

# Pericles, Prince of Tyre

## Sc.11

*[Thunder and lightning.] Enter Pericles a-shipboard*

### PERICLES

The god of this great vast rebuke these surges  
Which wash both heav'n and hell; and thou that hast  
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
Having called them from the deep. O still  
Thy deaf'ning dreadful thunders, gently quench  
Thy nimble sulph'rous flashes.±±O, ho, Lychorida!  
How does my queen?±±Thou stormest venomously.  
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle  
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,  
Unheard.±±Lychorida!±±Lucina, O!  
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle  
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity  
Aboard our dancing boat, make swift the pangs  
Of my queen's travails!±±Now, Lychorida.

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*Enter Lychorida with an infant*

### LYCHORIDA

Here is a thing too young for such a place,  
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I  
Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece  
Of your dead queen.

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**PERICLES** How, how, Lychorida?

### LYCHORIDA

Patience, good sir, do not assist the storm.  
Here's all that is left living of your queen,  
A little daughter. For the sake of it  
Be manly, and take comfort.

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**PERICLES** O you gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
And snatch them straight away? We here below  
Recall not what we give, and therein may  
Use honour with you.

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**LYCHORIDA** Patience, good sir,

E'en for this charge.

*She gives him the infant. [Pericles, looking*

*mournfully upon it, shakes his head, and weeps]*

**PERICLES** Now mild may be thy life,  
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe;  
Quiet and gentle thy conditions, for  
Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world 30  
That e'er was prince's child; happy what follows.  
Thou hast as chiding a nativity  
As fire, air, water, earth, and heav'n can make  
To herald thee from th' womb. Poor inch of nature,  
Ev'n at the first thy loss is more than can 35  
Thy partage quit with all thou canst find here.  
Now the good gods throw their best eyes upon't.

*Enter [the Master] and a Sailor*

**[MASTER]** What, courage, sir! God save you.

**PERICLES**  
Courage enough, I do not fear the flaw;  
It hath done to me its worst. Yet for the love 40  
Of this poor infant, this fresh new seafarer,  
I would it would be quiet.

**[MASTER]** *(calling)* Slack the bow-lines, there.±±Thou wilt  
not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

**SAILOR** But searoom, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss 45  
the moon, I care not.

**[MASTER]** *(to Pericles)* Sir, your queen must overboard.  
The sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie  
till the ship be cleared of the dead.

**PERICLES**  
That's but your superstition. 50

**[MASTER]** Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still  
observed, and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly  
yield 'er, for she must overboard straight.

**PERICLES**  
As you think meet. Most wretched queen!

**LYCHORIDA** Here she lies,  
sir.

*She [draws the curtains and discovers] the body of  
Thaisa in a [bed. Pericles gives Lychorida the infant]*

**PERICLES** *(to Thaisa)*  
A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear, 55  
No light, no fire. Th'unfriendly elements

Forgot thee utterly, nor have I time  
To give thee hallowed to thy grave, but straight  
Must cast thee, scarcely coffined, in the ooze,  
Where, for a monument upon thy bones 60  
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale  
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,  
Lying with simple shells.±±O Lychorida,  
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink, and paper,  
My casket and my jewels, and bid Nicander 65  
Bring me the satin coffer. Lay the babe  
Upon the pillow. Hie thee whiles I say  
A priestly farewell to her. Suddenly, woman.

*Exit Lychorida*

[SAILOR] Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches caulked  
and bitumed ready. 70

PERICLES

I thank thee. *[To the Master]* Mariner, say, what coast  
is this?

[MASTER]

We are near Tarsus.

PERICLES Thither, gentle mariner,  
Alter thy course from Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

[MASTER]

By break of day, if the wind cease.

PERICLES Make for Tarsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe 75  
Cannot hold out to Tyrus. There I'll leave it  
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner.  
I'll bring the body presently.

*[Exit Master at one door and Sailor beneath  
the hatches. Exit Pericles to Thaisa,  
closing the curtains]*