

Pericles, Prince of Tyre

Sc.10

Enter Gower

GOWER

Now sleep y-slackeÁd hath the rout,
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'erfed breast
Of this most pompous marriage feast.
The cat with eyne of burning coal 5
Now couches fore the mouse's hole,
And crickets sing at th'oven's mouth
As the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where by the loss of maidenhead 10
A babe is moulded. Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly eche.
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.
Dumb show.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door with attendants. A messenger comes [hastily] in to them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter. Pericles shows it Simonides; the lords kneel to him. Then enter Thaisa with child, with Lychorida, a nurse. The King shows her the letter. She rejoices. She and Pericles take leave of her father and depart with Lychorida at one door; Simonides [and attendants] depart at another

By many a dern and painful perch 15
Of Pericles the care-full search,
By the four opposing coigns
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense 20
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre
Fame answering the most strange enquire,
To th' court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenor these:

Antiochus and his daughter dead,	25
The men of Tyrus on the head	
Of Helicanus would set on	
The crown of Tyre, but he will none.	
The mutiny there he hastes t'appease,	
Says to 'em if King Pericles	30
Come not home in twice six moons	
He, obedient to their dooms,	
Will take the crown. The sum of this	
Brought hither to Pentapolis	
Y-ravisheÁd the regions round,	35
And everyone with claps can sound	
`Our heir-apparent is a king!	
Who dreamt, who thought of such a thing?	
Brief he must hence depart to Tyre;	
His queen with child makes her desire±±	40
Which who shall cross?±±along to go.	
Omit we all their dole and woe.	
Lychorida her nurse she takes,	
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes	
On Neptune's billow. Half the flood	45
Hath their keel cut, but fortune's mood	
Varies again. The grizzled north	
Disgorges such a tempest forth	
That as a duck for life that dives,	
So up and down the poor ship drives.	50
The lady shrieks, and well-a-near	
Does fall in travail with her fear,	
And what ensues in this fell storm	
Shall for itself itself perform;	
I nill relate; action may	55
Conveniently the rest convey,	
Which might not what by me is told.	
In your imagination hold	
This stage the ship, upon whose deck	
The sea-tossed Pericles appears to speke.	60

Exit