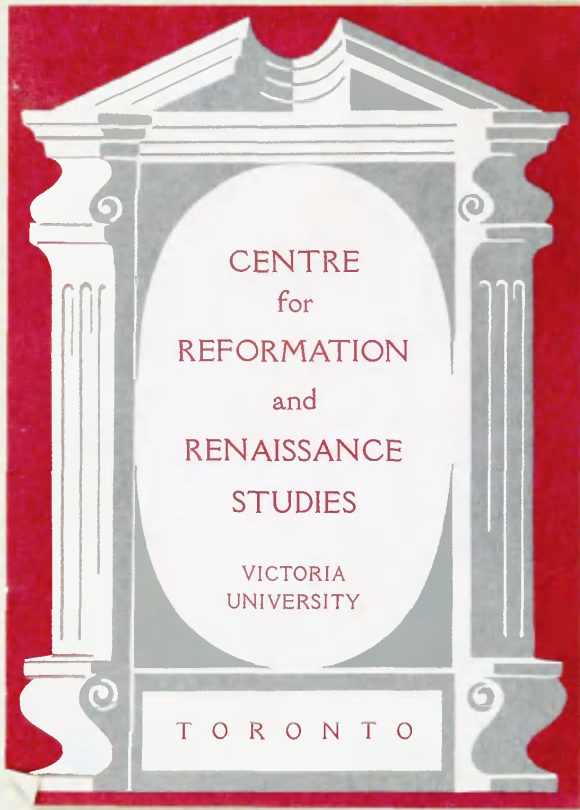


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PERICLES

1609

FACSIMILE

LONDON  
HENRY FROWDE, M.A.  
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY  
OF OXFORD



518



SHAKESPEARES  
PERICLES

BEING A REPRODUCTION IN FACSIMILE OF  
THE FIRST EDITION

1609

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WITH INTRODUCTION AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

BY

SIDNEY LEE



OXFORD: AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

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PERICLES  
SHAKESPEARES

BEING A REPRODUCTION IN FACSIMILE OF

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OXFORD

PHOTOGRAPHS AND LETTERPRESS

BY HORACE HART, M.A.

PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

SIDNEY LEE



OXFORD: AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

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## I

THE play of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, dramatizes a tale of great antiquity and world-wide popularity. The fiction deals with the adventurous travels of an apocryphal hero, called Apollonius of Tyre, who in the play is re-christened Pericles. The vein is frankly pagan. The story was doubtless first related in a Greek novel of the first or second century A.D. The incidents of a father's incestuous love for his daughter, of adventures arising from storms at sea, of captures by pirates, of the abandonment for dead of living persons, are very common features of Greek novels of the period. But the Greek text has not survived. It is in a Latin translation that the story enjoyed its vogue through the Middle Ages. More than a hundred mediaeval manuscripts of the Latin version are extant, of which one at least dates from the ninth century.<sup>1</sup> The Latin version was printed about 1470 for the first time, but the volume has no indication of place or date of production.<sup>2</sup>

The novel of Apollonius of Tyre.

Meanwhile the Latin tale was rendered into almost all the vernacular languages of Europe—not only into Italian, Its European vogue.

<sup>1</sup> There are eleven in the British Museum.

<sup>2</sup> A vast amount of energy has been devoted in Germany to a study of the story of Apollonius of Tyre in the Latin version, and of its developments and analogues in modern languages. A useful summary of results, with a good account of the vast German literature on the subject, will be found in Mr. Albert H. Smyth's *Shakespeare's Pericles and Apollonius of Tyre: a study in comparative literature*, Philadelphia, 1898. A valuable paper by N. Delius on the play 'Ueber Shakespeare's Pericles, Prince of Tyre', in *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, 1868 (iii), pp. 175-204, should be read with papers by Mr. F. G. Fleay (in his *Shakespeare Manual*, 1878, pp. 209-23), and by Mr. Robert Boyle on 'Wilkins' share in the play called *Pericles*', 1882.

Spanish, Provençal, French, and English, but also into German, Danish, Swedish, Dutch, and mediaeval Greek. It found its way into cyclopaedias of mediaeval learning like Godfrey de Viterbo's *Pantheon* (c. 1186), and into the popular collection of stories, *Gesta Romanorum*, in which it figured from the fourteenth century onwards. A version was included in Belleforest's *Histoires tragiques* (t. vii, Histoire cxviii, pp. 113-206, 1604), a French compendium of popular fiction which had an universal vogue; it was there described as 'une histoire tirée du grec'.

The English versions.

In English the earliest version belongs to the eleventh century. A manuscript of that date is in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. At the end of the fourteenth century the poet Gower introduced an original English rendering into his *Confessio Amantis*. An English translation of a French prose version was made by Robert Copland, and was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1510. In 1576 the tale was again 'gathered into English [prose] by Laurence Twine, gentleman', under the title: 'The Patterne of painefull Aduentures, Containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange accidents that befell vnto Prince Apollonius, the *Lady Lucina his wife and Tharsia his daughter*. Wherein the vncertaintie of this world, and the fickle state of mans life are liuely described. Gathered into English by Lavrence Twine Gentleman. Imprinted at London by William How. 1576.'<sup>1</sup> This

<sup>1</sup> The book was licensed by the Stationers' Company to the printer and publisher, William How, July 17, 1576, thus: 'Willm Howe. Receyved of him, for his licence to ymprint a booke intituled the most excellent pleasant and variable historie of the strange adventures of prince Apollonius, Lucina his wife, and Tharsa his Daughter. . . . viijd.' No copy of How's edition is known. Only a copy of the third edition now seems accessible. This is in the Bodleian Library, and has the imprint, 'Printed at London by Valentine Sims, 1607.' The second undated edition bore the imprint, 'Imprinted at London

volume was twice reissued (about 1595 and in 1607) before the play was attempted. The translator, Laurence Twine, a graduate of All Souls College, Oxford, performed his task without distinction.

The reissue in 1607 of Twine's English rendering of the old Latin story of Apollonius of Tyre may have suggested the dramatization of the theme. But those who were responsible for the effort did not seek their material alone in Twine's verbose narrative. They based their work on the earlier, briefer, and more spirited version in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*. That poem, which was first printed by Caxton in 1483, was twice reprinted in the sixteenth century by Thomas Berthelet in 1532 and 1554, and the latest edition was generally accessible at the beginning of the seventeenth century. A prominent feature of the Shakespearean play is 'the chorus' or 'presenter' who explains the action before or during the acts. The 'chorus' takes the character of the poet Gower. Of his eight speeches (filling in all 305 lines), five (filling 212 lines) are in the short six- or seven-syllable rhyming couplets of Gower's *Confessio*. Abundant internal details corroborate the professed claim of the writers to dramatize Gower's version of the ancient story. Twine's volume only furnished occasional embellishment. Most of the characters bear the names which figure in Gower's story. All differ materially from those in Twine's version.

The play  
and Gower's  
version.

Not that the drama fails to deviate on occasion from the path which Gower followed. At three points the nomenclature of the play differs from all the authorities. In Gower

The nomen-  
clature of  
the play.

by Valentine Simmes for the Widow Newman'; a copy was formerly in E. V. Utterson's library and sold at his sale in 1854 for £7 7s. od.; this was reprinted in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, 1843, i. 182-257 (re-edited by W. C. Hazlitt, pt. i, vol. iv, 247-334).

Pericles' wife has no name, and the daughter is called Thaisë. In Twine the wife is called Lucina and the daughter Tarsia. In the Shakespearean play the wife is called Thaisa, and the daughter is christened Marina—a cognomen for which there is no suggestion in the old narratives. But the most notable change of all is in the name of the hero. Throughout the previous literature on the subject he is known solely as Apollonius of Tyre. The name of Pericles naturally suggests the Athenian statesman, who would be familiar to any reader of Plutarch. The Pericles of the drama seems, by way of justifying his Athenian designation, to emphasize his 'education in arts and arms' (ii. 3. 82). But the name is something more than an echo of Athenian history. It is a reminiscence of Pyrocles, one of the heroes of Sidney's romance of *Arcadia*<sup>1</sup>. In the early scenes of the play, too, many expressions reflect a recent study of Sidney's romance.

Defects of  
the plot.

The play, whatever literary merit attaches to a small portion of it, proves, as a whole, that the old story of Apollonius' travels is ill adapted to drama. The action is far too multifarious to present a homogeneous effect. The scene rambles confusedly by sea from Antioch to Tyre, Tarsus, Mytilene, Ephesus, and Pentapolis. The events cover too long a period of time to render them probable or indeed intelligible in representation. At least nine months separate the last scene of Act ii, where the hero's marriage is celebrated, from the first scene of Act iii, where his first child is born; a year elapses between Scenes 2 and 3 of the latter Act, and as many as fourteen years pass between its close, where the child figures as an infant of one year, and the opening of

<sup>1</sup> Richard Flecknoe, writing of the play in 1650, called the hero Pyrocles. Musidorus, the other hero of Sidney's romance, had already supplied the title of another romantic play, *Mucedorus*, which appeared in 1595.



Act iv, where she is a full-grown woman. The choruses, which are themselves interrupted by dumb-shows, supply essential links in the narrative. They 'stand i' the gaps to teach the stages of the story'. The whole construction gives the impression of clumsy incoherence.<sup>1</sup> Dryden, when defending the construction of his own play, *The Conquest of Granada*, in 1672, instanced *Pericles* and the 'Historical Plays of Shakespeare' as illustrative of the awkward practice of dramatists of the past in working on 'some ridiculous, incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of an age'. The censure is fully applicable to *Pericles*.

The play was produced in the spring of 1608 at the Globe Theatre by the King's Company of players, of which Shakespeare was a member. On May 20 of that year a licence was secured for its publication. The drama was published, with a title-page bearing the date 1609<sup>2</sup> and assigning the authorship to 'William Shakespeare'. Shakespeare's alleged authorship.

## II

THE literary quality of the bulk of the play, and some external evidence, refute the assertion of the title-page of 1609 that Shakespeare was sole author of the drama. Such testimony as the title-page offers counts in itself for little. There are several instances of the appearance of Shakespeare's Publisher's misuse of Shakespeare's name.

<sup>1</sup> In 1656 Richard Flecknoe, in his *Diarium*, p. 96, has the epigram:—  
 'On the play of the life and death of Pyrocles.'  
 Ars longa, vita brevis, as they say,  
 But who inverts that saying made this play.

<sup>2</sup> The conjecture that there was an edition of 1608 is uncorroborated. The statement that the Duke of Roxburghe's copy of the First Quarto (now in the Boston Public Library, No. VII *infra*) bore the date 1608 is untrue. Some sentences in the fishermen's talk in *Pericles*, Act ii, Sc. 1, are closely copied in John Day's comedy called *Law Tricks*, which was undoubtedly published in 1608. But the fishermen's talk was generally reproduced in Wilkins' novel of 1608, and Day might have read it there.

name on volumes with which he had no concern. Apart from the poetic anthology called *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1599), which was described on the title-page as 'by William Shakespeare', the initials 'W. S.' had been fraudulently paraded on the title-page of the play *Lochrine* as early as 1595, and they had reappeared with no greater justification on the title-pages of the plays, *Lord Cromwell* and *The Puritaine*, in 1602 and 1607 respectively. Furthermore, Shakespeare's full surname had adorned the title-pages of no less than three plays for which others were responsible. In 1600 *The first part of the true & honourable history of the life of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham*, which was printed for T. P. (i. e. Thomas Pavier), bore the words on the title-page, 'Written by William Shakespeare.' Five years later a comedy entitled, *The London Prodigall*, which was printed by T. C. for Nathaniel Butter, bore on its title-page the words, 'By William Shakespeare.' Finally, in 1608, the year in which *Pericles* was licensed for the press, *A Yorkshire Tragedy* was 'printed by R. B. for Thomas Pauier', and bore on the title-page the words, 'Written by W. Shakespeare.' That Shakespeare had any hand in any of these six pieces to which his initials or his full name were attached may be confidently denied. The introduction of his name was a publisher's device, and was intended to deceive the unwary.

Shake-  
speare's  
share in  
*Pericles*.

The assignment of the whole play of *Pericles* to Shakespeare in 1609 was a transaction in the vein of the publisher of *The Passionate Pilgrim*. It was less reprehensible than such ventures as *Lochrine*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritaine*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *The London Prodigall*, and *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, because there is good evidence that while Shakespeare had no hand in full two-thirds of the piece, he and he alone was responsible for the remaining one-third. The greater part of Acts iii and v and some portions of Act iv may without much hesitation

be assigned to Shakespeare's pen. A scattered line or two here and there at other points of the play have a Shakespearean ring, but nowhere else is there any sustained evidence of Shakespeare's handiwork. Most of the other scenes are penned in a 'clipt jargon' which lacks his literary feeling.

All the Shakespearean scenes deal with the story of Pericles' daughter, Marina. They open with the tempest at sea during which she is born, and they close with her final restoration to her parents and her betrothal. The language is throughout in Shakespeare's latest manner. The ellipses are often puzzling. The condensed thought is intensely vivid, and glows with strength and insight. The blank verse adapts itself, in defiance of strict metrical law, to every phase of sentiment. The themes of Shakespeare's contributions to the play anticipate many of those which occupied him in his latest work. The tone of Marina's appeals to Lysimachus and Boult in the brothel resembles that of Isabella's speeches in *Measure for Measure*. Thaisa, whom her husband Pericles imagines to be dead, shares some of the experiences of Hermione in *The Winter's Tale*. The picture of the shipwreck which accompanies Marina's birth adumbrates the opening scene of *The Tempest*; and there are ingenuous touches in the portrayal of Marina herself which suggest the girlhood of Perdita.

The most reasonable explanation of the manner of Shakespeare's association with the piece is suggested by Coleridge's theory. According to Coleridge, *Pericles* illustrated 'the way in which Shakespeare handled a piece he had to refit for representation. At first he proceeded with indifference, only now and then troubling himself to put in a thought or an image, but as he advanced he interested himself in his employment, and [large portions of the last three acts] are almost

entirely by him'. This explanation absolves Shakespeare's responsibility for the choice of the intractable plot and for the piece's clumsy construction. The effect of his own work is impaired by such dominant features as those. The dramatic intensity, which colours the scenes in which Pericles recognizes his long-lost daughter and wife, is weakened by the duplication, which the plot requires, of the motive within very narrow limits of space. Shakespeare's interposition failed to relieve materially the strain of improbability which is inherent in the ancient story. The play as a whole fills a secondary rank in any *catalogue raisonné* of dramatic literature.

George  
Wilkins  
the chief  
author.

There seems good ground for assuming that the play of *Pericles* was originally penned by George Wilkins, and that it was over his draft that Shakespeare worked. Wilkins was a dramatist of humble attainments who had already produced, either alone or in collaboration with others, plays for the King's Company at the Globe Theatre, which included Shakespeare among its members and first produced *Pericles*. In 1607 Wilkins had published under his own name a piece called *The Miseries of Inforst Mariage*—a popular domestic tragi-comedy, of which the plot was treated anew in the following year in *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, one of the pieces fraudulently assigned by publishers to Shakespeare. Both *The Miseries* and *A Yorkshire Tragedy* were performed by Shakespeare's company of actors at the Globe. Although the characters and plot are very different from those of *Pericles*, there is sufficient resemblance between the rhetorical vehemence and syntactical incoherence of passages in the non-Shakespearean part of *Pericles* and in Wilkins' *Miseries* to render it possible that both came from the same pen.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The suggestion that the prose portions of the brothel scenes were from the pen of a third coadjutor rests on more shadowy ground. Some critics

One curious association of Wilkins with the play of *Pericles* is attested under his own hand. He published in his own name a novel in prose which he plainly asserted to be based upon the play. The novel preceded the publication of the drama. The evidence of the filial relation in which the romance stands to the play is precisely stated alike in the title-page of the former and in 'The Argument to the Whole Historie'. The title runs:—THE | Painfull Aduentures | of *Pericles* Prince of | Tyre. | *Being* | The true History of the Play of *Pericles*, as it was | lately presented by the worthy and an-|cient Poet Iohn Gower. | AT LONDON | Printed by T. P. for Nat: Butter, | 1608.<sup>1</sup> In the Argument the reader is requested 'to receive this Historie in the same maner as it was under the habite of ancient *Gower*, the famous English Poet, by the King's Maiesties Players excellently presented'.

Wilkins' novel of *Pericles*.

Wilkins' novel follows the play closely in its general outline. The preliminary 'Argument' of the whole 'Historie' precisely summarizes the plot. There follows a list of the

The novel's dependence on the play.

would assign those scenes to William Rowley, a professional collaborator who contributed scenes to a large number of plays designed by others. Rowley was undoubtedly capable of the *Pericles* brothel scenes, but they do not seem beyond the scope of Wilkins, who treats them with considerable fullness in the novel which he based on the play of *Pericles*.

<sup>1</sup> In the centre of the title-page is a rough woodcut portrait of the poet Gower. Only two copies of the novel are known, and of these only one is quite perfect. Some fragments of a third copy belonged to John Payne Collier. The copy in the British Museum, which formerly belonged to Nassau and Heber successively, lacks the dedication which is addressed to Master Henry Fermor, one of the Justices of the Peace for the County of Middlesex, and is signed 'George Wilkins'. The other copy, which is quite perfect, is in the public library at Zürich, and was reprinted at Oldenburg by Prof. Tycho Mommsen in 1857, with an introduction by John Payne Collier. The Zürich copy seems to have been purchased in London about 1614 by Johann Rudolph Hess, of Zürich (1588-1655). It subsequently belonged to a Swiss poet, Martin Usteri (1741-1827). The 'T. P.' by whom the novel was printed ('Printed by T. P. for Nat: Butter') was the printer Thomas Purfoot, junior. He must not be confused with the bookseller Thomas Pavier, who published under the same initials, 'T. P.', the 1619 edition of the play of *Pericles*.

'dramatis personae' headed 'The names of the Personages mentioned in the Historie', which is not to be found in the play but seems to belong to it. But there are places in which the novel develops incidents which are barely noticed in the play, and elsewhere the play is somewhat fuller than the novel. At times the language of the drama is exactly copied, and, though it is transferred to prose, it preserves the rhythm of blank verse.<sup>1</sup>

The novel is far more carefully printed than the play, and corrects some of the manifold corruptions of the printed text of the latter. One or two phrases which have the Shakespearean ring are indeed found alone in the play. The novel may be credited with embodying some few lines from Shakespeare's pen, which exist nowhere else.<sup>2</sup>

But this point cannot be pressed very far. The discrepancies and resemblances between the two texts alike suggest that Wilkins followed a version of the play, which did not embody the whole of Shakespeare's revision. There is much in Wilkins' prose which appears to present passages

<sup>1</sup> Take, for example, Pericles' account of himself in the novel and the play. The passage runs in the play thus (ii. 3. 81-5) :—

A Gentleman of Tyre, my name Pericles,  
My education beene in Artes and Armes:  
Who looking for adventures in the world,  
Was by the rough Seas reft of Ships and men,  
and after shipwracke, driuen vpon this shore.

In the novel the passage runs (in the third person) as follows :—'A gentleman of Tyre, his name Pericles, his education been in arts and arms, who, looking for adventures in the world, was by the rough and unconstant seas, most unfortunately bereft both of ships and men, and, after shipwreck, thrown upon that shore.'

<sup>2</sup> When Pericles greets his new-born babe Marina on shipboard (iii. 1. 30 sqq.), he exclaims in the play :—

Thou art the rudelyest welcome to this world,  
That euer was Prince's Child.

In the novel his speech opens thus :—' *Poor Inch of nature*, thou art as rudely welcome to the worlde as euer Princesse Babe was,' &c. ' *Poor Inch of nature*' is undoubtedly a Shakespearean touch which the transcriber of the play for the press overlooked.

from the play in a state anterior to Shakespeare's final revision. If we assume Wilkins to be author of the greater part of the play, we must conclude that in the novel he paraphrased his own share more thoroughly than the work of his revising coadjutor, or that he retained in the novel passages which his collaborator cut out or supplanted in the play.<sup>1</sup>

## III

OF the popularity of the piece, both on the stage and among readers, there is very ample evidence. There were at least six editions issued within twenty-six years of its production, two in 1609, and one in each of the years 1611, 1619, 1630, and 1635. The title-page of the early editions, all of which announced the work to be by Shakespeare, described it as 'the late and much admired play', and noted that it had 'been diuers and sundry times acted'. Not more than six plays of Shakespeare were printed more frequently in quarto within the same period of time. It was, however, excluded from the First Folio of 1623 and from the Second Folio of 1632. Together with the six spurious plays which had been fraudulently assigned to Shakespeare in his lifetime, it was appended to a reissue of

The popu-  
larity of  
*Pericles.*

<sup>1</sup> For example, Marina's appeals to Lysimachus and to Boult in the brothel scene, iv. 6, are far longer in the novel than in the play, yet they obviously come from the latter, at an earlier stage of its development than that which is represented by the printed text. One of Marina's speeches in the novel (p. 66) ends thus:—'O my good Lord, kill me, but not deflower me, punish me how you please, so you spare my chastitie, and since it is all the dowry that both the Gods haue giuen, and men haue left to me, do not you take it from me; make me your seruant, I will willingly obey you; make mee your bondwoman, I will accompt it freedome; let me be the worst that is called vile, so I may liue honest, I am content: or if you think it is too blessed a happinesse to haue me so, let me euen now, now in this minute die, and Ile accompt my death more happy than my birth.' A very slight transposition of the words, with an occasional omission, would restore this passage to the blank verse from which it was obviously paraphrased.

the Third Folio in 1664 and to the Fourth Folio of 1685. Some doubt clearly lurked in the minds of Shakespeare's earliest editors as to the extent of his responsibility for the piece.

Numerous references to the piece in contemporary literature attest the warm welcome which the public extended to its early representations. As early as 1609 some popular doggerel entitled 'Pimlyco or Runne Red-cap. Tis a mad world at Hogsdon' (Sig. C 1, line 6) included the lines:—

Amazde I stood, to see a Crowd  
Of *Civill Throats* stretchd out so lowd;  
(As at a *New-play*) all the Roomes  
Did swarme with *Gentiles* mix'd with *Groomes*,  
So that I truly thought all These  
Came to see *Shore*<sup>1</sup> or *Pericles*.

In the prologue to Robert Taylor's comedy, *The Hogge hath lost his Pearle*, 1614, the writer says of his own piece:—

If it prove so happy as to please,  
Weele say 'tis fortunate like *Pericles*.

