

QUEEN.

What! wed a murtherer!

LEONINE.

Who made me so?

Resolve in time ere ruin overtake you,
 O'ertake us both. Your flatt'ries drew me in,
 You taught me to be bloody and ambitious,
 And I will now partake your throne, or perish---
 But not alone. You know how popular
 The injur'd prince of Tyre is here in Tharsus.
 This city, now the seat of wealth and plenty,
 Whose towers invade the clouds, which never stranger
 Beheld but wonder'd at, as all acknowledge,
 Had but for Pericles been desolate,
 Forsaken, or the grave of its inhabitants,
 A den for bats to build and wolves to howl in.
 How many thousands, living now, remember,
 When, famishing with hunger, prince and people
 Sat down and wept for bread; when tender mothers
 Fed on their new born babes, and man and wife
 Drew lots who first shou'd die and furnish food
 To lengthen out the life of the survivor.
 This our distress brought Pericles from Tyre;
 Who, bravely scorning to improve th' advantage,
 And make a conquest of a prostrate land,
 Did with a lib'ral hand supply our wants,
 And turn our dying groans to songs of joy.
 For this the Tharsians love him as a father,
 And as a God adore him.

QUEEN.

Be it so:

I'm still their queen, and hold 'em in subjection.

LEONINE.

Yes, while they please: as we have seen a lion
 Held with a thread, until some accident,

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Or