Valdes.
A desperate crew they are. There is no fear
Marina will return. They'll, doubtless, have
Their pleasure of her first ; and then, perhaps,
According to a custom long us'd by 'em,
Sell her where she will ne'er be heard of more :
Then I may take the merit of her death,
And claim the whole reward. It shall be so.
I'll swear to the fond queen, I have dispatch'd
And thrown her in the sea.—A rare device !
These rogues have sav'd me from a hellish deed,
And a fair wind attend them. [*Exit* LEONINE.]

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

A House in Ephesus.

BAWD AND BOLT.

B A W D.

Sad times, Bolt.

B O L T.

Ay, very sad times, mistress.

B A W D.

This new order, so much talk'd of, for suppressing publick lewdness, will be the ruin of us. All our business will fall into private hands. I must shut up my doors, I must quit my house, unless we can find some way to evade it.

B O L T.

Whip bawds and pandars! fine doings! rare magistrates! Let 'em whip their own lubberly sons and dough-bak'd daughters for their idleness, and not punish people for their industry and service to the publick.

B A W D.

Nay, nay, if they will turn iniquity out of the high-ways, they must expect to find it in their families. Let them keep their wives and daughters honest if they can. The necessities of gentlemen must be supply'd.

B O L T.

There are abundance of foreign merchants, and travellers here in Ephesus, that us'd to be our customers.

B A W D.

And old bachelors.

F 4

BOLT.



B O L T.

And younger brothers.

B A W D.

And difconsolate widowers.

B O L T.

And husbands that have old wives.

B A W D.

And philofophers, lawyers, and foldiers that have none at all; and all thefe muft be ferv'd.

B O L T.

And will, while women are to be had for money, love, or importunity.

B A W D.

Ay, let the citizens, who spirited up this perfecution againft our useful vocation, think of the confequence, and tremble.

B O L T.

Yet, after all, thefe threats may come to nothing. You have weather'd many fuch a ftorm, Mother Coupler.

B A W D.

Ay, Bolt, I have had my ups and my downs—no woman more—but I will not be discourag'd, I will not neglect bufinefs for a rumour neither. The mart will fill the town, and we are but meanly furnifh'd.

B O L T.

Never worfe. Three poor wenches are all our ftore, and they can do no more than they can.

B A W D.

Thou fay'ft true. And thofe fo ftale, fo funk, and fo difeas'd, that a ftong wind would blow 'em all

all to pieces. I must have others, whatever they cost me.

B O L T.

Shall I search the slave market?

B A W D.

Those we buy there are mostly half worn out before we have them. There was the little Transilvanian you bought last, did not live above three months, and never brought in half the money the cost.

B O L T.

Ay, she was quickly made meat for worms. But there are losses in all trades, and ours not being honest—

B A W D.

Marry come up; I pray, what trades are honest as they are us'd? we are no worse than others.

Enter VALDES, and other PIRATES, with MARINA.

V A L D E S.

Where's Mother Coupler? where are you, bawd?

B A W D.

Why, how now, roister? how now, captain thief? use your tarpaulin language to thy own natural mother; do, brawn and bristle, do, ironface.

V A L D E S.

Let any one be judge, whether my chin, somewhat black and rough I must confess, or thine, that's cover'd with grey down, like a goose's rump, be the more comely. Thy face is a *memento mori* for thy own sex, and to ours an antidote against the sin you live by. But, see what we have brought you: here's a paragon.



BOLT (*aside to the Bawd.*)

Mark the colour of her hair, complexion, shape and age.

B A W D.

I have noted them all. When nature form'd this piece, she meant me a good turn.

V A L D E S.

Here's that will repair your decay'd arras, and set you up for a bawd of condition.

B A W D.

I was just saying, what stale, worn out creatures are daily brought to market; and those who buy of pirates, must expect as bad, or worse: and then I have choice enough, and those not blown on.

V A L D E S.

Nay, nay, use your pleasure: you have the first proffer of her. If she's not for your turn, there's no harm done: she's any one's money.

B A W D.

You don't consider the dulness of the times. If men were as they have been—

V A L D E S.

A virgin too.

B A W D.

A likely matter, coming from the hands of such a lawless crew!

V A L D E S.

You are deceived. We have laws amongst ourselves, or I would not have parted with her. However we are distinguish'd by titles and office, each man hath a right to his proportion of every prize we take; which all claiming on the sight of her,
and

and refusing to compound with, or give place to any other, there ensued such jealousy, such fury and contention, that we were obliged, by common consent, to leave her untouch'd, and dispose of her, as soon as possible, to prevent the cutting of one another's throats.

B A W D.

Well, what's your price ?

V A L D E S.

What do you mean ready rigg'd ? she has excellent cloaths you see.

B A W D.

If I deal for her, I take her altogether.

V A L D E S.

I won't bate one doit of a thousand pieces.

B A W D.

What shall I give you for your conscience, Valdes ?

V A L D E S.

Your honesty, Mother Coupler : we won't differ for a trifle.

B A W D.

Five hundred pieces, sir.

V A L D E S.

Four times told, Madam.

B A W D.

Why, what the devil ! you said but a thousand e'en now.

V A L D E S.

I thought you cou'dn't hear but by halves, and was willing to come up to your understanding.

B O L T.



B O L T.

You'll stand haggling till you lose her.

V A L D E S.

Look you, I am at a word. But for the reason
I just now spoke of you shou'd not have had her
for twice the sum.

B A W D.

Follow me, and you shall have your money.
Bolt, take care of my purchase.

B O L T.

Never fear, mistress, never fear.

[*Exeunt VALDES, BAWD and PIRATES.*]

M A R I N A.

Immortal gods! to what am I reserv'd?

B O L T.

Come hither, child. You are but young, and
may want some instructions. Tho' she who has
bought you, your mistress and mine, knows as
much as a woman can know; yet there's nothing
like a man to teach you the practical part of busi-
ness, take my word for it.

M A R I N A.

What are you, sir?

B O L T.

A middle aged person, as you see; and in per-
fect health, that you may depend upon.

M A R I N A.

Is your mind sound?

B O L T.

She's mighty simple. Ay, ay, as sound as my
body.

M A R I N A.

M A R I N A.

The gods preserve it so. Yet you talk strangely.

B O L T.

I thank you heartily for your good wishes. Nay, I am the principal person in this family, after our mistress: it may be well worth your while to make a friend of me.

M A R I N A.

I know not, but I'm sure I want a friend. I am of maids most wretched.

B O L T.

I'll quickly ease you of the wretchedness of being a maid. Yet you must pass for one, and often.

M A R I N A.

I understand you not.

B O L T.

Such things are common here. But of that and other needful arts in our profession, my mistress will inform you. [*Lays hold of her.*]

M A R I N A.

Why do you rudely lay your hands upon me? I am not to be touch'd.

B O L T.

Not to be touch'd! Ha, ha, in troth a pretty jest, and will do rarely with some young gulls. To seem most fearful when you are most willing, and weep as you do now, will move the pity of your innamoratos, and strain their purses to shower down gold upon you. Your striving will not save you: this is no place for squeamish modesty: we live by lewdness here, and you were brought to carry on the trade.

M A R I N A.



M A R I N A.

Hence, thou detested slave! thou shameless villain!

[*Breaking from him.*]

Enter BAWD.

You powers that favour chastity, defend me.

B A W D.

