

*Cam.* I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,  
And only live by gazing.

*Per.* Out, alas!  
You'd be so lean, that blasts of january  
Would blow you through and through. — Now, fairest friend,  
I would I had some flowers o'th' spring, that might  
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,  
That wear upon your virgin branches yet  
Your maidenheads growing. O *Proserpina*,  
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall  
From *Dis's* wagon! early daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of march with beauty; violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of *Juno's* eyes,  
Or *Cytherea's* breath; pale primroses,  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright *Phœbus* in his strength, a malady  
Most incident to maids; gold oxlips, and  
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,  
The flower-de-luce being one. O, these I lack  
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend  
To strow him o'er and o'er.

*Flo.* What, like a corse?

*Per.* No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;  
Not like a corse: or if, not to be buried,  
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:  
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do  
In whitsund' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine  
Does change my disposition.

*Flo.* What you do,  
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,  
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,  
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;  
Pray so; and for the ord'ring your affairs,  
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you  
A wave o'th' sea, that you might ever do

Nothing