

# The Tempest

by William Shakespeare

Act 3, sc. 1 (line 60 - Verse)

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## 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.