Why how now? what's the matter here? what have you been doing with her?

B O L T.

Nothing, mistress, and I am afraid there is nothing to be done with her. She fights like a tiger.

B A W D.

Out, you rascal. Is this a morsel for your chaps?

B O L T.

Why not? do you think I'll serve up a delicate dish without tasting it?

B A W D.

In your turn, sirrah, in your turn. Let your betters be serv'd before you.

B O L T.

Ay, but a bit of the spit, you know—

B A W D.

About your business, and let gentlemen know how we are provided for their entertainment. [*Exit Bolt.*] Don't cry, pretty one: he shall be made to know his distance and his time. While you behave discreetly, child, you shall be reserv'd for the better sort of men only. You are fallen into good hands, depend upon it.

M A R I N A

M A R I N A.

O why was Leonine so slack, so slow!
 Wou'd he had us'd his sword, and not his tongue!
 Or that the pirates, not enough barbarians,
 Had thrown me in the sea to seek my mother.

B A W D.

Come, come, my rose bud, my sprig of jessamin,
 you are all beauty and sweetness—you have no
 cause to grieve—heaven has done its part by you.

M A R I N A.

I accuse not heaven.

B A W D.

Here you may live, and shall.

M A R I N A.

The more's my grief
 T'have scap'd his hands, who wou'd have given me
 death.

B A W D.

And live with pleasure.

M A R I N A.

No.

B A W D.

You shall not want variety: you shall have men,
 and men of all complexions.

M A R I N A.

Are you a woman?

B A W D.

A woman! pray, what do you take me for, ma-
 dam? I have been thought a woman, and an hand-
 some woman in my time.

M A R I N A.



M A R I N A.

Of this I'm sure, you are not what you shou'd be:
A woman shou'd be honest.

B A W D.

O the devil ↓

M A R I N A.

And modest, and religious.

B A W D.

You're a sapling to talk so to one of my experience. Honest, modest, and religious, with a pox to you! I'll make you know, before I've done with you, that I won't have any such thing mentioned in my house.

M A R I N A.

The gracious gods defend me!

B A W D.

What, do you offer to say your prayers in my hearing! is this a place to pray in? don't provoke me, don't. I find I shall have something to do with you. But you shall bend or break, I can tell you that for your comfort.

Enter BOLT.

B O L T.

Mistress, here's the lean French knight, he that cowers in the hams, and the fat German count.

B A W D.

In good time. Here, take this stubborn fool, and carry her to them.

B O L T.

To which of them?

B A W D.

B A W D.

To him that will give most first, and to the other afterwards. She cost me a round sum, but don't refuse money. Her blushes must be quench'd with present practice: she is good for nothing as she is.

M A R I N A.

Diana, aid my purpose.

B O L T.

Come your ways. What have we to do with Diana?

B A W D.

Ay, troop, follow your leader. We'll teach you honesty, modesty, and religion with a vengeance.

M A R I N A.

If fire be hot, steel sharp, or waters deep,
Unstain'd I still my virgin fame will keep.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*An Apartment adjoining to a Temple at the Court of
Tharfus.*

QUEEN AND LEONINE.

LEONINE.

TO bury kneaded earth for dead Marina
Was a most quaint device. The cheated
Tharfians

Pierc'd heaven with their howlings ; but suspicion,
As if death clos'd her busy prying eyes
When the fair Tyrian died, still slumbers on.
The monument of Parian marble wrought,
And epitaph in characters of gold,
Were my contrivance too, and now are finish'd.
I have done all that your resentment ask'd,
And well secur'd your safety and your fame:
'Tis more than time you listen'd to my suit.

QUEEN.

Can nothing but my person and my crown
Reward your service ?

LEONINE.

I deserve them both.

QUEEN.

Were I sole mistress of the spacious world,
I'd give it all this murder were undone.
The very wrens of Tharfus will betray it
To Pericles, who now comes to demand her.

LEONINE.

That's only in my power : give me your promise
To be my bride, and seal my lips for ever.

QUEEN

Q U E E N.

What! wed a murtherer!

L E O N I N E.

Who made me so?

Résolve in time ere ruin overtake you,
 O'ertake us both. Your flatt'ries drew me in,
 You taught me to be bloody and ambitious,
 And I will now partake your throne, or perish---
 But not alone. You know how popular
 The injur'd prince of Tyre is here in Tharsus.
 This city, now the seat of wealth and plenty,
 Whose towers invade the clouds, which never stranger
 Beheld but wonder'd at, as all acknowledge,
 Had but for Pericles been desolate,
 Forsaken, or the grave of its inhabitants,
 A den for bats to build and wolves to howl in.
 How many thousands, living now, remember,
 When, famishing with hunger, prince and people
 Sat down and wept for bread; when tender mothers
 Fed on their new born babes, and man and wife
 Drew lots who first shou'd die and furnish food
 To lengthen out the life of the survivor.
 This our distress brought Pericles from Tyre;
 Who, bravely scorning to improve th' advantage,
 And make a conquest of a prostrate land,
 Did with a lib'ral hand supply our wants,
 And turn our dying groans to songs of joy.
 For this the Tharsians love him as a father,
 And as a God adore him.

Q U E E N.

Be it so:

I'm still their queen, and hold 'em in subjection,

L E O N I N E.

Yes, while they please: as we have seen a lion
 Held with a thread, until some accident,

G 2

Or



Or his rash keeper's folly, rous'd his fury.
 They've some regard for the good line you came of,
 And yet are thereby hardly held from outrage:
 So hateful have the pride and other vices,
 Notorious in you, made you to the million.
 But shou'd they hear, or have the least suspicion
 Of your foul dealing with the much lov'd daughter
 Of royal Pericles, like flames let loose,
 They'd in an instant make this lofty dome
 Your fun'ral pile, and give the winds your ashes:
 Or having torn you in ten thousand pieces,
 With honest scorn, cast out your loath'd remains
 For kites and crows to feed on.

QUEEN.

'Tis too true:

Shou'd this dark deed take light, my reign were ended.
 I see I must comply. She who has us'd
 A wicked agent in a shameful act,
 Must thenceforth be his slave. You have my word.
 Now your ambition's serv'd, teach me to answer
 The king of Tyre when he demands his child.

LEONINE.

Say she dy'd suddenly, as what's more common?
 That you wept o'er her hearse, and mourn her yet;
 Then show the monument and epitaph
 Procur'd at your expence; and her griev'd fire
 Shall curse the cruel fates that still pursue him
 With plague on plague, but ne'er suspect that you
 Have been their instrument.

QUEEN.

The deed's not mine.—

[*Trumpets.*

Pericles comes, and I must seem content:
 The traitor's in the toils, and cannot 'scape me.

Enter

Enter PERICLES, ESCANES, Guards and Attendants.

QUEEN.

Welcome, great Pericles, to mourning Tharfus.
My royal parents and your faithful friends,
Cleon and Dionysia, are no more.

PERICLES.