On May 24, 1619, the piece was performed at Court on the occasion of a great entertainment in honour of the French ambassador, the Marquis de Trenouille. The play was still popular in 1630 when Ben Jonson, indignant at the failure of his own piece, *The New Inn*, sneered at 'some mouldy tale like *Pericles*' in his sour ode beginning 'Come leave the lothed stage'. On June 10, 1631, the piece was revived before a crowded audience at the Globe Theatre 'upon the cessation of the plague'. At the Restoration

<sup>1</sup> *Shore* may be the play by Thomas Heywood, printed in 1600, entitled *The first and second parts of King Edward the Fourth &c.* It presents the whole story of Jane Shore.



*Pericles* renewed its popularity in the theatre, and Betterton was much applauded in the title rôle.

From an early date critics were divided as to its merits. An admirer, Samuel Sheppard, in 1646, in *The Times Displayed* blindly instanced the piece as that work of 'great Shakespeare' wherein he outran the powers of Aristophanes. Owen Feltham, in 1630, wrote more intelligibly of 'th' unlikely plot' of pieces that 'do displease As deep as *Pericles*'. Another poet, John Tatham, who personally approved the play, quoted in 1652 some current censure which condemned *Pericles* as one of Shakespeare's conspicuous failures:—

But *Shakespeare*, the *Plebean Driller*<sup>1</sup>, was  
Founder'd in's *Pericles*, and must not pass.

A greater critic, Dryden, took a low view of the piece, although he never doubted Shakespeare's responsibility. He wrongly excused the incompetence that he detected in it on the ground that it was Shakespeare's first experiment in drama (Prologue to Charles Davenant's *Circe*, 1684):—

*Shakespeare's* own Muse her *Pericles* first bore,  
The Prince of *Tyre* was elder than the *Moore*.

Although the exclusion of the piece from the Folios of 1623 and 1632 may have been due to suspicion of Shakespeare's full responsibility, the belief that Shakespeare was author, not of the whole play, but only of those scenes which are dominated by Marina, was not expressly stated till 1738. On August 1 in that year the dramatist George Lillo produced at Covent Garden Theatre an adaptation of the later portions of the drama in a piece entitled *Marina; a play in three Acts*. In the prologue the author, although no professional critic,

<sup>1</sup> Driller is probably a misprint for 'droller'.

displayed a saner judgement regarding Shakespeare's part in the composition of *Pericles* than any previous writer :—

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.

Dr. Farmer was the earliest professed critic to accept Lillo's suggestion. In 1766 he pronounced Shakespeare's hand to be visible in certain scenes and in those only. He as stoutly opposed the attribution of the whole to Shakespeare as the complete withdrawal of the piece from his record. No subsequent Shakespearean commentator of repute has questioned in substance the justice of Dr. Farmer's verdict.

## IV

Blount's  
licence.

MUCH mystery surrounds the original publication of the play in 1609. The Stationers' Registers show that on May 20, 1608, Edward Blount, the most cultivated publisher of the day, obtained a licence for its publication. The entry runs :—

[1608] 20 Maij

Entred [to Edward Blount] for his copie under thandes of Sir George Buck knight and Master Warden Seton A booke called. *The booke of Pericles prynce of Tyre* vjd.<sup>†</sup>

On the same day Blount also obtained a licence for 'A booke Called Anthony and Cleopatra'. In spite of these grants Blount had no hand in publishing *Pericles*. Nor is *Anthony and Cleopatra* known to have been published till seventeen years

<sup>†</sup> Arber, iii. 378.

had passed away, when it appeared in the First Folio of 1623, of which Blount was one of the syndicate of five publishers.

*Pericles* was published in 1609 by Henry Gosson. Gosson was an undistinguished 'stationer', although his family had been for some time closely connected with the trade. He was apprenticed to his father, Thomas Gosson, who was in active business from 1579 to 1600<sup>1</sup>, and died early in 1601. Henry was admitted a freeman of the Company *per patrimonium* on August 3, 1601, his widowed mother, Alice Gosson, standing surety. In 1603 he established himself at the sign of the 'Sun' in Paternoster Row, where *Pericles* was published six years later. He mainly confined himself to chapbooks, pamphlets of news, and ballads, but most of the occasional works of John Taylor, the Water Poet, were issued by him.

*9 ed.*  
Gosson employed many printers, and it is not easy to identify the press to which he entrusted his 'copy' of *Pericles*. But there is some ground for assuming that it came from that of William Jones, in Ship Alley, Red Cross Street. Jones, who served his apprenticeship with a man of position in the trade, John Windet, took up his freedom in 1596, and carried on a small printing business from 1601 to 1626. The form of imprint on the title-page of Gosson's edition of *Pericles* associates it nearly with a quarto pamphlet in prose by George Wilkins, which Jones printed for Gosson (without date) about 1605.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The elder Gosson took up his freedom on February 4, 1577, as the apprentice of Thomas Purfoote. Besides Henry, he had two sons, Edward and Richard, both apprenticed to the Stationers; but they never reached the rank of freemen of the Company.

<sup>2</sup> The pamphlet is entitled 'Three Miseries of Barbary', and the imprint runs: 'Printed by W. I. for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold in Pater Noster Rowe at the signe of the Sunne.' There is a copy in the British Museum. All excepting the prefatory page is in black letter. In 1606 Gosson employed the veteran, James Roberts, to print for him in quarto a prose

There is no notice in the Stationers' Register of a transfer of the copyright of *Pericles* from Blount to Gosson. It may be that Gosson issued the work in defiance of Blount's just claim to it, or that Blount tacitly withdrew his pretensions owing to inability to obtain an authentic copy of the piece. The incoherence of the text in the first edition, the carelessness with which it was printed and produced, indicates that the 'copy' followed some hasty and unauthorized transcript, and that the type was not corrected by an intelligent proof-reader. Malone asserted with truth—'There is I believe no play of our author's, perhaps I might say in the English language, so incorrect as this. The most corrupt of Shakespeare's other dramas, compared with *Pericles*, is purity itself.'<sup>1</sup>

The corrupt state of the text.

That the text was not derived from an authentic manuscript is proved most clearly by the circumstance that a very large portion of the blank verse is printed as prose, or is cut up into lines of unequal length (each beginning with a capital letter), which ignores all metrical characteristics. In the last two acts, in which figure many speeches from Shakespeare's pen, very little of the verse escapes the disguise of prose.<sup>2</sup>

The confusion of verse and prose.

translation from the Italian 'Newes from Rome', and in 1608 he commissioned Robert Raworth to print a new quarto edition in black letter of his father's copyright, 'The Contention betweene three brethren. The Whoremonger, the Drunkard, and the Dice-Player.' Raworth's press had just reopened, after a temporary suppression on account of his endeavour to infringe Leake's copyright by printing an unauthorized edition of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. But such small evidence as exists suggests that William Jones was responsible for *Pericles*, rather than either Roberts or Raworth.

<sup>1</sup> Malone, *Supplement* (1780), vol. ii, p. 4 n.

<sup>2</sup> Act iii, Sc. 3 offers a good example of the method of printing blank verse. It is a short scene, consisting, when printed properly, of no more than forty-one lines. Not one line is printed in accordance with the requirements of the metre. A dozen of the blank verse lines are printed as prose. All the others are combined in different lengths, each beginning with a capital, and are robbed of metrical significance. Cf. also iii. 4. 4-11; iv. 1. 1-8, 31-42, 72-81; iv. 6. 101-27 (the scene of Marina with Lysimachus).

All Marina's verse in Act iv is so disguised. In some of the early scenes blank verse is suffered suddenly to masquerade as prose, and then resumes its correct garb. At other times two lines are run into one (cf. ii. 3. 60-1; ii. 5. 4-5, 42-3); or one line is set out in two (cf. ii. 4. 25). Elsewhere prose is printed as irregular verse. The second fisherman's final speech (ii. 1. 174-6) is printed thus:—

Wee'le sure provide, thou shalt haue  
My best Gowne to make thee a paire;  
And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.

How Gosson acquired the corrupt 'copy' is not easily determined. The practice of taking down a piece in shorthand from the actor's lips was not uncommon.<sup>1</sup> There is

A shorthand  
transcript.

<sup>1</sup> Plays were often 'copied by the ear'. Thomas Heywood included in his *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637 (pp. 248-9), a prologue for the revival of an old play of his concerning Queen Elizabeth, called 'If you know not me, you know Nobody', of which he revised the acting version. Nathaniel Butter had published the first and second editions of the piece in 1605 and 1608, and Thomas Pavier the third in 1610. In a prose note preceding the new prologue the author denounced the printed edition as 'the most corrupted copy, which was published without his consent'. In the prologue itself, Heywood declared that the piece had on its original production on the stage pleased the audience:

So much that some by stenography drew  
The plot, put it in print, scarce one word true.  
And in that lameness it hath limpt so long  
The Author now to vindicate that wrong  
Hath took the pains, upright upon its feet,  
To teach it walk, so please you sit and see't.

Sermons and lectures were frequently described on their title-page as 'taken by characterie'. (Cf. Stephen Egerton's *Lecture*, 1589, and *Sermons of Henry Smith*, 1590 and 1591.) The popular system of Elizabethan shorthand was that devised by Timothy Bright in his 'Characterie: An arte of shorte scripture, and secrete writing by character', 1588. In 1590 Peter Bales devoted the opening section of his 'Writing Schoolmaster' to the 'Arte of Brachygraphy'. In 1612 Sir George Buc, in his 'Third Vniversitie of England' (appended to Stow's *Chronicle*), wrote of 'the much-to-be-regarded Art of Brachygraphy' (chap. xxxix), that it 'is an Art newly discovered or newly recovered, and is of very good and necessary use, being well and honestly exercised, for, by the meanes and helpe thereof, they which know it can readily take a Sermon, Oration, *Play*, or any long speech, as they are spoke, dictated, *acted*, and uttered in the instant'.

a likelihood that Gosson commissioned a shorthand writer to report the piece in the theatre, or that at any rate he purchased a shorthand writer's notes. Many incoherences may be attributed to confused hearing, and the failure to respect the just metrical arrangements is hardly explicable in any other way.

Several of the least intelligible passages in the early editions can be with certainty restored to sense by reference to the corresponding passage in Wilkins' novel. A comparison of the shape that many words take respectively in novel and play shows beyond doubt that the play's incoherences are errors of the ear. In i. 4. 39 in the speech, in which Cleon, governor of Tarsus, describes the straits to which his subjects are put by the pending famine, a hopeless line runs:—

Those pallats *who not yet too sauers younger,*  
Must haue inuentions to delight the tast.

The novel shows the correct words are:—

Those palates who *not yet two summers younger,*<sup>1</sup> &c.

In Act ii, Prologue, 22 it is said of Helicanus, Pericles' deputy at Tyre, that he

*Sau'd one* of all that haps in Tyre.

The novel reads in like context that 'Helicanus let no occasion slip wherein hee might *send word* to Tharsus of what occurrents soeuer had happened'. *Sau'd one* is an ignorant mishearing of 'sends word'.

In iii. 3. 29 Pericles vows:

All *vnscisterd* shall this heyre of mine remayne.

The novel relates how Pericles vows that his 'head should grow *vnscisserd*'.

The quotations in foreign languages are hopelessly mis-

<sup>1</sup> In the novel it is said of the famine-stricken city that she '*not yet two summers younger* did excell in pompe'.

printed from the same cause. In the Spanish motto (ii. 2. 27) the words 'Piu' and 'que' appear as 'Pue' and 'kee' respectively, and in the Latin motto (ii. 2. 30) the word 'pompae' is disguised as 'Pompey'.

*Pericles* was printed at least eight times in the course of the seventeenth century. Each edition differs from the other in minute points of typography. But no endeavour was made by the editors or printers to give intelligibility to the corrupted text or to respect the metrical intention of the authors until 1709, when *Pericles* was included in Nicholas Rowe's collection of Shakespeare's plays. Small literary interest attaches to the successive seventeenth-century editions. They present a curious picture of the progressive degradation of a text which was at the outset inexcusably corrupt.

Progressive  
degradation  
of the text.

Two editions were produced by Gosson in 1609, and it is difficult to determine which is the earlier. It is obvious that they are nearly related to one another. They closely resemble each other in their general incompetence. The title-pages are at all points identical. But the variations in spelling and typographic detail, which from the literary point of view are unimportant, are sufficiently numerous to prove that they represent two settings of the type, one of which followed the other with slight arbitrary changes. The ornamental initial letter 'T', at the opening of the text, is of different pattern in each edition. An occasional correction was introduced in the second setting, but it was usually balanced by the insertion elsewhere of a new misprint or misspelling, so that it is not easy to state that the text of one edition of 1609 is better than that of the other. The one is easily distinguished from the other by the first stage-direction, which in the one appears correctly 'Enter Gower', and in the other is misprinted 'Enæer Gower'. The copy in the Malone collection in the

The two  
editions of  
1609.

Bodleian Library, which is reproduced here in facsimile, has the 'Enter Gower' opening. Although certainty on the point is impossible, the 'Enter Gower' opening seems to be the mark of the first setting of the type.<sup>1</sup>

The differences of reading.

The actual differences of reading are few. But on the whole the compositor of the 'Enter Gower' edition, who may be judged to have worked direct from the corrupt manuscript, seems to have been more careful than the compositor of the 'Eneer Gower' edition, who worked from his colleague's proof.

Some of the misprints of the first compositor were avoided by the second. But the obvious misprints are more numerous in the second setting than in the first. Thus, where the first prints rightly *portion* (i. 2. 68), the other misprints *portion*. Similar examples are :—

	In the 'Enter' (first) edition.	In the 'Eneer' (second) edition.
i. 1. 41.	thee	hee
i. 2. 55.	plants	planets
	93. spares	feares
ii. Chor. 14.	Statue	Statute
iii. Chor. 53.	fell	selfe
iii. 1. 5.	gently	dayly
	60. give	bring
iii. 2. 91.	there	their
iii. 3. 19.	still	dayly
iv. 1. 21.	keep	weepe

<sup>1</sup> The 'Eneer' copy has throughout on the left-hand page (even on the last left-hand page, which has no right-hand companion) the headline, 'The Play of,' and on the right-hand 'Pericles, Prince of Tyre'; while the 'Enter' copy, which has on the right-hand page throughout the same heading ('Pericles, Prince of Tyre'), repeats those words on nineteen of the thirty-four left-hand pages of the text, and only on the remaining fifteen left-hand pages does 'The Play of' appear.



In the two following places neither text is right. But the 'Enter' (first) text is nearer the right reading than the 'Enæer' (second). In iii. 2. 93-4 the sense requires 'warmth breathes'. The 'Enter' copy gives 'warmth breath', the 'Enæer' copy 'warne breath'. In v. 1. 47 the sense requires 'deafened'. The 'Enter' copy gives 'defend', the 'Enæer' copy 'defended'.

At least three necessary words are omitted in the 'Enæer' copy, viz. ii. 1. 134 'to'; 5. 71 'say'; iii. 1. 9 'as'.

Only one omission, and that a stage direction, is noticeable in the 'Enter' copy, viz. ii. 5. 13 'Exit'.

The cases where the 'Enæer' (second) goes right and the 'Enter' (first) wrong are fewer. But they are not unimportant. The five most noticeable corrections are:—

iii. 1. 66. Paper	<i>for</i> Taper
iv. Chor. 17. ripe	<i>for</i> right
iv. 6. 12. Caualeres (i. e. Cavaliers)	<i>for</i> Caualereea
164. women-kinde	<i>for</i> wemen-kinde
v. Chor. 20. fervor	<i>for</i> former

Irregularities in spelling where the two editions differ merely reflect the caprices of the two compositors. A superfluous '-e' following words, e. g. 'booke', 'keepe', 'vnlesse', 'returne', frequently occurs in both copies. But the words that have it in one copy often lack it in the other. Where the one copy reads 'fruite' and 'fellowe', the other copy reads 'fruit' and 'fellow'. But the latter copy has 'mountaine' and 'devoure' though the former has 'mountain' and 'devour'. Fifty words, which have the superfluous '-e' in the 'Enter' (first) edition, are without it in the 'Enæer' (second) edition. Forty words, which have the same ending in the

Spelling differences.

'Eneer' (second) edition, are without it in the 'Enter' (first) edition.

Disposition  
of capital  
letters.

Similarly, capitals beginning common nouns within the line are distributed capriciously through both issues. But they do not appear in the same places in both copies. It may be estimated that the superfluous capital appears sixty-five times in the 'Enter' copy in places where it is absent from the other copy, and sixty-nine times in the 'Eneer' copy in places where it is absent from the 'Enter' edition. It is a peculiarity of the 'Enter' copies that a small letter distinguishes the word 'king' at the heading of the King's speeches. In the 'Eneer' copy the ordinary form 'King' is invariable.

Stafford's  
text of 1611.

The edition of 1611 was 'printed by S. S.', i. e. Simon Stafford.<sup>1</sup> No other name or initial appears in the imprint, but Gosson was in all probability the publisher again. It is a hasty badly-worked reprint page by page of the 'Eneer' (second) quarto. Except in one place the catchwords are identical. A few new misprints are introduced (e. g. i. 1. 10 'fit' for 'sit', iv. 1. 87 'chaught' for 'caught'), and there are variations in the spelling (e. g. on title-page 'History' for 'Historie'; 'sayd' for 'said' and 'Maiestyas' for 'Maiesties').

Pavier's  
edition of  
1619.

The edition of 1619 came from different hands. *Pericles* did not then reappear in an independent volume. It was appended to a new edition of *The Whole Contention betweene . . . Lancaster and Yorke. With the Tragicall Ends of the*

<sup>1</sup> Stafford was originally a member of the Drapers' Company, and became a freeman of the Stationers' Company 'by translation' on May 7, 1599. His press was, before 1602, in Adling Street, on Adling Hill, 'near Carter Lane Inn' (now Addle Street, E.C.), and from 1602 onwards in Hosier Lane, near Smithfield. His more notable undertakings before 1609 were Richard Carew's *Survey of Cornwall* for John Jaggard, in 1602, and the pre-Shakespearean play of *King Lear* for John Wright in 1605.

good Duke Humfrey, Richard, Duke of Yorke and King Henrie the sixt. Divided into two parts. (These two parts were early drafts of the second and third parts of *Henry VI*, which figured in a finally revised shape in the First Folio.) A new title-page introduces *Pericles*, but the signatures of the volume are continuous throughout. The title-pages of both *The Whole Contention* and *Pericles* bear the imprint 'Printed for T. P.' These initials are those of Thomas Pavier. He had acquired in a formal way the copyright of *the first and second parts of Henry the vijth, ii. bookes* as early as April 19, 1602,<sup>1</sup> but he undertook no edition of any play relating to Henry VI before the volume of 1619. There is no entry of the transfer to Pavier of Gosson's interest in *Pericles*. But Pavier was long engaged in making an unprincipled use of Shakespeare's name, and he would probably be none too scrupulous in employing 'copy' which would serve his purpose. In 1608 he had issued *A Yorkshire Tragedy . . . Written by W. Shakespeare* with his own full name in the imprint, 'Printed by R. B. for Thomas Pauier', and in 1619 he produced a new edition of that spurious production with the same form of imprint as in the volume containing *Pericles*, 'Printed for T. P.'<sup>2</sup> Thomas Pavier had obtained copyright in the

<sup>1</sup> Arber, iii. 304. The reference is probably to the *Contention* and the *True Tragedy*, the unrevised drafts of the *second* and *third* parts (not the first and second) of Shakespeare's *Henry VI*. Of both of these pieces Thomas Millington, who assigned the copyright to Pavier in 1602, had before that date issued two editions.

<sup>2</sup> Pavier was originally a draper, and on June 3, 1600, was admitted 'by translation' a freeman of the Stationers' Company. In his will (P. C. C. 19 Hele) he speaks of the publisher William Barley as his master. From almost the date of his admission fines were exacted from him for irregular conduct; e.g. for causing Edward Alde to print a book contrary to order, October, 1602; and for selling an unauthorized edition of the *Basilicon Doron* on June 27, 1603. Nevertheless, he was admitted a liveryman on June 30, 1604. On August 14, 1600, he acquired the copyright in a large number of

ordinary way for *A Yorkshire Tragedy* on May 2, 1608; the work is described in the Stationers' Registers, iii. 377, thus: 'A booke called *A Yorkshire Tragedy* written by WYLLIAM SHAKESPERE.'

Small change was made in Pavier's text of *Pericles*. It followed closely the 'Enter' (first) edition of 1609. But there are one or two rational emendations (cf. i. 2. 86 'thinke' for 'doo't', recte 'doubt'; i. 3. 34 'my' for 'now'; iv. 6. 28 'impunity' for 'iniquity'; v. 1. 89 'weighed' for 'wayde').

In 1623 a syndicate of publishers produced the First Folio collected edition of Shakespeare's plays. *Pericles* was not included, either owing to Pavier's unreadiness to part with his interest, or to suspicions on the part of the editors of the First Folio as to the authenticity of the piece. Pavier carried on business till his death early in 1626, and apparently retained his claim to *Pericles* till the last. On August 14, 1626, his widow made over to Edward Brewster and Robert Bird all the estate, right, title, interest, of her late husband in some sixty specified volumes as well as '*in Shakespere's plaies or any of them*'. The specified books include *The play of Henry Fift, Sir John Oldcastle, A play Tytus and Andronicus, History of Hamblett*, all of which seem to have been treated as Shakespeare's work.<sup>1</sup> *Pericles* was among the unspecified plays placed to Shakespeare's credit, which were included in the property made over by Pavier's widow to Bird and Brewster.

'things formerlye printed', including *The Historye of Henry the Fifth, with the Battell of Agencourt*, and *The Spanishe Tragedie*. He published two imperfect editions of Shakespeare's *Henry V* (in 1602 and 1608). On April 19, 1602, Pavier acquired from Thomas Millington, besides the two parts of *Henry VI*, 'a booke called *Titus and Andronicus*,' and on August 30, 1608, he received licence to publish *A history of Tytana and Theseus*, possibly a draft of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, of which nothing more is known. Arber, iii. 388.

<sup>1</sup> Arber, iv. 164, 165.

