

FRIAR

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

FRIAR

The morning smiles as it replaces frowning night,
and streaks light across the clouds in the east.
Darkness staggers away from the sun's path like a
drunkard. Now, before the sun rises, bringing on
the day and drying the dew, I must fill my basket
with poisonous weeds and the precious nectar of
flowers. The earth is both nature's mother and its
tomb. Plants arise from the earth as from a womb,
and when they die, they are buried in the earth.
Many different plants and animals come from the
earth's womb. All of these children find
nourishment from the earth, and all have some
special, unique virtue. There is a power that resides
in herbs, plants, and stones. For there's nothing on
earth that's so evil that it does not also provide the
earth with some kind of good. Nor is there anything
so good that it can't be turned bad if it's abused
and used incorrectly. Virtue, when misused, turns
to vice, while vice can sometimes become virtue
through proper action. Within the small rind of this
little flower there is both poison and medicine. If
you smell it, you feel good. If you taste it, it stops
your heart. Two opposing elements, good and evil,
reside in both men and herbs. In the cases where
evil predominates, death will soon kill the plant or
body like a cancer.

TABLE READ
EVERY GREAT SHOW STARTS HERE