

Vines with clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burden bowing.
Spring come to you at farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres' blessing so is on you."

What can exceed the rich flowing melody of Juno's song? Surely no other betrothal was ever so richly honored, and so bounteously blessed.

Ferdinand is deeply impressed and we agree with him when he says:

"This is a most majestic vision and harmonious charmingly."

Immediately after the song Iris is sent to call other nymphs and we are suddenly transported to fairy-land, and can see in imagination the dainty sprites creeping from ferny recesses or from under mossy banks to obey the behests of great Juno.

Shakespeare, suiting the form of verse to the characters, always makes these spirits speak in rhyme, and in the most musical words. Thus, Iris:

"You nymphs, called naiads of the wandering brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land,
Answer your summons. Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love—be not too late."

But while in this scene we have the most beautiful, quaint and fascinating passages, taking us back to the days of childhood and making us half believe in the little people of the woods and streams; yet it is in the latter part of the play where the plans of Prospero come to a head that we have the deeper, truer sentiments.