

# Pericles, Prince of Tyre

## Sc.17

*Enter [in mourning garments] Cleon and Dionyza*

**DIONYZA**

Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

**CLEON**

O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter  
The sun and moon ne'er looked upon.

**DIONYZA**

I think you'll turn a child again.

**CLEON**

Were I chief lord of all this spacious world 5  
I'd give it to undo the deed. A lady  
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess  
To equal any single crown o'th' earth  
I'th' justice of compare. O villain Leonine,  
Whom thou hast poisoned too, 10  
If thou hadst drunk to him 't'ad been a kindness  
Becoming well thy fact. What canst thou say  
When noble Pericles demands his child?

**DIONYZA**

That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates.  
To foster is not ever to preserve. 15  
She died at night. I'll say so. Who can cross it,  
Unless you play the pious innocent  
And, for an honest attribute, cry out  
'She died by foul play.'

**CLEON**

O, go to. Well, well,  
Of all the faults beneath the heav'ns the gods 20  
Do like this worst.

**DIONYZA**

Be one of those that thinks  
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence  
And open this to Pericles. I do shame  
To think of what a noble strain you are,  
And of how cowed a spirit.

**CLEON**

To such proceeding 25  
Whoever but his approbation added,  
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow

From honourable sources.

**DIONYZA** Be it so, then.  
Yet none does know but you how she came dead,  
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone. 30  
She did distain my child, and stood between  
Her and her fortunes. None would look on her,  
But cast their gazes on Marina's face  
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin  
Not worth the time of day. It pierced me through, 35  
And though you call my course unnatural,  
You not your child well loving, yet I find  
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness  
Performed to your sole daughter.

**CLEON** Heavens forgive it. 40

**DIONYZA** And as for Pericles,  
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,  
And yet we mourn. Her monument  
Is almost finished, and her epitaphs  
In glitt'ring golden characters express 45  
A gen'ral praise to her and care in us,  
At whose expense 'tis done.

**CLEON** Thou art like the harpy,  
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel face,  
Seize in thine eagle talons.

**DIONYZA**  
Ye're like one that superstitiously 50  
Do swear to th' gods that winter kills the flies,  
But yet I know you'll do as I advise.

*Exeunt*