In 1630 Bird produced a new edition of *Pericles*, which was printed by John Norton.<sup>1</sup> Bird's edition followed Pavier's text of 1619. On some title-pages he set out his address at the sign of the Bible in Cheapside. Other copies merely bore the imprint, 'Printed by J. N. for R. B.' At Bird's hands, the text underwent further deterioration. Here and there an essential word is omitted altogether (cf. v. 1. 222 'state' omitted) or is hopelessly misprinted (cf. iii. 2. 27 'endwomens' for 'endowments', and v. 3. 88 'hough' for 'Although'). The whole line, i. 2. 23 ('Heele stop the course by which it might be knowne'), and the necessary stage direction 'Enter all the Lords to Pericles' (i. 2. 33) were suffered to fall out. On the other hand a necessary stage direction, which was previously omitted ('Exit Gower' in iii. Prol. 1. 60), here for the first time finds a place. But this seems Bird's sole contribution to the elucidation of the confused text.

Bird's edition  
of 1630.  
The two  
imprints.

Bird did not retain his interest in *Pericles* long. Thomas Cotes, an enterprising printer with whom a brother, Richard Cotes, was in partnership, acquired in 1627, on the death of Isaac Jaggard, chief proprietor of the First Folio, Jaggard's printing-press and most of his stock. Part of the property which passed to the brothers Cotes was Jaggard's 'part in Shackspheere playes', and on November 8, 1630, the partners made an important addition to their Shakespearean property by purchasing from Bird his 'copies' of Shakespeare's *Henry V*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Hamlet*, and *Pericles*, all of which had at one time been in Pavier's possession. Thomas Cotes printed the Second Folio edition of Shakespeare's collected works in 1632, but once again *Pericles* suffered exclusion from that treasury. Cotes, however, made amends by producing at his press and

Cotes'  
edition of  
1635.

<sup>1</sup> Norton was of a family long engaged in the trade, and had for a time been in partnership with Nicholas Okes.

publishing for himself a new edition of *Pericles* in quarto in 1635. Cotes' edition closely follows Bird's text of 1630, and is equally incoherent.

The Third  
Folio reprint.

No further edition of *Pericles* appeared till 1664, when the play was at length included in a collective edition of Shakespeare's works. It then figured in the opening pages of an appendix containing in addition six other plays which had been falsely ascribed to Shakespeare in his lifetime. The volume was the second (*not* the first) impression of the Third Folio. The first impression, which has the imprint, 'London. Printed for Philip Chetwinde 1663,' reproduces the thirty-six plays which appeared in the First and Second Folios. The second impression has a new title-page running:— 'Mr. William Shakespear's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the true original copies. The third Impression. And unto this Impression is added seven Playes, never before printed in Folio, viz. Pericles Prince of Tyre. The London Prodigall. The History of Thomas L<sup>d</sup>. Cromwell. Sir John Oldcastle Lord Cobham. The Puritan Widow. A Yorkshire Tragedy. The Tragedy of Locrine. *Printed for P. C: London, 1664.*'

The seven 'Playes never before printed in Folio' appear at the end of the volume with new paginations and new signatures. The text of *Pericles* fills ten leaves, of which the first six belong to a quire signed 'a', and the second four to a quire signed 'b'. The pagination runs 1-20. The introductory heading runs:—'The much admired Play called Pericles, Prince of Tyre, with the true Relation of the whole History, Adventures, and Fortunes of the said Prince, Written by W. Shakespeare, and published in his life time.' Chetwinde's text is that of the quarto of 1635, but there are many conjectural alterations. For the first time the play is

divided into five Acts, and the first scene is headed *Actus Primus: Scena Prima*. There is no further indication of scenes. For the first time there also appears a list of *dramatis personae*. This is placed under the heading 'The Actors Names' at the end of the piece. It is imperfect and there are curious errors. The daughter of Antiochus, who is unnamed in the play, is called 'Hesperides' from the figurative language of i. i. 27. 'Philoten, daughter to Cleon', who is merely mentioned in the text and does not take any part in the action, is included in the list. 'Dionyza' is miscalled 'Dionysia', and Mytilene is misspelt Metaline.

The play of *Pericles* is as completely separated from what follows it in the Third Folio, as from what precedes it. *The London Prodigall*, which succeeds *Pericles*, opens a new set of signatures and a new pagination, which are both continuous to the end of the volume.<sup>1</sup> It was clearly the original intention of the publisher Chetwinde to add to the Folio collection of Shakespeare's plays *Pericles* alone. The extension of the appendix so as to admit the six other plays is shown by the signatures and new pagination to have been an afterthought.

The Fourth Folio of 1685 is a reprint of the second impression of the Third Folio of 1664. *Pericles* figures in the same place in the volume, but it does not begin a new pagination; the piece is paged continuously with the tragedies. The signatures throughout the volume are also continuous and are quite regular. The list of *dramatis personae*—'The Actors Names'—is found at the head of the play, instead of at the end as in the Third Folio.

Nicholas Rowe, in his first critical edition of Shakespeare's

Rowe's text.

<sup>1</sup> The concluding section of the volume consists of fifty leaves, irregularly signed, thus:—\*, \*\*, \*\*, \*\*\*\*, in fours; ¶A, ¶B, in sixes; ¶C—¶F, in fours; ¶G, six leaves.

works of 1709 (as well as in the reissue of 1714), based his text on that of the Fourth Folio and included *Pericles* and the six spurious pieces. Rowe attempted for the first time to distinguish the verse from the prose, and he made a few verbal emendations. But he did not go far in the elucidation of the text. Pope and the chief eighteenth-century writers excluded *Pericles*, together with the spurious plays, from their editions of Shakespeare's works. Although Theobald did not reprint the piece in his edition of Shakespeare (1733), he was a careful student of it, as manuscript notes by him in extant copies of the 1630 and 1635 editions amply show (see Nos. XLIX and LXV *infra*).

The two  
editions of  
1734.

Two rival reprints in 12mo of the Fourth Folio version of *Pericles* appeared in London in 1734, independently of any collective edition. One of these ('Pericles Prince of Tyre by Shakespear,' sixty pages) was printed and published by R. Walker at the Shakespear's Head. The other ('Pericles Prince of Tyre By Mr. William Shakespear,' sixty-seven pages) was 'printed for J. Tonson and the rest of the Proprietors'. To Tonson's edition was prefixed an advertisement by William Chetwood, prompter at the Drury Lane Theatre, challenging Walker's pretensions to print this and other of Shakespeare's plays 'from copies made use of at the Theatre'; Chetwood denounced Walker's text as 'useless, pirated, and maimed'. But Tonson's version is little better than his rival's. *Pericles* was not republished again until Malone printed it (in 1780) with all the doubtful pieces in his 'Supplement to Johnson and Steevens' edition of 1778'. Malone for the first time recovered the verse from the prose of the early version, and by somewhat liberal emendations rendered most of the text readable and intelligible.

Malone's  
revised text.

It was at the suggestion of Dr. Richard Farmer that



*Pericles* was first included in a thoroughly critical edition of Shakespeare's plays. At Farmer's instance Malone introduced it into his edition of *Shakespeare* of 1790. Steevens followed Malone's example in 1793, and only one editor, Thomas Keightley—in 1864—has excluded it since.

## ERRATUM

Page 35, section v, line 3, *for* twenty-two copies *read* twenty-three copies.

*Pericles: Introduction.*

late years and it is difficult to trace the present owners. Half of the untraced copies are doubtless in America. Of the fifty-seven copies of which the present ownership is now known, thirty are in Great Britain, twenty-six in America,

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## V

NONE of the six quarto editions of *Pericles* are common, but the number of extant copies of each varies greatly. In no case do more than twenty-two copies of any one edition seem now traceable. Of the fourteen copies dated 1609 which are known, nine belong to the 'Enter Gower' (first) impression, which is reproduced in this volume, and five to the 'Enter Gower' (second) impression. The edition of 1611 is scarcer than any other; only two copies are traceable. The 1619 edition is the commonest. At least twenty-three extant copies are now identifiable. Of the 1630 edition, which exists in two impressions with different imprints, some sixteen copies are enumerated below, seven of which bear the shorter imprint, nine the longer. The claim that has been put forward in behalf of the 1630 short-imprint edition to extreme scarcity seems barely justified. The edition of 1635 is again fairly common; nineteen copies are described below. A singularly large number of the extant copies of all editions passed through the hands of J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps].

Of the six quarto editions, at least seventy-four copies survive in all. A fourth of that number has changed hands of late years and it is difficult to trace the present owners. Half of the untraced copies are doubtless in America. Of the fifty-seven copies of which the present ownership is now known, thirty are in Great Britain, twenty-six in America,

and one is in Germany. Of the British copies no less than twenty-one are in public libraries, eight being in the British Museum, and four each at the Bodleian Library and at Trinity College, Cambridge. Of the twenty-six traceable American copies eleven are in public libraries.

Prices.

The highest price paid for any quarto edition of *Pericles* was £171, which was paid by Mr. Perry, of Providence, in 1896, for an exemplar of the 1609 edition, at John Chaloner Smith's sale.

Copies of later editions, when they have been offered for sale of late years, have not fetched very high prices. In 1901 an unbound copy of the 1619 edition at Sotheby's brought £100 (February 25), and a copy of the 1635 edition £66 (May 16).<sup>1</sup> Many fair copies of the four latest quartos have changed hands for £15 and under.

THE EDITION  
OF 1609  
(I and II).

In each of the two impressions of Gosson's edition of 1609 the leaves in quite perfect copies number thirty-six. The signatures run A-I in fours. The last leaf is blank. The text starts on A<sub>2</sub> recto and ends on I<sub>3</sub> verso. The pages are unnumbered. Facsimiles of the two impressions of 1609 by E. W. Ashbee were privately issued in 1862 and 1871 respectively, under the direction of J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps].

Copies with  
'Enzer'  
opening,  
called FIRST  
QUARTO I.  
No. I.  
Bodleian  
(Malone)  
copy.

The copy at the Bodleian Library, which is reproduced in this volume, measures  $7\frac{3}{16}'' \times 5\frac{7}{16}''$ . It is inlaid, and forms part of a volume of seven Shakespearean quartos which were bound together by Malone and labelled 'Shakespeare Old Quartos, Vol. III.' The volume, which is numbered Malone 34, opens with *Lucrece*, 1594; and is followed by the *Sonnets*, 1609 (Aspley imprint); by *Hamlet*, 1607; by *Love's Labour's Lost*, 1598; by this edition of *Pericles*, 1609; by the 1619 edition of *Pericles*; and by *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608.

<sup>1</sup> At a London sale on November 14, 1678, a 1635 copy was sold in a bundle of eleven other plays for 5s. 6d. Another copy, at the Thomas Pearson sale (May-June, 1788), fetched sixpence.

The British Museum copy, which measures  $6\frac{1}{16}'' \times 4''$ , has been roughly cut down and inlaid in paper measuring  $8\frac{1}{2}'' \times 6\frac{9}{16}''$ . The leaves number thirty-five. Some head-lines and initial letters have been injured. The title-page has been torn. It is leather-backed with marbled cardboard sides. The pressmark is C. 12. h. 5. This copy has been reproduced in Shakspeare-Quarto Facsimiles (No. 21), with a preface by Mr. P. Z. Round, 1886.

THE EDITION  
OF 1609 (I).  
No. II.  
British  
Museum  
copy.

The copy in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge, measures  $7\frac{3}{4}'' \times 5\frac{1}{2}''$ , and wants the last blank leaf; it consists of thirty-five leaves instead of thirty-six.

No. III.  
Capell  
copy.

Mr. A. H. Huth's copy in perfect condition, consisting of thirty-six leaves, was acquired by Henry Huth, father of the present owner, at the sale of George Daniel's library in July, 1864, through the bookseller Lilly, for £84. It seems to have been acquired by Daniel, at Heber's sale, in 1834 for £18. It is bound in olive morocco by Charles Lewis, and has the blank leaf at the end, and on the title-page the autograph in contemporary hand of 'Scipio Squyer 5. Maij 160[9]?'.

No. IV.  
Huth copy.

The copy belonging to Earl Howe, at Gopsall, Leicestershire, was acquired about 1750 by Charles Jennens (the virtuoso and friend of Handel), who in 1773 bequeathed it with his property at Gopsall to William Penn Assheton Curzon, ancestor of the present owner. It measures  $5\frac{1}{16}'' \times 7\frac{1}{16}''$ . Leaf F<sub>4</sub> is supplied in manuscript. The leaves number thirty-four only.

No. V.  
Gopsall  
copy.

The copy belonging to Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle Street, London, which measures  $7\frac{3}{16}'' \times 5\frac{7}{16}''$ , was acquired about 1821 by John Murray, the grandfather of the present owner.

No. VI.  
Murray copy.

The interesting copy in the Barton collection in the Boston Public Library belonged to George Steevens, whose autograph it bears. At Steevens' sale in 1800 it was bought for the Duke of Roxburghe's collection for £1 2s. 0d. At the Duke's sale in 1812 it fetched £1 15s. 0d., and was acquired by Thomas Jolley, F.S.A., whose autograph and book-plate are both inserted in it. At Jolley's sale in 1844 it passed

No. VII.  
Barton copy,  
Boston Public  
Library,  
U.S.A.

THE EDITION OF 1609 (I). through the bookseller, Thomas Rodd, for £13 to the American collector, T. P. Barton, whose books were presented to the Boston Public Library in 1870. The copy, which is slightly foxed, is half-bound in old red morocco.

No. VIII.  
Mr. W. A. White's copy, New York, U.S.A. Mr. W. A. White of Brooklyn, who owns a first impression of 1609, purchased it for £60 from the library of Frederick Perkins of Chipstead, which was sold on July 20, 1889. It measures  $6\frac{1}{2}'' \times 4\frac{3}{4}''$ , and is bound in morocco. It belonged at one time to George Steevens, whose autograph it bears; but it is to be distinguished from the Steevens copy sold at his sale in 1800, which is now in the Barton collection (see No. VII).

No. IX.  
Mr. E. Dwight Church's copy, New York, U.S.A. The copy formerly in the Rowfant library of Frederick Locker Lampson now belongs to Mr. E. Dwight Church of New York. It measures  $6\frac{3}{4}'' \times 5''$  and is bound in red morocco by Bedford. It formerly belonged to Sir William Tite, at whose sale in 1874 it fetched £53 10s. 0d.

Copies with 'Eneer' opening, called SECOND QUARTO II. No. X. British Museum copy. The British Museum copy (pressmark C. 34. k. 36) is bound in red russia, and stamped on the side with the arms of David Garrick, who was the former owner. It measures  $6\frac{7}{8}'' \times 5\frac{1}{4}''$ . The top edges are planed and the title has been repaired. This copy has been reproduced in Shakspeare-Quarto Facsimiles (No. 22), with a preface by Mr. P. Z. Round, 1886.

No. XI. Devonshire copy. The Duke of Devonshire's copy belonged to the actor, John Philip Kemble, who purchased it at Dr. Richard Wright's sale in 1787 for nine shillings. It bears upon its title-page in Kemble's autograph the words, 'Collated and perfect. J. P. K. 1798.' It has been inlaid, and bound up with the 1594 edition of *Lucrece*, and early editions of the four pseudo-Shakespearean plays—*Thomas Lord Cromwell*, 1613; *The London Prodigall*, 1605; *Lochrine*, 1595; and *The first part of Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600. The volume is lettered outside, 'Plays vol. cxxi.'

No. XII. Hamburg copy. The copy in the Public Library of Hamburg, which measures  $7\frac{1}{6}'' \times 5\frac{1}{2}''$ , is bound up with thirteen other contemporary quartos, and is labelled on the back *Anglicana Varia*. It is the third item in the volume. The eleventh is a copy of the 1609 edition of Marlowe's *Faustus*, which is believed to be

unique. The ninth is George Wilkins' *Miseries of Inforst Marriage*, 1607.<sup>1</sup> THE EDITION OF 1609 (II).

A perfect copy of thirty-six leaves, belonging to Mr. Marsden J. Perry, measures  $6\frac{1}{8}'' \times 5\frac{3}{8}''$ . It is unbound, and with it is stitched up Samuel Daniel's *The Queen's Arcadia* (1606). On the title-page are the autographs of two former owners, 'Edw. Palmer' and 'Jno. Fenn', 1782. The latter was Sir John Fenn (1739-94), editor of the 'Paston Letters', who owned the 1624 edition of *Lucrece* (Census No. XXII). The copy was bought for the present owner at the sale of John Chaloner Smith's library, on February 12, 1896, for £171. No. XIII. Mr. Marsden J. Perry's copy, U.S.A.

A defective copy was sold at Halliwell-[Phillipps'] sale, July 1, 1889, for £30. The title is a modern reprint, and leaves A 4 and I are wanting.<sup>2</sup> No. XIV. Untraced. Halliwell-[Phillipps'] copy.

The 1611 edition has the same number of leaves (thirty-six) in its perfect condition as in the case of the 1609 edition, which it reprints. The signatures run A-I in fours. C 2 is unmarked, and the last leaf is blank. It is without pagination. THE EDITION OF 1611.

Only two copies are known, and only one is complete. The British Museum owns the imperfect one. The complete copy is in Mr. Marsden J. Perry's library, Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A.

The British Museum copy (C. 34. k. 37) which measures  $7\frac{1}{6}'' \times 4\frac{3}{4}''$  was acquired on November 9, 1858, from James No. XV. British Museum copy.

<sup>1</sup> The remaining items, of which a list has been kindly forwarded to me by the Librarian, Dr. J. Spitzer, are, with two exceptions, plays which were published between 1606 and 1609. The abbreviated titles are: 1. Chapman's *Duke of Byron*, 1608; 2. Heywood's 'If you know not me', 1608; 3. *Pericles*, 1609; 4. Tourneur's *Revengers Tragaedie*, 1607; 5. *The Tragedie of Nero*, 1607; 6. Barnes' *Divils Charter*, 1607; 7. *Historie of Orlando Furioso*, 1599; 8. Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece* (date cut off); 9. Wilkins' *Miseries*, 1607; 10. Dekker's *Whore of Babylon*, 1607; 11. Marlowe's *Faustus*, 1609; 12. *The Returne from Pernassus*, 1606; 13. Middleton's *A Mad World*, 1608; 14. T[homas] P[ope] G[oodwine]'s *Historie of Blanchardine*, 1597 (unique).

<sup>2</sup> Copies of the 1609 edition were sold at the sales of the Duke of Marlborough, White Knights, in 1819 (for £2 5s. od.), of William Barnes Rhodes, in 1825 (for £9 9s. od.), and of John Dunn Gardner, with title-page in facsimile, in 1854 (for £21). There is no means of identifying them precisely with any of the traceable copies.

THE LATE  
 And much admired Play,  
 Called  
 Pericles, Prince  
 of Tyte.

With the true Relation of the whole History,  
 adventures, and fortunes of the layd Princee

*As also,*

The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents,  
 in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter  
 MARIANA.

As it hath bene diuers and sundry times acted by  
 his Maesties Seruants. at the Globe on  
 the Banck-side.

By *William Shakspeare.*



Printed at London by S. S.

1611.



Orchard Halliwell[-Phillipps], and was by him identified with the one sold by auction for £14 3s. 6d. at James Edwards' first sale in 1804. A note by Halliwell[-Phillipps] pasted in a fly-leaf runs:—'Although the present volume wants two leaves in sheet D (unless indeed the omission is to be ascribed to the printer, the catchwords being right) it is of great literary curiosity and importance, being not only unique but unused by and unknown to all the editors of Shakespeare. Mr. Collier is the only one who even names it, at first with doubt as to its existence, and afterwards only on my information. The present is no doubt Edwards' copy which sold in 1804 for what was in those days the large price of £14, since which time it seems to have disappeared until purchased privately by me.' Signatures D<sub>2</sub> and D<sub>3</sub> are missing and have been replaced by two blank leaves. This copy was facsimiled for private circulation in 1868 by E. W. Ashbee under Halliwell[-Phillipps'] direction.

THE EDITION  
OF 1611.

The complete copy belonging to Mr. Perry, which measures  $6\frac{7}{8}'' \times 4\frac{3}{4}''$ , was purchased privately by him of Mr. Maurice Jonas, of London, in 1896. It is bound by Rivière in red morocco, and consists of thirty-five leaves. The last blank page has disappeared.

No. XVI.  
Perry copy,  
U.S.A.

The edition of 1619 formed the third and concluding section of a volume which opened with a reprint of the two parts of *The Whole Contention between the two famous houses Lancaster and York*. Those two plays occupy the leaves signed A-Q in fours, 'The First Part' filling A<sub>2</sub>-H<sub>4</sub> verso, and 'The Second Part' I-Q<sub>4</sub> verso. The title-page of *Pericles* is on an unsigned inserted leaf following Q<sub>4</sub>. The text of *Pericles* opens on a leaf signed R, and runs regularly in fours to the verso of B b<sub>1</sub>. B b<sub>2</sub> in perfect copies is blank. *Pericles* thus consists of thirty-four leaves without pagination. The *Pericles* portion of the volume is usually found detached and separately bound. The title-page of *The Whole Contention* has no date. That of *Pericles* is dated 1619, and runs thus:—  
THE LATE, | And much admired Play, | CALLED, | Pericles,  
Prince of | Tyre. | *With the true Relation of the whole Hi-*story,  
adventures, and fortunes of | the saide Prince. | Written by

THE EDITION  
OF 1619.

THE EDITION  
OF 1619.

W. SHAKESPEARE. | Printed for T. P. 1619. | There is a device on the title with the motto HEB. DDIM. HEB. DDIEV.

Copies  
attached to  
*The Whole  
Contention.*

No. XVII.  
British  
Museum  
copy.

The copy in the British Museum (C. 34. k. 38), which measures  $7\frac{9}{16}'' \times 5\frac{1}{16}''$ , still forms part of the volume of which the first portion is occupied by *The Whole Contention* (in two parts). The title-page of *Pericles* is missing. Two blank leaves intervene between the close of the second part of *The Whole Contention* and the opening of the text of *Pericles*. The latter play fills thirty-three leaves instead of thirty-four. The volume is bound in red morocco, and on the front cover is stamped the arms of David Garrick, the former owner.

No. XVIII.  
New York  
Public  
Library.

A copy in the Lenox collection of the New York Public Library in fine condition is bound without title-page with the 1619 edition of *The Whole Contention*. Its earlier owners have been C. W. Loscombe, F.S.A., at whose sale in 1854 it fetched £11 15s. 0d.; J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps], at whose sale in 1856 it fetched £6 7s. 6d.; and Sir William Tite, at whose sale in 1874 it fetched £21, and was bought for the Lenox collection.

No. XIX.  
Virginia  
University  
copy, U.S.A.

A copy in the library of the University of Virginia at Charlottesville is bound with an imperfect copy of *The Whole Contention* and some other early quarto plays. The volume was presented by Col. Thomas Mann Randolph, son-in-law of Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826), President of the United States.

