

The Two Gentlemen of Verona

by William Shakespeare

Act 2, sc. 7 (line 26 - Verse)

Julia

The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.

The current that with gentle murmur glides,

Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;

But when his fair course is not hindered,

He makes sweet music with the enamell'ed stones,

Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge

He overtaketh in his pilgrimage,

And so by many winding nooks he strays

With willing sport to the wild ocean.

Then let me go and hinder not my course

I'll be as patient as a gentle stream

And make a pastime of each weary step,

Till the last step have brought me to my love;

And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil

A blessed soul doth in Elysium.