

Pericles, Prince of Tyre

by William Shakespeare

Act 5, sc. 1 (line 84 - Verse)

Marina

I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,

But have been gazed on like a comet: she speaks,

My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief

Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.

Though wayward fortune did malign my state,

My derivation was from ancestors

Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:

But time hath rooted out my parentage,

And to the world and awkward casualties

Bound me in servitude.

Aside

I will desist;

But there is something glows upon my cheek,

And whispers in mine ear, 'Go not till he speak.'