

Enter Ferdinand bearing a log.

FERDINAND

There be some sports are painful, and their labor
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 labors 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 labors, 15
Most busiest when I do it.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero at a distance, unobserved.

MIRANDA Alas now, pray you,

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.
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,

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

MIRANDA It would become me

As well as it does you, and I should do it 35
With much more ease, for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

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

MIRANDA 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,
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, 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
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father. How features are abroad
I am skilless of, but by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
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—
I would, not so - Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you did
My heart fly to your service, there resides
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; I, beyond all limit
Of what else i' th' world,
Do love, prize, honor you.

MIRANDA I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of.