

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

THE TEMPEST

Act III, scene 1: Ferdinand, Miranda

MIRANDA

Alas, now, pray you, work not so hard: My father is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;

FERDINAND

O most dear mistress, the sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

MIRANDA

If you'll sit down, I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

FERDINAND

No, precious creature; I had rather break my back, than you should such
dishonour undergo, while I sit lazy by.

MIRANDA

You look wearily.

FERDINAND

No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me when you are by at night.
I do beseech you--What is your name?

MIRANDA

Miranda

FERDINAND

Admired Miranda! Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! O you, so perfect and so peerless, are
created
Of every creature's best!

MIRANDA

I do not know one of my sex; no woman's face remember,
nor have I seen more that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father; but, by my modesty, I would not wish any
companion in the world but you. But I prattle too wildly and my father's
precepts
I therein do forget.

FERDINAND

Hear my soul speak: The very instant that I saw you, did my heart fly to
your service.

MIRANDA

Do you love me?

FERDINAND

O heaven, O earth, Beyond all limit of what else i' the world
Do love, prize, honour you. Wherefore weep you?

MIRANDA

I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of!
My husband, then?

FERDINAND

Ay, with a heart as willing as bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

MIRANDA

And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell!