

Pericles, Prince of Tyre

Sc.20

Enter Gower

GOWER

Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admireÁd lays.
Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her nee'le composes 5
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That e'en her art sisters the natural roses.
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry;
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain 10
She gives the curseÁd Bawd. Here we her place,
And to her father turn our thoughts again.
We left him on the sea. Waves there him tossed,
Whence, driven tofore the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells, and on this coast 15
Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
God Neptune's annual feast to keep, from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimmed with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies. 20
In your supposing once more put your sight;
Of heavy Pericles think this the barque,
Where what is done in action, more if might,
Shall be discovered. Please you sit and hark.

Exit