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.

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.

LEONINE.

I'm determin'd.

Enter MARINA *with a Wreath of Flowers.*

MARINA.

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.

QUEEN.

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.

MARINA.

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

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

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.

MARINA.

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

QUEEN.

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.

MARINA.

I hope you're not offended.

QUEEN.

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

LEONINE.

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

MARINA.

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

LEONINE.

That ſhe's nor well nor gentle.

MARINA.

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

LEONINE.

South-weſt.

MARINA.

When I was born the wind was north.

LEONINE.

The wind was north you ſay. I ſhould not hear her,
Leſt 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 ſailors 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.

MARINA.

Why will you kill me, ſir?

LEONINE.

T' obey the queen.

MARINA.

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?

LEONINE.

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

MARINA.

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

LEONINE.

I have ſworn,
And will diſpatch.

MARINA.

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

To prove the fancy'd bliſs 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 inſolence. [*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, ſir.

LEONINE.

With all my heart.
If you increaſe 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: ſink 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.

MARINA.

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.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A House in Ephesus.

BAWD AND BOLT.

BAWD.

Sad times, Bolt.

BOLT.

Ay, very sad times, mistress.

BAWD.

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.

BOLT.

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.

BAWD.

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.

BOLT.

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

BAWD.

And old bachelors.

BOLT.

And younger brothers.

BAWD.

And diſconſolate widowers.

BOLT.

And huſbands that have old wives.

BAWD.

And philoſophers, lawyers, and ſoldiers that have none at all; and all theſe muſt be ſerv'd.

BOLT.

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

BAWD.

Ay, let the citizens, who ſpirited up this proſecution againſt our uſeful vocation, think of the conſequence, and tremble.

BOLT.

Yet, after all, theſe threats may come to nothing. You have weather'd many ſuch a ſtorm, Mother Coupler.

BAWD.

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

BOLT.

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

BAWD.

Thou ſay'ſt true. And thoſe ſo ſtale, ſo ſunk, and ſo diſeas'd, that a ſtrong wind would blow 'em all

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

BOLT.

Shall I ſearch the ſlave market?

BAWD.

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 ſhe coſt.

BOLT.

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

BAWD.

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.

VALDES.

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

BAWD.

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

VALDES.

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.

BAWD.

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

VALDES.

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

BAWD.

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.

VALDES.

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.

BAWD.

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

VALDES.

A virgin too.

BAWD.

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

VALDES.

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.

BAWD.

Well, what's your price?

VALDES.

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

BAWD.

If I deal for her, I take her altogether.

VALDES.

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

BAWD.

What ſhall I give you for your conſcience, Valdes?

VALDES.

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

BAWD.

Five hundred pieces, ſir.

VALDES.

Four times told, Madam.

BAWD.

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

VALDES.

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

BOLT.

BOLT.

You'll ſtand haggling till you loſe her.

VALDES.

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.

BAWD.

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

BOLT.

Never fear, miſtreſs, never fear.

[*Exeunt* VALDES, BAWD *and* PIRATES.

MARINA.

Immortal gods! to what am I reſerv'd?

BOLT.

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 buſineſs, take my word for it.

MARINA.

What are you, ſir?

BOLT.

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

MARINA.

Is your mind ſound?

BOLT.

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

MARINA.

MARINA.

The gods preſerve it ſo. Yet you talk ſtrangely.

BOLT.

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.

MARINA.

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

BOLT.

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

MARINA.

I underſtand you not.

BOLT.

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

MARINA.

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

BOLT.

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 inamoratos, 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.

MARINA.

MARINA.

Hence, thou deteſted ſlave! thou ſhameleſs villain! [*Breaking from him.*

Enter BAWD.

You powers that favour chaſtity, defend me.

BAWD.

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

BOLT.

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

BAWD.

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

BOLT.

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

BAWD.

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

BOLT.

Ay, but a bit of the ſpit, you know—

BAWD.

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.

MARINA.

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.

BAWD.

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.

MARINA.

I accuſe not heaven.

BAWD.

Here you may live, and ſhall.

MARINA.

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

BAWD.

And live with pleaſure.