No. XX.  
Mr. E. D.  
Church's  
(Rowfant)  
copy.

A copy, lacking the title-page, but bound up as published with the 1619 edition of *The Whole Contention*, now in the possession of Mr. E. Dwight Church of New York, was formerly in the Rowfant library of Frederick Locker Lampson. It measures  $7\frac{3}{4}'' \times 5\frac{1}{2}''$ .

In no other known copies does *Pericles* retain its original shape of supplement to *The Whole Contention*.

No. XXI.  
Huth copy.

In Mr. Huth's library, though *Pericles*, 1619, is separately bound, the copy of *The Whole Contention* to which it was attached is preserved in separate binding in the same collection.

Detached  
copies.  
No. XXII.

A detached perfect copy in the British Museum (C. 12. h. 6) was formerly in the library of George Steevens, whose auto-

graph is on the title-page. It was sold at his sale in 1800 for 15s. The page measures  $7\frac{3}{8}'' \times 5\frac{1}{2}''$ ; it is inlaid on paper measuring  $8\frac{5}{16}'' \times 6\frac{7}{16}''$ .

The copy in the Malone collection at the Bodleian Library, which measures  $6\frac{1}{16}'' \times 4\frac{1}{16}''$  (Malone 34), is inlaid, and was bound up by Malone with his copy of the 1609 edition of *Pericles*, and five other early quartos as described above (No. I).

The copy in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge, measures  $7\frac{1}{2}'' \times 5\frac{5}{8}''$ .

A copy in the Dyce collection of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington, measuring  $6\frac{1}{16}'' \times 4\frac{7}{8}''$ , belonged to Dr. Farmer, who has written on the title-page a manuscript note '[The Name at length is to the edit. 1609]' below the words 'Written by W. Shakespeare'.

A copy belongs to Earl Howe, and is at Gopsall in the collection formed by Charles Jennens. It measures  $7\frac{1}{8}'' \times 5\frac{1}{4}''$ .

There is a copy in the possession of Mr. F. A. Newdgate, M.P., at Arbury, bound up with five other quarto plays, viz. *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600; *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1619; *Birth of Merlin*, 1662; *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Mucedorus*, 1668.

A detached copy of *Pericles*, 1619, is in the Lenox collection of the New York Public Library, as well as the copy attached to *The Whole Contention* (1619).

The copy in the Barton collection of the Boston Public Library is clean, and is bound in red morocco by Charles Lewis. The title-page has been repaired.

A copy formerly in the possession of J. O. Halliwell [-Phillipps] now belongs to Mr. Perry, of Providence. The margins are much cut down, but the text is perfect and measures  $6\frac{1}{16}'' \times 4\frac{3}{4}''$ . The volume is bound by W. Pratt, and consists of thirty-four leaves. The title is defective.

A second copy belonging to Mr. Perry, in a perfect condition, forms part of a volume containing eight other Shakespearean quartos, which was found in a German library in 1902. It is bound in seventeenth-century calf, and is

THE EDITION  
OF 1619.

British Mu-  
seum copy.

No. XXIII.

Bodleian  
copy.

No. XXIV.

Capell copy.

No. XXV.

Dyce copy.

No. XXVI.

Gopsall copy.

No. XXVII.

The Arbury  
copy.

No. XXVIII.

Lenox col-  
lection,  
New York.

No. XXIX.

Barton copy,  
Boston Pub-  
lic Library,  
U.S.A.

No. XXX.

Perry  
copy (1).

No. XXXI.

Perry  
copy (2).

THE EDITION OF  
1619.

stamped on the side with the name of a seventeenth-century collector, Edward Gwynn.<sup>1</sup>

No. XXXII.

Folger copy.

No. XXXIII.

Furness copy.

Untraced copies.

Other American owners are Mr. Folger, of New York, and Mr. H. H. Furness, of Wallingford, Pennsylvania, whose copy is imperfect.<sup>2</sup>

The present ownership of the following copies, one or two of which may possibly be identifiable with some already enumerated, cannot be positively stated:—

No. XXXIV.

Roxburghe-Tite-

Gaisford copy.

A copy, bound in olive morocco, belonging successively to the Duke of Roxburghe and to William Nanson Lettsom (1796-1865), at whose sale in 1865 it fetched £9 15*s.* 0*d.*; it was resold at the Tite sale, in 1874, to A. Russell Smith for £5 15*s.* 0*d.*, and at the Thomas Gaisford sale, on April 23, 1890, to Messrs. Pearson for £30. It has autograph notes by Bishop Warburton, and a few manuscript annotations transcribed from Theobald's copy by Lettsom.

No. XXXV.

Cosens copy.

F. W. Cosens' copy, bound by Rivière, sold November 11, 1890, with all faults, to Bernard Quaritch for £12 5*s.* 0*d.*

No. XXXVI.

Crawford copy.

Copy of W. H. Crawford, of Lakelands, sold March 12, 1891, to Quaritch for £37; bound in morocco by Bedford.

No. XXXVII.

Warwick copy.

The copy belonging to the Earl of Warwick, acquired *c.* 1867, through J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps], by George Guy, fourth Earl of Warwick (1818-93), was disposed of to an American purchaser in 1896.

No. XXXVIII.

Stevens copy.

An unbound detached copy, sold at a miscellaneous sale at Sotheby's, on February 25, 1901, with minute fragments of the date rubbed off, but otherwise perfect, ending B b 1, was purchased by B. F. Stevens, the American agent, for £100.

No. XXXIX.

Burton-Griswold

copy.

The American actor, W. E. Burton, who died in 1860, owned a copy which was afterwards in the library of Almon W. Griswold of New York.

<sup>1</sup> Gwynn seems to have collected a valuable library in the seventeenth century, and his full name is usually stamped on the front side cover of his books. A collection of royal proclamations, dating between 1634 and 1661, in the British Museum, 506. h. 11, is in a calf binding, stamped in this manner with Gwynn's name.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Furness' copy resembles that which formerly belonged to Asa I. Fish of Philadelphia.

The title of the 1630 edition runs:—‘The late, and much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole History, adventures, and fortunes of the sayd Prince: Written by Will: Shakespeare.’ There is a device with the motto *In domino confido*, as in the 1632 edition of *Lucrece*. The imprint is given in two different forms. On some copies it appears as ‘LONDON, | Printed by I. N. for R. B. and are to be sould | at his shop in *Cheapside*, at the signe of the | *Bible*. 1630. | The other imprint is: LONDON, | Printed by J. N. for R. B. 1630. | The signatures run A-I<sub>2</sub> in fours. The leaves number thirty-four without pagination. Sig. E<sub>2</sub> is wrongly printed D<sub>2</sub>. Leaf B<sub>4</sub> is marked. Usually the signatures H<sub>1</sub> and I<sub>2</sub> are omitted. The text ends on the recto of I<sub>2</sub>.

THE EDITION OF  
1630.

Copies with the short imprint are reckoned the more valuable, though they seem to be almost as frequently met with as those with the long imprint.

Copies with the  
SHORT IMPRINT,  
1630.

The British Museum copy (C. 34. k. 40), which measures  $6\frac{3}{4}'' \times 4\frac{7}{8}''$ , was acquired on November 9, 1858, from J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps], who has inserted this manuscript note:—‘Most copies of this edition vary considerably in the title-page. See my other copy which has quite a different imprint. The present is of great rarity, if not unique.’ The top of leaf C<sub>3</sub> has been torn and mended.

No. XL.  
British Museum  
copy.

The copy in the Dyce collection of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington measures  $7\frac{3}{8}'' \times 5\frac{3}{8}''$ . Inside the cover is pasted a manuscript note, presented to Dyce by Halliwell[-Phillipps], pointing out the rarity of the short imprint.

No. XLI.  
Dyce copy.

A copy in the Edinburgh University Library measures  $6\frac{1}{6}'' \times 5''$ , and is bound in red morocco. It was presented to the University in 1872 by Halliwell[-Phillipps], who has inserted a note describing its excessive rarity.

No. XLII.  
Edinburgh  
University copy.

A copy in the Lenox collection of the New York Public Library was formerly in the possession of Richard Heber, and was sold in 1857, at the sale of the library of E. V. Uttersson, for four guineas.

No. XLIII.  
Lenox collection,  
New York Public  
Library.

THE EDITION OF  
1630.

No. XLIV.

Barton copy,  
Boston Public  
Library, U.S.A.

Untraced copies.

No. XLV.

Tite copy.

No. XLVI.

Lamb copy.

Copies with LONGER  
IMPRINT, 1630.

No. XLVII. British  
Museum copy.

No. XLVIII.

Bodleian copy.

No. XLIX.

Edinburgh

University copy.

The copy in the Barton collection of the Boston Public Library was acquired from Halliwell[-Phillipps] in 1858 for £5 12s. 6d., and was bound in green morocco by Rivière.

Of two untraced copies, one was sold at the Tite sale in 1874, to Mr. Sabin, the American agent, for four guineas, and the other at the sale of A. G. Lamb, of Dundee, February 7, 1898, to Messrs. Pickering for £1 15s. 0d.

A copy, with the longer imprint, in the British Museum (C. 34. k. 39) measures  $5\frac{3}{4}'' \times 7\frac{3}{8}''$ . It belonged to Garrick.

The copy in the Bodleian Library belonged to Malone (Malone 222). It is bound up with other pieces, and measures  $6\frac{3}{4}'' \times 4\frac{1}{6}''$ .

A copy in the Edinburgh University Library was presented by J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps] in 1872. He seems to have paid five guineas for it. The copy belonged to Theobald, who has placed on the title-page this inscription:—'Collated w<sup>th</sup> an Old edition exactly w<sup>th</sup> the same Title Printed for T. P. 1619. L. Theobald.' At the back of the title-page is another note, signed by Theobald, stating that he had collated it also with the edition of 1609, which he calls 'another old Edition'. Marks of Theobald's collation are scattered through the volume. The title-page and a few leaves are mended. At the end of the volume, which measures  $7\frac{1}{4}'' \times 5\frac{1}{2}''$  and is bound in morocco, three leaves from another copy of the same edition are pasted down; they show slight discrepancies of typography, which indicate that they were a first rough proof; they contain a greater number of wrong letters than appear in the ordinary copies.

No. L. Capell copy.

The copy in the Capell collection measures  $7\frac{1}{8}'' \times 5\frac{1}{4}''$ .

No. LI.

Lenox collection,  
New York Public  
Library.

A copy in the Lenox collection of the New York Public Library was formerly in the library of Sir Charles Aldis.

No. LII.

Barton copy,  
Boston Public  
Library, U.S.A.

The copy in the Barton collection of the Boston Public Library, acquired from Halliwell[-Phillipps] in May, 1857, for £5, is bound in red morocco by Bedford. The lower edge of the title-page has been clipped.

Private American owners include Mr. H. C. Folger, junior, of New York, and Mr. H. H. Furness, of Wallingford, Pennsylvania, whose copy is imperfect.

A copy in the Tite sale in 1874 was purchased for £4 10s. *od.* by Mr. Sabin, the American agent.

The title-page of the 1635 edition is identical with that of 1630 save that 'Said Prince' now appears in place of 'Sayd Prince': while Shakespeare's name is now given as 'W. Shakespeare' instead of 'Will Shakespeare', and there is the fresh imprint, 'Printed at London by Thomas Cotes, 1635.' The number of leaves is thirty-four as in the 1630 edition. There is no pagination. The signatures run A-I2 in fours. B4 is marked, but I2 is omitted. There is the same printer's device as in the 1619 issue, with the motto HEB. DDIM. HEB. DDIEV.

The copy in the British Museum (C. 34. k. 41) measures  $6\frac{2}{6}'' \times 5\frac{2}{6}''$ . The binding is in red russia, and some of the leaves are closely shaved.

The copy in the Bodleian is numbered Malone 875. It measures  $7\frac{2}{4}'' \times 5\frac{2}{8}''$ , and is bound separately in nineteenth-century binding. It did not form part of the original Malone collection.

Other copies are in the Capell collection (measuring  $7\frac{2}{4}'' \times 5''$ ) and in the Howley Harrison Library at Canterbury Cathedral.

The copy at Bridgewater House, the property of the Earl of Ellesmere, forms part of the library originally brought together by John Egerton, second Earl of Bridgewater (1622-1686). The leaves have been much cut down, and the copy measures  $6\frac{2}{6}'' \times 4\frac{3}{4}''$ .

A copy bound in morocco by Bedford, which is now in the Britwell library, was sold for £15 at the sale of W. H. Crawford's Lakeland library, March 12, 1891. It seems at one time to have belonged to Halliwell[-Phillipps].

A copy in the Lenox collection of the New York Public Library has on the title-page an early transcript note running: 'Left by Sir George Etherege [something obliterated

THE EDITION OF  
1630.

No. LIII.

Folger copy.

No. LIV.

Furness copy.

Untraced copy.

No. LV. Tite copy.

THE EDITION OF  
1635.

No. LVI. British  
Museum copy.

No. LVII.  
Bodleian copy.

No. LVIII.  
Capell copy.  
No. LIX. Canter-  
bury Cathedral copy.

No. LX. Bridge-  
water House copy.

No. LXI.  
Britwell copy.

No. LXII.  
Lenox collection,  
New York Public  
Library.

THE EDITION OF  
1635.

and undecipherable] 1689.' Etherege the dramatist died in 1691.

No. LXIII. Barton  
copy, Boston Public  
Library, U.S.A.

The copy in the Barton collection of the Boston Public Library is in good condition, and is bound in red morocco.

No. LXIV. Perry  
copy, U.S.A.

Mr. Perry's copy, which was acquired with the Halliwell [-Phillipps] collection of Shakespearean rarities in 1895, measures  $7\frac{1}{8}'' \times 5\frac{3}{4}''$ . It has the book-plates of Sir Francis Freeling and John Kershaw, and some manuscript notes by Halliwell[-Phillipps].

No. LXV. Furness  
copy, U.S.A.

Mr. H. H. Furness possesses an imperfect copy, which was at one time in the possession of Theobald, who has inserted many marginal notes.

No. LXVI. White  
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Other American owners are Mr. W. A. White, of Brooklyn; and Mr. H. C. Folger, of New York.

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

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

As also,  
The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents,  
in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter  
*MARIANA.*

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

By William  Shakespeare.



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1609.

*Printer was J. Eld.*





# The Play of Pericles

Prince of Tyre. &c.

*Enter Gower.*



O sing a Song that old was sung,  
From ashes, auncient *Gower* is come,  
Assuming mans infirmities,  
To glad your eare, and please your eyes:  
It hath been sung at Feastivals,  
On Ember eues, and Holydayes:

And Lords and Ladyes in their lues,  
Haue red it for restoratiues:  
The purchase is to make men glorious,  
*Et bonum quo Antiquius eo melius:*  
If you, borne in those latter times,  
When Witts more ripe, accept my rimes;  
And that to heare an old man sing,  
May to your Wisshes pleasure bring:  
I life would wish, and that I might  
Waste it for you, like Taper light.  
This *Antioch*, then *Antiochus* the great,  
Buylt vp this Citie, for his chiefest Seats,  
The fayrest in all *Syria*.  
I tell you what mine Authors saye:  
This King vnto him tooke a Peere,  
Who dyed, and left a female heyre,  
So bucksome, blith, and full of face,  
As heauen had lent her all his grace:  
With whom the Father liking tooke,  
And her to Incest did prouoke:  
Bad child, worse father, to intice his owne:

A 2.

To

*The Play of*

To euill, should be done by none :  
But custome what they did begin,  
Was with long vse, account'd no sinne ;  
The beautie of this sinfull Dame,  
Made many Princes thither frame,  
To seeke her as a bedfellow,  
In maryage pleasures, play fellow :  
Which to prevent, he made a Law,  
To keepe her still, and men in awe :  
That who so askt her for his wife,  
His Riddle could, not, lost his life :  
So for her many of wight did die,  
As yon grimme lookes do testific.  
What now ensues, to the iudgement of your eye,  
I giue my cause, who best can iustific. *Exit.*

*Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.*

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

*Pers.* I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a soule emboldned  
With the glory of her prayse, thinke death no hazard,  
In this enterprife.

*Ant.* Musicke bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,  
For embracements euen of *hane* himselfe ;  
At whose conception, till *Lucina* rained,  
Nature this dowry gaue ; to glad her presence,  
The Seanate house of Planets all did sit,  
To knit in her, their best perfections.

*Enter Antiochus daughter.*

*Pers.* See where she comes, appareled like the Spring,  
Graces her subiects, and her thoughts the King,  
Of euery Vertue giues renowne to men :  
Her face the booke of pray ses, where is read,  
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence,  
Sorrow were euer racte, and teastie wrath  
Could neuer be her milde companion.

You

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

You Gods that made me man, and sway in loue;  
That haue enflamde desire in my breast,  
To taste the fruite of yon celestiall tree,  
(Or die in th'adventure) be my helpes,  
As I am sonne and seruant to your will,  
To compasse such a bondlesse happinesse.

*Anti.* Prince *Pericles*.

*Pers.* That would be sonne to great *Antiochus*.

*Ant.* Before thee standes this faire *Hesperides*,  
With golden fruite, but dangerous to be toucht:  
For Death like Dragons heere affright thee hard:  
Her face like Heauen, inticeth thee to view  
Her countlesse glory; which desert must gaine:  
And which without desert, because thine eye  
Presumes to reach, all the whole heape must die:  
Yon sometimes famous Princes, like thy selfe,  
Drawne by report, aduentrous by desire,  
Tell thee with speechlesse tongues, and semblance pale,  
That without couering, saue yon field of Starres,  
Heere they stand Martyrs slaine in *Cupids* Warres:  
And with dead cheekes, aduise thee to desist,  
For going on deaths net, whom none resist.

*Pers.* *Antiochus*, I thanke thee, who hath taught,  
My frayle mortalitie to know it selfe;  
And by those fearefull obiectes, to prepare  
This body, like to them, to what I must:  
For Death remembered should be like a myrrour,  
Who tels vs, life's but breath, to trust it errour:  
He make my Will then, and as sick men doe,  
Who know the World, see Heauen, but feeling woe,  
Gripe not at earthly ioyes as earst they did;  
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,  
And all good men, as euery Prince should doe,  
My riches to the earth, from whence they came;  
But my vnspotted fire of Loue, to you:  
Thus ready for the way of life or death,  
I way te the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)

A 3.

Scorning

*The Play of*

Scorning aduice; read the conclusion then:  
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,  
As these before thee, thou thy selfe shalt bleed.

*Daugh.* Of all sayd yet, mayst thou prouue prosperous,  
Of all sayd yet, I wish thee happinesse.

*Peri.* Like a bold Champion I assume the Listes,  
Nor aske aduise of any other thought,  
But faythfulnesse and courage.

*The Riddle.*

*I am no Viper, yet I feed  
On mothers flesh which did me breed:  
I sought a Husband, in which labour,  
I found that kindnesse in a Father;  
Hee's Father, Sonne, and Husband milde;  
I, Mother, Wife; and yet his Child:  
How they may be, and yet in two,  
As you will haue resouie it you.*

*Sharpe Phisicke is the last: But ô you powers!*  
That giues heauen countlesse eyes to view mens actes  
Why cloude they not their sights perpetually,  
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?  
Faire Glasse of light, I lou'd you, and could still,  
Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with ill:  
But I must tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,  
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,  
That knowing sinne within, will touch the gate.  
You are a faire Violl, and your sense, the stringes;  
Who finger'd to make man his lawfull musicke,  
Would draw Heauen downe, and all the Gods to harken:  
But being playd vpon before your time,  
Hell onely daunceth at so harsh a chime:  
Good sooth, I care not for you.

*Ant.* Prince *Pericles*, touch not, vpon thy life,  
For that's an Article within our Law,  
As dangerous as the rest: your time's expir'd,  
Either expound now, or receiue your sentence.

*Peri.*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Peri.* Great King,  
Few loue to heare the finnes they loue to act,  
T'would brayde your selfe too neare for me to tell it:  
Who has a booke of all that Monarches doe,  
Hee's more secure to keepe it shut, then showne.  
For Vice repeated, is like the wandring Wind,  
Blowes dust in others eyes to spread it selfe;  
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,  
The breath is gone, and the fore eyes see cleare:  
To stop the Ayre would hurt them, the blind Mole castes  
Copt hilles towards heauen, to tell the earth is throng'd  
By mans oppresion, and the poore Worme doth die for't:  
Kinges are earths Gods; in vice, their law's their will:  
And if *loue* stray, who dares say, *loue* doth ill:  
It is enough you know, and it is fit;  
What being more knowne, growes worse, to smother it.  
All loue the Wombe that their first beeing bred,  
Then giue my tongue like leaue, to loue my head. (*King:*  
*Ant.* Heauen, that I had thy head; he ha's found the mea-  
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,  
Though by the tenour of your strict edict,  
Your exposition misinterpreting,  
We might proceed to counsell of your dayes;  
Yet hope, succeeding from so faire a tree  
As your faire selfe, doth tune vs otherwise;  
Fourtie dayes longer we doe respite you,  
If by which time, our secret be vndone,  
This mercy shewes, wee'le ioy in such a Sonne:  
And vntill then, your entertain shall bee  
As doth besit our honour and your worth.

*Manet Pericles solus.*

*Peri.* How courtesie would seeme to couer sinne,  
When what is done, is like an hipocrite,  
The which is good in nothing but in sight.  
If it be true that I interpret false,  
Then were it certaine you were not so bad,  
As with foule Incest to abuse your soule:

Where

*The Play of* \_\_\_\_\_

Where now you both a Father and a Sonne,  
By your vntimely claspings with your Child,  
(Which pleasures fittes a husband, not a father)  
And shee an eater of her Mothers flesh,  
By the defiling of her Parents bed,  
And both like Serpents are; who though they feed  
On sweetest Flowers, yet they Poyson breed.  
*Antioch* farewell, for Wifedome sees those men;  
Blush not in actions blacker then the night,  
Will shew no course to keepe them from the light:  
One sinne (I know) another doth prouoke;  
Murther's as neere to Lust, as Flame to Smoake:  
Poyson and Treason are the hands of Sinne,  
I, and the targets to put off the shame,  
Then least my life be cropt, to keepe you cleare,  
By flight, Ile shun the danger which I feare.

*Exit.*

*Enter Antiochus.*

*Anti.* He hath found the meaning,  
For which we meane to haue his head:  
He must not liue to trumpet foorth my infamie,  
Nor tell the world *Antiochus* doth sinne  
In such a loathed manner:  
And therefore instantly this Prince must die,  
For by his fall, my honour must keepe hic.  
Who attends vs there?