Ent'ring the port I met the fatal news.
The hot salt tears this unthought loss drew from me,
Are yet wet on my cheeks. O two such friends! —
But I'm a man born to adversity;
No land e'er gave me rest. and winds and waters,
In their vast tennis-court, have, as a ball,
Us'd me to make them sport. — But to my purpose.
'Tis more than twice seven years since I beheld thee
With my Marina, both were infants then.
Peace and security smil'd on your birth;
Her's was the rudest welcome to this world
That e'er was prince's child: born on the sea,
Hence is she call'd Marina, in a tempest,
When the high working billows kiss'd the moon,
And the shrill whistle of the boatswain's pipe
Seem'd as a whisper in the ear of death:
Born when her mother dy'd. That fatal hour
Must still live with me—O you gracious Gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? the waves receiv'd
My queen, A sea-mate's chest confin'd her corpse;
In which she silent lies 'midst groves of coral,
Or in a glitt'ring bed of shining shells.
The air-fed lamps of heaven, the spouting whale,
And dashing waters, that roll o'er her head,
Compose a monument to hide her bones,
Spacious as heaven, and lasting as the frame
Of universal nature.

G 3

ESCANES.



E S C A N E S.

Royal fir,

This sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
So long careft, thou'd now be caft aside.

P E R I C L E S.

O never, never: do not interrupt me.
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
When grief thou'd feem to fleep, a welcome gueft,
She fills my anxious thoughts and broken flumbers
With the lov'd image of my loft Thaifa,
And prompts me to rehearfe the oft-told tale
Of her difaft'rous end: and chiefly now
I come to feek the phœnix that took life
From her dead afhes—But I've almoft done—
We left my princefs in her wat'ry tomb,
And, as the winds gave way, arriv'd at Tharfus.
Here to your royal parents I committed
(Whofe love I had experienc'd and deferv'd)
My only child, to give her education
Suiting her rank, and in fome fort fupply
Her pious mother's lofs. And this the rather,
For that the peace of Tyre was forely broken
By foreign foes, and treafons bred at home:
For I have drunk the dregs of all misfortunes.
I vow'd too then, though it fhould wilful in me,
That all unfiter'd fhould this heir of mine
Remain till ſhe were marry'd. Thoſe commotions,
That long embroil'd me, being now compos'd;
I'm come to pay my thanks, and claim my daughter.

Q U E E N.

Unhappy prince! wou'd hea'vn have heard my
pray'rs,
Thy ſweet Marina now by my lov'd ſide
Had blefs'd thy longing eyes; but wretched mortals
In vain oppoſe the powers that rule above 'em:
Should

Shou'd we rage loud as did the winds and seas
 When she was born, things wou'd be as they are.
 Unfold those doors, and let the care-worn king
 Behold the testimony of our love
 To our fair foster sister, and our grief
 For her untimely fate.

*The SCENE draws, and discovers a Temple with a
 Monument.*

PERICLES *reading.*

“ Here lieth interr'd
 “ Marina, daughter to the prince of Tyre.”
 O thou who gav'st me reason and reflection,
 Eternal Jove, rebuke these swelling thoughts,
 That wou'd dispute your goodness or your being:
 Bind them in walls of brass: let me remember
 I hold my powers from thee, that earthly man
 Is but a substance made for your high pleasure:
 Teach me, as fits my nature, to submit
 To your thrice kindled wrath.

ESCANES.

Let those who think
 They cou'd endure his woes, speak comfort to him;
 My soul is faint with terror to behold 'em.

PERICLES.

Fire, water, earth, and air in loud combustion
 Herald my lost Marina to the light;
 But dumb and speechless sorrow shall attend
 Her timeless passage to the realms of death.
 From this curst hour I'll never speak again,
 To mock with words unutterable grief;
 But make my manners savage as my fortunes,
 And be as wretched as the Gods wou'd have me.
 Sable shall be the ship henceforth that bears me;

G 4

No



No steel shall touch my face, no water cleanse it,
 Nor comb be us'd to part my matted hair.
 If e'er I change my raiment, galling sackcloth,
 Instead of royal robes, shall gird my loins,
 And ashes be my crown. P'll ne'er return,
 Ne'er view thy spires again, renowned Tyre;
 But wander through the world a wilful vagrant,
 And ne'er taste comfort more till death relieve me,
 Or Jove restore to my unhoping eyes
 What his vindictive hand hath taken from me.
 What I have been P'll study to forget:
 Do you so too. Tell who I was to no man;
 What I am now, a wretch by heav'n devoted
 To all distress and by himself abandon'd,
 Shall evidence itself. Come, my Escanes.

E S C A N E S.

O woful, woful hour! where shall we go?

P E R I C L E S.

I care not, let blind fortune be our guide:
 Shun Tyre, and ev'ry other place is equal.
 Fair queen, adieu. Your kindness to my child
 The Gods return you double. Yet consider
 And view the frailty of your state in me.
 Once princes sat, like stars, about my throne,
 And veil'd their crowns to my supremacy:
 Then, like the sun, all paid me reverence
 For what I was, and all the grateful lov'd me
 For what I did bestow; now not a glow-worm
 But in the cheerless night displays more brightness,
 And is of greater use, than darken'd Pericles.
 Be not high minded, queen, be not high minded:
 Time is omnipotent, the king of kings,
 Their parent and their grave—Beware, beware—
 Let those who drink of sweet prosperity
 In flowing cups, mingle their draughts with pity;
 And

And think when they behold th' afflicted's tears,
The misery of others may be theirs.

[*Exeunt* PERICLES, ESCANES, &c.

QUEEN.

Unhappy queen! detested Leonine!
O had I tarry'd but a little longer,
Marina had been gone without my guilt:
Or had you put me by this one bad thought,
In which perhaps I ne'er shou'd have relaps'd,
I might have bless'd you as my better genius;
But now must curse you as a cruel wretch,
Who seeing me unguarded, seiz'd that moment
To blast my fame, and ruin me for ever.

LEONINE.

Were this repentance true, 'tis now too late:
But if, as I suspect, 'tis but assum'd
(Your purpose being serv'd) to veil your falshood
(Pretending conscience for your breach of faith)
The cheat's too gross, and you may rest assur'd,
I shall see through and scorn the thin disguise.

QUEEN.

Then here I cast it off. Shall I, who cou'd not bear
The unmeant rivalship of sweet Marina,
Resign my crown, and live a slave to thee?
A wretch whom I detest, a venal villain,
One whom I fix'd on as the worst of men,
For the worst purpose.

LEONINE.

Base, ungrateful queen!
Is this all the reward I'm to expect?

QUEEN.

Such a reward as such vile instruments
As you deserve, a murderer's reward,
Thou hast already.

LEONINE.

LEONINE.

Hah!

QUEEN.

Yes, thou art poison'd.
 The subtle potion working in thy veins
 Is a more certain remedy for talking,
 Than all my wealth, or the rich crown of Tharsus.
 Not that I fear, now Pericles is gone,
 The utmost of thy malice could'st thou live,
 As 'tis most sure thou can'st not.

LEONINE.

Curfed harpy!
 The loathsome grave is better than thy bed,
 And death a lovelier paramour than thee.
 O! I am sick at heart.

QUEEN.

The venom works.
 How wild he looks? I will be kind, and leave him.

LEONINE.

Assist my feeble arm, ye righteous Gods!
 Though I've offended, do not fail me now.
 This cause is yours—'tis well—my hand is arm'd—
 Now guide my weapon's point to her false heart,
 And we shall both have justice.

QUEEN.

Thoughtless wretch!
 Where are my guards? I shall be murder'd here.

LEONINE.

As sure as you contriv'd Marina's death,
 As sure as you've betray'd and murder'd me.
 I fall, but fall reveng'd. Now triumph, fury.

[Stabs her.]

Enter

Enter Guards and Ladies.

QUEEN.

You come too late: the slave has pierc'd my heart.

LEONINE.

To wound it deeper, know, Marina lives.
The death intended her by you and me,
By heaven is justly turn'd upon ourselves.
To will or act is one at that strict audit,
Where we must soon appear—O Rhadamanthus—
[Dies.]

QUEEN.

Tear out his tongue, let not the traitor speak.

GUARD.

It need not, madam; he has spoke his last.

QUEEN.

I shall not long survive him—bear me hence—
Thou art the care of heaven, virtuous Marina;
Its out-casts we. The Gods are just and strong;
And none who scorn their laws e'er prosper long.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A House in Ephesus.

BAWD AND BOLT.

BAWD.

Where are the gentlemen?

BOLT.

Gone.

BAWD.

Gone!

BOLT.



B O L T.

Ay, gone away, and left her untouched. With her holy speeches, kneeling, prayers, and tears, she has converted 'em to chastity.

B A W D.

The devil she has!

B O L T.

They vow never to enter a bawdy-house again, but turn religious, and frequent the temples: they are gone to hear the vestals sing already.

B A W D.

What will become of me? O the wicked jade, to study the ruin of a poor gentlewoman! [*Weeping.*] I'd rather than twice the worth of her she had never come here.

B O L T.

She's enough to undo all the pandars and bawds in Ephesus.

B A W D.

Pox of her green sickness.

B O L T.

Ay, if she wou'd but change one for the other, there were some hopes of her. But I have good intelligence that the lord Lyfimachus will be here presently.

B A W D.

The governor?

B O L T.

Ay, but he's a great persecutor of persons of our profession.

B A W D.

B A W D.

Pho, those are our best customers and surest friends in private. If the peevish baggage wou'd but hear reason now, we were made for ever. Fetch her. We'll try once more. [*Exit BOLT.*] She must be marble if she don't melt at the sight of so great, so rich, so young and handsome a man as the lord Lysimachus.

Enter L Y S I M A C H U S.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Well, thou grave planter of iniquity,
Whose just returns are full grown crops of shame,
Are you supply'd with new and found temptations?
Such as an healthy man may venture on,
And fear the loss of nothing—but his soul.

B A W D.

I'm proud to see your lordship here, and glad your honour is so cheerfully dispos'd. Venus forbid a gentleman shou'd receive an injury in my house. No, sir, we defy the surgeons. And for temptation, I have such an one, if she wou'd but——

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Prythee what?

B A W D.

Your honour knows what I mean well enough.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Well, let me see her.

B A W D.

Such flesh and blood, sir!—for red and white—
well, you shall see a flower, and a flower she were
indeed, had she but——

L Y S I -



L Y S I M A C H U S,

Why dost not speak? what is there wanting in her?

B A W D.

O, fir, I can be modest.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

When such as these pretend to modesty,
They are then most impudent.*Enter BOLT, forcing in MARINA.*

B A W D.

Now, fir, what do you think of her? wou'dn't
she serve after a long voyage?— Ay, fir—

L Y S I M A C H U S.

I'm lost in admiration—here's your fee:
Away, be gone and leave us. I came hither,
O who wou'd trust his heart, bent to detest
And punish these bad people; but when sin
Appears in such a form, the finest virtue
Dissolves to air before it.

B A W D.

I pray your honour let me have a word with her:
I'll have done presently.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Do, I beseech you.

B A W D.

First I wou'd have you take notice that this is a
man of honour.

M A R I N A.

Grant, heaven, I find him so!

B A W D.

And next, that he's a great man and governor of
this country; and lastly, one I'm bound to.

M A R I N A.

M A R I N A.

If he's greatly good
And governs well, you're bound to him indeed.

B A W D.

Pray use him kindly, or—

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Have you yet done?

B A W D.

I'm afraid your lordship must take some pains with her, but there's nothing to be done with these un-experienc'd things without it. Come, we'll leave his honour and her together.

[*Exeunt BAWD and BOLT.*]

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Thou brightest star that ever left its sphere
(For sure you once shone in a higher region)
For low pollution and the depth of darkness,
How long hast thou purfu'd this devious courie?

M A R I N A.

What course d'ye mean, my lord?

L Y S I M A C H U S.

I dare not name it:

For, loving, I am fearful to offend.

M A R I N A.

I cannot be offended at the truth.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

How long have you been what you now profess?

M A R I N A.

E'er since I can remember.

L Y S I -

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Gods! what pity!

Were you a prostitute so very young?

M A R I N A.

I ne'er was other — if I am so now.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

You are proclaim'd a creature set to sale
By being here.

M A R I N A.

And do you know this house
A place of such resort, yet venture in it?
I've heard you are of honourable rank,
And govern here.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

O, you have heard my pow'r,
And therefore stand aloof, but without cause;
For my authority shall here be blind,
Or look with kindness on thee. I've now learnt
What once seem'd strange, why rich men grasp at
pow'r,
And the poor murmur at restrictive laws.
Passion wou'd have the means to work its ends,
And the fierce tumult of intemp'rate blood
Rages the more the more it is resisted.
I must and will, in spite of vain remorse
And what I have been, feast each aking sense
On thy luxurious charms. Why dost thou shun me?
Blushing I speak it, thou shalt never find
Amongst the herd whose only joy is lewdness,
A more devoted slave. Is wanton pleasure
What you affect? my youth, yet unimpair'd
By riot or disease, shall meet your wishes.
Art thou ambitious? power and pomp attend thee.
Or if the love of gold, that cursed bait

That

That ruins half thy sex, possess thy heart;
I will descend to gratify a passion
I should detest in any but thyself.

M A R I N A.

Cou'd you do thus! O you immortal powers,
What is your influence on the heart of man,
If ev'ry slight temptation wins him from you?
Shall painted clay, shall white and red, less pure
Than that which decks the lily and the rose,
Seduce you from the bright unfading joys
Your goodness yields! for sure your speech imports,
And I well hope, you have not yet renounc'd it.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Thou art so fair, so exquisitely fair,
And plead'st against thyself with so much art,
That had I known thee sooner—what a thought!—
But fully'd as thou art I must possess thee,
Whate'er the purchase cost.

M A R I N A.

To think me, sir,
A creature so abandon'd, yet pursue me,
Is sure as mean and infamous, as wicked.
What! waste your youth in arms that each lewd
ruffian
Who pays the price, may fill; lavish your wealth,
And yield your sacred honour to the hand
Of an improvident and wasteful wanton,
Who does not guard her own!

L Y S I M A C H U S.

True, I came hither,
With thoughts like these—but lead me to some place
Private and dark—Alas, why dost thou weep?

M A R I N A.

Dare not come near me.

VOL. II.

H

LYSI-

L Y S I M A C H U S.

By the raging flame
Thy eyes have kindled here, I must enjoy thee.

M A R I N A.

Then view my last defence. [*Draws a dagger.*]

L Y S I M A C H U S.

What dost thou mean!

M A R I N A.

To die if you pursue your hated purpose,
Vain, rash, mistaken man.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

O hold thy hand :

By Jove she doth amaze me: Rest assur'd
I will not offer violence again
Be who or what thou wilt—but let me seize
This threatening steel, that fill'd my soul with terror
While levell'd at thy breast.

M A R I N A.

O mighty fir,

If you were born to honour show it now ;
If put upon you, make that judgement good
That thought you worthy of it.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

She's in earnest.

