

# The Tempest

## 3.1

*Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log*

**FERDINAND**

There be some sports are painful, and their labour  
Delight in them sets off. Some kinds of baseness  
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters  
Point to rich ends. This my mean task  
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but 5  
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,  
And makes my labours pleasures. O, she is  
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,  
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove  
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up, 10  
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress  
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such  
baseness  
Had never like executor. I forget,  
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,  
Most busil'est when I do it.

*Enter Miranda, and Prospero following at a distance*

**MIRANDA**

Alas now, pray you 15

Work not so hard. I would the lightning had  
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile.  
Pray set it down, and rest you. When this burns  
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father  
Is hard at study. Pray now, rest yourself. 20  
He's safe for these three hours.

**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. 25

I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
Than you should such dishonour undergo  
While I sit lazy by.

**MIRANDA** It would become me  
As well as it does you; and I should do it  
With much more ease, for my good will is to it, 30  
And yours it is against.

**PROSPERO** (*aside*) Poor worm, thou art infected.  
This visitation shows it.

**MIRANDA** (*to Ferdinand*) You look wearily.

**FERDINAND**  
No, noble mistress, 'tis fresh morning with me  
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,  
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers, 35  
What is your name?

**MIRANDA** Miranda. O my father,  
I have broke your hest to say so!

**FERDINAND** Admired Miranda!

Indeed the top of admiration, worth  
What's dearest to the world. Full many a lady  
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time 40  
Th'harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear. For several virtues  
Have I liked several women; never any  
With so full soul but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed 45  
And put it to the foil. But you, 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  
Save from my glass mine own; nor have I seen 50  
More that I may call men than you, good friend,  
And my dear father. How features are abroad  
I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,  
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you; 55  
Nor can imagination form a shape  
Besides yourself to like of. But I prattle  
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts  
I therein do forget.

**FERDINAND** I am in my condition  
A prince, Miranda, I do think a king±± 60

I would not so±±and would no more endure  
This wooden slavery than to suffer  
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak.  
The very instant that I saw you did  
My heart fly to your service; there resides 65  
To make me slave to it. And for your sake  
Am I this patient log-man.

**MIRANDA** Do you love me?

**FERDINAND**

O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,  
And crown what I profess with kind event  
If I speak true! If hollowly, invert 70  
What best is boded me to mischief! I,  
Beyond all limit of what else i'th' world,  
Do love, prize, honour you.

**MIRANDA** (*weeping*) I am a fool  
To weep at what I am glad of.

**PROSPERO** (*aside*) Fair encounter  
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace 75  
On that which breeds between 'em.

**FERDINAND** (*to Miranda*) Wherefore weep you?

**MIRANDA**

At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer  
What I desire to give, and much less take  
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling,  
And all the more it seeks to hide itself 80  
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning,  
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.  
I am your wife, if you will marry me.  
If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow  
You may deny me, but I'll be your servant 85  
Whether you will or no.

**FERDINAND** [*kneeling*] My mistress, dearest;  
And I thus humble ever.

**MIRANDA** My husband then?

**FERDINAND** Ay, with a heart as willing  
As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand. 90

**MIRANDA**

And mine, with my heart in't. And now farewell  
Till half an hour hence.

**FERDINAND**

A thousand thousand.

*Exeunt severally Miranda and Ferdinand*

**PROSPERO**

So glad of this as they I cannot be,  
Who are surprised with all; but my rejoicing  
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,  
For yet ere supper-time must I perform  
Much business appertaining.

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*Exit*