

And with a filk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say, *good night*, till it be morrow.

[*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly friar's close cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence, with a basket.

Fri. **T**HE gray-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And darkness flecker'd like a drunkard reels
From forth day's pathway, made by *Titan's* wheels.
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must fill up this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb,
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to't the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good but, strain'd from that fair use,

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