

CB Side 3 Duet Ferdinand, Miranda “Love’s Labours Gained” Act III SC1

This scene is edited down from the original for the sole purpose of callbacks.

MIRANDA (*Observing his struggle to carry logs*) 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 20
'Twill weep for having wearied you.

FERDINAND O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge 25
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, 30
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. 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, 45
I have broke your hest to say so!

FERDINAND Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration, worth
What's dearest to the world! For several virtues
Have I liked several women, never any
With so full soul but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed, 55
And put it to the foil. 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, 60
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. 65

FERDINAND Then -
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? 80

FERDINAND O heaven, O Earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief. I,
Beyond all limit of what else in the world,
Do love, prize, honor you. 85

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

FERDINAND Wherefore weep you?

MIRANDA At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take 95
What I shall die to want -
But Hence, bashful cunning,
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife if you will marry me. 100
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, *clasping his hand*
And mine, with my heart in 't. And now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

FERDINAND A thousand thousand. *They exit.*