Here is some mystery I cannot fathom. [*Aside.*]

M A R I N A.

Have pity on a maid, a friendless maid,
By fortune forc'd to this detested sty ;
Where since I came diseases have been sold
Dearer than physick. Wou'd the gracious gods
But set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies in the pure air, I shou'd be happy.

L Y S I.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Conviction rises with each word she speaks.
 She's all a miracle, as chaste as fair. [*Aside.*
 He must indeed have a corrupted mind,
 Whom thy speech cou'd not alter. Here's gold
 for thee :

Still persevere in the clear way thou goest,
 And the gods strengthen thee. As for myself,
 The short liv'd error which thy beauty caus'd,
 Thy goodness and thy wisdom have corrected.

M A R I N A.

Now you're a true and worthy gentleman,
 The gracious gods preserve you.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Fare thee well.

If I shou'd take thee hence licentious tongues
 May wrong my fair intentions, and thy fame.
 Thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not
 But that thy birth and training both were noble.
 A curse upon him, die he, like a thief,
 That shall again attempt to wrong thy honour.
 If thou hear'st from me, as thou may'st expect it,
 And quickly too, it shall be for thy good.

Enter B O L T.

B O L T.

I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Avaunt, thou damn'd-door keeper, pandar hence.
 Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
 Wou'd sink, and overwhelm you. [*Exit* L Y S I M.

B O L T.

I see we must take another course with you ;
 or your peevish chastity, which is not worth a break-

H 2

fast

fast in the cheapest country in the universe, will undo a whole family. Come your ways.

Enter BAWD.

B A W D.

How now! what's the matter?

B O L T.

Worse and worse, mistress. She has been talking religion to my lord Lyfimachus.

B A W D.

O abominable!

B O L T.

She makes our profession stink, as it were, in the nostrils of all who come near her.

B A W D.

Marry hang her.

B O L T.

My lord wou'd have us'd her as a lord shou'd use a gentlewoman, for I overheard 'em; but she sent him away as cold as a snow ball, saying his prayers too.

B A W D.

Take her away: use her at your pleasure.

M A R I N A.

Hark, hark, you gods!

B A W D.

She's at her pray'rs again. Away with her. I wish she had never enter'd into my doors.

[Exit BAWD.

B O L T.

Come, mistress, you shall along with me.

M A R I N A.

M A R I N A.

O whither wou'd you have me?

B O L T.

Into the next room, to take from you by force
the jewel you are so unwilling to part with.

M A R I N A.

Pray tell me one thing first.

B O L T.

Propose your question.

M A R I N A.

What wou'd you wish to your worst enemies?

B O L T.

Why I wou'd wish 'em as infamous as my mi-
stresses.

M A R I N A.

And yet that wretch is not so bad as thou art,
Since she's thy better as she doth command thee.
The place thou hold'st is such that Cerberus
Wou'd not exchange his reputation with thee,
The filthy groom, door-keeper to a brothel.
Then to the chol'rick fist of ev'ry villain
Thy ear is liable. Thy food is such
As hath been breath'd on by infectious lungs.

B O L T.

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

M A R I N A.

Do any kind of thing but this thou dost:
Empty receptacles of common filth,
Serve by indenture to the common hangman,

H 3

O r



Or herd with swine, or beg from door to door:
 The worst of these is far to be preferr'd
 To what you practise. If no sense of shame,
 No fear of laws, no reverence of the gods
 Come near thy heart; let that which doth persuade
 Millions to evil, bribe thee to be good:
 Touch not my honour, help me to escape
 This house of shame, and take the shining gold.
 The good lord gave me.

B O L T.

Nay, I don't see why a man mayn't as well do a
 good deed as a bad one, especially when he's paid
 for it. And to say the truth, I think you wou'd
 freeze the blood of a satyr, and make a puritan
 of the devil, if they were to cheapen a kifs of
 thee. Come, give me the money.

M A R I N A.

No, first conduct me to some place of safety.

B O L T.

But shall I have it then?

M A R I N A.

If I deceive you, take me home again,
 And prostitute me to the vilest groom
 That doth frequent your house.

B O L T.

Well, I'll trust you. I'll see you plac'd——

M A R I N A.

But among honest women.

B O L T.

Troth, I've but little acquaintance amongst
 them. But there is one who is known to all Ephe-
 sus by fame, the holy priestess of Diana's temple:
 she

she will be proud of such a chaste companion, and has besides the power to protect you.

M A R I N A.

O the good gods direct me how to find her!

B O L T.

But, hark, I hear my mistress. We must be gone: this way we may avoid her.

M A R I N A.

Jove's virgin-best-lov'd daughter, bright Diana,
Who shar'st with Sol the skies, chaste queen of night,
Defend my virtue, and direct my flight.

[*Exeunt* MARINA and BOLT.]

Enter BAWD.

B A W D.

Bolt, Bolt, where are you? secure Marina. The governor's officers are searching the house for her: we shall have her forc'd away. Why Bolt—O the devil! the back door is open: the villain is run away with my slave, and all the money I paid for her will be lost.

Enter OFFICERS,

F I R S T O F F I C E R.

She's no where to be found.

B A W D.

No, no, she's gone. My man had stole her away before you came, a pox confound him and you too: I am likely to be brought to a fine pass betwixt you.

O F F I C E R.

Then we must execute our other orders, which are to turn this beldame out of doors, and then shut up the house.

H 4

B A W D.



B A W D.

Turn me out of doors! how must I live?

O F F I C E R.

Do you take care of that. It is a favour, and a great one too, that you are not sent to prison,

B A W D.

Such governors are enough to make a woman do what she never thought of.

O F F I C E R.

Ay, do—work—that's what I dare be sworn you never thought of.

B A W D.

No, nor ever will. A gentlewoman, and work! I'll see you all hang'd first.

O F F I C E R.

Chuse, and be hang'd yourself: you have long deserv'd it.

B A W D.

Have I so, scoundrel? and yet you have been glad of a cast of my office before now. While such as you are trusted with authority, as sure as thieves are honest, strumpets chaste,

Or priests hate money; this same sinful nation
Is in a hopeful way of reformation.[*Exeunt.*]

A C T



A C T III.

S C E N E I.

A Street in Ephesus.

B A W D.

IF I could but recover Marina, and 'make her pliable, I shou'd do very well still: I could make a handsome living of her in any ground in Asia.

Enter BOLT singing.

B O L T.

Hah, Mother Coupler! how is it with thee, old flesh-monger? thou quondam retailer of stale carrion, and propagator of diseases. What, quite broke! no private practice! I know you hate to be idle—Though your house is shut up, you have some properties, I hope. Why, you'll make a good stroling bawd still. What never a new vamped up wench, just come out of an hospital, to accommodate a friend with?

B A W D.

Villain, traitor, thief, runaway, how dare you look me in the face?

B O L T.

I am too well acquainted with your face to be afraid of it—ugly as it is.

B A W D.

You have the impudence of old nick.

B O L T.

Then I did not converse with you so long without learning something.

B A W D.



B A W D.

You seduced my slave.

B O L T.

That's a lye; for she seduced me.

B A W D.

You deserve to be hang'd for robbing me of my property. What have you done with her?

B O L T.

If I had done with her what you wou'd have had me, we shou'd both have been hang'd: so take the matter right, and you are oblig'd to me.

