

# Pericles, Prince of Tyre

## Sc.12

*Enter Lord Cerimon with a [poor man and a] servant*

**CERIMON**

Philemon, ho!

*Enter Philemon*

**PHILEMON** Doth my lord call?

**CERIMON**

Get fire and meat for those poor men.

*[Exit Philemon]*

'T'as been a turbulent and stormy night.

**SERVANT**

I have seen many, but such a night as this

Till now I ne'er endured.

5

**CERIMON**

Your master will be dead ere you return.

There's nothing can be ministered in nature

That can recover him. *[To poor man]* Give this to th'  
pothecary

And tell me how it works.

*[Exeunt poor man and servant]*

*Enter two Gentlemen*

**FIRST GENTLEMAN** Good morrow.

**SECOND GENTLEMAN**

Good morrow to your lordship.

**CERIMON**

Gentlemen,

10

Why do you stir so early?

**FIRST GENTLEMAN**

Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,

Shook as the earth did quake.

The very principals did seem to rend

And all to topple. Pure surprise and fear

15

Made me to quit the house.

**SECOND GENTLEMAN**

That is the cause we trouble you so early;

'Tis not our husbandry.

**CERIMON**

O, you say well.

**FIRST GENTLEMAN**

But I much marvel that your lordship should,  
Having rich tire about you, at this hour 20  
Shake off the golden slumber of repose. 'Tis most  
strange,  
Nature to be so conversant with pain,  
Being thereto not compelled.

**CERIMON** I held it ever  
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater  
Than nobleness and riches. Careless heirs 25  
May the two latter darken and dispend,  
But immortality attends the former,  
Making a man a god. 'Tis known I ever  
Have studied physic, through which secret art,  
By turning o'er authorities, I have, 30  
Together with my practice, made familiar  
To me and to my aid the blest infusions  
That dwells in vegetives, in metals, stones,  
And so can speak of the disturbances  
That nature works, and of her cures, which doth  
give me 35  
A more content and cause of true delight  
Than to be thirsty after tott'ring honour,  
Or tie my pleasure up in silken bags  
To glad the fool and death.

**SECOND GENTLEMAN** Your honour has  
Through Ephesus poured forth your charity, 40  
And hundreds call themselves your creatures who by  
you  
Have been restored. And not alone your knowledge,  
Your personal pain, but e'en your purse still open  
Hath built Lord Cerimon such strong renown  
As time shall never±± 45

*Enter [Philemon and one or] two with a chest*

**[PHILEMON]** So, lift there.

**CERIMON** What's that?

**[PHILEMON]** Sir, even now  
The sea tossed up upon our shore this chest.  
'Tis off some wreck.

**CERIMON** Set't down. Let's look upon't. 50

**SECOND GENTLEMAN**

'Tis like a coffin, sir.

**CERIMON** Whate'er it be,  
'Tis wondrous heavy.±±Did the sea cast it up?

**[PHILEMON]**

I never saw so huge a billow, sir,  
Or a more eager.

**CERIMON** Wrench it open straight.

*The others start to work*

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold  
'Tis by a good constraint of queasy fortune  
It belches upon us.

55

**SECOND GENTLEMAN** 'Tis so, my lord.

**CERIMON**

How close 'tis caulked and bitumed!  
*[They force the lid]*

Soft, it smells

Most sweetly in my sense.

**SECOND GENTLEMAN** A delicate odour.

**CERIMON**

As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.

60

*They take the lid off*

O you most potent gods! What's here±±a corpse?

**SECOND GENTLEMAN**

Most strange.

**CERIMON** Shrouded in cloth of state, and crowned,  
Balmed and entreaured with full bags of spices.  
A passport, too!

*He takes a paper from the chest*

Apollo perfect me i'th' characters.

65

`Here I give to understand,

If e'er this coffin drives a-land,

I, King Pericles, have lost

This queen worth all our mundane cost.

Who finds her, give her burying;

70

She was the daughter of a king.

Besides this treasure for a fee,

The gods requite his charity.'

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart

That even cracks for woe. This chanced tonight.

75

**SECOND GENTLEMAN**

Most likely, sir.

**CERIMON** Nay, certainly tonight,  
For look how fresh she looks. They were too rash  
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within.  
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

*[Exit Philemon]*

Death may usurp on nature many hours, 80  
And yet the fire of life kindle again  
The o'erpressed spirits. I have heard  
Of an Egyptian nine hours dead  
Who was by good appliances recovered.

*Enter [Philemon] with napkins and fire*

Well said, well said, the fire and cloths. 85  
The still and woeful music that we have,  
Cause it to sound, beseech you.

*Music*

The

vial once more.

How thou stirr'st, thou block! The music there!  
I pray you give her air. Gentlemen,  
This queen will live. Nature awakes, a warmth 90  
Breathes out of her. She hath not been entranced  
Above five hours. See how she 'gins to blow  
Into life's flow'r again.

**FIRST GENTLEMAN** The heavens  
Through you increase our wonder, and set up  
Your fame for ever.

**CERIMON** She is alive. Behold, 95  
Her eyelids, cases to those heav'nly jewels  
Which Pericles hath lost,  
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold.  
The diamonds of a most praiseÁd water  
Doth appear to make the world twice rich.±±Live, 100  
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,  
Rare as you seem to be.

*She moves*

**THAISA** O dear Diana,  
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

**SECOND GENTLEMAN**

Is not this strange?

**FIRST GENTLEMAN** Most rare.

**CERIMON**

Hush, gentle neighbours.

Lend me your hands. To the next chamber bear her. 105

Get linen. Now this matter must be looked to,

For her relapse is mortal. Come, come,

And Aesculapius guide us.

*They carry her away. Exeunt*