

# *All's Well That Ends Well*

## Act I, sc. 3

### 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.