

I ratify this my rich gift: *Ferdinand*,  
Do not smile at me that I boast her off;  
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,  
And make it halt behind her.

*Fer.* I believe it  
Against an oracle.

*Pro.* Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition  
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: but,  
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before  
All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
With full and holy rite be minister'd,  
No sweet asperision shall the heav'ns let fall  
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,  
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew  
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,  
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,  
As *Hymen's* lamps shall light you.

*Fer.* As I hope  
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,  
With such love as 'tis now: the murkiest den,  
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion  
Our worser *Genius* can, shall never melt  
Mine honour into lust, to take away  
The edge of that day's celebration,  
When I shall think, or *Phæbus's* steeds are founderd,  
Or night kept chain'd below.

*Pro.* Most fairly spoke.  
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.  
What, *Ariel*; my industrious servant, *Ariel*!

S C E N E II.

*Enter Ariel.*

*Ari.* What would my potent master? here I am.

*Pro.* Thou, and thy meaner fellows, your last service  
Did worthily perform; and I must use you

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