

And think when they behold th' afflicted's tears,
The misery of others may be theirs.

[*Exeunt PERICLES, ESCANES, &c.*]

QUEEN.

Unhappy queen! detested Leonine!
O had I tarry'd but a little longer,
Marina had been gone without my guilt:
Or had you put me by this one bad thought,
In which perhaps I ne'er thou'd have relaps'd,
I might have blest'd you as my better genius;
But now must curse you as a cruel wretch,
Who seeing me unguarded, seiz'd that moment
To blast my fame, and ruin me for ever.

LEONINE.

Were this repentance true, 'tis now too late:
But if, as I suspect, 'tis but assum'd
(Your purpose being serv'd) to veil your falshood
(Pretending conscience for your breach of faith)
The cheat's too gross, and you may rest assur'd,
I shall see through and scorn the thin disguise.

QUEEN.

Then here I cast it off. Shall I, who cou'd not bear
The unmeant rivalry of sweet Marina,
Resign my crown, and live a slave to thee?
A wretch whom I detest, a venal villain,
One whom I fix'd on as the worst of men,
For the worst purpose.

LEONINE.

Base, ungrateful queen!
Is this all the reward I'm to expect?

QUEEN.

Such a reward as such vile instruments
As you deserve, a murderer's reward,
Thou hast already.

LEONINE.