

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Romeo & Juliet Project

Friar Laurence Benedicite Soliloquy, Act 2

BOTH: 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:

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye, and where care lodges, sleep will never lie;

Or if not so, then here I hit it right, our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
Where hast thou been?

BOTH: 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 wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste, to season love, that of it doth not taste!

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,

BOTH: Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

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' rancour to pure love!

BOTH: Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.