Romeo and Juliet ACT 2, SCENE 3  
[St. Peter's Church, dawn. FRIAR LAWRENCE with basket]

FRIAR

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,  
Check'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,  
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 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,  
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,  
And vice sometimes by action dignified.  
[examining a flower]

Within the infant rind of this weak 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 opposéd 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.

ROMEO [enter]

Good morrow, Father.

FRIAR  
Benedicité!  
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,  
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;  
But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain  
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.  
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure  
Thou art up-roused by some distemperature;  
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

God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?
ROMEO
With Rosaline, my ghostly Father? No!
I have forgot that name and that name's woe.

FRIAR
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
That's by me wounded. Both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies.
I bear no hatred, blessèd man, for lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

FRIAR
Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift.
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
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
Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom' 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!
How much salt water throw'n away in waste
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in mine ears.
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
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."

FRIAR
Thou chide'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO
And bade'st me bury love.

FRIAR
Not in a grave
To lay one in, another out to have.

ROMEO
I pray thee, chide me not. Her I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow.
The other did not so.
FRIAR                          O, she knew well
      Thy love did read by rote and¹ could not spell.
      But come, young waverer, come, go with me.
      In one respect I'll thy assistant be,
      For this alliance may so happy prove
      To turn your households' rancor to pure love.
ROMEO                          But come, young waverer, come, go with me.
      In one respect I'll thy assistant be,
      For this alliance may so happy prove
      To turn your households' rancor to pure love.
      O, let us hence! I stand on sudden haste!
FRIAR                          Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast.
[They exit]

2.3.94 recite from memory, that², read
2.3.94 for one reason I'll help you
2.3.94 marriage
2.3.94 families' hatred
2.3.100 go, I cannot wait
2.3.101