

# Pericles, Prince of Tyre

## Sc.13

*Enter Pericles at Tarsus, with Cleon and Dionyza,  
and Lychorida with a babe*

**PERICLES**

Most honoured Cleon, I must needs be gone.  
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands  
In a litigious peace. You and your lady  
Take from my heart all thankfulness. The gods  
Make up the rest upon you!

**CLEON**

Your strokes of fortune, 5

Though they hurt you mortally, yet glance  
Full woundingly on us.

**DIONYZA**

O your sweet queen!

That the strict fates had pleased you'd brought her  
hither

T'have blessed mine eyes with her!

**PERICLES**

We cannot but obey

The pow'rs above us. Should I rage and roar 10  
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end  
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina,  
Whom for she was born at sea I have named so,  
Here I charge your charity withal, and leave her  
The infant of your care, beseeching you 15  
To give her princely training, that she may be  
Mannered as she is born.

**CLEON**

Fear not, my lord, but think

Your grace, that fed my country with your corn±±  
For which the people's pray'rs still fall upon you±±  
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection 20  
Should therein make me vile, the common body  
By you relieved would force me to my duty.  
But if to that my nature need a spur,  
The gods revenge it upon me and mine  
To th' end of generation.

**PERICLES**

I believe you. 25

Your honour and your goodness teach me to't  
Without your vows.±±Till she be married, madam,

By bright Diana, whom we honour all,  
Unscissored shall this hair of mine remain,  
Though I show ill in't. So I take my leave. 30  
Good madam, make me blesseÁd in your care  
In bringing up my child.

**DIONYZA** I have one myself,  
Who shall not be more dear to my respect  
Than yours, my lord.

**PERICLES** Madam, my thanks and prayers.

**CLEON**  
We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge o'th' shore, 35  
Then give you up to th' masted Neptune and  
The gentlest winds of heaven.

**PERICLES**  
I will embrace your offer.±±Come, dear'st madam.±±  
O, no tears, Lychorida, no tears.  
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace 40  
You may depend hereafter.±±Come, my lord.

*Exeunt*