Shakespeare paper: *The Tempest*

Please read this page, but do not open the booklet until your teacher tells you to start.

Write your name, the name of your school and the title of the play you have studied on the cover of your answer booklet.

This booklet contains one task which assesses your reading and understanding of *The Tempest* and has 18 marks.

You have **45 minutes** to complete this task.
In the first extract, Ferdinand and Miranda meet and feel strongly about each other; in the second, Miranda is telling Ferdinand to rest from his work.

**How does the language of Ferdinand and Miranda show their feelings towards each other in these extracts?**

*Support your ideas by referring to both of the extracts which are printed on the following pages.*
In this extract, Ferdinand and Miranda meet for the first time.

PROSPERO  
(To MIRANDA) The fringèd curtains of thine eye advance,  
And say what thou see’st yond.

MIRANDA  
What is’t? A spirit?  
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,  
It carries a brave form. But ’tis a spirit.  

PROSPERO  
No, wench: it eats and sleeps and hath such senses  
As we have, such. This gallant which thou see’st  
Was in the wreck – and, but he’s something stained  
With grief (that’s beauty’s canker), thou might’st call him  
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,  
And strays about to find ’em.

MIRANDA  
I might call him  
A thing divine, for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble.

PROSPERO  
(Aside) It goes on, I see,  
As my soul prompts it. (To ARIEL) Spirit, fine spirit! I’ll free thee  
Within two days for this.

FERDINAND  
(Seeing MIRANDA) Most sure the goddess  
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer  
May know if you remain upon this island –  
And that you will some good instruction give  
How I may bear me here. My prime request,  
Which I do last pronounce, is – O, you wonder! –  
If you be maid or no?

MIRANDA  
No wonder, sir;  
But certainly a maid.

FERDINAND  
My language! Heavens!  
I am the best of them that speak this speech,  
Were I but where ’tis spoken.

PROSPERO  
How, the best?  
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?
FERDINAND  A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me –
And that he does I weep. Myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, ne’er since at ebb, beheld
The King my father wrecked.

MIRANDA  Alack, for mercy! 440

FERDINAND  Yes, faith, and all his lords – the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.

PROSPERO  (Aside) The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now ’twere fit to do’t. At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I’ll set thee free for this. (To FERDINAND) A word, good sir.
I fear you have done yourself some wrong. A word.

MIRANDA  (Aside) Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e’er I saw – the first
That e’er I sighed for. Pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

FERDINAND  O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I’ll make you
The Queen of Naples!

PROSPERO  Soft, sir! One word more.
(Aside) They are both in either’s powers. But this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. (To FERDINAND) One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow’st not – and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on’t.

FERDINAND  No, as I am a man! 460

MIRANDA  There’s nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with’t.
Act 3 Scene 1, lines 32 to 91

In this extract, Miranda sees Ferdinand carrying logs.

MIRANDA  You look wearily.
Ferdinand  'Tis fresh morning with me When you are by at night. I do beseech you – (Putting down the log) Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers – What is your name?

MIRANDA Miranda. O my father, I have broke your hest to say so!
Ferdinand  Admired Miranda! Indeed the top of admiration – worth What’s dearest to the world! Full many a lady I have eyed with best regard, and many a time The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage Brought my too diligent ear. 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, 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, 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.
FERDINAND  I am, in my condition,  
A prince, Miranda: I do think, a King –  
I would not so! – and would no more endure  
This wooden slavery than to suffer  
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. 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?

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 i’the world,  
Do love, prize, honour you.

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

PROSPERO  (Aside) Fair encounter  
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace  
On that which breeds between ’em!

FERDINAND  Wherefore weep you?

MIRANDA  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 if 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.

FERDINAND  My mistress, dearest,  
(He kneels) 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  And mine, with my heart in’t. And now farewell  
Till half an hour hence.

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