

No steel shall touch my face, no water cleanse it,
 Nor comb be us'd to part my matted hair.
 If e'er I change my raiment, galling sackcloth,
 Instead of royal robes, shall gird my loins,
 And ashes be my crown. I'll ne'er return,
 Ne'er view thy spires again, renowned Tyre;
 But wander through the world a wilful vagrant,
 And ne'er taste comfort more till death relieve me,
 Or Jove restore to my unhoping eyes
 What his vindictive hand hath taken from me.
 What I have been I'll study to forget:
 Do you so too. Tell who I was to no man;
 What I am now, a wretch by heav'n devoted
 To all distress and by himself abandon'd,
 Shall evidence itself. Come, my Escanes.

E S C A N E S.

O woful, woful hour! where shall we go?

P E R I C L E S.

I care not, let blind fortune be our guide:
 Shun Tyre, and ev'ry other place is equal.
 Fair queen, adieu. Your kindness to my child
 The Gods return you double. Yet consider
 And view the frailty of your state in me.
 Once princes sat, like stars, about my throne,
 And veil'd their crowns to my supremacy:
 Then, like the sun, all paid me reverence
 For what I was, and all the grateful lov'd me
 For what I did bestow; now not a glow-worm
 But in the cheerless night displays more brightness,
 And is of greater use, than darken'd Pericles.
 Be not high minded, queen, be not high minded:
 Time is omnipotent, the king of kings,
 Their parent and their grave. Beware, beware—
 Let those who drink of sweet prosperity
 In flowing cups, mingle their draughts with pity;
 And