



## ***The Tempest 3.1 – cut***

*FERDINAND carries logs.*

**FERDINAND:** This my mean task  
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but  
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.

*Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance, unseen*

**MIRANDA:** Alas, now, pray you,  
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had  
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoind to pile!  
Pray, set it down and rest you.

**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 crack my sinews, 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.--O my father,  
I have broke your hest to say so!

**FERDINAND:** Admired Miranda! O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best!

**MIRANDA:** I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you,  
Nor can imagination form a shape,  
Besides yourself, to like of.

**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, bear witness to this sound  
And crown what I profess with kind event  
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world  
Do love, prize, honour you.

**MIRANDA:** I am a fool  
To weep at what I am glad of.

**PROSPERO:** [speaking privately] Fair encounter  
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace  
On that which breeds between 'em!

**FERDINAND:** Wherefore weep you?

**MIRANDA:** I am your wife, it 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,  
Whether you will or no.

**FERDINAND:** 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.

**MIRANDA:** And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell  
Till half an hour hence.

**FERDINAND:** A thousand thousand!

*Exeunt FERDINAND and MIRANDA*

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

*Exit*