

Romeo and Juliet

2.2

Enter Friar Laurence, with a basket

FRIAR LAURENCE

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequ'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And fleckled darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye 5
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-juice'd flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb.
What is her burying grave, that is her womb, 10
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 15
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities,
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good but, strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse. 20
Virtue itself turns vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified.

Enter Romeo

Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power,
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part; 25
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such oppose'd 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. 30

ROMEO

Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAURENCE *Benedicite.*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distempered head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye, 35
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie,
But where unbruiseÁd youth with unstuffed brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art uproused with some distemp'rature; 40
Or if not so, then here I hit it right:
Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.

ROMEO

That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR LAURENCE

God pardon sin!±±Wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO

With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No, 45
I have forgot that name and that name's woe.

FRIAR LAURENCE

That's my good son; but where hast thou been then?

ROMEO

I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me 50
That's by me wounded. Both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies.
I bear no hatred, blesseÁd man, for lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift. 55
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

ROMEO

Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet.
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
And all combined save what thou must combine 60
By holy marriage. When and where and how
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us today.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!	65
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,	
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies	
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.	
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine	
Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!	70
How much salt water thrown away in waste	
To season love, that of it doth not taste!	
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears.	
Thy old groans yet ring in mine ancient ears.	
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit	75
Of an old tear that is not washed off yet.	
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,	
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.	
And art thou changed? Pronounce this sentence then:	
Women may fall when there's no strength in men.	80
ROMEO	
Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.	
FRIAR LAURENCE	
For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.	
ROMEO	
And bad'st me bury love.	
FRIAR LAURENCE	Not in a grave
To lay one in, another out to have.	
ROMEO	
I pray thee, chide me not. Her I love now	85
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow.	
The other did not so.	
FRIAR LAURENCE	O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote, that could not spell.	
But come, young waverer, come, go with me.	
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;	90
For this alliance may so happy prove	
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.	
ROMEO	
O, let us hence! I stand on sudden haste.	
FRIAR LAURENCE	
Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast.	
<i>Exeunt</i>	