B A W D.

Not at all: for though it happen'd as you say, you intended me no good.

B O L T.

And pray whom did you ever intend any good to?

B A W D.

Where have you put Marina?

B O L T.

No where: she was taken from me before we had gone the length of the street by the governor's servants.

B A W D.

This is your praying lord, plague rot him for a cheating hypocrite. And so after all my cost and pains about her to no manner of purpose, he has her for nothing.

B O L T.

No, he hasn't her neither.

B A W D.

B A W D.

That's some comfort yet: then perhaps I may have her again.

B O L T.

When she turns strumpet, and you repent.

B A W D.

Where is she?

B O L T.

Where the air is as difagreeable to a bawd, as the air of a bawdy-house is to her—in the Temple of Diana.

B A W D.

I'm a ruin'd woman.

B O L T.

You can never be long at a loss for a living: it is but removing your quarters, and beginning your trade again where you are n't known—if you can find such a place.

B A W D.

You're a sneering rascal. But I hope you did not let Marina go off with the money the governor gave her?

B O L T.

No, no, I took care to lighten her of that burthen.

B A W D.

And where is it?

B O L T.

Very safe, very safe.

B A W D.

Why, you don't intend to cheat me of that too?

B O L T.



B O L T.

I don't well understand what you mean by cheating, but am sure I shou'd deceive you most egregiously if I were to part with a single stiver. No, no, I shall take care of myself: I shall keep what I have got, depend upon it.

B A W D.

But what a conscience must you have in the meantime!

B O L T.

Don't you and I know one another, Mother Coupler? measure my conscience exactly by your own, and you'll find its dimensions to the breadth of a hair.

B A W D.

If I ben't reveng'd, may I die of the pip without the comfort of an hospital to hide my shame and misery from the world.

B O L T.

Or the pleasure of deserving it.

[Exeunt different ways.]

S C E N E II.

The Temple of DIANA with her Statue and Altar. Near them THAISA is discover'd, sleeping; two Priestesses attending, who come forward.

FIRST PRIESTESS.

Sleeps the high priestess yet?

SECOND PRIESTESS.

If the suspension
Of sense without the benefit of rest
Be sleep, she sleeps: she's greatly discompos'd.

FIRST PRIESTESS.

Yet trouble in her irritates devotion.
Hence day and night, before her sacred shrine,
She seeks with ardour the celestial maid,
Or watching waits her will; as if by chance
She slumbers, 'tis, as now, beneath her altar.

SECOND PRIESTESS.

You must have known her long?

FIRST PRIESTESS.

E'er, since that morning,
When from the troubled bosom of the deep
The billows cast her, breathless, on the beach,
That fronts this holy temple. I was present
When the good father of Lyfimachus
(And my kind uncle) by his art restor'd her
From her most death-like trance.

SECOND PRIESTESS.

This, though long since
And a known truth, is still the theme of wonder.

FIRST PRIESTESS.

I remember, when all suppos'd her dead,
This learned lord did from the first affirm,
That death might for some hours usurp on nature,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erprest spirits: and she liv'd to prove it.

SECOND PRIESTESS.

'Tis strange none e'er discover'd who she is.

FIRST PRIESTESS.

From the rich robe she'd on, and gems found with
her,
We judg'd her royal: all she wou'd disclose
Was that she lost a husband, and with him
All hopes and all desires of earthly joys.

And



And choos'ing to devote her future days
 To chastity and grief, she here retir'd;
 And took with me, who then was just prepar'd
 To be profest, the habit Argentine.
 The sacred dignity she now sustains
 Was much against her will conferr'd upon her,
 When sage Euphrion dy'd.

SECOND PRIESTESS.

Did you not mark
 How in an instant sorrow overwhelm'd her,
 When news was brought from Cyprus of the death
 Of the good king Simonides?

FIRST PRIESTESS.

I did.
 Her fortune's teeming with some great event.

SECOND PRIESTESS.

The perfect likeness too there is between
 Herself and sweet Marina, much amaz'd her.

FIRST PRIESTESS.

And must do all that see them. But allow
 The difference time must make, and they're the
 same:

Just what Marina is, Thaisa was
 When I beheld her first.

THAISA.

O Pericles!

FIRST PRIESTESS.

Did she not speak? attend.

THAISA.

Art thou restor'd
 To the long widow'd arms of thy Thaisa!—
 Ha! *[Rises and comes forward.]*

FIRST

FIRST PRIESTESS.

Madam, how fare you?

T H A I S A.

'Twas but a dream,
A flattering dream. And what is life itself,
Being justly weigh'd, but a meer fleeting shadow?
Most like these visions now so frequent with me—
I am troubled and trouble you, my friends.

SECOND PRIESTESS.

Cou'd our best service help you, we were happy.

FIRST PRIESTESS.

I fain wou'd hope your present perturbation
May prove the prelude to your lasting peace.

T H A I S A.

The lasting'st peace is death : and that, perhaps,
Is what my dreams portend.

FIRST PRIESTESS.

The gods forbid.

T H A I S A.

The gods do all their will : I've long been learning
A perfect resignation to their pleasure.
My dream was this. Attending on the altar,
The goddesses seem'd to animate her statue ;
And, as I view'd the prodigy with terror,
Took from my brow the crescent and tiara,
The symbols of my office, and then struck
The smoking censor from my trembling hand,

FIRST PRIESTESS.

'Twas wond'rous strange.

T H A I S A.

And with a radiant smile
Consign'd me to the arms of my lov'd lord,

Who



Who stood confest and living to receive me.
With the surprize I wak'd.

FIRST PRIESTESS.

A fair presage.

Our goddess's visits you as a reward
For your true piety: this dream's from her.

T H A I S A.

We doubtless think ourselves of more importance
Than the wise gods allow us.

SECOND PRIESTESS.

Sacred madam,

The lord Lyfimachus—

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

T H A I S A.

He's ever welcome.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Hail, holy priestess, whose celestial mind
Adds whiteness to the silver robe you wear:
Have you yet learnt ought of the birth and fortunes
Of that sweet virgin I commended to you?

T H A I S A.

No, my good lord. Whene'er I question her
Who and from whence she is, she answers not,
But sits her down and weeps.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

I wish I knew.

T H A I S A.

Time may reveal it. She's a miracle:
My eyes ne'er saw her peer.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

O gracious Lady,
She's such a one that were I well assur'd

Came

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

Enter GENTLEMAN.

GENTLEMAN.

Most honour'd Sir,

There is a ship arriv'd of strange appearance;
The hull, sails, streamers, tackle, all are black;
From whence is in a chaloupe come on shore
A person of a great but mournful mien,
Whose chief attendant asks to be admitted
To see our governor. What is your will?

LYSIMACHUS.

That he have his: I pray you greet him fairly.

[Exit GENTLEMAN.]

Enter ESCANES; and others after him, bearing PERICLES.

LYSIMACHUS.

Hail, reverend Sir: the gracious gods preserve you.

ESCANES.

And you, t'out-live the age that I am now,
And die as I wou'd wish.

LYSIMACHUS.

You greet me well.

ESCANES.

Our vessel is of Tyre, our business here,
T' implore Diana's aid for one distress'd;
And such an one as in his happier days
Never forgot his duty to the gods,
Nor let th' afflicted sue to him in vain.

LYSIMACHUS.

And may she prove propitious.



E S C A N E S.

