

All's Well That Ends Well

Act I, sc. 3 (line 125)

COUNTESS

If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;

It is the show and seal of nature's truth,

Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:

By our remembrances of days foregone,

Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.

Her eye is sick on't: I observe her now.