MARINA.

No.

BAWD.

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

MARINA.

Are you a woman?

BAWD.

A woman! pray, what do you take me for, madam? I have been thought a woman, and an handſome woman in my time.

MARINA.

MARINA.

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

BAWD.

O the devil!

MARINA.

And modeſt, and religious.

BAWD.

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.

MARINA.

The gracious gods defend me!

BAWD.

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.

BOLT.

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

BAWD.

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

BOLT.

To which of them?

BAWD.

BAWD.

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.

MARINA.

Diana, aid my purpoſe.

BOLT.

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

BAWD.

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

MARINA.

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

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Apartment adjoining to a Temple at the Court of Tharsus.

QUEEN AND LEONINE.

LEONINE.

TO bury kneaded earth for dead Marina
Was a most quaint device. The cheated Tharsians
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 murther were undone.
The very wrens of Tharsus 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

QUEEN.

What! wed a murtherer!

LEONINE.

Who made me ſo?
Reſolve 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.

QUEEN.

Be it ſo:
I'm ſtill their queen, and hold 'em in ſubjection.

LEONINE.

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

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 sire
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 Tharſus.
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.

ESCANES.

Royal ſir,
This ſad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
So long careſt, ſhou'd now be caſt aſide.

PERICLES.

O never, never: do not interrupt me.
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
When grief ſhou'd ſeem to ſleep, a welcome gueſt,
She fills my anxious thoughts and broken ſlumbers
With the lov'd image of my loſt Thaiſa,
And prompts me to rehearſe the oft-told tale
Of her diſaſt'rous end: and chiefly now
I come to ſeek the phœnix that took life
From her dead aſhes—But I've almoſt done—
We left my princeſs in her wat'ry tomb,
And, as the winds gave way, arriv'd at Tharſus.
Here to your royal parents I committed
(Whoſe love I had experienc'd and deſerv'd)
My only child, to give her education
Suiting her rank, and in ſome ſort ſupply
Her pious mother's loſs. And this the rather,
For that the peace of Tyre was ſorely broken
By foreign foes, and treaſons bred at home:
For I have drunk the dregs of all misfortunes.
I vow'd too then, though it ſhow'd wilful in me,
That all unſiſter'd ſhou'd 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.

QUEEN.

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

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;

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. I'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 I'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.

ESCANES.

O woful, woful hour! where ſhall we go?

PERICLES.

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 chearleſs 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 coud'ſt thou live,
As 'tis moſt ſure thou can'ſt not.

LEONINE.

Curſed 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 murther'd me.
[*Stabs her.*
I fall, but fall reveng'd. Now triumph, fury.

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.

BOLT.

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

BAWD.

The devil ſhe has!

BOLT.

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.

BAWD.

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.

BOLT.

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

BAWD.

Pox of her green ſickneſs.

BOLT.

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 Lyſimachus will be here preſently.

BAWD.

The governor?

BOLT.

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

BAWD.

BAWD.

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 LYSIMACHUS.

LYSIMACHUS.

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

BAWD.

I'm proud to ſee your lordſhip here, and glad your honour is ſo chearfully 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——

LYSIMACHUS.

Prythee what?

BAWD.

Your honour knows what I mean well enough.

LYSIMACHUS.

Well, let me ſee her.

BAWD.

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

LYSI-

LYSIMACHUS.

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

BAWD.

O, ſir, I can be modeſt.

LYSIMACHUS.

When ſuch as theſe pretend to modeſty,
They are then moſt impudent.

Enter BOLT, *forcing in* MARINA.

BAWD.

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

LYSIMACHUS.

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 detect
And puniſh theſe bad people; but when ſin
Appears in ſuch a form, the fineſt virtue
Diſſolves to air before it.

BAWD.

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

LYSIMACHUS.

Do, I beſeech you.

BAWD.

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

MARINA.

Grant, heaven, I find him ſo!

BAWD.

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

MARINA.

MARINA.

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

BAWD.

Pray uſe him kindly, or—

LYSIMACHUS.

Have you yet done?

BAWD.

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

[*Exeunt* BAWD *and* BOLT.

LYSIMACHUS.