*Enter Thaliard.*

*Thali.* Doth your highnes call?  
*Antio.* *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber, *Thaliard*,  
And our minde pertakes her priuat actions,  
To your secrecie; and for your faythfulnes,  
We will aduaunce you, *Thaliard*:  
Behold, heere's Poyson, and heere's Gold:  
Wee hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou must kill him;  
It fittes thee not to aske the reason why?  
Because we bid it: say, is it done?

*Thali.* My Lord, tis done.

*Exit.*



*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Anti.* Enough. Let your breath coole your selfe, telling your haste.

*Mess.* My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

*Anti.* As thou wilt lude after, and like an arrow shot from a well experienc't Archer hits the marke his eye doth leuell at: so thou neuer returne vnclesse thou say Prince *Pericles* is dead.

*Thal.* My Lord, if I can get him within my Pistols length, Ile make him sure enough, so farewell to your highnesse.

*Thal.* *Thal.* A dadien, till *Pericles* be dead,  
My heart can lend no succour to my head.

*Enter Pericles with his Lords.*

*Pe.* Let none disturb vs, why shold this chage of thoughts  
The sad companion dull eyde melancholic,  
By me so vsde a guest, as not an houre  
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,  
The tombe where griefe shoud sleepe can breed me quiet,  
Here pleasures court mine eies, and mine eies shun them,  
And danger which I fearde is at *Antioch*,  
Whose arme seemes farte too short to hit me here,  
Yet neither pleasures Art can ioy my spirits,  
Nor yet the others distance comfort me,  
Then it is thus, the passions of the mind,  
That haue their first conception by misdread,  
Haue after nourishment and life, by care  
And what was first but feare, what might be done,  
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done,  
And so with me the great *Antiochus*,  
Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
Since hee's so great, can make his will his act,  
Will thinke me speaking, though I sweare to silence,  
Nor bootes it me to say I honour,  
If he suspect I may dishonour him.

B

And

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

And what may make him blush in being knowne,  
Heele stop the course by which it might be knowne,  
With hostile forces heele ore-spread the land,  
And with the stint of warre will looke so huge,  
Amazement shall driue courage from the state,  
Oyr men be vanquisht ere they doe resist,  
And subiects punisht that nere thought offence,  
Which care of them, not pittie of my selfe,  
Who once no more but as the tops of trees,  
Which fence the rootes they grow by and defend them,  
Makes both my bodie pine, and soule to languish,  
And punish that before that he would punish.

*Enter all the Lords to Pericles.*

1. *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred brest.

2. *Lord.* And keepe your mind till you returne to vs  
peacefull and comfortable.

*Hel.* Peace, peace, and giue experience tongue,  
They doe abuse the King that flatter him,  
For flatterie is the bellowes blowes vp sinne,  
The thing the which is flattered, but a sparke,  
To which that sparke giues heate, and stronger  
Glowing, whereas reproofe obedient and in order,  
Fits kings as they are men, for they may erre,  
When *signior* sooth here does proclaime peace,  
He flatters you, makes warre vpon your life.  
Prince paadon me, or strike me if you please,  
I cannot be much lower then my knees.

*Per.* All leaue vs else: but let your cares ore-lookke,  
What shipping, and what ladings in our hauen,  
And then returne to vs, *Hellicans* thou hast  
Moodes vs, what seest thou in our lookes?

*Hel.* An angry brow, dread Lord.

*Per.* If there be such a dart in Princes frownes,  
How durst thy tongue moue anger to our face?

*Hel.* How dares the plants looke vp to heauen,

From

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

From whence they haue their nourishment?

*Per.* Thou knowest I haue power to take thy life frome

*Hel.* I haue ground the Axe my selfe, (thee.  
Doe but you strike the blowe.

*Per.* Rise, prethee rise, sit downe, thou art no flatterer,  
I thanke thee fort, and heauē forbid  
That kings should let their eares heare their faults hid.  
Fit Counsellor, and seruant for a Prince,  
Who by thy wisdom makes a Prince thy seruant,  
What wouldst thou haue me doe?

*Hel.* To beare with patience such griefes as you your  
selfe doe lay vpon your selfe.

*Per.* Thou speakest like a Physitian *Helicanus*,  
That ministers a potion vnto me:  
That thou wouldst tremble to receiue thy selfe,  
Attend me then, I went to *Antioch*,  
Whereas thou knowst against the face of death,  
I sought the purchase of a glorious beautie,  
From whence an issue I might propogate,  
Are armes to Princes, and bring ioies to subiects,  
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,  
The rest harken in thine eare, as blacke as incest,  
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father  
Seemde not to strike, but smooth, but thou knowst this,  
Tis time to feare when tyrants seemes to kilse.  
Which feare so grew in me I hither fled,  
Vnder the couering of a carefull night,  
Who seemd my good protector, and being here,  
Bethought what was past, what might succeed.  
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants feare  
Decrease not, but grow faster then the yeares,  
And should he doo't, as no doubt he doth,  
That I should open to the listning ayre,  
How many worthie Princes blouds were shed,  
To keepe his bed of blacknesse vnlayde ope,

B 2

To

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

To lop that doubt, hee'le fill this land with armes,  
And make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,  
When all for mine, if I may call offence,  
Must feel wars blow, who spares not innocence,  
Which loue to all of which thy selfe art one,  
Who now re prou'dst me fort.

*Hel.* Alas Sir.

*Per.* Drew sleep out of mine eies, blood frō my cheekes,  
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts  
How I might stop this tempest ere it came,  
And finding little comfort to relieue them,  
I thought it princely charity to grieue for them.

*Hel.* Well my Lord, since you haue giuen mee leaue to  
Freely will I speake, *Antiochus* you feare, (speake,  
And iustly too, I thinke you feare the tyrant,  
Who either by publike warre, or priuat treason,  
Will take away your life: therfore my Lord, go trauell for  
a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the De-  
stinies doe cut his threed of life: your rule direct to anie,  
if to me, day serues not light more faithfull then Ile be.

*Per.* I doe not doubt thy faith.

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

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

*Per.* Tyre I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharsus*  
Intend my trauaile, where Ile heare from thee,  
And by whose Letters Ile dispose my selfe.  
The care I had and haue of subiects good,  
On thee I lay, whose wisdomes strength can beare it,  
Ile take thy word, for faith not aske thine oath,  
Who thums not to breake one, will cracke both.  
But in our orbs will liue so round, and safe,  
That time of both this truth shall nere conuince,  
Thou shewdst a subiects shine, I a true Prince. *Exit.*

*Enter*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Enter Thaliard solus.*

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

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

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

Husht, heere comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

*Enter Helicanus, Escanes, with  
other Lords.*

*Helli.* You shall not neede my fellow-Peers of *Tyres* further to question mee of your kings departure: his sealed Commission left in trust with mee, does speake sufficiently hee's gone to trauaile.

*Thaliard.* How? the King gone?

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

*Thal.* What from *Antioch*?

*Helli.* Royall *Antiochus* on what cause I knowe not, tooke some displeasure at him, at least hee iudg'de so: and doubting lest hee had err'de or sinn'de, to shewe his sorrow, hee'de correct himselfe; so puts himselfe vnto the Shipmans toyle, with whome each minute threatens life or death.

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

B 3

Lord

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Acc.*

Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

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

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

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

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

*Dion.* That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,  
For who digs hills because they doe aspire?  
Throwes downe one mountaine to cast vp a higher:  
O my distressed Lord, euen such our griefes are,  
Heere they are but felt, and scene with mischiefs eyes,  
But like to Groues, being topt, they higher rise.

*Cleon.* O *Dioniza*,  
Who wanteth food, and will not say hee wants it,  
Or can conceale his hunger till hee famish?  
Our touns and sorrowes to sound deepe:  
Our woes into the aire, our eyes to weepe.  
Till touns fetch breath that may proclaime  
Them louder, that if heauen slumber, while  
Their creatures want, they may awake  
Their helpers, to comfort them.  
He then discourse our woes felt seuerall yeares,  
And wanting breath to speake, helpe mee with teares.

*Dyoniza.* He doe my best Syr. (ment,

*Cleon.* This *Tharsus* ore which I haue the gouerne-  
A Cittie on whom plentie held full hand:  
For riches strew'de her selfe euen in her streetes,

Whose

*Peticles Prince of Tyre.*

Whose towers bore heads so high they kist the clouds,  
And strangers nere beheld, but wondred at,  
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'de,  
Like one anothers glasse to trim them by,  
Their tables were stor'de full to glad the sight,  
And not so much to feede on as delight,  
All pouertie was scor'nde, and pride so great,  
The name of helpe grewe odious to repeat.

*Dion.* O 'tis too true.

*Cle.* But see what heauen can doe by this our change,  
These mouthes who but of late, earth, sea, and ayre,  
Were all too little to content and please,  
Although thy gaue their creatures in abundance,  
As houses are desil'de for want of vse,  
They are now staru'de for want of exercise,  
Those pallats who not yet too sauers younger,  
Must haue inuentions to delight the tast,  
Would now be glad of bread and beg for it,  
Those mothers who to nouzell vp their babes,  
Thought nought too curious, are readie now  
To eat those little darlings whom they lou'de,  
So sharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,  
Drawe lots who first shall die, to lengthen life.  
Heere stands a Lord, and there a Ladie weeping:  
Heere manie sincke, yet those which see them fall,  
Haue scarce strength left to giue them buryall.

Is not this true?

*Dion.* Our checkes and hollow eyes doe witnessse it.

*Cle.* O let those Cities that of plenties cup,  
And her prosperities so largely taste,  
With their superfluous riots heere these teares,  
The miserie of *Tharsus* may be theirs.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Wheres the Lord Gouvernour?

*Cle.* Here, speake out thy sorrowes, which thee bring

in

*Pericles Prince of Tyre*

in hast, for comfort is too farre for vs to expect.

*Lord.* Wee haue descryed vpon our neighbouring shore, a portlie saile of ships make hitherward.

*Cleon.* I thought as much.

One sorrowe neuer comes but brings an heire,  
That may succede as his inheritor:  
And so in ours, some neighbouring nation,  
Taking aduantage of our miserie,  
That stufft the hollow vessels with their power,  
To beat vs downe, the which are downe already,  
An I make a conquest of vnhappie mee,  
Whereas no glories got to ouercome.

*Lord.* That's the least feare.

For by the semblance of their white flagges displayde, they bring vs peace, and come to vs as fauourers, not as foes.

*Cleon.* Thou speak'st like himnes vntuterd to repeat,  
Who makes the fairest thowe, meanes most deceipt.  
But bring they what they will, and what they can,  
What need wee leaue our grounds the lowest?  
And wee are halfe way there: Goe tell the Generall wee attend him heere, to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, and what he craues?

*Lord.* I goe my Lord.

*Cleon.* Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist,  
If warres, wee are vnable to resist.

*Enter Pericles with attendants.*

*Per.* Lord Gouvernour, for so wee heare you are,  
Let not our Ships and number of our men,  
Be like a beaon fer'de, t'amaze your eyes,  
Wee haue heard your miseries as farre as Tyre,  
And scene the defolation of your streets,  
Nor come we to adde sorrow to your teares,  
But to relieue them of their heavy load,  
And these our Ships you happily may thinke,

Are



*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

Are like the Troian Horse, was stufte within  
With bloody veines expecting ouerthrow,  
Are stor'd with Corne, to make your needie bread,  
And giue them life, whom hunger-staru'd halfe dead.

*Ones.* The Gods of Greece protect you,  
And wee'le pray for you.

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

*Cleon.* The which when any shall not gratifie,  
Or pay you with vnthankfulnesse in thought,  
Be it our Wiues, our Children, or our selues,  
The Curse of heauen and men succeed their euils:  
Till when the which (I hope) shall neare be seene:  
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and vs.

*Peri.* Which welcome wee'le accept, feast here awhile,  
Vntill our Starres that frowne, lend vs a smile. *Exeunt.*

---

*Enter Gower.*

Heere haue you seene a mightie King,  
His child I'wis to incest bring:  
A better Prince, and benigne Lord,  
That Will proue awfull both in deed and word:  
Be quiet then, as men should bee,  
Till he hath past necessitie:  
Ple shew you those in troubles raigne;  
Loosing a Mite, a Mountaine gaine:  
The good in conuersation,  
To whom I giue my benizon:  
Is still at *Tharstall*, where each man,  
Thinks all is writ, he spoken can:  
And to remember what he does,  
Build his Statue to make him glorious:  
But tidinges to the contrarie,  
Are brought your eyes, what need speake I.

C.

*Dombe*

The Play of

Dambrishew.

Enter at one dore Pericles talking with Cleon, all the traine  
with them; Enter at an other dore, a Gentleman with a  
Letter to Pericles, Pericles shewes the Letter to Cleon,  
Pericles gives the Messenger a reward, and Knights him:  
Exit Pericles at one dore, and Cleon at an other.

Good Helicon that stayde at home,  
Not to eate Hony like a Drone,  
From others labours; for though he striue  
To killen bad, keepe good aliue:  
And to fulfill his prince desire,  
Sau'd one of all, that haps in Tyre:  
How *Talsurt* came full bent with sinne,  
And hid in Tent to murdred him;  
And that in *Tbarsis* was not best,  
Longer for him to make his rest:  
He doing so, put foorth to Seas,  
Where when men been there's feldome ease,  
For now the Wind begins to blow,  
Thunder about, and deepes below,  
Makes such vnquiet, that the Shippe,  
Should house him safe; is wrackt and split,  
And he (good Prince) hauing all lost,  
By Waues, from coast to coast is tost:  
All perishe of man of pelfe,  
Ne ought escapend but himselfe;  
Till Fortune tur'd with doing bad,  
Threw him a shore, to giue him glad:  
And heere he comes: what shall be next,  
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the text.

Enter Pericles wette.

*Peri.* Yet cease your ire you angry Starres of heauen,  
Wind, Raine, and Thunder, remember earthly man.  
Is but a substaunce that must yeeld to you:  
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.

Alasse,

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

Alasse, the Seas hath cast me on the Rocks,  
Washt me from shore to shore, and left my breath  
Nothing to thinke on, but ensuing death:  
Let it suffize the greatnesse of your powers,  
To haue bereft a Prince of all his fortunes;  
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,  
Heere to haue death in peace, is all hee'le craue.

*Enter three Fisher-men.*

1. What, to pelch?

2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.

1. What Patch-breech, I say.

3. What say you Maister?

1. Looke how thou stirr'st now:

Come away, or Ile fetch'th with a wanion.

3. Fayth Maister, I am thinking of the poore men,  
That were cast away before vs euen now.

1. Alasse poore soules, it grieued my heart to heare,  
What pittifull cryes they made to vs, to helpe them,  
When (welladay) we could scarce helpe our selues.

3. Nay Maister, sayd not I as much,  
When I saw the Porpas how he bounst and tumbled?  
They say they're halfe fish, halfe flesh:  
A plague on them, they nere come but I looke to be washt.  
Maister, I maruell how the Fishes liue in the Sea?

1. Why, as Men doe a-land;

The great ones eate vp the little ones:  
I can compare our rich Misers to nothing so fitly,  
As to a Whale; a playes and tumbles,  
Dryung the poore Fry before him,  
And at last, deuowre them all at a mouthfull:  
Such Whales haue I heard on, a'th land,  
Who neuer leaue gaping, till they swallow'd  
The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Belles and all.

*Peri.* A prettie morall.

3. But Maister, if I had been the Sexton,  
I would haue been that day in the belfrie.

2. Why, Man?

C 2.

1. Because

*The Play of*

1. Because he should haue swallowed mee too,  
And when I had been in his belly,  
I would haue kept such a iangling of the Belles,  
That he should neuer haue left,  
Till he cast Belles, Steeple, Church and Parish vp againe:  
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde.

*Per. Simonides?*

3. We would purge the land of these Drones,  
That robbe the Bee of her Hony.

*Per.* How from the fenny subiect of the Sea,  
These Fishers tell the infirmities of men,  
And from their watry empire recollect,  
All that may men approue, or men detect.  
Peace be at your labour, honest Fisher-men.

2. Honest good fellow what's that, if it be a day fits you  
Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after it?

*Per.* May see the Sea hath cast vpon your coast:

2. What a drunken Knaue was the Sea,  
To cast thee in our way?

*Per.* A man whom both the Waters and the Winde,  
In that vast Tennis-court, hath made the Ball  
For them to play vpon, intreates you pittie him:  
Hee askes of you, that neuer vs'd to begge.

1. No friend, cannot you begge?  
Heer's them in our countrey of *Greece*,  
Gets more with begging, then we can doe with working.

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then?

*Per.* I neuer practiz'de it.

2. Nay then thou wilt starue sure: for heer's nothing to  
be got now-adayes, vnlesse thou canst fish for't.

*Per.* What I haue been, I haue forgot to know;  
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:  
A man thron'g'd vp with cold, my Veines are chill,  
And haue no more of life then may suffize,  
To giue my tongue that heat to aske your helpe:  
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,  
For that I am a man, pray you see me buried.

1. Die

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

1. Dis, ke-tha; now Gods forbid't, and I haue a Gowne heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme: now afore mee a handsome fellow: Come, thou shalt goe home, and wee'le haue Flesh for all day, Fish for fasting-dayes and more; or Puddinges and Flap-iackes, and thou shalt be welcome.

*Per.* I thanke you sir.

2. Harke you my friend: You sayd you could not beg?

*Per.* I did but craue.

2. But craue?

Then Ile turne Crauer too, and so I shall scape whipping.

*Per.* Why, are you Beggers whipt then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your Beggers were whipt, I would wish no better office, then to be Beadle: But Maister, Ile goe draw vp the Net.

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

1. Harke you sir; doe you know vwhere yee are?

*Per.* Not well.

1. Why Ile tell you, this I cald *Pantapoles*,  
And our King, the good *symonides*.

*Per.* The good *symonides*, doe you call him?

1. I sir, and he deserues so to be cal'd,

For his peaceable raigne, and good gouernement.

*Per.* He is a happy King, since he-gaines from  
His subiects the name of good, by his gouernment.

How farre is his Court distant from this shore?

1. Marv sir, halfe a dayes iourney: And Ile tell you,  
He hath a faire Daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day,  
And there are Princes and Knights come from all partes of  
the World, to Iust and Turney for her loue.

*Per.* Were my fortunes equall to my desires,  
I could wish to make one there.

1. O sir, things must be as they may: and what a man can  
not get, he may lawfully deale for his Wiues soule.

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

2. Helpe Maister helpe; heere's a Fish hanges in the Net,  
Like a poore mans right in the law: t'will hardly come out.  
Ha bots on't, tis come at last; & tis turned to a rusty Armour.

C 3.

*Per.* An

*The Play of*

*Per.* An Armour friends; I pray you let me see it:  
Thanks Fortune, yet that after all crosses,  
Thou giuest me somewhat to repaire my selfe:  
And though it was mine owne part of my heritage,  
Which my dead Father did bequeath to me,  
With this strict charge euen as he left his life,  
Keepe it my *Perycus*, it hath been a Shield  
Twixt me and death, and poynted to this brayse,  
For that it saued me, keepe it in like necessitie:  
The which the Gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee:  
It kept where I kept, I so dearely lou'd it,  
Till the rough Seas, that spares not any man,  
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd, haue giuen't againe:  
I thanke thee for't, my shipwracke now's no ill,  
Since I haue heere my Father gaue in his Will.

1. What meane you sir?

*Peri.* To begge of you (kind friends) this Coate of worth,  
For it was sometime Target to a King;  
I know it by this marke: he loued me dearely,  
And for his sake, I wish the hauing of it,  
And that you'd guide me to your Soueraignes Court,  
Where with it, I may appeare a Gentleman:  
And if that euer my low fortune's better,  
He pay your bounties; till then, rest your debter.

1. Why wilt thou turney for the Lady?

*Peri.* He shew the vertue I haue borne in Armes.

1. Why di't take it: and the Gods gine thee good an't.

2. I but harke you my friend, 't was wee that made vp  
this Garment through the rough seames of the Waters:  
there are certaine Condolements, certaine Vailes: I hope  
sir, if you thriue, you le remember from whence you had  
them.

*Peri.* Beleeue't, I will:

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in Steele,  
And spight of all the rupture of the Sea,  
This Jewell holdes his buylding on my arme:  
Vnto thy value I will moun't my selfe

Vpon

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

Vpon a Courser, whose delight steps, » full  
Shall make the gazer ioy to see him tread;  
Onely (my friend) I yet am vnprovided of a paire of Bases.

2. Wee'le sure prouide, thou shalt haue  
My best Gowne to make thee a paire;  
And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.

*Peri.* Then Honour be but a Goale to my Will,  
This day Ile rise, or else adde ill to ill.

*Enter Simonydes, with attendaunce, and Thaisa.*

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

1. *Lord.* They are my Leidge, and stay your comming,  
To present them selues.

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

*Thai.* It pleateth you (my royall Father) to expresse  
My Commendations great, whose merit's lesse.

*King.* It's fit it should be so, for Princes are  
A modell which Heauen makes like to it selfe:  
As Jewels loose their glory, if neglected,  
So Princes their Renownes, if not respected:  
Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine  
The labour of each Knight, in his deuice.

*Thai.* Which to preferue mine honour, Ple performe.

*The first Knight passes by.*

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

*Thai.* A Knight of sparta (my renowned father)  
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,  
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne:  
The word: *Luxuria vitam hinc.*

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

*The second Knight.*

Who is the second, that presents himselfe?

