

FIRST FISHERMAN What ho, Pilch!

SECOND FISHER Ha, come and bring away the nets!

FIRST FISHERMAN What, Patchbreech, I say!

THIRD FISHERMAN What say you, master?

FIRST FISHER Look how thou stirr'st now! Come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.

THIRD FISHER Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

FIRST FISHER Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, welladay, we could scarce help ourselves!

THIRD FISHERMAN Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpoise how he bounced and tumbled?

They say they're half fish, half flesh. A plague on them! They ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

FIRST FISHERMAN Why, as men do a-land: the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale: he plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a' the land, who never leave gaping till they swallowed the whole parish—church, steeple, bells and all.

THIRD FISH. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

SECOND FISHERMAN Why, man?

THIRD FISH. Because he should have swallowed me too. And when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells that he should never have left till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind—

THIRD FISHERMAN We would purge the land of these drones that rob the bee of her honey.

PERICLES, *aside*
How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men,
Peace be at your labor, honest fishermen.

SECOND FISHER Honest, good fellow. What's that?
What a drunken knave was the sea

to cast thee in our way!

PERICLES
A man whom both the waters and the wind
In that vast tennis court hath made the ball
For them to play upon entreats you pity him.
He asks of you that never used to beg.

FIRST FISHER No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

SECOND FISHER, *to Pericles* Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

PERICLES I never practiced it.

SECOND FISHER Nay, then, thou wilt starve sure, for here's nothing to be got nowadays unless thou canst fish for 't.

PERICLES
What I have been I have forgot to know,
But what I am want teaches me to think on:
A man thronged up with cold. My veins are chill
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help—
Which, if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray you see me buried.

FIRST FISHER Die, quotha? Now gods forbid 't, an I have a gown. Here, come, put it on; keep thee warm. *Pericles puts on the garment.* Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting days, and, moreo'er, puddings and flapjacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

PERICLES I thank you, sir.

SECOND FISHERMAN Hark you, my friend. You said you could not beg?

PERICLES I did but crave.

SECOND FISHERMAN But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

PERICLES Why, are your beggars whipped, then?

SECOND FISHERMAN O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle.—But, master, I'll go draw up the net