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 purſu'd this devious courſe?

MARINA.

What courſe d'ye mean, my lord?

LYSIMACHUS.

I dare not name it:
For, loving, I am fearful to offend.

MARINA.

I cannot be offended at the truth.

LYSIMACHUS.

How long have you been what you now profeſs?

MARINA.

E'er ſince I can remember.

LYSI-

LYSIMACHUS.

Gods! what pity!
Were you a proſtitute ſo very young?

MARINA.

I ne'er was other – if I am ſo now.

LYSIMACHUS.

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

MARINA.

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.

LYSIMACHUS.

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.

MARINA.

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.

LYSIMACHUS.

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 ſully'd as thou art I muſt poſſeſs thee,
Whate'er the purchaſe coſt.

MARINA.

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!

LYSIMACHUS.

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

MARINA.

Dare not come near me.

LYSIMACHUS.

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

MARINA.

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

LYSIMACHUS.

What doſt thou mean!

MARINA.

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

LYSIMACHUS.

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.

MARINA.

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

LYSIMACHUS.

She's in earneſt.
Here is ſome myſtery I cannot fathom. [*Aſide.*

MARINA.

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.

LYSI-

LYSIMACHUS.

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.

MARINA.

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

LYSIMACHUS.

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 BOLT.

BOLT.

I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

LYSIMACHUS.

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* LYSIM.

BOLT.

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

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

Enter BAWD.

BAWD.

How now! what's the matter?

BOLT.

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

BAWD.

O abominable!

BOLT.

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

BAWD.

Marry hang her.

BOLT.

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.

BAWD.

Take her away: uſe her at your pleaſure.

MARINA.

Hark, hark, you gods!

BAWD.

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

[*Exit* BAWD.

BOLT.

Come, miſtreſs, you ſhall along with me.

MARINA.

MARINA.

O whither wou'd you have me?

BOLT.

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

MARINA.

Pray tell me one thing firſt.

BOLT.

Propoſe your queſtion.

MARINA.

What wou'd you wiſh to your worſt enemies?

BOLT.

Why I wou'd wiſh 'em as infamous as my miſtreſs.

MARINA.

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.

BOLT.

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.

MARINA.

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

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.

BOLT.

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 kiſs of thee. Come, give me the money.

MARINA.

No, firſt conduct me to ſome place of ſafety.

BOLT.

But ſhall I have it then?

MARINA.

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

BOLT.

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

MARINA.

But among honeſt women.

BOLT.

Troth, I've but little acquaintance amongſt them. But there is one who is known to all Epheſus 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.

MARINA.

O the good gods direct me how to find her!

BOLT.

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

MARINA.

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.

BAWD.

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.

FIRST OFFICER.

She's no where to be found.

BAWD.

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.

OFFICER.

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

BAWD.

Turn me out of doors! how muſt I live?

OFFICER.

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

BAWD.

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

OFFICER.

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

BAWD.

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

OFFICER.

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

BAWD.

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.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Street in Ephesus.

BAWD.

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.*

BOLT.

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?

BAWD.

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

BOLT.

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

BAWD.

You have the impudence of old nick.

BOLT.

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

BAWD.

BAWD.

You ſeduced my ſlave.

BOLT.

That's a lye; for ſhe ſeduced me.

BAWD.

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

BOLT.

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.

BAWD.

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

BOLT.

And pray whom did you ever intend any good to?

BAWD.

Where have you put Marina?

BOLT.

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

BAWD.

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.

BOLT.

No, he hasn't her neither.

BAWD.

BAWD.

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

BOLT.

When ſhe turns ſtrumpet, and you repent.

BAWD.

Where is ſhe?

BOLT.

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

BAWD.

I'm a ruin'd woman.

BOLT.

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.

BAWD.

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

BOLT.

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

BAWD.

And where is it?

BOLT.

Very ſafe, very ſafe.

BAWD.

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

BOLT.

BOLT.

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.

BAWD.

But what a conſcience muſt you have in the mean time!

BOLT.

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.

BAWD.

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.

BOLT.

Or the pleaſure of deſerving it.

