

**SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

***Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies***

ROMEO & JULIET

7

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. *[thunderbolt!!!!]*

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! *[attempt to run off, but trip]*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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