Sir, we thank you;
 And further wou'd intreat that for our gold,
 Your people may supply us with provisions,
 Whereof we are not destitute for want,
 But weary for the staleness.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

'Tis a courtesy
 Which if we shou'd deny, the most just gods
 For every graft wou'd send a caterpillar,
 And so inflict our province. But inform me,
 Who is that melancholy gentleman.

E S C A N E S.

He is of note (I may reveal no more)
 And was a goodly person, ere difasters,
 Too great for human suff'rance, sunk him thus.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Upon what ground is his distemperance?

E S C A N E S.

It would be now too tedious to repeat;
 But his main grief springs from the timeless loss
 Of a beloved wife and only child.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Good Sir, all hail: the gods preserve you, hail.

E S C A N E S.

'Tis all in vain, my lord; he will not speak
 To any one, nor takes he sustenance
 But to prolong his grief.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Yet I durst wager,
 We have a maid in Ephesus wou'd win
 Some words from him.

T H A I S A.

T H A I S A.

'Tis well bethought, my lord.
 She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,
 And other choice attractions, would allure him,
 And melt his fix'd resolves: she is most happy
 In form and utt'rance.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Say, we wish to see her.

[Exit GENTLEMAN.]

E S C A N E S.

Sure all's effectless: yet we'll omit nothing
 That bears recov'ry's name.

Enter MARINA.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

This is the virgin.

Thrice welcome, fair one.

E S C A N E S.

She's a gallant lady.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Lovely physician of distemper'd minds,
 We did send for thee to exert thy skill,
 And matchless goodness on a noble patient;
 View this majestic ruin, and then judge
 By what remains how excellent a pile
 Grief hath defac'd: absent to all things else,
 And self resign'd to silence and despair,
 See, he appears his own sad monument.
 Now, if thy heav'nly art, so prosperous
 In all attempts, can win him to attention,
 And draw him but to answer thee in aught;
 Thy sacred physick shall receive such thanks
 As thy desires can wish.

I 2

M A R I N A.



M A R I N A.

You over-rate me.

But I will use my uttermost endeavours
For his recovery.

T H A I S A.

Succeed them, heaven !

What strange unlikelihood assaults my mind !
My wild, ungovern'd fancy wou'd persuade
My memory to find some traces there,
In that marr'd face, yet unobliterated,
Of my long dead, long drowned Pericles. [*Afide.*]

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Mark, she will try the force of musick first.

S O N G.

M A R I N A.

*Let those who are in favour with their stars,
Of publick honour and proud titles boast ;
While we whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Seek joy in virtue that we honour most.*

*Great princes favourites their fair leaves spread,
But as the marygold at the sun's eye ;
While ruin in their pride but hides its head :
For at a frown their flatt'ring glories die.*

*The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd.*

*Then let us bear the malice of our stars,
And make our noble sufferance our boast ;
Tho' fortune ev'ry other triumph bars,
Seek joy in virtue that we honour most.*

T H A I S A.

T H A I S A.

Mark'd he your musick?

M A R I N A.

No, nor look'd upon me.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

She'll speak to him.

M A R I N A.

Sir, lend me your attention,
 And behold me. Indeed I am a maid
 Who ne'er before invited ears or eyes;
 But have been sought to like an oracle,
 And gaz'd on like a comet. Sir, she speaks,
 Who, may be, hath endur'd calamities
 Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd—
 Alas! he heeds me not. I wou'd give o'er,
 But something whispers in my ear, go on.

P E R I C L E S.

What syren have they found to force attention?
 I'll steal a look, but not a word shall 'scape
 From forth my lips. — [*Rises.*] O you immortal gods!

M A R I N A.

Why do you gaze so eagerly upon me?
 Why spreads that burning crimson o'er your face
 But now so pale? If you did know me, sir,
 You wou'd not do me harm.

P E R I C L E S.

I do believe thee.
 Nay, turn thy eyes upon me — O how like —
 Such things I've heard — inform me what thou art.

M A R I N A.

I am what I appear, a simple maid.



P E R I C L E S.

My long pent sorrow rages for a vent,
 And will o'erflow in tears. Such was my wife,
 And such an one my daughter might have been.
 My queen's square brows, her stature to an inch,
 As wand-like straight, as silver voic'd, her eyes
 As jewels like, in pace another Juno:
 And then, like her, she starves the ears she feeds,
 And makes them crave the more, the more she speaks.
 Where were you born? and how did you achieve
 Endowments, that you make more rich by owning?

M A R I N A.

If I shou'd tell my story it won'd seem
 Like lyes, disdain'g the disguise of truth,
 And found in the reporting.

P E R I C L E S.

Prithee, speak.
 Thou seem'st a palace for crown'd truth to dwell in:
 No falsehood can come from thee. Sweet, begin,
 And I will make my senses give credit
 To points that seem impossible. I think,
 Thou said'st thou had'st been tofs'd from wrong to
 wrong,
 And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
 If both were open'd.

M A R I N A.

Some such thing I said,
 And said no more than what I thought was likely.

P E R I C L E S.

Rehearse what thou hast borne: if that consider'd
 Prove but the thousandth part of my endurance,
 I will forego my sex, thou art a man,
 And I have suffer'd like a girl. Yet thou
 Dost look like patience, gazing on kings graves,
 And wooing with her smiles resolv'd extremity,

To

To spare himself, and wait a better day.
My most kind virgin, come and sit down by me.
Recount, I do beseech thee, what's thy name.

M A R I N A.

My name, sir, is Marina.

P E R I C L E S, *rising.*

P E R I C L E S.

O! I'm mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither,
To make the world laugh at me.

M A R I N A.

Nay, have patience,
Or here I'll cease.

P E R I C L E S.

I will, I will have patience.

M A R I N A.

That name was giv'n me by a king and father.

P E R I C L E S.

How! a king's daughter too! and call'd Marina!

M A R I N A.

Did you not say you wou'd believe me, sir?
But not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

P E R I C L E S.

But are you flesh and blood?

Have you a working pulse? are you no spirit? --
Substance and motion -- Well, where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?

M A R I N A.

I was born

At sea, and from that circumstance so nam'd.



P E R I C L E S.

Hold, hold awhile. This is the rarest dream,
That e'er dull sleep did mock sad fool withal.
How shou'd this be my child?—buried and here,
Living and dead at once—it cannot be.

M A R I N A.

'Twere best I did give o'er.

P E R I C L E S.

Yet give me leave.
Where were you bred? how came you to the separks?

M A R I N A.

The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me,
Till Philoten, the queen, fought to destroy me;
And having won a villain to attempt it,
A crew of pirates came and rescu'd me,
Who brought me here.

P E R I C L E S.

You gods! if I'm deceiv'd
Ne'er let me wake again—Marina!—O!
[Takes her hand.

M A R I N A.

Why do you wring my wrist? wherewou'd you draw
me?
Why do you weep, good sir? what moves you thus?
In sooth, I'm no impostor, but the daughter
Of good king Pericles.

P E R I C L E S.

I'll praise the gods,
Their power and goodness, ever while I breathe.
I've been a sinful man; but from this hour,
In darkness and distress I'll wait their mercy,
And ne'er distrust them more.

T H A I S A.

T H A I S A.

You mighty gods!

