

*Enter PERICLES, ESCANES, Guards and Attendants.*

QUEEN.

Welcome, great Pericles, to mourning Tharsus.  
My royal parents and your faithful friends,  
Cleon and Dionysia, are no more.

PERICLES.

Ent'ring the port I met the fatal news.  
The hot salt tears this unthought loss drew from me,  
Are yet wet on my cheeks. O two such friends! —  
But I'm a man born to adversity;  
No land e'er gave me rest, and winds and waters,  
In their vast tennis-court, have, as a ball,  
Us'd me to make them sport. — But to my purpose.  
'Tis more than twice seven years since I beheld thee  
With my Marina, both were infants then.  
Peace and security smil'd on your birth;  
Her's was the rudest welcome to this world  
That e'er was prince's child: born on the sea,  
Hence is she call'd Marina, in a tempest,  
When the high working billows kiss'd the moon,  
And the shrill whistle of the boatswain's pipe  
Seem'd as a whisper in the ear of death:  
Born when her mother dy'd. That fatal hour  
Must still live with me—O you gracious Gods!  
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
And snatch them straight away? the waves receiv'd  
My queen. A sea-mate's chest confin'd her corpse;  
In which she silent lies 'midst groves of coral,  
Or in a glitt'ring bed of shining shells.  
The air-fed lamps of heaven, the spouting whale,  
And dashing waters, that roll o'er her head,  
Compose a monument to hide her bones,  
Spacious as heaven, and lasting as the frame  
Of universal nature.