

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

An Apartment adjoining to a Temple at the Court of Tharsus.

QUEEN AND LEONINE.

LEONINE.

TO bury kneaded earth for dead Marina
Was a most quaint device. The cheated
Tharsians

Pierc'd heaven with their howlings ; but suspicion,
As if death clos'd her busy prying eyes
When the fair Tyrian died, still slumbers on.
The monument of Parian marble wrought,
And epitaph in characters of gold,
Were my contrivance too, and now are finish'd.
I have done all that your resentment ask'd,
And well secur'd your safety and your fame:
'Tis more than time you listen'd to my suit.

QUEEN.

Can nothing but my person and my crown
Reward your service ?

LEONINE.

I deserve them both.

QUEEN.

Were I sole mistress of the spacious world,
I'd give it all this murder were undone.
The very wrens of Tharsus will betray it
To Pericles, who now comes to demand her.

LEONINE.

That's only in my power : give me your promise
To be my bride, and seal my lips for ever.

QUEEN