

MARINA, *to Pericles* Hail, sir! My lord, lend ear.

PERICLES Hum, ha! *He pushes her away.*

MARINA I am a maid, my lord,

That ne'er before invited eyes, but have
Been gazed on like a comet. She speaks,
My lord, that may be hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weighed.
Though wayward Fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings.
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude. *Aside.* I will desist,
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear "Go not till he speak."

PERICLES

My fortunes—parentage—good parentage,
To equal mine! Was it not thus? What say you?

MARINA

I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

PERICLES I do think so.

Pray you turn your eyes upon me.
You're like something that—What
countrywoman?

Here of these shores?

MARINA No, nor of any shores.

Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

PERICLES

I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such
A one my daughter might have been: my queen's
Square brows, her stature to an inch;
As wandlike straight, as silver-voiced; her eyes
As jewel-like, and cased as richly; in pace
Another Juno; who starves the ears she feeds
And makes them hungry the more she gives them
speech.—

Where do you live?

MARINA Where I am but a stranger.

From the deck you may discern the place.

PERICLES

Where were you bred? And how achieved you
these

Endowments which you make more rich to owe?

MARINA

If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdained in the reporting.

PERICLES Prithee, speak.

Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou lookest
Modest as Justice, and thou seemest a palace
For the crownèd Truth to dwell in. I will believe
thee

And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible, for thou lookest
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back—
Which was when I perceived thee—that thou
cam'st

From good descending?

MARINA So indeed I did.

PERICLES

Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been tossed from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal
mine,

If both were opened.

MARINA Some such thing I said,

And said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

PERICLES Tell thy story.

If thine considered prove the thousand part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffered like a girl. Yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind
virgin,
Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by me. *She
sits.*

MARINA

My name is Marina.

PERICLES O, I am mocked,

And thou by some incensèd god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me!

MARINA Patience, good sir,

Or here I'll cease.

PERICLES Nay, I'll be patient.

Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me

To call thyself Marina.

MARINA The name

Was given me by one that had some power—

My father, and a king.

PERICLES How, a king's daughter?

And called Marina?

MARINA You said you would believe me.

But not to be a troubler of your peace,

I will end here.

PERICLES But are you flesh and blood?

Have you a working pulse, and are no fairy

Motion? Well, speak on. Where were you born?

And wherefore called Marina?

MARINA Called Marina

For I was born at sea.

PERICLES At sea? What mother?

MARINA

My mother was the daughter of a king,

Who died the minute I was born,

As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft

Delivered weeping.

PERICLES O, stop there a little!

Aside. This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep

Did mock sad fools withal. This cannot be

My daughter, buried.—Well, where were you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,

And never interrupt you.

MARINA

You scorn. Believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er.

PERICLES

I will believe you by the syllable

Of what you shall deliver. Yet give me leave:

How came you in these parts? Where were you

bred?

MARINA

The King my father did in Tarsus leave me,

Till cruel Cleon with his wicked wife

Did seek to murder me; and having wooed a villain

To attempt it, who, having drawn to do 't,

A crew of pirates came and rescued me,

Brought me to Mytilene—But, good sir,

Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?

It may be you think me an impostor.

No, good faith.

I am the daughter to King Pericles,

If good King Pericles be.

PERICLES Ho, Helicanus!

HELICANUS Calls my lord?

PERICLES

Thou art a grave and noble counselor,

Most wise in general. Tell me, if thou canst,

What this maid is, or what is like to be,

That thus hath made me weep.

HELICANUS I know not;

But here's the regent, sir, of Mytilene

Speaks nobly of her.

LYSIMACHUS She never would tell

Her parentage. Being demanded that,

She would sit still and weep.

PERICLES

O, Helicanus! Strike me, honored sir.

Give me a gash, put me to present pain,

Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me

O'erbear the shores of my mortality

And drown me with their sweetness.—O, come

hither,

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget,

Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,

And found at sea again!—O, Helicanus,

Down on thy knees! Thank the holy gods as loud

As thunder threatens us. This is Marina.—