*Thai. A*

The Play of

*Tha.* A Prince of *Macedon* (my royall father)  
And the deuce he beares vpon his Shield,  
Is an Armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady:  
The motto thus in Spanish. *Pue Per dolera kee per forsa.*  
*3. Knight. Km.* And with the third?  
*Tha.* The third, of *Antioch*; and his deuce,  
A wreath of Chiually: the word: *Me Pompey pronexit apex.*  
*4. Knight. Km.* What is the fourth?  
*Tha.* A burning Torch that's turned vpside downe;  
The word: *Quis me alit me extinguit.*  
*Km.* Which shewes that Beautie hath his power & will,  
Which can as well enflame, as it can kill.  
*5. Knight. Tha.* The fift, an Hand enuironed with Clouds,  
Holding out Gold, that's by the Touch-stone tride:  
The motto thus: *Sic spectanda fides.*  
*6. Knight. Km.* And what's the sixt, and last; the which,  
The knight himself with such a graceful courtesie deliuered?  
*Tha.* Hee seemes to be a Stranger: but his Present is  
A withered Branch, that's onely greene at top,  
The motto: *In hac spe uiuo.*  
*Km.* A pretty murrall frō the deiected state wherein he is,  
He hopes by you, his fortunes yet may flourish.  
*1. Lord.* He had need meane better, then his outward shew  
Can any way speake in his iust commend:  
For by his rustie outside, he appeares,  
To haue practis'd more the Whipstocke, then the Launce.  
*2. Lord.* He well may be a Stranger, for he comes  
To an honour'd tryumph, strangely furnisht.  
*3. Lord.* And on set purpose let his Armour rust  
Vntill this day, to scōwre it in the dust.  
*Km.* Opinion's but a foote, that makes vs scan  
The outward habit, by the inward man.  
But stay, the Knights are coming,  
We will with-draw into the Gallerie.  
*Great shoutes, and all cry, the meane Knight.*

Enter



*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Enter the King and Knights from Tiltting.*

*King.* Knights, to say you're welcome, were superfluous.  
I place vpon the volume of your deedes,  
As in a Title page, your worth in armes,  
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,  
Since euery worth in shew commends it selfe :  
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a Feast.  
You are Princes, and my guesstes.

*Thai.* But you my Knight and guesst,  
To whom this Wreath of victorie I giue,  
And crowne you King of this dayes happinesse.

*Persi.* Tis more by Fortune (Lady) then my Merit.

*King.* Call it by what you will, the day is your,  
And here (I hope) is none that enuies it :  
In framing an Artist, art hath thus decreed,  
To make some good, but others to exceed,  
And you are her labourd scholler : come Queene a th' feast,  
For (Daughter) so you are ; heere take your place :  
Martiall the rest, as they deserue their grace.

*Knights.* We are honour'd much by good *Symonides*.

*King.* Your presence glads our dayes, honour we loue,  
For who hates honour, hates the Gods aboue.

*Marshal.* Sir, yonder is your place.

*Persi.* Some other is more fit.

*1. Knight.* Contend not sir, for we are Gentlemen,  
Haue neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,  
Enuies the great, nor shall the low despise.

*Persi.* You are right courtious Knights.

*King.* Sit sir, sit.

By *Ioue* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,  
These Cates resist mee, hee not thought vpon.

*Tha.* By *Iuno* (that is Queene of marriage)  
All Viands that I eate do seeme vnfaery,  
Wishing him my meat : sure hee's a gallant Gentleman.

*Kim.* Hee's but a countrie Gentleman: ha's done no more  
Then other Knights haue done, ha's broken a Staffe,

D.

Or

The Play of

Or so; so let it passe.

*Tha.* To mee he seemes like Diamond, to Glasse.

*Peri.* You Kings to mee, like to my fathers picture,  
Which tels in that glory once he was,  
Had Princes sit like Starres about his Throane,  
And hee the Sunne for them to reuerence;  
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,  
Did vaile their Crownes to his supremacie;  
Where now his sonne like a Gloworme in the night,  
The which hath Fire in darknesse, none in light:  
Whereby I see that Time's the King of men,  
Hee's both their Parent, and he is their Graue,  
And giues them what he will, not what they craue.

*King.* What, are you merry, Knights?

*Knights.* Who can be other, in this royall presence.

*King.* Heere, with a Cup that's stur'd vnto the brim,  
As do you loue, fill to your Mistris lippes,  
Wee drinke this health to you.

*Knights.* We thanke your Grace.

*King.* Yet pause awhile, yon Knight doth sit too melan-  
As if the entertainment in our Court, (choly,  
Had not a shew might counteruaile his worth:  
Note it not you, *Tbaisa.*

*Tha.* What is't to me, my father?

*king.* O attend my Daughter,  
Princes in this, should liue like Gods aboue,  
Who freely giue to euery one that come to honour them:  
And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,  
Which make a sound, but kild, are wondred at:  
Therefore to make his entraunce more sweet,  
Heere, say wee drinke this standing boule of wine to him.

*Tbaisa.* Alas my Father, it befits not mee,  
Vnto a stranger Knight to be so bold,  
He may my profer take for an offence,  
Since men take womens giftes for impudence.

*king.* How? doe as I bid you, or you'le moue me else.

*Tha.* Now by the Gods, he could not please me better.

*king.*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*King.* And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him  
Of whence he is, his name, and Parentage?

*Tha.* The King my father (sir) has drunketo you.

*Peri.* I thanke him.

*Tha.* Wishing it so much blood vnto your life.

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

*Tha.* And further, he desires to know of you,

Of whence you are, your name and parentage?

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

My education beene in Artes and Armes :

Who looking for adventures in the world,  
Was by the rough Seas rest of Ships and men,  
and after shipwracke, driuen vpon this shore.

*Tha.* He thankes your Grace; names himselfe *Pericles*,  
A Gentleman of Tyre : who onely by misfortune of the Seas,  
Bereft of Shippes and Men, cast on this shore.

*King.* Now by the Gods, I pittie his misfortune,  
And will awake him from his melancholy.  
Come Gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,  
And waste the time which looks for other reuels;  
Euen in your Armours as you are addrest,  
Will well become a Souldiers daunce :  
I will not haue excuse with saying this,  
Lowd Musicke is too harth for Ladyes heads,  
Since they loue men in armes, as well as beds.

*They daunce.*

So, this was well askt, t'was so well perform'd.  
Come sir, heer's a Lady that wants breathing too,  
And I haue heard, you Knights of Tyre,  
Are excellent in making Ladyes trippes;  
And that their Measures are as excellent.

*Peri.* In those that praetize them, they are (my Lord.)

*King.* Oh that's as much, as you would be denyed  
Of your faire courtesie : vnclaspe, vaclaspe.

*They daunce.*

Thanks Gentlemen to all, all haue done well;  
But you the best : Pages and lights, to conduct

D 2.

These

*The Play of*

**These Knights vnto their feuerall Lodgings:  
Yours sir, we haue giuen order be next our owne.**

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

*Enter Helliscanus and Escanes.*

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

*Escanes.* T'was very strange.

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

*Escan.* Tis very true.

*Enter two or three Lords.*

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

*2. Lord.* It shall no longer grieue, without reprofè.

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

*1. Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellisane*, a word.

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

*1. Lord.* Know, that our griefes are risen to the top,  
And now at length they ouer-flow their bankes.

*Hell.* Your griefes, for what?

Wrong

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

Wrong not your Prince, you loue.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not your selfe then, noble *Hellican*,  
But if the Prince do liue, let vs salute him,  
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath :  
If in the world he liue, wee'le seeke him out :  
If in his Graue he rest, wee'le find him there,  
And be resolued he liues to gouerne vs:  
Or dead, giue's cause to mourne his funerall,  
And leaue vs to our free election.

2. *Lord.* Whose death in deed, the strongest in our sense,  
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,  
Like goodly Buyldings left without a Roofe,  
Soone fall to ruine : your noble selfe,  
That best know how to rule, and how to raigne,  
Wee thus submit vnto our Soueraigne.

*Omnes.* Liue noble *Hellicane*.

*Hell.* Try honours cause ; forbear your suffrages:  
If that you loue Prince *Pericles*, forbear,  
(Take I your wish, I leape into the seas,  
Where's howerly trouble, for a minuts ease)  
A twelue-month longer, let me intreat you  
To forbear the absence of your King ;  
If in which time expir'd, he not returne,  
I shall with aged patience beare your yoake :  
But if I cannot winne you to this loue,  
Goe search like nobles, like noble subiects,  
And in your search, spend your aduenturous worth,  
Whom if you find, and winne vnto returne,  
You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crowne.

1. *Lord.* To wisedome, hee's a foole, that will not yeeld :  
And since Lord *Hellicane* enioyneth vs,  
We with our trauels will endeaour.

*Hell.* Then you loue vs, we you, & wee'le claspe hands :  
When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome euer stands.

*Enter the King reading of a letter at one doore,  
the Knightes meete him.*

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

D 3.

king.

*The Play of*

*King.* Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,  
That for this twelue-month, shee'le not vndertake  
A married life: her reason to her selfe is onely knowne,  
Which from her, by no meanes can I get.

2. *Knight.* May we not get access to her (my Lord?)  
*king.* Fayth, by no meanes, she hath so strictly  
Tyed her to her Chamber, that t'is impossible:  
One twelue Moones more shee'le weare *Dianas* liuerie:  
This by the eye of *Cynthia* hath she vowed,  
And on her Virgin honour, will not breake it.

3. *knight.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaues.  
*king.* So, they are well dispatcht:  
Now to my daughters Letter; she telles me heere,  
Shee'le wedde the stranger Knight,  
Or neuer more to view nor day nor light:  
T'is well Mistris, your choyce agrees with mine:  
I like that well: nay how absolute she's in't,  
Not minding whether I dislike or no,  
Well, I do commend her choyce, and will no longer  
Haue it be delayed: Soft, heere he comes,  
I must dissemble it.

*Enter Pericles.*

*Peri.* All fortune to the good *Symonides*.

*King.* To you as much: Sir, I am behoulding to you  
For your sweete Musicke this last night:  
I do protest, my cares were neuer better fedde  
With such delightfull pleasing harmonie.

*Peri.* It is your Graces pleasure to commend,  
Not my desert.

*king.* Sir, you are Musickes maister.

*Peri.* The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord.)

*king.* Let me aske you one thing:  
What do you thinke of my Daughter, fir?

*Peri.* A most vertuous Princesse.

*king.* And she is faire too, is she not?

*Peri.* As a faire day in Sommer: woondrous faire.

*king.*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*king.* Sir, my Daughter thinks very well of you,  
I so well, that you must be her Maister,  
And she will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.

*Peri.* I am vnworthy for her Scholemaister.

*king.* She thinks not so: peruse this writing else.

*Per.* What's here, a letter that she loues the knight of Tyre?  
Tis the Kings subtiltie to haue my life:  
Oh seeke not to intrappe me, gracious Lord,  
A Stranger, and distressed Gentleman,  
That neuer aymed so hie, to loue your Daughter,  
But bent all offices to honour her.

*king.* Thou hast bewicht my daughter,  
And thou art a villaine.

*Peri.* By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought  
Of mine leuie offence; nor neuer did my actions  
Yet commence a deed might gaine her loue,  
Or your displeasure.

*king.* Traytor, thou lyeft.

*Peri.* Traytor?

*king.* I, traytor.

*Peri.* Euen in his throat, vnlesse it be the King,  
That calls me Traytor, I returne the lye.

*king.* Now by the Gods, I do applaude his courage.

*Peri.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
That neuer relisht of a base discent:  
I came vnto your Court for Honours cause,  
And not to be a Rebell to her state:

And he that otherwise accountes of mee,  
This Sword shall prooue, hee's Honours enemy.

*king.* No: here comes my Daughter; she can witnesse it.

*Enter Thaisa.*

*Peri.* Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,  
Resolue your angry Father, if my tongue  
Did ere solcite, or my hand subscribe  
To any fillable that made leue to you?

*Thai.* Why sir, say if you had, who takes offence?

*At*

*The Day of*

At that, would make me glad?

*King.* Yea Mistris, are you so peremptorie?

I am glad on't with all my heart,  
Ile tame you; Ile bring you in subiection.

*Aside.*

Will you not, hauing my consent,  
Bestow your loue and your affections,  
Vpon a Stranger? who for ought I know,  
May be (nor can I thinke the contrary)

*Aside.*

As great in blood as I my selfe :  
Therefore, heare you Mistris, either frame  
Your will to mine : and you sir, heare you;  
Either be rul'd by mee, or Ile make you,  
Man and wife : nay come, your hands,  
And lippes must seale it too : and being ioynd,  
Ile thus your hopes destroy, and for further griefe :  
God giue you ioy ; what are you both pleased ?

*Tha.* Yes, if you loue me sir?

*Pers.* Euen as my life, my blood that fosters it.

*King.* What are you both agreed?

*Ambo.* Yes, if't please your Maiestie.

*King.* It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,  
And then with what haste you can, get you to bed. *Exeunt.*

---

*Enter Gower.*

Now sleepe yslacked hath the rout,  
No din but snores about the house,  
Made louder by the oresed breast,  
Of this most pompous maryage Feast :  
The Catte with eyne of burning cole,  
Now couthes from the Mouses hole;  
And Cricket sing at the Ouens mouth,  
Are the blyther for their drouth :  
*Hymen* hath brought the Bride to bed,  
Whereby the losse of maydenhead,  
A Babe is moulded : be attent,

And



*Pericles Prince of Tyre,*

And Time that is so briefly spent,  
With your fine fancies quaintly each;  
What's dumbe in shew, Ple plaine with speach.

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

By many a dearne and painefull pearch  
Of *Pericles* the carefull search,  
By the fower opposing *Crignes*,  
Which the world togeather ioynes,  
Is made with all due diligence,  
That horse and sayle and hie expence,  
Can steed the quest at last from *Tyre*:  
Fame answering the most strange enquire,  
To'th Court of King *Symonides*,  
Are Letters brought, the tenour these:  
*Antiochus* and his daughter dead,  
The men of *Tyrus*, on the head  
Of *Helycanus* would set on  
The Crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none:  
The mutanie, hee there hastes to oppresse,  
Sayer to'em, if King *Pericles*  
Come not home in twise sixe Moones,  
He obedient to their doomes,  
Will take the Crowne: the summe of this,  
Brought hither to *Penapolis*,  
Iranshed the regions round,  
And euery one with claps can sound,  
Our heyre apparant is a King:  
Who dreamt? who thought of such a thing?  
Briefe he must hence depart to *Tyre*,  
His Queene with child, makes her desire,

E,

Which

*The Play of*

Which who shall crosse along to goe,  
Omit we all their dole and woe :  
*Luborsaa* her Nurse she takes,  
And so to Sea; their vessell shakes,  
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the flood,  
Hath their Keele cut : but fortune mou'd,  
Varies againe, the grissled North  
Disgorges such a tempest forth,  
That as a Ducke for life that diues,  
So vp and downe the poore Ship driues :  
The Lady shriekes, and wel-a-neare,  
Do's fall in trauayle with her feare :  
And what ensues in this fell storme,  
Shall for it selfe, it selfe performe :  
I will relate, a ction may  
Conueniently the rest conuay;  
Which might not? what by me is told,  
In your imagination hold :  
This Stage, the Ship, vpon whose Decke  
The seas tost *Pericles* appears to speake.

*Enter Pericles a Shipboard.*

*Peri.* The God of this great Vast, rebuke these surges,  
Which wash both heauen and hell, and thou that hast  
Vpon the Windes commaund, bind them in Brasse;  
Hauing call'd them from the deepe, ô still  
Thy deafning dreadfull thunders, gently quench  
Thy nimble sulphurous flashes : ô How *Lychorida* !  
How does my Queene? then storme venomously,  
Wilt thou speat all thy selfe? the sea-mans Whistle  
Is as a whisper in the eares of death  
Vnheard *Lychorida*? *Lucina*, oh !  
Diuineest patronesse, and my wife gentle  
To those that cry by night, conuey thy deitie  
Aboard our dauncing Boat, make swift the pangues  
Of my Queenes trauayles ? now *Lychorida*.

*Enter*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Enter Lychorida.*

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

*Per.* How? how *Lychorida*?

*Lychor.* Patience (good sir) do not assise the storme,  
Heer's all that is left liuing of your Queene;  
A litle Daughter: for the sake of it,  
Be manly, and take comfort.

*Per.* O you Gods!

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

*Lychor.* Patience (good sir) euen for this charge.

*Per.* Now mylde may be thy life,  
For a more blustering birth had neuer Babe:  
Quiet and gentle thy conditions; for  
Thou art the rudelyest welcome to this world,  
That euer was Princes Child: happy what followes,  
Thou hast as chiding a natiuitie,  
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heauen can make,  
To harould thee from the wombe:  
Euen at the first, thy losse is more then can  
Thy portage quit, with all thou canst find heere:  
Now the good Gods throw their best eyes vpon't.

*Enter two Saylers.*

*1. Sayl.* What courage sir? God saue you.

*Per.* Courage enough, I do not feare the flaw,  
It hath done to me the worst: yet for the loue  
Of this poore Infant, this fresh new sea-farer,  
I would it would be quiet.

*1. Sayl.* Slake the bolins there; thou wilt not wilt thou?  
Blow and split thy selfe.

*2. Sayl.* But Sea-roome, and the brine and cloudy billow  
Kisse the Moone, I care not.

E 2.

*1. Sayl.* Sir

*The Play of*

1. Sir your Queene must ouer board, the sea workes hie,  
The Wind is lowd, and will not lie till the Ship  
Be cleared of the dead.

*Per.* That's your superstition.

1. Pardon vs, sir; with vs at Sea it hath bin still obserued.  
And we are strong in easterne, therefore briefly yeeld'er,

*Per.* As you thinke meet; for she must ouer board straight:  
Most wretched Queene.

*Lychor.* Heere shelyes sir.

*Peri.* A terrible Child-bed hast thou had (my deare,  
No light, no fire, th'vnfriendly elements,  
Forgot thee vtterly, nor haue I time  
To giue thee hallowd to thy graue, but straight,  
Must cast thee scarcely Coffind, in oare,  
Where for a monument vpon thy bones,  
The ayre remainyng lampes, the belching Whale,  
And humming Water must orwelme thy corpes,  
Lying with simple shels: *ô Lycorsida,*  
Bid *Nestor* bring me Spices, Incke, and Taper,  
My Casket, and my Iewels; and bid *Niscander*  
Bring me the Sattin Coffin: lay the Babe  
Vpon the Pillow; hie thee whiles I say  
A priestly farewell to her: sodainely, woman.

2. Sir, we haue a Chist beneath the hatches,  
Caulkt and bittumed ready.

*Peri.* I thanke thee: Mariner say, what Coast is this?

2. Wee are neere *Tharsus*.

*Peri.* Thither gentle Mariner,  
Alter thy course for *Tyre*: When canst thou reach it?

2. By breake of day, if the Wind cease.

*Peri.* O make for *Tharsus*,  
There will I visit *Cleon*, for the Babe  
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leaue it  
At carefull nursing: goe thy wayes good Mariner,  
Ile bring the body presently.

*Exit.*

*Enter*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Enter Lord Cerymon with a servant.*

*Cery.* *Phylemon,* hoe.

*Enter Phylemon.*

*Phyl.* Doth my Lord call?

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

*Serv.* I have been in many; but such a night as this,  
Till now, I neare endured.

*Cery.* Your Maister will be dead ere you returne,  
There's nothing can be ministred to Nature,  
That can recouer him: giue this to the Pothecary,  
And tell me how it workes.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*1. Gent.* Good morrow.

*2. Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordship,

*Cery.* Gentlemen, why doe you stirre so early?

*1. Gent.* Sir, our lodgings standing bleake vpon the sea,  
Shooke as the earth did quake:  
The very principals did seeme to rend and all to topple:  
Pure surprize and feare, made me to quite the house.

*2. Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early,  
T'is not our husbandry.

*Cery.* O you say well.

*1. Gent.* But I much maruaile that your Lordship,  
Hauing rich tire about you, should at these early howers,  
Shake off the golden slumber of repose; tis most strange  
Nature should be so conuersant with Paine,  
Being thereto not compelled.

*Cery.* I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning,  
Were endowments greater, then Noblenesse & Riches;  
Carelesse Heyres, may the two latter darken and expend:  
But Immortalitie attendes the former,  
Making a man a god:  
T'is knowne, I euer haue studied Physicke:  
Through which secret Art, by turning ore Authorities,

E 3.

I haue

*The Play of*

I haue together with my practize, made famyliar,  
To me and to my ayde, the blest infusions that dwels  
In Vegetiues, in Mettals, Stones : and can speake of the  
Disturbances that Nature works, and of her cures ;  
which doth giue me a more content in course of true delight  
Then to be thirsty after tottering honour, or  
Tie my pleasure vp in silken Bagges,  
To please the Foole and Death.

*2. Gent.* Your honour has through *Ephesus*,  
Poured forth your charitie, and hundreds call themselves,  
Your Creatures; who by you, haue been restored ;  
And not your knowledge, your personall payne,  
But euen your Purse still open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*,  
Such strong renowne, as time shall neuer.

*Enter two or three with a Chist.*

*Seru.* So, lift there.

*Cer.* What's that?

*Ser.* Sir, euen now did the sea tosse vp vpon our shore  
This Chist ; tis of some wracke.

*Cer.* Set't downe, let's looke vpon't.

*2. Gent.* T'is like a Coffin, sir.

*Cer.* What ere it be, t'is woondrous heauie;  
Wrench it open straight :  
If the Seas stomacke be orecharg'd with Gold,  
T'is a good constraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.

*2. Gent.* T'is so, my Lord.

*Cer.* How close tis caulkt & bottomed, did the sea cast it vp?

*Ser.* I neuer saw so huge a billow sir, as tost it vpon shore.

*Cer.* Wrench it open soft; it smells most sweetly in my sense.

*2. Gent.* A delicate Odour.

*Cer.* As euer hit my nostrill : so, vp with it.  
Oh you most potent Gods ! what's here, a Corse?

*2. Gent.* Most strange.

*Cer.* Shrowded in Cloth of state, balmed and entreaured  
with full bagges of Spices, a Pasport to *Apollo*, perfect mee  
in the Characters :

*Exeunt*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Heere I giue to vnderstand,  
If ere this Coffin driues a land;  
I King Pericles haue lost  
This Queene, worth all our mundaine cost:  
Who finds her, giue her burying,  
She was the Daughter of a King:  
Besides, this Treasure for a fee,  
The Gods requir his charitie.*

If thou liuest *Pericles*, thou hast a heart,  
That euer cracks for woe, this chaunc'd to night.

*2. Gent.* Most likely fir.

*Cer.* Nay certainly to night, for looke how fresh she looks  
They were too rough, that threw her in the sea.  
Make a Fire within; fetch hither all my Boxes in my Closet,  
Death may vsurpe on Nature many howers, and yet  
The fire of life kindle againe the ore-prest spirits:  
I heard of an *Egyptian* that had 9. howers lien dead,  
Who was by good applyaunce recovered.

*Enter one with Napkins and Fire.*

Well sayd, well sayd; the fire and clothes: the rough and  
Wofull Musick that we haue, cause it to sound beseech you;  
The Violl once more; how thou stirr'st thou blocke?  
The Musicke there: I pray you giue her ayre:  
Gentlemen, this Queene will liue,  
Nature awakes a warmth breath out of her;  
She hath not been entranc't aboute fiue howers:  
See how she ginnes to blow into lifes flower againe.

