

# *Pericles*

Act I, sc. 1 (line 12)

## **PERICLES**

See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,  
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king  
Of every virtue gives renown to men!  
Her face the book of praises, where is read  
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence  
Sorrow were ever razed and testy wrath  
Could never be her mild companion.  
You gods that made me man, and sway in love,  
That have inflamed desire in my breast  
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,  
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,  
As I am son and servant to your will,  
To compass such a boundless happiness!