Whose boundless goodness fill delights to triumph
 O'er our demerits and confirm'd despair,
 And evidence the wisdom of your counsels,
 By shewing man the folly of his own;
 What are you doing now to raise our wonder!
 That voice and person grow familiar to me.
 Doth my lord live! hath Pericles a daughter!
 It cannot, cannot be. Then who are these?
 I'm deeply int'rested, yet know not how.
 Some god, instruct me what to hope or fear,
 To ask or deprecate. Stupid amazement
 Obstructs my powers--when will these clouds disperse,
 And day break in on my benighted mind?

P E R I C L E S.

But one thing more: tell me, who was thy mother?

M A R I N A.

She was the daughter of the king of Cyprus.

T H A I S A.

O let me hear the rest.

M A R I N A.

Her name Thaisa:

Who, as Lychorida oft told me weeping,
 Did end the very moment I began.

P E R I C L E S.

You gods! you gods! your present kindness makes
 All my past mis'ries sport—
 I'm Pericles of Tyre.

M A R I N A.

My royal father!—

[Kneels; he raises her.]

T H A I S A.



T H A I S A.

You gracious gods! if now you take me hence,
I shall not taste the joys of your elysium. [*Faints.*]

L Y S I M A C H U S.

What! ho! help here: the holy priestess dies:

M A R I N A.

The heavenly powers forbid.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

She did observe
The progress of this strange discovery,
With strong emotions and unusual transports.

P E R I C L E S.

I pray who is this lady?

L Y S I M A C H U S.

A miracle of goodness, sent by heav'n
To make this land most happy. In her bloom,
After a tempest, in the which 'twas thought
All her companions perish'd, she was cast
Here on our coast.

P E R I C L E S.

Near it I lost the mother
Of my Marina.

T H A I S A.

Hark, what music's that!

P E R I C L E S.

These very hands did cast into those seas
The treasure of my soul.

T H A I S A.

I know it now:
It is the harmony the spheres do make——
Nay do not weep—I am but overjoy'd—
I shall recover straight.

P E R I C L E S.

P E R I C L E S.

Pray, how long since
Was this frange chance you speak of?

L Y S I M A C H U S.

'Tis, I've heard,
About as many years as your fair daughter
Seems to be old.

P E R I C L E S.

I do begin to doat;
And yet the gods are mighty as they're good.
How was she found?

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Clofe in a failor's coffer.
She seem'd a breathless corpse; but my good father,
(Now with the gods) by his superior skill
Did find it was not so, and by his art,
Which equall'd his humanity, restor'd her
To health and vigour.

T H A I S A.

Where, O where's my lord?

P E R I C L E S.

Thaifa's voice!

T H A I S A.

Yet let me look again:
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Shall guard me still from his licentious touch——
I'll none but Pericles.

P E R I C L E S.

Her face, her stature,
That beauty that nor time nor grief cou'd change——
It is, it can be, none but my Thaifa.

T H A I S A.

But dare we trust?——

P E R I C L E S.

P E R I C L E S.

By Jove, I'd not be kept
A moment longer absent from thy bosom,
Tho' I were sure as I did press thy lips,
My high wrought spirits wou'd dissolve to air,
And leave me cold and lifeless in thy arms.

T H A I S A.

You sons and daughters of adversity,
Preserve your innocence, and each light grief
(So bounteous are the gods to those who serve them)
Shall be rewarded with ten thousand joys.

M A R I N A.

My heart bounds in me, and wou'd fain be gone
Into my mother's bosom.

P E R I C L E S.

See who kneels there, thy child and mine, Thaisa,
Bought almost with thy life.

T H A I S A.

And cheaply purchas'd.
Blest and my own! thou mak'st my joy compleat.

E S C A N E S.

Hail, royal master.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Happy monarch, hail.

P E R I C L E S.

O good Escanes, strike me, noble sir,
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joy rushing upon me,
O'erbear the bounds of frail mortality,
And sweetness be my bane. O come, come both:
Thou whom the boundless ocean gave me back,
O let me bury thee a second time,
And hide thee in my heart; and thou who gav'st
Him

Him life who did beget thee, come thou too:
 There's endless space, and as replete with love
 As the great deep with waters. Wou'd our voices
 Rise with our thoughts, we'd thank the holy gods
 As loud as their high thunder threaten'd us,
 When thou wast born, and thou did'st seem to die.
 This tribute paid not to our will but power,
 I do resolve for Tharsus; there to strike
 Th' inhospitable queen.

LYSIMACHUS.

I have advice,
 My lord, that she is slain by Leonine,
 One who was poison'd by her.

MARINA.

That's the wretch
 She hir'd to murder me.

LYSIMACHUS.

'Tis added too,
 She dy'd in evil fame and unlamented.
 Then, mighty sir, repose yourself awhile
 After your weary griefs, and make our court
 Proud with your presence.

PERICLES.

You're a noble host,
 And sue to purchase trouble with expence;
 Enjoy thy wish.

LYSIMACHUS.

Herein I'm highly honour'd.
 But, royal sir, I've yet a bolder suit.

PERICLES.

Your princely fire preserv'd Thaisa's life,
 And you are master of as gracious parts
 In mind and form, as any I e'er noted;
 You shall prevail, be it to wooe my daughter.

LYSI-



L Y S I M A C H U S.

Thanks, royal fir. If she accept my vows,
I am the very happiest of mankind.

T H A I S A.

And she, sweet maid, most happily bestow'd.
O my dear lord, he has been noble to her;
But that and all we've prov'd since our sad parting,
We will rehearse at leisure. I have had
From sure intelligence the heavy news
Of my good father's death, and that our subjects
In peace and loyalty do wait our coming.

P E R I C L E S.

Heav'n make a star of him. Yet here, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials; and ourselves
Will in fair Cyprus spend our future days,
And to our children leave the crown of Tyre.

To cast new light on truth, in us is seen,
Tho' long assail'd with fortunes fierce and keen,
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heav'n, and crown'd with joy at last.

T H E E N D.

E P I L O G U E.

*W*HEN to a future race the present days
 Shall be the theme of censure or of praise,
 When they shall blame what's wrong, what's right allow,
 Just as you treat your own fore-fathers now,
 I'm thinking what a figure you will make,
 No light concern, sirs, where your fame's at stake.
 I hope we need not urge your country's cause,
 You'll guard her glory, and assert her laws,
 Nor force your ruin'd race, mad with their pains,
 To curse you as the authors of their chains.
 We dare not think, we wou'd not fear, you will;
 For Britons, though provok'd, are Britons still.
 Yet let not this kind caution give offence:
 The surest friend to liberty is sense.
 How that declines the drooping arts declare;
 Are your diversions what your fathers were?
 At masquerades, your wisdom to display,
 You make the stupid farce for which you pay.
 Musick itself may be too dearly bought,
 Nor was it sure design'd to banish thought.
 But, sirs, what'er's your fate in future story,
 Well have the British fair secur'd their glory.
 When worse than barbarism had sunk your taste,
 When nothing pleas'd but what laid virtue waste,
 A sacred band, determin'd, wise, and good,
 They jointly rose to stop th'exotick flood,
 And strove to wake, by Shakespeare's nervous lays,
 The many genius of Eliza's days.

Be it an omen of returning sense,
 Others adopt our softness and expence:
 Well pleas'd such harmless insults we may bear,
 Those follies lost we've numbers yet to spare;
 Unquestion'd let 'em rob us of our shame ———
 We need but ask our treasure and our fame.

REI F O C U E

Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