*1. Gent.* The Heauens, through you, encrease our wonder,  
And sets vp your fame for euer.

*Cer.* She is aliue, behold her ey-lids,  
Cafes to those heauenly iewels which *Pericles* hath lost,  
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,  
The Diamonds of a most prayfed water doth appeare,  
To make the world twise rich, liue, and make vs weepe.  
To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you seeme to bee.

*Shee singes.*

*Thai.* O deare *Diana*, where am I? where's my Lord?

What

The Play of

What world is this?

2. *Gent.* Is not this strange?      1. *Gent.* Most rare.

*Ceri.* Hush (my gentle neighbours) lend me your hands,  
To the next Chamber beare her : get linnen:  
Now this matter must be lookt to for her relapse  
Is mortall : come, come; and *Escelapinus* guide vs.

*They carry her away. Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Pericles, Atharvus with Cleon and Dionisa.*

*Per.* Most honor'd *Cleon*, I must needs be gone, my twelue  
months are expir'd, and *Tyrus* standes in a litigious peace:  
You and your Lady take from my heart all thankfulnessse,  
The Gods make vp the rest vpon you.

*Cle.* Your shakes of fortune, though they hant you mor-  
Yet glauce full wondringly on vs. (rally

*Dr.* O your sweet Queene! that the strict fates had pleas'd,  
you had brought her hither to haue blest mine eies with her.

*Per.* We cannot but obey the powers aboue vs;  
Could I rage and rore as doth the sea she lies in,  
Yet the end must be as tis : my gentle babe *Marina*,  
Whom, for she was borne at sea, I haue named so,  
Here I charge your charitie withall; leauing her  
The infant of your care, beseeching you to giue her  
Princely training, that she may be manere'd as she is borne.

*Cle.* Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,  
That fed my Countrie with your Corne; for which,  
The peoples prayers still fall vpon you, must in your child  
Be thought on, if neglection should therein make me vile,  
The common body by you relieu'd,  
Would force me to my duety : but if to that,  
My nature neede a spurre, the Gods reuenge it  
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation.

*Per.* I belecue you, your honour and your goodnes,  
Teach me too't without your vowes, till she be married,  
Madame, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,  
All vnfisterd shall this heyre of mine remayne,  
Though I shew will in't; so I take my leaue :  
Good Madame, make me blessed in your care  
In bringing vp my Child.

*Cler. I*



*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

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

*Persi.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.

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

*Persi.* I will imbrace your offer, come deereft Madame,  
O no teares *Lichersida*, no teares, looke to your litle Mistris,  
on whose grace you may depend hereafter : come my  
Lord.

*Enter Cerimon, and Tharsa.*

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

*Thar.* It is my Lords, that I was shipt at sea I well remem-  
ber, euē on my learning time, but whether there deliue-  
red, by the holic gods I cannot rightly say : but since King  
*Pericles* my wedded Lord, I nere shall see againe, a vastall  
liueric will I take me to, and neuer more haue ioi.

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

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

*Enter Gower.*

Imagine *Pericles* arriude at *Tyre*,  
Welcomd and settled to his owne desire:  
His wofull Queene we leaue at *Ephesus*,  
Vnto *Diana* ther's a Votarisse.

F

Now

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

Now to *Marina* bend your mind,  
Whom our fast growing scene must finde  
At *Tharsus*, and by *Cleon* traind  
In *Mulicks* letters, who hath gaind  
Of education all the grace,  
Which makes hie both the art and place  
Of generall wonder: but alacke  
That monster *Enuie* of the wracke  
Of earned praise, *Marinas* life  
Seeke to take off by treasons knife,  
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath  
One daughter and a full growne wench,  
Euen right for marriage sight: this Maid  
Hight *Philoten*: and it is said  
For certaine in our storie, shee  
Would euer with *Marina* bee.  
Beer when they weaude the sleded filke,  
With fingers long, small, white as milke,  
Or when she would with sharpe needle wound,  
The *Cambricke* which she made more sound  
By hurting it or when too'th Lute  
She sung, and made the night bed mute,  
That still records with mone, or when  
She would with rich and constant pen,  
Vaile to her Mistresse *Dian* till,  
This *Phyloten* contends in skill  
With absolute *Marina*: so  
The Dove of *Paphos* might with the crow  
Vic feathers white, *Marina* gets  
All prayses, which are paid as debts,  
And not as giuen, this so darkes  
In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,  
That *Cleons* wife with *Enuie* rare,  
A present murderer does prepare  
For good *Marina*, that her daughter

Might

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

Might stand peerlesse by this slaughter.  
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,  
*Lisborda* our nurse is dead,  
And cursed *Dioniza* hath  
The pregnant instrument of wrath.  
Prest for this blow, the vnborne euent,  
I doe commend to your content,  
Onely I carried winged Time,  
Post one the lame feete of my rime,  
Which neuer could I so conuey,  
vnlesse your thoughts went on my way,  
*Dioniza* does appeare,  
With *Leonine* a murtherer,           *Exit.*

*Enter Dioniza, with Leonine.*

*Dion.* Thy oath remember, thou hast sworne to doo't,  
tis but a blowe which neuer shall bee knowne, thou  
canst not doe a thing in the worlde so soone to yeelde  
thee so much profite: let not conscience which is but  
cold, in flaming, thy loue bosome, enflame too nicelie,  
nor let pittie which euen women haue cast off, melt thee,  
but be a souldier to thy purpose.

*Leon.* I will doo't, but yet she is a goodly creature.

*Dion.* The fitter then the Gods should haue her.  
Here she comes weeping for her onely Mistresse death,  
Thou art resolute.

*Leon.* I am resolute.

*Enter Marina with a Basket of flowers.*

*Mar.* No: I will rob *Tellus* of her weede to strowe  
thy Greene with Flowers, the yellowes, blewes, the purple  
Violets, and Marigolds, shall as a Carpet hang vpon thy  
grauic, while Sommer dayes doth last: Aye me poore maid,

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

borne in a tempest, when my mother did, this world to me  
is a lasting storme, whirring me from my friends.

*Dion.* How now *Marina*, why doe you keep alone?  
How chaunce my daughter is not with you?  
Doe not consume your bloud with sorrowing,  
Haue you a nurse of me? Lord how your fauours  
Changd with this vnprofitable woe:  
Come giue me your flowers, ere the sea marre it,  
Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there,  
And it perces and sharpens the stomacke,  
Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

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

*Dion.* Come, come, I loue the king your father, and your  
selfe, with more then forraine heart, wee euery day expect  
him here, when he shall come and, find our Paragon to all  
reports thus blasted,  
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage, blame both  
my Lord and me, that we haue taken no care to your best  
courses, go I pray you, walke and be chearfull oncẽ againe,  
referue that excellent complexion, which did steale the  
eyes of yong and old. Care not for me, I can goe home a-  
lone.

*Mari.* Well, I will goe, but yet I haue no desire too it.

*Dion.* Come, come, I know tis good for you, walke halfe  
an houre *Leonine*, at the least, remember what I haue sed.

*Leon.* I warrant you Madam.

*Dion.* Ile leaue you my sweete Ladie, for a while, pray  
walke softly, doe not heate your bloud, what, I must haue  
care of you.

*Mari.* My thanks sweete Madame, Is this wind Westerlie  
that blowes?

*Leon.* Southwest.

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

*Leon.* Wait so?

*Mari.* My father, as nurse ses, did neuer feare, but cryed  
good

*Pezizles prince of Tyre.*

good sea-men to the Saylers, galling his kingly hands hal-  
ling ropes, and clasping to the Mast, endured a sea that al-  
most burst the decke.

*Leon.* When was this?

*Mari.* When I was borne, neuer was waues nor winde  
more violent, and from the ladder tackle, washes off a can-  
uas clymer, ha ses one, wolt out? and with a dropping in-  
dustrie they skip from sterne to sterne, the Boatswaine  
whistles, and the Maister calles and trebles their confusion,

*Leon.* Come say your prayers.

*Mari.* What meaneyou?

*Leon.* If you require a little space for praier, I graunt it,  
pray, but bee not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of care,  
and I am sworne to do my worke with haste.

*Mari.* Why will you kill me?

*Leon.* To satisfie my Ladie.

*Mari.* Why would shee haue mee kild now? as I can re-  
member by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I  
neuer spake bad worde, nor did ill turne to anie liuing crea-  
ture: Belecue me law, I neuer kild a Mousse, nor hurt a Fly:  
I trode vpon a worme against my will, but I wept fort. How  
haue I offended, wherein my death might yeeld her anie  
profit, or my life imply her any danger?

*Leon.* My Commission is not to reason of the deed, but  
doo't.

*Mari.* You will not doo't for all the world I hope: you  
are well fauoured, and your lookes foreshew you haue a  
gentle heart, I saw you latelie when you caught hurt in par-  
ting two that fought: good sooth it shewde well in you, do  
so now, your Ladie seekes my life Come, you betweene, and  
saue poore mee the weaker.

*Leon.* I am sworne and will dispatch. *Enter Pirats.*

*Pirat. 1.* Hold villaine.

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

*Pirat. 3.* Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets haue

F 3

her

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

her aboard sodainly.

*Exit.*

*Enter Leonine.*

*Leon.* These rogueing theecus serue the great Pyrate *Valdes*, and they haue seized *Marina*, let her goe, ther's no hope shee will returne, Ile sweare shees dead, and throwne into the Sea, but ile see further: perhappes they will but please themselues vpon her, not carrie her aboard, if shee remaine  
Whome they haue rauisht, must by mee be slaine.

*Exit.*

*Enter the three Bawdes.*

*Pander. Boul.*

*Boul.* Sir.

*Pander.* Searche the market narrowely, *Mottelyne* is full of gallants, wee lost too much much money this mart by beeing too wenchlike.

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

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

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

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

*Bawd.* What else man? the stuffe we haue, a strong winde will blowe it to peeces, they are so pittifully soduen.

*Pan-*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

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

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

*Exit.*

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

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

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

*Bawd.* Come other sorts offend as well as wee.

*Pand.* As well as wee, I, and better too, wee offende worse, neither is our profession any trade, It's no calling, but heere comes *Boult.*

*Enter Boult with the Pirates and Marina.*

*Boult.* Come your wayes my maisters, you say shee's a virgin.

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

*Boult.* Master, I haue gone through for this peece you see, if you like her so, if not I haue lost my earnest.

*Bawd.* *Boult.* has shee anie qualities?

*Boult.* Shee has a good face, speakes well, and has excellent good cloathes: theres no farther necessitie of qualities can make her be refus'd.

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

*Boult.*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Bowl.* I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand peeces.

*Pand.* Well, follow me my maisters, you shall have your money presently, wife take her in, instruct her what she has to doe, that she may not be rawe in her entertainment.

*Bands Bowl,* take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginittie, and crie; He that wil giue most shal haue her first, such a maydenhead were no cheape thing, if men were as they haue beene: get this done as I command you.

*Bowl.* Performance shall follow. *Exit.*

*Mar.* Alacke that *Leonine* was so slacke, so slow, he should haue strooke, not spoke, or that these Pirates, not enough barbarous, had not oreboord throwne me, for to seeke my mother.

*Bawd.* Why lament you prettie one?

*Mar.* That I am prettie.

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

*Mar.* I accuse them not.

*Bawd.* You are light into my hands, where you are like to liue.

*Mar.* The more my fault, to scape his handes, where I was to die.

*Bawd.* I, and you shall liue in peasure.

*Mar.* No.

*Bawd.* Yes indeed shall you, and taste Gentlemen of all fashions, you shall fare well, you shall haue the difference of all complexions, what doe you stop your cares?

*Mar.* Are you a woman?

*Bawd.* What would you haue mee be, and I bee not a woman?

*Mar.* An honest woman, or not a woman.

*Bawd.* Marie whip the Gosseling, I thinke I shall haue something to doe with you, come you'r a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would haue you.

*Mar.* The Gods defend me.

*Bawd.*



*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Baud.* If it please the Gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men stir you vp: *Boults* returnd. Now sir, hast thou cride her through the Market?

*Boults.* I haue cryde her almost to the number of her haire, I haue drawne her picture with my voice.

*Baud.* And I prethee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the yonger sort?

*Boults.* Faith they listened to mee, as they would haue harkened to their fathers testament, there was a Spaniards mouth watred, and he went to bed to her verie description.

*Baud.* We shall haue him here to morrow with his best ruffe on.

*Boults.* To night, to night, but Mistresse doe you knowe the French knight, that cowres ethe hams?

*Baud.* Who, *Monsieur Verollus*?

*Boults.* I, he, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a groane at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

*Baud.* Well, well, as for him, hee brought his disease hither, here he does but repaire it, I knowe hee will come in our shadow, to scatter his crownes in the Sunne.

*Boults.* Well, if we had of euerie Nation a trauceller, wee should lodge them with this signe.

*Baud.* Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes comming vpon you, marke mee, you must seeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, despise profite, where you haue most gaine, to weepe that you liue as yee doe, makes pittie in your Louers sel-dome, but that pittie begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

*Mari.* I vnderstand you not.

*Boults.* O take her home Mistresse, take her home, these blushes of hers must bee quencht with some present practise.

G

*Mari.*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Mari.* Thou sayest true yfaith, so they must, for your Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

*Boult.* Faith some doe, and some doe not, but Mistresse if I haue bargaind for the ioynt.

*Baud.* Thou maist cut a morsell off the spit.

*Boult.* I may so.

*Baud.* Who should denie it?

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

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

*Baud.* *Boult.* spend thou that in the towne: report what a sojourner we haue, youle loose nothing by custome. When Nature framde this peece, shee meant thee a good turne, therefore say what a parragon she is, and thou hast the haruelt out of thine owne report.

*Boult.* I warrant you Mistresse, t'under shall not so awake the beds of Eccles, as my giuing out her beaurie t'irs vpon the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home some to night.

*Baud.* Come your wayes, follow me.

*Mari.* If fires be hote, kniues sharpe, or waters deepe,  
Vntide I still my virgin knot will keepe.

*Diana* ayde my purpose.

*Baud.* What haue we to doe with *Diana*, pray you will you goe with vs?

*Exit.*

*Enter Cleon, and Dioniza.*

*Dion.* Why ere you foolish, can it be vndone?

*Cleon.* O *Dioniza*, such a peece of slaughter,  
The Sunne and Moone nere lookt vpon.

*Dion.* I thinke youle turne a childe agen.

*Cle.*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Cleon.* Were I chiefe Lord of all this spacious world, I'de giue it to vndo the deede. O Ladie much lesse in bloud then vertue, yet a Princes to equall any single Crowne ath earth-ith Iustice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou hast poisoned too, if thou hadst drunke to him tad beene a kindnesse becomming well thy face, what canst thou say when noble *Pericles* shall demaund his child?

*Dion.* That shee is dead. Nurses are not the fates to foster it, not euer to preferue, shee did at night, Ile say so, who can crosse it vnlesse you play the impious Innocent, and for an honest attribute, crie out shee dyde by foule play.

*Cle.* O goe too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the heauens, the Gods doe like this worst.

*Dion.* Be one of those that thinks the pettie wrens of *Tharus* will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do shame to thinke of what a noble straine you are, and of how coward a spirit.

*Cle.* To such proceeding who euer but his approbation added, though not his prince consent, he did not flow from honourable courses.

*Dion.* Be it so then, yet none does knowe but you how shee came dead, nor none can knowe *Leonine* being gone. Shee did disdain my childe, and stode betweene her and her fortunes: none woulde looke on her, but cast their gazes on *Marians* face, whilest curs was blurted at, and helde a Mawkin not worth the time of day. It pierst me thorow, and though you call my course vn-naturall, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it greets mee as an enterprize of kindnesse performd to your sole daughter.

*Cle.* Heauens forgiue it.

*Dion.* And as for *Pericles*, what should hee say, we wept after her hearse, & yet we mourne, her monument is almost finished, & her epitaphs in glittering gold characters expres

G 2

agene-

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

a generall prayse to her, and care in vs at whose expence tis done.

*Cl.* Thou art like the Harpie,  
Which to betray, doest with thine Angells face ceaze with  
thine Eagles talents.

*Dion.* Yere like one that superstitiously,  
Doe sweare too'th Gods, that Winter kills  
The Flies, but yet I know, youle  
doe as I aduise.

*Gower.* Thus time we waste, & long leagues make short,  
Saile seas in Cockles, haue and wish but fort,  
Making to take our imagination,  
From bourne to bourne, region to region,  
By you being pardoned we commit no crime,  
To vse one language, in each feuerall clime,  
Where out seanes seemes to liue,  
I doe beseech you  
To learne of me who stand with gappes  
To teach you.

The stages of our storie *Pericles*  
Is now againe thwarting thy wayward seas,  
Attended on by many a Lord and Knight,  
To see his daughter all his liues delight.  
Old *Helicanus* goes along behind,  
Is left to gouerne it, you beare in mind.  
Old *Escenes*, whom *Helicanus* late  
Aduancde in time to great and hie estate.  
Well sayling ships, and bounteous winds  
Haue brought  
This king to *Tharsus*, thinke this Pilat thought  
So with his sterage, shall your thoughts grone  
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone  
Like moats and shadowes, see them  
Moue a while,  
Your cares vnto your eyes Ile reconcile.

*Enter*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his trayne, Cleon and Dioniza at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles the tombe, whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sacke-cloth, and in a mighty passion departs.*

*Gowr.* See how beleefe may suffer by fowle shoue,  
This borrowed passion stands for true olde woe :  
And *Pericles* in sorrowe all deuour'd,  
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-showr'd.  
Leaues *Tharsus*, and againe imbarques, hee swears  
Neuer to wash his face, nor cut his hayres :  
Hee put on sack-cloth, and to Sea he beares,  
A Tempest which his mortall vessell teares.  
And yet hee rydes it out, Nowe please you wit:  
The Epitaph is for *Marina* writ, by wicked *Dioniza*.

*The fairest, sweetest, and best lyes heere,  
Who withered in her spring of yeare :  
She was of Tyrus the Kings daughter,  
On whom fowle death hath made this slaughter.  
Marina was shee call'd, and at her byrth,  
Thetis being proud, swallowed some part at her earth :  
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-floued,  
Hath Thetis byrth-childc on the heauens bestowed.  
Wherefore she does and swears shee neuer stint,  
Make raging Bastery upon shores of flint.  
No vizor does become blacke villanie,  
So well as soft and tender flatterie :  
Let *Pericles* belecue his daughter's dead,  
And beare his courses to be ordered ;  
By Lady *Fortune*, while our Steare must play,  
His daughters woe and heauie welladay.  
In her vnholie seruice : Patience then,  
And thinke you now are all in *Mittelin*.*

*Exit.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

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

G 3

*Gowr.*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

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

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

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

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

*Enter Bowdes 3.*

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

*Bawd.* Fye, fye, vpon her, shee's able to freeze the god *Priapus*, and vndoe a whole generation, we must either get her rauished, or be rid of her, when she should doe for Clyents her fitment, and doe nice the kindenesse of our profession, shee has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees, that shee would make a *Puritaine* of the diuell, if hee should cheapen a kisse of her.

*Boult.* Faith I must rauish her, or shee'le disfurnish vs of all our Cauallereca, and make our swearers priests.

*Pand.* Now the poxe vpon her greene sicknes for mee.

*Bawd.* Faith ther's no way to be ridde on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord *Lyfimachus* disguised.

*Boult.* Wee should haue both Lorde and Lowne, if the peeuish baggadge would but giue way to customers.

*Enter Lyfimachus.*

*Lyfim.* How now, how a douzen of virginities?

*Bawd.* Now the Gods to blesse your Honour.

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

*Li.* You may, so t'is the better for you that your restorers stand vpon sound legges, how now? wholsome iniquitie haue you, that a man may deale withall, and defie the Surgion?

*Bawd.* Wee haue heere one Sir, if shee would, but there

*Pericles Prince of Tyre*

- there neuer came her like in *Motelino*. (say.
- Li.* If shee'd doe the deedes of darknes thou wouldst
- Bawd.* Your Honor knows what 'tis to say wel enough.
- Li.* Well, call forth, call forth.
- Bowlt.* For flesh and bloud Sir, white and red, you shall see a rose, and she were a rose indeed, if shee had but.
- Li.* What prithi?
- Bowlt.* O Sir, I can be modest.
- Li.* That dignities the renoune of a Bawde, no leife then it giues a good report to a number to be chaste.
- Bawd.* Heere comes that which growes to the stalke, Neuer pluckt yet I can assure you.
- Is shee not a faire creature?
- Ly.* Faith shee would serue after a long voyage at Sea, Well theres for you, leaue vs.
- Bawd.* I beseeche your Honor giue me leaue a word, And Ile haue done presently.
- Li.* I beseech you doe.
- Bawd.* Firft, I would haue you note, this is an Honorable man. (note him.
- Mar.* I desire to finde him so, that I may worthilie
- Bawd.* Next hees the Gouvernor of this country, and a man whom I am bound too.
- Ma.* If he gouerne the country you are bound to him indeed, but how honorable hee is in that, I knowe not.
- Bawd.* Pray you without anie more virginall fencing, will you vse him kindly? he will lyne your apron with gold.
- Ma.* What hee will doe gratiouly, I will thankfully receiue.
- Li.* Ha you done?
- Bawd.* My Lord shees not pac'fte yet, you must take some paines to worke her to your mannage, come wee will leaue his Honor, and her together, goe thy wayes. (trade?
- Li.* Now prittie one, how long haue you beene at this.
- Ma.* What trade Sir?
- Li.* Why

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

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

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

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

*Ma.* Ere since I can remember.

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

*Ma.* Earlyer too Sir, if now I bee one.

*Ly.* Why? the house you dwell in proclaimes you to  
be a Creature of sale.

*Ma.* Doe you knowe this house to be a place of such  
resort, and will come intoo't? I heare say you're of honou-  
rable parts, and are the Governour of this place.

*Li.* Why, hath your principall made knowne vnto  
you who I am?

*Ma.* Who is my principall?

*Li.* Why, your hearbe-woman, she that sets seeds and  
rootes of shame and iniquitie.

O you haue heard something of my power, and so  
stand aloft for more serious wooing, but I protest to thee  
prettie one, my authoritie shall not see thee, or else looke  
friendly vpon thee, come bring me to some priuate place:  
Come, come.

*Ma.* If you were borne to honour, shew it now, if put  
vpon you, make the iudgement good, that thought you  
worthie of it.

