

MIRANDA – THE TEMPEST – WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

“Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard. I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs you are enjoin'd 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. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs a while. Pray, give me that.
I'll carry it to the pile. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease, for my good wills is to it,
And yours is against it. You look wearily.

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 skillless 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 not forget. Do you love me?

I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of

(I weep)

At mine unworthiness, that dare nor offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling,
And all more it seeks to hide itself,
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 sue your maid. To be your fellow
You may deny me, but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no. My husband, then?
(My hand,) with my heart in 't. And now farewell
Till half an hour hence”