

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

R O M E O & J U L I E T

Act 2, scene 3: *Wisely and Slow*

Romeo, Friar Laurence

ROMEO

Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Benedicite! What early tongue so sweet saluteth me? Young son, it argues a distemper'd head, so soon to bid good morrow to thy bed: Or if it be so, then here I hit it right? Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night!

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; 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.

FRIAR LAURENCE

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.

FRIAR LAURENCE

HOLY SAINT FRANCIS! what a change is here! Young men's love then lies not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes. And art thou changed? Pronounce this sentence then, women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

ROMEO

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline...

FRIAR LAURENCE

For DOTING, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO

I pray thee, chide not; she whom I love now 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 and 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

O, let us hence! I stand on sudden haste!

FRIAR LAURENCE

Wisely and slow... they stumble that run fast!