

LEONINE.

Hah!

QUEEN.

Yes, thou art poison'd.
 The subtle potion working in thy veins
 Is a more certain remedy for talking,
 Than all my wealth, or the rich crown of Tharsus.
 Not that I fear, now Pericles is gone,
 The utmost of thy malice could'st thou live,
 As 'tis most sure thou can'st not.

LEONINE.

Cursed harpy!
 The loathsome grave is better than thy bed,
 And death a lovelier paramour than thee.
 O! I am sick at heart.

QUEEN.

The venom works.
 How wild he looks? I will be kind, and leave him.

LEONINE.

Assist my feeble arm, ye righteous Gods!
 Though I've offended, do not fail me now.
 This cause is yours—'tis well—my hand is arm'd—
 Now guide my weapon's point to her false heart,
 And we shall both have justice.

QUEEN.

Thoughtless wretch!
 Where are my guards? I shall be murder'd here.

LEONINE.

As sure as you contriv'd Marina's death,
 As sure as you've betray'd and murder'd me.
 I fall, but fall reveng'd. Now triumph, fury.

[Stabs her.]

Enter