

# Ferdinand + Miranda

No Fear Shakespeare - Tempest (by SparkNotes)

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## Original Text

## Modern Text

START

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,  
~~I will weep for making you tired.~~ My father  
 20 Is hard at study. Pray now, rest yourself.  
 He's safe for these three hours.

*distance, unobserved.*

MIRANDA

Now, please, I beg you, don't work so hard. I wish  
 the lightning had burned up all those logs that  
 you've been ordered to stack! Please put that log  
 down and rest a while. When this wood burns, it'll  
 weep for making you tired. My father's studying  
 hard, so he won't see you. So please rest. We're  
 safe from my father for at least three hours.

## Act 3, Scene 1, Page 2

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.  
 25 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  
 30 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—  
 35 ~~What is your name?~~ *cut*  
 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 th' world! Full many a lady  
 40 I have eyed with best regard ~~and many a time~~

## Act 3, Scene 1, Page 2

~~In many of their tongues bath into bondage~~  
 Brought my too urgent ear. ~~For several virtues~~

FERDINAND

Oh, my dear mistress, I won't be able to finish this  
 work until sunset at the earliest.

MIRANDA

If you sit down, I'll carry your logs a while. Please  
 give me that. I'll take it over to the pile.

FERDINAND

No, my darling, I'd rather strain all my muscles  
 and break my back than let you do work like this  
 while I lounge around nearby.

MIRANDA

I'd be as right for the job as you are, and I'd do it  
 more easily, since I'd have good will on my side.

PROSPERO

*(to himself)* You poor weak thing, you're in love! I  
 can see it clearly now.

MIRANDA

You look tired.

FERDINAND

No, noble mistress, I'm as fresh as morning when  
 you're near me, even at night. I beg you to tell me  
 your name so I can use it in my prayers.

MIRANDA

Miranda.—Oh father, I've disobeyed you by  
 telling him that!

FERDINAND

Miranda—the very name means "admired!" You  
 are indeed admired, more than anything else in  
 the world! I've looked at many ladies with  
 pleasure, and been

seduced by the sweet nothings they said to me.  
 I've liked several women for their good qualities,

Original Text

Modern Text

Never any  
With so full soul but some defect in her  
45 Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed  
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best.

but there was something wrong with each one  
that blotted her excellent qualities and cancelled  
them out. But with you it's different. You're  
perfect, without a rival in the world, made up of  
the best qualities of every creature.

MIRANDA

MIRANDA

~~I do not know  
One of my sex, no woman's face remember  
50 Saw from my glass mine own. Nor have I seen  
More that I may call men than your good Moore,  
And my dear father. How features are abroad  
I am skill-less of, but, by my modesty,  
I would not wish~~

I've never known any woman or seen a woman's  
face—except my own in the mirror. And I've  
never met any men besides you and my father. I  
have no idea what people look like in other  
places, but I swear by my modesty, which I value  
above everything else, that I'd never want any  
companion in the world but you. I can't even  
imagine one. But listen to me chattering like  
crazy, and father always told me not to.

55 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.

STOP →  
FERDINAND

FERDINAND

I am in my condition  
60 A prince, Miranda—I do think, a king;  
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

I'm a prince by birth, Miranda—maybe even a  
king now; though I wish I weren't—and normally I  
wouldn't put up with carrying these logs any more  
than I'd let flies breed in my mouth. But I'll tell you  
something from my soul. The second I saw you,  
my heart rushed to serve you and be your slave,  
so here I am now, a patient log-man.

65 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

MIRANDA

Do you love me?

Do you love me?

FERDINAND

FERDINAND

O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound  
And crown what I profess with kind event

Oh heaven, oh earth, witness what I'm about to  
say, and reward me if I tell the truth! If I'm lying,  
then

Act 3, Scene 1, Page 4

70 If I speak true! If hollowly, invert  
What best is boded me to mischief!  
Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world  
Do love, prize, honor you.

destroy all my prospects in life! More than  
anything else in the world, I love you, value you,  
and honor you.

MIRANDA

MIRANDA

I am a fool  
To weep at what I am glad of

Look at me crying—what a fool I am to cry at  
what makes me happy.

PROSPERO

PROSPERO

(aside) Fair encounter

(to himself) What a pleasant meeting between  
two people truly in love! May heaven bless the  
feelings growing between them!

75 Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace  
On that which breeds between 'em!

FERDINAND

FERDINAND

Wherefore weep you?

Why are you crying?

MIRANDA

MIRANDA

At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer

I'm crying at how unworthy I am to give you what