

SIMONIDES So,
They are well dispatched. Now to my daughter's
letter.
She tells me here she'll wed the stranger knight
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, mistress, your choice agrees with mine.
I like that well. Nay, how absolute she's in 't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I do commend her choice, and will no longer
Have it be delayed. Soft, here he comes.
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

PERICLES

All fortune to the good Simonides.

SIMONIDES

To you as much. Sir, I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night. I do
Protest, my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

PERICLES

It is your Grace's pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.

SIMONIDES Sir, you are music's master.

PERICLES

The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

SIMONIDES Let me ask you one thing:

What do you think of my daughter, sir?

PERICLES A most virtuous princess.

SIMONIDES And she is fair too, is she not?

PERICLES

As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.

SIMONIDES

Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you,
Ay, so well that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar. Therefore, look to it.

PERICLES

I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

SIMONIDES

She thinks not so. Peruse this writing else.

PERICLES, *aside* What's here?

A letter that she loves the knight of Tyre?

'Tis the King's subtlety to have my life.—

O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,

A stranger and distressèd gentleman

That never aimed so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honor her.

SIMONIDES

Thou hast bewitched my daughter, and thou art
A villain.

PERICLES By the gods, I have not!

Never did thought of mine levy offense;

Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

SIMONIDES

Traitor, thou liest!

PERICLES Traitor?

SIMONIDES Ay, traitor.

PERICLES

Even in his throat, unless it be the King

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

SIMONIDES, *aside*

Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

PERICLES

My actions are as noble as my thoughts,

That never relished of a base descent.

I came unto your court for honor's cause,

And not to be a rebel to her state,

And he that otherwise accounts of me,

This sword shall prove he's honor's enemy.

SIMONIDES No?

Here comes my daughter. She can witness it.