

Or his rash keeper's folly, rous'd his fury.
 They've some regard for the good line you came of,
 And yet are thereby hardly held from outrage:
 So hateful have the pride and other vices,
 Notorious in you, made you to the million.
 But shou'd they hear, or have the least suspicion
 Of your foul dealing with the much lov'd daughter
 Of royal Pericles, like flames let loose,
 They'd in an instant make this lofty dome
 Your fun'ral pile, and give the winds your ashes:
 Or having torn you in ten thousand pieces,
 With honest scorn, cast out your loath'd remains
 For kites and crows to feed on.

QUEEN.

'Tis too true:
 Shou'd this dark deed take light, my reign were ended.
 I see I must comply. She who has us'd
 A wicked agent in a shameful act,
 Must thenceforth be his slave. You have my word.
 Now your ambition's serv'd, teach me to answer
 The king of Tyre when he demands his child.

LEONINE.

Say she dy'd suddenly, as what's more common?
 That you wept o'er her hearse, and mourn her yet;
 Then show the monument and epitaph
 Procur'd at your expence; and her griev'd fire
 Shall curse the cruel fates that still pursue him
 With plague on plague, but ne'er suspect that you
 Have been their instrument.

QUEEN.

The deed's not mine.—
 [Trumpets.
 Pericles comes, and I must seem content:
 The traitor's in the toils, and cannot 'scape me.

Enter