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The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,  
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,  
And fleckèd darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:

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Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye.  
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,  
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours  
With baleful weeds and precious-juicèd 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 herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live

But to the earth some special good doth give,

Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;

And vice sometimes by action dignified.

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Within the infant rind of this small flower

( Poison hath residence and medicine power: )

( For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part; )

( Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart. )

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Two such opposèd kings encamp them still  
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;  
And where the worser is predominant,  
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

few

