

Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a fore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget;
Nay, these sweet thoughts do ev'n refresh my labour,
Least busy when I do it.

Enter Miranda, and Prospero at a distance unseen.

Mira. Alas! now, pray you,
Work not so hard; I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you're enjoind to pile:
Pray, set it down, and rest you; when this burns
'Twill weep for having weary'd you: my father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;
I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art
Infected, and this visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. 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?

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Mira.