

CB Side 7 Trio Ferdinand, Prospero, Miranda “Love at first Sprite”

FERDINAND (*Led by Ariel's song, enters*) The ditty does remember my drowned father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound that the Earth owes. I hear it now above me.

PROSPERO, *to Mir.* The fringed curtains of thine eye advance and say what thou seest yond.

MIRANDA What is 't? A spirit? Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

PROSPERO No, wench, it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wrack; and, but he's something stained
With grief—that's beauty's canker—thou might'st call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows and strays about to find 'em.

MIRANDA I might call him a thing divine, for nothing natural I ever saw so noble.

PROSPERO, *aside* It goes on, I see, as my soul prompts it.

FERDINAND, *seeing Miranda* Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here. My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is—O you wonder!—
If you be maid or no.

MIRANDA No wonder, sir, But certainly a maid.

FERDINAND My language! Heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech, were I but where 'tis spoken.

PROSPERO How? The best? What wert thou if the King of Naples heard thee?

FERDINAND A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me,
And that he does I weep. Myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The King my father wracked.

MIRANDA Alack, for mercy!

FERDINAND Yes, faith, and all his lords.

PROSPERO, *aside* At the first sight they have changed eyes.— *To Ferdinand.* A word, good sir.
I fear you have done yourself some wrong. A word.

MIRANDA Why speaks my father so ungently? This is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sighed for. Pity move my father o be inclined my way.

FERDINAND O, if a virgin, and your affection not gone forth, I'll make you The Queen of Naples.

PROSPERO Soft, sir, one word more.
Aside. They are both in either's powers. But this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning make the prize light.

To Ferdinand. One word more. I charge thee
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

FERDINAND No, as I am a man!

MIRANDA There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.
If the ill spirit have so fair a house, good things will strive to dwell with 't.

PROSPERO, *to Ferdinand* Follow me. *To Miranda.* Speak not you for him. He's a traitor.
To Ferdinand. Come, I'll manacle thy neck and feet together.
Sea water shalt thou drink. Thy food shall be the fresh-brook mussels,
Withered roots, and husks wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

FERDINAND No, I will resist such entertainment till mine enemy has more power.
He draw his swords, but is charmed from moving.

MIRANDA O dear father, make not too rash a trial of him, for he's gentle and not fearful.

PROSPERO What, I say, my foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor,
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possessed with guilt. Come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick and make thy weapon drop.

MIRANDA Beseech you, father—

PROSPERO. Hence! Hang not on my garments.

MIRANDA Sir, have pity. I'll be his surety.

PROSPERO Silence! One word more shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impostor? Hush. Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish wench, to th' most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

MIRANDA My affections are then most humble. I have no ambition to see a goodlier man.

PROSPERO, Come on, obey. Thy nerves are in their infancy again and have no vigor in them.

FERDINAND (Limbs weakened from P's spell) So they are. My spirits, as in a dream, are all
bound up. All my losses are but light to me, might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid. All corners else o' th' Earth let liberty make use of. Space enough
Have I in such a prison.

PROSPERO, *aside* It works.—*to Ferdinand* Come on.——Follow me.

MIRANDA, *to Ferdinand* Be of comfort my father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech. This is unwonted which now came from him.

PROSPERO, *to Ferdinand*

Come follow. *To Miranda.* Speak not for him. *They exit*