*Li.* How's this? how's this? some more, be sage.

*Ma.* For me that am a maide, though most vngentle  
Fortune haue plac't mee in this Stie, where since I came,  
diseases haue beene solde deerer then Phisicke, that the  
gods would set me free from this vnhalowed place, though  
they did chaunge mee to the meanest byrd that flies i'th  
purer ayre.

*Li.* I did not thinke thou couldst haue spoke so well,  
nere dremp't thou could'st, had I brought hither a cor-  
rupted minde, thy speche had altered it, holde, heeres  
golde,



*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

golde for thee, perseuer in that cleare way thou goest and the gods strengthen thee.

*Ma.* The good Gods preferue you.

*Li.* For me be you thoughten, that I came with no ill intent, for to me the very doores and windows fauor vilely, fare thee well, thou art a peece of vertue, & I doubt not but thy training hath bene noble, hold, heeres more golde for thee, a curse vpon him, die he like a theefe that robs thee of thy goodnes, if thou doest heare from me it shalbe for thy good.

*Boult.* I beseeche your Honor one peece for me.

*Li.* Auant thou damned dore-keeper, your house but for this virgin that doeth prop it, would sincke and ouerwhelme you. Away.

*Boult.* How's this? wee must take another course with you? if your peeuis chasticite, which is not worth a breakefast in the cheapest countrey vnder the coap, shall vndoe a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel, come your

*Ma.* Whither would you haue mee? (wayes.

*Boult.* I must haue your mayden-head taken off, or the cōmon hāg-man shal execute it, come your way, weele haue no more Gentlemen driuen away, come your wayes I say.

*Enter Bawdes.*

*Bawd.* How now, whats the matter?

*Boult.* Worse and worse mistris, shee has heere spoken holie words to the Lord *Lisimachus*.

*Bawd.* O abhominable.

*Boult.* He makes our profession as it were to stincke afore the face of the gods.

*Bawd.* *Marie* hang her vp for euer.

*Boult.* The Noble man would haue dealt with her like a Noble man, and shee sent him away as colde as a Snoweball, saying his prayers too.

*Bawd.* *Boult* take her away, vse her at thy pleasure, crack the glasse of her virginite, and make the rest maliable.

H

*Boult.*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Boult.* And if shee were a thornyer peece of ground then shee is, shee shall be plowed.

*Ma.* Harke, harke you Gods.

*Bawd.* She coniures, away with her, would she had neuer come within my doores, Marrie hang you: shees borne to vndoe vs, will you not goe the way of women-kinde? Marry come vp my dish of chastitie with rosemary & bates.

*Boult.* Come mistris, come your way with mee.

*Ma.* Whither wilt thou haue mee?

*Boult.* To take from you the Iewell you hold so deere.

*Ma.* Prithee tell mee one thing first.

*Boult.* Come now your one thing.

*Ma.* What canst thou wish thine enemy to be.

*Boult.* Why, I could wish him to bee my master, or rather my mistris.

*Ma.* Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they doe better thee in their command, thou hold'st a place for which the painedst feende of hell would not in reputation change: Thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery cutlerell that comes enquiring for his Tib. To the cholerike fistling of euery rogue, thy care is lyable, thy foode is such as hath beene belch't on by infected lungs.

*Bo.* What wold you haue me do? go to the wars, wold you? wher a man may serue 7. yeers for the losse of a leg, & haue not money enough in the end to buy him a woodden one?

*Ma.* Doe any thing but this thou doest, emptie olde receptacles, or common-shores of filthe, serue by indenture, to the common hang-man, anie of these wayes are yet better then this: for what thou professest, a Baboone could he speak, would owne a name too deere, that the gods wold safely deliuer me from this place: here, heers gold for thee, if that thy master would gaine by me, proclaime that I can sing, weaue, sow, & dance, with other vertues, which Ile keep from boast, and will vndertake all these to teache. I doubt not but this populous Cittie will yeelde manie schollers.

*Boult.*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Boult.* But can you teache all this you speake off?

*Ma.* Prooue that I cannot, take mee home againe,  
And prostitute mee to the basest grooms that doeth fre-  
quent your house.

*Boult.* Well I will see what I can doe for thee : if I can  
place thee I will.

*M.* But amongst honest woman.

*Boult.* Faith my acquaintance lies little amongst them,  
But since my master and mistress hath bought you, theres  
no going but by their consent : therefore I will make them  
acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall  
finde them tractable enough. Come, Ile doe for thee what  
I can, come your wayes.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Gower.*

*Marina* thus the Brothell scapes, and chaunces  
Into an *Honest-house* our Storie sayes :  
Shee sings like one immortal, and shee daunces  
As Goddess-like to her admired layes. (ses,  
Deepe clearks shee dumb's, and with her neele compo-  
Natures owne shape, of budde, bird, branche, or berry.  
That euen her art sisters the naturall Roses  
Her Inckle, Silke Twine, with the rubied Cherrie,  
That puples lackes shee none of noble race,  
Who powre their bountie on her : and her gaine  
Shee giues the cursed Bawd, here wee her place,  
And to hir Father turne our thoughts againe,  
Where wee left him on the Sea, wee there him left,  
Where driuen before the windes, hee is arriu'd  
Heere where his daughter dwels, and on this coast,  
Suppose him now at *Anchor*: the Citie striu'd  
God *Neptunes* *Annvall* feast to keepe, from whence  
*Lysimachus* our *Tyrian* Shippe espies,  
His banners Sable, trim'd with rich expence,

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And

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

And to him is his Barge with former hyes,  
In your supposing once more put your sight,  
Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke:  
Where what is done in action, more if might  
Shalbe discouerd, please you sit and harke. *Exit.*

*Enter Helicanus, to him 2. Sayers.*

*1. Say.* Where is Lord *Helicanus*? hee can resolute you,  
O here he is Sir, there is a barge put off from *Metaline* and  
in it is *Lysimachus* the *Gouernour*, who craues to come a-  
board, what is your will?

*Helly.* That hee haue his, call vp some Gentlemen.

*2. Say.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

*Enter two or three Gentlemen.*

*1. Gent.* Doeth your Lordship call?

*Helly.* Gentlemen there is some of worth would come  
aboord, I pray greet him fairely.

*Enter Lysimachus.*

*1. Say.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would  
resolute you.

*Lys.* Haile reuerent Sir, the Gods preferue you.

*Helly.* And you to out-live the age I am, and die as I  
would doe.

*Li.* You wish mee well, being on shore, honoring of  
*Neptunes* triumphs, seeing this goodly vessell ride before  
vs, I made to it, to knowe of whence you are.

*Helly.* First what is your place?

*Ly.* I am the *Gouernour* of this place you lie before.

*Helly.* Syr our vessell is of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man,  
who for this three moneths hath not spoken to anie one,  
nor taken sustenance, but to prorogue his grieffe.

*Li.* Vpon what ground is his distemperature?

*Helly.* Twould be too tedious to repeat, but the mayne  
grieffe springs from the losse of a beloued daughter & a wife.

*Li.* May wee not see him?

*Helly.*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Hell.* You may, but bootlesse, Is your sight, hee will not  
speake to any, yet let me obtaine my wiff.

*Lys.* Behold him, this was a goodly person.

*Hell.* Till the disaster that one mortall wight droue him  
to this.

*Lys.* Sir King all haile, the Gods preferue you, haile  
royall-sir.

*Hell.* It is in vaine, he will not speake to you.

*Lord.* Sir we haue a maid in *Micilins*, I durst wager would  
win some words of him.

*Lys.* Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her sweet  
harmonie, and other chosen attractions, would allure and  
make a battrie through his defend parts, which now are  
midway stopt, shee is all happie as the fairest of all, and her  
fellow maides, now vpon the leaue shelter that abutts a-  
gainst the Islands side.

*Hell.* Sure all effectlesse, yet nothing weele omit that  
beares recoveries name. But since your kindnesse wee haue  
stretcht thus farre, let vs beseech you, that for our golde  
we may prouision haue, wherein we are not destitute for  
want, but wearie for the Italianesse.

*Lys.* O sir, a curtesie, which if we should denie, the most  
iust God for every grasse would send a Caterpillar, and so  
inflict our Prouince: yet once more let mee intreate to  
knowe at large the cause of your kings sorrow.

*Hell.* Sit sir, I will recount it to you, but see I am pre-  
uented:

*Lys.* O hee's the Ladie that I sent for,  
Welcome faire one, ist not a goodly present?

*Hell.* Shee's a gallant Ladie.

*Lys.* Shee's such a one, that were I well assurde  
Cam of a gentle kinde, and noble stocke, I do wish  
No better choise, and thinke me rarely to wed,  
Faire on all goodnesse that consists in beautie,  
Expect euen here, where is a kingly patient,

H 3.

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*Pericles Prince of Tyre*

If that thy prosperous and artificiall fate,  
Can draw him but to answere thee in ought,  
Thy sacred Physicke shall receiue such pay,  
As thy desires can wish.

*Mar.* Sir I will vse my vtmost skill in his recouerie, provided that none but I and my companion maide be suffered to come neere him.

*Lys.* Come, let vs leaue her, and the Gods make her prosperous.

*The Song.*

*Lys.* Marke he your Musicke?

*Mar.* No nor lookt on vs.

*Lys.* See she will speake to him.

*Mar.* Haile sir, my Lord lend care.

*Per.* Hum, ha.

*Mar.* I am a maide, my Lorde, that nere before inuited eyes, but haue beene gazed on like a Comet: She speaks my Lord, that may be, hath endured a grieffe might equall yours, if both were iustly wayde, though wayward fortune did maligne my state, my deriuation was from ancestors, who stood equiuolent with mightie Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world, and augward casualties, bound me in seruitude, I will desist, but there is something gloues vpon my check, and whispers in mine care, go not till he speake.

*Per.* My fortunes, parentage, good parentage, to equall mine, was it not thus, what say you?

*Mari.* I sed my Lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not do me violence.

*Per.* I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes vpon me, your like something that, what Countrey women heare of these shewes?

*Mar.* No, nor of any shewes, yet I was mortally brought forth, and am no other then I appeare.

*Per.* I am great with woe, and shall deliuer weeping: my dearest wife was like this maide, and such a one my daugh-

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*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

ter might haue beene : My Queenes square browes, her stature to an inch , as wandlike-straight, as siluer voyst, her eyes as Jewell-like, and caste as richly, in pace another *Iuno*. Who starues the eares shee feedes, and makes them hungrie, the more she giues them speech, Where doe you liue?

*Mar.* Where I am but a straunger; from the decke , you may discern the place.

*Per.* Where were you bred? and howatchieu'd you these indowments which you make more rich to owe?

*Mar.* If I should tell my hystoric, it would seeme like lies disdained in the reporting.

*Per.* Prethee speake, falsnesse cannot come from thee, for thou lookest modest as iustice, & thou seemest a *Pallas* for the crownd truth to dwell in; I wil beleue thee, & make senses credit thy relation, to points that seeme impossible, for thou lookest like one I loued indeede : what were thy friends? didst thou not stay when I did push thee backe, which was, when I perceiu'd thee that thou camst from good discending.

*Mar.* So indeed I did.

*Per.* Report thy parentage, I think thou saidst thou hadst beene tost from wrong to iniurie, and that thou thoughts thy griefs might equall mine, if both were opened.

*Mar.* Some such thing I sed, and sed no more, but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

*Per.* Tell thy storic, if thine considered proue the thousand part of my enduraunce, thou art a man, and I haue suffered like a girle, yet thou doest looke like patience, gazing on Kings graues, and smiling extremitie out of act, what were thy friends? howe lost thou thy name, my most kinde Virgin? recount I doe beseech thee, Come sit by mee.

*Mar.* My name is *Marina*.

*Per.* Oh I am mockt, and thou by some insenced God sent hither to make the world to laugh at me.

*Mar.* Patience

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Mar.* Patience good sir: or here Ile cease:

*Per.* Nay Ile be patient: thou little knowst howe thou doest startle me to call thy selfe *Marina*.

*Mar.* The name was giuen mee by one that had some power, my father, and a King.

*Per.* How, a Kings daughter, and cald *Marina*?

*Mar.* You sed you would belecue me, but not to bee a troubler of your peace, I will end here.

*Per.* But are you flesh and blood?

Haue you a working pulse, and art no Fairie?  
Motion well, speake on, where were you borne?  
And whetefore calld *Marina*?

*Mar.* Calld *Marina*, for I was borne at sea.

*Per.* At sea, what mother?

*Mar.* My mother was the daughter of a King, who died the minute I was borne, as my good Nurse *Lichersida* hath oft deliuered weeping.

*Per.* O stop there a little, this is the rarest dreame  
That ere duld sleepe did mocke sad fooles withall,  
This cannot be my daughter, buried; well, where were you bred?  
He heare you more too'th bottome of your itonic,  
and neuer interrupt you.

*Mar.* You scorne, belecue me were best I did giue ore,

*Per.* I will belecue you by the syllable of what you shall deliuer; yet giue me leaue, how came you in these parts?  
where were you bred?

*Mar.* The King my father did in *Tharstes* leaue me,  
Till cruel *Cleon* with his wicked wife,  
Did seeke to murder me: and hauing wooed a villaine,  
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,  
A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,  
Brought me to *Metaline*;

But good sir whither wil you haue me? why doe you weep?  
It may be you thinke mee an imposture, no good fayth: I  
am the dsughter to King *Pericles*, if good king *Pericles* be.

Hoc



*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Hel.* Hoc, *Hellicanus?*

*Hel.* Calls my Lord?

*Per.* Thou art a graue and noble Counsellor,  
Most wise in generall, (tell me (if thou canst) what this mayde  
is, or what is like to bee, that thus hath made mee  
weepe.

*Hel.* I know not, but heres the Regent sir of *Metaline*,  
speakes nobly of her.

*Lys.* She neuer would tell her parentage,  
Being demaunded that she would sit still and weepe.

*Per.* Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me honored sir, giue mee a  
gash, put me to present paine, least this great sea of ioyes ru-  
shing vpon me, ore-bear the shores of my mortalitie, and  
drowne me with their sweetnesse: Oh come hither,  
thou that begett ~~him~~ that did thee beget,  
Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,  
And found at sea agen, O *Hellicanus*,  
Downe on thy knees, thanke the holie Gods as loud  
As thunder threatens vs; this is *Marina*.  
What was thy mothers name? tell me, but that  
for truth can neuer be confirm'd inough,  
Though doubts did euer sleepe.

*Mar.* First sir, I pray what is your title?

*Per.* I am *Pericles of Tyre*; but tell mee now my  
Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you sayd,  
Thou hast bene God-like perfit, the heir of kingdomes,  
And an other like to *Pericles* thy father.

*Mar.* Is it no more to be your daughter, then to say, my  
mothers name was *Thaisa*? *Thaisa* was my mother, who did  
end the minute I began.

*Pe.* Now blessing on thee, rise th'art my child.  
Giue me fresh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, shee is not  
dead at *Tharsus* as shee should haue bene by saunge *Cleon*;  
she shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneele, and vltific in  
knowledge, she is thy veric Princes; who is this?

I

*Hel.* Sir

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Hel.* Sir, tis the gouernor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholic state, did come to see you.

*Per.* I embrace you, giue me my robes.  
I am wilde in my beholding, O heauens blesse my girle,  
But harke what Musicke tell, *Holicanus!* my *Marina!*  
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seemes to doat:  
How, sure you are my daughter; but what musicke?

*Hel.* My Lord I heare none.

*Per.* None, the Musicke of the *Spheres*, list my *Marina*.

*Lys.* It is not good to crosse him, giue him way.

*Per.* Rarest sounds, do ye not heare?

*Lys.* Musicke my Lord? I heare.

*Per.* Most heauenly Musicke.

It nips me vnto listning, and thicke slumber  
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me rest.

*Lys.* A Pillow for his head, so leaue him all.

Well my companion friends, if this but answere to my iust  
beliefe, Ile well remember you.

*Diana.*

*Dia.* My Temple stands in *Ephesus*;  
Hie thee thither, and doe vppon mine Altar sacrifice;  
There when my maiden priests are met together, before the  
people all reueale how thou at sea didst loose thy wife; to  
mourne thy crosses with thy daughters; call, & giue them  
repetition to the like; or performe my bidding, or thou li-  
uest in woe: doo't, and happie, by my siluer bow; awake and  
tell thy dreame.

*Per.* Celestiall *Dian*, Goddessse *Argentine*,  
I will obey thee: *Hellicanus.* *Hell.* Sir.

*Per.* My purpose was for *Tharsus*, there to strike  
The inhospitable *Cleon*; but I am for other seruice first;  
Toward *Ephesus* turne our blowne sayles;  
Eftsoones Ile tell thee why; shall we refresh vs sir vpon your  
shore, and giue you golde for such prouision as our in-  
tents will neede?

*Lys.* Sir,

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Lys.* Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a shore,  
I haue another sleight.

*Per.* You shall preuaile were it to wooe my daughter, for  
it seemes you haue beene noble towards her.

*Lys.* Sir, lend me your arme.

*Per.* Come my *Marina*.

*Exeunt.*

*Gower.* Now our sands are almost run,  
More a litle, and then dum.  
This my last boone giue mee;  
For such kindnesse must relieue mee:  
That you aptly will suppose,  
What pageantry, what feasts, what shows,  
What minstrelsie, and prettie din,  
The Regent made in *Metalin*.  
To greet the King, so he thriued,  
That he is promise to be wiued  
To faire *Marina*, but in no wise,  
Till he had done his sacrifice.  
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,  
The *Interim* pray, you all confound.  
In fetherd bricfenes sayles are fild;  
And wishes fall out as they'r wild;  
At *Ephesus* the Temple see,  
Our King and all his companie.  
That he can hither come so soone,  
Is by your fancies thankfull doome.

*Per.* Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iust commaund,  
I here confesse my selfe the King of *Tyre*;  
Who frighted from my countrey did wed at *Pentapolis* the  
faire *Tharsa* at Sea in childbed die she, but brought forth a  
Mayd child calld *Marina* whom O Goddesse wears, yet thy  
siluer luerey; shee at *Tharsus* was nursht with *Cleon*, who at  
fourteene yeares he sought to murder, but her better stars  
I 2 brought

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

brought her to *Meteline*; gainst whose shore ryding, her Fortunes brought the mayde aboard vs, where by her owne most cleere remembrance, shee made knowne her selfe my Daughter.

*Th.* Voyce and fauour, you are, you are, O royall *Pericles*.

*Per.* What meanes the mum? shee die's, helpe Gentlemen.

*Cer.* Noble Sir, if you haue tolde *Dianaes* Altar true, this is your wife?

*Per.* Reuerent appearer no, I threwe her ouer-board with these verie armes.

*Ce.* Vpon this coast, I warrant you.

*Pe.* Tis most certaine.

*Cer.* Looke to the Ladie, O shee's but ouer-joyde, Earlie in blultering morne this Ladie was throwne vpon this shore.

I op't the coffin, found there rich Iewells, recouered her, and plac'te her heere in *Dianaes* temple.

*Per.* May we see them?

*Cer.* Great Sir, they shalbe brought you to my house, whither I inuite you; looke *Thaisa* is recouered.

*Th.* O let me looke if hee be none of mine; my fantastie will to my sense bende no licentious care, but curbe it spight of seeing: O my Lord are you not *Pericles*? like him you spake, like him you are; did you not name a tempest, a birth, and death?

*Per.* The voyce of dead *Thaisa*.

*Th.* That *Thaisa* am I, supposed dead and drownd.

*Per.* I, mortall *Dian*.

*Th.* Now I knowe you better; when wee with teares parted *Pentapolis*, the king my father gaue you such a ring.

*Per.* This, this, no more, you gods, your present kindness makes my past miseries sports; you shall doe well that on the touching of her lips I may melt, and no more be scene,

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

feene; O come, be buried a second time within these armes.

*Mar.* My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers bosome.

*Per.* Looke who kneeles here, flesh of thy flesh *Thaisa*, thy burden at the Sea, and call'd *Marina*, for she was yeelded there.

*Th.* Blest, and mine owne.

*Hell.* Hayle Madame, and my Queene.

*Th.* I knowe you not.

*Per.* You haue heard mee say when I did flie from *Tyre*, I left behind an ancient substitute, can you remember what I call'd the man, I haue nam'd him off.

*Th.* T'was *Helicanus* then.

*Per.* Still confirmation, inbrace him deere *Thaisa*, this is hee, now doe I long to heare how you were found? how possible preferued? and who to thanke (besides the gods) for this great miracle?

*Th.* Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord; this man through whom the Gods haue showne their power, ~~that~~ can from first to last reioice you.

*Per.* Reuerent *Syr*, the gods can haue no mortall officer, more like a god then you, will you deliuer how this dead Queene reuiues?

*Cer.* I will my Lord, beseech you first, goe with mee to my house, where shall be showne you all was found with her. How shee came plac'd heere in the Temple, no needfull thing omitted.

*Per.* Pure *Dier*, blisse thee for thy vision, and will offer night oblations to thee *Thaisa*, this Prince, the faire betrothed of your daughter, shall marrie her at *Pentapolis*, and now this ornament makes mee looke dismall, will I clip to forme, and what this fourteene yeeres no razer touch't, to grace thy marriage-day, Ile beautifie.

*Th.* Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit. Sir, my father's dead.

I 3

*Per.* Heaven

*Pericles Prince of Tyre*

*Per.* Heavens make a Starre of him, yet these my  
Queene, wee'le celebrate their Nuptials, and our selues  
will in that kingdome spend our following daies, our sonne  
and daughter shall in *Tyrus* raigne.

Lord *Cerimon* wee doe our longing stay,  
To heare the rest vntolde, Sir lead's the way.

**FINIS.**

*Gower.*

In *Antiochus* and his daughter you haue heard  
Of monstrous lust, the due and iust reward :-  
In *Pericles* his Queene and Daughter seene,  
Although assay'de with *Fortune* fierce and keene,  
Vertue p'dferd from fell destructions blast,  
Lead on by heauen, and crown'd with ioy at last.

In *Helycanus* may you well descrie,  
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyaltie:  
In reuerend *Cerimon* there well appears,  
The worth that learned charitie aye weares.  
For wicked *Cleon* and his wife, when Fame  
Had spred his cursed deede, the honor'd name  
Of *Pericles*, to rage the Cittie turne,  
That him and his they in his Pallace burne:  
The gods for murder seemde so content,  
To punish, although not done, but meant,  
So on your Patience euermore attending,  
New ioy wayte on you, heere our play has ending,

**FINIS.**