[*Exeunt different ways.*

SCENE 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 Lyſimachus
(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 choosing 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?

THAISA.

'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.

THAISA.

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

FIRST PRIESTESS.

The gods forbid.

THAISA.

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 goddeſs 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 ſmoaking cenſor from my trembling hand,

FIRST PRIESTESS.

'Twas wond'rous ſtrange.

THAISA.

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

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

FIRST PRIESTESS.

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

THAISA.

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

SECOND PRIESTESS.

Sacred madam,
The lord Lyſimachus—

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

THAISA.

He's ever welcome.

LYSIMACHUS.

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?

THAISA.

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

LYSIMACHUS.

I wiſh I knew.

THAISA.

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

LYSIMACHUS.

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.

ESCANES.

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.

LYSIMACHUS.

'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.

ESCANES.

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

LYSIMACHUS.

Upon what ground is his diſtemperance?

ESCANES.

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

LYSIMACHUS.

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

ESCANES.

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

LYSIMACHUS.

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

THAISA.

THAISA.

'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.

LYSIMACHUS.

Say, we wish to see her.
[*Exit* GENTLEMAN.

ESCANES.

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

Enter MARINA.

LYSIMACHUS.

This is the virgin.
Thrice welcome, fair one.

ESCANES.

She's a gallant lady.

LYSIMACHUS.

Lovely physician of distemper'd minds,
We did send for thee to exert thy skill,
And matchless goodness on a noble patient;
View this majestick 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.

MARINA.

You over-rate me.
But I will use my uttermost endeavours
For his recovery.

THAISA.

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. [*Aside.*

LYSIMACHUS.

Mark, she will try the force of musick first.

SONG.

MARINA.

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.

THAISA.

THAISA.

Mark'd he your muſick?

MARINA.

No, nor look'd upon me.

LYSIMACHUS.

She'll ſpeak to him.

MARINA.

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.

PERICLES.

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!

MARINA.

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.

PERICLES.

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

MARINA.

I am what I appear, a ſimple maid.

PERICLES.

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 atchieve
Endowments, that you make more rich by owning?

MARINA.

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

PERICLES.

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

MARINA.

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

PERICLES.

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.

MARINA.

My name, ſir, is Marina.

PERICLES, *riſing*.

PERICLES.

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

MARINA.

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

PERICLES.

I will, I will have patience.

MARINA.

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

PERICLES.

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

MARINA.

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

PERICLES.

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

MARINA.

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

PERICLES.

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.

MARINA.

'Twere beſt I did give o'er.

PERICLES.

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

MARINA.

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

PERICLES.

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

MARINA.

Why do you wring my wriſt? where wou'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.

PERICLES.

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.

THAISA.

THAISA.

You mighty gods!
Whose boundless goodness still 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?

PERICLES.

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

MARINA.

She was the daughter of the king of Cyprus.

THAISA.

O let me hear the rest.

MARINA.

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

PERICLES.

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

MARINA.

My royal father! —
[*Kneels; he raises her.*

THAISA.

THAISA.

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

LYSIMACHUS.

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

MARINA.

The heavenly powers forbid.

LYSIMACHUS.

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

PERICLES.

I pray who is this lady?

LYSIMACHUS.

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.

PERICLES.

Near it I loſt the mother
Of my Marina.

THAISA.

Hark, what muſick's that!

PERICLES.

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

THAISA.

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.

PERICLES.

PERICLES.

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

LYSIMACHUS.

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

PERICLES.

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

LYSIMACHUS.

Cloſe in a ſailor'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.

THAISA.

Where, O where's my lord?

PERICLES.

Thaiſa's voice!

THAISA.

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.

PERICLES.

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

THAISA.

But dare we truſt? ——

PERICLES.

PERICLES.

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.

THAISA.

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.

MARINA.

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

PERICLES.

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

THAISA.

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

ESCANES.

Hail, royal maſter.

LYSIMACHUS.

Happy monarch, hail.

PERICLES.

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 sire 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-

LYSIMACHUS.

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

THAISA.

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.

PERICLES.

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.

THE END.

EPILOGUE.

WHEN 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, whate'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 manly 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.