

The Tempest

Act III, sc. 1 (line 60)

MIRANDA

I do not know

One of my sex; no woman's face remember,

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,

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.

Do you love me?

I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of.

At mine unworthiness that dare not offer

What I desire to give, and much less take

What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;

And all the more it seeks to hide itself,

The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!

I am your wife, it you will marry me;
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.